

"IT THREW ME CLEAN OVER ITS BACK."

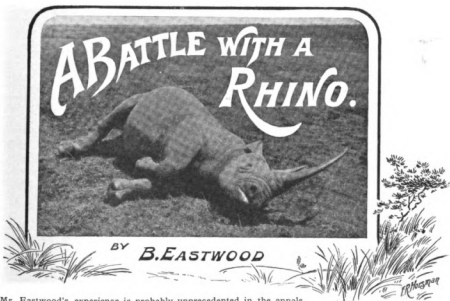
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Mr. Eastwood's experience is probably unprecedented in the annals of big-game shooting. To be tossed twice and finally knelt upon by an infuriated animal weighing two tons, and then—with a fractured arm, four broken ribs, and other injuries—to wait eight days for medical assistance, is an ordeal that only a man of uncommon vitality and nerve could survive.

FIFTY miles north of the Equator, and a little more than thirty-six degrees east of Greenwich, is a sheet of water some fifteen miles long and five miles wide. This is Lake Baringo. Baringo is the most northern station of the British East Africa Protectorate. It is about sixty miles from the nearest white man and eighty miles from the Uganda railway, from which it can be reached in five or six days' travelling by caravan. It was at Baringo that I had an encounter with a rhinoceros that will ever remain in my memory. To be tossed twice and knelt on by an infuriated animal weighing two tons, and then to wait eight days before medical assistance could be obtained, is an experience that I am sure very few men hanker after; and when those few men are found it is equally certain that they shall not be

one of them. Nevertheless, the experience has fallen to my lot; and the fact of my being alive to write this article is, I consider, due to the care and attention I received before medical aid arrived from a man who was a stranger to me—Mr. E. L. Pearson.

Baringo is noted amongst those who are interested in big-game shooting as one of the very few places in British East Africa—if not the only place—where it is possible to find the greater koodoo and the oryx beisa; and it was with the intention of shooting two of each of these animals to add to my collection that I made a journey to Baringo in October, 1902.

On the 3rd of October I left Nairobi for Londiani, a station on the railway five hundred miles up country and about eighty miles from Baringo.

The first day's march from Londiani was a
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT
URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

small one, only about ten miles, and I pitched camp at five o'clock. The following day I was on the way before six o'clock, and reached the Eldoma Ravine Government Station about eleven. The road so far had been a very good one, but onwards to Baringo there was only a path sometimes a foot, sometimes eighteen inches, wide. Where the soil was hard and dry it almost disappeared altogether.

On Monday, October 6th, I left the Ravine rather late. The road generally was bad—rocky and stony in some places, sandy wastes covered with dry scrub in others. There was practically no game all the way. This was a very great disappointment, as I had looked forward to some shooting on the journey out.

I pitched camp on the Wednesday night at Njemps Mkubwa, a large Masai village, where I met an old acquaintance in a Msuahili trader, who made me presents of milk and honey—both very dirty—and insisted upon his own

nearly three feet of water while he was carrying me across a stream.

I pitched my camp at the edge of the lake, put a good hedge of thorns round it, in order to keep out any midnight intruders, and after a stroll of four hours in the afternoon had dinner and went to bed—unfortunately without a mosquito net.

The night was rather an exciting one. The mosquitoes and jackals between them prevented any sleep for hours; and just as I was dropping off I was roused by cries of "Simba, simba!" ("Lion, lion!"), and some Wasuahili, who lived in a grass hut forty yards from my camp, came tearing across to my camp as if they were trying to lower the world's record for the distance. I asked in a sleepy manner what was the matter. "A lion in the hut," they said. "Well," I replied, "give it my salaams and tell it to stop there." Then I tried to sleep again, but with very indifferent success. In the morning I was told



"AS I HAD A FAIR SHOT I FIRED."

servants pitching my tent. I made arrangements for two men to explore the country where the koodoo were to be found, and felt that I was at last nearing the object of my quest.

On the Thursday morning I left Njemps at a quarter to six and reached the boma (fort) at Baringo at eight o'clock, the only incident on the way being that a boy drove me into

that a man had been wounded by the lion, so I went over in my pyjamas and slippers, and found that a lion had actually gone into the hut where four men were sleeping round a fire and tried to pull one of them out, inflicting two gashes in the back of the man's neck, one on the left shoulder, and one in the back about six inches down. I sent for some water, permanganate of potash, lint, etc., and commenced to wash him, when someone cried out that the lion was still waiting a little distance off. I picked up the '303 Lee-Metford, told my boy to bring the '577 Express, and went after the beast, which was three to four hundred yards distant. Up to a distance of two hundred yards

it stood and growled, and then turned and walked slowly away. When I got within one hundred and fifty yards it again stood and growled, and then wheeled round to go into the bush. As I had a fair shot I fired, and hit it just above the tail. It dropped dead where it stood. The bullet was found in skinning lying against the left cheek, having traversed the whole body. I then went back and finished dressing the man's wounds. By seven o'clock the lion was nearly skinned, the injured man was fairly comfortable, and I had exchanged my sleeping garments for the ordinary daily attire of khaki. The man, by the way, had been attacked by a lion and badly injured on a previous occasion, rather a curious coincidence.

During the next few days I had varying luck, as game was very shy.

On Saturday, the 18th, however, I did a big day's walk—over twelve hours—and bagged a couple of gazelle, a wild cat, a wart-hog, and some lesser bustard. I also saw fresh tracks of rhino, giraffe, eland, lion, and leopard, and tracks, several days old, of the greater koodoo. This was the last day of the old régime, but, not knowing it, I went to sleep in blissful ignorance of my impending fate.

On October 19th I was out at a quarter to six, and made straight for a big hill some nine or ten miles away, where I had seen koodoo tracks on the preceding day. I found signs of their having been there within the past few hours. I worked round the hill for some time, and then decided that if I could find water I would camp on the spot for a night or two, so as to be ready in the early morning and late evening.

I had wandered some distance up the valley, shooting a steinbock on the way, when I saw two rhino. Now, I particularly wanted two rhino, and therefore hailed their appearance with pleasure. They were about a mile away and the country was fairly open, so that before I could get within range they had disappeared in some dry scrub. I saw what I thought was a low hillock just inside the scrub, and I intended using it for stalking purposes, but my gun-bearer, Sulimani, objected to this most strongly.

He said it was not a hillock, but rhinoceroses. So we crouched down behind a wretched little bush and waited, but not for long. We were hardly down before my "hillock" opened and I saw that there were seven rhinoceroses in a cluster. Two came charging in my direction, and at forty yards I fired at one so as to put a solid '303 in the centre of its chest (I had the '577 ready in case of emergency), but it put its head down and received the bullet in its head instead. Then it performed such a wonderful variety of antics that I could not resist sitting down and laughing. It spun round and round, shaking its head in every direction; it tried to stand up, it half sat down, and then it galloped off.

I came up with it three to four hundred yards farther on and dropped it. I discovered that the first bullet had struck it between the eye and the horn. I afterwards found that it had splintered the nose, and I now have the huge splinter of bone, eighteen inches long and six inches wide, with the horns mounted on it.

After showing Sulimani how I wanted the beast skinned, I went in a north-westerly direction after an oryx that I could see considerably more than a mile away, taking one porter with me to carry my gun, but I could not get anywhere near it. I followed it for nearly five miles, passing on the way a giraffe, which stood and stared at me until I was not more than seventy yards off. Then it turned and galloped away with its curious sidelong gait. I also saw a rhino, which I marked down as my own in case I lost the oryx.

On the way back I passed an immense herd of eland, fully a hundred in number, and then came to the rhino. He was about one hundred and twenty yards away with his back towards me, so I sat down in the grass, which was about eighteen inches high, and waited. After ten minutes the beast turned round and walked slowly up towards me, grazing all the way. It occurred to me that if I shot it I should have all my work cut out to reach camp before dark, as it was then one o'clock and the camp was nearly fifteen miles away. While waiting, the



THE AUTHOR, MR. R. EASTWOOD.
From a Photo. by L. K. Protheroe, Bristol.

man I had with me became frightened, and after creeping through the grass for some distance rose to his feet and ran away. This evidently roused the rhino, for it lifted up its head and looked after the man, giving me the chance that I wanted, and I put a solid bullet in the centre of its chest, about twelve inches up. The wounded animal took two or three short, quick steps, and then went down heavily, head first, its body sluing round a little as it fell. It made a futile attempt to rise, but did not succeed in even lifting its head, and then lay motionless.

I put in a second shot to make sure, but might just as well have fired at a rock, as it did not move in any way. It seemed as if there were not the slightest breath of life left in it; so I walked up to it, wondering what its horns measured and how I could possibly manage to have it skinned and still reach the camp before dark.

All these conjectures were rudely knocked on the head. I was not twenty yards away when the huge beast suddenly gave a roll and got partly on to its feet. My rifle was up at once and I put a shot in its shoulder, but before I could get another shot in it was on its feet and charging straight at me. I decided then that I was wanted somewhere else, and commenced to run at right angles to the way the rhino was going, thinking it would probably go on in a straight line, as they usually do. Unfortunately, however, the very first step I took I slipped and fell, and before I could regain my feet the great brute was on top of me. Curiously enough, the fact that struck me most was not that I was going to be smashed up, but how like a gigantic wart-hog the rhino looked.

I was nearly on my feet again when it struck me. It hit me first with its nose, fell with both knees on me, and then, drawing back a little for the blow, threw me clean over its back, the horn entering the back of my left thigh; and I saw the animal well underneath me as I went flying through the air. It threw me a second time, but I cannot recollect that throw clearly—I think it must have been a foul—and then came on a third time. I was lying on my right side when the great black snout was pushed against me, and I shoved it away with my left hand for all that I was worth, just the same as one hands a man off at football. Then I found myself upon my feet—how, I don't know—and staggered off. As I went an inky blackness came upon me.

I had gone about forty yards when I found that my right arm was very painful and I was compelled to drop my rifle, which I had kept up till then. I went on another fifty or fifty

yards, expecting every moment to be charged again, and then I felt that I might as well lie down and let the rhino finish its work without any more trouble; so I dropped to the ground.

After a little time the light commenced to come in patches, and at last I could see quite clearly again. My first thought was—I shall get sunstroke (an equatorial sun at one o'clock is rather hot), so I put my handkerchief over my head. Then the question occurred to me—Shall I be picked up or not? I was feeling very sorry for myself. Blood was flowing from the wound in my leg and I was lying in a puddle of it; my left side was so painful that I did not care about moving; my right arm, which I had drawn across my chest and was nursing with the left hand, was split open right across the wrist, and two broken bones were sticking out nearly two inches; and I was generally badly shaken up.

I speculated as to my men finding me. If the man had gone back to the first rhino, help might arrive in one and a half to two hours; if he had gone to the camp, then it was good-bye to life; and I tried to possess my soul in patience. I had one overwhelming desire—to see my home and children again. I could see a swarm of vultures overhead, and one hawk sailed lazily over me, so close that I could hear the heavy *drop-drop* of its wings. Once I tried to stand and walk towards the camp, but it was a failure, so I lay down again and, with an ever-increasing thirst, waited.

The desire to see my home just to say "good-bye" was almost maddening. If I could only see them once it would not matter. If I had to die—well, I had to die, and nothing that I could do would alter it; but I wanted to see them all again before I went. It is wonderful how children's little fingers entangle a man's heart-strings, and pull with so irresistible a force that all other feelings, however strong they may be, are practically unheeded. Would Sulimani never come? Surely I had been lying there many, many hours? The porter, I decided, must have gone to the camp; but then I looked at the sun and saw that the time was but short, and I tried to be more patient. I had lost a tooth and my face was badly grazed on the left side, and the blood had caked round the corner of my mouth, causing the feeling of thirst to be almost intolerable. I would have given anything for a drink of water. But over all other feelings there was one dominant wish: only let me say "good-bye" before I go. I think that while I lay there helpless I went through the Valley of the Shadow, for from that time all bitterness passed. And as I waited, waited, waited, at last I heard voices, and with

a great effort shouted and brought Sulimani and a porter to where I lay.

My first want was water and then to know the time. I drank two bottles full of water and was told that it was half-past three; so that I had been lying there a good two hours. The next thing was to stop the bleeding of my leg; but they had no string and no stick to form a tourniquet. What was to be done? Could they find my rifle? Yes! This was brought to me, and the pull-through and my skinning-knife did all that was required. The latter had the point fixed towards the knee,

Taken altogether, the journey was very far from being a pleasant one.

The first thing I did was to arrange for help. I was under the impression (erroneous, however) that signals could be exchanged at night between the stations at Baringo and the Ravine, and I knew that the nearest doctor was at Fort Ternan, thirty-six miles by rail and fully another one hundred miles more by road from where I then was. I looked at my right hand and said "good-bye" to it. Then I wrote the following note to Pearson at the boma, Sulimani holding my diary for me to write in with my left hand



"I WROTE TO PEARSON, SULIMANI HOLDING MY DIARY FOR ME TO WRITE IN WITH MY LEFT HAND."

so that it was quite safe. My gun-bearer, by the way, had the greatest possible objection to my trousers being cut open; I suppose he looked upon it as damaging his future property. I had sent one of the porters back to the camp for men when the first rhino was killed; and Sulimani, with a grasp of the situation that was marvellous in him, had sent another man to hurry them on, and, as he had been searching round about for nearly an hour before I heard him, I knew that they ought to turn up before long. At half-past four they came, a hammock was made with two blankets knotted together and slung on a pole, and the homeward journey was commenced. Part of it was in the dark—from seven o'clock to nearly ten—and then the moon came up. We heard a lion once, and it was half-past eleven before my tent was reached.

as I lay on my back: "Gored by rhino. Lose R/H. Signal Isaacs at Ravine to arrange for doctor from Fort Ternan.—B. E."

I told them to send this at once by a runner—it was a beautiful moonlight night—and did not find out until afterwards that the messenger had not left until five the following morning. Then I had my clothes cut off—poor Sulimani! more property damaged—washed the wounds as well as I could with clean water, had a tin of Brand's essence, and, figuratively speaking, retired for the night.

The first thing on Monday morning I sent a man off to the camp at the lake to bring my boy and cook, and the box with my clothes and medicines in it. I lay and waited for a reply from Pearson, filling in the time by making a litter, the groundwork of which I had taken

with me in case anyone was hurt, little thinking that I should be the first to use it. The flies were innumerable, and I had to have a man continually beating them off; the tent was black with them. About four o'clock the men came from the lake, and as the messenger had not left until nearly six it meant that he had done about forty miles in ten hours. Shortly after their arrival an answer came from Pearson in the form of a litter carried by six Nubians and an invitation to go at once to the boma.

After a little consideration I determined to set off at once. It was moonlight, I should be able to travel in the cool of the night and not have to endure the fierce heat of the sun, and I should see a white man and have some medical aid twelve hours earlier than if I stopped until the following morning. My porters, however, raised a very decided objection to this course. They were very tired—ten of them had done nothing all day but eat meat—they were hungry, they did not know the road, it was night-time, and they were frightened of the rhinos and lions. I had one answer only—“*Haithuru, nitakwenda*” (“It does not matter, I will go”); but it was not until the cook had helped me to my feet to walk it that they were shamed into bringing in the litter.

We started at five o'clock (they carried me out feet first) and marched until seven, when we lost the way in the dark and lighted fires, then sat down until the moon came up, about ten o'clock. After that we marched until six o'clock the next morning and reached the boma just as the sun was rising. The journey had been agonizing, and I was almost in a state of collapse. Six men had carried the litter, two at each end and one on each side at the middle. The road was very rough, up and down hill, stony and rocky. I had a smashed arm on one side, four ribs broken on the other; and the men on either side of me, owing to the unavoidable jolting, were continually striking and jarring the damaged parts; and by the time we reached the boma I had had quite enough of it. I am not a glutton. Once I groaned at a heavier blow than usual, and was told: “*Amri ya Muungu kwana*” (“It is the will of God, master”), which, however true, did not ease the pain very much. As I said before, it was six o'clock when I arrived—forty-one hours after the accident. Pearson was up and partly dressed; he had not expected me until evening, but at once, much against my wish, turned out of his house—a Nubian grass hut—so that I might occupy it and stand less chance of fever. Then I was washed, my wounds were dressed, and I settled down for the day. I learned that

a runner had been sent to the Ravine the previous day and that an answer might be expected on the morrow. We discussed the advisability or otherwise of my going on to meet the doctor. Finally we decided to wait, and I think wisely, as I am sure I could not have stood the journey. After that we talked over all kinds of subjects, and I began to feel quite chirpy.

The following day, Wednesday, the 22nd, a certain grim philosophy came to my aid. I was an absolute wreck, nobody had a hand in the show except myself, and the only thing to do was to take it smiling; so I commenced to write a humorous rhyming account of the trip, but I could not manage more than one verse. I had got so bad by this time that I could not lift up my head, and had to be fed as I lay. I was greatly amused by hearing that a party of Wasuk warriors had come in and offered their services. They said that they thoroughly understood the treatment of broken bones. Pearson very diplomatically told them that one of our own doctors had been sent for, so that he could not accept their services then, but if our doctor could not cure me he would ask them to come again. We looked out for an answer that day from the Ravine, but did not receive one.

On Thursday, the 23rd, the expected letter arrived, and said that Dr. Falkener would be at the Ravine that day. This led to a lot of speculation as to what time in the day he would be there, and if he would leave the same day or wait until the morning of the 24th. Things did not look quite so rosy, as my arm was getting worse. I did not like the look of things, so I settled up my earthly affairs as far as possible; made a will—Pearson, by the way, charged me fifteen rupees for registering it—and waited on. That night Pearson sat up with me, as I had a temperature of 102deg.

Friday, the 24th, opened with conjectures as to when the doctor would come. Pearson was obviously getting decidedly anxious. All the time that he could spare from his duties he spent with me. He used to sit down and talk, then stop abruptly, walk to the one opening in the hut which served for doors and windows, and gaze towards the pass in the hills about three miles distant, where the path ran. But there was no doctor and no news of him that day. That night Pearson again sat up with me.

Saturday, the 25th, went very slowly. We thought that the doctor *must* come that day, and knew that if he did not arrive soon he would be too late. I still had a certain amount of hope, and, although I had my farewell letter for home all ready in my mind, I refrained from

writing it until I was sure the proper time had arrived. And so another day dragged wearily on, Pearson continually standing at the door and looking out over the distant road. He sat up again with me that night.

On the morning of the 26th a letter came from the doctor saying he would be at the boma in the forenoon, but he had underestimated the distance, and it was half-past one before he arrived. The thought of his coming raised our spirits very considerably.

He was several hours in advance of his porters, who had his instruments, drugs, etc., so that he could do nothing until they came, and it was nearly six o'clock before he commenced operations. He felt my ribs and said that there were three or four broken, and I at once began to feel that I was really ill, for up to that time I thought they were only sprained. The hole in the leg was pronounced to be superficial; I was very glad to hear it, for I had thought very differently indeed about it. However, that balanced the ribs, so that I was in the same state as before. Then came the arm, and the doctor's face lengthened as he looked at it. "I am very sorry," he said at last. "It has to go?" I asked, and he replied, "Yes."

When I recovered consciousness after the operation the doctor asked me how I felt.

"All right," I said.

"Have you a headache?"

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"No."

While we were talking I put out my left hand quite mechanically to adjust the bad arm, which was aching rather more than usual. There was no arm there! Then I had an injection of morphia and slept peacefully until the next morning,

when my ribs were strapped, and I had to settle down for a weary wait of four weeks.

I had, previous to the arrival of the doctor, prepared a litter, thinking that I might perhaps be moved at once. This, however, was not to be. The litter was made of the canvas of a camp bed with two long poles run through where the sides of the bed would be in the ordinary course. Two short poles acted as stretchers, and a covering was formed by sticks bent from side to side in a hoop, covered with a bright-coloured cloth inside and a blanket outside. It turned out a great success, when the time came for it to be used.

We had a long discussion as to how my arm was injured, and finally came to the conclusion that it was done in falling after one of the throws. Falling head first I instinctively threw

out my arms. The right arm, holding the rifle, must have been quite rigid. The rifle would, of course, lie on the surface of the ground, thus forming a rest for the hand, and the weight of my body must have driven the forearm through the joint at the wrist.

The four weeks seemed as if they would



"THE RAIN CAME DOWN IN A DELUGE."

never end. The days were not bad, as I could look out of the doorway of the hut, the only opening, and watch the clouds go by, but the nights were fearful. I had two long sleepless stretches, one of six and one of five nights, and soporifics had no effect. A sentry was on guard outside, and after waiting until it seemed as if dawn must be on the point of breaking I called him and asked the time. "Half-past eleven," came the answer. Then I waited apparently another five or six hours and asked again. "Twelve o'clock." And so night after night dragged on; nights that seem to me even now to be like some horrible nightmare.



MR. EASTWOOD IN HIS LITTER ON THE WAY TO THE COAST—THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY THE DOCTOR.

After about a fortnight Pearson had to leave on a tour round his district. I tried to thank him once for what he had done. It was very difficult to find words; but his sole reply was, "It was only my duty."

On the 22nd of November we—the doctor and myself—set out on our homeward journey. All my caravan, with the exception of my boy, had been sent back on the 28th of October, so that arrangements had to be made for transport. The doctor had about a dozen men, and as it was necessary for me to have men to carry my litter I exchanged two donkeys for four men, and got another ten donkeys for my loads, tents, provisions, etc.

The road at first was mountainous, and I was terribly afraid of being thrown out of the litter—a feeling, by the way, which I never wholly recovered from. We set out at ten o'clock, and with a rest of nearly an hour at midday marched until four, when we halted, owing to a very heavy storm. I was put under a tree for shelter, but

the rain came down in such a deluge that I thought my litter would have been washed away. In a few minutes the cover of the litter was soaked, the mattress was saturated, and I was lying in a stream of water that was rushing down the plain. The storm lasted for about half an hour, and when it was over we decided to camp for the night on a little patch of ground two to three feet above the surface of the flooded plain. The first thing to do was to get dry and to dry my bedding; but this was no easy task, although we expected the donkeys to arrive every moment, and were looking forward to a change of clothing and some food. We waited

until nearly dark for them and then sent a man to meet them, but he returned alone. We fired our rifles as a signal, but all to no avail, and we finally made up our minds to the inevitable. There was a small tent belonging to the porters, which we appropriated; there was dinner in the form of tinned corned beef (by itself) and champagne; there was sleeping accommodation in the doctor's bed (he had the mattress, I had the bed) and finally there were mosquitoes. They sailed in at eight o'clock, when we went to bed, and never left us until we got up the next morning. Altogether it was a most wretched time, although, looking back at it, it had also a humorous side. The missing donkeys turned up at about eight the following morning, and, as we were ready, we at once set off on another day's march.

Nothing very exciting happened, with the exception that the porters tried to find a road through a swamp full of hippopotami, a course to which I had the most decided objection.

The grass and papyrus were at least twelve feet high, there were hippos bellowing all over the place, and I could not quite see the force of escaping from a rhinoceros only to be charged and finally finished off by a hippopotamus. Pachyderms, so far as I was concerned, were at a discount. They are too thick-skinned and devoid of all sense of fair play for my liking. We finally escaped the swamp by climbing up the side of a hill and walking about six hundred yards—my first walk beyond a few steps—and I found it very hard work. We stopped that night close to a camp of Somali traders, who very kindly sent me nearly a gallon of fresh milk. The following morning they also brought a lot more milk, which was boiled and taken on for future consumption. We marched the third day about twenty miles, and I was very glad when the march was over, as the jolting was getting most decidedly monotonous and objectionable.

Our camp that night was pitched practically on the Equator. On the morning of the fourth day the doctor and myself parted company, and just before leaving he photographed me in my

litter. The porters wanted to stop for the day after two hours' marching, but I would not hear of it, and we did eight hours before we finished. I walked a little that day in order to take the stiffness out of my muscles, and felt very proud of myself, as I was able to stand up without being assisted to my feet. I camped that night only one day's march—eighteen miles—out of Nakuro, and feasted my men on a tin of Army rations and preserved fruit each.

On the fifth day I was on the march at five. Every time the porters put the litter down for a rest I walked on, and when I saw the railway in the distance I abandoned the litter altogether and walked the last five or six miles, reaching the station at half-past twelve. There was no train that day, but one left early the following morning, and I was back at Nairobi about three o'clock on November 27th, practically fit again—with the few trifling exceptions of a leg that would persist in a limp, a half-side of ribs that was rather sore, and a continuous pain in a hand that I had not got. None of these, however, really counted when the fact that I was home again was taken into consideration.



From a]

SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S AFRICAN HUNTING TROPHIES.

[Photo.