



Photo by Lady Maclean
Here is a corner of the Gossamer market in Nairobi, British East Africa. Sometimes the town is almost overrun with Kikoyis, a whole village coming to town at once. Nairobi is on a plain between five and six thousand feet above sea level—and being almost on the equator has a right to boast of its intense heat in the middle of the day.

PATROLLING THE AFRICAN GAME COUNTRY

By WILLIAM ASHLEY ANDERSON

Photographs by Grace Elmer Mackenzie, the explorer, and Lieut. Lennox of the King's African Rifles

[The preceding portion of the author's description of this safari of the King's African Rifles appeared in January.—EDITOR.]

WE HELD a *shauri* in the A. P. O.'s living room—an attractive den littered with lion and leopard skins, a number of horns and heads, among which was that of a three-horned rhino, and a scattering of spears, shields, bows and arrows and knobkerries—and examined into the state of the nation. The Commissioner had been ordered back to Arusha, and the A. P. O. was going to be extremely busy with civil affairs. Nevertheless, a detachment of the Germans had escaped capture and were occupying a point about a hundred and seventy-five miles distant beyond the long desolate Lake Eyasi. These were capable of swiftly recruiting a fair force. So I decided to go after them.

I sent a patrol northward around the lake, while I went southward to intercept and drive back what remained of the enemy.

A film of uneasiness seems to hang over this trek. Robbie and I had between us only one full day's rations, and no change of clothing, while the arduous, owing to the lack of supplies at Mbatia, were not very much better off.

We traveled swiftly with an absolute minimum of bag-



Photo by Lady Maclean
This wasindi Wasindi has brought the best favored of his seven wives, all dressed in her Sunday best, to ask the photographer's opinion of the price to be asked for her—but only from a tribesman

gage, relying on the forests and the rarely encountered natives for supplies. Following the very edge of the caves of Africa, each day brought experiences comparable with nothing in the lives of the outer world. After passing a night of bitter cold on the heights where the Jaida River rises, and being pursued the following day for many hours by the warriors of Tungobesh, who took us for Germans, we entered a very strange wilderness.

In this new wilderness every pace seems to mark off a hundred years until you find yourself striding through a scintillating world of tumbled rocks and gnarled scrub, of ungainly monsters and naked men with prognathous-like jaws, clicking like monkeys among themselves and sending blunt-headed arrows after unwieldy large-headed birds.

The aborigines of this district are the Watindige—a tiny tribe that is rapidly vanishing, an expiring race. Since the beginning of time no other tribe has assimilated them, none seems to have won their confidence. Naked, with a childlike blending of shyness and passionate boldness, trembling in the shadows and mists of the forest, drifting through

the glades, every quiver in the grass to them the voice of a demon, every songing in the trees above the breath of gods, their narrow intellects give to their lives a very small compass.

God is Ishuako, the sun, and an old woman; while Setz, the moon, is male. Tsako, the stars, are the children of the moon, though cold and distant, and not familiar with the shy little children of earth. Though the passing spirit goes to Ishuako, the prospect leaves the little basket cool. He throws meat east and west, and gares with awe at the sight of Ishuako come to earth and resting on Mabequra, the dim sacred mountain which hang on our left flank during a day's march. But why is radiant Ishuako an old woman? And why, since the sun is God, does the little basket go to his end doubled up in a deep pit with his arrows and gourd beside him? Again, though a child of nature, he very curiously maintains the strictest and most unnatural customs in regard to morals. An unfaithful wife is beaten to death, or such was the custom until recently; and this in spite of the fact that her purchase price was only five or ten arrows with a few beads thrown in, and the added fact that neighboring tribes are almost as amoral as animals.

A philosophic study of these people is calculated to fill one with sighing and a profound melancholy; and yet for them it cannot be bad to feel that the gods are conveniently near, demons can be side-stepped, and heaven itself is almost within leaping distance above. To them the heavens seem only part of the house they live in. Copernicus might never have lived; and the whole race will pass away without one footing speculation on the unplumbed depths of space. Yet, after all, what is better on earth than to live clearly, to fight a fair fight, and to die bravely in the open?

Each night the leaping camp fires, lighting up groups of askaris and porters stewing messes in their *zofurias* and grilling bits of game, seemed to be swaying and struggling to hold a point beleaguered by the dark. When the throbbing challenge of the lion had ceased with the capture of its prey, the brief solemn stillness would then be broken by the jungle chorus—the screams and whistles of night birds, the throaty piping of the hyrax, the mournful, distressing wail of the hyena, the interminable shrill uppour of the cicadas, panicky crashings in the bush; and then, if you peered out in the encircling darkness, the

velvet canopy appeared punctured by a hundred gleaming eyes. . . . All this was life and joy to me; but I sometimes felt sorry for Robbie, sitting by his shelter tent, staring out into the thunders dark with an unhappy and puzzled expression in his eyes.

The terror of the jungle lies in its black mystery and loneliness. A sentry on duty at an isolated point in the night believes that he is abandoned—the dark engulfs him. Whatever way he turns, it seems that a knife, a spear, slashing talons or grinding jaws are about to be plunged into his back, or read him like dark bolts of lightning.

At whatever hour the red moon rolled out of the gloomy east, I invariably awoke without further warning and drew myself reluctantly from the blankets—for this was the signal that the time to search had come.

Standing for a moment shivering and chattering with the intense cold of the highlands, and looking at the prose still figures about me, it comes upon me with a rush that these are more than children to me, for their health, their destinies, their lives, are mine to guard, to direct, to sacrifice. The askari, marking the line of the perimeter, sleep heads outward with arms flung across their rifles; the porters bundle themselves like sacks of meal beside their piled-up loads, the weary sentry of the quarter stony beyond them sunk into his great coat, with another sentry standing aloofset for an instant in the dim red glow. I do not know what dreams I may disperse, but in another instant my whistle breaks the silence, and the dim shadows, with grunts and sighs, reluctantly come to life.

In less than three minutes, Corporal Sudi bin Ismail reports for the advance.

"*Tomas, ofendi!*"

And Robbie is ready with the rear guard.

We move off in single file, stumbling down a rocky declivity, through a tangled scrub forest, and plunging forward into a mysterious darkness.

No one speaks. It's the hour of silence, and no other sound comes from the column than the dry shuffle of sandals, the snapping of twigs, and the whisper of sere grass brushing against bare legs. Always on these marches, no matter how solemn the stillness works upon our spirits, or disenchants us till we soar with the rising moon, there is constantly a subconscious



Photo by Louis Leary
These are wives of Kikuyu askaris, natives of Masana, German East Africa. Custom places no limit to the number of wives a man may have and as he can purchase one for three goats he sometimes has a goodly number.



Photo by Louis Leary
Zanzibar, with a population of over fifty thousand, is the chief port of entrance to British East Africa. It was formerly the center of the slave trade. In the right foreground is the Sultan's palace.

apprehension of impending danger. And this is no fanciful fear.

During our operations on this *asfawi* two straggling porters were devoured by lions; five times our lines were rushed by rhino, and once menaced by a herd of buffalo. One messenger, bearing important despatches, was attacked by a leopard. We found puff adders under our bedding and in the packs; and of a night an hyena, pulling at my blankets, awakened me. Besides, there were the ever-dangerous and annoying anopheles mosquitoes, tsetse flies and wood-ticks and jiggers, from which the least we could expect were unending, violent sores. In detail these things are ignored, but the subconscious knowledge of them keeps the nerves taut.

No one dares to straggle at night. At the most unexpected moment a snorting whistle, apparently within four feet of the middle of each man's back, brings the column to a breathless halt. A sibilant murmur passes down the line:

"Faru! Faru! Master!"

We stand tensely, blinded by the dark, wondering where the blow will fall—and the next moment the shadows on our flanks seem to heave, and the great bulk of a rhino is flung among us.

At the first charge the line dissolves before the beast. If he blunders away everyone breathes more easily and the march is resumed. If he charges again again the line dissolves—and again!—and again! Ordinarily no one dares fire, for even a rhino may be ally to the enemy. But, if the occasion warrants, little spurts of flame stab the dark, and the snap of the rifles awakes strange echoes.

The antics of this blind, blundering, furious fool are merely incidents, and often amusing. It's no grave matter to watch naked porters flying like squirrels into thorn trees, and afterwards very slowly and very delicately plucking themselves off again. The real terror of the night is cold, intelligent, merciless.

Trading along through the dark crowding bush, making no more sound than a night wind through northern pines, marching becomes automatic, and the unoccupied mind begins to steal away homeward—to Argyll, to Taplow in sparkling June, to the Boston Post Road when the frost-touched leaves are falling; or, perhaps, to jungle clearings or nights in Zanzibar. Suddenly a shot snaps in the bush, a bullet whistles like a whip above the head. Several more ring from the flank. Then comes the sickening, damnable stutter:

"Dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud!"

There is a rush. Everyone flings himself into position to await a murderous charge, or to pass forward blindly past the anguished maniac; while for a suffocating instant a tumult of his responsibility, the necessity for immediate and decisive action, the horror of failure, the first seeming impossibility of success; and then the fleeting thought, in this savage jungle with none but black men about, in the tomb of African night, is this the rendezvous? . . .

This wilderness stretched away to the districts bordering the southern tip of Victoria Nyanza. It was rich game country, but trackless and virtually without water at this season, though at other times great floods suddenly sweep over broad expanses of it. We were obliged to dig for hours in dry sandy courses to obtain drink; while for food I shot longoes, wildebeests, eland and antelope, without stopping the column or prolonging a single halt.

Once at dawn on the plain of the Sibiti I shot one of the huge black-maned lions for which the place is famous; while two others rose from the dust nearby and ran away like frightened dogs. All sorts of game lived in the bush and along the fringes of the plain, and wild fowl in places were as numerous as chickens in a run.

One day at the end of a waterless march, we halted and made a very dry bivouac in a hopelessly sandy course. We dug for hours without finding the slightest evidence of moisture; our tongues were large and our mouths had little saliva in them. Sitting dejectedly outside the camp, I watched a troop of baboons with rising interest. Though drowsy, they are dangerous as if you arouse their ill will.



This old Mami woman—probably about thirty—is the oldest wife of a headman of a *manapa*. Her decorations show that she is not the favorite wife, but quite good.

Photo by Lady Macdonald

So I did not laugh to offend the lumbering elders; for I find they also are bound by laws as are their brothers the *huzan* beings—have their conventions and live up to them. The old men are rough and surly, cynical with their women folk, and annoyed at the chattering of the children; the women are patient but sly, dragging the whispering *itoto*s about, or clothing the more lusty or mischievous youngsters; while the youths are forever planning intrigues under the baleful gleam of the old men's reddening eyes, and suffering their furious onslaughts if discovered. However, I followed the troop,

and they brought me to a grove of palms bearing large *Shrouns* nuts filled with a substance like rich vanilla custard, for which we were almost



Photo by Cecil Lacey

This native hospital is located along the lines of communication in the southern Uganda frontier. The body of water in the background is Victoria Nyanza and the vessel a British transport. A rich game country, but trackless and virtually without water at certain seasons, borders the southern tip of the lake.

as grateful as though each were a gourd of water.

Eventually we entered the Muanza district, where the huts became high and conical and are capped with ostrich eggs. Stockades encircle them, and the meal is stored in vast rock caverns.

The sultan of Kitaganda came out with a large retinue to meet me, and I held a *shauri* under a baobab tree. So far the scouts and irregulars had brought in a number of prisoners and had driven off foraging parties. An intelligence officer, scouting from Mkalana, had reported to me that the dwindling German force had upon our approach abandoned their camp and fled northward. This hasty retreat entailed three days' march without water, and at the end would bring them straight into the hands of my northern patrol.

There was nothing then for me to do but to retrace my steps as rapidly as possible, trusting that the Mbatia force could in the meantime cope with the Germans.

My men were very tired, and my foot was now in a dangerous condition. The poison had apparently gone into my leg so that the pain had spread from knee to groin, while the foot itself, due to crude giraffe-hide sandals I had cut, with rough parchment-like thongs, was blistered, raw and filthy. Two of the

asharis had also bad feet; a great water-blister from heel to toe covered the foot of one, while the other, afflicted in the same manner, had cut the swelling skin with a sheath knife, so that the bottoms of the foot was completely raw. Neither of these *asharis* said a word to me about their feet, and would not drop behind. At the same time I could not let down on the pace.

The return march to a great extent was over ground already covered. Distances, dangers, water-holes were known in

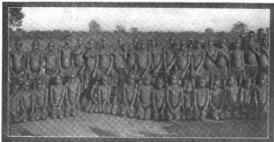


Photo by Leon Lyons
The unmarried girls of the Muanza district of German East Africa gathered to catch a glimpse of the new political officer on his first visit to a conquered territory. Among the various tribes in this region an almost complete nakedness is a custom characteristic

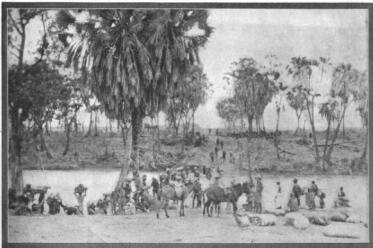


Photo by Lady Mackenzie
This safari is crossing the Senhara River on the way to a famous water hole en route to the Masahil desert. The picturesque dou palm trees bear a hard brown nut that cannot be chopped with an ax, and that will not burn. It is suggested that butlin manufacturers investigate!



This rhino was very dead when the picture was taken, killed at sixty-one feet when he was charging the photographer. The antics of the blundering beast often send the asked natives flying into their trees for protection.

Photo by Lady Macintosh

advance, and the knowledge that the safari was moving homeward served to enliven the column. I enjoyed, with less anxiety, the silent mystery of the bush, and the glorious majesty of Ishako, the sun. Once at the Naval arsenal in Washington a boy companion and myself were almost overwhelmed by the accidental overturf of a caldron of molten magnesium bronze. It spilled about us like sparking burgundy. Very much like that, the sun, billowing over the edge of the Escarpment, poured its red and gold into the valleys, sending its rays splashing and scintillating through the lifting mists. The choir of the jungle gave its greeting, and even the *asahiri* sang—at dawn.

After leaving The Commissioner and the A. P. O. at Mbula I covered with my men over two hundred and sixty miles, mainly over unmaped wilderness trails, in fourteen days, reaching Mbula on the evening of the last day. I was just in time to receive a despatch from the northern patrol reporting that, with the stout A. P. O. in charge, accompanied by *mpa-mpa* and native police, it had bumped the German force after coming around Lake Eyaasi "according to schedule" and there in the bush surprised and attacked it, accounting for all its prisoners and casualties.

On the following



Photo by Lady Macintosh

The tree hyena makes a weird, rattling noise at night. He is the finest little African cousin of the coyote and rock rabbit, said to resemble the rhinoceros (in the molar teeth) and the rodent (in the incisors). *Gitaricor* he resembles a kitten, a rabbit and a chipmunk.

This ivory safari from the Belgian Congo is entering elephant trails in the redoubt for Mbulaasi, from whence they go to the ivory market at Zanibar. The draft animals are Angala oxen; those horns are as long as a thumb in mind the elephant trails.



Photo by Lady Macintosh

morning, turning our backs on Mbula, we set out on the return trek to Sanja, over a hundred and eighty miles away. Dawn found us on the edge of the Escarpment once more.

As the sun rose hotly over the Steppe, the white spreading plains, salt lake, and forests of thorn, rolled thousands of feet below us like a drab and worn-out carpet—measureless, waterless, daisy and dull. But far away, almost against the sun, a pale eminence appeared—the rounded dome of lion-hunted Lol Kissale.

Two paths lay before us. The one to the east was considerably shorter, but it required dragging my sore and tired men across a seventy-mile stretch without water; while the roundabout route past Lol Kissale was mainly through dense unexplored thorn forest, though I judged it offered a possibility of water.

The *asahiri* fell in slowly and stiffly. I said to them:

"Listen, *asahiri*. There is no water on the straight road. But near Lol Kissale perhaps there is water—perhaps none. I'm not yet sure. Nevertheless I'm taking the long road. Those who are sick may remain behind at Madukani. I promise the remainder two days' rest in Aruscha when the search is done."

The nearest *asahiri* said, "Yes. We are ready, master." And my orderly, clicking his heels, grinned and murmured, "*Akani ana*. Thank you very much, *afreadi*! We will go with you." So we turned our faces away from the Land of Mists, and commenced the three thousand foot plunge down to the flat drab plain.

Noon halt was at a wallow where brackish water oozed from the edge of a salt-encrusted lake; but nightfall found us well in the forest.

No enchanted wood of Grimm's had half the charm of this stretch of unexplored bush, marked only by game trails. Its silence seemed a sort of suspended animation which might be aroused any moment into weird and devastating action. What terrific forms lurked within the forest recesses we could not tell, yet on every hand there multiplied evidence of terrible, restless lives. Huge wallows; pad marks like small

wells; fair-sized trees torn up by the roots; pathways as broad as country lanes; skulls and horns emphasizing the shadows—a riot of wanton life and unsmothered death, bound by no laws but the lust to conquer and the fierce determination to live . . . And yet we saw little. The forest seemed to hold its breath as we passed through.

Once the forest about us suddenly came to life. For fully twenty minutes the shadows danced with the light of gray and yellow bodies flashing by; the trees seemed to shake with the soft rumble of galloping hoofs, and strange whistlings and barkings startled our ears. As suddenly the sounds ceased; and we shuffled on with the uncomfortable impression that a thousand eyes glared at us from behind the trees.

But there was drink.

Each day we found a water-hole; one, a sly pond, fragrant, clear and enlivened by the presence of graceful birds and beautiful antelope; another, a round hole in the shadows, covered with green scum through which two wicked little bell-divers swam restlessly. ("But then be careful, for if you drink of one you will shrink and become ugly as a toad; but if you only taste the other . . .") We drank impartially. Akida bin Juna and Dugulaya could not possibly have added to the homeliness of their features, and I certainly saw no improvement. Besides, the kiln-pot, a bee-hunter whom I had picked up for a guide, had tasted all the waters, and he assured me he had got nothing worse than varicose veins.

Still, I suspect that kiln-pot?

He was himself a forest imp, and had spent forty-odd years



Mombasa presents an odd mixture of civilization and savagery. Much of the city presents a healthy civilized appearance, but the natives still live in groups of dilapidated huts such as those in the lower right corner of the picture.

Photo by Louis Loomy

stealing honey from the little folk and running away from the big folk of the forest. That forest terrified him, strangely enough; and later, on his return journey, he made a detour of seven days in order to escape its dangers. Black, wiry and naked, he was a gliding child of the wild. A bit of blanket flung over his shoulder; a dirty red cap with a bedraggled feather in it; worn-out sandals; two long shiny spears; a scanty string of blue beads, with a tiny tobacco pouch—these constituted his entire furniture and fortune. Yet he was merry as a child, wise as an old man, bold and timorous as any forest creature.

When his little old face paled in a grin, disclosing his solitary yellow tooth, the whole line smiled; when he broke into the shrill chatter of the Wambugwe tongue the *aharis* laughed; but when, at each halt, he squatted before me to light

(Continued on page 51.)



The market place of Mombasa below the civilized appearance of the town. Here in the center the natives haggle and barter their pottery and baskets, and the only touch of real civilization is in the ubiquitous Standard Oil tin.

Photo by Louis Loomy