

CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A FOUR MONTHS' EXPEDITION
IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA, FOR THE PURPOSE
OF SECURING PHOTOGRAPHS OF
THE GAME FROM LIFE

BY
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WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR

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CHAPTER I

ARRIVING AT MOMBASA AND THE RAILWAY JOURNEY THROUGH THE GREAT GAME COUNTRY TO NAIROBI

A GOOD many years ago the writings of Sir Samuel Baker inspired me with a keen desire to visit the country where game was so abundant that to see thousands of heads roaming the great plains was as common a sight as seeing rabbits playing outside their warrens in England. Some years later a brother of mine made a march from Mombasa to Uganda, and wrote about seeing game so plentiful that two thousand or three thousand head in a herd was a common everyday sight, and I wanted still more to see this animal paradise. When the Uganda railway was opened, about nine years ago, it seemed to us who were unfamiliar with the country, that the days of great sights of game were numbered, and with regret I thought of the opportunities for obtaining photographic records of the animal life that were gone forever. But to my surprise, friends returning from the country told me that most kinds of game were as plentiful as ever, and that, though the railroad ran directly through some of the very best parts of the country, it had in no way interfered with this abundance. In fact, the tales they told of what one could see directly from the train windows made me wonder whether the heat (or supposed heat) of this part of the tropics had not affected their brains. But their stories received corroboration from all sides, and when Schillings's book, "Flashlights in the



THE COMMONEST ANIMALS OF THE EAST AFRICAN PLAINS, GRANT'S ZEBRA AND COKE'S HARTEBEEST. (TELEPHOTO)

Jungle," appeared, I saw photographic proof of what I had heard and read, and I definitely decided to start for British East Africa just as soon as I had acquired a little more knowledge in the difficult subject of animal photography. Practice alone could give this knowledge. For several years I had hunted in the forests of Eastern North America, using the camera where formerly I had used the rifle, and I continued practising until within two weeks of leaving for this land of promise. I had soon learnt that the devising of a camera suitable for the varying conditions of the work was of vital importance, inasmuch as there was nothing on the market that would serve the purpose. Several were good in their way, but each had its defects. I had several cameras built, and so gradually evolved the weapon which would, I hoped, prove thoroughly efficient. Armed with this, and a complete outfit for developing and printing in the field, to say nothing of an elaborate electric flashlight device, I left New York toward the end of November as happy as a boy at the idea that at last my hopes were about to be realized. A short stay in England enabled me to complete certain details of outfit, and then, crossing to Marseilles, I embarked for British East Africa. The trip by way of Naples and the Red Sea was as uneventful as the modern steamship travel usually is — the same mixture of passengers, about whom one hazards guesses as to age, nationality, name, profession and distinction, the same stopping at ports where the natives try to sell cheap Birmingham machine-made objects, represented as Eastern hand-made, and these with the usual unexciting diversions helping to pass the time. On board were many Britishers and Americans who were going after big game, so we had much in common, and spent the evenings exchanging ideas on outfit and other,

to us, interesting topics. Crossing the line was the only bit of dissipation in which we indulged, the usual lathering, shaving and ducking producing no end of amusement.

Seventeen days from the time we left Marseilles saw us entering Kilindini, the beautiful harbor of Mombasa. On the shores the low forts, almost hidden by the tangle of vines, barely suggested their presence, and brought up memories of the past turbulent history of this "Isle of War," which is the translation of Kiswa Mvita, the native name for the Island. It is doubtful whether any place of its size has seen more dissension, more treachery, more fighting, and more shocking cruelty than this palm grove island, where Arab, Portuguese and indigenous native fought continuously for mastery as far back as history leaves any record. Even the Chinese seem to have had something to say about it in the dark days of the early Christian era. Finally England in her efforts to suppress the slave trade entered the scene of trouble; now she not only has virtual control of Mombasa, but has also leased the ten-mile coastal strip between the German boundary and Jubaland as a natural protection of the East African concession, which was granted to the British East African Association by Seyid Barghash in 1887. In 1894-5 British protectorate was proclaimed over what is now British East Africa and Uganda. What a contrast the place exhibits to what has gone before! To-day the only fighting is that which takes place periodically between the passengers of the incoming steamers and the Customs, for the sportsman is so dull that he positively refuses to see why the duty on his rifle should be regulated, not by its cost, of however ancient a date of purchase, but by the value of that same kind of weapon as sold by the dealer in East Africa. For the same

sportsman argues (foolishly, perhaps, for how should we, the uninitiated, know?) that the retail price of that rifle in East Africa represents, besides the customary cost of transportation and rather large profit expected by those who labor in foreign climes, the 10 per cent. duty that has been paid. However, that is mere detail, and we may even hope to see this peculiar condition change for the better before very long.

We landed from the steamer after thoroughly enjoying the unexpected pleasure of having to haul out our own luggage from the steamer's stifling baggage room, and see to its being put in boats and taken ashore. We learned that the train started the following day at about noon, but that we should be able to get our things ashore and through the Customs in so short a time as twenty-six hours was, of course, absurd. So we put up at, or rather *with*, the best hotel in the town, and perspired freely while we fumed and fretted in true British style until the second day following. The courteous hospitality of the Mombasa Club quite saved us from even thinking we were having a rough time of it, but we were glad beyond words when at the last moment it became certain that we should catch the train on the second day, and when the time arrived we sat down with a feeling of relief to fully enjoy the comforts of the roomy, well-designed railway carriage, which, built on the plan of those in India, is thoroughly well-suited to the conditions of the tropical climate. Warm blankets we had been strongly advised to take. It scarcely seemed possible that we should need them, as during the first few hours after leaving the heat made us decidedly uncomfortable, and the cooling drinks with which we had provided ourselves lasted only too short a time. We were even reduced to drinking the cool milk from the

JOURNEY THROUGH THE GAME COUNTRY 7

green cocoanuts purchased from natives at the railway station. The first part of the journey was as tropical as one might wish. Tall cocoanut palms waved their rustling branches over the dark, dense mango trees, which afforded welcome shade to the small thatched huts of the Swahili native. Bush-like beans, castor plants, sweet potatoes, yams and maize grew luxuriantly in the small clearings. Surrounding these gardens was the usual dense tropical vegetation, where birds, jewel-like in their iridescent plumage, darted here and there in quest of food. Some would, like the gorgeous butterflies, take their toll of honey, or perhaps tiny insects, from flowers as brilliant as themselves, while others, less dainty, preyed on the larger forms of insect life. Near the huts, as happy and contented as children, were the natives, the women clothed in colored prints of decided patterns, draped around their sturdy bodies in a peculiarly graceful style, while the men wear either a long loose shirt of white or some pale color, or simply a white cloth fastened at the waist. Both go bareheaded, as a rule, though the Fez cap is frequently worn, while the women love to carry an umbrella as a sign of opulence.

Gradually the scene of people and cultivation passed and gave way to wilder and more hilly country, where thorn bush, tangles of vigorous vines, the strange euphorbia, and other vegetation of varied size and color were passed as the train hurried along toward the upland country. All signs of habitation ceased as we entered the dry region late in the afternoon. No more rich grass or tropical foliage. Everything was parched and gray, and almost the only tree was the ubiquitous thorn, which manages to eke out a living from soil which apparently contains no vestige of moisture or power

of sustenance. We reached Voi, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Mombasa, in time for dinner, which is served in the railroad room. Here, at one thousand eight hundred and thirty feet above sea level, the air was still fairly warm, but, as night advanced, and we climbed slowly but continually, the temperature dropped to a point where every bit of bed-covering we possessed was put to use, and we wished for more! The railroad supplies in these combination sleeping and day carriages only a canvas-covered mattress, so the traveler must provide himself with what bedding he requires, also with soap and towel. It is not advisable to wear good clothing on this journey, as the red dust permeates everything, and all cloths become red. Hard-textured clothing is preferable to that of soft surface, as the dust can then more easily be brushed off. Long before the sun rose the following morning we were awake, and on the lookout for the game which, according to all accounts, we should see in such abundance. At the first glimmer of daylight we could, by straining our eyes, distinguish the indistinct forms of animals here and there. Gradually the tropical dawn made things clear, and to our intense satisfaction we found that the indistinct forms taking shape proved to be Coke's hartebeest, zebra, impala and others of the many wild beasts that inhabit this natural zoological park. Our excitement knew no bounds as we caught sight of each new animal. Here it would be a graceful gazelle, and there a grotesque wildebeest, which would stand gazing at the passing train, and then with a shaking of its long tail run away with a peculiar rocking canter so characteristic of these strange buffalo-like antelopes. Hartebeest and Grant's and Thomson's gazelles would scamper along, the perpetual wagging of their tails, the strong black, white and yellow markings



THE AUTHOR AND HIS MASAI GUIDE

of their coats making them conspicuous even in the soft morning light. With the rising of the sun all became more beautiful and infinitely more wonderful, for now, as far as eye could reach, far off into the distant purple haze, we could see countless herds of animals. The word "countless" is used with due consideration of its meaning, for that alone expresses the apparently limitless number which met our surprised eyes. The stories we had heard did but faint justice to actual facts, and for once in my life I saw far more than I had expected. But one scarce dare tell the truth where conditions are so extraordinary, and instinctively one tries to modify one's statements hoping to be believed. The habit of exaggeration is so common that one frequently finds oneself quite inadvertently adding little bits here and there, either to make the story better, or because, as time goes on, one's enthusiasm naturally makes events more wonderful than they really were. It is for this reason that a carefully kept diary is of so much value to any traveler, especially if he intends writing. It serves as a potent, and very necessary, check on the too vivid imagination, but here was a case where one's imagination needed no home-made additions. A simple statement of the plain facts was wonderful beyond the power of improvement. Our excitement reached its highest pitch when we discovered a large giraffe standing complacently, scarcely one hundred and fifty yards from the snorting train. How different the huge creature looked in his natural state from those we had seen in zoos or menageries! How different the deep, rich coloring, and the dark, well-defined markings from the faded coat of the beast in captivity! This splendid animal, towering above the small trees, after watching us for a few seconds ambled away to what he considered a safe distance. What

an extraordinary gait — neither trot nor gallop, but a combination of both, described by some as “awkward.” Surely some better adjective could be used. Awkward it certainly is not; grotesque possibly, but so absolutely suited to the peculiar structure of the animal that one cannot imagine how it could travel in any other way.

Later on we saw more giraffe, and more and more of the commoner animals. Frequently a herd of hartebeest, or some “Tommies,” would dart across the track directly in front of the engine, or some zebra would race with us. They looked like painted ponies with their strongly defined black stripes, and were beautiful beyond words. It is curious how they appeal to the new arrival, while, if you speak to the settler of the zebra as being even worthy of notice, he smiles sadly, and commences a torrent of abuse against what he considers one of the worst pests of the country. They would like to see them wiped off the face of the earth, and the handsome creatures are killed in great numbers to be used as food for the native workmen, or even for the dogs. And yet they can scarcely be said to be decreasing except in very restricted areas. The cause for this common dislike of the zebra is his objectionable habit of disregarding fences. A herd will stampede, and ten or twenty panels of barbed wire fence are down like a flash, and then, as likely as not, they will wheel round and repeat the operation at another point. In places where fences are measurable by miles, it is of the most importance that they should be kept in a good state of repair. The destruction of a few panels may mean immense damage to crops, and perhaps the loss of valuable ostriches, hence the settlers' lack of love for the cantankerous, though beautiful, zebra. So far no practical use for the animal has been discovered. They are not easily tamed and, generally speaking, are

extremely bad-tempered, so that they are most difficult to break or handle, and it is almost certain that they are not worth the trouble, owing to their lack of stamina. Contrary to popular opinion, they are not very fast, and have no staying power, a short, and only fairly fast run. After, they are done. Whether they will ever be successfully crossed with either horses or donkeys remains to be seen. The idea that such a cross would produce an animal immune from horse fever, alone justifies the experiments in this direction.

Our enthusiasm each time we came particularly near to a herd of animals caused much amusement to a fellow-passenger who joined us at one of the small stations. He was a professional hunter and guide, and when we waxed eloquent over some hartebeest he smiled broadly, venturing to remark that it would not be long before we would be abusing these interfering nuisances as fervently as our stock of abusive language would permit.

We stopped for breakfast at one of the stations, and I could not help remarking upon the tidiness of the place. What a contrast to the railroad stations sometimes seen in America, where slovenliness and disorder, and even filth, are allowed to exist! Here, perhaps in the midst of a desert, where, besides the native, only an occasional white passenger may stop, where to grow anything means untiring work in keeping the ground moist, one sees well-kept gardens, in which geraniums, roses and other familiar flowers flourish. The railroad platforms are as tidy as possible; here is never any disorder. Well, indeed, might the example be followed in many places I know of. Game was frequently seen within a few hundred yards of the stations, and even on nearing Nairobi, a fair-sized town, and headquarters of the railroad and government, we noticed a double row

of fencing, which we heard later had been found necessary in order to keep the great herds of game out of the town. This fence is often broken by the animals, and it is no uncommon thing to see zebra or hartebeest gallop through the streets.

We arrived at Nairobi shortly before noon to find the station packed with people. Trouble with the so-called Mad Mullah had made it necessary for the Government to send troops into Somaliland, and the King's African Rifles were then entraining at Nairobi. Train after train went out filled with these smart-looking Negro soldiers, while the British officers, in fine spirits at the prospect of active service, were busy saying good-bye to wives and friends.

The outfitters, with whom I had arranged for my trip, met us at the station, and, notwithstanding the surrounding confusion and excitement, soon had our luggage off for the hotel. The street through which we drove was crowded with as great a variety of people as one would wish to see — Europeans, Indians, Goanese, each more or less in national costume, while hundreds of natives, mostly Masai, Wakamba and Wa-Kikuyu, gave the place its distinct African appearance. It seemed somewhat queer to see almost naked people in a modern town, and Nairobi is modern in every sense of the word, being but ten years old, and having all modern improvements, such as fine streets, stone buildings, electric light and water-works. It will not be long, however, before great changes will take place so far as the natives are concerned. Already they are being forbidden to carry their decorative spears, and something is being done, I believe, in the way of making them use more clothing. Even the number of them that may come into the town is being greatly restricted, and



ATHI RIVER STATION. AN EXAMPLE OF THE WELL-KEPT STATIONS OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY



A HERD OF TAME OSTRICH. THIS PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE SAFEST AND BEST-PAYING INDUSTRIES OF THE EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE

when the plans for the new arrangement of Nairobi are effected the native will no longer be seen lounging about the European part. They will have their own section, to which they and the bazaars will be relegated.

Ten minutes' drive brought us to our destination, and after our experience with the hotel at Mombasa we were delighted to find ourselves in the comfortable quarters which awaited us. As it was Sunday we were unable to do anything toward outfitting, but early the following morning we were up and at it, trying to settle on a plan of campaign, which was no easy task. After much discussion we decided to take advantage of the permit kindly granted to me by the authorities to work on the reserve. This reserve comprises the immense tract of land from the railroad to German East Africa, and from Tsavo to Nairobi, covering in all about ten thousand square miles. In this region no shooting is allowed, and, in fact, I believe there is some talk of forbidding any one going on it with a rifle. Of course a person may claim the right to shoot any animal in self-defence, but there is danger that some, who are over-enthusiastic, might cause animals — such as the rhinoceros, for instance — to charge in order that they may have an excuse for shooting. Any trophies, regardless of how they have been taken, are confiscated by the Government, so it looks as if the reserve might serve its purpose exceedingly well, and not be a reserve in name only. One cannot help admiring the forethought which, profiting by the stupidity of other nations in the past, has led to watching over the animal population before it is too late, for there is no question as to the monetary value of these animals, which bring in so many sportsmen from all parts of the world. We may confidently expect that game of most

kinds will be abundant in the greater part of East Africa for many years to come. The rhinoceros will probably be the first to go, for unless he overcomes his reckless aggressiveness, which so often renders him annoying and even dangerous, he will be wiped out as a public nuisance. Antelopes and gazelles of most species will, with even moderately careful restrictions, last a long time. Lions, though they appear to be on the increase, are bound to be greatly reduced, judging from the persistent hunting of them during the past year. The buffalo, which were nearly wiped out by the frightful ravages of the rinderpest only a few years ago, are on the increase, and owing to their apparently growing tendency to become entirely nocturnal in their habits, bid fair to more than hold their own, unless something unexpected attacks them. At present they are by no means as rare as some people imagine, but, considering their numbers, no animal is so seldom seen, as they usually spend their days in places which are practically inaccessible to the hunter. The lowland buffalo (for one might almost divide them into two classes — those which live in the hills, and those which live in swamps) spend the day in the thick papyrus, or other swamp growth, while those of the upland go into the thickest forest, where they are practically safe from any chance of being molested. In the great reserve may be found most every one of the more important species of native game except Grèvy's zebra, and perhaps the roan and sable antelope. Where we planned to go was about forty-five miles from Nairobi. There we expected to find a fair assortment of game, including numerous rhinoceros. We would not be allowed to shoot except in case of extreme danger, but the trip was an easy one, and we should learn enough about the methods of handling the outfit, both human

and photographic, to place us in better position for the three months' trip which was to follow.

Accordingly we made up a small "safari" of twenty porters, headman, cook, camera bearer, our two boys, and a Masai guide. With this little outfit and provisions for two weeks we left Nairobi on February 5th. The train took us as far as Kiu, where we arrived about four o'clock. It was too late to make a start from the station to the Olgeri River, which was about seventeen miles, or one day's march, and where we should first find water.

CHAPTER II

OUR FIRST "SAFARI." EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH RHINOCEROS

WE CAMPED not far from the station, and enjoyed our first night under canvas in tropical East Africa. Never was any one more surprised than we were at the conditions. We had imagined there would be countless insect pests and suffocating heat, instead of which the night was cool and refreshing as an early autumn night at home, and, what seemed more surprising, there were no insects of any kind to annoy us. We sat outside the tent watching the big clear moon, and wondered at it all. Was this an exceptional night, or could we expect such superb conditions to prevail throughout our trip? We found later on that hot nights were almost unknown, and insect pests so rare that only during a very short period, toward the end of the rainy season, did we have any trouble at all, and then it was but an occasional mosquito that would buzz around in the evening, and cause us to wonder whether he — or rather she — was carrying some malarial germs for our special benefit.

We were very anxious to make an early start next morning, so as to finish the march before the midday heat, but our headman proved utterly useless, and had not the slightest idea of arranging the loads for the men. It ended in our having to leave some loads at the station to be sent for later, and we finally got off just before sunrise. Our supply of meat, in the form of live sheep, proved most difficult to



A PAIR OF RHINO DISTURBED DURING THEIR SLEEP. (TELEPHOTO)



PAIR OF RHINO MEDITATING A CHARGE. THE BIRDS ARE STILL ON THEIR BACKS AND ONE BIRD MAY BE SEEN FLYING FROM ONE ANIMAL TO THE OTHER. A MOMENT LATER THEY CAME FOR US. (TELEPHOTO)



TWO RHINOCEROS CHARGED, AND TO SAVE OURSELVES ONE HAD TO BE SHOT WHEN ABOUT TWELVE YARDS AWAY FROM US. SEEING ITS MATE FALL, THIS ONE IMMEDIATELY TURNED. (TELEPHOTO)



A RHINO GETTING READY FOR HIS NOONDAY SLEEP. ON HIS BACK MAY BE SEEN SEVERAL BIRDS



A CHARGING RHINO



RHINOCEROS PHOTOGRAPHED AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTEEN YARDS WHEN ACTUALLY CHARGING THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION. AS SOON AS THE EXPOSURE WAS MADE A WELL-PLACED SHOT TURNED THE CHARGING BEAST



THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS RHINO WHEN THEY FIRST DISCOVERED US. THE BIRDS ARE STILL ON THEIR BACKS. THE LOWER PICTURE IS OF ONE OF THE SAME PAIR IN THE ACT OF CHARGING US



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF KILIMANJARO ABOUT EIGHTY MILES AWAY. THE ENTIRE LACK OF DETAIL ON THE LOWER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN IS DUE TO THE EFFECT OF ATMOSPHERE, WHICH RENDERS THE MORE DISTANT OBJECTS THE COLOR OF THE SKY UNLESS THEY ARE ABOVE THE HEATED STRATA NEAR THE EARTH



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A HERD OF GRANT'S GAZELLE



HERD OF GRANT'S GAZELLE, THE THIRD ONE FROM THE RIGHT CARRYING WHAT IS PROBABLY A RECORD PAIR OF HORNS. KILIMANJARO, OVER EIGHTY MILES AWAY, CAN BE DIMLY SEEN NEAR THE TOP OF THE PICTURE. (TELEPHOTO)



HERD OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST ON THE DRY BED OF THE OLGEREI RIVER. (SINGLE LENS)

manage. Their natural dislike for the cook, who tried to drive them, was decidedly amusing, and the number of directions those three sheep could travel at the same time was really wonderful. Our tall Masai guide marched ahead with the long stride characteristic of his race, and a finer or more picturesque figure would indeed have been difficult to find. He was armed with the inevitable long spear, knobstick and knife, and dressed with a red blanket hung from one shoulder; on his head a close-fitting cap, made from the stomach lining of some animal, a circlet of beads around his neck, and a delicate beaded bracelet completing the simple and effective attire. At the time I imagined the long, gleaming spear was purely for ornament, but before our trip was finished I had reason to bless it; in fact, I am not at all sure that I did not owe my life to this supposed ornament.

The rolling country through which we were traveling was covered with sun-dried grass and scattered thorn trees. What lay beyond we could not see for several hours, as the mist hung heavily over the land and made the air cool and refreshing. As the sun rose, this mist was gradually dissipated, and shortly after nine o'clock we could distinguish the more distant country, endless low hills, some covered with the characteristic flat-topped trees, others bare rock, or clothed with yellow grass. Game we also saw, but it was not very abundant, at first only occasional herds of hartebeest and impala. Later we saw zebra, wart-hogs, ostrich, fringe-eared oryx, some Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, and, to our great delight, a rhinoceros and a giraffe. The rhinoceros was of especial interest, as he was the first we had ever seen outside of a zoo, and how different it appeared in its wild state! The huge, ungainly beast was several hundred yards away, walking slowly along through the park-like scenery, and

paying not the slightest attention to us as we were down wind. The giraffe, on the contrary, was most interested. For over two hours it never let us out of its sight. Usually, only its head would be visible as it peeped over the top of a hill. Then, as we would approach to within perhaps six hundred yards, off it would go, to appear again half a mile farther away. About noon we reached the Olgerei River, and pitched our camp near a filthy water hole, for the river bed was nothing but dry sand, and the water in the hole was polluted by the immense numbers of Masai cattle, which drink there morning and evening. The water we used was obtained by digging holes in the sand, but what little filtration took place did not in the least reduce the disgusting taste, which savoured only too strongly of barnyard drainage. The signs of animals in the vicinity scarcely justified our staying in this camp, so next morning we moved farther down the dry river, where the guide assured us we should see all we wanted. With hopeful hearts we marched ten miles to two more water holes, and there made camp on a high, shady bank overlooking the river bed. By digging very deep holes in the sand we were able to obtain an ample supply of fairly clear but rather strongly flavored water.

During the afternoon we arranged two flashlight cameras near one of the water holes. Early next morning we visited them, and found they had been sprung by some nocturnal birds. This was the beginning of a long period of flashlight trouble, and we finally gave up all attempts at automatic flashlight near water holes, as it invariably ended in disappointment, owing to the birds. No matter how close to the water's surface we placed the trigger string, the birds would manage to strike it as they hunted their insect prey. Immediately after breakfast we started in search of animals to photograph.



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST IN THE OLGEREI RIVER

We had not gone more than a mile before we discovered three rhinoceros, which, unfortunately, were down wind of us, and about five hundred yards away. That they had our wind was apparent, they moved about in a very uneasy way. We made a large circle to get below them, and then came up a slight rise to where they were. Beyond the high grass there was scarcely any cover, and no trees to which we could retreat in the event of trouble, so we were not particularly happy when we came on the three big brutes standing in defensive, or, I might say, offensive, attitudes, sniffing the air, and snorting in a petulant way that boded ill for us. Rhinoceros rely almost entirely on the sense of smell, for their eyesight is lamentably weak. Anything much over one hundred yards is practically beyond their range of vision unless it moves, in which case it is doubtful if they can make it out from a distance of more than two hundred yards. Our three rhinoceros — a bull, cow, and nearly full-grown youngster — suddenly decided to investigate us, and with an extra loud grunt they rushed at considerable speed directly past, not more than sixty yards from where we were standing in a somewhat perturbed state of mind. I made an exposure which unfortunately was aimed with great precision at an intervening bush. The sound of the shutter brought all these animals up with a start. They drew together, the youngster in the middle and the two on either side, staring at each other in the most comical way. As they were almost down wind of us, and in a condition of mind that would require but little to cause them to charge, I decided, after carefully focussing the camera, not to make the exposure, as the sound of the shutter would unquestionably expose our position, and the inevitable charge would have been impossible to escape unless we shot to kill, and

that was what I wanted to avoid. So we stood absolutely still, and after a few minutes the three creatures ran toward the spot where we had come up the hill, while we took the other direction. After they had gone some distance to windward, we turned and followed, as the bull had left the others and was traveling alone. For miles we kept on his tracks, and at length saw him taking his bath in a muddy hole. While he was thus engaged we got within two or three hundred yards before he continued his way. Finally, I approached within less than one hundred yards and made several exposures. Unfortunately, owing to the tall grass, I was unable to get satisfactory photographs, as the animal was partly hidden. While trying to get him to a clear place an eddying gust of wind told him of my presence, and he went off at full speed. So ended my first but by no means last experience with rhinoceros.

The following day we were out in good time, and after going a few miles discovered two rhinoceros asleep under a tree. By some careful stalking we had arrived within eighty yards, when the two, which proved to be a cow and a well-grown calf, stood up, having presumably been warned by their friends, the tick birds. The light was poor, but I made an exposure, and at the sound of the shutter they immediately came for us. I tried to put in a fresh plate, but did not have time. My companion, who was to do the shooting, waited for me to give the word, so when I saw the two animals were coming too near I called out to him to fire, and they turned at exactly fifteen yards, just as I was about to draw the slide from the plate holder. Fortunately the shot was not fatal, and we were glad to see the stupid blundering creatures take themselves off as fast as their short legs could carry them. On looking about the



GRANT'S ZEBRA DIGGING FOR WATER IN THE SANDY BED OF THE OLGEREI RIVER

country we saw eight more rhinoceros. But the idea of working among that number, where some would surely get our wind, did not appeal to us as a very cheerful proposition. However, I had come to get rhinoceros photographs, and here were the subjects, so there was nothing to do but ignore my feelings and get to work. Accordingly we selected a large cow and calf as being in a fairly good place, and off we went. The feeling was rather what one might have experienced on going into battle. There was keen excitement, and enough danger to make it extremely interesting. While we were working our way over the parched grassy plain, where there was no cover of any sort, a sudden snort behind made us turn, and we saw the amusing sight of a large rhinoceros, not four hundred yards away, getting worried over our trail. He had been walking along in an unconcerned way, and had suddenly come upon our scent. "Wough!" said he, "what's this, and where is it?" and then, like the stupid old beast he was, he charged frantically first in one direction, then in another, turning sharply each time and snorting violently, as though disgusted at his inability to hit anything. There was not even a bush on which to vent his indignation. It was about the best exhibition of utterly senseless rage that I had ever seen, and showed clearly the curious disposition of the rhinoceros, to say nothing of his rather low order of intelligence. The fact that the wretched creatures have such poor eyesight must account, however, for many of their idiosyncrasies, and this defect in their make-up is probably due to their not having any enemies. Man is the only creature they need fear, and if they have been much hunted, the sense of discretion has usually developed in them a strong desire *not* to come to close quarters. After having watched

our irritable friend work off his rage, we turned our attention once more to the two we were after, only to find, to our disgust, that they had been joined by some zebra. Stalking rhinoceros and stalking zebra are totally different propositions, the latter being much the more difficult. Crawling through high grass into which the animals had taken themselves, we managed to get within one hundred and fifty yards without being detected, but it was impossible to get any nearer owing to a stretch of bare ground which we dared not cross. The zebra, suspicious of our presence, moved away. Curiously enough, without warning, the rhinoceros, which were feeding, slowly came toward us. We decided to wait for them, trusting to get their photographs when they crossed the bare ground. It was interesting, but nerve-racking work watching the two beasts. Sometimes they would come toward us, then go farther away. Once they evidently got a sniff of us, and with a snort rushed forward several yards and we thought there was going to be trouble, but they stopped, and after deliberating several moments returned to their food. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, they bolted as hard as they could, leaving us thoroughly disgusted and disappointed. Even the delightful panorama of large herds of animals, among which were zebra, oryx, eland, ostrich and giraffe, did not compensate for the loss of the picture, for that old rhinoceros had a splendid horn, and we had so confidently expected better luck. As we were tired, and the animals were all far away, and in unstalkable country, we turned toward camp, arriving there about two o'clock.

During the next two days we had very little luck and no excitement; but on the third day we had almost more than we wanted.

We discovered two rhinoceros feeding about half a mile away, and noticed that one had a very fair horn. We immediately moved toward them, working in such a way as to get the wind in a favorable direction, when we nearly ran on a single one about three hundred yards away, almost directly down wind. Had we gone another hundred yards he would probably have come for us, and we should have been between two fires. Not wishing such an experience we circled round, so as to put ourselves down wind of this last comer, and in a short time got within one hundred yards of him, and succeeded in making two telephoto exposures without being discovered either by the animal or by the birds standing on his back. While we were wondering what next to do, we were greatly surprised to see the old fellow get ready for his noonday nap. He found a suitable bush which offered him practically no shade, and after smelling it thoroughly, and turning several times, he lay down, and apparently went to sleep in a few minutes. Such a good chance for close work was just what I had been hoping for, and so after waiting until we were sure he was quite sound asleep I changed the telephoto lens for another regular quick one, and started forward with the utmost care. My companion, with the .450 rifle, was immediately behind me, and the camera bearer and Masai a little farther back. As quietly as possible we stalked the sleeping creature until, at thirty yards, we decided we were close enough for all practical purposes. My companion stood slightly on one side, and I made some noise. Like a flash the big animal was up, and without waiting a minute he headed for us with tail erect and nostrils dilated, snorting as he came. It was a splendid sight, but not one to linger over. I was watching him on the focussing glass of the camera, and when he

seemed as close as it was wise to let him come I pressed the button, and my companion, as agreed, fired as he heard the shutter drop. The shot struck the beast in the shoulder, and fortunately turned him at once. At the point of turning he was exactly fifteen yards, but it seemed more like five. It had been very exciting work, and as we sat down to recover from the nervous strain we could not help thinking that photographing charging rhinoceros was great sport, but not intended for people with weak hearts.

The shot had aroused the other rhinoceros from their quiet feeding, and they were slowly making off, so, as we were anxious to secure pictures of them, we had to bestir ourselves to follow. By walking quickly we soon began to overtake the pair, and before long we were within about one hundred and fifty yards of them. I particularly wanted to get a photograph of the two against the sky-line, and I expected to have the opportunity as they reached the top of the slight hill. But just before reaching the place where I wanted them the birds on their backs flew off, and the animals turned sharply round and faced us. Considering the fact that they were to windward, and about one hundred and fifty yards away, there seemed to be no reason to expect trouble. We were therefore greatly surprised when, after a little preliminary snorting, they came straight for us. I quickly changed my plate, but did not have time to replace the telephoto lens with a quicker one of shorter focus, before they were within dangerous distance. I called out to my companion to fire at the one which was clear of all bushes. He did so, but still the excited brute, though hit, continued in our direction. In the meantime the second one, which was the larger and had the finer horn, cleared the bush not more than twenty yards from us. I

tried to get a picture of him, but the difficulty of rapidly focussing with a telephoto on an animal coming with such speed proved too much, so realizing the almost certainty of failure, and not daring to let him come much nearer, as we still had the other one to reckon with, there was nothing to do but to shoot to kill. This was done, and the charging monster dropped instantly at fifteen yards. Whether it was the sound of the shot, or the sight of her mate falling I cannot say, but the second rhinoceros wheeled round and disappeared with marvelous rapidity over the hill.

Photographically, the adventure had been a dismal failure, simply owing to my not having had time to change the lenses, but from a sporting point of view it was certainly worth having. Such an experience leads one to realize the possibilities of keen excitement which the rhinoceros offers when he happens to be in a bad frame of mind. We were very lucky to have come out of it as well as we did, for with two of the huge beasts coming together one would have very small chance to dodge the charge, in the quite possible event of the rifle missing fire or the shot not being well placed. As it was, we were sorry for having had to kill the stupid old creature, but under the circumstances it was the only thing to be done, as it was a case of his life or ours. We measured the animal, and found the complete length to be exactly twelve feet from tip to tip, while the horn, which had appeared so long, was only twenty-four and a half inches. As it had to be turned into the chief Game Ranger's department, we had to hack it off, and a long job it was, as we had only our hunting knives with us. These horns are of curious structure, being composed of hair or bristles closely compressed. Beyond their value as trophies (and they are about the least attractive of

all trophies) they go to China, where they are pulverized and sold for medicinal purposes. After our keen excitement we were tired enough to be glad to start back for camp, the men loading themselves down with rhinoceros meat, which some of them eat, and strips of hide, which they polish and use for walking-sticks and whips.

On the way to camp we had our first good view of Kilimanjaro—that wonderful mountain whose snow-clad summit rises out of the heated plains to the height of about eighteen thousand feet. Its curious domed form with glistening snow is beautiful beyond words, and appears even higher than it really is, owing to the haze which nearly always conceals the lower part. It was eighty miles from us, and we could see the great plains shimmering with the heat stretching away, till at ten or twelve miles they were gradually lost in the blue atmosphere. Beyond and far above this, as though suspended in mid-air, was the great impressive mountain top, seemingly unreal, almost ghostly in its lack of visible contact with the earth. The photographs which I made, owing to the lack of color, give not the slightest conception of the stupendous beauty which lay before us, and it is with a feeling of shame that I reproduce one here.

By the way of change we devoted the following days to game smaller and less exciting than the turbulent rhinoceros. A herd of Grant's gazelles afforded no little sport one day, as they allowed me to approach within about seventy yards. Then they kept ahead of me, walking as fast as I walked, and giving me ample opportunity to examine and admire their heads, some of which were unusually large and well formed. For nearly half an hour we continued in this way while I made several photographs, in some of which Kilimanjaro stands towering over the beautiful scene, as grand a back-

ground as man could desire. Unfortunately, the haze made it impossible to obtain a satisfactory photograph of the more distant parts. Most of the smaller game I found extremely wild, and only with the greatest difficulty was I able to get any photographs at all. Try as I might, the graceful, timid impala always outwitted me, and so did the few oryx, and the pair of lesser kudu, which I should have liked so much to photograph.

Our next attempt at rhinoceros ended as on the last occasion by having to shoot one. A pair charged us without provocation, and at fourteen yards one had to be shot. In the next encounter we tried using a shotgun loaded with buck shot, with which to turn the creatures. It proved perfectly successful, and I was able to get a fairly satisfactory photograph at close range without having to kill. Later on, this success nearly cost us our lives, as it gave us an unwarrantable confidence in the efficacy of the shotgun. It might be well here to say a few words about rhinoceros, for fear the reader will have a wrong impression of the habits of these strange creatures which look like survivors of antediluvian days. People who have known and hunted them in other parts of East Africa will ridicule the stories I have told about having been charged so frequently, but it must be borne in mind that the rhinoceros' habits differ just as their appearance does with localities. In most cases they will not charge even when actually teased, in fact they have to be stalked with great care if one would get at all near them, but in the region of the Olgerei, where we were working, it was almost an exceptional case when a rhinoceros would run away without either attacking, or at least wanting to make an unduly close investigation of our persons. Had I left East Africa without having seen the

Olgerei rhinoceros my opinion of the animal would have been that they were scarcely to be feared at all, and generally speaking somewhat difficult of approach. Had I seen only those of the Olgerei I should have considered them decidedly dangerous, ill-tempered beasts that could be only too readily approached, all of which bears out what I have long considered to be true — that a correct account of any animal can only be obtained by observing the animal in many places, under various conditions, and at different periods of the year. To generalize on an animal after having seen a very few specimens under one condition, and at one season, is to fall into almost certain error — a fault only too common, especially in so-called popular writings on natural history. This applies equally to the habit of criticizing by people who, having seen an animal once, believe they know all about his habits, and when they hear some fact about the animal which is not in accordance with what they have observed, immediately jump to the conclusion that it is wrong; so it is well to be careful in making statements to qualify them properly, and be equally careful in doubting the statements of others. The experience I had with rhinoceros of the Olgerei was absolutely disbelieved by some people in East Africa, who thought they thoroughly understood the animal and all his vagaries. It required the photographs to prove the truth of my account. After our last encounter with rhinoceros I decided to steer clear of the cantankerous creatures while on the reserve, as photographing them evidently meant having to kill, or at least shooting more often than not, and I was afraid the authorities would consider I was breaking faith with them; so I devoted the remaining days of my stay on the Olgerei to other game.

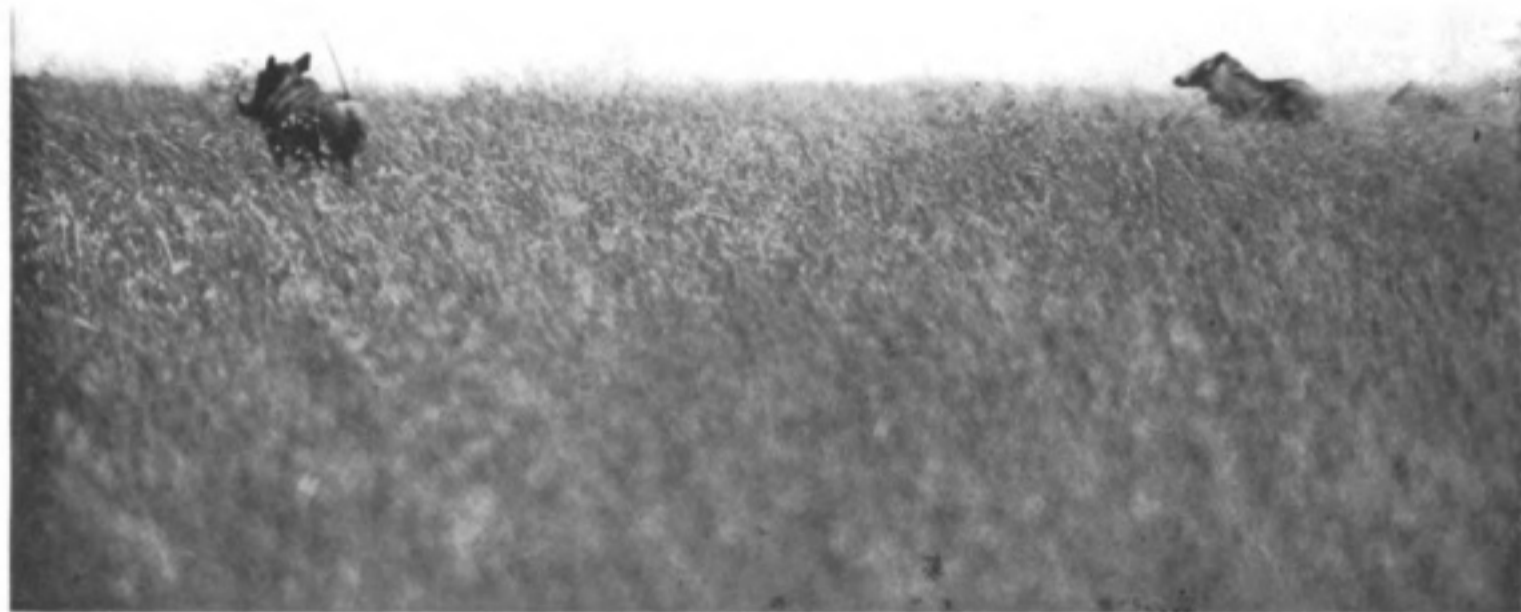


THIS RHINOCEROS IS IN THE ACT OF CHARGING. THE SHUTTER WAS NOT SET FAST ENOUGH FOR RAPID ACTION, SO THE CAMERA HAD TO BE SWUNG. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE BLURRED GRASS. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE AT ABOUT TEN OR TWELVE YARDS. A MOMENT LATER THE BIG BEAST WAS RIGHT AMONG US, AND AFTER BEING FIRED AT SEVEN TIMES WAS FINALLY SPEARED BY THE MASAI GUIDE JUST AS IT WAS COMING FOR THE AUTHOR

One evening I had the satisfaction of seeing a herd of zebra come on the dry sandy bed of the river not far from our camp. Up to that time I had been unable to make a single picture of these exquisite animals. It was therefore with great delight that after some careful stalking I found myself within fair distance of them. The sun, which was low and yellow, shone with full force on the zebra, and the soft warm light made everything wonderfully beautiful. The zebra, like many wild animals, often dig for water rather than drink from the befouled water holes. They dig with their hoofs, making holes sometimes as much as two feet deep in the sandy bed of a river. How they know where to find water we cannot tell, but presumably by their keen sense of smell and by past experience. It is a kind of instinct that bears a wonderfully close resemblance to reason. The curious part of it is that while a man will usually dig many holes before he finds water, the animal seldom makes a mistake, but seems to know exactly where to dig. I secured one photograph of these zebra, but in my attempt to get nearer they discovered me and went off, alarming, as they ran, a herd of five giraffe, which, unfortunately, I had not observed. In vain I tried to stalk the tall silent animals, but as they had been put on the alert it was impossible, and I simply had the pleasure and disappointment of seeing them cross the glistening sandy stretch and disappear among the tall flat-topped thorn trees.

The following day I had my first really exasperating experience with the hartebeest. On many previous occasions they had upset my plans by their remarkable habit of interference, but until this time it had always been apparently in a rather haphazard way. This time, however, it was by carefully considered action that they

outwitted me. A herd of zebra across the river attracted my attention. From the way they were working there was every reason to believe they were coming down to a certain water hole, the approach to which was such that one could easily conceal oneself and get photographs of any animals as they passed. Accordingly I found a place where I could cross the river bed without being seen, so I reached the other bank and carefully selected my hiding place, from which there was a splendid view of the trail which led to the water. For an hour I waited patiently, then, owing to the wind having shifted, I had to change my place of concealment. Just as I started toward a clump of bushes a herd of hartebeest came down the sloping bank. Waiting till they had passed and were almost out of sight, I hurried forward, thinking that the zebra would follow close behind their friends. The wretched hartebeest turned at the critical moment, caught sight of me, and after looking over the situation for a moment, decided that something must be done to warn the zebra, so two of the herd deliberately came back, passing within seventy or eighty yards of me as I stood in plain sight, and going as fast as they could gallop straight to where the zebra were just appearing over the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards away. The zebra were informed by a snort, and off went the herd, leaving me in a state of mind that can be better imagined than described. From that day hartebeests were always upsetting my plans. Had it not been for their continual interference I should have secured many pictures of various animals. Frequently when I thought I was doing some careful stalking and was getting near to some desired animal, a miserable hartebeest would come along, and seeing which way I was working, would go straight ahead,



TELEPHOTOGRAPHS OF WART HOGS, OLGEREI RIVER

and warn every living thing within a mile of my presence. Their habit of stationing themselves on an ant-hill, and keeping a lookout over the entire country, is a well-known source of annoyance to sportsmen, and many is the hartebeest that has lost its life to avenge the indignation and disgust of the hunter.

One afternoon was spent in watching a herd of impala, the most graceful of antelopes. It was interesting to observe how they refused to allow a lame one to join their ranks. This cripple I had seen on several occasions. One of its forelegs was injured, and the animal, which was a buck, was rather undersized and thin. Never had I seen it in company with others of its kind, and not until that afternoon had the reason of its solitary life become evident. Probably no wild animals care to have a weakling in their midst, whether for fear of contamination by disease, or because any that are below normal vigor are unable to follow them, or possibly for fear that the presence of a weakling will attract enemies, such as lion, leopard, or other predatory animals, it is impossible to say. In the case of this lame impala, he would no sooner work his way timidly into the herd than one or more of the bucks would with a loud snorting grunt rush at the unfortunate animal and drive it away. One time I saw the poor thing walking across the sandy river bed in company with a monkey. It was a strange-looking pair, but seemingly they were good friends, and kept very close together so long as they were in sight.

On February 19th we broke up camp and started back toward Kiu, going directly to the station instead of by the way we had come. We had not proceeded more than a mile before we received an unexpected check. We were going through some rather high grass when

the Masai, who was leading, stopped with great suddenness, and said in a low voice, "Kifaru," which means rhinoceros, and sure enough directly before us, not twenty yards away, lay a large rhinoceros fast asleep, his big gray back showing above the waving grass. For some reason or other we had not loaded our weapons that morning, and the importance of rapidity of action was very conspicuous. C., my companion, loaded the shotgun with a charge of buckshot and a ball; he also had his revolver. No sooner had I seized the camera and moved a little to one side, so as to obtain a better view of the animal in case he charged (unless he charged me first!), than that rhinoceros was up and at us. Never did I see anything so quick. It seemed incredible that so large an animal could move with such rapidity. I focussed on him as he rushed towards C. and the Masai and the two thoroughly scared boys who were behind them. Almost unconsciously I released the shutter, when at the same moment a shot rang out. C. was trying to turn the animal with a charge of buckshot. The attempt, however, was futile, and the creature came on without even hesitating. C., realizing that the shot had failed, fired a 12-bore ball from the left barrel, and then, seizing his revolver, began firing right into its head as it rushed past him not six feet away. It made straight for the Masai, who stood quietly waiting the onrush, and jumped aside when within touching distance of the big horn. Having missed the Masai, it next turned toward me, just as I was endeavoring to put a second plate in position, so that I might get a picture of the actual encounter. In a hurry I did not put the plate holder all the way in, as I afterward found to my disappointment. But for the moment I had other things with which to occupy my mind,

and the camera became less important than the angry beast, when, to my relief, the Masai, with wonderful coolness, drove his spear into the side of the rhinoceros. That turned it toward C., who quickly put another revolver shot into its head, and that decided the bewildered animal to leave us alone, and off it went, heading almost directly toward the badly terrified caravan. The wretched porters, seeing the imminent possibility of trouble, dropped their loads and ignominiously bolted. The Masai chased the retreating animal so closely that when it once turned toward the porters it saw an enemy within a few yards, armed with a long sharp knife. That was too much for the rhinoceros, who thought it better to continue its course.

The Masai soon returned, and picking up his spear, which had fallen from the animal, found that it was badly bent.

No sooner had we started the caravan than we discovered another rhinoceros about four hundred yards away. When I spoke of trying to stalk and photograph it the expression on the men's faces was truly ludicrous. They had had enough of rhinoceros for one day, and were ready to chuck their loads on the smallest provocation. As we had a long march before us I gave up the idea of tackling any more "side-shows" for the day. We reached camp late that afternoon, tired and hot, and glad enough to get a good bath and something to eat. Then we talked over the doings of the day, and decided that we had all the rhinoceros we wanted for some time.

We returned the following day by train to Nairobi, where the work of getting everything ready for our next trip occupied us for one week.