

**BONUS BOOK  
CONDENSATION**

# BELL OF Africa

The autobiography of the  
world-famous hunter who killed  
1,000 elephants at close range  
with small-caliber rifles

**By W. D. M. BELL**

Illustrations by the Author

■ I was born in 1880 at my father's estate near Edinburgh, and was early burdened with the resounding name Walter Dalrymple Maitland Bell. Our family was of Lowland Scots and Manx ancestry. My mother died when I was 2 years old, and I therefore missed the early maternal influence. Our family was a large one—10—and it was not perhaps unnatural that my father, who passed away when I was 6, eyed me somewhat sourly as merely one of a pestilent brood. At any rate I have no enduring memories of him. I can remember sitting silently and awe-stricken on a high chair in his room while my sister, one year younger than I, was dandled on the parental knee, the memory of a highly polished walking stick, and the aroma of very good Havana cigars.

My father was a man of some substance. Starting in life as a timber merchant, he had by courage and acumen accumulated a goodly portion of worldly possessions. He had bought himself a country estate where he proceeded to enjoy the privileges and pursuits then considered to be the normal way of life, and in due course he acquired a grouse moor, and even began to raise pheasants. He was by no means a poor performer at driven birds.

I may or may not have been born with an instinct to hunt—the scientists have not yet come to an absolute conclusion on this aspect of human behavior. But from an early age I developed a driving urge to hunt. And I was not very old before I determined that it would be in Africa, and for the elephant, that I would do my hunting. By the time I could read I began following the hunting adventures of such heroes as Dead Shot Dick, gunning for North American buffalo. I even tried to run away from home to hunt pigeons in Monte Carlo. After I was put into school it was not long before I became convinced that the academic life was not for me. By this time I had extended my readings and Gordon Cummings' tales of elephant hunting had finally canceled all other thoughts and aspirations. Elephants now displaced bison.

When my restlessness and yearning for Africa came more and more to so distract me from my studies that I became an almost unmanageable brat, my guardians realized that something must be done with me. My constant pleas to be sent to Africa were ignored. There was one time-honored way out of the difficulty, and not a bad one either. It was decided to apprentice me to a firm of sailing-ship owners. A point in favor of this scheme was that I would be unable to run away while at sea.

My sailing career took me to Tasmania and New Zealand, but it was a short career and I was soon back in England. I was now 14, and my people thought it was

Erwin A. Bauer

Copyright © W. D. M. Bell, 1980.  
Published by Charles T. Brannan Co., Boston 20, Mass., 02108

about time for me to settle down, choose a profession, and get some education. They still laughed when I begged them to let me out for Africa. So after several abortive attempts to get the obstinate youth educated in Scotland I was bundled off to Germany to be handled by a private tutor.

I was not long in Germany before I ran away from my tutor. I was quickly home again to pester once more the harassed guardians with the eternal cry, "To Africa, to Africa!" Finally the guardians yielded at long last. To Africa I should go.

I was close to 17 years old when my elder brother conveyed me to a gunmaker's shop for the choice of a suitable rifle. This part of the adventure was, of course, the maiming on which all depended. A beautiful single-shot .303 was produced at an attractive price—it was second-hand—and the bargain was soon concluded. All this was knocking on the gates of Paradise to me. Soon a second-class passage was secured on a small German cargo and passenger steamer bound for Mombasa, East Africa, among many other ports of call. I went aboard with no equipment other than my rifle and a small amount of ammunition. Nothing else was deemed necessary.

Mombasa in these days was still the headquarters for some fairly important trading caravans. Safaris to and from Uganda and beyond frequently left for or arrived from the mysterious interior. The trade was still a system of barter. On the one hand American and Manchester cotton goods, iron and brass wire, iron chain, Venetian glass beads, Dutch shag tobacco, and kauri shells; on the other ivory and a few slaves. As this latter trade was beginning to be frowned on by the authorities, it had to be carried on under the elaborate camouflage so dear to the African mind, perhaps the commonest form being the conversion of savages to Mohammedanism by circumcision and the bestowing on the convert the name "Son of So-and-So." This was a grand game as it legalized everything, and enabled the father to use his "sons" in any way he saw fit. For years white men employed "boys" at the current rate of wages, only to find eventually that every cent of it was carried to the "father," who might or might not allow his "son" a small portion of his earnings as a gift.

It had always been my intention to join one of these trading caravans; to live as they lived, and thus to penetrate parts of the vast interior that would otherwise be unattainable to anyone with as small resources as mine. The idea was that in return for the protection afforded by the guns of the safari, I would kill meat and ivory with my rifle. It must be remembered that at this time the larger proportion of the tribes were still a law unto themselves and were actively hostile to all travelers. Permission to traverse their country had to be paid for in "homgo" (tribute) if the tribe was warlike and numerous; if otherwise, a few shots from the safari guns smoothed the passage.

With this end in view I made some inquiries but met with small encouragement. It appeared that the very last thing these safaris wanted was the company of a white youth. To them he could be but a spy. They had no knowledge then of what a capable hunter, armed with a modern rifle, could do among the countless herds of elephant roaming the equatorial bush. Even the one or two experienced whites I consulted seemed dead set against the idea, pointing out that even if the safari leaders consented to the joining up of a white, which in itself was almost inconceivable as they were all more or less involved in illicit trade in "black ivory," a white man could not possibly stand the racket. For one thing, they pointed out, these caravans did not work on any time schedule.

They spent months in preparation and years on the expedition itself. They frequently settled down in remote parts to trade; joined forces with one tribe to raid a neighboring one that centuries of battling had reduced to a common degree of strength, when, of course, the sudden accession of a force of two or three hundred guns made the issue of the struggle a dead certainty. Then there was their little goings-on in these raids to be taken into account—the massacres, the disemboweling of pregnant women with a single knife slash across the tautened belly, and such. No; decidedly no! A white man could not stand the racket. I had to think again.

One day I visited a friend whom I had met on the steamer who was in charge of the stores for the survey parties of the newly projected Uganda Railway. He said that the survey wanted white men. It appeared that the transport for these parties consisted of mules, American wagons, and Indian muleteers. The latter had struck and refused to circulate unless they were given the protection of a white man on each safari. Native spearmen had been active in opposing one or two of these safaris, and lions had succeeded in killing several Indians besides stampeding mule trains. This was like a feroceity of Paradise for me, and I lost no time in seeking the official in charge, who engaged me forthwith, and ordered me to proceed up country immediately to the then headquarters of the transport at Voi. The only question asked was whether I had a rifle and ammunition. I was handed a letter to the official in charge at Voi, who apparently would do everything necessary. Included was a railway voucher which entitled the bearer to cover the few miles of the newly constructed railroad.

Bidding my friends adieu, I embarked on my journey the next day. The train, filled to capacity with material, went off in great style, and a shower of sparks from the wood-burning engine, while excited habus in turbans, frock coats, and tight-fitting pants blew whistles and waved flags.

At one of the wooding stations the news came through that a white man, one of the construction engineers, had been taken from his tent at Voi, by a lion and killed. This set my ears a-pricking. At last we were getting places, I thought. This was the stuff. The road was very new, and the speed was less than 10 miles an hour, but soon Voi was achieved, and delivering my letter, I was fascinated by my first view of what was to be my job.

Imagine a large clearing in African thorn bush where all the larger trees had been left standing; only the lower stuff cleared away. Among the trees numerous tents were pitched. Long rows of mules stood tethered by lines to head ropes, while heel ropes attached to pegs lay idly on the ground behind them, to be used only at night as a precaution against stampedes caused by lions.

On every side were huge camps of bell tents occupied by Indian coolies—the construction gangs. But the odd thing about the whole show were the enormously thick thorn fences, 15 feet high and 20 feet thick, that surrounded and subdivided these camps. Most of the largest trees had platforms 20 to 30 feet from the ground. Here it was the precious white men slept.

The whole organization was in the grasp of fear. Coolie gangs were refusing to work on the construction. Coolie muleteers were refusing to go on the supply trails to the forward surveying parties. Every tent of 10 men had been issued a rifle. Everyone was within the camp zambas by sundown. All gates were closed and still the marauding lions claimed their nightly toll in spite of fires, lanterns, shots, and firebrands. Parties of white men tracked the beasts as far back into the surrounding bush as they could hold the trail. No one could understand how a lion could possibly escape through or over those immense thorn fences and carry a man, but they did. Of course no one then knew the capabilities of lions. They have been known to get over such obstacles carrying a cow weighing 600 or 700 pounds, so that an average coolie weighing about 130 pounds would present little difficulty to these active cats.

So long as they confined their attention to coolies the matter was treated with some calmness. But then a white man had been taken from his tent—dragged from it in spite of spirited resistance on the part of his boy. This episode brought things to a boiling point. The whole camp was in a ferment.

Of course I was tremendously excited by all these doings. Africa was going to live up to my expectations by the look of things. I hastened to try out my single-shot, falling-block .303 rifle, and to familiarize myself with the bush, thrilling with the idea of coming on the man-killer all by myself, and of laying it out, of course. Although I never sighted a lion one thing I did find out about was the poor extraction of these falling-block actions. Under temperate climes it had presented no difficulties, but now under African suns the fired cartridge cases almost refused to leave the chamber. Indeed, it was only by the vigorous use of a ramrod that they could be induced to do so. I thought I would have to shoot mighty close and carefully as I could not count on a second shot in a hurry. To this early training much of my later success was probably due.

I now had leisure to review my armament with somewhat

critical attention. The rifle that I had to begin with and which seemed the most perfect one in the world began to assume a different aspect in light of recurring difficulties in extracting. Meeting one day a Greek trader at a common camp, we compared rifles. That of the Greek was a Winchester single-shot black-powder .450 falling block with a long, tapered cartridge. Not exactly so modern a weapon as the beautiful Fraser .303, but still an accurate, hard-hitting gun, and above all a sure extractor. I offered an exchange after ascertaining that the count of ammunition was roughly that of the .303. Unfortunately all the cartridges had that abomination, the hollow copper-point bullet. But I knew nothing of this at the time, and as the Greek seemed dazzled with the .303, a trade was soon made.

On buck the .450 performed quite well, although it spoiled much meat. As antelope were in their thousands this did not matter much. But on rhino I soon realized the shortcomings of that soft-lead hollow shell. Had there only been some of the solid variety of bullets I would have been all right. As it was, I soon found I could kill buffalo by keeping the bullets well away from big bones, but those wretched bullets very nearly put me in queer straits.

One morning the boys came running into camp at sunrise in great excitement. A lion was drinking at the water hole. Now for the .450. Grass had mostly been burned off, leaving patches here and there. Clumps of high bush studded the hillside. An African with a muzzel loader joined me. The lion was spotted in a patch of grass, only his head showing. He laid his ears back and growled warningly. I fired for his head at some 30 yards, expecting to blow it clean off. Instead there was a most unholy to-do, but nothing offered for a further shot. The lion entered a near clump of bush and then silence. With the African I snooped around the bush but could neither see nor hear anything. At last the African suggested the lion must be dead. I devotedly hoped so, but was not too sure. I decided to climb a tree so as to see something from there. Carefully I laid my rifle across some branches, and was in the very act of drawing myself up when, whoosh and a roar, here came Leo in a split-second charge not two feet away. I just had time to flick up my legs as the yellow streaked through them. The African too was off in no uncertain manner. I dropped hurriedly to the ground with the rifle at the ready, and this is what met my startled gaze. Away down the hill in open ground raced the African fellow hunter. Behind him and rapidly overtaking him was the lion, obviously out for blood. Instantly I got the lion in my sights, but found that he almost covered the racing human figure so I dared not fire. Almost at the same instant the African fell, and that lion shot clear over him, breaking hard on all four legs, and turning on his tucked-down tail. As he came around I got in a shot on his shoulder, which obviously shook him, but did not knock him down. By this time my companion, who had darted off at a tangent, joined me, smiling all over his sweat-covered face. He seemed to treat his narrow escape lightly. Indeed he said he often dodged lions in that way. I thought he was a damned liar.

Meanwhile the wounded lion had denned up once more in dense bush. I thought it would be a good idea to leave him to cool off a bit, but the African had another idea. Telling me to wait and watch the bush, he went off toward camp and soon returned with a mob of boys, African and Indian. Some were armed with bush knives, some with sticks, and a few had burning faggots from the fires. There were two or three with drums and a few water-buck horns. Everyone was tremendously excited as they all advanced in some sort of line right into that infernal bush. Everyone shouted his loudest, whacked the drums, blew the horns, and made a most infernal din. They seemed not the least bit scared, but I was stiff with fright. I felt certain someone would get it, and I had very little confidence in my rifle left. Luckily the last shot at the shoulder had sickened the lion considerably, although even now he was full of fight when they came on him at three or four yards. It was with difficulty that I got in a finishing shot as the boys mobbed him with their sticks and knives.

Examination showed that the first shot in the head had broken the lower jaw. That was probably why no one had been bitten. The second shot had caught him fair on the shoulder. Both bullets had simply blown up and caused only surface wounds. This made me think a bit. Out of these, and other dogs with rhino, it became obvious to me that at all costs a

bullet must not break up. It was a lesson that served me well in my later career as an elephant hunter.

I soon acquired a .303 Lee-Metford which was the latest army rifle. It used a nickel-jacketed bullet weighing 215 grains, and although soft-nose bullets were being made for it, I would have none of them. Admittedly these so-called "solids" had to be accurately placed. But why should they not be so? The barrel was straight and the bullets flew truly, so it was merely a case of placing it properly on the animal so as to reach a vital spot. The lesson was well learnt, and I began my lifelong study in nerve control and the knowledge of anatomy that was to serve me so well in later years.

I was now about ready to embark upon my long-cherished resolve to become an elephant hunter. My own finances were not such as to enable me to outfit a safari on an adequate scale, nor was my knowledge of the country sufficient. Naturally the native Africans living along the route of the white men were shy of contacting people who seemed only intent on making them work, so that hitherto I had made little progress with my purely native contacts. It was therefore with eager anticipation that I welcomed the advent of an explorer. An amiable, smiling man, he seemed to present the very chance I had been waiting for. I lost no time in offering my services as hunter to his expedition, was accepted, and thought that at long last I was coming into my own.

This explorer was insistent that it would be necessary for me to resign from my present job. He said he was going to Entebbe in Uganda where he proposed to outfit and organize his expedition.

At long last news came through of the expedition. Instead of a summons to join it was to the effect that it had already left. Not a word for me. This was a blow indeed. Here I was in Central Africa, without resources, full of malaria, with nowhere to go. At all costs I must somehow get together my own outfit. I had learned my lesson never to rely on anyone for anything. But my youth was against me, and no one took seriously a boy of some 17 years—a fever-stricken one at that.

I tried again to get a job with some of the large Swahili-Arab caravans that passed monthly through the Lake district, but I ran up against the same problem that existed in Mombasa. They were supposed to be trading caravans, but literally they forced from the villages their accumulations of ivory by force or even by local wars, and they were by no means above the slave trade, and the last person they wanted in their caravans was a white man, particularly an Englishman. Failing completely in this, I decided that the only way out of my difficulty was to return once more to my home, and try again for that assistance from my guardians that would set me up on my own. I could now point out to them that there were still elephants in Africa, that I knew where to look for them, and that I possessed the necessary knowledge to lead an expedition.

Back in England, my family would still not finance my elephant-hunting plans. But they did finance my travel to the Yukon Territory to join the gold rush there. We will pass over my hunting adventures in the Yukon and keep on the track of elephants, however.

Suffice it to say that I was happy to leave the cold north country. My pockets were empty when I left—but that is another story. The outbreak of the Boer War in South Africa took me back to elephant country. I enlisted at Calgary in a Canadian Army contingent and was soon off to the war.

A short war it was. In no time I was back in England. Now of age and with an inheritance, I knew nothing could prevent me from carrying out my elephant-hunting plans.

In preparation for this, my first well-organized expedition to Africa, my battery was my first consideration. My war experience had taught me that the British .303 Lee-Enfield rifle was a useful weapon, and I thought that, used with the 215-grain solid-jacketed bullet, it would serve me well. I successfully resisted the blandishments of the famous gunmakers with their wonderful illustrated catalogues showing the effect on big game of their marvelous wares. For my first real venture I backed my opinion that it was more where you placed the bullet than that bullet's particular striking energy, muzzle velocity, or anything else. So I acquired two sporting models of the .303, each with the 10-shot magazine. In fact they were the military arm with the barrel cut down a bit, and sporting pistol grip stocks. They cost £8 each (about \$40 in those days). It must not be imagined that this decision was lightly come to.

# BELL OF Africa

BONUS BOOK  
CONDENSATION

I had at that time a great friend, Daniel Fraser, the celebrated gunmaker of Edinburgh. Often he would take me down to his testing range where he would have various rifles, single and double, in the "white" or raw stage, that is, before they were blued. Here I got a good insight into the intricacies of making two parallel barrels shoot together. They never did so, and consequently had to be adjusted so that their lines of fire crossed each other at the correct distance from the muzzle. But it was no joke firing the heavier bores such as .500 or .577 from a gunmaker's rest. The whole punch of the infernal artillery-piece expended itself against the leaning body of the firer—all in cold blood, mind you—so that one felt that one's whole skeleton would fall asunder. I took a strong dislike to these mighty pieces, although admiring their craftsmanship. Fraser would fire them all day long, getting better and better groups from them, without turning a hair. He often ranted me for flinching during the process of putting me through it.

Once the battery question having been settled, the rest of the equipment was easy, and once more I found myself at Kisumu on Lake Victoria. This time I reached it by rail as since my former visit the Uganda Railway had been completed. At Kisumu I made friends with the naval captain in charge of a small steamer that had arrived in sections, and had been put together and into service for navigation on the lake. He advised me to try Uganda, or at least to see it, before deciding finally on my first hunting expedition. He offered to put me up at his headquarters in Entebbe, the capital of Uganda.

From there I went on a small expedition, and had my first taste of the really high-grass hunting. This elephant grass is quite impenetrable to humans except on game trails. It is used by such animals as buffalo and elephant as a daylight stronghold from which to raid native gardens at night.

I had been warned that when in this grass these animals were quite aggressive, and as the visibility was a matter of feet rather than yards, the utmost caution was necessary. Everyone was emphatic that nothing less than a double .450 should be used in such cover.

On reaching a native village, by way of canoe and through the Sesse islands, I found plenty of evidence of buffalo. They came right into the gardens at night, causing a lot of destruction. The lads in the village complained that nothing they could do would drive them out. In answer to my query as to where they were, they pointed to a long swamp filled with elephant grass, at this time of year about 12 feet high. It was arranged that on the morrow there would be a hunt. Two middle-aged natives were ready and very willing to show the white man the buffalo in his lair. They said nothing about the appalling ferocity of these animals. As usual, the buffalo had been in the gardens during the night, but had not been subjected to the usual countermeasures the natives would have ordinarily taken against them, such as spear and fire-brand throwing, or bombardment from their muzzleloaders charged with bits of anything that came in handy. This was at my special request.

The edge of the swamp lay quite near the village, and we three hunters simply followed the fresh tracks straight into it. One native led, while the other followed behind me. Filled with lively apprehension after all the tales I had heard from white men, I was struck by the light-hearted and even eager way of my native companions. I noted that they carried a number of very paltry-looking spears.

To my surprise we were still within earshot of the village when the leader stopped stock still. They could hear something. The leader leaned sideways on the wall of stiff grass to let me past. With rifle at ready, and expecting almost immediately to receive a headlong charge at two or three yards' range, we advanced slowly and silently toward what we could now distinguish as the breathing of some heavy beast. But when we had closed to a range of perhaps five yards there was a sudden end to the heavy breathing. I peered about trying to glimpse something. The moment I moved—and khaki drill gives off a certain scratching noise when rubbed against strong grass—there was a commotion. "Here he comes!" I thought, and covered the expected spot with my rifle. Almost instantly I realized that the noise was receding. The poor old Bull had

had the scare of his life and was hell bent for the far-away. The two natives had not moved and were as cool as be-dammed.

We went on and worked that swamp here, there, and everywhere. We got up close to buffalo several times, but always they heard us and ran away. Only once did I catch a glimpse of a fast-disappearing rump, and into it I instantly put a shot, so fed up was I with the shyness of the quarry. Now, I thought, we will see some fireworks. A wounded buffalo in high grass was supposed to be the very devil. What was my surprise and delight when, after what appeared to be about a mile, but was actually about 100 yards, we stumbled right on a kneeling buffalo. The native was leading when suddenly he launched his spear and leaned aside disclosing the kneeling animal with the spear still quivering in his stern. I had it covered and was just about to let go when it struck me the animal must be dead. How we laughed; the natives from joy at the meat prospect; I from relief. As always I had used a solid bullet which had entered through the massive hip-bone formation and raked right forward into the vitals, and thus killed him. Had it been a soft-nosed bullet goodness knows what might have happened.

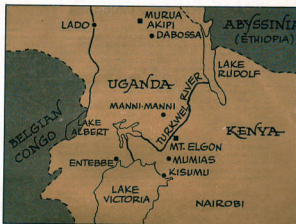
Passing from northern Uganda, where elephants were scarce, I was determined to visit Unyoro where elephants were known to be numerous and the ivory good, and I presently found myself in the very center of good elephant country. The country was rolling, with much cultivation on the ridges, and swamp between. The natives were extremely friendly, toward an elephant hunter anyway, and there was no lack of news of elephants raiding the plantations. When one saw the devastation caused by a night's visit of a few of these marauders one wondered how anyone had the heart ever to plant anything again. The villagers had one or more muzzleloading gas-pipe guns. These they would grossly overload and blast into the raiders with great spirit and determination. When I asked to see what sort of bullet they used, they said it did not matter; anything would do so long as it made a hole in the hide so that the fire from the powder could enter. *It was the fire that killed!* This was the widely held view at that time in many parts of Africa.

**I**t was here in Unyoro that I got my first chance at elephant, and learned how to kill them.

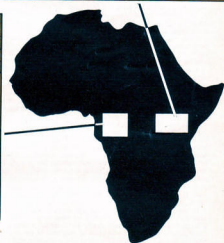
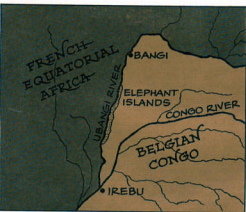
I shall never forget my first introduction to elephant. There were eight large bulls in a small mud bath. Now, attached to the station where I was based at this time there was a soldier of the garrison who had killed one or two elephant with the brain shot, and thought he knew all about it. He very kindly drew me diagrams showing the exact position of the brain from the side, and my head was filled with his instructions. According to these the brain was very high up in the dome of the elephant's head, about where a man would have a bowler hat three sizes too small for him. I regarded these instructions as infallible until six successive failures began to shake my faith in them. Either the elephant the soldier had killed had been afflicted with a brain worm on the top of its head, or the soldier had flinched and pulled down his shot and so penetrated the proper place. So when I came on these elephant I went lambasting shots into those massive domes without any effect whatever, and I think with little or no damage to the dome-carriers. At any rate I caught up with several of my dome-punctured victims and found them, to my consternation, browsing peacefully along. Herein lies an argument for the use of the small-bores only on elephant. Had I been using, say a .577 or a .600, I still would not have killed my beast, but I would perhaps have damaged the dome enough to let in the rain or flies, A 303, 275, or 256, all one-shot killers, would leave hardly a trace of their passage through the spongy structure, the hide closing up tightly the tiny puncture.

In a flurry of exasperation at seeing one of my dome-pricked friends calmly squirting water from a puddle over his sizzling hide, I gave him a .303 in the body just behind the point of the shoulder—not quite low enough for the heart itself. Here now was reaction at last. Hitherto my head shots had been received, if not with contempt, at least in silence. Not so this body shot. The welkin—whatever that may be—split from the top to bottom, and the old fellow rushed off in a most amazing way, just as suddenly he stopped, swayed and fell crashing to the ground. This was the body shot. His mates were thoroughly alarmed by the splitting cries and the ghostly groans of the dying monarch. It would be safe to say that every elephant for a mile or two round would be alarmed. It was a lesson

W.D.M. Bell gained fame early in his career as an ivory hunter. In his early twenties he became known as "Karamojo Bell," for his great kills in the country of the Karamojo tribes—upper-center areas in the map at right.



After establishing his fame and fortune in east-central Africa in the first decade of the century, Bell shifted his operations to western Africa, both along the coast and in the interior of the Congo region, continuing his early successes.



never forgotten, and I determined to master the brain shot or die in the attempt.

To do this I immediately secured a saw capable of cutting right down through an elephant's head. Then with all hands on the job, the head was set up on end and sawn in twain right down between the tusks to the enormous half-joint housing on the skull. The secret recess of the brain was a complete revelation. I would say that no one should be allowed to have a license to kill elephant until they had seen and studied such a lay-out as we had out there in the bush, with swarms of buzzing flies around us.

Having absorbed what I could of the entrancing problem into my mind, memory and sketch book, I felt desperately eager to put my newly acquired knowledge to the test of actual experience. I do not think I slept a wink that night, so fearful was I of forgetting the lessons learnt. Even before sunup we were hoe on the trail of some raiding bulls, my little .303

simply itching to be at them. It was a normal, rainy-season day, hot sun in the early morning, cloudy midday, thunder, lightning and downpours for the rest. We got into our game during a cloudburst with lightning flaring about and crashes of thunder overhead. I doubt if the report of the .303 was heard at all. I was immensely relieved to find the medicine good and the first one dropped to a side shot. With renewed confidence I continued the good work and made the discovery that if elephant are dropped stone dead where they stand their companions are not much alarmed, and continue to stand around, very greatly to the hunter's profit.

I hunted for some time and got the brain shot thoroughly into my system. With experience came increased knowledge. I found that if in falling from a brain shot an elephant happened to touch a companion, either by falling sideways against him, or prodding him with a tusk, it was calculated to alarm him. The solution was to kill first the farthest-away animal

# BELL OF Africa / BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

that seemed to have all four feet on the ground, and was not swaying about from one foot to the other as they so often do. When so executed, this first shot results in the farthest-away head suddenly kneeling. The head is still borne by the elastic neck muscles, the ears still retain some motion, and the fellow seems alive although stone dead. The others regard him as though they wore specs low on their noses, and have to raise their heads high to see through them. And this is when the hunter profits, or should. Things can go wrong even then. One bungled shot may result in a stampede, either toward or away from you. It was not until later in my career that I adopted and developed the shot at the brain through the neck muscles from behind.

Although the brain shot is speedier in results and more humane than the body shot, the latter is not to be despised. Many hunters employ no other. These will generally be found to be adherents to the "big bore" school, and particularly professional hunters who are not certain of their client's marksmanship, advise this shot. The heart and lungs of an elephant present, together with the huge arteries immediately adjacent, a large enough target for anyone, provided his or her nerves are sufficiently controlled to allow of the rifle being aimed at the correct spot. If this is not the case, and the whole animal is treated as the target, to be hit anywhere, then the results will be flight or a charge on the part of the elephant. Should the latter occur on thick stuff or high grass the novice will have a very unpleasant time indeed. An angry bull elephant is a magnificent sight, but an extremely difficult animal to deal with, even for the practised shot. For one thing he is generally end on, and the head is at a high angle and never still. If the novice comes through the encounter undamaged he will either leave elephants severely alone for the rest of his life, or he will be extremely careful where he puts his bullet next time.

The natural inclination of most men is to fire so quickly straight at the beast anywhere. This must be resisted at all costs. If you can force yourself to wait until you have counted 10 slowly, the animal is yours. When you are in this state of mind try and get to a range of about 30 yards at right angles to the fore-and-aft line of the animal. Now see if the foreleg is clearly visible for the greater part. If it is, and is fairly upright, you may use its center line as *direction*. A third of the distance from the brisket to the top of the back is the *elevation*. If struck there or thereabouts either the top of the heart or the lungs or some of the arteries will be pierced and the animal cannot live, even when the bullet used is as small as a .256. He may run 15 or 20 yards, subside into a walk for another 40 or 50 yards, stand about for some time, and then subside. This is a pierced artery. He may rush away for 30 to 60 yards at a great pace and fall in his stride. This is a heart shot. Or he may rush off spouting bright red blood from his trunk in great quantities. This is a shot in the lungs.

If you have missed the vital area and are high, you may touch the spinal column. But it is so massive at this spot in a large elephant that it will rarely be broken, so that even when he comes down he will soon recover and be up and off. Too far forward you may get the point of the shoulder, and your bullet may have so weakened the bone that when he starts off it may break. An elephant cannot trot or gallop, but only pace, therefore one broken leg anchors him. If your bullet has gone too far back and into the stomach you may be in for a lively time, as nothing so angers them than a shot so placed. If he comes for you meaning business, no instructions would help you, simply because you would not have time to think of them. Hit him hard and quickly, and as often as you can, about a line between the eyes, or in the throat when his head is up, and see what happens. Never turn your back on him. While you can see him you know where he is, and besides you cannot run in thick stuff without falling. Always stand still and shoot whichever animal threatens you most is what I have found to be the best plan.

In my opinion, and borne out by experience, there are two distinct and separate ways of killing. They require different tools and techniques in their handling. I propose to call them Nos. 1 and 2.

In No. 1 the object sought is to penetrate deeply enough to injure a vital organ sufficiently to cause death. In the case of large animals this calls for a long heavy bullet of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 diameters in length, moderate velocity if a jacketed one, so that the envelope will not rupture on impact with bone. If of the homogeneous type the velocity may be raised but speaking from personal experience the moderately fast bullets seem to hold a truer course than ultrafast ones. In order to excel as a killer and to be even commonly humane to one's brother animals, a study of anatomy is essential. It is no use knowing where the vitals are unless you can hold your rifle steady enough to direct the bullet straight at them. This requires a considerable amount of muscle training, especially if there is much offhand or standing shooting. In jungle or high grass most of the shots are delivered from the standing position and to be proficient in this requires training and strengthening of muscles that are not ordinarily much in use. The best way to attain this rifle control is to carry your favorite rifle yourself not only when you are hunting but whenever you go out. Dry shoot it at anything and everything. Do all the exercises you can think of with it. Hold it out at arm's length for as long as you can stick it, first in front, then sideways. Get your muscles thoroughly inured to holding it in any position you may choose. Let your will dominate your body and bring it into subjection. The reward of perseverance will be worth it.

The second method is best carried out with the later improved velocity group of cartridges belonging to the era beginning around the 1910s, and still continuing (1952). It is apparently only recently that the neck shot has come to be recognized as the deadliest and safest of all. Where our forefathers were content to lam into the front part of the body anywhere "behind the shoulder" this shot has ceased to be employed by discriminating hunters. The neck shot has all the advantages over the body shot and is even more instantaneous than a brain shot. A quite light blow in the neck is sufficient to cause death. It is not necessary to hit the spinal column. In fact the whole of the neck that is clothed in flesh is deadly area. All the nerves, arteries and veins have to pass through this channel. Besides these advantages the neck is often exposed when other parts of the body are masked by grass or bush. If you get the habit of looking for the neck only and of disregarding the body entirely it is remarkable how often the neck is presented to a vital shot even when the body is not in a suitable position. Rhino, buffalo and all the antelope and deer tribe present a large neck target.

Only the elephant seems somewhat short on neck. It is very short and is much masked by the enormous ears. While on the neck shot, it is interesting to note that the lashing about of legs, quivering and continuing heartbeats that follow on a brain shot are absent when the neck is hit. Perhaps it was this fact that induced the secret police of the Nazi regime and other police states to employ it in getting rid of their victims expeditiously and quietly. Whereas in reaching a deep-seated vital it is advisable to have a long parallel-sided bullet of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 diameters and of good sectional density such as the .318 cal. 250-grain bullet traveling at a medium velocity, 2,300-2,500 ft.p.s., when we come to the neck shot quite a short light bullet may be employed. Here velocity counts for a lot. Penetration is not so essential. The bullet should stay in the neck, that is it should expend its whole energy on the muscular shield protecting the vital nerve channels, the arteries and of course the spinal column itself. This is best ensured by a bullet that will expand suddenly. It should not break up into fragments. The greater the velocity the better. It is not necessary to even touch the spinal column but if this is achieved so much the better.

I personally have never struck an animal with a bullet traveling much over 3,800 ft. p.s. and judging by the instant death produced with a neck shot at around that velocity I don't believe anything higher is required. This opens a vast new field for up-to-date hunters. Gone are the old messy body shots. A quite light rifle, with perhaps a longish barrel, will be found adequate for the job with its consequential better shooting.

In offhand shooting I always found that holding the barrel with the left hand as far out as was comfortable suited my style better than the close-in grip on the fore-end. I know this is not in accordance with the target shooters' practice. As

for recoil, in this connection I deliberately ignore it because there is no reason to employ a weapon that recoils violently. If a man is saddled with such an arm he has my sympathy only so long as he cannot get a decent one. A violent gun disturbs the whole layout of good rifle hunting.

Of course, if you are going to use a scope sight you will need to be careful about mounting it so that the eye relief is not interfered with. Personally I would prefer a large open aperture sight for thick stuff and so-called dangerous game—an aperture that disappears entirely when game shooting. That is, the sides of the aperture, the surroundings of the hole, disappear to the eye and you seem to be focusing on the front sight and target only. In my case at age 72 I find an aperture .1380 in diameter suits my eyesight but let everyone find out for himself what best suits. The surrounds of the hole are in my case .1000 thick exactly. I regret that I cannot say what the proportions for younger eyesight might be as I never used anything but the open or iron sights in my early hunting. It is true that I tried the aperture but found it slow and discarded it in favor of the open V, then later gradually drifting to the straight bar with a small notch.

I don't know if others are afflicted with a super-critical sense of proportions as I was. Everything had to be a certain width, in back sights. If they were too broad I felt they were wrong. As they came straight from the gunmakers everything was wrong. I find it difficult to define what exactly was wrong in so many words. They just did not satisfy the feelings. I had to tinker with everything. Generally the back sights were too broad. They had to be of a width that corresponded to the length of the barrel I think. Then in running shots the V shape was found bothersome even when it was very open. Until finally my last open-sighted rifle was a straight-bar affair.

There is no sighting device yet invented so fast and so accurate as the open back sight for youthful eyesight anyway. So armed a man with steady nerves and fit muscles can accomplish marvels. With no idea of boasting but merely to show what can be done when so armed I will recount a little incident that happened to me. I had 6,000 rounds of .318 ammunition. Through defects this stuff was giving a lot of trouble. On an average there were three misfires in 10. I wanted to get rid of the stuff.

In this enviable state I found myself at Jinja, where the huge Lake Victoria pours over a narrow rocky ledge. Every evening cormorants, flush with fish, homed over the center of this outflow. They are straight-flying but fast birds. I used to buzz off .318 defective ammunition at them. They were about 300 feet above the rifle stance. One evening I was so engorged when two onlookers approached me. They were Goanese clerks from the government offices nearby.

They said: "That is a very fine shotgun you have; it kills much better than ours. Might we examine it?"

I unloaded the .318. They exclaimed when they saw it was a rifle. It once reached the evening average of eight in 10; unusually good; but the general average would come not far short of six in 10.

In my experience haste in firing and flinch are the commonest causes of inadequate shots; I mean those requiring one or more subsequent shots to kill outright. I myself am naturally of a rather highly strung nature and I suffered greatly from the eagerness that so easily leads to abortive shots. I found that if I kept in good training bodily and forced myself to count 10 slowly I then brought off many good shots and a few brilliant ones.

Target shooting is all very well if combined with constant dry shooting. Alone it is but half the story.

But enough about rifles and shooting. Let us get on to elephant hunting and the Karamojo country. Some background is in order first.

About this time the mutiny of the Sudanese troops occurred, when they flogged and shot their white officers. All of the exceedingly few white men in the country were enrolled to stamp out the mutineers who ravaged the country as only primitive natives armed with modern weapons can.

With the suppression of the rebellion, all the Arab and Swahili traders who used to do such a thriving trade in Uganda were now finding it more and more difficult to carry on business. Government, their deadliest enemy, was spreading out. Prohibitions and regulations were cramping their style. It became essential to find some country where the cursed white

man had not yet established himself. A country where a man could still slit a throat or grab a native girl without being hounded by alien law. Such a country was Karamojo.

I had very fair success with my hunting in Unyoro, the average weight of ivory that I obtained from the elephants that fell to my rifle being 67 pounds, so the venture was decidedly to the good, financially as well. But soon I began to hear tales of a new and wonderful unexplored country called Karamojo. Elephants were reported by the black traders to be very numerous with enormous tusks, and there was no sort of administration to hamper the hunter with restrictions and game laws. Above all, there seemed to be no other person hunting in this Eldorado except the natives, and they had no firearms. I found out that the starting point for all safaris into this country was Mumias, a native town and Government Post at the foot of Mount Elgon, which formed the last outpost of civilization for a traveler proceeding north. So there I went.

At the time of which I write, 1902, Mumias was a town of some importance. It was the base for all trading expeditions to the Lake Rudolph basin, Turkana, Dabosa and the southern Abyssinia country. In the first few years of the trade in ivory this commodity was obtained for the most trifling sums. For instance, a tusk worth £50 or £60 could be bought for two or three shillings' worth of beads or iron wire. As time went on and more traders flocked to Karamojo to share in the huge profits of the ivory trade, competition became keener. Prices rose higher and higher. Where once beads and iron wire sufficed to buy a tusk, now a cow must be paid. Traders were obliged to go further and further afield to find new territory until they came in violent contact with raiding parties of Abyssinians away in the far north.

When most of the dead ivory in the country had been traded off the only remaining source was the yearly crop of tusks from the elephants snared and killed by the native Karamojans. For these comparatively few tusks competition became so keen and prices so high that there was no longer any profit when as much as eight or ten cows had to be paid for a large tusk, and the cows bought down at the base for spot cash brought from £2 to £3 each. Hence arose the idea in the brains of two or three of the bolder spirits among the traders to take by force that which they could no longer afford to buy. Instead of traders, they became raiders.

Into this country of suspicion and brooding violence I was about to venture. As soon as my intentions became known among the traders at Mumias I encountered on every side a firm barrage of lies and dissuasion of every sort. The buying of pack donkeys became impossible. Guides were unobtainable. Information about the country north of Turkwell was either distorted or false, or entirely withheld. I found no Mohammedan boy would engage with me. The reason for all this apparently malicious obstruction on the part of the trading community was not at the time known to me, but it soon became clear when I had crossed the Turkwell and found that the peaceful, polite and prosperous-looking trader of Mumias became the merciless and bloody Dacoit as soon as he had crossed that river and was no longer under European control. Numbering among them, as they did, some pretty notorious ex-slavers, they knew how unexpectedly far the arm of the law could sometimes reach, and they no doubt foresaw that nothing but trouble would arise from my visit to the territory they had come to look upon as theirs by right of discovery. It surprises me, when I think of how much they had at stake, that they resorted to no more stringent methods than those related above to prevent my entry into Karamojo. As it was, I soon got together some bullocks and pagan boys. The bullocks I half trained to carry packs, and the Government Agent very kindly arranged that I should have eight Snider rifles with which to defend myself, and to instil confidence among my Baganda, Wanyamwee and Kavirondo boys. The Sniders looked well and no one knew except myself that the ammunition for them was all bad. Then I had my personal rifles, at that time a .303 Lee Enfield, a .275 Rigby Mauser and a double .450-400, besides a Mauser pistol which could be used as a carbine, and which soon acquired the name "Bom-Bom," and a reputation for itself equal to a hundred ordinary rifles.

While searching through some boxes of loose ammunition in the store at Mumias in the hope of finding at least a few good rounds for my Snider carbines I picked up a Martini Henry



# BELL OF Africa

BONUS BOOK  
CONDENSATION

cartridge, and while looking at its base it suddenly struck me that possibly it could be fired from a Snider. And so it proved to be. The base being .577 caliber fitted perfectly, but the bullet being only .450 bore, was scarcely what you might call a good fit for a .577 barrel, and there was, of course, no accuracy to the thing at all. But it went off with a bang and the propensity of its bullet to fly off at the most disconcerting angles after rattling through the barrel from side to side seemed to just suit the style of aiming adopted by my eight askaris, for on several occasions jackal and hyena were laid low while prowling round the camp at night.

Bright and early one morning my little safari began to get itself ready for the voyage into the Unknown. The loads were got out and lined up. First of all an askari, with a Snider rifle, very proud in a hide belt with five Martini cartridges gleaming yellow in it. He had polished them with sand for the occasion. Likewise the barrel of the old Snider showed signs of much rubbing, and a piece of fat from the tail of a sheep dangled by a short string from the hammer. Then my chup boxes and camp gear borne by porters, followed by my boy Suede and Saleiman the cook, of cannibal parentage he it whispered. As usual, all the small loads seemed to be jauntily and lightly perched on the massive heads and necks of the biggest porters, while the big loads looked doubly big in comparison to the spindly shanks which appeared below them.

Usually when a safari started from Mumias for the "Barra," as the bush or wilderness is called, the townsfolk would turn out with drums and horns to give them a good send-off, but in our case we departed without any demonstration of that sort.

On the seventh day we reached the Turkwell River. After descending several hundred feet from the high plateau we crossed by the ford and pitched camp on the opposite or north bank. The Turkwell has its source in the crater of Elgon and

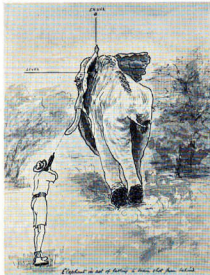
its slopes. Its waters reach the dry, hot plains of Karamoja after a drop of about 9,000 feet in perhaps 20 or 30 miles. In the dry season, when it is fordable almost anywhere, it totally disappears into the sandy river bed while still some days' march from its goal, Lake Rudolph. It is a queer and romantic river, for it starts in lava 14,000 feet above sea level, traverses bitterly cold and often snow-covered heath land, plunges down through the dense bamboo belt, then through dark and dripping evergreen forests, to emerge on the sandy plains of Karamoja. From this point to Rudolph its banks are clothed with a more or less dense belt of immense flat-topped thorn trees, interspersed with thickets of every kind of thorny bush, the haunts of rhino, buffalo and elephant. Throughout its entire course its waters were drunk, at the time of which I write, by immense herds of elephant during the dry season. Even after disappearing underground, elephant and natives casually procured water by simply making holes in the soft, clean sand of its bed.

At that time the Turkwell formed the northern boundary of European rule. North of it was no rule but diabolé. The nearest cultivated settlement of Karamoja natives was at Mani-Mani, some 150 miles to the north, but scattered about in the bush were many temporary settlements of poor Karamojans who got their living by hunting and snaring everything from elephants downward.

Dreadful tales of murders of peaceful travelers had been related by Swahilis, and we were careful not to let anyone straggle far from the main body. At night my eight askaris mounted guard and kept a huge fire going. Their vigilance was extraordinary, and their keenness and cheerfulness, fidelity and courage of a very high order, showing them to be born soldiers. Their shooting was simply atrocious in spite of practice with a .22 I had, but not withstanding their inability to align and aim a rifle properly, they used sometimes to bring off the most brilliant shots under the most impossible conditions of shooting light, thereby showing a great natural aptitude to point a gun and time the shot.

While we were drying out the gear that had got wet while crossing the Turkwell two natives strolled into camp. These were the first Karamojans we had seen, and I was very much interested in them. They showed great independence of bearing as they stood around leaning on their long, thrusting spears. I had some difficulty in getting into conversation with them, although I had an excellent interpreter. They seemed very taciturn and suspicious. However, I got it explained to them that I had come for one purpose only—to hunt elephant. They admitted that there were plenty of elephant, but when I asked them to show me where to look for them they merely asked how I proposed to kill them when I did see them. On showing them my rifles they laughed, and said they had seen Swahili traders using those things for elephant, and although they killed men well enough, they were useless against elephant. My answer to this was that I had procured some wonderful medicine which enabled me to kill the largest elephant with one shot, and if they would like to see this medicine working all they had to do was to show me where the elephants were. They retorted that if my medicine was truly sufficiently powerful to kill an elephant instantaneously, then they could not believe that it would fail to show me their whereabouts also. This grave fault in my medicine had to be explained, and I could only say that I grieved heartily over the deficiency, which I attributed to the jealousy of a medicine man who was a rival of the man who had given me the killing medicine. This left them not altogether satisfied, but a better impression was produced when I presented them with a quarter of buck meat, while telling them that I killed that kind of meat every day. They went off without holding out any hope of showing me elephant, and I thought I had seen the last of them. I sat until late in my long chair by the campfire under a brilliant sky and wonderful moon, listening to the talk of my Nzamwezi boys, and wondering how we were going to fare in the wild land ahead of us.

An early start was made the next morning, and we had covered perhaps six or seven miles when the two natives came stalking along, appearing to cover the ground at a great rate without showing any hurry or fuss. I stopped and called the interpreter and soon learned that four large elephant had that morning passed close to their camp in the bush, and that when they left to call me the elephants could still be heard in the vicinity. At once I was for going, but the interpreter and the headman both cautioned me against treachery,



In this drawing the author specifies the point of aim for a one-shot kill of a bull going away from the hunter. As indicated, Bell left nothing to luck. He did not trust wounded elephant.

declaring that it was only a blind to separate us preparatory to a general massacre. This view I thought a bit far fetched, but I ordered the safari to get under way, and to travel well together until they reached the first water, where they were immediately to cut sufficient thorn trees to completely encircle themselves in camp, to keep a good lookout, and to await my coming.

Taking my small boy and the gigantic cook's mate, whose featherweight load I had transferred to the cook's head, I hastily put together a few necessities and hurried off with the two Karamojans at a great pace. We soon struck off from the main trail and headed for the Turkwell valley. Straight through the open thorn brush we went, the elephant-hide sandals of my native guides crunching innumerable darning-needle-size thorns under foot, the following porters with their light loads at a jog trot, myself at a fast but labored walk, while the guides simply soaked along with consummate ease.

As we drew nearer to the Turkwell valley signs of elephant became more and more numerous. Huge paths worn perfectly smooth and with their edges cut as clear as those of garden walks by the huge pads of the ponderous animals began to run together, forming more deeply worn ones converging toward drinking places on the river. Occasionally the beautiful lesser kudu stood watching us or loped away, flitting its white fluffed tail. Once we passed a rhino standing motionless with snout ever directed toward us. A small detour round him as we did not wish to get mixed up with his sort, and on again. Halt! The little line bunches up against the motionless natives. A distant rumble resembling somewhat a cart crossing a wooden bridge, and after a few seconds of silence, the crash of a broken tree.

Elephant! *Atome!* in Karamojo—the first word to be learned and the last to be forgotten of any native language. A kind of excitement seizes us all; me most of all, the Karamojans least. Now the boys are told to stay behind and make no noise. They were at liberty to climb trees if they liked. I took my .303, but of course it had been ready for hours. Noting that the wind—what there was of it—was favorable, the natives and I go forward, and soon we come to the broken trees, mimosa and white thorn, the chewed fibrous balls of sansivera, the moist patches with froth still on them, the still-steaming and unoxidized spoor, and the huge tracks with the heavily imprinted clear-cut corrugations of a very recently passing bunch of bull elephants. In number they were five as nearly as I could estimate. Tracking them was child's play, and I expected to see them at any moment. It was, however, much longer than I anticipated before we sighted their dull-gray hides, for they were traveling as well as feeding. It is remarkable how much territory elephant cover when thus feeding along. At first sight they seem to be so leisurely, and it is not until one begins to keep in touch with them that their speed is realized. Although they appear to take so few steps, each step of their slowest gait is about six feet. Then, again, in this feeding along there is always at least one of the party moving forward at about 3.5 miles per hour, although the other members may be stopping and feeding, then catching up again by extending the stride to seven feet or more.

As soon as they were in sight I got in front of the Karamojans and ran to about 20 yards from the stern of the rearmost animal. Intense excitement now had me with its usual signs, hard breathing through the mouth, dry palate, and an intense longing to shoot.

As I arrived at this close proximity I vividly remember glancing along the gray bulging sides of the rearmost animals, who all happened to be in motion at the same time in single file, and remarking a tusk of an incredible length and size sweeping out from the gray wall. I instantly determined to try for this one first. With extraordinary precautions against making a noise, and stoopings and contortions of the body, all of which after-experience taught me were totally unnecessary, I got away off at right angles to the file of elephants, and could now grasp the fact that they were all very large and carried superb ivory.

I was now almost light-headed with excitement, and several times on the verge of firing a stupid and hasty shot from my jumping and flickering rifle. So shaky was it when I once or twice put it to my shoulder that even in my then state of mind I saw that no good would come of it. After a minute or two, during which I was coming to a more normal state, the animal with the largest tusks left the line slightly, and slowly settled

into a halt beside a mimosa bush. I got a clear glimpse of his broadside at what looked like about 20 yards, but was really 40 yards, and I fired for his heart. With a flinch, a squirm, and a roar he was soon in rapid motion straight away, with his companions in full flight ahead of him. I was rather surprised at this headlong flight after one shot as I had expected the elephant here to be more unsophisticated, but hastily concluded that the Swahili traders must have been pumping lead at them more often than one imagined. So I legged it for the cloud of dust where the fleeting animals had disappeared. Being clad in running shorts and light shoes, it was not long before I ran almost slap up against a huge and motionless gray stern. Recoiling very rapidly indeed from this awe-inspiring sight, I saw on one side of it an enormous head and tusk which appeared to stick out at right angles. So drooping were the trunk and ears, and so motionless the whole appearance of what had been a few seconds ago the very essence of power and activity, that it was borne straight to even my inexperienced mind that here was death. And so it was, for as I stood goggle-eyed the mighty body began to sway from side to side more and more, until with a crash it fell sideways, bearing earthward with it a fair-sized tree. Straight past it I saw another elephant, turned almost broadside at about 10 yards, evidently listening and obviously in the point of flight.

Running forward a little so as to get clear sight of the second beast, I sat quickly down and fired carefully for the shoulder, when much the same performance took place as in the first case, except that No. 2 came down to a slow walk after a short burst of speed, instead of to a standstill as with No. 1.

Ranging rapidly alongside I quickly put him out of misery and tore after the others, which by this time were thoroughly alarmed and in full flight. After a mile or two of fast going I found myself pretty well done, so I sat down and rolled myself a cigarette of the strong black shag so commonly smoked by the Swahilis. Presently my native guides came up with every appearance of satisfaction on their now-beaming faces. After a few minutes' rest we retracked the elephant back to where our two lay dead. The tusks of the first one we examined were not long but very thick, and the other had on one side a tusk broken off some two feet outside the lip, while the other was the magnificent tusk which had filled me with wonder earlier on. It was almost faultless and beautifully curved. What a shame its companion was broken!

As we were cutting the tail off, which is always done to show anyone finding the carcass that it has been killed and claimed, my good fellows came up with the grub and the interpreter. Everyone, including myself, was in high good humor, and when the Karamojans said that their village was not far off we were more pleased than ever, especially as the sun was sinking rapidly. After what appeared to the natives no doubt as a short distance, but seemed to my sore feet and tired legs a very long one, we saw the welcome fires of a camp and were soon sitting by one while a group of naked savages stood looking silently at the white man and his preparations for eating and sleeping.

As soon as it was light enough to see the next morning, we left for the dead elephants and the way did not seem half as long in the fresh morning air as it had appeared the evening before. We quickly arrived, followed by all the villagers, men, women and children, everyone in high spirits at the sight of the mountains of meat. In this country the meat of elephant is esteemed more highly than that of any other animal, as it contains more fat. I was anxious to get the tusks out as rapidly as possible in order to rejoin my caravan, so I divided the Karamojans into two gangs and explained to them that no one was to touch the carcasses until the tusks were out, but that then they could have all the meat. They set to with a will to get all the skin and flesh off the head. It is necessary to do this so as to expose the huge bone sockets containing the ends of the tusks. About a third of their length is so embedded, and a very long, tedious and hard job it is to get all the skin and gristle cut away. Nothing hinders a knife more quickly than elephant hide because of the sand and grit in its loose texture. When the skull is clean on one side the neck should be cut off. This alone is a herculean task. The vertebra severed, the head is turned over by eight or ten men, the other side is similarly cleaned. When both sockets are ready an ax is used to chop them away, chip by chip, until the tusk is free.

# BELL OF Africa / BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

This chopping should always be done by an expert, as otherwise large chips off the tusk itself are liable to be taken by the ax.

The chopping out is seldom resorted to by natives, requiring as it does so much hard work. They prefer to leave the sun and putrefaction to do the work for them. On the third day after death the upper tusk can usually be drawn without difficulty from the socket, and the underneath one on the following day. On this particular occasion no one was at all adept at chopping out, and it was hours before the tusks were freed. Later on my Wanzanwezi became very expert indeed at this job, and 12 of them whose particular job it became could handle as many as 10 bull elephants in a day, provided that they were not too distant from one another and that they had plenty of native assistance.

While the chopping out was going on I had leisure to watch the natives, and what struck me first was the remarkable difference between the men and the women. The former were tall, some of them quite six feet four inches, slim and well made, while the latter were distinctly short, broad, beefy and squat. The married ones wore aprons of dressed buckskin tied around the waist by the legs of the skin and ornamented with colored beads sewn on with sinew thread. The unmarried girls wore no skirts at all and had merely a short fringe of black thread attached to a string round the waist and falling down in front. As regards hair, all the women wore it plaited and falling down all around the head, giving the appearance of "bobbed" hair. Some of the men wore the most extraordinary-looking periwigs made up of their own and also their ancestors' hair mixed with clay so as to form a kind of covering for the top of the head, and falling down the back of the neck. In this pool of human felt were set neat little woven sockets in such a way as to hold upright an ostrich feather in each.

The people with whom we were dealing at the moment were poor and therefore hunters. Africans differ from us entirely on the question of hunting; whereas with us it is the well-off who hunt, among them it is the poor. Having nothing but a few goats and sheep, these hunters inhabit the bush, shifting their villages from site to site according to the movements of the game. Their system of taking is the snare; their only weapon a spear. The art of snaring has been brought to a unique development by these people, for they have snares varying in size for all animals from elephant down to dik-dik.

While the tusk-getting operations were going on I took the opportunity to examine the relative positions of the heart, lungs and brain in relation to the conspicuous points of the animal's exterior such as the eye, the ear, the line of the foreleg and the point of the shoulder. In order to fix the position of the heart and lungs I made some boys get the stomach and intestines out. This was a terrific job, but we were ably assisted by the powerful native women. The "innards" are very greatly prized by all natives who eat elephant. The contents of the stomach must have weighed a ton, I should think, and I saw the sack which contains the clear pure water so readily drunk by the hunter during the dry season when he finds himself far from water. It is from this internal tank that the elephant can produce water for the purpose of treating himself to a shower bath when there is no water. He brings it up into his throat, whence it is sucked into the trunk and then delivered where required.

The first time I saw an elephant doing this I thought he must be standing by a pool of water from which he was drawing it. I was many weary miles from water and the sun was scorching, and I and the boy with me were very thirsty, so we hastened toward the elephant which moved slowly through the bush. Very soon we arrived at the spot where we had seen him at his shower bath, but no spring or pool could I find. I asked the Karamojan about it and he then told me, with a smile at my ignorance, that the nearest water was at our camp, and that all elephants carried water inside them and need not replenish their stock for three days. Coming up with the elephant I killed him and got Pyjali (my Karamojan tracker) to pierce its water tank, and sure enough water perfectly clear barring a little blood gushed out, which we both drank greedily. It was warm certainly, but quite tasteless and odorless, and very wholesome and grateful.

When everything had been removed except the lungs and heart I had spears thrust through from the direction from which the bullet would come. I meanwhile peered into the huge cavity, and when a spear pierced a lung or the heart, I immediately examined its situation and tried to commit it to my memory. One thing I noticed was that when the animal was lying on its side the heart did not occupy the cavity which was obviously intended for it when upright, therefore an allowance had to be made. Another thing I was impressed with was the size of the arteries around the heart. It extended the killing area a considerable distance above the heart, and I have often since killed elephant with a shot above the heart.

On our arrival at Mani-Mani we were met by one Shundi, a remarkable man. Kavirondo by birth, he had been captured early in life, taken to the coast, and sold as a slave, being a man of great force of character, he had soon freed himself by turning Mohammedan. Thence onward fortune had smiled on him until at last here he was, the recognized chief *Tajir* (rich man) of all the traders. Just as he had been a leader while slave trading was the order of the day, so now he led when ivory had given place to slaves as a commodity.

One thing that made Shundi conspicuous in my mind was the fact that he had owned the slave who had laid low the elephant which bore the enormous tusks, one of which now reposes in the South Kensington Museum. This colossal tusk weighed fresh 236 pounds, and it has now dried to about 226 pounds. Its neighbor was acquired by Joseph Rogers & Sons, and weighed fresh 225 pounds, and has now dried to about 216 pounds. These weights have never been exceeded so far as known. The larger one was 10 feet 1 inch along the outside curve, with a circumference where the solid ivory begins of 25½-inch. I have several times killed elephant with tusks exceeding this diameter, but they were all broken.

Whether there are elephants that attain a shoulder height of 12 feet is a much-debated question. It is not easily settled because of the difficulty of measuring the animal when it is dead. If it falls on its side the knee is always bent, and is extremely hard to straighten. Should it fall kneeling, as with a brain shot, it is impossible to measure; one can only guess at it. But it is only reasonable to suppose that an elephant with two such formidable tusks as Shundi's must have attained sufficient height to enable it to carry its tusks free from encumbering bush, ant-heaps and other obstructions, especially as they were not unduly curved. When pushing a tree over for better browsing, an elephant pushes it with the base of his trunk. If his tusks were inordinately long and fairly straight, and his stature restricted, his tusks would be in danger of fouling the ground. I would suggest, therefore, that Shundi's elephant may have been 12 feet at the shoulder, and perhaps a bit more.

With native politeness gifts of food, etc., were offered, and presently all withdrew, intimating that they would return when I had rested. They must have been feeling rather uncomfortable about the appearance in their midst of a white man, possibly an agent of the detestable Government so troublesome about raiding. I did not actually know at the time, but learned afterward, that at the very moment of my arrival in their midst they had an enormous raid on the Turkana under way.

From Mani-Mani we moved on to Bukora, another section of Karamoja. I was warned by the Swahili that Bukora was a very bad country. The people were very rich in cattle and correspondingly insolent. Everyone who passed through Bukora had trouble. Either stock was stolen or porters murdered. I cannot say I believed all this, or perhaps I would not have been so ready to go there. But that there was some truth in their statements I soon found. In fact there were moments when it was touch and go. Looking back on it calmly I can see that it was nothing but chance that saved us. We pushed our way smartly right into the middle of Bukora, intending to camp near some large village, but to our disappointment the caches of water were nearly dry. We were obliged therefore to move to some wells on the outskirts of the villages.

However, I was young in those days and without much thought of anything, and camp by the wells I would.

I now began to push inquiries about elephant, but with no great success at first. One day a Bukora boy came to camp and while in conversation with some of my people casually told them he had recently returned from no-man's land, where he and some friends of his had been looking for Kumamma. The Kumamma were their neighbors to the west. They had been

looking for them in order to spear them should things be right; that is, should the enemy be in sufficiently small force for them to easily overcome. When the numbers are at all equal, both sides retire smartly. This is the normal kind of state in which these tribes live. It leads to a few deaths certainly, but keeps the young men fit and out of other mischief. Every young man goes looking for blood frequently, and as they carry no food except a few handfuls of unground millet simply soaked in water, and as they never dare to sleep while in the neutral zone, it acts as a kind of field training.

This youth had seen no Kumamma, but had seen elephant. My boys told me this, and I tried to get the lad to go with us to hunt. He said he would have to come back and let me know. He did so and brought a friend, who was a remarkable-looking man. Strange as it may seem, he had a most intellectual head. He was perhaps 35 years of age, most beautifully made and tattooed for men victims only. I was relieved to see. Pyjale was his name, and now began a firm and long friendship between this distinguished savage and myself. I cannot say that I have ever had the same feeling for any man as I came to have for Pyjale. He was, I found, a thorough man, courageous, quiet, modest, with a horror for humbug and untiring in our common pact, the pursuit of elephant. He was with me during the greater part of my time in Karamoja, and although surrounded by people who clothed themselves, never would he wear a rag even. Nor would he sleep comfortably as we did on grass and blankets. The bare, hard ground out by the campfire, with a hole dug for his hip bone, and his little wooden pillow had been good enough for him before, and was good enough now. No one poked fun at Pyjale for his nakedness; he was the kind who do not get fun poked at them.

Pyjale was game to show us elephants, but said we would have to travel far. His intelligence was at once apparent by his saying that we ought to take tents as the rains might come any day. He was right, for come they did while we were hunting. I asked him what I should do about the main safari. He said I would leave it where it was; no one would interfere with it. If I liked I could leave the ivory in one of the villages. This, I gathered, was equivalent to putting one's silver in the bank at home. And so it is, bizarre as it may seem. You may leave anything with the natives—ivory, beads which are money, trade goods, stock, anything—and not one thing will they take provided you place it in their care. But if you leave your own people to look after it they will steal it if they get a chance.

Thinking that it might save trouble, I put all my trade goods and ivory in a village, and leaving the safari with plenty of rations, I left for a few days' hunting, taking a sufficient number of porters to bring home any ivory we were likely to get. This was necessary as at this time the natives did not yet follow me in hundreds wherever I went, as they did later on.

We trekked hard for three days and came once more in sight of the Debasian range, but on its other side. On the night of the third the rains burst upon us. The light calico tents were hastily erected in a perfect gale and downpour. Even Pyjale had to shelter. In the morning he said we were certain to see elephant if we could only cross a river which lay ahead of us. When we reached its banks it was a raging torrent, red with mud and covered with patches of white froth. There was nothing to do but camp and wait until the spate subsided. While this was being done I saw a snake being carried down by the swollen river. Then I saw another and another. Evidently the banks were being washed away somewhere.

While we were getting ready for the march the next morning we heard elephant. To my inexperienced ear the sound seemed to come from some bush 400 or 500 yards away. But Pyjale, to my astonishment, said that they were a long way off and that unless we hurried we should not see them before sundown. As the sun then indicated about 1 o'clock, I thought he was wrong. But he was not, and it was half an hour before sunset when we met them, still far away. I remember looking industriously about all those miles, expecting momentarily to see the elephants, while Pyjale soaked along ahead of me without a glance aside. The only explanation of this extraordinary sound carrying that has ever occurred to me is humidity of atmosphere. During the dry season the earth becomes so hot that when the first rains fall it is evaporated in steam, and the humidity is remarkable.

Here we were faced to face with such a gathering of elephant as I had never dared to dream of even. The whole country

was black with them, and what lay beyond them one could not see as the country was dead flat. Some of them were up to their knees in water, and when we reached their tracks the going became very bad. The water was so opaque with mud as to quite hide the huge potholes made by the heavy animals. You were in and out the whole time. As we drew nearer I thought we ought to go decently and quietly, or at any rate make some pretence of stalking them. But no, that awful Pyjale rushed me, splashing and squealing, right up to them. He was awfully good, and I began to learn a lot from him. He treated elephant with complete indifference. If he were moved at all, and that was seldom, he would smile. I was for treating them as dangerous animals, especially when we trod on the heels of small hogged-down calves, and their mothers came rushing back at us in most alarming fashion, but Pyjale would have none of it. Up to the big bulls he would have me go, even if we had to go under infuriated cows. He made me kill seven before sundown stopped the bloodshed.

With great difficulty we found a spot a little higher than the surrounding country and fairly dry. As usual at these times the little island was crawling with ants of every description. How comes it that ants do not drown, although they cannot swim? They appear to be covered with something that repels water. Scorpions and all other kinds of horrors were there also. One of the boys was bitten and made a fearful fuss all night about it.

I expected to do well on the morrow, but when it came not an elephant was in sight! Such are the surprises of elephant hunting. Yesterday when the light failed hundreds upon hundreds of them in sight, and now an empty wilderness. We had not alarmed them for I noticed that when a shot was fired only the animals in the vicinity ran, and that only for a short distance. There were too many to stampede even had they been familiar with firearms, and the noise was such as to drown the crack of a .305 almost immediately.

I asked Pyjale what he thought about it. He said that at the beginning of the rains elephant wandered all over the country. You could never tell where they might be. With water and mud and green food springing up everywhere they were under no necessity to frequent any one district more than another. Pyjale's advice was to get the ivory out and take it home, and then he would show me a country where we were certain to get big bulls. Accordingly the boys set about chopping out, while I went for a cruise around to make certain there was nothing about, I saw nothing but ostrich, giraffe, and great herds of common and topi hartebeeste.

Returning we found the boys well on with their chopping out. Toward evening we started for home, being much troubled with swollen rivers. Most of the boys walked through the rivers when we could find a place where the current was not too strong, the heavy tusks keeping them on the bottom. But it was a curious sight to see them calmly marching in deeper and deeper until their heads went right under, reappearing again close to the other bank. Of course the distance they traversed was only a few yards, but, for fellows who cannot swim, it was not bad.

One camp from home (the safari) we slept near some flooded wells. The boys took their tusks to scrub them with sand and water, the better to make an appearance on the morrow, when we would rejoin the safari. This is always a source of joy to the Wanyamwezi, to carry ivory to the base. When allowed to do so they will spend hours dancing and singing their way into the camp. The women turn out, everybody makes a noise of some kind, from blowing a reed pipe to trumpeting on a waterbuck horn or beating a drum or tin, in fact anything so that it produces noise.

On the morrow we entered Bakora again with 14 white tusks. We had a great reception at our camp, and the natives were rather astonished at our rapid success. Pyjale stalked along without any show of feeling.

I now brought out the card to which I owe all my success in killing elephant in Karamoja. I offered a cow as a reward for information leading to my killing five or more bull elephant. This was an unheard-of reward. Normally natives never kill or sell she-stock of any kind, and cows could be obtained only by successful raiding. Now, among Africans there are numbers of young men who just lack the quality which brings success to its lucky owner, just as there are in every community, and to these young men my offer appealed tremendously. That they

believed in my promise from the very start I thought a great compliment, not only to me but to their astuteness in perceiving that there was a difference between white men and Swahilis.

When my offer had gone the rounds the whole country for many miles around was scoured for elephants, with the result that I never could have a day's rest. Everyone was looking for elephant, but had the reward been trade goods scarcely a soul would have bothered about it.

The first man to come in was remarkable looking enough to satisfy anybody. A terrible-looking man, with grotesquely hideous face above a very broad and deep chest, all mounted on the spindliest of knock-kneed legs. Chest, arms, shoulders, stomach and back heavily tattooed, denoting much killing. By reputation a terrific fighter, and very wealthy. At first I thought he was come to show me elephant, but he said that first he wanted to become my blood brother. He said he could see that I was a kindred spirit, and that we two should be friends. He said he had no friends. How was that? I asked. Pyjale answered in a whisper that the lion never made friends of jackals and hyenas. And so we became friends. I was not going through the blood-brotherhood business, with its eating of bits of toasted meat smeared with each other's blood, sawing in two of living dogs, and nonsense of that kind. I took his hand and wrung it hard, having it explained to him that among us that was an extraordinary potent way of doing it. That seemed to satisfy the old boy, for the act of shaking hands was as strange to him as the act of drinking another's blood is to us.

I said: "What about those elephants?"

"Wait" was the answer, and off he went to return shortly with a fat bullock. And I then found that my friend was the wealthiest cattle owner anywhere about—a kind of multi-millionaire. I thought to myself, well, he will not look for elephant, nor did he, but he had some without number, whom he scattered far and wide to look for them. He had arranged the thing most perfectly. We went with food for a few days and returned laden with ivory, besides which we had some of the finest nights in the bush.

No sooner had we arrived back with our imposing line of beautiful tusks than other natives clamored to take us to elephant. They wanted me to go there and then, but I needed a rest. In the evening I presented my friend with a heifer, when to my astonishment he refused it. He said he wanted nothing from his friend. I was rather suspicious about this at first, but I need not have been, as I subsequently found this man to be thoroughly genuine. I am convinced he would have given me anything. It is a big affair in their lives, this blood brotherhood. Apparently we now owned everything in common. He offered me any of his daughters in marriage, and thank goodness never asked me for my rifle. From now on he followed me around like a faithful dog, some of his young wives attending to his commissariat arrangements wherever he was. He even took my name which was Longelly-nyung or Red Man. And he now began to call his young male children, of whom he was very fond, by the same name. He was a delightfully simple fellow at heart, and as courageous as a lion, as I had proof later.

After a few more journeys to the bush lasting from four to 10 days, I found I had as much ivory as I could possibly move, and this while still on the fringe of Karamoja. I decided to return to Mumias, sell my ivory, fit out a real good expedition capable of moving several tons of ivory, and return to Karamoja fitted out for several years in the bush.

Having now the wherewithal to fit out a real good safari from the sale of my ivory, I proceeded to discharge my Baganda porters and to engage in their place Wanyamweze. Bagandas being banana eaters, had shown themselves to be good lads enough, but poor "doers" on ground millet, flour and elephant meat. Dysentery was their trouble. Whereas Wanyamweze seemed capable of keeping in condition indefinitely under severe safari conditions. All my former boys had a good pay day coming, as of course they had been unable to spend anything while in Karamoja. Consequently they one and all went on a bust.

This time bullocks were not employed, donkeys taking their place.

We crossed the Turkwell about 100 strong, this number not including women and camp followers. At Mani-Mani and Bukora some of our cows were exchanged for sheep, goats and donkeys. A decent cow would bring 60 sheep or goats. Having now so many mouths to feed it was necessary to buy more donkeys, and I raised our donkey strength to 100. This meant I would have about 80 constantly loaded. They were chiefly employed in carrying grain to our base camp in Dodose, sometimes from Mount Elgon, over 200 miles away, where banana flour could be got, or from the country near the Nile, 150 to 200 miles distant. Through all this trekking, with two donkeys to one saddle, they never had a sore back.

On our arrival at Mani-Mani we found the Swahili village almost deserted. Everyone was out on a raid. They had reckoned that no one in their senses would return to the wilderness as soon as I did. They could not conceive how I had spent the proceeds of all that ivory in so short a time. I learned that they were out against the Dabossians in whose country I meant to hunt. I therefore laid out my route so as to intercept the returning raiders. Passing through Bukora we were greeted as old friends, a very different reception from our first. Pyjale immediately joined up, and after taking a few good bull elephants from the Bukora-Kumamma neutral zone, we trekked leisurely and heavily laden northward.

Our next country northward was Dodose, where I proposed to establish my base camp. On entering it we found it high-lying country among steep little granite hills. We were well received and soon became friendly. Some wonderful elephant country was reached from Dodose, and it was here that I got my heaviest ivory. Buffalo were also very numerous. It was beautiful elephant country as elephant could frequently be found with glasses from one of the numerous hills.

We had a huge reception at Dabossa. There must have been close to 5,000 spears assembled in the open space where we camped. Pow-woos were the order of one long and weary day. Peace, for us at any rate, was assured, but when I told the Dabossians that no one would attack them, and that they ought to trade peacefully, they swore they would massacre every Swahili who might venture into their country. After I had explained my wish to hunt elephant an old woman got up and made a long speech to the effect that they owed everything to me, and that they ought to give me a pair of tusks. This they did, not particularly long ones. But what was better than tusks was guides to the Murua Akipi (Mountain of Water) country, said to abound in elephant.

This Murua Akipi was the aim of my journey. I had heard of it from native sources. It was a wonderful country where anything might happen. Huge elephants lived there, and had Abyssinians come from there. Elephant cemeteries were to be found there. Water which killed whoever drank it, and which looked so cold and clear, was there. No white man had ever seen it, although every traveler was supposed to be trying to reach it for the mysterious "dhababa" (gold) it contained. In fact if anyone asked for anything under the sun anywhere within a radius of 100 miles he would be referred to that mysterious blue peak, Murua Akipi.

We trailed along through monotonous cultivated country for several days, then, coming to the end of Dabossa, we entered an exceptionally huge deserted area. Here hardly anyone ventured as Abyssinian prowlers might be met. For several days this large open cotton-soil plain with bands of thorn bush, was covered with great numbers of ostrich and topi hartbeeste. Abyssinians had recently raided the outskirts of Dabossa and all the boys were rather nervous, having heard dreadful tales.

We now sighted Murua Akipi as a minute tooth of pale blue just cutting the horizon. I thought we would reach it in two days, but it required four days of long marching to reach a small kopje a few miles from its base. That tiny tooth grew larger and larger each day until it looked an enormous size. I daresay it is not more than 2,000 or 3,000 feet, but being surrounded by huge plains, it shows to great advantage.

Camp was pitched at the foot of the kopje, sufficient rain water being found in the elephant baths for all our requirements. The next morning I climbed the little hill in pouring rain. From its top I had a good view of the Murua to the south, while to the north a river was visible flowing northward. On its banks were verdant green flats which might have been as smooth as tennis lawns but for the fact that they were thickly speckled with black dots which the glasses and then the telescope showed to be the backs and heads of scores of bull elephant.

The grass was young swamp grass and about six or seven feet high. The big tripod telescope showed some wonderful ivory, and I have never seen before or since so many old bull elephant in one place. Bunches of young herd bulls were comparatively common, but here were numbers of aged bulls.

Knowing how all naked men hate rain, I left Pyjale in camp and took instead a well-clad boy whose feet had worn out earlier in the journey, and who had since been recuperating at the base camp. Nothing takes condition off a naked African like heavy rain. Strong as their constitutions are, they wilt when constantly wet, once the native oil of the skin is pierced.

Straight for the swamps through the thorny flats we went, and came out of some very dense waist-bit almost under the trunk of a single old monster. I thought of trying a shot through the palate for the brain, but wisely refrained and withdrew quickly a few paces while the old bull stared straight at us, still unsuspecting, and affording an easy frontal shot.

Passing on, we were presently on the edge of the green swamp, and now how differently the smooth-looking lawn appeared; huge broad-leaved grass, still young but seven or eight feet high in places. While all the dry country was still parched after the long dry season, here in this rich flood land the grass had two or three months' start, hence the number of elephant. But why only bulls? That is known to them only. I had a grand day among them in spite of the grass.

Mounting Look-out Hill next morning, no elephant were visible, so off went the cutting-out gang with their axes, etc., and my yesterday's companion as guide to the slain. In the evening they returned with some magnificent ivory, but having found only nine carcasses. Having the tails of 10 I thought they had failed to find the tenth, and I turned in, meaning to show them on the morrow. I remembered now on looking at the ivory that the missing animal had exceptionally long tusks. I had measured them with my forearm, and three and a half lengths had they protruded from the lip. Resolved to find him, we searched the whole area of that swamp, but nowhere could he be found. At last I came to the spot from whence I had fired, as I supposed, the fatal shot. After a little search I found the empty .275 case. There, a few yards away, should have been the elephant. Here was where he lay on his side; ground flattened, muck of under tusk in mud, all complete. But no elephant could be found. It was a case of stun and nothing else. And there, on those plains there probably wanders to this day an elephant distinguished from others by having had his tail painlessly amputated by human hand and Sheffield cutlery while under the influence of a unique anesthetic. Meanwhile I had lost two grand tusks. One of the other bulls had a single tooth, but almost made up for this fraudulent shortage by weighing 134 pounds for his single tooth. The weight for the nine balls was 1,465 pounds, all first-rate stuff, and the value then in London somewhere about £877.

After some fairly successful hunting in the neighborhood it was time to move on to the wonderful mountain. Its wonder had somewhat eased off by our close contact. Indeed, it now appeared just like an ordinary-looking African hill, extremely sterile and forbidding looking. Although from a distance it appeared to be an isolated peak, on closer acquaintance there were seen to be not a few foothills of insignificant height.

At the end of a short march across lava-dust plains we reached the wonderful mountain Murua Akipi. Skirting the base of it, we found a fine well-worn elephant road which we followed for some miles until a branch of it led up a gully to a little level plain surrounded by rocky, lava-strewn hill slopes of a most forbidding description. For a few yards in the center of the plain there was some short and verdant green grass dotted here and there by the white bleached skulls of elephant, while half buried leg bones showed their huge round knuckle ends. In the center of this green oasis were three pools of intensely clear green water. All round the edges of the grass there were glistening lines of white powder, evidently high-water marks. I tasted the water; it was certainly very bitter.

Here was what native information called an elephant cemetery, and at first sight I thought it was. But on looking around and thinking it over a bit I was struck by the fact that there were no recent bones or skulls. Again, all the skulls seemed to have undergone about the same amount of weathering. I talked it over with Pyjale, and he told me that he had heard from the old men, who had it from others, that there once came a dreadful drought upon the land; that so scarce had water



Skull of Bull Elephant killed in OYSTERO, CANADA.  
Stomach down, visible to show position. In this skull the brain measured 12" x 6". He was not very old. Tusks weighed 81 x 78 lb.

The first step Bell took in mastering the brain-shot kill was to study the bone structure of the bull elephant. Here his drawing shows a cross-section view of the skull and the brain area.

become that springs of the nature in question were the only ones left running, and that they then became so strong that animals and men drinking of their water immediately died. Even now as we drank it in a normal season the water was very bitter, although it appeared to have no after-effect beyond acting as a slight aperient. So much for elephant cemeteries.

Still skirting the base of Murua Akipi on well-worn elephant paths, we next day sighted zebra high up on the mountainside. With clear atmosphere and good glasses all kinds of game were seen. The dry, lava-dust plains were covered with herds of oryx, ostrich, giraffe and gazelle. In the thorn belts elephant were seen. To find game I used a prismatic binocular, and to examine the animals more closely I had a large telescope on a tripod. With this I could almost weigh the tusks of elephant seven or eight miles distant. Sometimes rhino would be seen love-making. The inclination was to spend too much time at the eyepiece. But what dangles that glass led me! I would watch two or three heavy old bull elephant feeding slowly about. It looked absurdly easy to go down to the plain and walk straight to them. But this I knew was not so, and I would try to memorize the course which lay between me and the animals. But however I tried it was always most difficult to find them once the flat was reached. Everything altered and looked different. My hunting around Murua Akipi was so successful that I found my safari already too heavily laden to attempt the following of the north-flowing river. Only in these two particulars—the presence of large elephant, and Abyssinians—had the wondermongers been right about Murua Akipi. Gold was not found. The deadly wastes were merely sodium carbonate springs. The elephant cemeteries had been cemeteries during one exceptionally dry season only, or so it seemed.

After consulting the donkey headman it was decided that

we had almost as much ivory as we could carry. Many of the tusks were too long for donkeys and should have been taken by porters. It was decided to return to our base through untouched country. The news was received with shouts of joy. It is wonderful how one comes to regard the base camp as home. Whereas on the way up the camps had been rather gloomy—disaster having been prophesied for the expedition, now all was joy. The safari chronicler became once more his joyous self, and his impromptu verse became longer and longer each night. The chronicler's job is to render into readily chanted meter all the important doings of the safari and its members. It is a kind of diary, and although not written down, is almost as permanent when committed to the tenacious memories of natives. Each night, in the hour between supper and bedtime, the chronicler gets up and blows a vibrating blast on his waterbuck horn. This is the signal for silence. Then begins the chant of the safari's doings, verse by verse, with chorus between. It is extraordinarily interesting but very difficult to understand. The arts of allusion and suggestion are used most cleverly. In fact the whole thing is wonderful. Verse by verse the history rolls out on the night, no man forgetting a single word. When the well-known first part is finished, bringing the narrative complete up to and including yesterday, there is a pause of expectation—the new verse is about to be launched. Out it comes without hesitation or fault; all of today's events compressed into four lines of clever metric précis. If humorous its completion is greeted with a terrific outburst of laughter, and then it is sung by the whole lot in chorus, followed by a flare-up on indescribable noises; drums, pipes, horns and human voices.

We traversed some queer country on our return to Dodole. All kinds were met with. We went 50 days on end without seeing an elephant, and in the succeeding four days I killed 44 bulls.

Finally we staggered home, heavily laden with ivory, to our base camp. That safari was one of my most successful. We "shuka'd" or went down country, with over 14,000 pounds of ivory, all excellent stuff.

I continued to hunt in this Karamoja-Dabossa country for five years, from 1902 to the end of 1907, returning five times to Kenya and the railroad to sell my ivory, and to recoup my safari. The average weight of the tusks I shot on these safaris was 53 pounds, including about 10 percent single or broken tusks.

My hunting in the vast semidesert country to the northwest of Lake Rudolf, as just related, had seemed to indicate that the swampy country further to the north, around the eastern tributaries of the White Nile, would be very productive of elephant. In 1908 this wild country lying around the western and southwestern base of the Abyssinian plateau seemed to us to present a most favorable field of operations. And as the boundaries had not yet been delimited between Abyssinia and the Sudan on the one hand, and Abyssinia and Uganda on the other, we felt there would be more scope for our activities in that region than elsewhere.

In order to reach this country we were obliged to cross Abyssinia (now Ethiopia). We took steamer to Djibuti on the Red Sea, ascending thence by railway to the then railhead, Dirre Doua, and then by horse, camel and mule to Addis Ababa, the capital.

At Gore we came under the rule of the famous chief Ras Tassama. He reigned over the whole of the western part of Abyssinia, tolerated no interference from the Emperor, but paying him a considerable tribute. This tribute was mainly composed of slaves, gold, and ivory. The gold dust was gathered annually from the river beds after the rains, and by the subject races. We were informed that Gore's quota amounted to 4,000 ounces. Ivory was obtained from the Negro tribes living in the lowlands below the Abyssinian plateau. One chief with whom we came into contact was required to provide 300 tusks annually, and apparently could do so easily. It will give an idea of the immense number of elephant in the country when I mention that this little chief had under him quite a modest little tribe, occupying a country which could be traversed in four days of easy marching.

From information gathered it now became necessary to obtain permission from Ras Tassama to proceed off the beaten track for the purpose of hunting elephant.

At long last the desired permission was given, but only verbally without witnesses. Once he had given his word, however, the thing was thoroughly well done. A guide was provided to take us to the hunting grounds. This man not only guided us, but as long as we remained in the country owing allegiance to the Ras we were provided with everything the country afforded.

After descending the steep edge of the Abyssinian Plateau we arrived at the rolling plains, several thousand feet lower and very much hotter than Gore. Mosquitoes were to be reckoned with once more. The natives were now very black, naked, Nilotic and pagan, but paid tribute to Ras Tassama in ivory.

In a few days we came upon the trail of a roaming herd. The well-beaten part of this trail was literally several hundred yards wide. I am afraid to estimate how many animals must have been in that herd. Although it was several days old I wanted to follow it. I took it to be a migration of sorts. But the natives said no, there was no need to, there were plenty more. And sure enough they were right. We arrived at a small village on the banks of the Gelo.

Looking upon our map we found that the Gelo River from Lake Tata downstream was marked as unknown. Accordingly we made inquiries among the natives about the country downstream, and were told that there were no natives for many days, that the whole country was under water at this season, and that no one would go.

This was good enough for us. We opened negotiations with the chiefs for some dugout canoes, which we obtained from various sundries. Almost immediately on quitting the chief's village we entered a region where hard ground rose only a few inches above water level. Great areas were entirely covered with water, only the tops of the 12-foot grass showing above. Whenever we turned one of the many bends of the river, and these were hard lunks, there would be a continuous line of splashes, which advanced with us as the crocodiles plunged in. The water was teeming with fish, especially the lung-fish, which continued rising night and day to breathe, as we supposed.

In this swamp country every night was a time of horror, and camping a perfect nightmare. Well before the sun was down the mosquitoes appeared in myriads.

**O**f game we saw nothing except elephant. No buck or buffalo, nor even hippo in that desolate region. How numerous elephant were I cannot say, for we never hunted them unless we actually saw them from the canoes. Low in the water as we were, and with high grass everywhere, it was necessary for the animals to be within a few yards of the bank to come within our view. Hunting thus we killed some 30 bulls as we drifted along. Allowing that we killed half we saw, that would mean that 60 bull elephant crossed our narrow path at the moment we were there or thereabouts. If this region were only a few miles deep on either bank, and was frequented on a similar scale, it would indicate an enormous number of elephant. We took little heed of cows, but of these quite a hundred came into our view.

I am inclined to think that we were rather lucky to have come through this *sudd* region of the Gelo so easily. At one place the open channel divided equally into two, and we debated which one we should follow. We tossed, and the paddle decided on the right-hand channel. We followed it, but never saw where the other channel rejoined.

The hunting of elephant in this swampy region was of the severest description. That is the reason for their migrating here in such numbers, I think. The ground was too rotten for ponies or mules, even should they survive the myriads of flies and mosquitoes. The grass was mostly the 12-foot stuff with razorlike edges and countless, almost invisible spines, which stick into exposed limbs. Locomotion for humans was only possible when following elephant tracks. When within even a few paces of the animals it was generally impossible to see them. I used to mount on a boy's shoulders and fire from there, but the stance was so wobbly and the view so obstructed by grass tops as to make it most unsatisfactory. Having a large telescope mounted on a stout tripod, I fitted a tiny board on the tripod top and found it most satisfactory, although the jump from my rifle, slight as it was, knocked me off once or twice.

On this safari the health of everyone was excellent, considering the hard work and poor food. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion caused, I think, by our native grain flour having got wet and fermented a bit. There was practically no fever, and our tough old Swahilis came through without turning a hair. The Arabs however, lost condition. The tusks of the elephant that I shot on this safari averaged 56 pounds each.

Arriving at the Nile, I immediately proceeded to organize for elephant hunting in the Enclave de Lado, which at that time comprised the country bordering the western bank of the Upper Nile from Lado in the north to Mahazi in the south. It was leased to Leopold, King of the Belgians.

I was naturally very eager to secure a hunting permit, especially when the Belgian Chef de Zone told me of the undoubtable herds of elephant he had seen in the interior. By calculation it was found that the permit, if granted, would arrive at Lado in good time for the opening of the season, three months hence. I deposited 20 golden sovereigns with the treasury, copied out a flowery application to the Governor for a permit, which my friend the Chef drafted for me, and there was nothing to do but wait.

Having entered my rifles at Lado and cleared them through the Douane, it was not necessary again to visit a Belgian post. So when the hunting season opened, I already had a herd of bull elephant located. Naturally I lost no time when the date arrived; the date, that is, according to my calculations. This matter is of some importance, as I believe I was afterward accused of being too soon. I may have begun a day, or even two days before the date, but to the best of my knowledge it was the opening date when I found a nice little herd of bulls, several of which I killed with the brain shot. I was using at that time a very light and sweet-working .256 Mannlicher Schoenauer carbine weighing only 5½ pounds. With this tiny and beautiful little weapon I had extraordinary luck, and I should have continued to use it in preference to my other rifles had not its Austrian ammunition developed the serious fault of splitting at the neck. After this discovery I reverted to my well-tried and always trusty 7mm. Mauser.

**M**y luck was right in on this Safari. The time of the year was just right. All the elephant for 100 miles inland were crowded into the swamps lining the Nile banks. Hunting was difficult only on account of the high grass. To surmount this one required either a dead elephant or a tripod to stand on. From such an eminence others could generally be shot. And the best of it was the huge herds were making so much noise themselves that only a few of them could hear the report of the small bore. None of the elephant could be driven out of the swamp. Whenever they came to the edge and saw the burnt-up country before them, they wheeled about and reentered the swamp with such determination that nothing I could do would shake it. Later on when the rains came and the green stuff sprang up everywhere, scarcely an elephant could be found in the swamps.

After the hot work of the dry season in the swamps, the open bush country with still short grass was ideal for the foot hunter. The country was literally swarming with game of all sorts. I remember in one day seeing six white rhino, besides elephant, buffalo and back of various kinds.

After reorganizing my safari I found myself headed for a new region, the country lying around Mt. Schweinfurth. Native information said the elephant were numerous and the ivory large. This time I took all my sporting rifles. This meant that besides my two personal rifles, I had five smart boys armed with good rifles. We felt ready to take on anything at any time. A few miles back from the Nile we found an exceptionally dense and isolated patch of forest. There was no other forest for miles around, and into this stronghold were crowded all kinds of elephant. They could not be dislodged or driven out as we soon found on trying it. I never saw such vicious brutes. When you had killed a bull you could not approach it for furious elephants. I devoted some time to this patch, getting a few hard-earned bulls from it. Right in its center there was a clear patch of an acre or two in extent. Here one day I found a few cows and one bull sunning themselves. I had an easy shot at the bull and fired, killing him. At the shot there arose the most appalling din from the surrounding forest. Elephant in great numbers appeared on all sides crowding into the little clearing until it was packed with deeply agitated animals. Those that could shove their way up to the dead bull, alter-

ately throwing their heads high in the air, then lowering them as though butting at the prostrate bull. They did not know my whereabouts, but they knew the danger lay in the forest, for they presented a united front of angry heads all along the side within my view. They seemed to regard the clear spot as their citadel, to be defended at all costs.

Short, intimidating rushes out from the line were frequently made, sometimes in my direction, but more often not. But when I got a chance at another bull and fired, I really thought I had done it this time, and the whole lot were coming. So vicious was their appearance, and so determined did they seem as they advanced, that I hurriedly withdrew more deeply into the forest. Looking back, however, I saw that as usual it was mostly bluff, and that they had stopped at the edge of the clearing. Presently they withdrew again, leaving perhaps 20 yards between them and the forest edge. I approached again to try for another bull. Clumsy white-man fashion, I made some noise which they heard. A lightning rush by a tall and haggard-looking cow right into the stuff from which I was looking at them sent me off again. I now began to wonder how I was to reach the two bulls I had shot. I did not want to kill any of the cows, but thought that it might become necessary, especially as they seemed to be turning very nasty indeed. The annoying part was that I had seen several bulls right out in the sea of cows. Fitting cartridges between my left-hand fingers, and with full magazine, I approached as quietly as possible, prepared to give anything headed my way a severe lesson.

Looking into the brilliantly lit open space from the twilight of the forest, I saw over the backs and heads of the cows between us the towering body of a large bull well out in the center of the herd. His tusks were hidden by the cows, but it was almost certain from his general mass that they would be satisfactory. Just a little dark spot above the ear hole was intermittently uncovered by the heads, ears and trunks of the intervening cows, which were still much agitated. At last I got a clear shot and fired. The image was instantly blacked out by the throw-up of the heads of several cows, as they launched themselves furiously at the shot. I was immediately engaged with three of the nearest, and sufficiently angry with them to stand my ground. I hoped to hustle the herd out of their fighting mood. I had spent days of trouble in this patch of forest. My boys had been chased out and demoralized when they attempted to drive them. I myself had been badly scared once or twice with their barging about, and it was now time to see about it.

My shot caught the leading cow in the brain and dropped her slithering on her knees right in the track of the two advancing close to her. One kept on toward me, offering no decent chance at her brain, so I gave her a bullet in a nonvital place to turn her. With a shriek she stopped, slaved half round and backed a few steps. Then round came her head again facing toward me. I was on the point of making an end of her when a mass of advancing heads, trunks and ears appeared on both sides of her. From that moment onward I can give no coherent description of what followed, because the images appeared, disappeared, and changed with such rapidity as to leave no permanent impression. In time the space was clear of living elephant. So far as that goes it was my victory; but as for clearing the patch of forest—no! That was their victory. I had merely taught them not to use the cleared space as their citadel.

**P**assing on, and climbing all the time, we reached a truly wonderful country. High, cool and rolling hills; running streams of clear water in every hollow, the sole bush a few forest trees lining their banks. In the wet season covered with high, strong grass, it was now burned off, and the fresh green stuff was just coming up. In the far distance could be seen from some of the higher places a dark line. It was the edge of "Darkest Africa," the great primeval forest spreading for thousands of square miles. Out of that forest and elsewhere had come hundreds upon hundreds of elephants to feed upon the young green stuff. They stood around that landscape as if made of wood and stuck there. Hunting there was too easy. Beyond a few reed luck there was no other game. Soon natives flocked to our camps, and at one time there must have been 5,000 of them. They were noisy and disturbed the game, but when it came to moving out ivory they were indispensable. Without them we could not have budged.

In my nine months in the Lado Enclave I bagged 210 head



of elephant, with an average weight of tusk of 27 pounds.

In the year 1911 the search for new hunting grounds took me to Liberia, the Black Republic. I secured a passage by tramp steamer to Sinoe Town, Greenwood County, some few hundred miles south of the capital, Monrovia. Here I landed with my little camp outfit, and a decent battery comprising a .318 Mauser and a .22 rook rifle.

With the acquisition of the hunting permit and the hiring of some lads from the interior, I was soon ready for the road. For ten miles or so we passed through lazily-kept coffee plantations, mostly worked by slave labour. The coffee is excellent, but produced without system. After this we began to rise gradually through virgin forests with no inhabitants. Our road was a mere footpath, and there were no flies, which was pleasant. Throughout the forest country there were neither flies nor mosquitoes, in spite of the dampness. The first night we camped in the bush.

As we expected to reach the first village in the bush that day, we were off early in the morning. As a rule in forest country it is not well to start too early. Until ten or eleven o'clock the bush bordering the narrow native trails is saturated with moisture, and remains wet even after the passage of several people. On the way we saw monkeys of several kinds, and tracks of bush buck and bush tow. Hornbills were common, and various kinds of forest birds. The country was in ridges, heavily wooded, with running streams of clear water in the hollows.



Here Bell specifies the anatomy involved in both his earlier and latter techniques—brain or heart shots, both one-shot kills.

Here and there could be seen scratches where natives had been looking for gold. The whole of this country is auriferous, I believe. The gold is alluvial, and the particles widely separated by dirt; too widely for Europeans I expect.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the village. They knew of our coming, and the headman met us with a crowd of his people, and jolly independent in manner they were. Among the crowd there was quite a sprinkling of trade guns of the percussion cap type. Almost immediately I was shown to the hut allocated to travellers, and very grateful for the shade and coolness after the long and hilly march. Water and firewood were brought, and the cook got busy. The construction of the huts was new to me, and quite excellent. The floor of the hut was raised some 4 feet off the ground, and consisted of stout bamboo mats tightly stretched over poles. As the mats were rather loosely woven, all dirt and water simply fell through to the ground. If a bath is required you squat on the floor and dash the water over yourself; it all runs through and soon dries out again. Then the mats being springy make a most excellent bed. Vermin are absent. One is obliged to have one of the huts as the bush runs close up to the village, having no room for a tent, besides which the ground is so damp as

to make a floor well off the ground desirable for good sleeping.

After refreshment I called the headman and told him I had come to hunt elephant. He asked to see my rifle. I showed it to him, my .318. He smiled and said it would not do, peering into the small muzzle. He called for his own to show me, a huge affair, muzzle loading and shooting a long wooden harpoon with an iron head, heavily poisoned.

In the evening I warned the people I was going to fire, and showed them the penetration of a modern rifle with solid bullets. I chose for this purpose a certain white-barked tree, the wood of which I knew from former trials set up less resistance to the passage of a bullet than other trees. This particular tree was very thick, and I hoped the bullet would not fail to come out on the other side. It traversed it easily, to my relief and to the astonishment of the natives, who came in crowds to see the exit hole. Of course none of their guns would have looked at it. It was just this kind of childish little thing that impresses Africans, and when done quietly and indifferently enough is most useful. In this case the effect was doubled by the fact that in their mode of waging war the talking of cover behind trees was more than half the game. Luckily no one was sufficiently acute to ask me to fire through one of the smaller but much tougher trees. They began to think that my rifle might kill elephant after all.

On the morrow we stored our heavy loads in the headman's hut and left for the bush. I took my camp bed and a ground sheet, which could be slung on a stick over it when it rained. These, with some plain food and 200 rounds of cartridges, comprised the loads, and as we had plenty of followers, each man was lightly laden. After passing through some plantations we were almost immediately in the virgin forest. We trekked hard all that day without seeing anything more interesting than monkeys and forest pigs, but on the following day the country began to show signs of game. Bush cow tracks became common, and we crossed several elephant paths, but devoid of recent tracks. This day I saw for the first time the comparatively tiny tracks of pigmy hippo. I gathered that elephant might be expected next day.

It poured hard most of the night and was quite cold. Luckily the forest was a splendid wind break, and but little rain reached my snug camp bed. The boys made little shelters with the under-bush, kept fires going, and ate python all night. As soon as we were warmed up a bit next morning we started.

We soon reached a lot of fresh elephant tracks. I examined them carefully, but could find no bull tracks at all, I could not even find one moderately big cow track. I was puzzled. All the tracks appeared to have been made by calves and half-grown animals. The boys were very pleased with them, however, and when I said I was not going to follow such small stuff, they assured me that the smaller the track the bigger the teeth. This belief I have found to be common all over Africa, not only among native hunters, but also among whites. In my experience it has failed to stand the test of careful observation.

Pointing to a track which in any other country would have indicated a young cow, the headman said that its owner would be found to carry enormous tusks. I knew this was bunkum: all he wanted was meat. But it began to dawn on me that perhaps the elephant of Liberia were, like its hippo, a dwarf race. This decided me to go and have a look, so off we started. The herd was a fairly large one and the ground soft, consequently the tracking was easy and the speed good. What an appalling spectacle we must have been as we raced along, for wise, calm, judicious eyes not out for blood—the natives all eager, searching the ground for tracks here and there, and like homs on the trail. Some, more enterprising, chancing ahead to find the trail. A slap on the thigh signals this to the more tardy, while the pale-skinned man rests at the checks, the better to carry on his deadly work when that should begin. Watch him peering furtively through the bush in all directions, for human eye cannot pierce the dense vegetation. Far better good ears than good eyes in this kind of country. Watch him during the check, listening. He imagines that those terrific vibrations his dull ears faintly gather may be caused by his quarry. How stupid he is to continue thinking so when surrounded by living evidence that it is not so, for not one of the native men has paused even for a second; they know monkeys when they hear them.

After this we pushed along faster than ever, for the day was getting on. The quarry led us in every conceivable direction. Had I got lost, or had any natives deserted me, I should never

have found my way back to the village at all. The sun's position did not help, it being invisible. A compass would not have helped unless a kind of rough course had been jotted down with the directions and distances travelled. Toward evening I began to think it was a rum go. I could see no reason why the elephant should travel, for food appeared to be plentiful. There were no signs of man anywhere. But the fact remains that their signs showed that we had gained but little on them during our nine hours' march. We had to camp for the night.

Rain during the night obliterated the tracks to some extent and made tracking slower. We had not gone far when the unexpected happened. The natives all stopped, listening. Only monks, I thought. Wrong again, for it was elephant this time. They must have wandered around back on their tracks, and we happened along just in time to hear them crossing. Had we been a few minutes earlier we should probably have had another day's hard going for nothing. Some of them were quite close, making all the usual sounds of feeding elephant. The sighs, the intestinal rumbles, the cracks, the re-rips as they stripped branches, the little short suppressed trumpet notes, the wind noises and the thuds of flapping ears—all were there.

Now leaving the boys, I approached alone. I was certainly very close indeed to elephant, but nothing could I see. I started through some lush, came out sure of seeing something—and did so when I lowered my eyes. I had completely forgotten my idea about these being dwarf elephants, and had been unconsciously peering about for a sight at the elevation of an ordinary elephant's top parts; whereas here I was looking straight into the face of an elephant on a level with mine, and only a matter of feet between us. At first I thought it was a calf and was about to withdraw when I noticed a number of animals beyond the near one. All were the same height. None stood over 7 feet at the shoulder. Their ivory was minute. I withdrew to think it over calmly. I met the headman, much too close in, and cursed him soundly. I said there was no ivory and that I was going to look for a bull among the main body, and that he had better keep well back. I was intensely annoyed at his pressing up like that, and also with the appearance of the elephant. I was not so interested in the natural history point of view then as I would be now, and the fact that these elephant were out of proportion to the ordinary elephant as the pigmy hippo is to the ordinary hippo merely irritated me.

Circling around the lot I had first seen, I got to the bigger herd, searching for a bull. I had now more leisure to examine the beams, and to compare them one with another. I soon spotted what should have been a fair herd bull, judging by the width of his forehead and the taper of his tusks, but he stood scarcely 6 inches higher than the cows about him. His tusks were minute, but yet he had lost his baby forehead and ears, and looked, what in fact he was, a full-blown blood. I shot him. But here again I was at fault. I took a calm, deliberate shot at his brain, or rather where I thought his brain ought to be, and where it would have been in any decent elephant. But it was not there. Whether or not he was a brainless elephant I cannot positively say, for I killed him with the heart shot. But I am inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, because I subsequently found out where others of his race kept their brains, and their situation in the head was not that of an ordinary elephant's. The ears were also different, although this is a poor distinction upon which to found a pretension to difference of race, for ears differ all over Africa. Then the tail hairs were almost as fine as those of giraffe. As regards bulk, I should say it would take six of them to balance a big Lakka elephant.

I was thoroughly disgusted, but the boys were jubilant. They thought he was enormous. I said I could not think of hunting such stuff. The tusks looked about 10 pounds—when weighed afterwards they scaled 15 pounds each, being shorter in the hollow than I had guessed them. "Well," I said, "if all your elephant are like this I shall have to pull out." Then came some more surprises. They said all the "red" elephant were the size of this one I had just killed, but that the "blue" elephant were much bigger. "And where are the blue elephant to be found?" I asked sarcastically, for I thought all this was just the usual hush. "There were not many," they said, "and they never mix with the red ones, but they were huge." "And how big are they?" I asked. "As high as that," pointing with their spears to a height of about 11 or 12 feet. After all, I thought, it might be so, more especially as I had seen a pair of tusks of about 25 pounds each on the "beach"—as a shipping

port is always called in West Africa—which were reputed to have come from this country. We then camped by the dead elephant, and the business of cutting and drying meat on fires began.

In a way the smallness of the elephant helped me, for the meat was soon cut into strips and hanging over fires, and the boys were eager for more. Therefore I had no difficulty in getting some of them to go with me the next day to look for the so-called "blue" elephant. I thought that if these were as big as the natives said they were, they were probably wanderers from the interior, where I knew normal sized elephants lived, having hunted them in the hinterland of the Ivory Coast.

We hunted all that day without success, but I saw the old tracks of an ordinary elephant. These, the boys said, were made by a blue elephant. We returned, after a long day, to the meat camp. The headman announced his intention of accompanying me on the morrow, as his women would arrive that evening and would take charge of the meat. Now here is a curious thing about Africans. If one acquires, say a lot of meat, he tries to get it in charge of his wives as soon as possible. While he remains in possession everybody cades from him; friends, relations, everybody of similar age, the merest acquaintances, all seem to think he should share the meat with them. But once the meat is handed over to his wife it is all secure. That ends it, for nobody will cade from a woman, knowing I suppose, that it would be hopeless, for if the wife were to part with any she would be severely beaten by the husband. Yet that same husband, while still in charge of the meat, cannot refuse to share it.

With this in view, the headman had sent a runner to the village to bring up his women shortly after the kill, and in the night of the second day they arrived. Our rather dismal little camp became quite lively. Fires were lit all over the place, and everyone was extremely animated. When natives had recovered from their first purge of meat they become very lively indeed. If they have a large quantity of meat, requiring several days to smoke and dry it, they dance all night. The conventional morality of their village is cast off, and they thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Early on the following day we were off for the big elephant. About twenty natives attached themselves to us. We wandered about, crossing numerous streams, until someone found tracks. If they were small I flatly refused to follow them. Late in the afternoon a real big track of a single bull was found. It was quite fresh, and absurdly easy to follow. We soon heard him, and nothing untoward took place. The brain was where it ought to be and he fell. As I anticipated he was a normal elephant, about 10 feet 10 inches at the shoulder, with quite ordinary tusks weighing 31 or 32 pounds. The boys thought he was a monster, and asked me what I thought of "blue" elephant. He certainly was much more nearly blue than the little red-mud-coloured ones of the day before.

As it was too late for anyone to return to the village that night we all camped by the elephant. Being dissatisfied with the number of shootable bulls about, I decided to return to the village with the boys, so off we set across the country. We travelled and travelled, as I imagined, straight towards the village. But this was far from being the case as I discovered when we all stopped to examine a man trail. It was ours! We had been slogging along in a huge circle, and here we were back again. I had often admired and envied the Africans for their wonderful faculty of finding their way where apparently there was nothing to indicate it. I have never yet been able to exactly "place" this extraordinary faculty. They cannot explain it themselves. They simply know the direction without taking bearings or doing anything consciously. Always puzzling over this sense, which we whites have to such a poor degree, I have closely watched the natives scores of times. The only thing they do, as far as I could observe, is to look at trees. Occasionally they recognize one, but they are not looking for landmarks. They are quite indifferent about the matter. Something which we have probably lost, leads them straight on, even in pitch darkness.

The occasion of which I am writing is the exception which proves the rule, for it is the only instance of natives getting seriously lost which has come under my observation, and that is in more than twenty years of hunting. For seriously lost we were. We wandered about that forest for three days. Leader after leader was tried, only to end up on our old tracks.

[Continued on page 92]

# BELL OF Africa / BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

[Continued from page 39]

At the end of the third day I thought to myself that something would have to be done. This kind of thing would end in someone being done in with exhaustion. As it seemed to me that I should be the first to drop out, it appeared up to me to do something. I had not the faintest notion where we were, but one thing I knew: water runs downhill. Next morning I took a hand. I made the boys follow scrupulously the winding bed of the first stream we came to. It joined a larger one, and we followed that. Not a word of remonstrance would I listen to, nor would I tolerate any short cuts. At length we reached a large river, and I was relieved to see that they all recognized it. Did they "savvy" it, I asked. Yes, rather. So I sat down for a rest. The boys were having a fearful argument about something. It appeared that some held that our village lay upstream, others that it was down-stream. They came to me to settle it. I asked the up-streamers to come out. They numbered seven. I counted the down-streamers; they numbered nine. I said, "The village lies down stream," and by the merest hazard it did.

My hunting here was not uneventful or without success, but it was distinguished by my discovery that the elephant here are of a dwarf or pigmy breed, with ivory far too small to make the hunt rewarding. While there was not good ivory to be found, I did learn a great respect for the people of Liberia. They were an independent but basically honest lot, and on the whole they treated me very well indeed.

It must not be thought that they are unfriendly toward whites. If treated politely they are very nice people indeed; they will do anything to help. But they must be treated just as if they were ordinary white travelers. I liked them immensely, and regretted having to leave their country owing to the smallness of the ivory.

And so ended my dealings with the citizens of Liberia and the natives of the hinterland.

The year 1912 found me hunting in French Equatorial Africa, based on the French outpost of Bangui on the Ubangui River. The country is densely forested, and by mere chance I discovered that the islands in the river were frequented by many elephant at certain times in the year. So numerous were they that I made haste to equip myself for the job. I reckoned that a small steam launch was required. So I ordered it from England. It came in sections, each weighing not more than 150 pounds. Two French engineers at Bangui, whose larger river steamers were temporarily laid up for lack of sufficient water, helped me assemble it. Never have I had such a comfortable or cheap way of travel. It steamed all day on what green wood the boys could cut in an hour. It drew but a foot, and would best almost any rapid. It was 35 feet long, and had a triple-expansion engine running at 1,600 r.p.m., in an oil bath. We soon rigged up a grass-roofed house on a platform built over two long native dugouts. The platforms occupied two thirds of the length, leaving a space for the launch in between the two canoe hulls.

Tying up at a lovely clean sandbank each night, an hour's hush cutting by all hands provided fuel for the next day's steaming. Life was reduced to its simplest elements. The meat of the elephants killed provided all our own requirements. We never touched money. When elephant failed us, there were hippo and buffalo to be had.

As our hunting tactics developed, aided by this ideal transport, we began to use hundreds of natives from either the Belgian Congo side, or from the French side, or even from both banks together, in clearing a space right across some good, heavily frequented island. Of course they could not tackle the large trees. But they would lay low all the underbrush so that when elephant were moved down the island they would give the rifle a chance when they came in view to cross the clearing. I had visions of mowing them down in scores. Far otherwise was the reality.

The first time we tried a drive, we had all the usual palaver with the medicine man to go through. It is as well to exercise some patience with these gentry when trying something new, if only because the natives are more given to heed their word than that of an unknown white man. On our houseboat we could

transport 40 natives at a time, so we soon had a large gang whacking away at the bush. The medicine man, encouraged by a slug of absinthe, had promised them mountains of meat.

With drums beating, and exhorted by the elders, who were comfortably installed in the shade with beer pots around them, they fell to with a will and soon had a strip of 60 yards broad right across the island. This particular island was about 12 miles long and 100 yards broad at its narrowest point. The debushing lasted a day and I told the natives we would try the scheme on the morrow. This was mistake Number One. We subsequently found we should have left the place quiet for at least a week. However, it was imperative to show results at the first trial, as otherwise it would be difficult to get a labor force for any further job.

I had two .203 10-shot rifles and of course the odd round-nosed "solid" 215-grain bullet. The launch went off at cock-crow to put the beaters ashore at the upstream end of the island some six miles away. I took up my stance beside a large forest tree at the edge of the clearing and awaited events. In front of me lay the debushed space littered up with the cut underbrush and with all the large trees still standing. They were mighty close to each other and I anticipated some pretty fancy shooting if they came fast.

Nothing happened for a long time. I began to fear they might have broken out and taken to the river. Actually they were bunching up in complete silence in the thick stuff at the edge of the clearing, evidently upset by the unusual look and smell of things. We should not have attempted a drive until they had got used to it.

We never saw a sign or heard a sound of an elephant as we waited expectantly. Yet they were there within shot and in numbers. They had on their quiet act. Not a belch; not a sign, nor a belly rumble; not even the tale-bearing plop, plop of evacuation. No flap of ears to warn the waiting hunter.

Just as I was beginning to think the thing was a flop they came. Needless to say, they came not as I had hoped, two or three at a time, but in a solid bunch. How many? I could not say. It was impossible to count. They came at speed and for a few seconds all was just a confused mass of cascading gray heads. Had they come straight, something might have been done with two or three of the leaders, but they had to pour between the large trunks of the still-standing trees. It was quite the hottest seven or eight seconds I can remember. Nothing but semi-automatic fire could have dealt with it. Ordinary pushbolt fire was hopelessly out of it, no matter how expert the operator might be. I fired three shots, two brain shots and an oblique shot through the neck going away. It was all over. Although disappointed they had not come quietly and spaced out, I was thankful to have got enough meat to satisfy the hordes of natives. Had nothing been killed, I doubt if I should have been able to get any further volunteers for the bush-clearing jobs.

As we gained experience we did not clear the whole cross section of an island. We merely thinned the actual field of fire, left it for a week or 10 days, and then returned to it. We also learned to move elephant quietly with only two or three reliable old boys. In time we attained a very decent level of bags and we soon had people preparing sites for new drives, quite on their own. Once we tried bringing them back over the fire area a second time, but they came even faster. After an attempt to repeat it a third time, they left the island taking to the water and escaping into a few million acres of timber on the mainland. We gave it up and confined ourselves to one drive per island.

This was the easiest, cheapest, and most exciting hunting I had ever experienced. I would not have looked at any other, but unfortunately the elephant left the islands with the beginning of the rains. Not a single animal seemed to be left in those scores of islands. This was confirmed by all native sources, so very reluctantly I concluded I would have to do a little work and resume the endless foot-slogging required to come up with those cunning old rascals, which a century of dodging man had injected with uncanny powers of concealment along with bullets of every description, pieces of iron, spears and arrows. At that time I reckoned I had done about 60,000 miles on foot in going to and returning from hunting grounds, and on the actual trail of elephant.

When our island hunting ceased from lack of elephant, I determined to ascend the Ubangui until a large enough

tributary running in from the north presented itself. This I hoped would lead to some convenient point from which a portage would land us on the Chari-Tchad watershed. Thus we hoped to tap some new country.

The rains were on, making all rivers raging torrents. Above the town of Bangui the rapids began. Often it became necessary to break down the catamaran into its component parts and man-handle them through the worst parts. We found there were very few places where the launch could not steam up, without the canoe, of course. Gone the comfortable grass-roofed house that had been so pleasant during the island hunting. Now it was a matter of pitching camp ashore.

In this area there was still a fairly heavy traffic in female slaves from the Belgian Congo side. The trade medium was chiefly cartridges, percussion caps and gunpowder. The girls were brought over fat and sold either as wives or for the table. In that part the diet consisted largely of cassava. Being deficient in protein the hunger for meat was appalling. Even the sex organs of bull elephant were consumed after the utmost fun had been extracted from the situation, of course. It always raised a laugh to see four or six old ladies carrying along one of those formidable weapons in pursuit of the young girls. East of the Nile, this particular tidbit is only used for medicine making.

There is something in us that makes the owning of a human being an enchantment, especially so in the case of a young, unspoiled female. I could feel far more affection for such a one than for her equal-rights "I'm-as-good-as-you" sort of creature, with her highly artificial bosom generally cocked at the wrong angle—her false face and flaccid muscles. Contrast such a one with a girl who may be eaten if she has not the luck to find someone who will cherish her. Compare the service of the two. One with her head full of her "rights" kicks you around like a piece of dirt, refuses you this, refuses you that. The other—oh well! Perhaps I had better not! No! Not even a peep at paradise.

When it comes to physical condition the two will not bear comparison. I do not believe that a race that cannot breast-feed its babies can survive, or is fit to do so. When the Old Testament says, "The breath of the laboring man is sweet" it was not necessary to even mention that of the woman; automatically she was a laboring person; all women began as such. When neither man nor woman labor that is *Fivis*.

Making our way slowly against the current and passing many rapids we came finally to where a large river came in from the north. It looked bank-high and much discolored. Hopping to reach some point not too far from the Chari-Tchad watershed, we bored our way into this new country. It is always exciting, just the fact of its being new. You always hope for something to turn up. Almost as invariably you are disappointed.

In due course we reached a village and were well received. It is not every day that strangers come to town with a present of eight or nine tons of beef. Moreover, it was not far to the river, and we were soon served by a numerous tribe in running down some quite good elephant. The rains were petering out but the high grass still held the bush unviolated by fire and elephant wandered freely into the ripening corn. Hardly a day passed without some infuriated farmer sending for assistance in handling these crop destroyers. Besides all these considerations I wanted assistance in a big way to portage that steamer over the watershed that could not now be far distant.

They were a good-looking lot these Banda, particularly the girls. There was one in particular who stood out from the rest. She seemed to be one of those surplus women so rare in Africa. Mostly all girls find a husband. But now and then you meet one who does not marry. They are invariably good-looking, in our eyes, at any rate. When you ask why they are not married the men just laugh. Pyjale of Karamojo used to say because they were married to all men. The species is not wholly unknown amongst us whites. Confirmed flirt is a feeble term. They have a truer but more indelicate name for it.

That night, after we had killed elephant, lion came up to feed on a carcass close by our camp and kicked up a fearful fuss. Everyone expected them to come right into camp looking for their cuts. Those damned young squirts of bloods dared this girl to go to the elephant carcass by herself unarmed. She went and returned without hesitation or haste.

Of course we fired up on the campfires and the whole scene was floodlit. As the girl coolly walked toward them you could

see the firelight reflected from the eyes watching her gallant figure advancing on them. They gave way reluctantly before her. Finally she seated herself on something until I went and brought her back. I did not like it and I had a rifle.

When I said to the boys, "What d'you think of that?" They said with scorn, "Who would marry that?" There are no flies on the Africans. If courage is required he reckons to provide it. The last person he wants to show courage is his wife. So that nut-brown Venus remained a spinster but not a virgin; a curious sidelight on the inscrutable ways of Africa.

All our energies were absorbed by elephant. They browsed on the ripening corn by night and lay up in dense bush by day quite close to the village. They were hiding from the incensed farmers and made no noise at all. If anyone came around they froze absolutely motionless. The ear-flapping that gives away unsuspecting elephant was absent; they relied on the thickest, darkest patches of bush to abate the fly nuisance. Thus would they stand all day long within a few hundred yards of the village. It was the most intensely exciting form of hunting. They would let anyone come messing about within 10 yards of them without moving. They were used to stick-gatherers. So it was easy to get near them. But at the shot the whole bush seemed to erupt. Every suddenly-animated tank launched itself into instant flight in whatever direction it happened to be pointing at the instant of the shot. If there happened to be eight or nine of them the fun was fast and furious. You could never see more than one or two of them before you fired, so draped and hidden were they by foliage. Here I had the second example of a shot elephant piercing a tree trunk with a tusk in its fall. The other and first had happened in the East African coastal belt of bush.

In these crazy headlong rushes of guilty-conscienced elephant, the hunter stands quite a good chance of being trodden under-foot, or of receiving quite violent blows from falling, crashing bush. You see, too, the otherwise unique sight of considerable trees broken short off while still standing, their top-hammer held by creepers and vines to their neighbors, their freshly-broken ends thumping down solidly into the damp soil. It is difficult on these occasions to make a killing as time is so short, visibility so restricted, and their speed so much greater than anything the foot-hunter can produce. But it is exciting while it lasts.

Altogether I attained my set aim of 1,000 bull elephants in Karamojo, Lado Enclave, Belgian and French Congos, the Ivory Coast, Liberia, Uganda, Abyssinia, and the East African Coast. Several times I returned home, taking with me some huge tusks as my almost sole personal baggage. Instead of suitcases, the railway porters had nine or 10-foot-long slippery tusks to handle. They slid off the barrows, and when they did stay put they raked the mobs of baggage-seekers just about knee high, to their indignation. These tusks that I thus brought home were duly presented to my sisters, who promptly sold them and invested in diamonds.

But, when hunting in the French Congo, one day I had a letter from the commandant of a small military post a few days' distant in which he said in a postscript: "By the way, you will be interested to hear that war broke out between Great Britain, France and Germany. We are nearly all called up and I am departing forthwith."

At once I got my gear and ivory together and returned to Bangui, where I sold everything, including the steam launch, and managed to secure passage on a French steamer back to Bordeaux. On arrival in London I met a friend in the regular forces, who on hearing that I wished to join the Flying Corps, said that he could help me at the War Office.

My war experiences would require another small book. But others have told the story of those days, when we flew in airplanes and with armament that sometimes verged on the ridiculous, they were often such contraptions. But, to keep a long story short, I flew in East Africa and, later, in the Balkans. We fought a long but successful war.

After the war I was rather incapacitated for a time with a double infestation of malaria, the Balkan variety, plus my old African bugs. In addition, I had married!

But finally the call of Africa was irresistible again, and I organized an elephant hunt on the Ivory Coast. For 400 years the Ivory Coast had been the greatest source of "Ivory." To begin with, it was the black variety that drew the most attention. The British were very prominent in this trade as many

# BELL OF Africa / BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

a Bristol trading firm's books would show. Later, the white variety occupied the most prominent position in trading circles. During this era every trader employed native hunters. They themselves, apparently, did not hunt elephant to any great extent, and when you see the old muzzle-loaders then current you can understand why. Just the other day I picked up one of these pieces, it was a 4 gauge and weighed 55 pounds.

The actual hunting was trying. The bush was of the very densest description, but the elephant were all mature bulls and this meant a lot. The ivory, while not large, was quite satisfactory, and the cost of getting it out almost nil. Everyone was content with meat. I had no use for a large expert gang as in other parts. Generally the ivory was left to rot out, in these hot humid regions a matter of only two or three days.

Shortly after this my friend Wynne Eytan and I began our canoe journey of two or three thousand miles up the Niger River and its tributaries.

Traveling by and living on water was being in an entirely different world. You made contact with a much more unsophisticated set of people than those living on centuries-old caravan routes. You were much more out of touch with Government, custom posts, post offices, telegraphs and such modern curses. If you were wise you camped on inland sand banks wherever possible, where your only neighbors were hippo, fish and sometimes elephant. Even the ever-prevailing night pests such as mosquitoes did not often invade the delightfully clean sand banks. In short, you were much freer and far better off than you would have been in some big infested camp on a main route, with its latrines and other stinks. Certainly you saw more—no other travelers crossed your path, and that might seem a loss to some, but to us so recently from the milling throng of war, it seemed like paradise. Canoe travel as we did it had an even greater advantage. The fact that we paddled our own canoes just like the natives, had all the people completely at a loss as to how to receive us. Being in doubt they left us severely alone, which suited us very well indeed.

So prolific in game was the country that we never reached Lake Mamou as we had intended. Pretty soon our grain food was all exhausted, and the canoes were filled with as much ivory as they would safely carry, so we decided to return to civilization, and turned our canoes around for the long journey to the coast.

After the safari on the Niger and Bahr Aouck Rivers I returned to England, and did not revisit Africa for a considerable time. When I did so it was with American friends, Gerrit and Malcolm Forbes, and with motor cars. All-motorized, we simply rushed through the bush, and arrived at the other side of Africa before we had time or thought for hunting. The urge each day seemed to be to see how far we could get. It was found that the motor car and lorry could circulate without roads practically anywhere in the dry season. Sometimes we would crash along through light bush at 50 or 40 miles an hour. As for serious hunting, it was out of the question.

Even the most formidable rivers presented no obstacle at all. The natives were anxious to get rid of the new monsters and they made the most stupendous efforts to rid themselves of the menace caused by our presence. On one occasion the lorry, loaded with three tons of supplies and itself no mean weight, was ferried over a deep-flowing river on about 5,000 one-man reed rafts, propelled by 150 swimmers pushing it. How thankful they must have been to see us safely over and the whole caravan disappearing in a dust cloud. Our route was later destined to become the great West African-Middle East supply road under the urge of World War II.

All along the edge of the Sahara it was a desolate sight to see the sand trickling relentlessly south. Trees with their bases barely covered stood alive in the foreground, while further along just their tops stood out of the steadily advancing ocean of sand, their branches white and dead, resembling the bleached bones of perished animals. Nothing was being done to stop this relentless advance. One imagines that in time the whole of Central Africa will be swallowed up, the climate changed, and all become a waterless desert.

At the Sudan frontier we met an enterprising gentleman who wanted desperately to buy our motor transport. He did

not say so directly, but tried to show that it would be impossible to traverse a certain range of hills that lay ahead. He said that even camels had to be off-loaded and their loads portaged by hand past the bad places. He recounted how a Rolls Royce armored car had got through only by sheer manpower. A battalion of Egyptian troops had lifted it bodily up and got it through on its side. I could not but admire my young American friend's attitude to this situation. Malcolm Forbes had but recently left Harvard University, yet he saw clear through all this sales talk, and when the commandant kindly offered to buy the motors and to supply camels in their place, as if he were actuated by kindness only, he turned down the offer without hesitation. The passage of the narrow defile was successfully negotiated by building up stone ramps on either side and going over the top.

After this expedition my wife and I settled down in the Highlands of Scotland. We called our estate Corriemollie. It is near Garve in Ross-shire. It was here that I started to write. I sent my first article to *Country Life*. Not hearing further about it for some time I thought it had simply gone into the waste-paper basket. What was my astonishment when I not only got an acceptance, but a very polite letter from the editor to say that he was keeping the article for the Christmas number. I followed this with a series of articles, and finally *Country Life* brought out some of them in book form called *The Wanderings of an Elephant Hunter*. (Reprinted 1958 by Neville Spearman and The Holland Press.) An edition of this was also published by Scribner's in New York. Later on another smaller book of mine, *Karomojo Safari* was published in America.

It was now that there crystallized an idea that my wife and I had long had. This was to build or acquire a sizable sailing craft aboard which we could have a fair degree of comfort. We made up our minds on a prize-winning design by the American, Olin Stephens, and then we proceeded to name our craft even before we began building her. My wife came across with an account of King Richard Coeur de Lion's red galleys which he used in the crusades. She was always the leader of any fleet, whether by virtue of superior design or whether it was in nobody's interest to pass her, is not known. She was named *Trenchemer*, and so we named our dream boat.

As soon as she was in good working shape, and a shaking-down cruise to get the amateur crew accustomed to her, all thought turned to her first race, the 600-mile "Fastnet." In this, through superlative navigation and good steering by the experienced racing amateurs who made up her crew, the *Trenchemer* was second in her first "Fastnet," beaten out for first place by her small sister *Stormy Feather* on time allowance.

We continued to race and cruise in the *Trenchemer* right along until the 1939 war broke out. She then lay in the fresh-water basin at Inverness where she was too far away for the Dunkirk evacuation. Then one day I got a telephone message to appear at 11 a.m. the next morning alongside her. There a document was presented to the effect that the *Trenchemer* had been requisitioned for war service.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Throughout *World War II* Bell remained at his Highland home, "Corriemollie," in Garve, Ross-shire, leaving the adventures of war to younger men. He was active in the local Home Guard and also hunted regularly on the hills behind his house.

His yacht, *Trenchemer*, remained in the fresh-water lock of the Caledonian Canal at Inverness throughout the war. In April, 1946, assisted by three friends, he towed her through the canal to Fort William and then sailed her down to the Clyde to have her refitted at Robertson's Yard in Sandbank. He sailed the boat extensively through the Western Isles all that summer and the following summer and in 1948 planned to race her from Brixham to Santander, in Spain. A mild heart attack in July of 1948 forced him to cancel this project.

He cruised in Scottish waters again the following summer, but in 1950 his health forced him to give up the sea and *Trenchemer* was sold to an English buyer. The saga was almost over. Although Bell continued to hunt regularly at "Corriemollie," his quarry was mostly rabbits that he found close to the house. He nevertheless seemed to take as much enjoyment in this and had as much satisfaction over getting in a good shot as he did with the mighty beast he hunted in Africa during his youth. In 1951 he had another heart attack that proved fatal. Stevenson's poem *Requiem* provides a fitting epitaph: *Home is the sailor, home from sea, and the hunter home from the hill.*