

Books by Osa Johnson

FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE

I MARRIED ADVENTURE

OSA JOHNSON'S JUNGLE FRIENDS

JUNGLE BABIES

JUNGLE PETS

FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE

By

OSA JOHNSON

WITH 74 ILLUSTRATIONS



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more blankets for the boys before the rains come. Besides, we need a hundred small articles that we forgot the first time."

"More needles and thread for one thing," I said quickly. "What a silly thing to forget!"

Martin had discharged the forty-four Meru porters a few days before we left the lake and sent them ahead to repair several bad places along the trail. When we caught up with them, some fifty miles from the lake, the work was done, and Martin paid them off.

We made our first stop at Lasamis water-hole. We had made the run in record time. The sand of the Kaisoot Desert was fine and packed hard after the rains.

Immediately upon arriving at Lasamis, we set to building a thorn boma so that we could take flashlights. The water-holes showed more rhino wallows than we had ever before seen.

Martin shot an oryx and set it for bait. At eight o'clock the flash went off, and we rushed to it. There were no tracks, so we had no idea what kind of animal had set it off, but we guessed that it was a bat or bird.

No sooner had we gone to bed than a rhino came stumbling into camp, snorted and pawed the sand for a few minutes, then went away. All through the night we could hear rhino snorting at the water-hole. Then the eerie melody of night sounds re-echoed with the roars of lions. Hyenas started a ghoulish laughing that continued until sunrise.

At the first streak of light I heard the sand grouse calling. I got up and dressed, and with a boy started out after them. Martin was still sleeping.

I went by the oryx kill, and found that it had been dragged off. I saw the tracks, and I began to follow the drag. Suddenly, I came upon a beautiful big black-maned lion. The handsome old fellow was in the dry, sandy river-bed, washing himself. He would lick his paws like an innocent kitten, lie down and roll over in the sand. I was within fifteen yards of him, as I watched from behind a boulder.

"Go back and get Mr. Johnson," I ordered the boy. He slunk away and I kept my vigil behind the rock.

I thought of the black-maned beauty we had seen and missed before, and prayed that this time Martin could get his picture, for I knew what it meant to him.

It seemed an eternity until Martin arrived, with guns and cameras.

"Where is it?" he whispered.

"Right over there. At least, he was a minute ago."

The lion had gone beneath a small thornbush. Martin hurriedly set up his camera, and in a few seconds would have been ready to turn the crank, but the lion bounded out of the bush, into the river-bed, up the bank on our side, and was off across the desert. We could see him go like a streak of lightning for half a mile as he disappeared into the blue of the horizon.

"Anyway, he was the handsomest fellow I've ever seen," Martin remarked philosophically, as he put his camera back into its case. "He was even handsomer than your other black-maned friend, Osa."

Just as we started away there was a roar in the bushes. A lioness appeared, lashed her tail, growled at us, and for a minute or so looked as if she might charge. I covered her with my gun, Martin set up his camera again, but before he could turn the crank she retreated. We followed her for more than an hour as she leaped from rock to rock, finally going off across the desert as her mate had done.



OSA BRINGS HOME THE DINNER

A lesser bustard, or wild African turkey, and a fine guinea fowl, "for the pot" at Lake Paradise.

energy, they were always flea-picking, or what is really a search for the salty scales on the skin. All monkeys crave salt, and the scales are a salty tidbit, not the proverbial fleas they are supposed to be.

One fresh morning I walked down to the lake and had just located a nice patch of mushrooms when I heard a crash and snort behind me. I whirled about, expecting to find an elephant. There stood a large rhino. He was furious. He pawed the ground, and swung his head to and fro. I knew that he was going to charge.

A rhino doesn't wait around and think things over the way an elephant does: he is too instinctively mean and short-tempered. Almost before I could jump for a tree the ugly fellow started for me. Luckily I found a low branch. I climbed as high as I could. After a low of pawing around and snorting, the old scoundrel finally decided he was outwitted and left.

On my way back I climbed down through some tense growth at the water's edge. Just as I emerged I heard a thud and the breaking of branches a few yards away. I glanced up at once and found myself looking into the beady little eyes of a huge elephant. He was just as surprised as I was. Maybe more so!

"Don't move!" the native boy with me whispered.

It was a useless warning. I couldn't have moved had I wanted to. I was rooted to the spot. The curious thing was that Martin on the other side of the lake had happened to pick up his binoculars at that precise moment and he saw me through them. There was nothing he could do. Anyway, he knew me well enough to realize that if the elephant came for me, I'd have gone up a tree like a cat. Many a time I had been treed by rhino or elephants within ear-shot of our house, and I had had plenty of practice at tree climbing.

The elephant didn't seem a bit angry or worried. He wagged his ears and switched his tail about, and just stared. Finally, he decided to see what I would do if he went away. So he backed into the forest a few yards until he was out of sight. That was my cue to go. I quickly slipped away along the shore. A few minutes later I looked back. The elephant had returned and was drinking quietly without even looking up.

Martin tried to keep an eye on me most of the time; nevertheless there were times when he had to leave me with an exacted promise not to stray far from the camp unless Bukhari or another gun-bearer went with me.

I didn't think his concern was warranted, but I would have been pretty disappointed in him if he hadn't felt that way. And every time he said something about protecting me, I felt mighty proud of his affection.

Actually, I felt just as able to take care of myself in Africa as in Kansas; nevertheless I took Boculy or Bukhari with me if I went outside Lake Paradise, just as a matter of good sense. I knew that each of them was thoroughly dependable and would lay down his life for me if necessary. They continually watched out for animals and would let me take no unnecessary risks.

When Martin buried himself in his laboratory for days I grew lonely, and I had to do something besides gardening. So I took long walks into the forest to gather plants and orchids, or just to hear and see the animals that I loved. And occasionally I did short safaris on my own to the near-by mountain water-holes, to help Martin fill out some gap in the picture record.

In Lake Paradise itself, Martin said that we had more excitement and goings on than the best six-ring circus on earth, and that it was not dull for a single moment.

Down in our front yard, baboons were almost always moving about, babies riding their mothers 'bareback' and doing a kind of rodeo and other antics. There were kudu and Abyssinian bushbuck dashing in and out of the forest glades or down to drink. There was game of all sizes, and the forest was always full of visible or invisible life. Birds of all kinds darted in and out of the trees and drifted up from the lake in flocks.

From our kitchen extended our backyard, an open glade at the top of the crater, reaching back to the forest. Here elephants often came out and paraded before our fascinated eyes, or browsed about unconcernedly.

At night the forest world seemed more than ever awake, with all sorts of movement and alarms which continued from dusk to daylight. The animals paraded down to the water and back again, and we never tired of watching from our cliffs or look-outs.

As we became more accustomed to having elephants pass by us at a few feet, or stand beneath our look-out almost close enough to touch, we grew bolder. We began to talk to them, and even threw pebbles on to their backs. Usually they would make quite an uproar at us, but I think they soon accepted us as just one of those petty annoyances of life in the jungle, and guessed that we were harmless.

"You've done everything but feed them peanuts," said Martin. "What a life! Nothing but circus all day long and it doesn't cost a cent!"

CHAPTER XV

"... The camels have a mean and dirty look. They are cranky and stubborn and dumb. Their language is simply disgraceful."

—MARTIN JOHNSON.

The rains are due again, Osa. And when Boculy says they are due, we can expect them any minute."

"I know. That means the elephants will be off for the plains."

I hated to think of leaving Paradise again. We were already in our second year here and it seemed to me that we were hardly settled. But I knew that this meant we must leave it for several weeks if our work was to go on.

The elephants left the forest during the rains, for they could not stand the sound of water dripping on leaves and stones. This was our great opportunity, for we would be able to follow and photograph them in good light and in large herds. In the forest they were always scattered, and photography was difficult because of the lack of satisfactory light.

"How long do you think we'll be gone, Martin?"

"Better plan on at least three months' supply of food."

"I'm glad we have plenty of butter. I counted twelve pounds to-day, and to-morrow we will churn six more. I'll have it all salted down right away and put into jars and paraffined. And M'pishi has eight dozen eggs in salt water; we ought to have ten dozen to go." I spoke with pride, as I thought how good they would taste out there on the desert.

CHAPTER XVIII

"... Osa does not like rhinos and I am sure that when we are safely back home and she has a nightmare, it will be a rhino she sees coming up the fire-escape. . . ."

—MARTIN JOHNSON.

"FARU! Faru! Rhino! Rhino coming!"

N'dundu stood at the front of our safari column, brandishing his gun and waving back to us wildly.

The safari halted. Thick bush closed in all about us and we could see nothing, but the camels were already beginning to buck. I stood ready with my gun while Martin walked forward.

Then, straight out of the bush, half-way up the line, a huge bulk plunged into the safari. Camels lunged and ran. Boys scattered and shinned up trees. There was so much confusion that the rhino was gone before we could see him clearly. But he was soon back again. There was a shot and, as I ran forward, I could hear Martin scolding.

"Don't you ever do that again, you fool! Do you want to kill me?"

"But, Master, the rhino was charging."

"Well, you did a good job of it, for once." He turned to me. "He got the rhino, but when I saw him aim that gun my way . . . whew! It's a mistake to give any of them guns."

Our safari by now was a complete wreck. Crates and boxes thrown off by the crazed camels were strewn about everywhere; camels were running away, with their keepers in pursuit; our porters, chattering like mad, were trying to collect their wits and their baggage. The result was that we had to pitch camp and spend the evening reorganizing ourselves.

Often rhino charged our safaris, and it seemed that wherever and however we met the beasts the meeting was always violent. Rhino are always looking for trouble and for a chance to murder, not only human beings but every animal as well, and all the animals hate them. They are nothing but gangsters and are certainly Africa's public enemies number one.

Rhino go to bed with a nasty disposition and wake up in the morning in the same frame of mind. They never associate with other animals and seldom travel with their own kind, unless with a mate or a baby. Of all the animals in Africa, I dislike the rhino most. And what is more he seems to know it, for he is always chasing me up trees.

"There goes my little boy scout, climbing trees again," Martin would howl as he saw me swing up on a branch to get away from one of the monsters. But I noticed that he was just as quick at it when one of them came his way.

When I went fishing I was always likely to run into a rhino, because I often got into thick bush and my only path would be a rhino trail along the river bank. There I might find one of these animals asleep, or scuffling along towards a drink, or a female nursing her baby, and I was always on the look-out.

On my way back to camp one evening, after a day of fishing at the Eauso Nyiro River during a safari we were making for rhino pictures, I rode my mule Lazy Bones and was telling N'dundu and the boys who walked beside me about my first encounter with a rhino. I became very excited and the boys were listening intently. The headman was completely



KANSAS WATERMELONS AT LAKE PARADISE

Two of Osa's gardeners enjoy melons grown from seeds out of her father's Kansas garden.

absorbed. He kept saying, "Ndiyo (yes), M'sahib," and nodding his head as his eyes watched me.

— Suddenly I spied a real rhino and yelled, "Faru iko!" The boys only laughed, thinking I was just being dramatic, even when I leaped off Lazy Bones and took aim with my rifle. I had literally to drag one of them behind a tree, as the rhino made for us and slid past. Fortunately, the beast charged on down the trail.

Rhino often finish a charge like that, as much as to say, "Well, I gave them the scare of their lives. I really ought to mash them, but I'll let them off this time."

Almost everything they did seemed to me to be a little crazy. In the heat of the day, when they wanted to sleep after browsing all night and wallowing in a mud hole all morning, they would not pick a nice big tree near by and lie down there. Instead, they would walk to some rocky hill or mountain, perhaps fifteen miles away, climb up among the volcanic slag and boulders and find some tree about the size of a beach umbrella, only half large enough, and flop down there to snooze. One big rhino under such a small tree looked ludicrous, yet oftentimes there were two! Frequently we had to climb up there in the roasting heat to get their pictures, and this didn't make the idea seem any more reasonable to me.

Rhino start feeding about four in the afternoon. They break small limbs from the trees and chew the ends into a pulp. Thornbush and scrub are their favourite foods. They also peel the bark off trees with their horns. They enjoy leaves, but I have never seen them eat grass or any other food. Like a horse, the rhino chews a long time on his food and then spits out the fibre.

On the Northern Frontier there are no white rhino. The principal difference between the white and black species has always seemed to me to be that the white rhino looks blacker than the black rhino. The different soils around Lake Paradise, however, gave us rhino in all colours—red at the N'groom Mountains where the beasts rolled in the red dust and wallowed in the red mud at water-holes; black at Lake Paradise from the black cotton soil; white on the plains from the white alkali dust and the soda pools.

Rhino wear mud packs to keep away the flies. Perhaps this is where the natives learned the trick of putting red earth on their bodies, mixed with castor oil, the smell of which would surely keep anything away.

Whenever we pitched camp at night, we would always order the porters to build a shelter of poles and grass for the cook to use as his kitchen, and beside this a work-table made of smaller poles tied together with jungle vines. On his work-table the cook would place his aluminium pots and pans, to keep them clean and away from ground pests. In good weather he and the boys preferred to sleep in the open around the cook's fire.

One night we were wakened by a terrible racket. We rushed out of our tent into the bright moonlight and saw a rhino tearing out of camp. The boys were already up trees. For fear he might come back, I got my rifle and fired a few warning shots into the air in the rhino's direction.

The cook had seen the rhino first and had started running across the plain. He now came back, somewhat sheepish but still scared. The rhino had noticed the bright aluminium in the moonlight, so the cook thought, and had charged for it as the most attractive target on the landscape.

Blaney Percival had told us that a rhino had come into his camp and charged his camp-fire and stomped it out. But we usually found that a good

fire would keep them off. We always had fires burning all night, especially when we were in big game country, with elephant, rhino, lion or buffalo about.

To keep these fires blazing I had the porters bring firewood each evening as they came in from the field. Each porter we left in camp during the day also had a share of firewood to bring in for his chore. And two porters each night took their turns as watchmen, patrolling for animals and keeping up the fires.

"And I don't want you coming in the middle of the night to call the Master or Missus," I would warn them. "I want to sleep to-night." For they would wake us at the slightest provocation.

We had a real scare one night when a rhino came right into camp and snorted up to the tent where Martin and I were sleeping. I had a double scare, for when I woke I had been dreaming about rhino. I hated them all and was so angry that I jumped up and grabbed my gun and ran screaming out of the tent, which was a very foolish thing to do. The rhino had gone off to some distance. He stood there for a few moments trying to make up his mind whether to wipe me off the earth, then snorted loudly, wheeled and ran away.

I saw that the fires were all out and the sentries had evidently been asleep. That was the reason we had rhino invading us! I gave the boys a good dressing down, and I instructed Bukhari that from then on there would be fires every night and it was going to be hard on any sentries I caught asleep. I felt that Martin had enough to do to take care of his cameras and that it was my job to give him every protection and comfort possible, and at least a decent night's rest after a hard day in the field.

Tents were always a great temptation to the rhino. The cloth bleached out in the rains and the sun, and on moonlight nights they shone like beacons across the plain. One night a rhino charged right through Bukhari's tent, taking it along with him and leaving Bukhari safe in his cot. An ugly rhino wrapped in one of Benjamin Edgington's creations must have been a funny sight to the other game, but it was not so funny to us, for we were out a costly tent which we badly needed and which could not be replaced.

At the water-holes at night we were always sure of at least one good rhino fight. They locked horns at the slightest provocation, or for no reason at all, and gored each other terribly. Nine out of ten rhino wear huge open wounds or scars from these fights. Some of the gashes are as large as dinner-plates, and I am sure these must contribute to the animal's ugly disposition.

Usually the fight was over a female. And the females seemed to enjoy the rows, even to encourage them. A coy two-ton lady would rub against the side of one of the big fellows and trot around in a silly way, then go over and rub noses with the other male. Then the trouble would start. The males would paw the ground, race at each other, clinch and whirl around in circles, snorting like locomotives. Sometimes a fight would last the entire night and completely wear us out watching it.

Trying to get flashlights of one of these encounters, Martin and I set up an elaborate arrangement of cameras at a water-hole and secreted ourselves in a thornbush blind. Soon a rhino and his mate appeared, sniffed around for a while and then gave our cameras a wide berth, although the wind was right and they should not have got our scent. They went off to

the edge of the pool. In a few minutes another male appeared and in no time at all a fight was on, completely out of range of our cameras.

The fight ended abruptly after about twenty minutes, and the rhinos came back and went off up the trail down which they had come. But they met other rhino who were coming down to water. Instead of fighting the newcomers, all stopped and seemed to have a sort of conference, then the new arrivals came down the trail and skirted our blind and cameras, just as the others had done. They also stormed around for a time and went off without giving us a picture. We concluded that the first rhinos had somehow warned the others and that perhaps there was some real fraternity among them after all.

"Rhinos never attack man unless they are provoked," Blaney had once said. Therefore I was very amused when Blaney was charged by a rhino one day as he drove serenely along in a car, with no intention of provoking anything. Even though he shot into the air and finally shot the rhino on the horn to divert him, the beast tore into Blaney's car and ruined the radiator.

"Must have been something wrong with that one," remarked Blaney, very perplexed.

We never shot rhino unless we had no other choice. Our business was to get pictures, and when a rhino did charge the cameras we shot into the ground, into the air and all around him, trying to scare him off. Sometimes I would shoot one at the base of the horn with a solid-nosed bullet which would ricochet off and not wound the animal, but would give him a good headache for a couple of hours. Frequently the rhino could not be frightened. We learned from long experience to tell when he wasn't bluffing and meant business. Then it became a question of his life or ours.

In addition to our feeling against killing, it cost us fifty dollars to shoot each rhino, and several times that amount for each elephant; so using our lungs or firing in the air to scare them off was an economy.

At Lake Paradise one afternoon we were photographing a mother rhino and her baby. This is always dangerous, because any mother animal with a baby is jittery and will charge on sight, and the rhino is particularly suspicious.

Martin had risen from the ferns in which we were concealed and was cranking the camera. The baby spied us, ran under its mother, then out again, and the mother, now thoroughly alarmed, began looking for us.

"Look!" I whispered suddenly.

Martin turned quicker than a shot. There, walking straight for us, was a big bull rhino, his head lowered and his two horns aimed straight at the camera.

I grabbed my .465 elephant gun.

"See if you can turn him," Martin shouted.

I shot over his back, screamed, shot at his horn. On he came.

I knew Martin was making a good film of the rhino, and probably thought this was one of those familiar false alarms. I didn't think so, however, and I was right. The rhino stopped, snorted and charged. At twenty-five feet I aimed and shot for the brain. The great brute fell.

"Martin, does this day mean anything to you?"

"Why, yes, of course. This is the day we ship film."

"Oh-h-h-h! Well, I'm not going to put the paraffin on your old tins

to-day. I'm going out, and you can ship film without me. Bukhari! Get my guns!"

Martin's eyes widened in perplexity.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going out to find a rhino, and I hope he charges me!"

"Osa, what's the matter?"

"If you don't know, I'm not going to tell you. If our wedding anniversary means no more than that to you, I don't care what happens."

And off I went, so upset I wanted to weep. I actually wished I could meet a rhino or an elephant right there in front of his eyes so that he would be good and sorry.

Like all families, we had our little tiffs, but we agreed on so much that the differences were always over very inconsequential things and were quickly made up. However, two persons are bound to get on each other's nerves occasionally with daily association for so many years.

Perhaps Martin would row with the boys and boss them around, or impose some severe discipline in a way that seemed to me extreme or unnecessary or bad-tempered, and I would put on a huff, hop on my mule Lazy Bones, call my gunbearer and an extra boy or two, and start for the forest. Sometimes I would make use of the opportunity to do some real errand such as going out to gather watercress, wild asparagus or flowers. Again I would go in whatever direction the mule started to take, just to get away. Invariably, when I returned I would find that Martin had been looking for me and was very worried, and this gave me both a certain feminine sense of triumph and drew me to him, for he was the kindest man on earth.

M'pishi might run out and say that the master had been searching for me and had questioned him, that he had told the master I had gone to the forest, that the master feared I might be harmed and had sent M'pishi after me. Would I come back, for "Big Master very worried."

In the same mood, Martin would flee to his laboratory and work off his anger or emotion on his negatives; or make believe that he was doing so, at least until he got hungry.

We were camped on the Eauso Nyiro River, and Martin had gone out scouting for rhino with Boculy. I felt as though I wanted fish chowder for dinner and this was to be my day. At Paradise there were no fish, so whenever I was on safari near a fishing stream I did my best to catch a supply for camp. Martin and I left camp about the same time and we travelled a mile or so together before I branched down to the river, riding my mule Lazy Bones. N'dundu and Butoto were with me. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when I spied a rhino coming after us at full speed. I knew Lazy Bones could not carry me and outrun the rhino, so I jumped off and tried to race with him. But he stopped dead and baulked. I pulled and yanked at him, but he wouldn't budge.

"You fool!" I screamed at him. "You're crazier than a rhino!" And I left him there and off I ran.

Martin was still in sight. The two native boys were close to my heels, and the rhino was not far behind them. I fired twice, but in my excitement missed. Butoto scrambled to the top of a big ant-hill.

Martin had heard my scream and had started back on the run to meet me. His boys followed him. Lazy Bones was terrified, and sped past me

so fast that I wished I had stayed on his back. Martin was still too far off to shoot the rhino, so he fired into the air, and he and the boys started yelling for all they were worth. With all the shooting and shouting, the rhino's ears probably ached, for he wheeled and disappeared in the long grass near the river.

I was furious with fear and rage. It seemed as though we were having just one too many rhino scares.

"I'm not any too fond of them either," Martin said as he held me in his arms. "Anyway," he added, chuckling, "just come running back to papa when you get into danger, and be sure to bring the danger behind you. This would have made a grand comedy picture."

I was just recovering my sense of humour when I examined my gun and found that N'dundu had placed only four cartridges in the chamber that morning instead of the regular charge of five. I realized to what serious consequences this might have led if I had been out on the field and had counted on the usual five shots when in reality there were only four. I lost my temper and lit into N'dundu. I shouted to Martin that he was to be discharged. When small details become matters of life and death, we had to know that our boys could be counted upon. After the set-to with N'dundu he disappeared, and did not show up at camp all that night. In the morning Martin found him waiting outside our tent. The boy was so sorry that he actually cried.

"Well, I'll forgive you this time, N'dundu, but it must never happen again," I said finally. And from the look on the poor fellow's face I was sure that there would be no repetition of the incident.

The boys were not in the least malicious, even though they were often as prankish as children. At times they referred to us as 'Mama' and 'Papa', and whenever one scratched or cut his finger he would come to us and say, "I am your toto; I am sick. Please help my finger." We would give him a bandage and he would leave full of genuine gratitude. All things considered, I think we understood them pretty well.

Occasionally the boys or I would find animal babies. We promptly returned them to their mother unless she were dead, in which case I would invariably adopt the babies as pets. The boys would bring in these tiny animals, saying: "Here, Mama, are two fine leopard tofos," knowing I would enjoy mothering the little things.

So I acquired at Paradise from time to time—and kept until they went back to the forest—a lion, a leopard, two baboons, two mongoose, an aardvark, a fox, a genet cat, a baby elephant, a Tommy gazelle, several ostrich and a flock of guinea-fowl.

Our gadgets and supplies were of the greatest interest to the boys and other natives, and whenever we encountered a native safari on the desert the chief or the most inquisitive among them would ply our boys for hours with questions about us and our magic.

"Yes, and the master has a powder that he mixes with water," said Boculy to a Samburu herder one day, describing our cement. "Then he can turn it into rock, in place or shape he wants."

The Samburu looked very astonished. Suddenly his eyes lit up and he asked if he could have some.

"What will you do with it?" asked Boculy. "You have rocks enough on the plains."

"But I have an enemy," the Samburu confided. "If the Master would

bring me some of his powder, I would put it in my enemy's water-hole and stop it up so he would have no water and all his stock would perish."

My most thrilling rhino adventures seemed to come when I was out alone, or perhaps they seemed more exciting for that reason. When we were on safari to the plains water-holes there were literally tens of thousands of game birds about, and often I used to go out before breakfast and watch them come down in fluttering clouds to the springs for water. If we were short of food, I took a few home for Martin's breakfast.

As I was taking one of these before-breakfast strolls just outside camp one morning I saw a large flock of partridge. I flushed them and fired. Out from behind a thornbush came a snorting rhino. I had only a 20-gauge shot-gun, which was no match for this huge beast, so I turned and ran for all I was worth, with the two-ton colossus lumbering after me.

Reaching camp, I screamed, and Martin came out with a rifle. There stood our cars in a group, and the rhino charged up to them. Seeing that the automobiles were not afraid of him, and probably alarmed by the strange scent of rubber and petrol, he gave up. He backed off and trotted away, stopping occasionally to snort and impress upon us that he wasn't really afraid.

Martin burst into laughter. "You're a fine one," he said. "You go out to get me a partridge for breakfast and you come home with two tons of rhinoceros."

On safari at Lasamis we found what seemed to be the very capital of the rhino country. The place was one of the most barren and desolate I have ever seen. Hundreds of natives and a number of whites who had died of thirst were buried here, and piles of rocks had been placed over their bodies to protect them from hyenas.

Every day we counted scores of rhino here. In the bed of the sand river we found three of their water-holes with a wide and much-travelled trail leading down to them, and here we decided to spend a night and see what pictures we could get with flashlights.

Selecting the best of the water-holes, we made a look-out on the rocky bank, above the trail. The moon shone very bright: in its reflection on the sand we could see everything clearly.

We decided that Bukhari and I should keep watch while Martin and Boculy went down to the trail with the cameras. They set up the equipment and then lay down in the sand only a few yards away to control the flash apparatus. We had agreed that we would not talk, but that I would give warning whistles. If rhino came straight down the trail toward them, I would give one whistle; if on the left, two whistles; if on the right, three whistles. If rhino came from the rear, they would get my scent and I would have to take care of them.

Down the trail toward Martin came one rhino, taking little goose-steps, kicking rocks and pebbles as he scuffled along, sniffing and snorting and making himself very important. I was so excited that I had a hard time getting my mouth in shape, but I finally got out a low whistle. The rhino stopped, turned off the trail and went down the river-bed to another water-hole.

We waited nearly two hours. Then a pair of rhino showed up. They were evidently thirsty and were moving along briskly. The wind was right,

so they could not get our scent. I was just ready to whistle when they also turned off the trail and went down the river-bed. We had forgotten to cover those other water-holes with brush and for some reason the animals were avoiding us.

Every rhino has his favourite water-hole. It may be a vile mud-hole, and he makes it muddier by wading and wallowing in it, but for some reason he regards that water as sweeter or more attractive; he is about as reasonable in this as he is in other matters.

Then a mother and a big toto came up behind me. She got our scent and scurried off, the lumbering baby at her heels. I wished that I could make all rhino afraid of me like that.

I turned to see a big bull rhino making straight for Martin. I whistled. The rhino moved suspiciously toward the cameras. Martin pushed the buzzer and off went the flash. The rhino fled. I could see Martin setting another flash and I began to feel that the system was working.

No sooner had we settled down once more than a rhino came up from the left. I was just about to whistle, when I saw one coming from the right. I didn't dare whistle for fear of confusing Martin, but I had to warn him. Then I saw another rhino coming from the left, and another, and before I could reflect there were nine rhino around us. I was frantic. I feared that if I screamed Martin would be alarmed on my account and run right into one of the beasts:

Then the rhino began to attack each other. I pictured our cameras ruined and Martin stomped to a pulp. The fight went on for what seemed hours, though I suppose it was only a few minutes, and the rhino suddenly ran away. Then I heard Martin speak and never had his voice seemed so sweet. He and Boculy were climbing up the bank.

"Wasn't that exciting?" He put down the cameras and gave me a kiss. "Boy, some of those were beauties!"

"Beauties, my eye!" I said. "They had me scared to death."

"I was all primed to get the best rhino fight in history," he went on eagerly, "but I was set for a close-up and they wouldn't come within camera range."

"You have no business doing things like that, with those rhino fighting all around you."

"Why, Osa, there wasn't any danger. Boculy and I were following everything they did with our binoculars. Out there on the sand in that moonlight it's as bright as day."

"Well I'm going to bed," I replied, weary and unconvinced. "It's almost morning."

He took my hand and we walked slowly back to camp. Grévy zebra shone white in the clear light and they scattered as we passed. The desolation gave the place an eerie atmosphere and Martin's arm around me felt especially comforting.

Martin became very lively as we reached camp. "How about developing that shot we got to-night?" he suggested. "I'm not a bit tired. We could have some hot cakes and then go to work."

I was too nervously exhausted even to answer. I fell into bed without taking off my boots, pulled a blanket over me and was instantly asleep.



TWO ELEPHANTS BEGIN TO FEED

Waking in the late afternoon, these fine tuskers are just beginning to browse. They feed in the evening and through the night, sleeping in the heat of the day.

me how we made our bricks and got them hard. He inquired how we built our ovens and fire-places, and how the houses were put together, and thatched, and plastered. He was amazed at the ingenuity of Martin's laboratory, and curious about the Eastman film and how the chemicals were standing up, and about how Tom Craig was packing our shipments. He was equally curious about all the animals and plied me with a thousand questions about what they were and how they behaved.

When his active mind was not prying into new information he was inventing something. His proudest achievement was to build a shower-bath.

This shower consisted of a regular collapsible automobile canvas pail, to the bottom of which was attached a hose connection. From this led a four-foot length of soft rubber tube, near the end of which was a common everyday clothes-pin which regulated the flow of the water. Every night after the day's work Mr. Eastman's tent boy, Abdulla, hung this pail on the front tent pole about head high, put the zinc bathtub underneath, filled the bucket with warm water, and the shower was ready.

In the Kedong Valley a terrible encounter with rhino had been reported at this time. We read about it in the Nairobi papers. Mr. Eastman sat by the fire-place in the late afternoon and read the account aloud from the paper:

WHITE WOMAN CHARGED BY TWO RHINO

Mrs. Bailey, wife of Mr. G. Bailey, of 'Sterndale', Naivasha, is an inmate of Nairobi European Hospital after being the victim of an experience which comes within the lives of few women. She owes the fact that she is alive to some miraculous intervention or accident of which she is quite unaware.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were on safari and had established their camp near Suswa for a week. On the night before the accident they had been sitting up for lions, and Mrs. Bailey caught a chill. On the following day she decided that she would not go far and intended to spend an uneventful day hunting around the camp for reedbuck with a small rifle. Mr. Bailey departed with a gun-bearer to seek game on the plains; and Mrs. Bailey, with another bearer and a second native, decided to climb Suswa. She found no sign of reedbuck and set out to return to camp.

On the way home she discovered fresh tracks of rhino and suddenly came upon two of the animals lying down under a tree in more or less open ground. She hurried to camp and brought her husband's double .470 rifle and the natives back to the spot. When she arrived she found that the two animals had changed their position and were resting under a thick bush.

Mrs. Bailey crept slowly forward until she was well within forty yards. The rhino were in such a position that one was practically covering the outline of its companion, and she supposed they were an old rhino and a full-grown youngster. The latter was nearest to her and she fired at the rhino on the farther side, choosing as a mark an exposed shoulder to get a good heart shot.

The next thing she knew they both rose to their feet and rushed through the bush at her, charging side by side. She had no time to turn about or fire a second time.

One of the animals caught her with its horn on her side; the horn travelled right up her body and tore away the whole of her scalp on that side. She was thrown high in the air among the trees, and when she came down the rhino trod on her as she lay on the ground.

But native gun-bearers stood the strain well. They were experienced men, and they kept their ground. As soon as opportunity offered they lifted the injured woman up—her face was streaming blood—and when she regained her feet she discovered that one of the rhinos was rapidly returning. The natives

dragged Mrs. Bailey into a dry water gully and the gun-bearer drove the animal off with rifle fire. Then they set out to carry Mrs. Bailey four miles to camp, and luckily met another party of the camp porters who had been in the same locality for the camp water supply. Among them they brought her down, quite unconscious, and one native hurried on ahead to inform Mr. Bailey who met the party bringing his injured wife about a mile from camp.

Mr. Eastman put down the paper. It was an introduction to Africa. He smiled, as much to say, "Well, that is Africa, I suppose." He merely announced quietly that he was going to take a shower.

To obtain animal groups for the new African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History, which was one of the chief objectives of Mr. Eastman and Mr. Pomeroy, we had made safaris all about Paradise and the desert below, and we now determined to follow Carl Akeley's suggestion and join him in Tanganyika for a study there of the Serengeti lions.

But three years had elapsed since we had begun our expedition and we had so much work still undone that we were impatient to return to make the most of our limited time and finances. So, after a few weeks of this pleasant safari, we hurried back to Lake Paradise.

CHAPTER XXIV

"... Of course there are hardships, but with our years of experience to help us we have found ways around the hardships, and we manage to keep just as healthy and happy as though we had all the comforts of home . . ."

—MARTIN JOHNSON.

"I THINK Mr. Eastman understands what we are doing."

Martin and I sat on the cliffs at Paradise and talked about our recent visitors. We felt sure that George Eastman had not regretted his decision to finance us.

Almost every clear evening Martin and I would sit on the cliffs until late into the night and reminisce. Martin would have been the last person in the world to admit it, but he had a sentimental streak in him, just as I had.

Sitting there under the moon, my husband would suggest that I sing, and tease me by saying that my singing was why he married me. He loved to have me sing to him 'Mighty lak a Rose', 'My Wild Irish Rose', 'After the Ball is Over', 'Cheyenne', 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree', and 'Put on your Old Grey Bonnet'. I had quite a repertory of songs left over from the days when we barnstormed through the West and Canada, showing Martin's pictures of the Jack London voyage, and I had had to burst into the performance with what passed for vocal interludes.

Martin and I both loved the old-time melodies because of their sentimental attachments. Each melody had a particular association. 'After the Ball is Over' commemorated the day I had worn my prettiest blue dress to a school dance in Chanute. 'In the Good Old Summer Time' was the first song I ever sang on a stage before an audience. They were all bundled up with happy memories. 'Put on your Old Grey Bonnet' held memories of Kansas when Martin and I first met.

Out on the plains we were always encountering ostrich, occasionally stumbling on one of their nests which they build right out in the open. These would contain from twenty to a hundred eggs, and off on those safaris any egg tasted good.

Each ostrich egg weighed about three and a half pounds and they were especially good when scrambled. Once I tried to hard-boil an ostrich egg, and after four and a half hours I opened it and it was only soft-boiled. One egg equalled about two dozen chicken eggs. It took a hatchet to open an ostrich egg.

I wondered if an ostrich really did bury his head in the sand. One day I thought I had caught one doing it, but when I was near enough to see him distinctly I found that he was only feeding. He was taking on his morning roughage and shovelling up sand and pebbles with that low, forward push of the beak which I had seen him use when he drank at the water-holes.

One day we came upon a female ostrich sitting on her nest, and moved up to her cautiously to see what would happen. I think she was getting ready to lay or else her chicks were nearly hatched, for she remained much longer than we expected. If an ostrich makes up her mind to defend her nest, she can give you a bad time, so we were on the alert.

When we were fifteen yards away she rose and started off. She trailed one wing as though it were broken and limped in an exaggerated way from left to right, seeming to support herself with her fluttering wings as though she were terribly wounded or crippled.

"Yes," said Blaney when we later told him of the incident, "that was a trick of hers to decoy you away from her nest or to arouse your sympathy. Ostriches look and act foolish most of the time, but even if they have no brains they do have their instincts."

Often, while out on the plains, we saw a giraffe mother with twin babies, hobbling along like cute little toys out of a toy shop. They were all neck and feet, and each had a little spit curl where its horns should be. Never was a mother more attentive, but she had to eat occasionally and then, taking a cue from the elephants, she would turn the youngsters over to a nursemaid, a half-grown female who took her duties very seriously.

Following a pair of newly born twins to a water-hole one day, we saw them boldly lead their timid mother and the distracted nurse down to the water. Like all children, they did not know the meaning of danger and were consumed with curiosity. While the elders looked everywhere for lurking lions and other enemies, the youngsters had a great time trying to get a drink. They tried first to reach the water standing straight up, but found that their necks weren't quite long enough. So they spread their feet and made another try, but still couldn't get to the water with their mouths. They spread their feet very wide and with a long sweeping flourish dipped their noses into the water. They seemed more surprised at accomplishing this feat than thirsty, but finally got down to drinking like old professionals. As they sucked in the water we could see the ripples down their satiny brown throats.

Again, we saw mothers with their own twins or two or three other babies. The latter were no doubt adopted from mothers who had been slain by lions. Watching giraffe on the plains day after day, I began to feel that their gentleness and good manners were true to their character, for the herds always seemed to be thoroughly considerate of each other and

the families lived in harmony. I never saw a giraffe harm another animal nor fight with one of its own kind.

We respected the giraffe, too, because they were so hard to photograph. They were easily frightened and very difficult to bring or keep within camera range, and their eyes were extremely sharp. Furthermore, their height enabled them to look right into our blind if we had no roof and also to detect blinds which other animals could not see.

One afternoon at about three, just as the game was coming down to our water-hole in goodly numbers and Martin was limbering up his cameras in anticipation of some fine shooting, we spied fifteen giraffe walking slowly but confidently toward the water. Martin swung his camera to get them. Immediately they started and ran just as though they had seen him. But they couldn't have done so, for we were well concealed. I peeked out the back of the blind to see what might have scared them from that side, and there I saw our three boys, whom we had instructed to lie down and hide and wait for us, climbing a tree. Martin looked at them and was furious. He opened up the blind and climbed out and raced over to them to give them a piece of his mind for playing pranks and scaring away the game. Half-way to them he stopped. A rhino popped out of a bush and looked at him. Martin came back to the blind on the run. He picked up his gun, but the rhino was already running away, leaving a trail of dust.

When we questioned the boys, they told us that the rhino had come down to our blind and had given us a good inspection, but had decided to go off and have a mud bath in a near-by puddle. Then the rhino meandered right past the boys and made for them. They had saved their necks, but the game would not come back after all that commotion, and our afternoon was ruined.

Frequently we photographed herds of a hundred and more giraffe and followed them for days, as they browsed and meandered from one water-hole to another. Their colour and their patterns gave them an eye appeal that many of the animals lacked. Here on the Northern Frontier all the giraffe had the reticulated, or fish-net, pattern, distinguishing them from their cousins farther south which were marked with an 'autumn leaf' design. The cows and babies were a light orange, with ivory-white lines between the patches of colour, their manes, tails and 'horns' being jet black. The old bulls were so dark a brown that they looked black at a distance.

In spite of their disjointed gait they walked and loped with a rhythm that was truly beautiful. Of course, Martin's artist-eye caught it at once and he not only squandered film on them, but finally succeeded in getting at close distance some beautiful slow-motion film which he regarded as representative of his very best work. One day he caught a lively stampede in slow motion and was almost hilarious when it came out of the developer perfect in every detail. These little successes were worth a world of pain and discomfort and made up for months of irritations and disappointments.

Whenever we came upon bush-pig we had a good dinner, for they were just like our razor-backs at home and were even more delicious. I would never eat a wart-hog—they were too ugly and disgusting—but a little red bush-pig seemed to have been put there for our very use and they were mighty welcome on a long safari when we were reduced to a lot of uninviting bully beef.

The hippopotamus is not far removed from plain pig, though he is so