

CHRONICLES
OF
AN AFRICAN TRIP

Capt. W. E. Stuart.

CHRONICLES
OF
AN AFRICAN TRIP



Privately Printed
FOR THE AUTHOR
1927

COPYRIGHT 1927
GEORGE EASTMAN

PRINTED IN U. S. A.
BY
JOHN P. SMITH COMPANY, INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE following letters chronicle the adventures of a party—consisting of Daniel E. Pomeroy, of New York, Dr. Audley D. Stewart, of Rochester, and the writer—which left New York on the 13th of March, 1926. Stewart and Eastman returned to Rochester on the 24th of October, 1926.



Party at Lumuru, en route to Kedong Valley

On board S. S. MAJESTIC

Sunday, March 14, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

THIS is the beginning of the "Chronicles of an African Trip." It may be that I shall not keep them up very long but I am starting out with good intentions in response to the request of many friends, so please pass them on as long as they last. There won't be any attempt at "fine writin"—only a few notes as we go our way.

My dinner guests Wednesday evening left just before half-past eleven, after we had enjoyed listening for the last time to the quartet (trio because Tinlot was laid up with the grippe), Landow and Gleason, followed by some chorus singing by the guests. Frank Macomber was the only one I would let go to the station and there we found Audley and his wife and a couple of his friends. Jane Stewart is certainly a good sport.

In the morning when we stepped off the train we had to face a flashlight photographer and others kept turning up all during the two days. The last thing that happened before we left the dock in New York was that Audley and I had to go up in Gymnasium and face a battery of six cameras in an improvised studio. Dan Pomeroy did not show up until the whistle was blowing to warn visitors ashore, so he escaped.

To go back a bit. Thursday, the 11th, I took luncheon at the *Times* office with Mr. Ochs, Dr. Finley, Louis Wiley and a few others, guests of the day. In the evening I dined with Professor Howard Lee McBain, who had a very important part in drawing the new City Manager charter, and who will head the counsel for the defense in the Bareham suit. He had as his other guests Dr. Albert Shaw, editor *Review of Reviews*, Dr. William Darrach, dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, F. P. Keppel, president Carnegie Corporation, Paul Warburg, banker, Brander Matthews, essayist, Henry DeForest Baldwin, attorney and former chairman New York Charter Commission, George McAneny,

CHRONICLES OF

president New York Transit Commission, Fred Coykendall, big game hunter. The conversation was very interesting and we stayed until twelve o'clock. The conversation was not all high-brow. One story especially lingers in my memory. A party of New Yorkers coming down from Montreal was notified that the customs officers were about to board the train. One gentleman who had some liquor in his bag went back to his stateroom, took four bottles of whiskey, and laid them out on the seat, took a five dollar bill and fastened it with a rubber band to one of the bottles. On one of his cards he wrote "Help Yourself," then went back to the smoking room. After the officers had come and gone he went back to his stateroom to see what had happened. He was surprised to find eight bottles of whiskey instead of four, and written on the back of the card "A free-will offering from the tightwad in the next room."

The next day, Friday, Audley and I lunched with the Drydens at the Biltmore. Mrs. Merrill, George's sister, was there with her two daughters. Afterward Ellen, Ellen Maria and I went with Brulatour to see Douglas Fairbanks' film—the "Black Pirate"—all in color, the best thing in color photography so far. Then we, that is Audley and I, went to call on the Bugbees and spent a most enjoyable hour reminiscing about the Cassiar.

The Drydens dined with us at the Roosevelt and at ten o'clock we started for the boat. I would not let any of the Drydens go, but Brulatour insisted on coming around to see us off. On getting to the gangplank we were told to show our passports and tickets. Our passports were in our bags which had already gone aboard, and Pomeroy had the tickets. At first the officer was obdurate. I haven't the least idea what he proposed to do about it, but finally Brulatour, by giving him a lot of hot air as to who we were, got him to let us aboard. Pomeroy did not show up for an hour.

The next morning the stewards began to bring in baskets of fruit and flowers and telegrams. There was such a lot of them that we put them in a pyramid in the corner of the sitting room and photographed them. The telegrams kept coming all day and

AN AFRICAN TRIP

even the second day quite a bunch. One of Pomeroy's friends sent him half a barrel of oysters and some of the finest asparagus that I ever saw (except once).

Saturday and Sunday it has been freezing on deck and about 58 in our rooms—rather cool but much better than if overheated.

Monday, March 15. It was pretty rough all day yesterday, and the gale culminated last night. During the night sundry crashes were heard, but I was too sleepy to pay much attention to the noise. This morning when we got up our rooms looked as if there had been a free fight going on, furniture and trunks overturned, oranges and apples rolling around mixed up with a lot of shelled nuts that had fallen off the table along with some glassware and a bottle of Poland water, broken. The worst crash was caused by the sliding door between the sitting room and bedroom. It was hooked open but got loose and slid shut with such force that it split the casing.

Friday, March 19. The rest of the voyage has been uneventful. Rough weather until yesterday, but the ship is so big we have been very comfortable. We arrived Cherbourg at 10 and left at noon. Most of our passengers got off there. Originally there were about 550—850 is full.

Pomeroy's friends deluged him with fruit and flowers and vegetables. Here is the list, all his except three baskets of fruit and five of flowers:

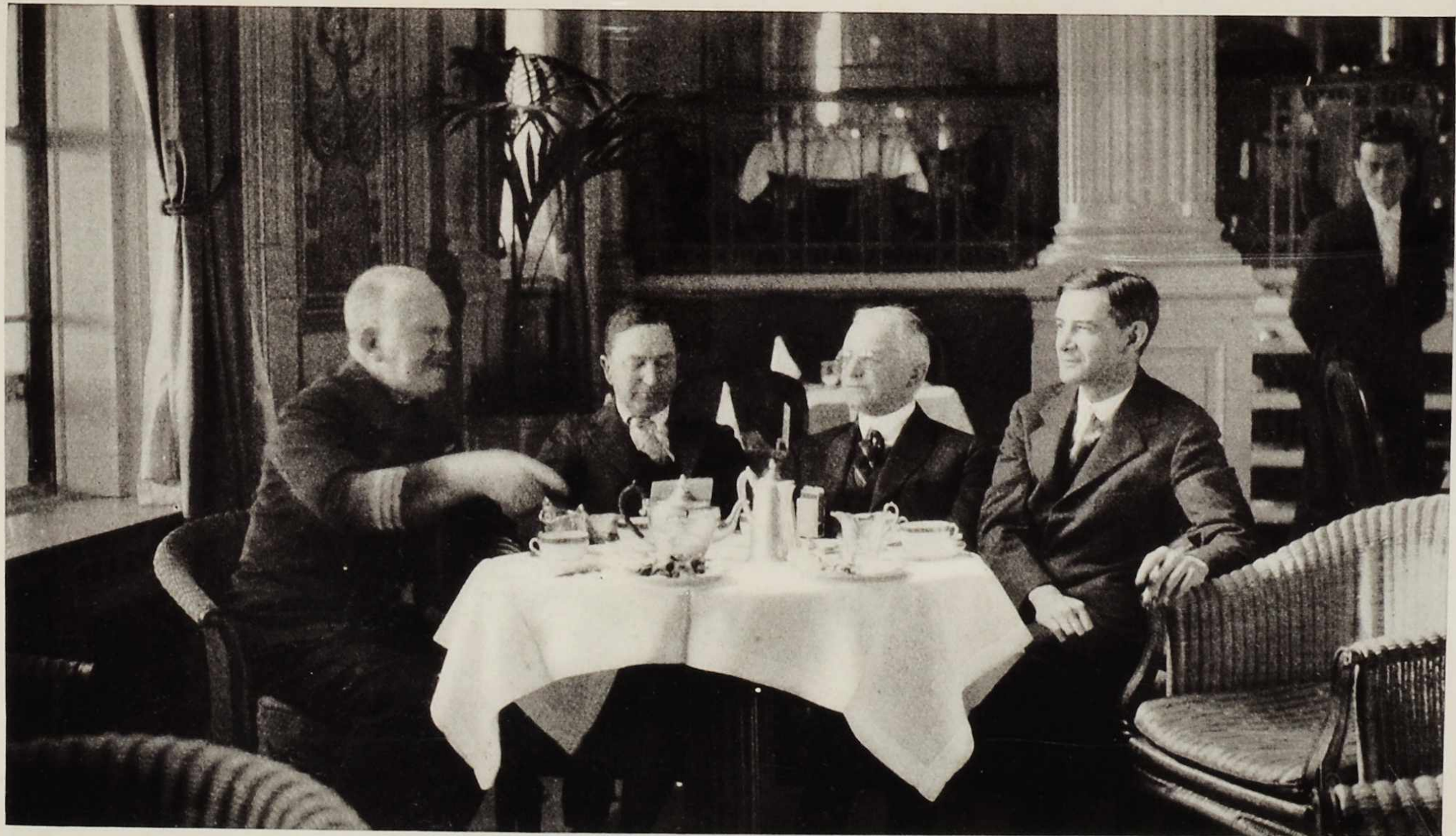
9 baskets fruit	5 baskets string beans
11 bouquets of flowers	6 baskets lima beans
3 boxes cigars	16 heads cauliflower
1 basket mushrooms	3 baskets Bermuda potatoes
20 French artichokes	2 baskets tomatoes
1 bunch rhubarb	1/2 barrel oysters
2 baskets of peas	8 bunches asparagus
1 basket of radishes	4 lbs. caviar

We used all we could and gave the balance to the purser and the steward, who live at Southampton and do not often get such superior stuff.

CHRONICLES OF

3 P. M. We are now arriving at Southampton and expect to get to London for late dinner.

GEORGE EASTMAN



Tea Party on Majestic

On board S. S. LLANSTEPHAN

April 14, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

My last letter was, I think, mailed at Southampton on the arrival of the *Majestic*, Friday, March 19. Mattison and Rouse and a friend of Pomeroy's, named Giles, met us at Southampton. We reached London at 7 P. M., where we put up in rooms engaged by Pomeroy at the Berkeley. Case and Loveday met us at the station and helped us to get our luggage through to the hotel. We had eight full days in London. Stewart spent the time mostly in sight-seeing, Pomeroy in attending to our outfit and transportation, and I to the many items of business which had been saved for my attention. We all lunched at the office one day and went out to Harrow another. One day I lunched with Dr. Sturbridge, a friend of Dr. Burkhart, to meet Lord Riddell and Sir Philip Sassoon to talk over some of their dental projects in London. One day Audley and I went to the outskirts and tried my new Westley Richard guns, two .470 double barreled elephant guns and a 12-gauge shot gun with two sets of barrels (one 28" and one 25") all single trigger, selective action, detachable locks. They are beautiful specimens of British workmanship—British workmen have no rivals in gun-making by hand. They were all made the same length of stock, drop and trigger pull (6 to 7 lbs.) as my Mannlichers. The battery for Stewart and me will be these three guns, three 9.5 Mannlichers and two sawed-off Winchester 22 caliber, using the "long rifle" cartridges. The 25" barrel for the 12-g. is an experiment as far as I am concerned, but I think I am going to like it. The left barrel of the 25" and the right barrel of the 28" are both bored the same (modified choke) and made the same pattern at 30 yards.

I regretted that I was unable to do any sight-seeing in London. I would have liked to visit the National Gallery and the Wallace and Tate collections, but I had to get over to Paris to keep a business engagement before the Easter holidays, so we left London Sunday morning, the 28th, on the 11:15 train.

CHRONICLES OF

We put up at the Meurice, which is not so good in my opinion as the Plaza L'Athene. Mattison and Bouveng went along and Case followed the next day. Pomeroy had business which occupied part of his time but managed to go around with Stewart a good deal. Stewart himself did not miss a trick—utilized every minute. As for myself I only got into the Louvre about an hour one afternoon. Although I am supposed by many to have “retired,” I find that when it comes to interesting new developments my interest in business affairs has not lessened much—and there were certainly some alluring ones in Paris.

As Paris is pretty well closed down during the Easter holidays we thought we could use the few remaining days to good advantage on the Riviera, so we started for Nice Saturday night, where we arrived about noon Easter Sunday. That evening was a gala night at the Hotel Ruhl, where we stopped, so we had Bouveng, his charming wife and young daughter down to dinner. They stayed and danced until midnight. Bouveng's wife and daughter have been spending the winter at Nice, and he had preceded us there a couple of days. After spending two days there we engaged a motor car to take us to Genoa. Fortunately we chose a closed car because the roads are very dusty. Why the authorities who spend much money to attract tourists do not oil them I cannot understand. Genoa is a dirty and rather uninteresting town and a couple of days there satisfied us. One afternoon George Todd's Italian agent took us out to see the Ansaldo works where they had an electric furnace and were making steel castings. Another day we motored south along the coast, a lovely ride, through some picturesque villages. The ship was a day late from Marseilles, so we did not come aboard until Sunday afternoon (sailing at 5:30). On board we found two cases of French and Italian wines from George Todd, which broke up all our good resolutions not to drink anything on the ship. There was also a lovely pink azalea bearing the card of the Murray Bartletts. By the way, I forgot to mention that in Paris I called on Blanchard and took her out to luncheon at the Café de Paris. She is blossoming into a fine young woman. Dressed in a chic

AN AFRICAN TRIP

costume of a soft shade of green and with a big bunch of violets she made an attractive appearance. Her party was leaving the next day to spend the Easter holidays around Strasburg, and were then going to Spain.

April 15. We find this ship, the *Llanstephan*, very comfortable. Although under 11,000 tons its decks are roomy and the cabins comfortable. Ours are in a row on the promenade deck next to the top. They are all communicating and there is a bathroom between Pomeroy's and mine. They are small, 6' 3" side and 8' 6" deep, but are so ingeniously fitted up that they are very convenient and most satisfactory. The food is as good as on the average liner but, of course, nothing like the Ritz restaurant on the *Majestic*.

The ship has about a sixty per cent passenger list of all kinds. There are four hunting parties—ours, another known as the Chrysler party, landing at Dar es Salaam heading for the Tanganyika country to capture live animals for the museum in Washington, D. C. They are being "covered" by a photographer named Charlton of the Pathé News. Another party is composed of a New York man named Church, his wife and his guest, Dr. Eddy. Both these men are well above sixty, I should say. They are to be guided by Kleine, the man who made the Thams pictures that were recently shown in the screening room at the Eastman Theatre. They are going to land in Mombasa and hunt mostly in Kenya. They have an elaborate armory and enough ammunition to equip a small company of soldiers. Then there is the middle-aged son of a New York banker, guided by an English major who says he lived in Kenya seven years before the War. They want buffalo and lions and are going to hunt to the north-east of Mt. Kenya in the Lorian swamp district. The major is a bit of a bounder and tells great yarns about his past experiences.

There are a lot of young people on board—young men going out to try their luck at farming, young women going out to get married, one or two mining men, a few military men (one an officer of the King's African Rifles), etc. There is a band of four pieces, piano, violin, double bass and trap player, which plays

CHRONICLES OF

music and jazz for dancing. The weather has been superb up to this time. My very nice maximum and minimum thermometer, given me by Herbert Winn, shows extreme variation of only 7 degrees Fahrenheit, that is from 60 degrees to 67 degrees. No summer clothes required yet, but we have them on hand for the Red Sea.

We expect to be at Port Said at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning and go through the canal in the afternoon.

I find that this epistle has taken on much the character of a diary. If any who start to read it find it tiresome they can skip. I shall not ask them if they read it all.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



En route Mombasa to Nairobi

NAIROBI,
Sunday, May 2, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

My last letter was mailed at Port Said. We left there about 5 P. M., saw something of the canal before dark and arrived at Suez about 11 A. M., April 16. We did not go ashore there, but the vessel stayed in the harbor until 5 P. M. It took forty-eight hours to Port Sudan where there is a railroad running to the Nile. We had a lot of freight for this port, and there is a dock to which we moored. The dock is very modern with cranes and up-to-date machinery. It took all night to unload, and we left at 11:30 the next morning. The voyage to Aden and Mombasa (except one day when we stopped to give a native dhow some water) was uneventful and comfortable and not as hot as we expected, the thermometer ranging from 77 to 85 degrees for the entire trip from Port Said to Mombasa.

Carl Akeley met us at Mombasa where we arrived on Wednesday morning about 10:30. It took us an hour to get ready to go ashore on account of the health and passport formalities. Then it was so late that we thought it best to take our luncheon on board, so we did not get to the custom house until two o'clock. It took two hours to get through the customs, chiefly on account of our guns which had to be registered and stamped with numbers for identification. We had to pay twenty per cent duty on the guns, which it seems is not returned when we leave the country.

After we got through the customs we went up to the hotel and had tea and then took a ride around the place in rickshaws. Each rickshaw carried two passengers, one native between the shafts and one behind pushing.

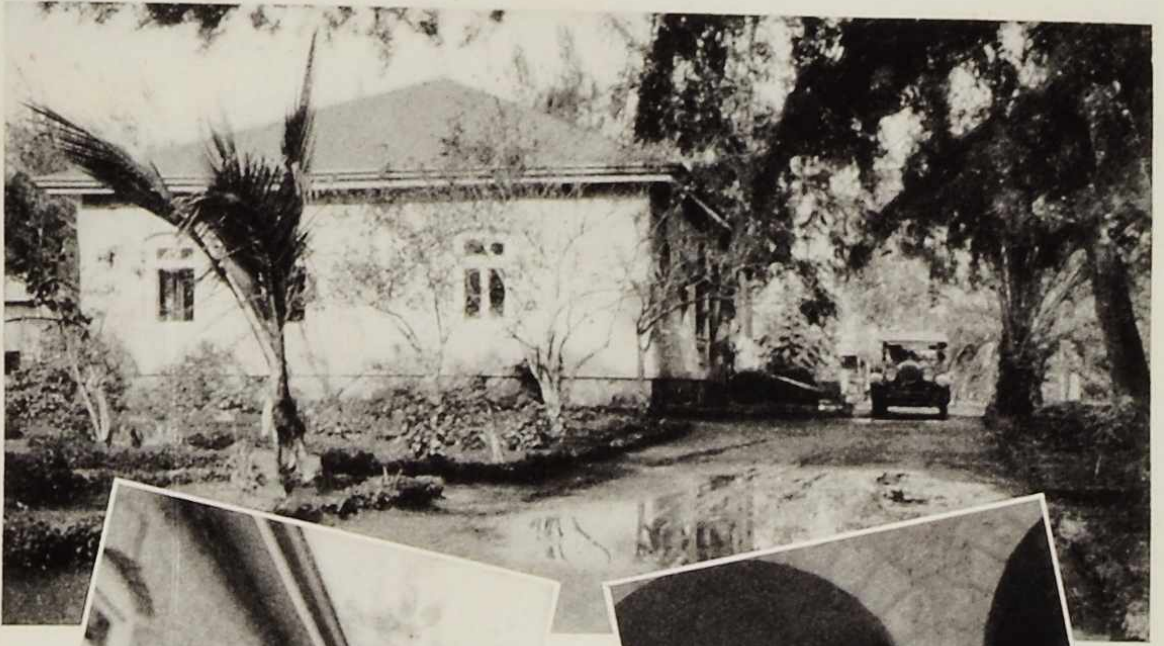
I was most agreeably surprised in Mombasa. It is one of the loveliest towns I have ever seen. The European part of the place has broad streets (not paved). The buildings are largely built of coral rock and cement, the cement being used only where needed

CHRONICLES OF

for strength as in beams and lintels. They are mostly detached, and the architecture has much the same variety and charm as that employed at Coral Gables, Florida. The rains had made everything growing fresh and green and there were a great many glorious flowering trees. We rode out to the sea front where there are the ruins of an old Portuguese fort and the wreck of a German gunboat, only the engines remaining. The native part of the town is quaint, with narrow streets, and the whole effect reminded me of Algiers. On the water front between the two towns is a large old fortress with stuccoed walls, which look as if they had been kalsomined with various warm tints which have been weathered and streaked by time, giving a perfectly gorgeous color effect. We had dinner at the hotel and then at 8:30 boarded our special train consisting of one passenger, one dining car and one baggage car. We had a very comfortable journey up country and arrived at Nairobi at four the next afternoon. We were met at the station by Mrs. Akeley and the Martin Johnsons.

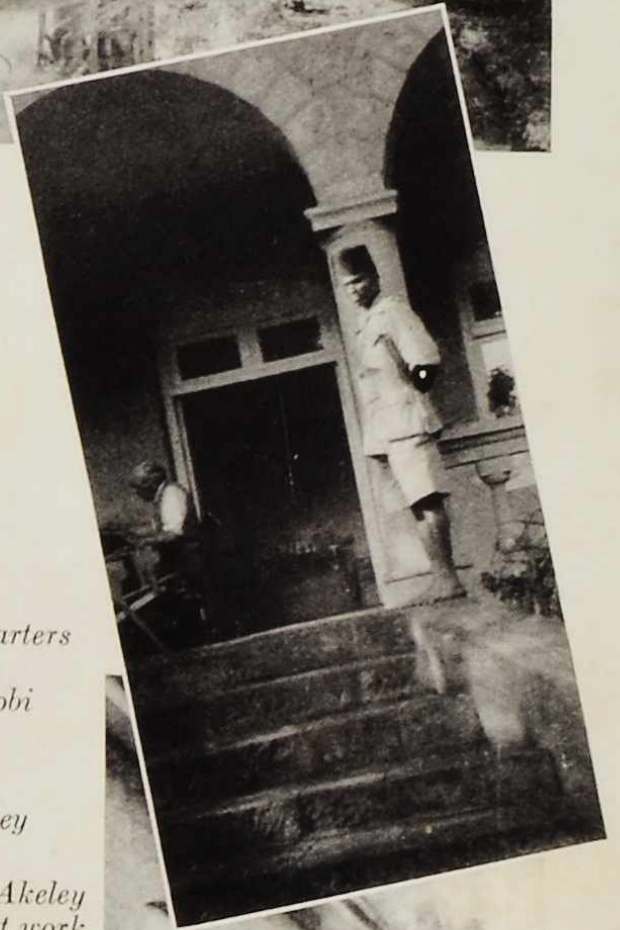
We put our luggage on one of our Chevrolet trucks and all went out to Carl Akeley's house to tea. After tea we took our personal luggage and went up to the Muthaiga Country Club, where Percival, our head white hunter, has put us up. The three of us have each a room with two beds, a bath and an outdoor toilet room.

Akeley has rented a house here in the outskirts of Nairobi for nine months, which is to be our headquarters. It is a one-story stone house with much the same floor plan as Oak Lodge, a bedroom about 15 x 18 ft. in each corner (no bathrooms), an open recessed porch in the center. The central room which is the big sitting room at the Lodge is divided crosswise with the rear half given up to a big bathroom and a pantry. The kitchen is detached. Pomeroy has one front room and Audley and I have the other for storing and arranging our outfit. The Akeleys sleep in the rear room next the bath, and Percival has the other one. There is a cellar under one of the rooms, where most of the food supplies are stored and a big attic where the empty boxes are stored. The house is quite bare, but it is airy and attractive and



*Headquarters
at
Nairobi*

*Mrs.
Carl Akeley*



*Carl Akeley
at work*



*Mrs. Martin
Johnson (Osa)*



*Mr. and
Mrs. Percival*

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

is set in the middle of a two-acre garden. It is owned by a German woman who has just lost her husband and could not afford to keep it up. Akeley was despairing of getting a place to serve as headquarters when Mrs. Akeley ran upon this. He succeeded in getting a nine months' lease for \$75.00 per month. When we are all away the house will be under the supervision of the owner, who lives nearby, and of two native ex-policemen who will be supervised by the police officer in charge of the nearest police station.

Akeley's assistants, two artists and one taxidermist, are in camp about twenty-five miles northwest making sketches. Rockwell, the other taxidermist, who came on the vessel with us, is here at the house for the present.

Nairobi is not nearly so attractive as Mombasa. There are some pretty places in the outskirts, but the lava building stone is a cold gray in color while the coral used in Mombasa is warm, some of it almost pink. The streets are dirty and the native town is simply a mess of hovels. There are a great many automobiles, mostly touring cars and trucks. Ford, Chevrolet and Buick seem to be the favorites. Gasoline is about eighty-five cents per gallon.

Tomorrow, Thursday, May 6, Audley, the two Johnsons and I are starting out for an eight or ten-day trip to the Rift Valley, about fifty miles from here. Percival has started this afternoon with two trucks and twelve natives and our camp equipment. If he gets through the first twenty miles of bad road, he will wire us and we shall start tomorrow, Audley driving the Buick seven-passenger with me and our two personal "boys" and the Johnsons driving their Overland. Percival will have our camp all set up for us when we arrive. This trip will enable us to test our outfit before starting north for Lake Paradise about 400 miles.

The only part of my camp outfit that I have brought along are our two saddles, two camp tables, six chairs, hot water plates, cups with rubber separating rings, two candle lanterns, pneumatic beds, cots and bedding, kitchen table (No. 12), egg box and two pairs food boxes.

CHRONICLES OF

Pomeroy will go up with Akeley to visit the artists' camp and kill time until we get back. Then we all expect to start north. Pomeroy's white hunter, Pat Ayre, will meet us at Meru about 200 miles up. All of our traveling will probably be done with motors and we shall not have at any time more than sixty or seventy natives to do the work around camp, drive the two trucks, cook, etc. Each white man has a personal boy who acts as valet and table waiter, one or two gun-bearers, a syce to take care of the saddle mule which will be used for hunting, and there will be about four cooks.

The country is very wet around Nairobi, the rains having continued longer than usual, but it is reported drier to the west and north. Anyway the rains are pretty sure to stop within a week or so.

We saw very little game on the way up from Mombasa. While we were passing through we saw a few antelope and five or six ostrich. Usually there are thousands to be seen, they say.

Sunday, Percival and Martin Johnson went prospecting over where we are going tomorrow, and they said they saw about a thousand head of various game.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



Detraining cars at Limuru



Old woman at Limuru



A beast of burden

BAILEY CAMP, KEDONG VALLEY

May 12, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

THIS IS the camp where the rhino gored and nearly killed Mrs. Bailey about two weeks ago. Her husband had to take her to the hospital, and so we took advantage of the very beautiful site. In a way it is something like Eastman Camp in Peaceful Valley, Wyoming, only the mountains are not so high and the valley is much larger. Back of the camp to the south the ground rises to an old volcano crater which we have not visited yet. We are camped in a beautiful grove of spreading mimosa trees, some of them two feet in diameter. To the north the valley is three or four miles wide and stretches east and west for many miles. The floor of the valley is level and mostly smooth enough to run our cars anywhere. It is on the edge of the Masai country, which is a reserve as far as white settlements are concerned, but not a game preserve. It is on the road to Tanganyika, and the railroad from Nairobi to Lake Victoria Nyanza runs about twenty miles to the east and north.

The rains were so constant in Nairobi, and there was likely to be so much delay in getting our outfit to our first camp north on our road to Paradise Lake, that we thought it would be a good thing to come out here for a week or ten days to kill time, try out our camp equipment and get some specimens of the commoner game. The roads for twenty-five miles around Nairobi were next to impassable, but Percival, who started with one big hired truck ahead of us, wired us to put our Buick, Johnson's Chevrolet and another hired truck on a flat car and follow him that way as far as we could. This we did and got as far as Limuru, twenty-five miles, riding on boxes in the brake van. Here we detrained, ate the lunch we had brought with us and started over the hills to this place through a very beautiful rolling country. We found our camp all set up and ready for us. The Johnsons sleep in their Chevrolet over which is spread a big green cover. Pomeroy,

CHRONICLES OF

Stewart and I each have an 8 x 10 wall tent of heavy green canvas with a big, spreading fly which projects 6 feet in front, making a very nice veranda. The tent can be opened at both ends to let the breeze blow through. There are hooks strapped around each pole to hang clothes on at the rear and the lantern or shower bath at the front. By the way this shower bath is a contraption of mine, and as it works perfectly is worth describing. It consists of a regular collapsible automobile canvas pail to the bottom of which I had attached a hose fitting. To this screws about four feet of soft rubber tube near the end of which is a clothespin to regulate the flow of water. Every evening when we come back from hunting Abdulla, my tent boy, hangs this pail on the front pole about head high, puts the zinc bathtub under it and puts a supply of warm water in each and closes the front flap of the tent, making a perfect bathroom.

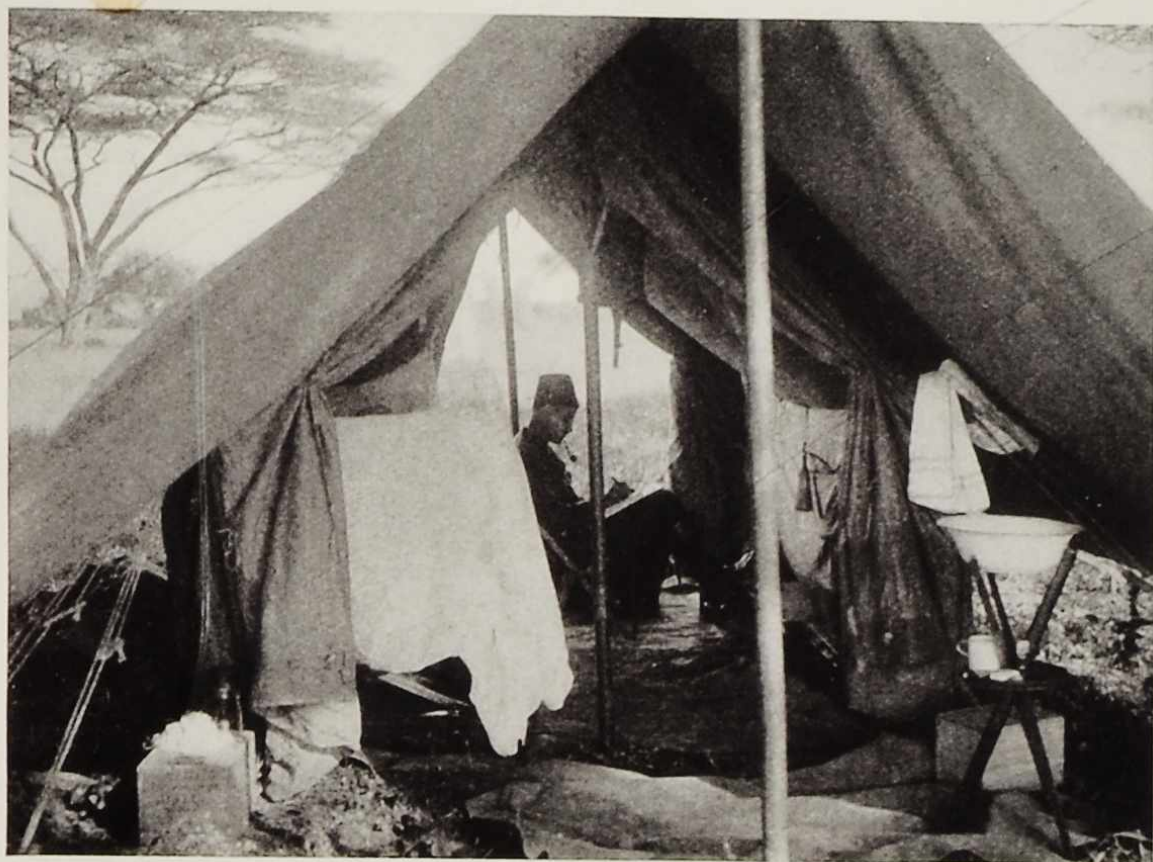
The personnel of our party is as follows:

	Natives
Philip Percival, white hunter, boy and gun-bearer.....	2
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, two boys.....	2
Pomeroy, boy, gun-bearer and skinner.....	3
Stewart, boy, gun-bearer.....	2
G. E., boy, two gun-bearers and skinner.....	4
Chauffeur and helper (Boer).....	1
Head man (this is the man who had one eye clawed out by a leopard in the Stewart Edward White party) .	1
Cook.....	1
Porters.....	12
Syces.....	2

Total Natives..... 30

Total Whites—7 (including chauffeur who is a Dutchman and eats by himself).

If we had to rely on the negro cook, we would not fare extra well. Mrs. Johnson and I round out the menu with considerable success. Mrs. Johnson is an exceptional cook, experienced and resourceful, and as for me, when I had sprung on the party some



Audley and his diary



Phil Percival and G. E.

AN AFRICAN TRIP

of my coffee, biscuit, muffins, graham gems, corn bread, lemon tarts and huckleberry pie from my mixtures, Percival said if I would join him for the next year and direct the cuisine he would give me half his pay, which is 150 pounds per month, and I could do all the hunting I wanted to. I told him I would do it if Osa (Mrs. Johnson) would go along too, but Martin would not let her sign up, so the whole scheme fell through.

There is an enormous quantity of game in this valley—kongoni, zebra, Grant's gazelle, "tommies" (Thompson gazelles), ostrich, giraffe, steinbucks, dik dik, eland, wart hog, all of which we have secured as specimens except zebra, ostrich, giraffe, and dik dik. There was a herd of about 150 kongoni in front of the camp when we came back one evening, and we have seen as many as 52 ostriches and 20 giraffes in one bunch. Occasionally we run across a hyena (Audley shot one one evening on our way home), and we often see jackals.

Yesterday morning I experienced the thrill of my life. We, Audley, Percival, the chauffeur and two gun-bearers, started out early (before six) in the Buick to see if we could pick up a Grant's gazelle we had dropped off the back of the car on the way home the night before. After searching about an hour we gave it up and started off across the veldt which was sparsely sprinkled with small thorn trees. Suddenly Percival said, "Look at the lions." About 300 yards on our left front were a lioness, two cubs and a male lion who was behind. They had just left a zebra kill and were making toward the brush to lie up for the day. The chauffeur (we call him Joe because we can't pronounce his name) turned on the gas and we soon got within 125 yards of the lion when he stopped. I gave him a soft nose Mannlicher bullet in the groin. He started to run again and then he turned and faced us. While he was making up his mind what to do I gave him another bullet in the center of his breast, which finished him (at about 100 yards). We left one of the gun-bearers with the dead lion and started after the lioness, but she had disappeared with her cubs. When we got back to the lion we found it was a big one (8 ft. 8 in.) in the prime of life and in perfect condition except

CHRONICLES OF

that his skin was much scarred, evidently in fight with his rivals. He was so heavy that all hands had difficulty in getting him into the car so we could bring him home to photograph him. It was considered great good luck to get a lion so early in our trip. The natives were greatly excited when we got back to camp and all insisted on gathering around and shaking hands. In the evening they gave a dance and carried Audley and me around camp on their shoulders.

I got a shot at a lion three days before, but he was running and I did not succeed in hitting him. Lions are certainly magnificent animals in the open.

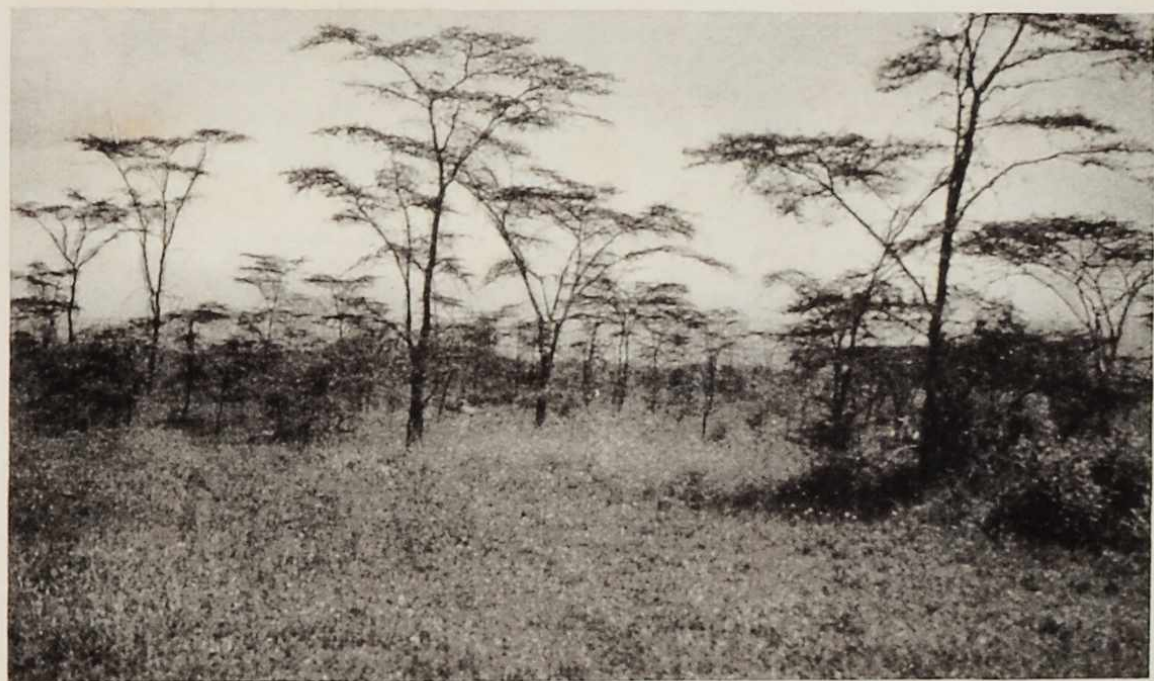
All the animals, except perhaps the lion, can run like the wind for long distances, and it is very hard to get a shot at them closer than 200 to 300 yards on the open veldt.

We had an amusing experience with a wart hog the other day. We had been chasing him for about half an hour and had finally come abreast of him when he made a vicious charge right at the car. Audley was on that side and made a spectacular shot at him about six or eight feet away. What he would have done if he had hit the car is a problem. Audley also killed a small pig, and we had the hind quarters roasted. It was excellent—the cold meat was like chicken. We have had tommy chops, eland steak and soups made of various game. The natives have had all the meat they could eat and have “jerked” quantities of it. The temperature has been delightful, ranging from 57 to 60 degrees at night to 80 or 85 degrees in the tents in the daytime, and we have been able to hunt every day notwithstanding it has rained almost daily.

May 19, Nairobi. We left Bailey Camp in our Buick and Johnson's Chevrolet at 9 A. M. Friday, the 14th; arrived at Kijabe, a station twenty miles beyond Limuru, where we had a flat car waiting for us. We rode third-class to Nairobi, arriving there at 5:30 P. M. The two cars and truck followed us on a night train. Since then we have been sleeping at the Club and eating at the Akeley house, Osa and I with the help of our camp cook putting up some swell menus. The Akeleys are out thirty



G. E.'s first lion



Country where I got my first lion

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

miles at their artists' camp, and we may not see them again until we get to Paradise Lake. Profiting by our experience at Bailey Camp I decided to cobble up a special cooking outfit for Osa and me with a separate cook tent where we can cook without interfering with the camp cook. Our three tent boys will do all the real work, of course. The custom of going out early to hunt, returning to camp from 12 to 4, lends itself to culinary work very nicely. When we come home at 7 P. M. we have a nice warm bath and a Scotch highball and are fresh as daisies for dinner.

I am writing this on the house piazza after luncheon. All the others have gone to town shopping. It is a beautiful sunny day with big cumulus clouds, a nice soft breeze and a temperature of 73 degrees. The pretty garden is full of roses, hibiscus, gorgeous dahlias, and many flowering trees and shrubs that are strange to me. We have not been bothered at any time with insects, flies or mosquitoes, although there are mosquitoes about—so the conditions are ideal. There is, however, they tell us, much sickness especially among the natives. We have several laid up with malaria, whom the doctor is treating. Audley makes us all take six grains of quinine every night, and we always sleep under nets.

Our trucks have returned from Isiola, our first big camp en route to Paradise Lake, about 110 miles. It took them about six or seven days to get there and they burned out two clutches, but they returned in one day, the roads dried up so rapidly. On their favorable report we have decided to start out Friday afternoon. We shall sleep at a wayside hotel thirty miles out and then make camp perhaps in one day. We shall stay in this camp a week or ten days fishing and shooting. The game is much wilder than in Kedong Valley, but we shall probably not get any more lions until further on, possibly not until we go to Tanganyika. We shall make two more camps between Isiola and the lake and arrive there in two weeks. Isiola is forty miles from Meru, to which place we can have our mail and telegrams forwarded.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

(Newspaper Clipping)

NAIROBI,
Tuesday, May 4, 1926

WHITE WOMAN CHARGED BY TWO RHINOS

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN RIFT VALLEY

Partially Scalped

Carried Four Miles by Camp Natives

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

While hunting in Suswa, the mountain which rises above the great Rift Valley and is one of the breasts of the Queen of Sheba in the mythology and ancient history of Africa, she was charged by two rhinoceroses and very seriously injured.

This is the thrilling story of her adventure:

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

WITHIN FORTY YARDS

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

CHRONICLES OF

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

The next thing she knew was that they both rose to their feet and rushed through the bush at her, charging side by side. Mrs. Bailey's one and only thought was that the end of her life had arrived, and she had no time to turn about or fire a second time.

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

A RETURN ATTACK

Both native gun-bearers stood the strain well. They were experienced men, and they kept their ground. As soon as opportunity offered they lifted the injured woman up—her face streaming blood—and when she regained her feet, she discovered that one of the rhinos was rapidly returning. The natives dragged Mrs. Bailey into a dry water gully, and the gun-bearer drove the animal off with rifle fire. Then they set out to carry Mrs. Bailey four miles to camp and luckily met another party of the camp porters who had been in the same locality for the camp water supply. Among them they brought her down, quite unconscious, and one native hurried on ahead to inform Mr. Bailey who met the party bringing his injured wife about a mile from camp.

HURRIED TO HOSPITAL

Mr. Bailey immediately placed her in his car and took her to Naivasha where the District Commissioner called in a doctor. Mrs. Bailey was removed to the farm and given emergency attention, after which the doctor ordered her removal to Nairobi hospital.

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

Dr. Jewell, on examination, found that the skull was intact, but Mrs. Bailey will require the most careful attention for some time before she regains strength after the terrifying experience. She is now progressing slowly but steadily.

It is believed that one of the rhinoceroses has been shot, and Mr. Bailey is returning to Suswa in search of the other.

MR. EASTMAN'S NOTE: This is the spot where we are going for a week's hunt before starting north.

SECOND NOTE: Mrs. Bailey recovered and resumed her hunting trip with her husband.



Trout stream at Nanyuki

CAMP NEAR ARCHER'S POST

May 28, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

WE RETURNED to Nairobi from the Kedong Valley trip Friday afternoon, the 14th inst., and remained there just one week getting ready for our big trip north. Day by day reports came in that the roads were drying up, so that by the 21st we felt justified in starting out. We slept at the Club every night but got most of our meals and spent most of our time at the house. The Akeleys did not return while we were there.

Wednesday evening we dined with the Deputy Game Commissioner, Captain Caldwell. In addition to our party, the Percivals and Johnsons, there were Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Ramsay Hill and another woman whose name I forget. Jarvis is Deputy Governor of Uganda, and he and his wife were very cordial in inviting us to visit them. The dinner was interesting in that it showed what could be done in the way of entertaining out here in the wilds within forty miles of herds of many kinds of animals in their native habitat. The house is a large one of bungalow style, the main room about forty feet square and the dining room about thirty by forty feet. The dinner was excellent, served and cooked by native servants (the cooks may have been Indians). The wines and liqueurs were in great variety. Apparently you could have anything you wanted to drink. Altogether the whole affair was carried off much as it would have been in a country house in England. The next day Stewart, Pomeroy and I lunched with the Governor of Kenya and Lady Grigg. The Admiral of the fleet and some young officers and attachés and one or two women were there. There wasn't much point to it, but Lady Grigg tried to interest me in some maternity work among the natives. She seemed disappointed when I advanced some skeptical opinions, but she was very nice about it.

Well, we finally left Nairobi at 4 P. M. Friday for Thika, thirty miles. This gave us nearly all day to load up and make

CHRONICLES OF

final adjustments. There is little system about this safari business, I find, but they appear to get there all the same. We regretted leaving Mrs. Percival because we had all taken a great liking to her. She reminds me of Mrs. Andrew Pringle as she was when I first knew her. She also reminds me of my picture of Mrs. Johnson by Raeburn—the upstanding, efficient Scotch type of woman, very attractive and womanly, but not effeminate.

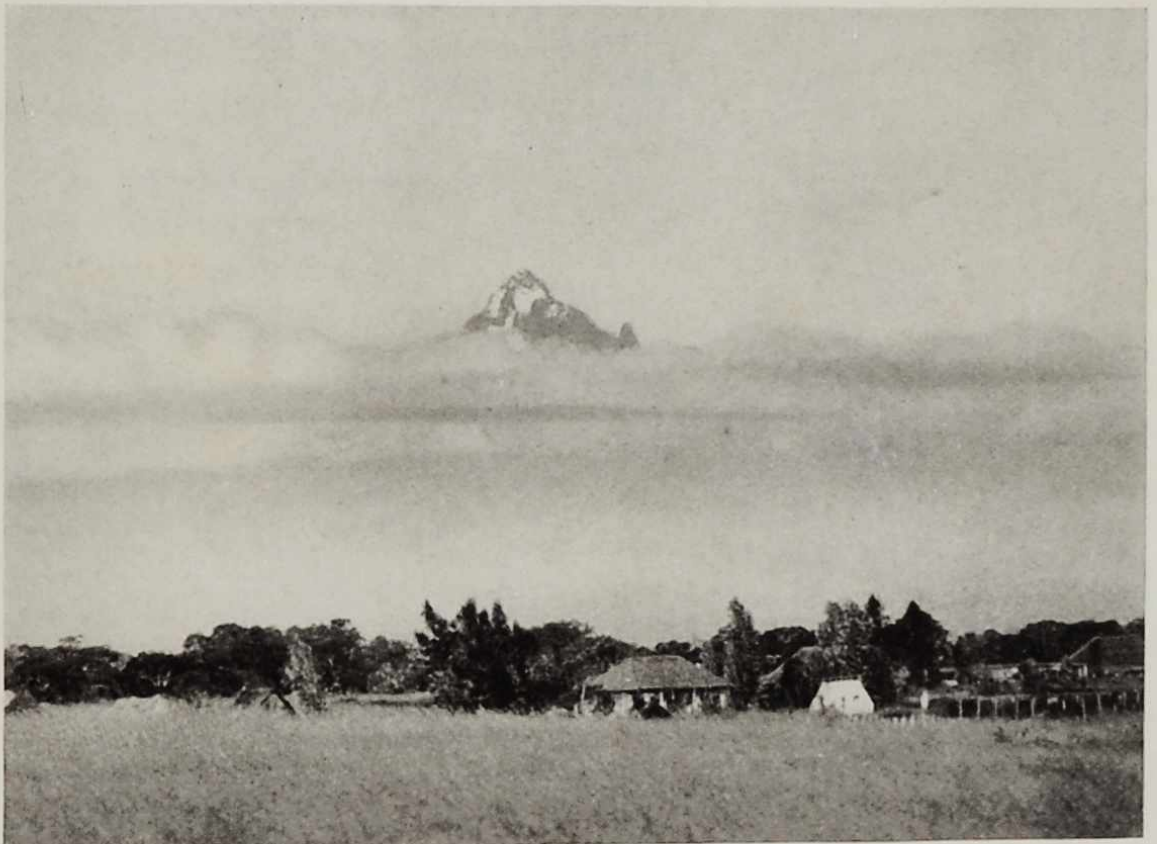
Percival says ours is the largest motor safari to leave Nairobi so far—five trucks (three our own and two hired) and two passenger cars. The days of portage are over—too slow and porters too difficult to obtain and maintain. We have to have about thirty-five natives as it is. We would require at least one hundred and fifty more if we used porters. We arrived at Thika about 6 P. M. over a mostly good dirt road, through a beautiful rolling country, having a number of large coffee plantations which look much like orange groves. The trees are a little smaller and more pointed like a pear tree but have similar glossy green leaves. The road was fairly good, but there were a few bad places in it which held back the trucks so they did not arrive until about midnight. Thika is a little settlement at the junction of two small rivers, each having a fall of about fifty feet, which gives power for a small mill and a few electric lights. The hotel consists of a range of one-story buildings having a bar and office, a kind of a summer garden for motor parties from Nairobi, a dining room and sixteen small grass huts containing two beds each. These huts are very attractive with their walls made of rushes woven together and their thatched roofs, and cement floors to keep out the vermin.

The next day we got off at eight o'clock and made ninety-six miles by dark to a place of much the same style called Nanyuki. The following day was Sunday, and as it happened to be the only trout fishing place on the whole trip we laid off for the day and had a picnic luncheon at the trout stream a few miles away. Dan and Osa had a wager as to which would get the most fish. Dan got twenty-seven and Osa twenty-five, but hers were the largest. Dan is a fisherman of the George Bonbright stripe, so it was a



Osa and her catch

Mount Kenya



AN AFRICAN TRIP

great triumph for Osa. She is a very enthusiastic and skillful angler and is known as the champion of that little spot. She always puts in a day's fishing there when she goes by.

The next day, Monday, we expected to reach this camping place, but we ran into some soft roads and some of the trucks got mired. About five o'clock we were overtaken by a heavy rain-storm and had to make camp on a hillside. It rained hard for about an hour and then cleared up, or rather stopped raining, and we succeeded in making a very comfortable temporary camp. We finally got here about three o'clock the next afternoon, leaving some of our heavy supplies on the hillside for a return trip of two trucks.

Aside from this one shower the weather has been simply marvelous ever since we left Nairobi. It is hard to imagine such a lovely climate on the equator (the place where we stopped to fish is exactly on the line). The temperature at night has been 60 to 65 degrees and in the middle of the day not above 85 in the tents at any time, with always a nice breeze.

We are camped in the middle of a great plain in full sight of Mount Kenya to the south. If I had talent as a descriptive writer I could exercise it all in telling you about the beautiful grove of great mimosas in the middle of an immense field of what appears to be timothy half ripe and about knee high, the hills and mountains in the distance, the brilliant full moon which rose at seven last night and was still shining brightly when the sun rose this morning as we were finishing breakfast at five-thirty. The valley is as level as a floor, and we can ride almost anywhere in our motors. There are only a few large groves of mimosas. Thorn trees ranging from bushes to fifteen or twenty feet high dot most of the plain, but there is little thick brush.

Our day runs as follows: At four-thirty we are awakened by our tent boys lighting the lanterns in our tents. They bring us tea while we are dressing. At five we have breakfast of cereal, coffee, bacon and eggs, bread and jam, and are ready to start out by daylight. Dan goes in an Overland with his white hunter, Pat Ayre, a chauffeur and two gun-bearers. Audley and I have a

CHRONICLES OF

Buick and take a chauffeur, Percival and two gun-bearers. We carry .470 rifles, Mannlichers, and usually 22's for the birds. Nobody leaves camp without at least one heavy gun in the car loaded with hard-nosed bullets in case we meet rhinos. There are only a few here just now, but one is quite enough to make considerable trouble. Day before yesterday morning we had only gone about two or three miles from camp when we sighted three lions. We went after them, and finally Audley succeeded in getting the male. Yesterday Dan got several shots at the female but missed her as she was in long grass. To return to the day—we usually get back to camp by ten o'clock (or if we go far afield as Audley and I did today, twenty miles from camp, by twelve o'clock). We have lunch. The native cook is pretty good and gave us today gerenuk hash and mashed potatoes, coffee and French pancakes. We take a siesta until four or four-thirty and then go out again for a couple of hours to see what we can find. Returning about six-thirty we find our baths ready and are soon in good trim for a hearty dinner, consisting of soup, meat, canned vegetables and dessert of some kind. Then a short time around the camp-fire and we turn in to our luxurious beds. It gets cool as soon as the sun goes down, and I sleep in woolen pajamas and seldom fail to pull a light blanket over me before morning.

Thus go our days, to say nothing of the excitement of the chase. I got almost as much thrill out of Audley's lion as my own. He took a lot of shooting, and Percival expected at one time that he was about to charge. He was 7 ft. 10 in. long, also in the prime of life.

There are big herds of oryx and zebra here and scattered groups of eland (the largest of the antelopes), gerenuks, Grant's gazelle, "tommies," giraffe, dik diks (the smallest of all the antelopes, about the size of a pointer dog), lesser koodoos, impalla, and others I forget. Yesterday Audley and I saw our first rhino, but Percival would not let me shoot him because his horns were not big enough. He says we shall get all the rhino we want before we get through. As for birds, yesterday afternoon I went out for an hour and a half and got with a 22 a quail, a spur fowl, a guinea



Osa and Dan



Oryx



Greater bustard (game bird)

AN AFRICAN TRIP

and three greater bustards which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds apiece. The first day I was here I got a bustard that weighed thirty pounds and one that weighed twenty pounds. The bustard is much like a turkey, but its meat is dark and tastes like beef tenderloin. This morning on our way to and from the hunting grounds Audley and I got twelve spur fowls with our 22's, shooting through the open windshield at the birds in the road in front of us.

The nearest water is a running muddy stream half a mile away which will dry up in a few weeks. It is called good water and tastes all right. When we get to the region of water-holes where the water is foul we propose to use a still for our drinking water, and perhaps quit washing mostly.

I am finishing this letter at 4:30 P. M., sitting in my tent with a balmy breeze blowing through at 80 degrees. At noon it was 87 which is the hottest it has been so far by two degrees.

The Johnsons started for Paradise Lake at daylight yesterday morning, expecting to run their car all night by moonlight (spelling each other at the wheel) and get there sometime today with good luck. They have been away from their camp six weeks and want to check it up before we get there. We hope they will be back in six days. They are both a great addition to our party, and she is the life of the camp. Even Percival who says he hates the sight of a woman in camp has fallen for her, and whether she is fishing, shooting, driving a car, making bread, chili con carni, soup or spur fowl fricassee, we all think she is about perfect. Percival says you naturally expect a woman like his wife to know something and be efficient, but in a woman who looks and acts as frivolous as Osa it is most amazing.

Percival expects tomorrow or next day to take a prospecting trip for elephant, which if it turns out favorably will be a side trip on the way to Paradise Lake. He is more anxious to have Audley and me get our elephants than anything else. Dan got one in the Sudan and will not try for another unless he sees one with eighty-pound tusks.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



En route to Paradise Lake

PARADISE LAKE

Sunday, June 20, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

WE ARRIVED here just a week ago today—our farthest north objective point and the one we have looked forward to with the greatest interest. We found it fully up to our expectations. The lake is a circular body of water, occupying the crater of an old volcano, and is perhaps a third to half a mile across. The side of the crater is blown away on the southeast and rises to a couple of hundred feet on the north. The Johnsons' houses are on the ridge overlooking the lake to the east. The various houses which are all made of wattles, plastered with mud and thatched with straw, except the one Audley and I are quartered in, are on various levels following the undulations of the ridge and consist of a living and dining room with fireplace and dirt floor, a kitchen, a sleeping house for the Johnsons, a guest house, a bath house, a workshop where the Delco electric generator is, the laboratory and a storehouse where the supplies are kept. The ground slopes from this string of houses away from the lake to the shamba or garden, and below that is the native village of huts where the men (or "boys" as they are called) live who are employed on the place. There are only two women on the place, wives of two of the boys. They are not employed.

The houses are all picturesque and rough and serve their various purposes excellently, and the living rooms are very comfortable. The log house where Audley and I are is new, having been built for our occupancy, Dan having the guest house and the two white hunters living in tents. Our house is about 20 x 25 ft. with a big alcove for the fireplace, and is all open on one side, there being no windows on three sides. It has a dirt floor (covered with a canvas tent fly), a 2-ft. base of cut lava, then log walls up to about 7½ ft., of 5-in. logs, then a steep roof thatched with straw on small poles held in place by rawhide thongs. There are pegs on the walls upon which to hang our things and around the

CHRONICLES OF

top is a string of Osa's hunting trophies. With a fire in the deep fireplace the house is most attractive. The surrounding forest extends for miles. Only hard wood grows in this country. It is surprisingly heavy, and makes wonderful firewood and burns with little smoke and no soot. All the cooking is done on the open fire, both at the house and in camp, and the utensils (mostly aluminum) are easily kept bright and clean.

They have a very effective "stove" in the kitchen. In the middle of the room (all open on one side) is a raised bench about 3 ft. wide with a trench in the top about a foot square. One end butts against the chimney. The top of this trench is covered next the wall with a hot-water tank, then about 5 ft. is covered with a sheet of iron with holes and covers. The end, away from the chimney for about 2 ft., is open. The bottom of the trench is about 3 ft. from the floor, making it convenient to work at the fire. The fire is made in the trench with long slender sticks of wood. The bread-baking is done in rectangular sheet-iron Dutch ovens set on top of the stove, the bottom heat coming from the stove and the top heat from coals shoveled on top of the oven. Any person with a little practice can do perfect baking in this way. It is especially good for baking pies, as the bottom heat can be regulated so accurately in reference to the top. I think I will build one at Oak Lodge.

The weather here is simply delightful, the range of temperature from 61 degrees at night to 75 degrees in the day time in the shade. In the direct sun it is hot but I have not been oppressed by it at any time. I have, when out on the desert on the way here, felt the heat of the ground through the crepe rubber soles of my shoes, a $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. cork insole and two pairs heavy wool socks and still been quite comfortable. When hunting we usually come in for a siesta from ten to four, but the middle of the day in the field so far has not been unbearable.

After we left the beautiful camp at Guasamana, where Audley and I both got our lions, we moved seventeen miles across the Guaso Nyiro River to a place called Kissimani (the Wells), where we stayed from May 31st to June 6th. The crossing of the



Taking a look at Paradise Lake

AN AFRICAN TRIP

river was interesting because we had to be pulled over by a rope. The day previous two of our trucks had been towed across by mules and they in turn pulled us across. The rope broke several times but we finally made it with the help of fifteen or twenty of our "boys" pushing and pulling. Audley and I went over ahead on mules so we could make some photographs. We had pretty good shooting at the "Wells" and all got some good specimens.

On the 6th we moved again about twenty-three miles to Karo, a place where we had to get water out of holes dug in the sand of a dry river. By this time our still proved its value as the water was not fit to drink. At a waterhole, two hours from Karo, Martin had a blind built and he and I sat in it all day hoping to get some pictures of animals but nothing came. The next morning we started at daylight for the same place but as there were no fresh tracks we were advised by our native guide to try another one two hours further on. After we had been marching an hour (on foot and mules), we ran across a rhino. As his horns were not good specimens I thought I would try making a Ciné-Kodak of him. After stalking him a little way I got within 20 yards of him when he saw me and charged. Phil and Martin had their big guns, of course, and when he got within 10 yards Phil opened on him, Martin following. He began to crumple at once and fell $5\frac{1}{2}$ paces from where I stood. I kept the camera trained on him all right but the film, we found on Martin's developing it, appeared hopelessly over-exposed for a good picture, but it records what happened. The affair could not have been more perfect if it had been staged and was the opportunity of a lifetime. I am much disappointed not to have got a good picture.*

I forgot to say that at the "Wells" one night a lion tried to take one of our mules. Three mules were tethered right in the middle of the camp between our tents and the boys. He got his claws into both jaws from behind and why he did not hang on is a mystery. Phil thinks he did not realize when he tackled the job what a nest of men he was getting into, and let go when he saw

*When printed at Rochester this picture turned out all right.

CHRONICLES OF

what a big camp was there. The mule broke away and we did not get him until the next afternoon. He had run back to the river and was caught by a native. His jaws had swollen and they began to suppurate right away. We nicknamed him "laudable pus," he ran so much of it, but he was getting well at last accounts. We left him at our last camp and expect to pick him up again when we go back tomorrow. The next night a leopard came into camp and was seen by one of the chauffeurs with a flash lamp. He did no harm. Martin got a fine flashlight picture of him on a zebra kill the night following.

Our last camp before we reached here was at Lasamis, a water hole in a desolate country where Paul Rainey made some of his best pictures. There is little game at any of these water holes now because there is some water nearly everywhere and the game has spread all about. We are anxious to get elephant and buffalo, as well as rhino, and are shortening our stay here a week in order to go on a camel safari to a place where it is just possible we may get the elephant and buffalo. It is only a chance, but we are going to take it. In any case the camel safari will be an experience. As the country is too rough for motors, we shall ride on donkeys and the boys will walk. The camels will carry the outfit and food. There are not enough boys.

Have had no mail since leaving Nairobi, May 21st. Hope there will be a lot at Meru when we get there in about two weeks.

Everybody is feeling fine in the party, except one of the chauffeurs and two or three boys, who have fever off and on.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



Crossing the Guaso Nyiro



Mimosas

ODERMURU CAMP

June 29, 1926

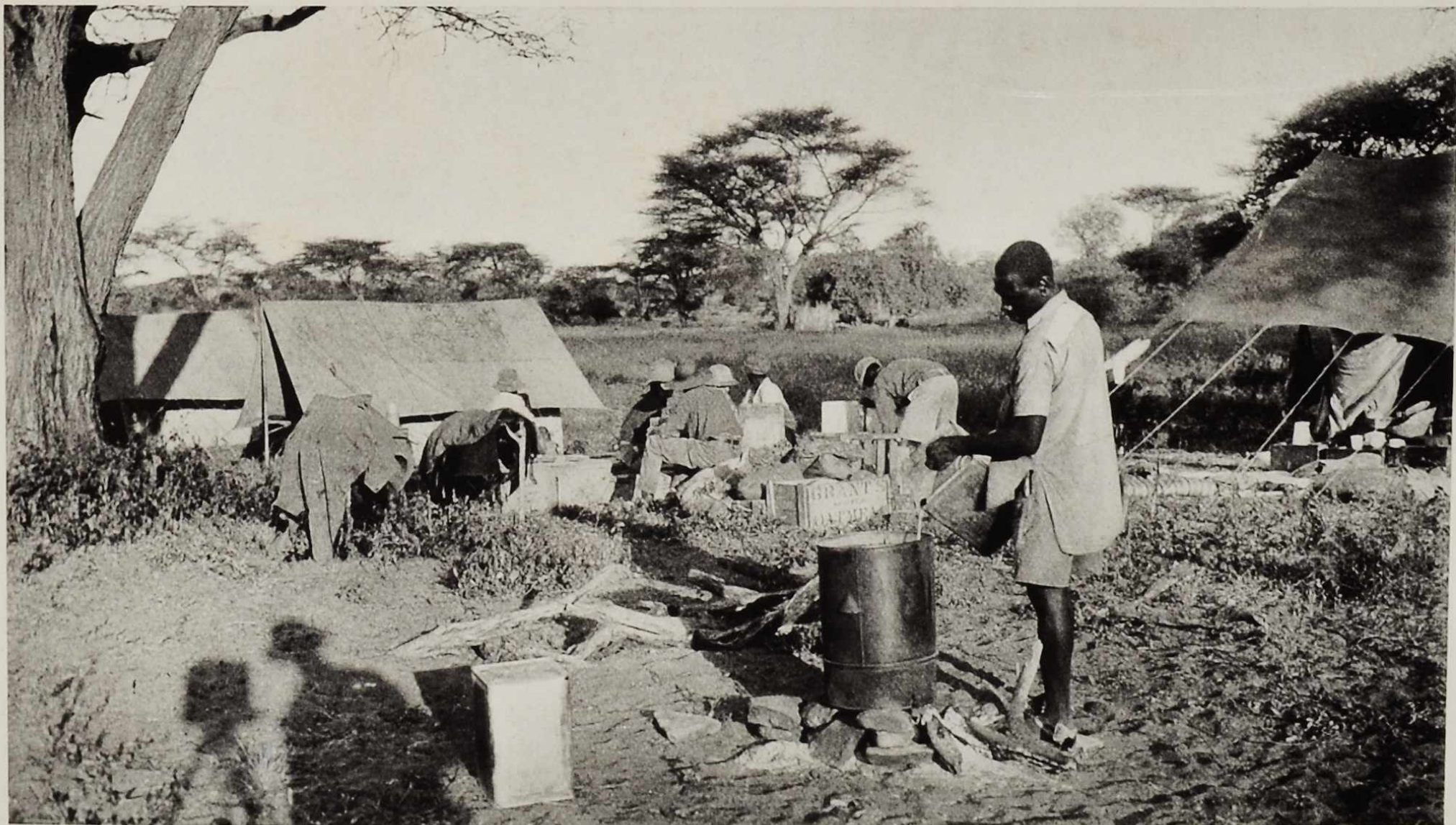
DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

WE LEFT Paradise Lake by motors just a week ago, the Johnsons with their two cars, our Buick 7-passenger, Chevrolet 5-passenger and four trucks, for Lasamis where we had left part of our outfit nine days before. The stay at the lake and two days' camp by Audley and me at Sunga after buffalo was interesting and pleasant but we got no specimens. The buffalo we saw were either cows or small bulls. One afternoon, on our way home, we lay in the grass and watched some six or eight come out of the bush to drink at a water hole within thirty yards of us. They were very cautious, and it took them twenty minutes to move 150 yards. They finally got so close that Phil was afraid they might get excited and do us damage, so we rose up in the grass and they rushed back into the bush. Some of the old cows were very big, with what I thought were big horns, but Phil would not let us shoot. They are certainly vicious-looking animals.

At Lasamis we stayed overnight. Osa and I got some good sand grouse shooting at the water hole both night and morning. The birds come in hundreds to drink, a little after sunrise and about sunset, regular as clockwork. So far we have had the following game birds (in the order of their size)—greater and lesser bustards, vulturines, guineas, spur fowl, quail and sand grouse. We have seen lots of plover but have not got any. We found our camels waiting for us at Lasamis, and about noon began the work of packing them. Our outfit is 28 camels, 5 mules, 13 syces, 30 porters, 7 gun-bearers, 7 personal boys, 2 cooks and 2 helpers (61 natives), and 7 white people. The camels had to carry ten days' food and all the tent equipment and four days' water. The water at Lasamis was dirty, and the water at this place was known to be poor with none on the two days' march. We had fourteen gallons of rain water from the lake, and are depending

CHRONICLES OF

on a still to supplement that for drinking. It took about four hours to saddle and pack the camels. Each one is supposed to carry 300 pounds, which is only 60 pounds more than a good pack horse can take comfortably, but camels can go four or five days without water. The natives who supplied them were very expert and it was interesting to see them pack. They use a couple of thin mats for blankets and the saddle is made of four sticks, small saplings about 5 ft. long, everything being tied together by pleated ropes made of bark. Four or five of the camels were very bad actors, and bucked and kicked off their loads and raised hell generally. Among the things damaged were Audley's medicine case, my egg box, the still and several chop boxes. It is surely some fall off a camel's back to the ground. Finally things were got together and we started off about 4 P. M. for a three-hours' trek. After we got started we had no further trouble with the camels. That night we had scrambled eggs for supper. I had not foreseen the camel episode, and had not packed the eggs in buckwheat shucks as usual, so 3½ dozen out of 12 had got cracked. We camped two nights and got here the third day before noon. We saw a fine koodoo, two rhinos and many buffalo tracks, but we did not disturb anything because gunfire would frighten the elephants we had come for. When we got near the water hole we began to see elephant spoor, some of which was very large, and were much encouraged. We spent the afternoon in setting up camp on a ridge overlooking the country, and about a quarter of a mile away from the water. The next morning Osa spied an elephant on a rise of ground about three miles across the valley. She was using her glasses from a high rock near camp. Audley, Phil, Martin and I, with our gun-bearers and skimmers, set out to see if we could stalk him. The wind was wrong for a direct approach so we had to go around. We could not see him after we were well started. After about one hour Saasita, my gun-bearer, said, "There they are," and pointed out to Phil *several* elephants in the brush about 500 yards away. After carefully testing the wind they decided to go still farther around to the right. When we had gone perhaps 100 yards, the guides suddenly stopped



Native distilling water

AN AFRICAN TRIP

and changed their course, having heard some tick birds in the brush ahead of us. This was the sign of a rhino, and if he charged us, we should have to shoot, or if he ran away from us, he might scare the elephants. Finally we got around him and were able to approach our quarry within 30 yards. There were two bulls, one toto (half grown) and five cows in a group in a small opening under a big tree. The bulls had their sides toward us on opposite sides of the group facing out in opposite directions like the spokes of a wheel. It was an ideal situation. One bull had the point of one tusk slightly broken but the other had perfect tusks. They both looked immense to me, so what was my disappointment to hear Phil whisper, "No good tusks—too small." We stood looking at them several minutes. Elephants' eyes are poor, and if they don't get your wind, Phil says you can almost go up and put postage stamps on them. Then they got a whiff of our scent and ambled off through the brush. Since then we have scanned the country with our glasses and had two expert native elephant hunters scouring the country, but have not yet got on the track of shootable elephant. This place is perhaps our only chance on our trip and if we cannot find them here in a couple of days we shall have to give it up and go after rhino and buffalo again.

The mail came in last night by camel—motor from Meru to our base, Merille, and one day by camel. Latest date in Rochester, May 11th. There wasn't as much of it as I should have liked but it was mighty welcome. Also received Folsom's cables, one announcing the death of Mayor Van Zandt. He looked feeble when I left and I was not much surprised. It may result in some trouble for the City Manager plan, but I reckon that no one man is essential to carrying it on.

For two days we have sat in camp all day hoping for favorable reports from our scouts. It is pretty hot in the middle of the day (94 today), but cool at night (63 degrees), and we get along very comfortably. Even in the heat it is best to wear woolen clothing, so I wear exactly the same that I have in Wyoming and British Columbia—thin woolen underwear, woolen shirt, two pairs heavy socks, heavy shoes, spine pad and pith helmet. After my

CHRONICLES OF

bath every evening I put on thin socks and "mosquito" boots (high boots made of suede leather). We all sleep under nets and take six grains quinine every night. We all get bitten occasionally, and as there is lots of malaria among the members of the outfit, whites and natives, we shall have to lay it to the quinine if we escape.

We keep a supply of distilled water hanging in a canvas bag which cools it so as to be palatable, but some nice iced tea would taste good. Osa and I have plenty of time to experiment with cooking. Last night I made individual pastry shells in some saucers and we had some of Eliza's lemon tarts. They were perfect. We also had some corn-bread gems baked in the rings. We put $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch sand in the Dutch oven and pour some hot water on it to make a moist oven. That makes the gems as light as air. The canned Danish butter is good, but at lunch we have to handle it with a spoon.

We have been very little troubled with bugs, mosquitoes or ants, but in some places at some times I hear they can all be terrible. I have seen but one snake, a small cobra, killed while trying to get into the Johnsons' bedroom. There was a rhino around camp night before last that stirred up some of the camels, so we are leaving a lantern burning all night in the mess tent so he can see where to go or not to go.

July 3. Meru. We abandoned our elephant hunt Wednesday, the 30th, and struck out for Meru. We found our cars waiting at our base camp, Merille, and there we discharged our camels and mules. We found the Akeley's and their artists and taxidermists camped at the "Wells" where we had had some good shooting on the way out. In the morning, before starting for Meru, we lined everything up and photographed with Standard Movies, Graflex, Kodaks and Ciné-Kodak. The thirteen cars and about eighty natives made quite a show. After a rather hot day we arrived at Meru about 5 P. M. and camped at the sawmill of Pat Ayre (Dan's white hunter) and his partner, Young. About an hour before we got there we left the desert and entered the high country with heavy forest. They have a partly finished fine



Our motor transport



Complete party at the "Wells"

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

big guest house in which there is a large living room about 20 x 25 ft. and two sleeping rooms about 16 ft. square. Audley and I are occupying one and the Johnsons the other. Dan has a small house all to himself and Phil is in a tent. The two partners are skilled mechanics and have shown much ability in installing the enterprise. They have a concession covering eighteen thousand acres on which there is some very good timber—a good supply of water from the hills which they have piped to a Pelton water wheel through a 10-in. wooden stave pipe bound with wire. They have a head of water which gives them about 90 pounds pressure at the wheel. They cut timber for building, for making wagons and for furniture. They have three or four Indian cabinet makers who are building the guest house and making the furniture. The house reminds me somewhat of Oak Lodge, being ceiled in the same style, except the living room which is to be paneled. They have fine water from a spring—the only good water I have seen in Africa so far. You would be amazed at some of the water we have used in camp for washing and bathing, and what comfort we have managed to get out of it.

It is just after breakfast and Phil has come in with the report that some elephant have been seen in the forest a few miles away, so we are going to take our beds and sleep as near as we can get to them so as to try to get up to them early in the morning. If we do not succeed we shall move our whole camp on to Embu where a lot of buffalo have been reported. From there we shall move direct to Nairobi, spending four or five days there preparing for a five weeks' motor safari to Tanganyika. The Akeleyes will join us at Embu and probably go on with us to Tanganyika.

We got mail here this morning dated May 15th. This letter will be taken out by Mr. Young, who is leaving for Nairobi this afternoon.

Everybody well and happy.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



Baking bread in Dutch oven



Osa and one of our cooks

NAIROBI

July 17, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

We got back here from the northern trip last Sunday evening, the 11th inst. I have been so busy revamping our outfit that I have not had time to write. Did not find any mail here—the last letters received were dated the last week in May. A big mail is expected tonight, and we cannot wait for it as we must start now, noon, for Tanganyika. Our first camp will be at Narok, 100 miles south, and our hunting will begin about 150 miles south of that. We shall have our mail forwarded to Narok.

The weather here has been heavenly, range of temperature only five degrees, from 65 to 70 degrees, for the week. Much sickness here, but so far our party has kept well. Many of our men sick, however.

I will write a good long letter as soon as we get into camp. Akeley stayed north, but the Johnsons are with us.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

P. S.—We have had sweet corn, mangoes, alligator pears, pineapple and black raspberries.



Buffalo

CAMP NINE MILES BEYOND NAROK

July 18, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

To resume where I left off at Meru. We had a delightful ride over almost perfect roads, partly through beautiful forests, to Embu, ninety-seven miles, and pitched camp near the site of an abandoned war camp. The District Commissioner there is Mr. Lamb, and the station is very attractive with a beautiful garden in which Mrs. Lamb takes great interest. We went to call in the afternoon, and were most cordially welcomed. We arrived at 1:30 P. M., Monday, July 5th, stayed over Tuesday, and then left for the Tana River, thirty-five miles, hoping to get rhino and buffalo. We stopped at the camp of Engineer Cook, who is engaged in laying out an 80,000 h.p. water power plant to generate electricity for the Thika branch of the Uganda Railway, and for a paper mill which will use bamboo, of which there is a perpetual supply on Mount Kenya twenty miles distant. We pitched camp about eight miles away and hunted buffalo and rhino that afternoon, but found the brush so thick that Percival said it was too dangerous work, so we pulled out early the next morning for the Thiba River, going back through Embu. At Embu we learned that Carl Akeley, who was already camped near the Thiba, had met with an accident on his motor lorry which had injured his ribs. We stopped at his camp for lunch, while Stewart strapped him up. He had torn loose some cartilages from his breastbone. We made our camp seven or eight miles farther on near a swamp about a mile in diameter in the middle of a grassy plain. The swamp was covered with papyrus eight or ten feet high, and impenetrable, in which a herd of buffalo hide themselves and are impossible to get at unless they happen to come out to feed before dark. We went hunting about four that afternoon and were fortunate enough to find a herd of about sixty of them a mile on the further side of the swamp. We (Audley and I), Phil and our gun-bearers succeeded in stalking them to within

CHRONICLES OF

100 yards, and I shot first at a big bull, Phil and Audley following. I could not tell whether I hit him or not, but Phil and my gun-bearer agreed that I did, and as he gradually separated himself from the herd we followed him in the Buick for several miles and finally lost him in the dusk. In the melee a yearling cow was killed, which was carefully skinned for one of the Museum group. This cow charged and might have done damage as my Mannlicher jammed after I had hit it with one bullet, so Phil was obliged to kill it.

The next morning I had two hours of the best quail shooting I ever hope or expect to have. The grassy plain around our camp was literally alive with birds, and I killed forty in two hours. As I had no dogs it was hard to find them in the grass, and I only recovered half of them. Several times I dropped birds with both my right and left and was unable to recover either, but it was great fun all the same. We looked for the buffalo again that afternoon, but concluded it would be several days before they ventured out in daylight again, so decided to move to another place on the Thiba. After hunting there without success for a couple of days our Buick dropped into a wart hog hole and broke a front spring, which put us out of business, so we concluded to make Nairobi as quickly as possible to have the car repaired and our trucks put in shape for this trip. We arrived at six o'clock Sunday night and put up at the house instead of the Club, using our camp outfit.

We stayed the week and found it more convenient and comfortable than the Club. I used the time to have made and fitted up some safari boxes, the outfit which had been provided locally having proved needlessly crude and inconvenient. These boxes will be turned over to the Johnsons to go on their new cars which are just being fitted up for this trip—one touring and two trucks (Willys-Knight). We got away from Nairobi at 12:30 yesterday with Dan and his hunter, Pat Ayre, in the Chevrolet runabout and three of our own trucks, also two which we rent and two extra to bring Posho and Petrol as far as this camp. The roads were very good, and our Buick made the 113 miles in six hours,



Two of Osa's chop boxes

AN AFRICAN TRIP

but Dan's car got into trouble and did not show up until eleven o'clock. The two trucks that had the camp equipment did not show up until 11:30 P. M. At about 10:30 Phil, Audley and I made up our minds we were in for a night without camp equipment and borrowed some new blankets from a white man who had a little store nearby and prepared to sleep out. However, the arrivals as above obviated this necessity, and we passed a very comfortable night in our tents. We are staying here today to fix up two of the trucks that the native drivers had put out of order and expect to go on tomorrow. It will take two more days to get into the hunting country. We expect to stay in one general location until it is time to go back to Nairobi where Phil has an engagement to meet Mr. Colburn, of Chicago, September 1st.

Audley and I expect to sail from Mombasa on the 18th. Dan will probably stay a couple of months more as he wants to get a greater kudu group and some sitatunga for the Museum. Audley and I hope to get down to Zanzibar for two days before sailing.

We are all perfectly well and fit up to date. The past week has been cloudy, and we have had several rains. Temperature around 60 to 65 and 70 degrees. I am writing this at noon with my overcoat on.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

P. S.—This goes back to Nairobi by our return trucks.

CAMP 270 MILES SOUTHWEST FROM
NAIROBI IN TANGANYIKA

July 23, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

WE ARE now at our furthest south point and in the centre of the greatest game country left in the world. On the way to this camp today we passed through mobs of wildebeest numbering thousands, scattered and grouped over a vast plain. Smaller groups of topi, kongoni, "tommies" were to be seen occasionally, but the wonderful show was made by the wildebeests. They look at a distance almost exactly like the American bison, and I can now imagine how our plains looked in the fifties and sixties. We are making permanent camp here and shall stay a week or two. The game is migratory and is likely to shift, in which case we shall follow them on account of the lions. We have already got a lion each on the way down here, making a total of six so far. I got the first one three days ago. We were moving camp and had gone only half an hour when we saw him peering out above the tall grass by the roadside. I took a crack at him at sixty-nine yards and was fortunate enough to kill him at one shot, so we did not have to follow him through the grass. Later on I got my first impalla and topi, and Audley got his first eland. The next day Dan and Audley and the two white hunters went out to spy out the country, and both got lions. Audley got the biggest one we have bagged yet and had quite an exciting time of it. All three of these southern lions have good manes. Today Audley and I got specimens of the Granti, both good specimens, his of unusual spread, twenty-one inches. I also shot my first wart hog. I had to get him on the run. He ran at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, judged by the speedometer. We had to run at thirty-five miles over the veldt to get up to him, and by the time the car had come to a standstill he was about fifty yards away. The first shot nearly severed his tail, but the second raked him fore and aft and knocked him dead. He is not very large,

CHRONICLES OF

but his tusks are perfect. Many of the old hogs have broken tusks. When perfect the lower tusks are as sharp as stilettos. Pig-sticking must be great sport, but I don't see how any but the fastest horse can come up with them. Earlier in the day I had a shot at a bigger one but could not hit him, and we nearly wrecked our Buick in a washout. Audley was driving, and he certainly has become a skilled veldt chauffeur.

The day Audley and Dan got the two lions the Johnsons and I stayed in camp. Osa and I baked a couple of Mrs. Kelley's lemon meringue pies which turned out top-notch, so when the Churches and Dr. Eddy came over in the afternoon to say good-bye we treated them to pie and coffee. The coffee in this country is vile, and they hadn't had any pie since they left home, so you can imagine what a hit our treat made—also some Lucky Strike cigarettes. The Churches and Eddy traveled out on the same ship with us and came directly to this locality, so they have been here over three months. About the time they were ready to leave, their Fiat car and also a Ford runabout broke down and they had to send to Nairobi for spare parts. They waited over three weeks and then did not get them and were preparing to limp back. One of our mechanics put a makeshift spring on the Fiat, which helped them out some. They had got a good bag, including ten lions and were satisfied as far as that was concerned, but the three weeks lost had prevented going after elephant, rhino and buffalo.

It has rained almost every day since we returned to Nairobi, small showers, mostly in the afternoon, but the last three days we have had heavy thundershowers about 3 P. M. Today the veldt was slippery and getting soft, so we had to put on chains and barely got through at that. Tonight, after the heavy shower, it would have been too soft to move camp, so we were fortunate to get in before it. I am afraid it will take a day or so for it to dry, so we can hunt. Rains at this time of year are very unusual. When the sun comes out, the ground is dried rapidly.

I am sending this by a truck which is going back to Narok for forty natives who are coming down to execute a lion spearing



One of Dan's Grant gazelles

AN AFRICAN TRIP

stunt for us if possible. We hope we can get a very interesting affair out of it and some excitement. To show how little value these natives put on life, they only stipulated that any man who is disabled shall get the value of one cow, and if he is killed, his family two cows. A cow is five pounds!

The truck is leaving, so I must close. Hope to get some mail from Narok.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

LOWER GURUMETTI CAMP
TANGANYIKA PROTECTORATE

July 29, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

MY LAST letter was written the 23rd I believe—the day we arrived at this camp. We are about 150 yards south of the belt of trees and bushes fringing the river Gurumetti, which meanders through a vast, level, mostly smooth plain, bordered with low rounded hills. The plain is sprinkled with trees of moderate size, some of which look like elms and some like apple trees. We can run our cars anywhere at any speed up to 30 or 40 miles an hour. The grass has been grazed short or burned in most places so that where there are pig holes they can be seen; at least we have had no accidents so far. We are far enough away from the river to escape flies and bugs, of which we have none whatever, day or night. We sleep under our nets to be sure, but there is no need of it as far as I can see. We have built a grass mess house about 17 feet square. Our smaller canvas mess tent is hung inside of it to protect the tables from dust in the thatched roof. As the tent is lined with a light yellow fabric, it serves at night to reflect the light from the two American lanterns hung from the center. This gives a lovely semi-indirect light of a mellow, sunny glow which is most agreeable. The house, by the way, is open at two sides to the ground, and on the other two sides from about 4 feet from the ground to the overhanging thatch eaves. As a place to eat or lounge in, it is simply ideal. The kitchen is another grass house open on all sides but the one toward the mess house. The cooking fire is under the edge of this roof. These houses are made without nails, the frame and thatch being fastened with strips torn from the inner bark of trees. I don't remember whether I have mentioned the firewood in this country. It is all hard, very heavy dead wood picked up from under the dead trees. It makes no more smoke than hard coal and the cooking is all done on coals raked out of the fire into little heaps upon which the pots are set.

CHRONICLES OF

The coals hold the fire like hard coal, not dying out quickly like our soft wood coals. Our main water supply is muddy river water for baths and washing, spring water brought about 90 miles in 60-gallon iron drums for cooking, and distilled water for drinking, the distilled water being cooled in canvas bags called *chargos* and livened up by "sparklets" in siphons, also kept hanging in the canvas bags. These bags cool the water so that one does not miss ice in the least. The butter in glass jars is also kept in a *chargo*. The temperature rises to 87 or 88 degrees in the tents and mess hall in the daytime, and falls to 57 or 60 degrees at night. Altogether the situation seems to be absolutely ideal as a place to hunt, kill or murder the wild animals which roam the plains and hills in countless thousands.

As to our daily life—our tent boys wake us up at 5 o'clock (shortly before daylight), bringing us a cup of tea or *bovril*, also warm water for washing and shaving. In the mess tent we find oatmeal and cream (super), coffee and bacon and eggs with toast waiting us. So far we have had eggs almost all the time, filling up at Nairobi two egg carriers of the ordinary kind that hold 8 dozens each and my insulated box (which we keep for the last) which holds 12 dozens. Speaking of eggs, a few days ago Dan found on the open veldt an ostrich egg which had evidently just been laid—in fact he saw the hen that laid it. It measured 15 inches in circumference one way and $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches the other, and when blown through $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch holes bored in the ends, yielded about a pint and a half of egg, from which I made some delicious omelets, indistinguishable from the hen product. About six or half-past we go out for the morning hunt. Audley drives the Buick 7-passenger touring car. I sit on the front seat alongside him, Phil sits on the back seat with our coats, water bottles, etc., two gun-bearers on the folding seats and a skinner riding on the running board. Off we go to some predetermined point. Dan goes out in the 5-passenger Willys-Knight with Pat and his gun-bearers. We usually return by 11 or 12 o'clock for luncheon. A typical luncheon is cold bird, tea, bread or baking-powder biscuit, canned vegetables, canned fruit such as pears, apricots,



Killing a wounded hyena with knives

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

peaches or pineapple. A siesta follows until 4 o'clock when we go out for the evening hunt until 6 or 7 o'clock. On our return we find our baths awaiting us and we are ready for dinner at 7:30 or 8 o'clock. A typical dinner is such as we are having tonight, hors-d'oeuvre of sardines, soup (we have a great variety of excellent soups, made by our cook usually, but canned whenever more convenient), buffalo steak, potatoes, string beans (just brought in by the Akeleys who arrived last night with one of their taxidermists, Radditz), hot biscuit and suet pudding with Eliza's foaming sauce, coffee, cheese and crackers. Half an hour after dinner I am usually sound asleep on my luxurious air bed. Incidentally, I have slept better on this trip than ever before in at least twenty years.

From every hunt somebody brings in something interesting. We should all get something every hunt if we were not looking for exceptional specimens. The white hunters know which are the best and are very particular not to let us shoot anything that will not be a credit to them as well as ourselves. We have had some exciting days. Night before last, a party, who had been out on an all-day scouting trip to the north, consisting of Audley, Dan, Phil and Pat, ran into a rhino on the way home about a mile and a half from camp, and by Dan's courtesy Audley was given precedence and succeeded in bagging him. He has a very fine head, with front horn $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. It was nearly dark and he had to be taken care of at once, so the gun-bearers were left to guard him from the hyenas until the skinners could be sent out from camp. They came in with the head and a big piece of skin off the back about midnight.

Yesterday, Audley and I with Phil and Martin's white auto mechanic, gun-bearers and a native local guide started out for an all-day excursion into the same country which the party had gone to the day before. We ran into no vast herds of game such as there are to the south of this camp, but there were groups in sight all the time. Wildebeest, tommies, grant, impalla, eland, waterbuck, ostrich, topi, giraffe and zebra were to be seen everywhere. We had all these and were running along looking for lion

CHRONICLES OF

when we spied a trio of wart hogs. I already had a couple of small but perfect heads, but as one of these was a larger one, we gave chase. They led us on to a hillside where it was stony and with a good many small trees, so we had trouble in coming up within shot, especially as they are very fast runners. Finally I made a running shot at the big boar, and after about half a mile further chase, we got him. It was a quite exciting run over difficult ground, and Audley showed that he had become very skillful in this kind of work. Finally, about 10 miles from camp we came out around a hill about a mile from the river, overlooking a big swampy-looking piece of ground. In the high grass, almost hidden, was a small herd of buffalo. While we were examining them with the glasses they got our wind and began to move away. We decided it would be good tactics not to follow and frighten them but to go after them the next day. Presently, as we moved on along the border of the swamp, we saw another herd down in the grass and this time were in a position to manoeuvre so they would be between us and the wind. We then worked our way into the edge of the swamp, and to our surprise we found the bottom hard and dry. The grass, however, was about 6 feet high and very dense. We finally got within 50 yards of the herd and I stood up in the car and shot at a big bull of whose back I could see about a foot. Then the fun began. The deep grass began fairly to boil with buffalo. About 30 heads bobbed up, and off the herd started. At first they went away from the river. As they ran they formed a line two or three abreast, which beat down the grass and gave us a good view of them. Before Audley could get the car under full headway they had a good lead on us, and as they were gradually swerving around toward the river, it was a question whether the big bull I had hit would get away into cover. As we came nearer to them another bull was hit and dropped in his tracks. Not stopping for him, on we madly raced at full speed at the risk of our lives. If we had hit a hole or a stump it would have been trouble for everybody. Finally we separated the big bull from the herd, but although he had been hit several times, we could not keep him



Audley and his buffalo

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

out of the trees on the river bank. He seemed groggy as he disappeared, but Phil would not let any of us get out of the car while he and Saasita, my gun-bearer, went in. In a couple of minutes we heard two shots (from Phil's double barrel), and we followed the sound and found Phil standing by the enormous beast, lying on the ground dead. He was an old fellow and very heavy, probably over 2,000 pounds. He had entered the forest a few yards and then, according to tradition, had doubled on his tracks, and Saasita had spied him coming back towards the car to get some of his tormentors, nearly finished as he was. We left a native to keep the hyenas off and started back to find the first bull which had dropped somewhere a mile away in the deep grass. It seemed a hopeless task, but Saasita appeared confident and off we started, this time at a moderate pace. When we had gone perhaps three-quarters of a mile we suddenly ran on to another herd. This time it was Audley's turn and he changed places with John, the mechanic, and we gave chase. Now John had doubtless heard the compliments we had showered upon Audley and thought it was time for him to appear in the limelight, so the way he turned the gas into that Buick was something terrifying. But nobody tried to hold him up; we were so anxious for Audley to get his buffalo. Soon we got into range and Audley, by a few well directed shots, got his prize. We tied a red handkerchief to a sapling stuck in the ground to mark the location of the carcass and resumed the search for my number one. Presently Saasita saw a hyena start up from the grass and run, and he knew we had found him. On measure we found the two heads were almost the same size, mine 37 inches spread, and Audley's $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The big second one was $42\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and we thought it might be big enough for the Museum, so the gun-bearers skinned out the two smaller heads and we hurried back to camp for a truck and the two professional skimmers, who were the only ones who knew how to perform that particular job, only one cut being made in the skin, and that under the belly. We got back to camp at noon, and the truck started at once as time was precious to save the big skin in the hot weather. We sat down to lunch, and while we

CHRONICLES OF

were eating and discussing our exciting morning one of the native boys came in almost exhausted with running and excitement, saying that a lion had attacked a party who were building a flashlight boma for Bwana Johnson and had injured two of them and was still there when he left. Audley grabbed his emergency kit, and we piled into Martin's new Willys-Knight six, John, the mechanic, driving. Now John is an ex-air man (he is one of those who flew from New York to Rio Janeiro) and evidently thinks he has a reputation to maintain, so he hit it up again, and the others say he made the four miles in five minutes, but I sat on the front seat and watched the speedometer, which registered forty miles all the way. Now, forty miles on a smooth state road is nothing, but forty miles even with balloon tires on the veldt, with an occasional washout and pig holes, is another thing, and I am not ashamed to say that that air devil scared the life nearly out of us, especially at one place where he skirted a hidden washout on two wheels. Saasita was so scared that he would not ride back to camp with him, preferring to walk the four miles, carrying my ten-pound elephant gun. We found the man lying on the ground surrounded by his six companions. He had been grabbed by the lion on the left buttock. The animal's teeth had met in the flesh and undermined the skin so the probe could be passed clear through from hole to hole. The beast also clawed him inside the groin, the claws piercing the scrotum and the right groin, extending from the right groin to the perineum for a depth of at least three inches. Audley used the new antiseptic, mercurochrome. This is now the third day after the injury, and the man has made a perfect recovery. The attack was quite unprovoked and almost inexplicable. The boys were working on the frame of the blind or boma on the open plain. They had the frame nearly finished for covering with grass. There was a sudden scurrying of "tommies," followed by the rush of a lioness which was evidently chasing them. On seeing the boys the lioness slackened speed, and the tommies got away. She then turned her attention to the boys and rushed at them. They scattered, taking to the trees nearby, but she caught one of them, a man about sixty



Audley dressing wound made by lioness

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

years old, who was not quick enough to get up a tree. Only one had a gun, Boculy, Martin's elephant tracker. He stood bravely by his companion and put a shot into the beast, which drove her off. She was so close that she spit on his elbow.

The next day we stayed in camp to give the skimmers a chance to catch up. Yesterday Audley and I started out about quarter to seven (A. M.) with Frederickson, our mechanic, driving, Phil and our gun-bearers. At 8:50 we saw a lioness looking at us from about eighty yards away. I shot her through the centre of the neck with the 9.5 Mannlicher, and she dropped dead in the grass. I had the skimmers cut some meat from her back to try the taste. On the way home I got a cow eland (which stepped in front of a buck I was just pulling the trigger on), an impalla and a fine waterbuck. In the afternoon the first detachment of twenty-six spearmen arrived on the two trucks. (The trucks have gone back for fourteen more to arrive tonight). They have been painting their shields and sharpening their spears today and are now out on the veldt practising their manoeuvres. They are a perfectly magnificent lot of creatures, and we ought to get some fine pictures of them.

This morning we went out again, and I got a topi (for meat for the men), a rhino which I killed with the double barreled 470, another impalla and an eland that is close to the record ($30\frac{3}{4}$ inches). The rhino's horns are nowhere near as good as Audley's, but I was afraid I might not have a chance at another, and I wanted the skin for my new library table top.

Audley and I have now got nearly all the trophies here we want except a few more lions, and may have time left after the lion spearing stunt to go after elephants somewhere. They are very hard to get within limits that are climatically possible for me.

Osa, yesterday, while out hunting with Dan, found an ostrich nest with nineteen eggs and brought back three of them. The largest measured sixteen inches one way and seventeen and a half inches the other in circumference and must contain two pints of egg, for the one Dan found a few days ago, which measured fifteen by sixteen and a half, held over one and a half pints.

CHRONICLES OF

August 1. Audley and I went out as usual this morning, and Audley got an eland which is nearly as big as mine, horns twenty-nine and a half inches, and with a wider spread than mine. They are two very unusual heads and larger than Phil or Pat had ever met with. I killed a wildebeest and a topi to help feed the men. Dan and Pat went out and got a Robertsia antelope which is a record for spread so far as we know. We are accumulating a very creditable collection of trophies.

I don't know when I shall get a chance to send this, but it will be ready whenever anybody goes out.

We are all in perfect health so far.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

CAMP ON THE LOWER GURUMETTI
TANGANYIKA

August 5, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

TO CONTINUE the Chronicles of a (so far) very successful African trip.

On Monday, the 2nd, we had our forty spearmen out for lion for the first time. They are of the Lumbwa tribe, and we had to bring them on trucks about 100 miles from Agate's, the trader near Narok, who gathered them together. We took them in three trucks to a donga where we had seen lions, about two miles from camp. About one-third of them disposed themselves at the edge of the grass on each side of the donga and one-third in the grass in the centre, and the beating began. They advanced slowly, making little noise (contrary to my expectations), because they did not want to have the lion get out too far ahead of them. Besides the three trucks we had the Buick, Osa's new Willys-Knight, Carl Akeley's two cars and Martin Johnson on his old Willys-Knight, Pat driving. I say "on" because he was perched on the back of the rear seat with his Akeley camera on a high tripod which enabled him to "shoot" over the driver's head. Half of the cars were on one side of the donga and half on the other with Martin in front with his camera. Akeley also had another of his cameras, and, of course, Audley and I had our Ciné-Kodaks and 1A's. The object was to drive the quarry out into the open so that the spearing could be photographed, a most difficult operation so far because the lion naturally wants to stick to the thick cover in the donga (a donga is a shallow gulch) which consists of thick brush and high grass. After beating about a half a mile there was a little commotion among the natives, and some of them ran out and said that a lioness had run to the rear on our side and the cars had let her get by. We had not seen any lion and concluded she had not come clear out of the grass. A little farther on there was another commotion, and the natives all

CHRONICLES OF

came running to our side and shouting over an object in the grass. On getting up to it we found it was a buffalo which they had speared. It was all done so quickly that nobody knew what was going on until it was all over. They beat the donga for a mile more until we flushed another lion, but he got away. During this drive the spearmen found the remains of the carcass of a lioness which I had shot a week before and lost on account of not being able to get used to the sights of my 470 double barrel. In this connection I might say that after further experience with this gun I found, to get any satisfactory results with it, I had to use the 300-yard sight for 100 yards distance. After discovering this Pat Ayre, who is a very clever mechanic, made a new front sight for it, and it is now all right. To return to the lion carcass, I am bringing home the skull to Dr. Burkhart for his collection of skulls, also several others, including a dog baboon, a hyena, a wart hog, a colobus monkey and a rhino.

We went out again that afternoon but saw no lion. The next day, Tuesday, we set out with the spearmen again and they got another buffalo but no lion. It requires just as much skill and is just as dangerous to spear a buffalo as it is a lion but is not so spectacular. That afternoon I went out with Audley, Phil and our gun-bearers to get some meat for the camp. As we have nearly one hundred natives to feed now it takes a lot of meat to supply the camp. We take a truck with us when we go out for meat. We had gone about a mile and were still in sight of camp when we spied a big rhino meandering across the plain. It was a cow, and she was accompanied by a yearling calf. Now a cow rhino is one of the few female animals it is permitted to kill so long as it is not accompanied by young too small to take care of themselves. The horns of this specimen were good, so I fired when we got within 100 yards. Of course I used the 470 with hard bullet and I ought to have knocked her down at the first shot, but I had not discovered the wrong sighting of the gun at this time and I had to shoot three times before I brought her down, the last two while running, and a fourth to finish her. On measuring the horns we found the front one was twenty-two



*Osa preparing
greater bustard*



Dan and Osa with ostrich egg

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

inches and the rear one sixteen inches, which is a very good specimen for these days. While skinning her we found imbedded in the muscle of the neck a four-inch iron barbed arrow head with which some native had tried to kill her some weeks previously. The poison had not been strong enough to kill her, and the wound was on the way to getting well. This rhino finishes the major items of my bag and Audley's except elephant, which we may not get—certainly not in Tanganyika.

The next day, Wednesday, we all went out lion spearing again and this time two of our party had a rather dangerous experience. We had gone to another donga about nine miles away and found a couple of lions almost immediately. The spearmen let the lioness get away so they could have a better chance at the lion. He got into thick brush and proved very hard to dislodge. The spearmen were almost all hidden by the brush and those in the cars could see little that was going on. Finally after about half an hour we saw one man on the edge of the brush throw his spear. There was a little commotion and then nothing happened for half an hour or more. Phil getting a little impatient took his rifle and went over to the donga and disappeared. Then presently three shots and a big commotion, and we knew by the cries that the lion had been killed, so we all on our side of the donga got out of our cars and went over to the donga, where we found the rest of the party and all the natives gathered around a fine dead lion. What had happened was this: Phil had crossed the donga and been joined by Joe, the Boer "lorry" driver. A spearman told them that he thought the lion had been killed by the spear that we saw thrown and was lying in the thick brush just in front of them, and offered to show him to them. Joe took Phil's light rifle from his gun-bearer and they started down into the donga. They went down into a grassy open space about twenty feet across, and the boy pushed open the bushes. Just then the lion came to life and started for the group. They all sprang back and tried to scramble out of the donga, but seeing they were too late turned and faced the oncoming infuriated beast. Joe fired first and hit him in the shoulder. Phil followed almost instantly with his

CHRONICLES OF

heavy double barrel, and he rolled dead at his feet. It seems that the spear had struck him crosswise exactly in the centre of his nose and passed through the cartilage into his mouth, making a very confusing but by no means a fatal wound. Men like Phil and Joe can probably take care of themselves at close quarters as well as any one, but what they did looks foolhardy to a tender-foot like the writer.

Our experience so far with the spearing convinced us all that it was going to be very difficult to pull off any event in such deep and bushy dongas that could be satisfactorily photographed, so Phil suggested that we move to Simpson's Camp, about forty miles north, where the dongas are shallower and more open. This was agreed to by all hands and after two days, during which we had heavy thunderstorms in the afternoon which laid the dust, we moved to Simpson's Camp on Saturday, August 7, leaving the spearmen to follow us on foot, which they did, taking two days for the trip. Leslie Simpson, an American mining engineer from California, operating as an expert in South Africa, was apparently the first white man to realize the wonderful shooting opportunities in Northern Tanganyika, and made this spot his permanent camp for a number of years. It was while he was still here that Stewart Edward White, Dr. Saxon Pope and Arthur Young came to try out Pope's and Young's skill with the bow and arrow. Incidentally Young beat the natives by a narrow margin in the distance he could shoot. They succeeded in killing eight lions with arrows. White apparently tried to make a record independently with his gun and is much criticized by Kenya sportsmen for overdoing it. He could not at this day hope to equal the records of some of the old settlers. (White's record 64; Simpson's 259.) White's exploit has resulted in a restriction of lion killing to five per person.

When we passed south (July 21) a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Church and their guest, Dr. Eddy, of New York, with Kline for white hunter, and another consisting of Paul Daugherty and Ralph Pulitzer, with Allan Black for white hunter, were camped here. They were just leaving then, so the country has been "rested" for two weeks.

AN AFRICAN TRIP

On Sunday while waiting for the spearmen to come up Dan and Pat went out in one direction and Audley, Phil and I in another to prospect the country. When the other parties were here there was comparatively little game, but since then the migration which we met further south has reached this place and it is now full of it, and of course this includes lion which follow the game. This morning Dan's party saw seventeen, Joe three and Radditz two, which including the one I shot totals twenty-three seen in one day by different members of the party.

Our section of the party rode fifteen or eighteen miles over a beautiful rolling, grassy plain before we saw much, and then only scattered herds of tommies, Grants, and finally wildebeest. We were about ready to turn around when we saw a mile and a half away two rhino browsing on the open plain. I put a fresh roll of film in my Ciné-Kodak, and we started for them. We got around to the windward of them and within forty or fifty yards before they really made out what we were. They turned facing us and for some seconds we expected they would charge us, in which case we should have had to run for it. They concluded not to tackle us and turned and ambled off. We chased them a little to get some more exposures and then circled off toward camp. After going a mile or two Phil saw on our right three-quarters of a mile away a lion in the open. On examination with the glasses it looked like a big one with a good mane, and so we took after it. It saw us when we were perhaps a quarter of a mile away and trotted off. We chased it perhaps half a mile until we got abreast of it, then it lay down in the grass and waited for us. We had to go around it so as to be on the upper side, and when we got within about sixty yards it rose up growling and waving its tail. All hands agreed that it was about the ugliest live thing they had ever faced. Phil and Frederickson, the driver, scrambled out of the car to meet the expected charge, while I drew a bead with my Mannlicher. At the report the animal dropped dead, and the tension was over. On examination it was found that the bullet had hit him in the chest and collapsed one of his lungs. He measured nine feet four inches long and had a mag-

CHRONICLES OF

nificent yellow mane which Phil said looked as if it had just been marcelled. I had also got a very fine Grant that same morning, so I called it a successful day.

The next day we had our first trial with the spearmen at this camp. We started about eight o'clock over a lovely rolling, grassy plain. On reaching the top of a ridge about four miles from camp we saw two groups of lions in the open grass, one of two to our left and one of three to our right. After a little study of the situation it was decided to tackle the first two. Our Buick manoeuvred around in front of them to keep them in the open and out of a shallow donga just ahead of them while the trucks unloaded the spearmen and gave them a chance to go through their ceremony of taking the oath to kill, which always precedes their going into action. Meantime the lions ran along the side of the rise, and one of them more surly than the other charged our Buick twice and finally took after one of our empty trucks and ran it off for half a mile. The other squatted down and hid itself in the grass which was about knee high. Finally the spearmen came along in formation. When they were about fifty or sixty yards away the lion broke and succeeded in reaching a low spot where there was a bunch of high grass. This low spot was part of a shallow open donga which for half a mile afforded little cover but finally ended in thick brush from which it would be hard to dislodge him if he reached it. He broke several times in that direction, but the cars headed him off and he finally settled down out of sight in the thickest bunch of grass he could find. This time the spearmen succeeded in surrounding him. Although they could not see him they knew by signals from the cars where he had gone down. Pat had driven Martin as close as he dared, which was decidedly too close for safety in case he charged in their direction, but they were willing to take chances for the sake of the picture. Presently he broke for the last time. The spearmen were near enough to throw their spears, and it was amazing how quickly they filled him full of their keen weapons. It was a merciful death in that it was all over in a few seconds. As soon as he rose up out of the grass he was in full view of the camera, and



Triumphant spearman



G. E.'s largest lion

AN AFRICAN TRIP

Martin got a wonderful picture. Carl was a little farther away as, with his wife driving, he was not justified in getting as close as Johnson, but he secured a good picture too. After half an hour of dancing, rejoicing and picture-taking the spearmen were keen for another lion. The mate to the first one, after chasing the truck away, had disappeared, but it did not take us long to find another, and the same experience was gone through except that the lion got one of the spearmen by the left forearm and tore a gash about six inches long. Audley gave him instant attention, and he is now at the end of three days on the way to prompt recovery if the wound is not infected on his way home.

The next day, Tuesday, the 10th, was too cloudy to make motion pictures, so we stayed in camp. In the morning I occupied myself with bossing the construction of a grass mess hall, like the one we built at our previous camp, and in working on my chronicles. In the afternoon about 3:30 I went out for meat with Phil, Joe driving, and a truck to bring in the game, incidentally also to give further trial to the new sight on the 470. I killed the first three kongoni with one shot apiece at about 100 to 125 yards. The third one did not die promptly, so I put him out of suffering by a second shot. This performance convinced me the sight was all right. We had three spearmen on the truck, and two of the kongoni were for them. When they learned the third was for our boys they at first refused to load it on the truck, saying it was beneath their dignity. When Phil told them that the first one was for our boys, and if they did not load the third they would lose it, they changed their minds. We had to have a couple of tommies for our own men, so I shot at one of a pair that were fighting, with the Mannlicher, using a hard bullet so as not to tear the meat. I only wounded him, and he ran away at great speed. In following him we came within shot of another, so I killed it. This caused a little delay during which the wounded one got out of sight. While we were searching for it, Joe spied a cheetah in the distance. I broke its back with a Mannlicher hard bullet, and on going up to it we found our wounded tommy which it had killed and was preparing to make a meal of. The princes of India have

CHRONICLES OF

cheetahs trained to hunt for them, but this was beyond our expectations.

The next day we resumed our lion spearing. As my face had been quite severely burned the last day we were out by being five hours in the hot sun I thought I would try some grease paint on it that Irving Bonbright had given me three years ago in Florida. When I appeared at the place where the cars were waiting it caused quite a commotion among the party. They all wanted to know what it was that produced such a beautiful glow on my face. When I told them it was grease paint, Osa, particularly, wanted to know what variety, and when I had to tell them that it was labelled "Juvenile Hero" it caused a great laugh, and they all claimed the old man was trying to put something over. All the same it protected my face, and I am having no more trouble with sunburn when the top of our car is let down.

The next morning we speared three more lions before noon. The spearmen had got worked up to a pitch of great excitement and were anxious to go on as they knew there were plenty of lions to be found, but we told them no, the show was over. As a matter of fact we had got all the pictures we wanted—the most wonderful ones ever taken of a phase of native life that is bound to disappear in a few years, pictures that will be a very valuable part of the record Martin Johnson is making for the Museum. Nobody in the party had any desire to continue the project simply as a sport.

Thursday, the 12th, we were in camp all day, among other things getting the three trucks in shape to take the spearmen back home. The Lumbwa and their allies, the Nandi and the Masai, are the only tribes that have made a practice of spearing lions. They are all cattle raisers and have been forced to do it to protect the property which furnishes their living. The Masai are now a degenerate tribe, and aside from the fact that lions are getting scarce every year in their country the practice is already dying out. As the lions lessen in number in Tanganyika, as they are bound now to do very rapidly, the young men will not have the necessary practice to get the skill required, and lion spearing

AN AFRICAN TRIP

will soon become a lost art. There have been a number of attempts to make motion pictures of it, but none have been satisfactory. Carl Akeley, years ago, was one of the first that tried it, and out of eleven spearings he only got one partial scene. Others have been faked, one of the notable ones having one foot of the lion in a steel trap!

This morning, Friday, the 13th, we went out to see if we could get some close-ups of lions charging, Martin with his camera, Pat driving, Carl with his camera, his wife driving, Osa in her car with Dan and Boculy, and Phil and I with Audley driving in the Buick, with sundry gun-bearers. The last two cars were supposed to carry the extra gunmen necessary to minimize the danger. We had gone about eight miles without seeing a lion when our car took off to chase a cheetah which Audley bagged after a couple of miles. While we were skinning it we got the signal that the others had found a lion, and so we threw the half-skinned victim in the car and chased back to join the others. We were getting the lion into a favorable position when an accident happened, which might have been serious. The cars were grouped close together, and the principal gunmen were out on the ground in front. Phil exchanged his light rifle for his heavy one with his gun-bearer. The latter in handling it let it off and blew the top of his (the gun-bearer's) left shoulder off, making a nasty but not serious flesh wound. During the excitement caused by this mishap the lion got away to a donga, from which we could not dislodge him. We afterward pursued another one of a bunch of four and got him to make a feint, which Martin got in the movie, but he turned after a leap or two and got away into a donga also. We saw six lions today, making in all so far during the entire trip sixty-two lions seen by members of the party and attachés. Of these Dan has killed two, Audley two, G. E. five, and six have been speared. I have finished my bag of lions. Audley wants to get a lioness, and then he will have finished. Dan wants to get one more big male, and Osa wants one. She is

CHRONICLES OF

out after it this afternoon with Pat and Dan, and we all hope she will get it—she is such a good sport and good shot.

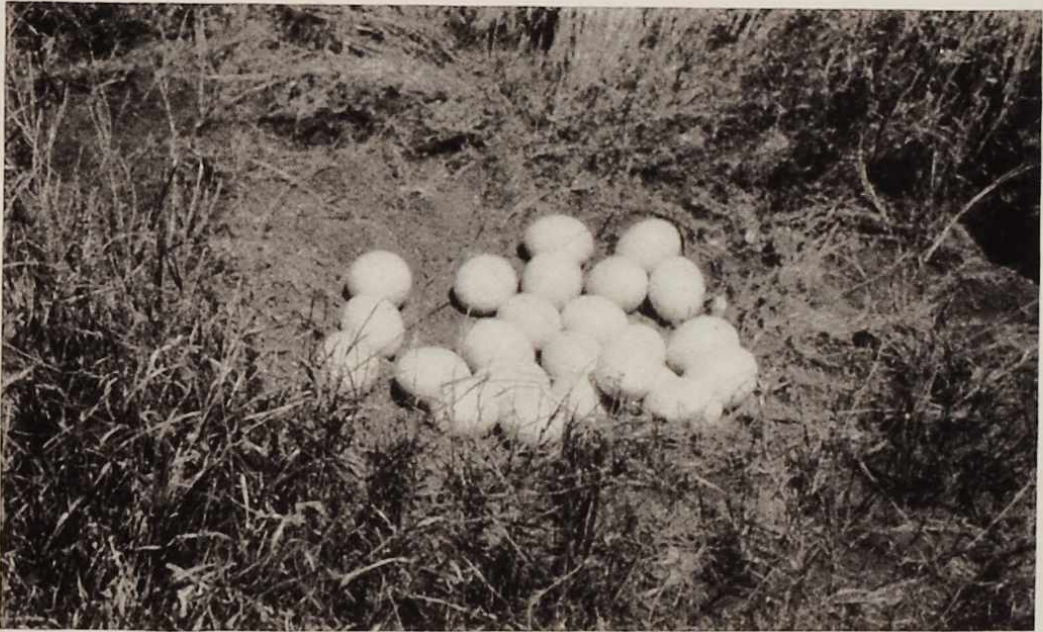
Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

P. S.—Coming home today we saw in the grass on the open plain an ostrich nest with twenty-four eggs. Two hens were sitting on it. They ran away pretending to have broken wings.



The Akeley's with native belle



Ostrich nest

SIMPSON'S CAMP

August 15, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

YESTERDAY MORNING we searched again for a lion for close-up but found none. I spent all the afternoon in camp—after siesta—preparing (Osa collaborating) for Audley's and my farewell dinner. Here is the menu—Hors-d'oeuvre, stuffed egg, fruit cocktails, cream of tomato soup, "Tommy" chops breaded and garnished with fresh vegetables, sweet potatoes, Eliza's corn and cold beets, individual mince pies (Eliza's mincemeat), pecans, almonds, ripe olives and coffee. It was a great success and was the first time I ever made nine mince pies in one batch.

This morning we went out a third time after the lion close-ups. This time the Akeleys did not go—Martin in the new Willys-Knight with all the upper gear removed (Pat driving), Dan, Osa, Boculy and Dindu in her old car, Audley, Phil and myself in the Buick (Joe driving) and two gun-bearers. We got a fairly early start (7:30) but it was 9:30 before we saw a lion. He was a big fellow (proved to be 8 ft. 9 in.) and was out on the open slope near where we found the ostrich nest with 24 eggs a few days ago. Our car was nearest to him and when we got within 300 yards of him he trotted off. As soon as the other cars came up it was arranged that our gunmen, Phil and Joe, and my gun-bearer should get on Martin's car and that our car, with Audley and me (Audley driving), with his gun-bearer, should try to head the lion off and make him stop so Martin could get into position, Osa's car keeping in the background so as not to alarm him and discourage him from charging. Our car headed him off in less than half a mile and he squatted. We kept away from him about 150 yards and waited for Martin to come up. Before he was in position the lion got up and trotted off again and we followed as before. He went only a little way when he lay down again. The grass was knee-high and we could just see the top of his head above it. Now there is just as much difference in lions as people,

CHRONICLES OF

and the experts say you can never tell just what they are going to do, but it was evident that this one did not propose to be chased out of his territory without protesting. This time he lay until Martin's car came into position, about 60 or 70 yards away from him. The three gunmen got out on the grass with their guns ready. When the lion saw them moving he made a couple of jumps toward them and then lay down growling and lashing his tail. Our car was abreast of Martin's, about 100 yards away at the left, and Osa's between and perhaps 100 yards further back. Audley was on the lion's side, so I gave him my Ciné-Kodak, which has a direct finder, and I trained my Mannlicher on the spot where the lion was partly hidden. Audley's gun-bearer directly behind him held his 470 so he could reach it without moving in case the lion charged us instead of Martin. He did not move for some minutes, so at Phil's order, Saasita took the 22 and began firing at him. He hit him several times and then he charged with all his vigor. He succeeded in getting within 13 paces of the car before they killed him. While he was charging Martin got a perfect movie of him with a 6-inch lens—probably the best ever made. Paul Rainey made the best previous one with a 3-inch lens and the lion did not get nearer than about 25 yards, so this one will appear four times as close. This gave Audley and me a "look-on" at the final episode of major importance in the lion program and makes us free to start for Meru in search of elephants.

We leave tomorrow morning. It will take three days to get to Nairobi where we shall stay until the 24th, when Pat will join us. We expect to be in Meru the 26th. We shall take with us our camp outfit. (Dan has a separate one complete with attachés.) He will stay here with the Johnsons and Akeley's until about September 10, when they will all come up to Nairobi to say good-bye to Audley and me. Dan has decided to stay in Africa two months longer as he wants to get a greater kudu for the Museum, which can only be had in another part of Tanganyika, and some other special specimens. We shall miss him on the homeward journey, as he is one of the most agreeable traveling

AN AFRICAN TRIP

companions I have ever met, unselfish and considerate to the last degree. Phil's engagement ends September 1, as he is engaged to Mr. Colburn (George Dryden's friend and the man who came to Africa two years ago with Al Lindsay). Pat Ayre has been released temporarily by Dan because he wants to have me get an elephant and Pat is the best man in Kenya to accomplish it. Pat is part owner of a large timber concession near Meru where we stopped on our way back from Paradise Lake. There is good elephant hunting within 30 or 40 miles of that place, but the grass was too high when we were there. Since then the country has been largely burned off at the instigation of Pat's partner (whom, by the way, Audley treated for ulceration of the intestines). We may require a porter safari for this job, and if so, shall pick up the additional fifty or seventy-five porters required at Meru. From what I learn from Pat and Phil and Martin and Carl I should judge that there is about an even chance of getting what we want to finish our bag, which I have already said is most satisfactory in everything except elephants.

Boundary Camp, 69 miles northeast of Simpson's, 4 P. M., Monday, August 16. Audley, Phil and I reluctantly said goodbye to the rest of the party at 8 o'clock this morning and turned our faces toward Nairobi, Audley driving the Buick. We had gone only about 4 miles when we ran on to a pack of about a dozen wild dogs. I shot the first one and then, as they ran, we followed and Audley and I shot alternately and killed four more, of which we are keeping the heads as trophies. Stewart Edward White, in one of his recent articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, characterizes them as the worst game pest in Africa. They are hard to come up with, being very wary, hunt in packs, and can run down anything on four legs. Audley and I, when we were stalking elephant on the camel safari, saw a pack, but could not shoot on account of disturbing the elephants. Dan one day, when out with Osa recently, shot two and that is all any of us has seen. Phil says only about one safari out of five or six succeeds in bagging any. The herds of game grew scarcer and scarcer as we came along the road and finally for the last 25 miles we saw none at all. Audley

CHRONICLES OF

bagged a fine impalla out of the last herd we saw, making a very pretty shot at 100 yards through the heart. It made one of the wonderful jumps for which that variety of antelope is noted, ran a few yards and fell stone dead. We had our luncheon at Kline's Spring, where there is splendid clear water, appropriated (by his permission previously given) a supply of lettuce, carrots and beets from his garden, and came on here 14 miles to camp by another spring, arriving at 3 P. M. This is almost on the boundary between Tanganyika and Kenya. The camp seems very lonesome with such a small party.

Nairobi, August 21. We arrived here Tuesday at 9:30 A. M. and are staying at the house. Have spent the last four days arranging with Safariland, Ltd., for the care and shipment of Audley's and my trophies and getting ready for the trip to Meru. Together we have over 100 specimens. Audley has everything I have with two minor exceptions but has not as many duplicates. Leslie Tarlton says they are the finest collection he has seen in a long while. It will take some time to poison and re-dry them and clear them with the game warden, so they will not arrive before we do.

Phil is arranging details of our commissary and staff here to turn the affair over to Pat when he arrives the 24th, the day we start north. It is really only a chance that we will get elephants, but it is worth trying for. We expect all to be together again (except Phil) just before Audley and I leave for Mombasa.

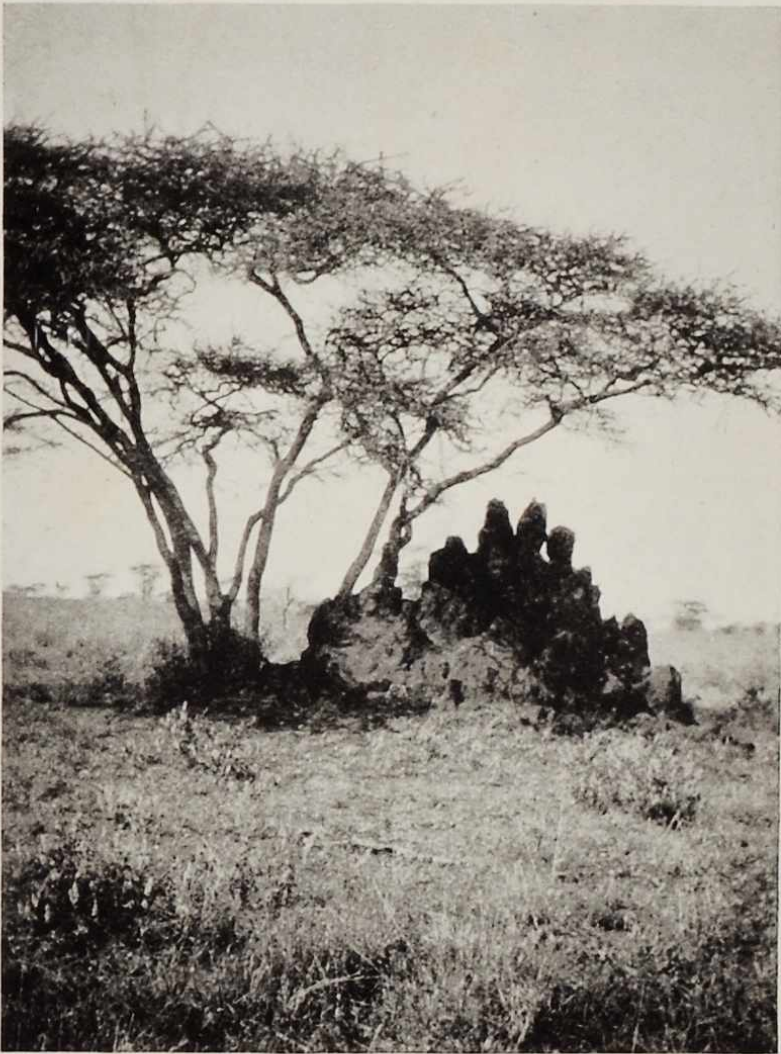
Some of the letters I received in the last mail deplore the fact that we are probably suffering from very hot weather down here on the equator. As a matter of fact I wore my overcoat all the way back from Tanganyika and cannot go out here in the evening without it. The mosquitoes have disappeared and the malaria epidemic is abating somewhat. All of the Akeley party have had it in a mild form, but Dan, Audley, the Johnsons and myself have so far escaped.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN



Duka or Hindu wayside store



Typical ant heap

CAMP SIX MILES FROM MERU

September 3, 1926

DEAR MISS WHITNEY:

We went out to Phil's farm for the week-end. It is on the Athi plain in the direction of Mombasa, thirty-four miles, and consists of ten thousand acres of rolling, mostly virgin soil of various qualities, upon which he is experimenting with raising wheat, cattle, hogs, coffee and various other things which have promise of being profitable. He has built a house on the top of a low hill, which gives him a splendid view of the surrounding country, and has started a rather ambitious scheme of landscape gardening, which is very crude now but may some day grow into something beautiful if any of his farming schemes succeed. He has three attractive children, two girls and a boy, the oldest a girl being about fourteen, another eleven and the boy seven. His wife is a very able and attractive woman and manages the farm while he is away following his calling of white hunter, which takes him out about two-thirds of the time. We had a very pleasant time. They were harvesting wheat when we arrived, and we had a chance to see how it is done in Africa. A white man is superintendent, but he was not there that afternoon. It was all native labor. They had a Deering kerosene tractor (much like a Fordson) and an Australian header. They had a small hand-driven thresher or winnower which took the heads of wheat, which were shovelled out of the header by hand every time it came around where the thresher was, and from which the grain was lifted out in a hand basin into 200-pound sacks, and sewed up for shipment in oxcart to the railroad ten or twelve miles away. The gleanings were flailed by little pickaninnies sitting on a big piece of canvas! These gleanings were saved for chicken feed. Sunday morning we went out hunting, in the Buick, over the veldt to get some meat for the house. I shot a kongoni, also a jackal to add the skull to Dr. Burkhart's collection, and Audley made a spectacular shot, killing two tommies with one bullet through their

CHRONICLES OF

hearts, after which I killed another tommy. This took pretty nearly all the morning as the game is now scarce where once it was very plentiful. We left one tommy with a neighbor on whose land it was killed and took one to Phil's house and one to Nairobi for our larder there. Tommy is about the best of all the wild game. The kongoni is somewhat coarse and was for the native help at the house. By the way, they pay the field workers ten shillings a month, and they feed themselves! In the afternoon we practised with the double barreled 470's, inspected the stock and went early to bed after a very good dinner, for which I mixed the salad dressing on some of the finest cos lettuce I ever saw. We were back in Nairobi by ten o'clock in the morning.

Pat arrived Tuesday morning at daylight, having been driven up in one of the trucks from Tanganyika by Martin's mechanic the "air devil" referred to in a former letter. They came through in twenty-three hours, including four hours' stop at a camp where some of Carl Akeley's assistants were working in the Kedong Valley. Tuesday was spent by Phil and Pat making final arrangements for this safari. Tuesday afternoon with much regret we said good-bye to Phil, who went back to his farm to spend the few days before Colburn and his friend arrive. Phil is a splendid fellow, a little happy-go-lucky perhaps, but one of the best hunters in the country, absolutely staunch and reliable in case of an emergency and always agreeable. He is coming to America next fall on the way to Alaska as the guest of a California client, and I hope he will stop a couple of days in Rochester. All the Europeans get run down with attacks of fever and have to get out to a colder climate every few years to be braced up.

Wednesday morning at ten o'clock we started for Meru in the Buick, Audley driving. Besides Pat and myself we had as passengers Saasita on one of the folding seats and two other gun-bearers on the running boards. We had three trucks, one driven by Dutch Joe and the other two by natives, and two cooks, three tent boys, one head-man and ten porters. We got to Meru before noon the second day and lunched with Pat's partner and his

AN AFRICAN TRIP

bride at the mill. The way she had improved, with a few woman's touches, the appearance of that already attractive house was a lesson to bachelors. After lunch we drove thirty-four miles along the road toward the Abyssinia border and camped at a bridge over a running stream of, strange to say, clear water to await the arrival of seventy more local porters to take over the stuff brought thus far on the trucks. They came along the next day, bringing the mule provided for me to ride. This mule, by the way, is gray like the one that I had on first safari north, which was mauled by the lion and which I named "Laudable Pus"—both so small that I can scarcely shorten the straps of my saddle and bridle to fit them. This mule I have named "Tsetse," because we are taking him into the "fly" country, and he will probably become its victim. The additional porters dribbled in during the morning in groups, and it took until after lunch to arrange and distribute all the loads. We left the Buick and three trucks at the bridge and that afternoon made our first camp near another stream about seven miles away. Before our camp was made one of our scouts reported an elephant drinking in the swamp two miles away, so the three of us with our gun-bearers went to see if we could come up with it, but it had finished drinking and wandered into the thick brush before we got there. For two days we scoured that locality in the early morning and in the late afternoon but could not find it. Each night on the way back to camp we passed two rhinos, but we succeeded in avoiding them as we did not want to disturb the prospective elephant victims by shooting. Finally Pat concluded we had best change, and we moved about nine miles further in. We found a nice camp among some trees in grass that had not been burned. In most of the country the grass had been burned off recently and it was very black and dirty, but there were patches here and there which had not been dry enough to catch fire. Hereabouts we continued to hunt hard, going out at daylight and taking our lunch with us. The first day we discovered some elephants on a distant hill. On approaching them we found there were eight of them, six cows, one small calf and a bull. When we got close

CHRONICLES OF

enough to shoot we found the bull's tusks were not up to the thirty-pound minimum, a great disappointment of course. On the way home after lunch our trackers saw some fresh tracks in the grass and by a very clever piece of work finally brought us in sight of a couple of bulls, one of which was a big one. Unfortunately the wind was wrong, and while we were getting around on the right side they moved off a little way across a donga. We had to follow them to get a shot. In order to do that we had to take an elephant path through a patch of head high grass. These elephant paths are about eighteen inches wide (twice as wide as an elk trail), mostly perfectly flat and smooth and not very deep in the ground and very easy to walk in. Where the grass is deep as it was here you have to travel single file. Pat was ahead next to the tracker, then his gun-bearer, then Saasita, then I, Audley, his gun-bearer, Tsetse and his syce, and some porters. We were half way down the slope to the donga with the elephants in plain sight on the other side when I heard a coughing and barking sound behind me that was so much like a dog that for an instant I thought it was some native's dog. (There are no dogs in this locality on account of the fly). I turned impatiently, just in time to see a big rhino surging down alongside the path toward me. He swerved and went by within three or four feet without touching me, and was gone almost before I could realize what was happening. As a matter of fact he was probably asleep in the grass, and we did not wake him until we had almost got past him, then he jumped up confused and frightened, probably not getting our scent. If he had turned nasty, he would have had us at a disadvantage. Audley had slipped and was down in the grass, my gun-bearer had my gun and Pat could not shoot (he was the only one of the three who knew what the noise meant), because Audley and I were both in line with the rhino until he swerved off. After that he did not shoot, because it was unnecessary and would frighten the elephants. But the harm had been done, the elephants disappeared, and we could not find them again. The next day we started out again at daylight. After twenty minutes' walk we saw two rhinos ahead of us. As we did not want to have

AN AFRICAN TRIP

any trouble with them we went around them, and they did not see us. About half an hour later we saw three more. We were all in a patch of unburnt short grass. To the left was a slope from which the grass was burned, sparsely covered with trees. We changed our course down the slope. We were soon out of sight, but when we looked up we saw the rhinos ambling along on the ridge ahead of us as if they had seen us. Two of them went on out of sight, but the third, a cow with a yearling calf, got our scent at about 150 yards and suddenly turned down the slope and charged us full tilt. I got off Tsetse, grabbed my gun and we all stood ready. We thought at first we could frighten her off without making any shooting noise and all began to yell, but on she came with her calf following. At thirty-five yards (afterward measured) Pat thought she was near enough and gave her a shot from his 465. It grazed her front horn and entered her left shoulder. It did not stop her, however, and as I was next I put a 470 in the center of her right shoulder, and she dropped dead twenty-six yards from where we stood. The bullet had passed through her heart. In the meantime the calf had come up and stopped in front of its dead mother. It looked around and saw a lunch basket and one of my folding camp chairs that a couple of porters had dropped when they went up a tree. With a rush it caught the chair and gave it a vicious throw over its head. Then it started for Audley and me, and we each gave it a shot (joined by Saasita with the Mannlicher as he thought bwana Eastman was in for it), whereupon it ran off on three legs squealing. After examining the dead mother Pat took the Mannlicher and went off a couple of hundred yards and put out of its misery the young one, which had a broken shoulder and was bleeding at the mouth from a shot through the lungs. When it was all over we were more thankful than ever that the rhino of the day before had behaved like a gentleman. We saw no elephant that day, although we scoured the country for about nine hours, nor the next morning, although we hunted from daylight until eleven o'clock, so Pat concluded we had better move up near Meru where several herds of elephant had been reported by his scouts. That afternoon we moved out

CHRONICLES OF

on the road where the trucks could reach us and the next day by truck up to within six miles of Meru. Just before we got to our camping place we saw fresh elephant dung along the main road where one of the herds had been traveling the previous night—this in country thickly populated by natives.

Since then we have moved camp several times, always seeing some elephants in each place, but only cows so far. This is written Tuesday, September 7. We moved here to a place among a lot of native shambas, about five miles from the main road, just in time to make camp before dark. A lot of the country roundabout was burning, and the fire display was fine. This morning about six o'clock, after breakfast, some scouts came in and reported elephants a couple of miles away. We sallied out and in about two hours saw twelve, but they were all cows and calves. We watched them with our glasses feeding in the grass on a hillside across a small valley. We also saw a couple of rhinos and sixteen buffaloes. It is now nearly noon, and after lunch and siesta we shall go out again, but good bulls are very scarce and there is really very little chance that we shall succeed in getting what we want. Everywhere we go we have no difficulty in enlisting the local natives to scout for us, because the elephants do so much damage in raiding their gardens. In Uganda and some parts of Tanganyika, for instance, the government has had to appoint official hunters to thin them out where their depredations have become unbearable. They shoot cows and calves as well as bulls.

The weather continues very favorable, cool nights, cloudy mornings, hot and sunny during the middle of the day, slowly getting cooler as the sun goes down. Even in the hot sun there is usually a nice little breeze which prevents any suffering from the heat.

Nairobi, Sunday, September 12. The next morning after the above was written we went out very early and saw three rhinos and twelve buffaloes but no elephants. The rhinos consisted of one old cow, a half-grown calf and a very young one, probably only three or four months old. If it had not been for the calf, we

AN AFRICAN TRIP

would have shot the old one, for it had the finest horns we have seen, probably over twenty-five inches. We got back to camp by nine o'clock, and Pat decided that the outlook for elephant bulls was so poor that we would move up to the mill, which was only five or six miles away. We got there by noon, and as there were some reports of elephants about in a different direction he sent out some scouts in the afternoon. One of them came back in the early morning and reported that he and his pal had tracked a couple of bulls into a native shamba and while they were there a third elephant, they had not seen, attacked the owner of the garden, who was with them and trampled and gored him badly, so his friends were carrying him to the Meru hospital. We spent the morning paying off the seventy local porters whom we had accumulated so that if the scouts came in we could hunt in the afternoon, but as none of them turned up we concluded they were too scared to undertake the job. The next hunters in that neighborhood will probably have a rogue elephant to handle. We went up to the hospital, but the man had not been brought in, and we had to leave the next morning without learning any more about the affair—whether the man was dead or whether his injuries had been exaggerated.*

When we reached this place we found that Carl Akeley was here in a nursing home. His wife told us he had been taken sick in camp two weeks before, and that after nursing him herself for a week she thought best to bring him on a bed in one of the trucks to where he could have professional care. He is still very weak but improving every day. Audley does not think there is anything serious the matter with him. He worries a good deal about his work, and his wife says he does not take any care of himself.

We are expecting the Johnsons and Dan in today. The sailing of the *Guildford Castle*, we learn, will be two days later than schedule. It is now fixed for the 20th. If it is much later, we may not be able to connect with the *Aquitania*, sailing October 16, and which is the last boat that will get us home in time for the Medical School opening.

*Man died before he reached the hospital.

CHRONICLES OF

Tuesday, September 14. Dan and the Johnsons came in yesterday afternoon looking fine and very jubilant over some more lion pictures Martin got since Audley and I left them—wonderful close-up of groups of a dozen or more actually playing together in the open.

This morning we were told at the Union Castle line that the *Guildford Castle* would not sail until the 22nd, but they assured us she would get to Genoa on the 9th of October. We figure we can connect with the *Aquitania* even if she is two days later than that, so I have just cabled London to get accommodations. Much as I dislike functions of the kind I should be sorry to miss the Medical School formal opening exercises by such a close margin as one boat. We are anxious not to stay here any longer than we have to, because the town has become very dusty and dirty. What this country needs is cheap oil—crude oil for its streets, kerosene to prevent mosquito breeding and to run its tractors, and gasoline for its motor cars. All these products cost fully three times as much as with us, and the cost is hampering the development of the country. We shall be sorry to leave Dan. As I said before he is an ideal traveling companion, and we shall miss the Johnsons who have done so much to make our stay here enjoyable and interesting.

It is now about four months since Pomeroy, Stewart and I arrived in this country bent upon a big game hunting and photographing adventure. Since then we have traveled over 4,000 miles with motor car, camel and porter safaris without serious mishap or even discomfort. Whether the thrills derived from successful accomplishment of what we set out to do have counterbalanced the dangers incurred is for each member of the party to decide for himself. Whether anybody is justified in killing a lot of wild animals (mostly harmless) just for the pleasure of taking home so-called "trophies" to show his friends and bragging (inferentially at least) of his prowess as a hunter is, of course, a matter that is open to the opinions of the onlookers, but from whatever viewpoint it is looked at, from that of the sportsman or that of the sentimentalist, the fact remains that the adventure is

A N A F R I C A N T R I P

now over, and this adventurer with his mind filled with memories of many new things he has seen and experienced, now at the end, as always, is turning his face eagerly homeward, to a place where there is an abundance of pure water, where the great majority of the inhabitants are not hopelessly and unspeakably filthy, where the mosquitoes are not allowed to spread disease, where the roads are smooth and the streets clean, where the four seasons follow each other in glorious sequence, where there is music, art and science, and boundless scope and unlimited opportunity for the development of all that is admirable in man, and above all where he hopes to enjoy the priceless privilege of a few more years of contact with the friends whom he has gathered about him during the course of a long, interesting and eventful life.

Yours,

GEORGE EASTMAN

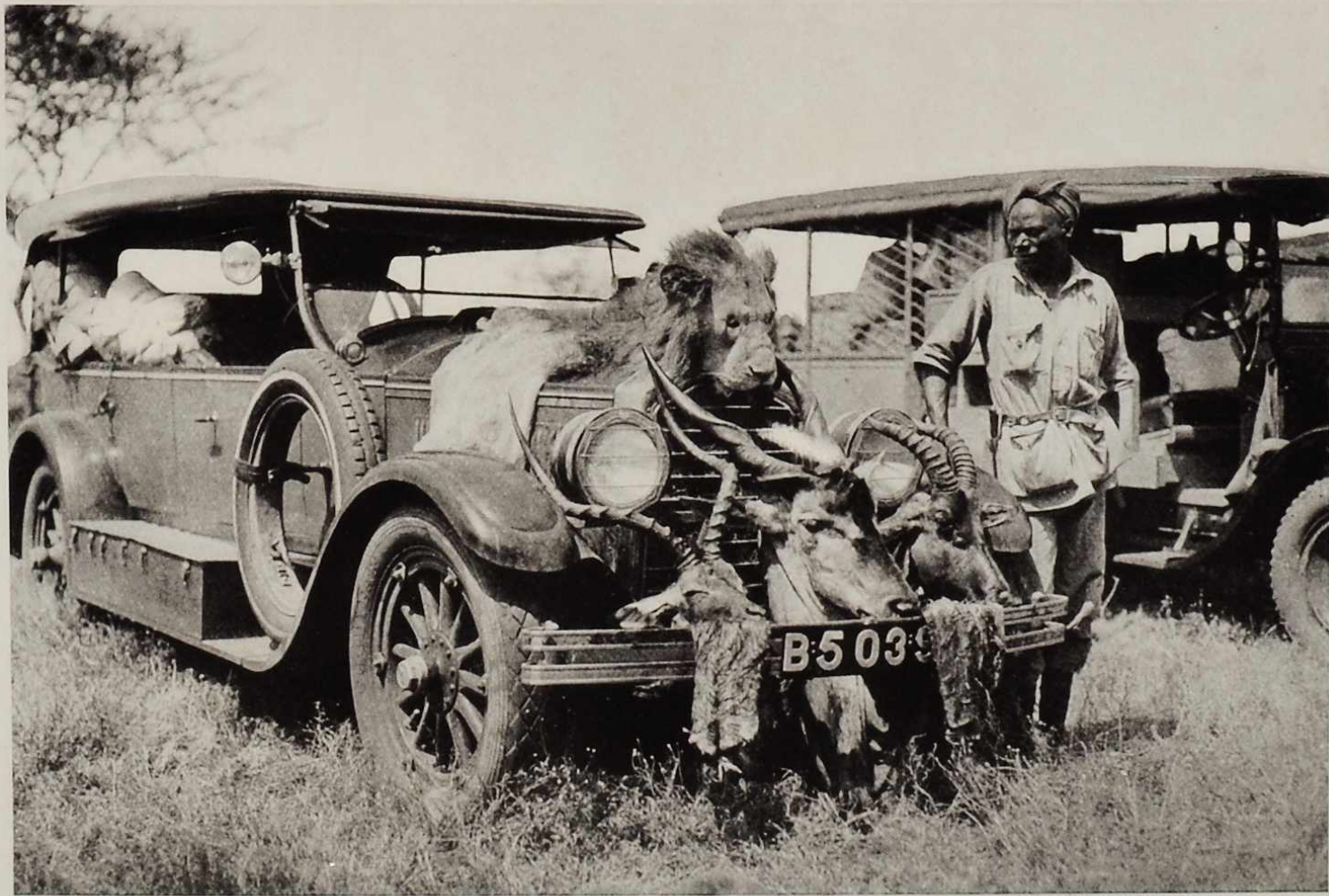
THE PHOTOGRAPHS
IN THE FRONT PART OF THIS BOOK WERE MADE BY
MESSRS. POMEROY, STEWART, EASTMAN
AND JOHNSON. ALL THOSE FOL-
LOWING THIS LEAF WERE
MADE BY MARTIN
JOHNSON



Saasita and the rhino that charged with her calf



Dan and his impalla



A morning's hunt



The Church party at Simpson's camp



Camp in Tanganyika on the Gurumetti



A double ostrich nest



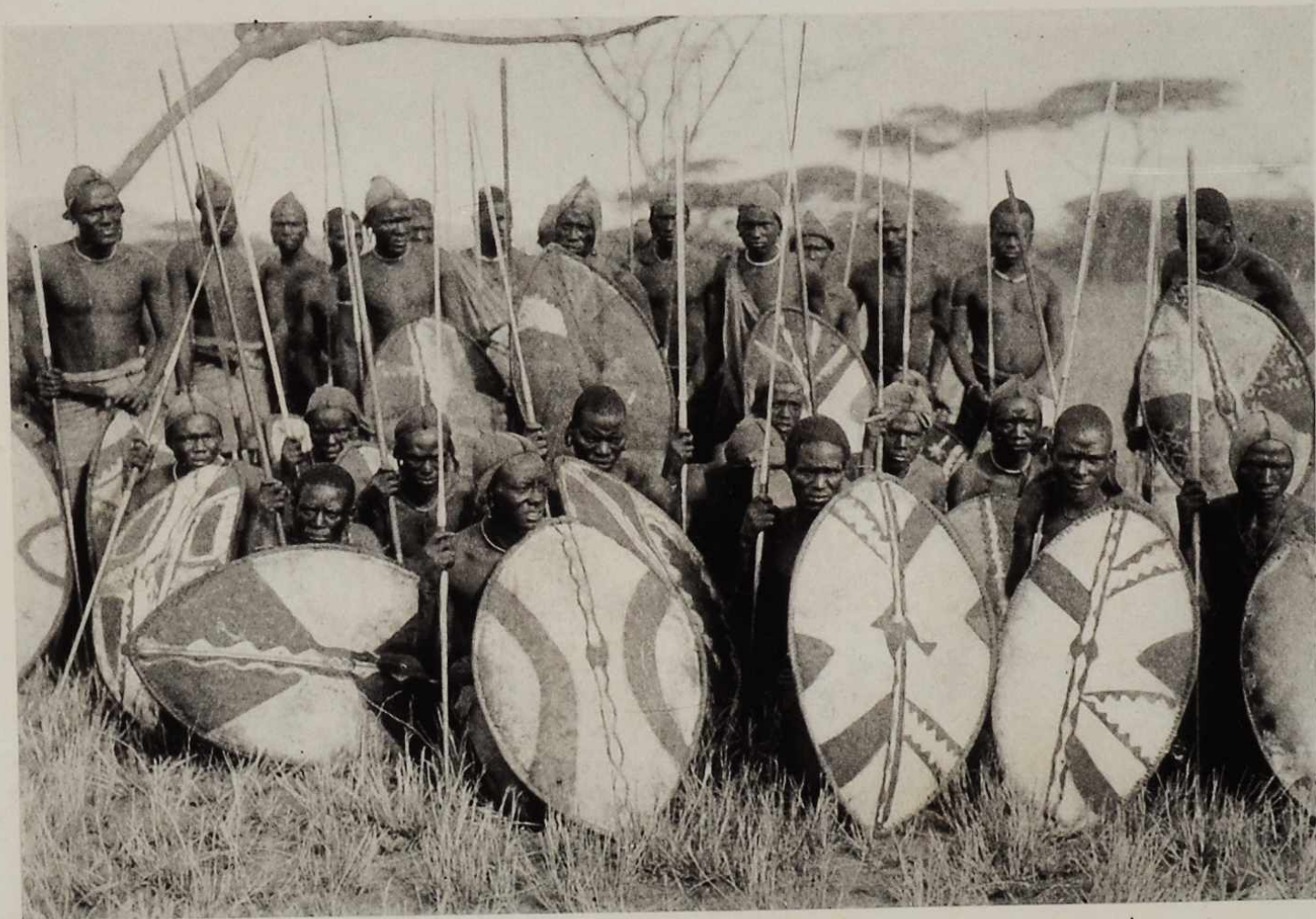
Blowing an ostrich egg



Taking it easy in camp



Osa and one of the Lumbwa spearmen



Lumbwa spearmen



Martin and Osa with a Lumbwa shield



Dan, Audley, Osa and G. E. examining a speared lion



Osa and the Akeleys



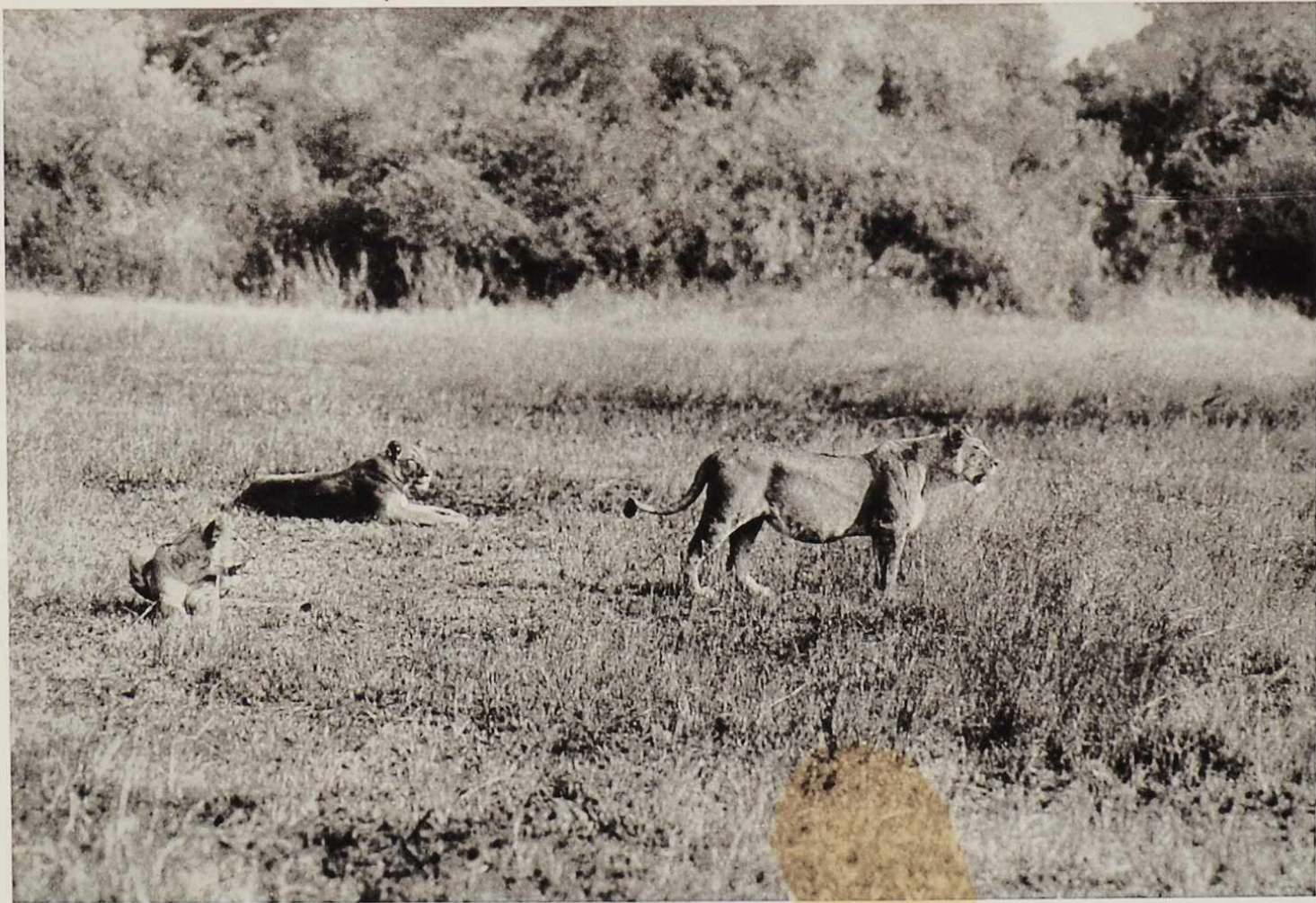
Spearmen celebrating a lion kill



Water buffalo speared by Lumbwa



Celebrating the death of the lion that nearly got Phil



Lions after a night's feast



Mother and child (toto)



A herd of giraffe on a Tanganyika plain



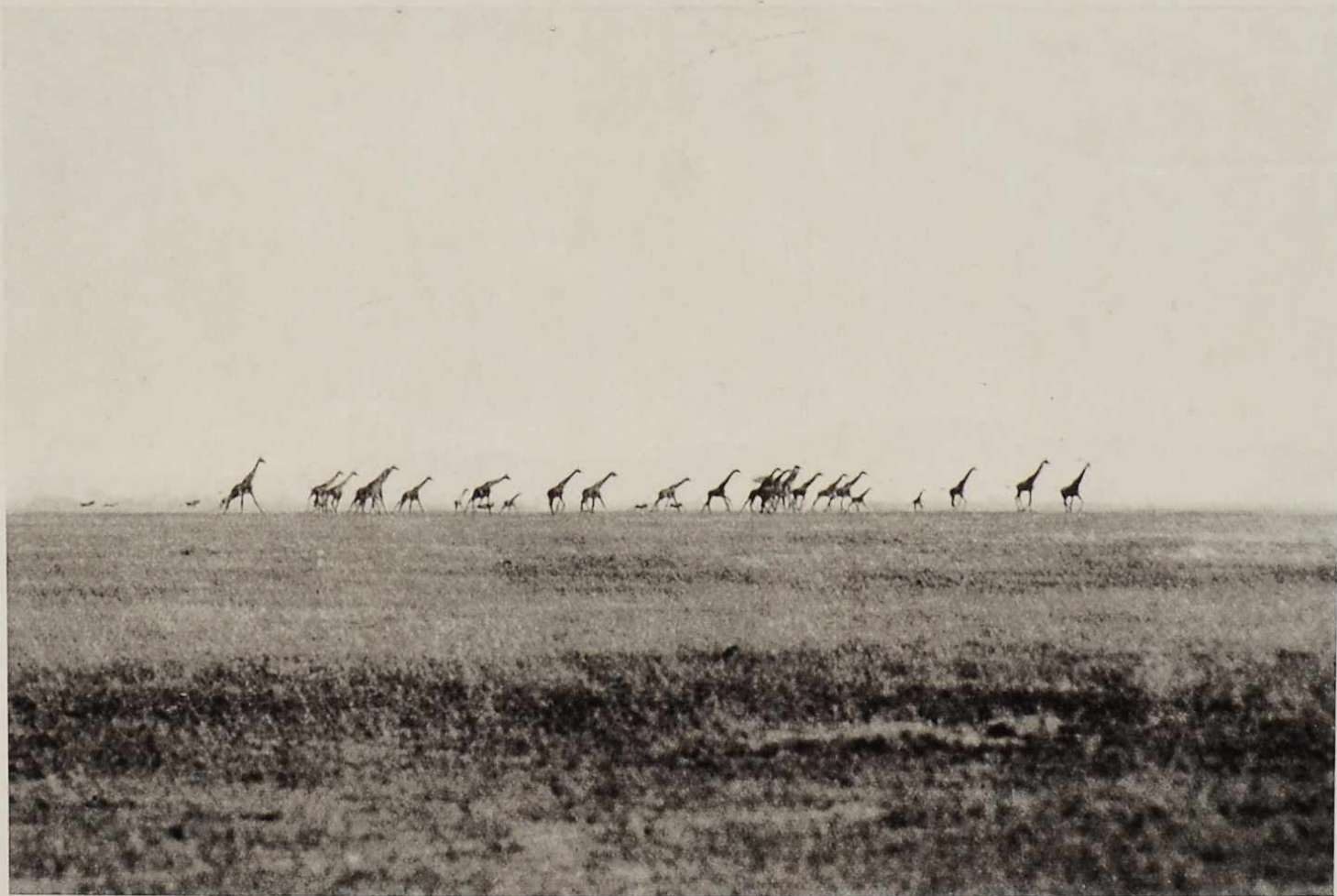
Martin's old car



Martin's new car



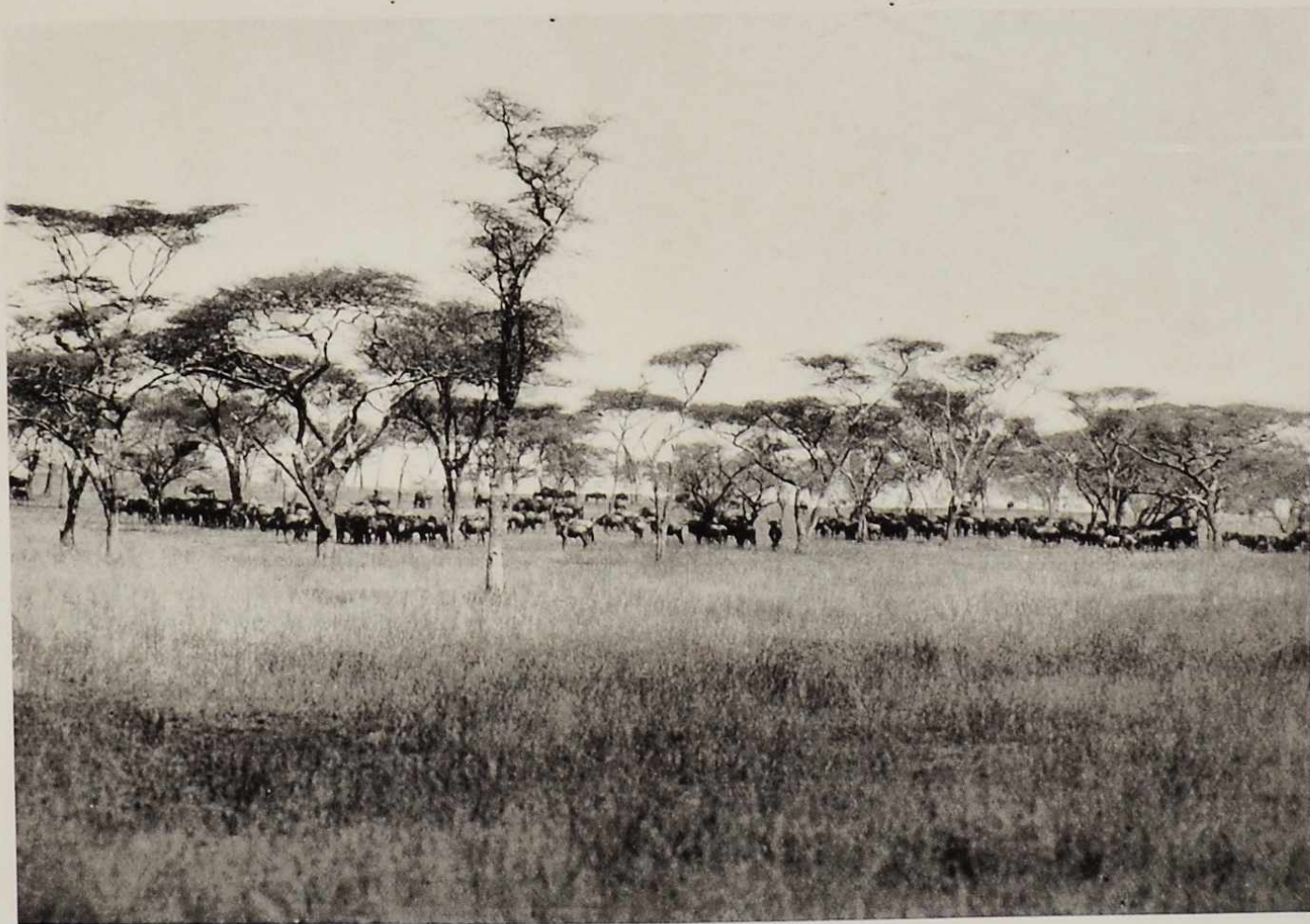
Martin's new car



Giraffe in Tanganyika



Topi



A typical herd of wildebeest



Lion at a Kill



Lion, after his meal



Herd of "Tommies"
(Thompson gazelle)



Kavirondo Crane