

As for any moving off, there was no sign of it. I redoubled my efforts; I screeched and boomed myself hoarse, and I am certain that any other herd of elephants would have rushed shrieking from the spot, but nothing would move this Gondokoro herd. Even when I fired repeatedly over their heads nothing much happened, but when I patted the dusty ground about their trunks with bullets they began to move quite slowly, and with much stopping and running back. It was a gallant herd of ladies; very different in its behaviour from that of a bull herd in a similar situation.

When the ground was clear we seized the head of the dead bull, and with a combined heave raised it sufficiently to release the calf, but it was too late. He was dead.

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Having entered my rifles at Lado and cleared them through the Douane, it was not necessary again to visit a Belgian post. So when the hunting season opened, I already had a herd of bull elephant located. Naturally I lost no time when the date arrived; the date, that is, according to my calculations. This matter is of some importance, as I believe I was afterwards accused of being too soon. I may have begun a day, or even two days before the date, but to the best of my knowledge it was the opening date when I found a nice little herd of bulls, several of which I killed with the brain shot. I was using at that time a very light and sweet working .256 Mannlicher Schoenauer carbine weighing only $5\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. With this tiny and beautiful little weapon I had extraordinary luck, and I should have continued to use it in preference to my other rifles had not its Austrian ammunition developed the serious fault of splitting at the neck. After this discovery I reverted to my well-tried and always trusty 7 mm. Mauser.

My luck was right in on this Safari. The time of the year was just right. All the elephant for 100 miles inland were crowded into the swamps lining the Nile banks. Hunting was difficult only on account of the high grass. To surmount this one required either a dead elephant or a tripod to stand on. From such an eminence others could generally be shot. And the best of it was the huge herds were making so much noise themselves that only a few of them could

hear the report of the small-bore. None of the elephant could be driven out of the swamp. Whenever they came to the edge and saw the burnt up country before them, they wheeled about and re-entered the swamp with such determination that nothing I could do would shake it. Later on when the rains came and the green stuff sprang up everywhere, scarcely an elephant could be found in the swamps.

After about two months of hunting it became necessary to bury the ivory. The safari could no longer carry it, so a site was chosen close to the river bank and a huge pit dug. Large as it was it barely took all our beautiful elephant teeth. Ivory has awkward shapes and different curves, and cannot be stowed closely. Consequently there was much earth left over after filling the pit to show all and sundry where excavation had taken place. Where cattle or donkeys are available, the spot is enclosed by a fence of bushes, and the animals soon obliterate all traces, but here we had nothing. So to guard the precious hoard I erected a symbol which might have been mistaken by a white man for a cross made in a hurry, while its objectless appearance conveyed to the African mind the sure impress of "medicine", I remember that to one rickety arm I suspended an empty cartridge case and the tip of a hippo's tail. That the medicine was good was shown three or four months later when I sent some boys for the ivory. They found that the soil had been washed away from the top, exposing completely one tusk and parts of others, but that otherwise the cache was untouched. In spite of my giving this boy in charge of this party one length of stick for each tusk contained in the pit, he returned with one short of the number. To convince him of this fact it was necessary to line out the ivory and then to cover each tusk with one bit of stick, when, of course, there remained one stick over. Straight away the party had a good feed and set off for the pit again, well over a hundred miles away. It never occurred to them that one tusk might have been stolen. They were right. Through just feeling that they themselves would not have touched anything, guarded as our pit was guarded, they judged correctly that no other native man would do so. At the bottom of the open pit and now exposed by the rains was found the missing tusk.

for more than a short distance. Although a large herd, it was not so large but that every individual of it was thoroughly alarmed by each shot. I think that perhaps they committed a fatal mistake in not killing me with a burst of speed at the start. I left them when I recognized the dead rhino, and found camp soon afterwards. The next two days I rested in camp, while the cutting-out gangs worked back along the trail of the herd, finding and de-tusking the widely separated bodies of the dead elephants.

Shortly after leaving this camp four bull elephant were seen in the distance. As I went for them, and in passing through some thick bush, we suddenly came on two white rhino. They came confusedly barging at very close range, and then headed straight for the safari. Now it is usual for all porters familiar with the black rhino to throw down their loads crash bang whenever a rhino appears to be headed in their direction. Much damage then ensues to ivory if the ground be hard, and to crockery and bottles in any case. To prevent this happening I quickly killed the rhino, hoping that the shots would not alarm the elephant. We soon saw that they were still feeding slowly along, but before reaching them we came on a lion lying down. I did not wish to disturb the elephant, but I did want the lion's skin, which had a nice brown mane. While I hesitated he jumped up and stood broadside to me. I fired a careful shot and he humped his back and subsided with a little cough, while the bullet whined away in the distance. At the shot a lioness jumped up and could have been shot, but I let her go, and then on to our main objective. This morning's work shows what a perfect game-paradise I was in.

Presently King Leopold of Belgium died, and the evacuation of the Lado began. As I mentioned before, the Belgians had six months in which to carry this out. Instead of six months, they were pretty well out of it in six weeks, and now there was started a kind of "rush" for the abandoned country. All sorts of men came. Government employees threw up their jobs. Masons, contractors, marine engineers, army men, hotel keepers and others came, attracted by the tales of fabulous quantities of ivory. More than one party was fired with the resolve to find Emin Pasha's buried store. It might almost have been a gold rush.

After the hot work of the dry season in the swamps, the open bush country with still short grass was ideal for the foot hunter. The country was literally swarming with game of all sorts. I remember in one day seeing six white rhino, besides elephant, buffalo and buck of various kinds.

Then happened a thing that seems incredible to most ears. I ran to a standstill, or rather to a walking pace, a herd of elephant. It happened thus. Early one morning I met with a white rhino carrying a magnificent horn, and shot him. At the shot I heard the alarm rumble of elephant. Soon I was up to a large herd of bulls, cows, half-grown and calves. They were not yet properly alarmed, and were travelling slowly along. Giving hasty instructions to my boy to find the safari and then to camp it at the water nearest to the white rhino, I tailed on to that elephant herd. The sun indicated about 8 a.m., and at sundown (6 p.m.) there we were passing the carcase of the dead rhino at a footpace. By pure luck we had described a huge circle, and it was only by finding the dead rhino that I knew where I was.

Throughout that broiling day I had run and run, sweating out the moisture I took in at the occasional puddles in the bush, sucking it through closed teeth to keep the wriggling things out. At that time I was not familiar with the oblique shot at the brain from behind, and I worked hard for each shot by racing to a position more or less at right angles to the beast to be shot. Consequently I gave myself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. That I earned each shot will be apparent when I state that although I had the herd well in hand by about 2 p.m., the total bag for the day was but fifteen bulls. To keep behind them was easy; the difficulty was that extra burst of speed necessary to overtake and range alongside them. The curious thing was that they appeared to be genuinely distressed by the sun and the pace. In the latter part of the day, whenever I fired I produced no quickening of the herd's speed whatever. No heads turned, no flourishing of trunks, and no attempted rushes by cows as in the morning. Just a dull plodding of thoroughly beaten animals.

This day's hunting has always puzzled me. I have attempted the same thing often since, but have never been able to live with them