

WHITE AND BLACK
IN EAST AFRICA





AN EAST AFRICAN WITCH-DOCTOR EQUIPPED FOR BUSINESS.
(*Frontispiece*).

WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA

*A RECORD OF TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION
IN TWO AFRICAN CROWN COLONIES*

BY

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WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS

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CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE START	II
II. FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR	14
III. MOMBASA, OLD AND NEW	35
IV. THE ONLY RAILROAD	51
V. AN AFRICAN CAPITAL	58
VI. AT HOME WITH THE NATIVES	73
VII. LIFE IN THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY	101
VIII. IN WESTERN KENYA	122
IX. HINTERLAND OF VICTORIA NYANZA	147
X. FOLK WAYS OF THE KAVIRONDO	172
XI. THE LAND OF THE BUTENDE	201
XII. A WET SAFARI	224
XIII. WHERE BRITAIN HELPS KABAKAS REIGN	246
XIV. LAST DAYS IN UGANDA	272
INDEX	301

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

AN EAST AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ON MOMBASA ISLAND	<i>Facing page 36</i>
AN ARAB DHOW	" " 36
FORT JESUS, MOMBASA	" " 40
HANGING NESTS OF WEAVER BIRDS	" " 40
KIKUYU GIRLS IN A NAIROBI STREET	" " 60
A CORNER OF THE INDIAN BAZAAR, NAIROBI	" " 60
THE MASAI CHIEF MASIKONDI	" " 76
COKE'S HARTEBEEST. MY FIRST TROPHY	" " 76
KIKUYU YOUTHS DECORATED FOR A DANCE	" " 80
ROADSIDE MARKET AT THIKA	" " 80
AN IMPROMPTU KAMBA DANCE	" " 84
KIKUYU TRIBAL RETAINERS AND NATIVE POLICEMEN	" " 84
MBITI, A KAMBA HEADMAN	" " 96
MASAI PRISONERS CLEARING GROUND	" " 96
ARRIVAL OF NEIGHBOURS AT WATERLOO FARM, GILGIL	" " 106
DIPPING SHEEP AT WATERLOO FARM	" " 106
NANDI GIRLS	" " 124
MASAI MILK VENDOR	" " 124
KAVIRONDO CHILDREN	" " 128
KISUMU MARKET	" " 128
MOUNT ELGON CAVES	" " 140
MARUNGA, A KAVIRONDO CHIEF	" " 140

10 LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

KAVIRONDO WOMEN, NILOTIC BRANCH .	<i>Facing page</i>	160
KAVIRONDO WARRIORS IN FULL ARRAY .	”	” 174
KAVIRONDO WARRIORS MOUNTED ON BULLOCKS	”	” 174
NATIVE TRIBUNAL IN SESSION	”	” 206
BUTENDE CHIEFS	”	” 206
THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA INSPECTING A POLICE DETACHMENT	”	” 252
ENTEBBE	”	” 252
KABALE	”	” 292
BOUNDARY MARK BETWEEN UGANDA AND BELGIAN CONGO	”	” 292
BUTENDE NATIVES	”	” 294
LAKE BUNYONI	”	” 294

MAPS

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE “WHITE AND BLACK IN EAST AFRICA”	<i>Facing page</i>	II
MAP ON THE KISII—BUTENDE SAFARI	”	” 201

CHAPTER I

THE START

"WHERE next?" I asked myself. The answer was "Africa. Central Africa."

That I had not yet travelled there was reason enough for the decision. The tales of explorers, missionaries and hunters, not to mention European rivalries for territory, had kept my interest glowing for many years. Now I wanted first-hand impressions. I wished to see life as it was lived by settler and savage straight across the great continent of colonies. I intended, open-eyed and open-minded, to go on a pleasure trip.

But while I went about London and Antwerp and Brussels getting my outfit and my letters and making arrangements—for of course all African journeys must begin in Europe—I wondered whether one would be allowed to escape with so simple a plan as mine. A world of specialized purpose knocked at my door and wished to go along. Even before I left New York I was hunted down by a moving picture man who wished to *safari* with me through Africa. In London the

interest was scientific. A geologist wished to come and make us both rich with his mineral discoveries. An archæologist asked me to keep an eye out for evidences of prehistoric man and his implements. Ethnologists wished photographs and data. A bacteriologist asked me to scrape scabs and disease-breeding insects from the bodies of natives, and send them home. An entomologist desired butterflies and moths. "And be sure," he said; "to bring back some of those rare insects which exist only in the swamps where one finds both kinds of tsetse fly—the '*morsitans*' and the '*palpalis*.'" I promised to do my best for him, but made a mental note that there would be no detours into the haunts of the tsetse.

But there was one scientist at whose door I knocked—the door of a poor home in Berlin. There was a man, Russian born, whose experiences in Central Africa ran from 1863 to 1885. Botanist and explorer, honoured in England and Belgium and Germany, Schweinfurth has in his memory three-quarters of a century of Central African history. His book was published in 1874; the latest edition of it was issued in 1917. If Schweinfurth could have walked at my side through Central Africa, there would have been a perspective worth the having. But one does not suggest to an eighty-six-year-old man that he go again over the trails of his youth. "Even yet nothing is known of Central Africa," he told me. "Perhaps a hundred men have crossed. And

what are a hundred men? On the trade route or off, even yet nothing is known."

Still I did not go companionless. There was Lewis. He happened into the reading-room of the Colonial Institute where I was turning over African papers, and he touched me on the shoulder. I had seen Lewis so many times and in so many places that we were old friends. Once we had met in the mountains back of Rajputana, and again in the gorges of the Yangtse beyond Ichang. I had seen him at Bhamo, a thousand miles up the Irrawaddy, in the White Horse Pass of Alaska, in Yokohama and Singapore and Cairo, and even in Paris and New York. Lewis is always dressed in perfect keeping with the occasion, whether he is wearing frock-coat and tall hat, spotless whites or bedraggled rags.

Lewis is Irish, and is just my age. He is a bit of a pessimist, which is an excellent temperament for an optimist like myself to have by on a long journey. We settled matters at the hotel around the corner.

For the next few days he tore about complying with all the forms necessary for passports; Belgium authorities require even good health and good conduct certificates. Then, one January morning, we found ourselves at the Waterloo station, starting for Southampton. "Last things" appear to be a part of the ritual of an African journey. Into our compartment were thrown a "Lord's lamp" and a huge umbrella.

CHAPTER II

FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR

The Voyage—Capetown and east coast ports—Zanzibar.

WE sailed from Southampton on the *Arundel Castle*, bound for Durban with Madeira the first port of call and Capetown the second. This was a roundabout journey for me, since Mombasa was to be the starting point of my African wandering. The direct way lay through the Suez Canal, the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden, a route to Mombasa honoured since a fleet, Phœnician manned, sailed it a thousand years before Christ, and Solomon and the Queen of Sheba sent their ships south to the land of gold. But that way was familiar from my voyages to India; I chose the Cape route because it was new to me, and I wanted a glimpse of southern and east coast ports as preparation for Central Africa.

Nineteen thousand tons in weight, and with gymnasium, swimming pool and all the other equipment of a great liner, the *Arundel Castle* gave travel de luxe. Radio brought us the news

of the wide world—sports, crime, politics. One item, received nine days out of Capetown, set at rest the fear of finding Africa too civilized, which had been haunting me since my discovery that the Banque du Congo Belge had branches straight through the Congo. The item came from Bulawayo, and referred to the Mount Darwin district on the north-eastern border of Mashonaland:

“ Because of the drought, the elders of the Mtawana tribe took recourse to a method to bring rain which in their belief never fails. Human sacrifice. The young native chosen for sacrifice was the rainmaker’s son, but the latter did not object. He actually officiated at the burning. As soon as life was extinct the weather broke; unusually heavy rains have continued to this date. The outcome of the sacrifice has been the arrest and committal for trial of eighty-three natives charged with murder.”

And in that item I saw the gist of the present African situation with regard to its native aspect. It showed the tribes to be still living in their old customs and superstitions, but checked by European authority and answerable to it. Thus does civilization march.

Most of the ship’s passengers—there were two hundred and fifty of us, first and second class—were followers of the recent English fashion of having two summers; taking the second one in South Africa during the months that would be winter

at home. They were a gay, fashionable crowd, and enlivened the voyage with fancy dress and supper parties. But one was different and proved a gold mine of interest to me. Wiry, grey-whiskered and in his eighties, this man was making a voyage in waters that more than sixty years ago he had sailed, in five hundred ton vessels, before the mast. Meanwhile he had risen from office boy to senior partner of a great London shipping firm, and was now retired.

All the history of African exploration was at his tongue's end. He remembered the bits of news as they came from Burton and Baker and Grant, explorers of the late fifty's and early sixty's, and the sensation caused by Speke's message "*The Nile is settled*" when he had discovered Albert Nyanza and Victoria Nyanza and had followed the river to Gondokoro.

Barth and Livingstone and Stanley seemed men of month-before-last to my old friend. We went over the map together, tracing the whole story up to Stanley's discovery of the Ruwenzori mountains in 1889, this confirming Ptolemy's map in A.D. 150 giving the location of the Mountains of the Moon, the Nile swamps, and the source of that most interesting river.

Though to parts of Asia the east coast of Africa was a story centuries old, it was discovered for Europe by the Portuguese in the last half of the fifteenth century. The Portuguese were navigators; not men to penetrate inland. Their trade

SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR 17

was confined to the coast, and to trading in slaves which the feudal chiefs were willing to supply from the interior. It was considered a better business than gold or ivory. England gave the impetus to African exploration when in 1788 she founded the African Association. There was hope of discovering an alternative route to India; also the hope of opening up new lands to take the place of the colonies just lost in North America. The association lasted until 1830 when the Royal Geographical Society was formed. Other European powers followed England's lead, and in 1877 the International African Association, formed at the urge of King Leopold, met in Brussels. The purpose was the recruiting of the civilized world for joint exploration of Africa, stamping out the slave trade, the spreading of civilization, and the opening of new lands for settlement and trade.

The European occupation of Africa, though hampered by lack of transportation, wild animals, and savagery of natives, was helped by the feudal system. A patriarchal hereditary government exists among many of the tribes. The existence of these tribes under chiefs, sheikhs and sultans, with different languages and customs, obviously helped the new-comers.

With the reading of many books and talk with my old friend the days at sea passed, and we came to African soil. Capetown, famed for beauty and delight, was a disappointment. The guide-books and the winter-dodging tourists had raised my

expectations too high by comparing it to Naples, and Rio de Janeiro, and San Francisco. Table Mountain was there, as they had promised, but it is not beautiful. It is a flat, black monster bucking its ungainly back against the city of levees and mules and negroes. "You should see it in November when it is covered with flowers," my shipmates said, and of course there was no answer to that.

But Capetown is a city, and draws from a vast hinterland. Slightly less than half its two hundred thousand people are blacks, most of whom speak Cape Dutch. In deference to Mother Holland, who founded the town in 1652, we looked into the Dutch Reformed Church, which is on the site of the first building for public worship in South Africa. The clock tower, sent from Holland in 1727, twenty-eight years after the little church was begun, still stands, and lends the romance of that adventurous time to the new building.

Adderley Street is Main Street, with verandahed buildings of four or six stories. The Municipal Botanical Gardens charmed away more than an hour, and at the museum, just beyond, I did not pass unmoved the famous stones of the "Mariner's post office." These are the stones under which captains and sailors of ships that touched the Cape placed letters to be taken by men on returning vessels. The inscriptions on the stones are in English, Dutch, Danish and French, and the earliest date is 1614.

SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR 19

The suburbs of Capetown, clustering about ragged Table Bay, are beautiful enough to atone for any disappointment in the city itself. We passed through a picturesque, rugged, flowery country in our motor ride about the Cape of Good Hope, with villas and bungalows clinging to the hillsides, and overlooking the water. At one point in the road baboons raced with the machine.

Here at Capetown we lost most of our English passengers. Some planned to linger a while in town or in the suburbs, and then make a journey through the Union of South Africa. Few thought of crossing the Zambesi into Central Africa. I heard plans of visits to the Kimberley diamond mines, and Johannesburg, and Pretoria, Transvaal and Bulawayo, the old capital, and former stronghold of Lobengula, chief of the terrible Matebele nation. They would make side trips to Victoria to visit the ruins of the Great Zimbabwe, where the Arabs smelted gold in a fortress with walls thirty feet high and ten thick. And of course Victoria Falls, the great cataract of the Zambesi.

Though Europe left us here, we took on Africa. From Capetown on, the *Arundel Castle* became an excursion steamer. Once a year the railroad, together with the Union Castle line, gives cheap rates from the interior, and all South Africa goes a-travelling. Among the new passengers were many from Johannesburg, and at once the rivalry between the inhabitants of that great gold-mining town and of Capetown became apparent. The

Johannesburghers were of the type of mining folk the world over: lavish, generous, colourful. The conservative Capetowners consider them too free-and-easy, and somewhat *gauche*. Johannesburg retorts that Capetown is a "Has Been"; is living on its reputation of being the first port and town in South Africa. And that Johannesburg, with its 150,000 whites and 130,000 blacks is one-third larger than Capetown, and is the largest city on the continent south of Cairo.

Meanwhile we ploughed the Indian Ocean. At night there was balmy moonlight, and the Southern Cross was visible. We hugged the flat coast, and the journey was monotonous. But at each port I caught some glimpse that gave it individuality. Port Elizabeth was a South African Liverpool, and an auction sale of ostrich feathers and of hides told of the industry thereabout. The Kaffir huts of East London made me remember the first I had ever seen, transplanted to the "Midway" at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Then Durban, the port of Natal, with its beautiful esplanade and large hotels where English girls, who have taken on a plumpness never seen in London, dance the night away. A sixty piece orchestra from "home" played in the band-stand on the beach the night we arrived. Out of the crevices in the rocky sea wall bloom hydrangeas, the lobelias, and cactus. Durban is tamed and gardened like a resort in Southern Europe, and one must make a definite statement of facts and dates to keep in

mind how recently Kaffirs and Basutos and Zulus dominated what is now Natal, the garden of South Africa. Where a decade ago savages were slaughtering settlers with poisoned arrows are now macadamized streets and roads, and motor-cars, and double-deck trolleys. Europe has made the state over. One finds the Zulus pushing the baby carriages of the settlers, and between the shafts of the rickshas. Once seen, the Zulu ricksha boy can never be forgotten. His legs are chalked in patterns to resemble openwork stockings; some sort of wrapping, it makes little difference what, is fastened about his body with safety-pins. In his head-dress he assembles everything dear to the savage heart. A pair of bull's horns, embedded in a mat of ostrich, peacock or turkey feathers, is the foundation. Added to this are porcupine quills, and coloured balls of billiard size, and empty cigarette tins. At the base of this structure are likely to be ivory spoons and little ladles, fastened in with safety-pins. Not all ricksha boys can afford a garb so fanciful. I recall one poor fellow who boasted only a Scotch cap with ear-laps decorated with a turkey feather. His only garment, a loin cloth, was held together with a safety-pin.

We motored toward Ladysmith by way of Pietermaritzburg, Natal's capital, and saw the valley of a thousand hills, and the rivers and waterfalls for which Natal is famous.

At Durban we changed steamers. On board the British India steamship *Taroba* we were in a

different world, marked by Indian crew, Indian stewards and a sprinkling of Indian passengers. The *Taroba* plies between East African ports and Bombay, and one felt the geographical nearness of India and the political involvements. The Indian question replaced all other topics of conversation. The European settler is disturbed by nightmares of a country ruled by Hindu, Mohammedan, and of Indian neighbours on all sides.

Next in the leisurely coastwise trip we caught a glimpse of Portugal in Africa, at languorous Lourenço Marques on Delagoa Bay. I was turned away from the post office as a suspicious character for offering a pound sterling in payment for a stamp assortment. Any shopkeeper is fined who accepts money other than Portuguese, and furthermore the foreign money is confiscated. The bright spots in the town are the dance halls and gambling places, where no questions are asked, and any money is accepted. There, playing high at the roulette table, I saw a man whose face was familiar. Somewhere I had known him, but I could not convince him of that. He was suave in his certainty that he had never seen me. Next day he was arrested for forgery by a detective who had followed him from the Dutch East Indies. He had cashed my cheques in Batavia.

Beira with its trolley chairs, and its dogs, cats and goats—animals which can withstand the tsetse fly—is still Portugal. Then we found ourselves at Dar-Es-Salaam, the port of Tanganyika, formerly

German East Africa. But we had grown tired of the coast towns. It took the loading of eight hundred and eighty-six elephant tusks to interrupt our game of deck tennis and send us ashore in a launch. We were rewarded by finding a brass band in the bazaar street. A circle of congratulating friends surrounded a Ford which held an Indian bride and groom. The women were heavily veiled, and each carried a baby on her back. Children hummed a ceremonial chant, while a boy waved a fan of ostrich plumes in front of the groom.

We turned from marriage festivity to visit the cemetery where under tropic trees sleep pioneers and soldiers.

Thus far my journey along the coast had been disappointing. The sophisticated little cities, bits of transplanted Europe, had held for me no measure of fulfilment of the romantic promise of the word Africa. Was the east coast of Africa then to prove to be little different in essentials from the Atlantic seaboard of the southern states a few generations ago, with towns of dominant whites and servant blacks, and the situation not greatly affected by the fact that here the whites were Europeans, and that the manners and dress of the negroes different?

And then I came to Zanzibar. There, in town and island, I found the spirit of Central East Africa. A trading centre since ancient days, out-ranked now in size only by Alexandria and Tunis on the entire African seaboard, Zanzibar is the meeting and mingling place of the people of three

continents. One needs no books. The history of the place is spread before the eyes in architecture, in the costumes of the people, and the faces that show the pure strains of Arab, and Persian, and Indian, and Portuguese and English blood, and the faces that show this blood mixed with blood native to the island.

In all that history it is pleasant to remember that American clippers touched at Mombasa and Zanzibar in the eighteenth century. John Bertram of Salem, Massachusetts, made an unofficial treaty with the Sultan of Muscat late in that century. America, in 1835, was the first country to make an official treaty. Her consulates at Muscat, Southern Arabia and Zanzibar were also the first to be established, but in 1841 England followed her example. Other European powers came after England, and the missionaries began their work.

Zanzibar and its twin island Pemba face the mainland. They, together with the island of Mombasa, three miles long, and a substantial strip of coast country, belong to the sultanate of Zanzibar; since 1890 a protectorate of Great Britain. This toy domain has rather a substantial acreage. Zanzibar is 54 miles long, 23 broad, and has an area of 625 square miles. Pemba, 43 miles long, 14 miles broad, covers 369 square miles. Mombasa, connected with the mainland by railway bridge, and the strip of coast land are leased to Great Britain for an annual rental of seventeen thousand

SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR 25

pounds, so the sultan has really nothing to watch over but the two larger islands. Zanzibar island has a population of about 203,000. Of these more than 35,000 live in Zanzibar town, where the racial distribution is: Europeans, 270; Arabs, 20,000; Asiatics, 15,000. The rest are for the most part Swahili, the people produced by the blending of the original African stock with the blood of Arabs, and other new-comers. This half-caste type has made so great an impression on Africa that the Swahili tongue all but carries the traveller from coast to coast. It is the *lingua franca* of the equatorial regions of Africa with exception of part of the Congo.

These are the facts I had in my head as we steamed northward, and I caught my first glimpse of the green island of gentle hills. Coco-nut palms and clove plantation reach close to the water; there are long stretches of sandy beach, and then one sees the promontory on which lies the town of Zanzibar. The view of the city is not imposing. No temple spires pierce the skyline, but the white mansions on the white beach promise beauty. The streets are narrow and tortuous; there are buildings with straight, colour-washed walls, and carved doors, and patios, and roofs from which one may look over the sea. There are Arabs, white-clad, bearded, turbanned; Indians in the costumes of their several castes; a few Persians, garbed as in their home country, and Swahilis everywhere, usually in white and wearing the Mohammedan fez. Zanzibar is a

city of pictures, and at first one struggles to realize that the routine and complexities of daily life go on here as in less colourful places.

Yet an English lawyer met us, and was our host, and there was nothing of a romantic past about him. But his talk revealed the swing of knowledge and experience necessary to life in Zanzibar if one is to succeed in a career like his. British, Arab, Persian and Indian landowners are his clients, so his brain is packed with Indian law as well as English and the Code Napoleon. Racial psychology is a study he may not neglect. He entertained us in his bachelor home with a retinue of Swahili servants. The house, a beautiful building on the beach, was formerly the property of a produce firm who had a branch for cloves in Zanzibar. But reckless gambling in cotton resulted in a failure which was the sensation of Wall Street, just the other year, and this house with all that it stood for in the way of African connections, passed out of that firm's hands.

From this house, storied with the ups and downs of modern business, we were taken to one which was eloquent of the old order. It was a six-storied palace, owned by an Arab, and the highest on the island; from its roof we looked over the blue of the Indian Ocean, and saw Pemba, and Bagamoyo on the mainland shore. Later we sat in the patio and were fanned by Swahili boys while we drank coffee and listened. He was a patriarch with long white beard and flowing robes, and like most

old men, he needed scant urging to talk of the past. His fortune had been made in the old days of slave trading, and he told me he had attended the last auction at the slave market.

"It was just about this season, and twenty-five years ago," he said. "The English stopped the traffic a few months afterward. It was a nice business. We captured the slaves wherever we could, but chiefly in Central Africa. And we hoarded them here and fed them well until market day."

I was interested, and showed it. A question or two resulted in my host sending a boy to fetch an old chest, out of which he brought a yellowed document. The Arabian characters meant nothing to me until he had translated. The paper was a quotation sheet of prices in Zanzibar markets in the spring of 1859. Prices were given in shillings and pence, and human beings were listed along with goats, geese and hides as marketable commodities. I jotted down a bit of it. Sheep ranged from twenty shillings to forty-four shillings and sixpence. Arabian donkeys, from ninety to two hundred and twenty-five shillings, far ahead of the price of even adult slaves, who, male or female, ranged only from forty-five to one hundred and thirty-five shillings. And slave boys and girls were listed at from twenty-five to fifty shillings. And as I wrote, I wondered how those prices compared with those paid in American slave markets in 1859.

"It was a nice business," my host repeated with

wistful reminiscence. Then he brightened. "But we have plenty of other trade. I am satisfied with things as they are now."

He had known Tippu Tip, the slave trader of Stanley fame, and he remembered Livingstone and the other great explorers who had fitted out their caravans in Zanzibar. But except his recollection of their presence in Zanzibar, he told us nothing. Theirs had not been great names when they tarried in Zanzibar before going into the interior. There was no need to clutter the memory with details about them.

Out in the narrow, twisting streets we passed substantial white-walled houses standing between hovels and huts. At the door of another great house of the old days we lingered to admire the beautiful carving; entering, we found ourselves in the European hospital. Along the street, rubbing elbows with Asiatics with red fez or turban proclaiming their religion, came Africans driving a camel or goat or donkey, or pushing, three behind and one in front, a truck-load of cloves. This type of African, at this work, looks the slave he once was.

Thinking of the reputed devious ways of the Arab, I wondered aloud whether there might still be a little secret dealing "on the curb." My lawyer host declared that however it may be with the Arab elsewhere, the Zanzibar Arab is honourable; his word may be trusted. Law-suits are frequently settled out of court, by one person

promising to fulfil a certain condition, and the promise is invariably kept.

I found myself sniffing a pleasant heavy fragrance. Zanzibar supplies ninety per cent. of the world's clove needs, and the odour may be traced to wharves and store-houses, and to the plantations which surround the city. The trees grow to a height of about forty feet, and look like huge bushes because of the density of their low growing boughs, and glistening aromatic leaves. Never was tropical city so fragrant as Zanzibar, for this delicious spice scent tops every other odour.

Ancient things and modern jostle each other for place in Zanzibar. Opposite the bazaar, where anything from every part of the world may be purchased, is an old wooden shed housing an oil mill of so old a pattern it might be the one pulled by the blinded Samson. A pole is attached to each of the two crushers, and to each pole is hitched a blindfold camel, driven by a black man. Both camels and negroes are old. When we entered a third camel stood on the corner outside awaiting his doom as relay. Every day except Friday, the Mohammedan rest-day, men and beasts follow the gloomy round in that shed, crushing sesame seed and extracting the oil called *sim-sim*.

From this Arab and Indian section of Zanzibar, we crossed the Darajani Bridge to the Creek or Ngambo—the Swahili quarter. In itself it is a town, made up of clean low huts built of mangrove

poles filled in with clay, and thatched with coco-nut leaves. In these houses live the Swahilis, adaptable folk, able to turn their hands to many a craft, and with a talent for imitating. They remind the American of our southern blacks, although most of ours were brought from the west coast of Africa. This native town spreads itself along the shores of an inlet from the sea that in shape suggests Sheeps-head Bay. In shape, nothing else. The water is littered with every manner of old craft—dugouts, canoes, catamaran, junks, and *dhow*s of the model used since long before Christ. Along the shore are wrecks of pirate *dhow*s with their sharp prows. And these craft come just as they have through the centuries; when the north-east trade winds early in the year brought the seafarers from Arabia, Muscat and the Persian Gulf, swooping down for slaves and for the products of the bountiful green island. No effort, no artificial propelling was needed. The winds brought them and the winds took them away when, in the spring, the monsoon changed. The ways and means of the journey are the same to-day, but piracy with its murders has given way to peaceful trade, and the corsairs have become captains of industry. Big traders and small still come by hundreds to Zanzibar and Mombasa, laden with dates, spices, prayer rugs, copper wares, old swords and—alas for tradition—with handy, efficient articles made in Japan or Germany, and these they change for such wares of the wide world as cotton goods which the trading depots of Zanzibar can supply, in

SOUTHAMPTON TO ZANZIBAR 31

addition to the local products, cloves and ivory and food-stuffs.

We were carried in a dugout to one of the *dhow*s. Sighted from afar for prospective customers, the rope ladder was thrown down from the high bow. The rope looked frail, but proved equal not only to our weight as each of us in turn ascended, but to that of the fat Arab owner, who had followed us from town. The prayer rugs were spread out in a jiffy by the crew; there were precious silks and shawls, glittering daggers and inlaid ornaments that would delight shoppers in Bond Street or Fifth Avenue. Some remote, blade-wielding ancestor must have guided my choice of purchases for I bought only an Arabian carved knife, with sheath inlaid with bright stones, and a small shield made of the root of a rhino horn from which the point had been removed—a device used by the Somalis in their fights with daggers. Our dugout made another turn of the bay, in and out among the craft flying every flag of the East.

In a recess of the bay farthest from the native section is a white house of Arabian style, which is the place where Livingstone lingered for months while he bartered with Tippu Tip and other slave masters for porters and supplies. In that day Zanzibar was extremely unhealthy. The bay was hardly more than a swamp, and all the writers of the period bear testimony that the odour of the clove was not the prevailing one. But now both Ngambo and the city proper are remarkably clean and

sanitary when one takes into account the heat, the abundance of insects and the heterogeneous population.

No visitor to Zanzibar escapes, or wishes to escape, going to Bububu to see the royal palace and the ruins of old palaces. Scorning the only railroad on the island we motored the eight miles to the village. As we spun along the road lined with coco-nut palms and clove trees, we overtook a victoria drawn by full-blooded Arabian horses. An askari was seated next the driver, and a sais was behind. Even a new-comer to the island must know this was no ordinary carriage. When the occupant turned and waved a signal for us to pass, we saw that it was His Highness, Khalifa the Second, the sultan of Zanzibar.

Born forty-four years ago in Muscat, the sultan has had a romantic life. He knows the lands that send their hordes into his domain, for he has travelled much in Europe and India. Privately he leads the life of a cultured English gentleman, and is fond of outdoor life and sports. Later in my visit I saw the little prince, heir to the sultanate. This only son of Khalifa is fourteen years old, and speaks both English and French. He too will have the manner and the tastes of an English gentleman grafted on to his hereditary endowment.

Red-tiled, and with square tower, the palace of the present sultan stands at the edge of the sea. Near by are ruins of royal palaces, and they testify

to the splendour of the island rulers in days that are past. The palace of Said Hamoud, a former Grand Vizier, is still in good condition. There are hidden passages, quarters with sunken baths for the women, cells for punishment of the slaves, look-out turrets on the thick walls, a mosque near the entrance, and the entire stronghold surrounded by another wall. It is easy to understand these fortress palaces in the light of Zanzibar's history—the intrigue and attack from within and without, the coming of the Portuguese, the coming of the English.

Said Hamoud is remembered for something more than his palace. He brought good water to Zanzibar from the higher country, and the construction of the huge pipes proves him an excellent engineer, or able to find excellent engineers. Though the manner of his death indicates that he preferred other beverages, the water brought to Zanzibar was a priceless gift to the people.

Old tales linger, and one is of a Persian princess who changed one of the fashions of Zanzibar. She had been wooed by an Arab prince and brought home, and the Arab women decked themselves in their finest, which included heavily wrought chains, to receive her. The Persian princess lifted her hands in scorn, and pointed to her own ornaments—diamonds and rubies which might have fitted into Aladdin's window. In her country, she said, only the donkeys were laden with such chains as the Arab women wore. And that, one hears, is the reason

34 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

one finds so many gold chains in the old shops. They were no longer the vogue.

The splendour of old sultans and the misery of old slavery, both are gone from Zanzibar. Khalifa is a cultured, life-loving gentleman, and the modern Swahili works when he must, which is the human curse. Peaceful now is the languid island. Small wonder there has been a blending there of bloods, and a coming from afar of many peoples. A part of the very soil of Zanzibar was brought from the East. One of the long stretches of white beach is littered with pieces of pumice stone, ejected at the eruption of the volcano Krakatoa in 1883. These pieces of lava were carried westward from Asia to Africa by the current that sweeps across the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER III

MOMBASA, OLD AND NEW

Voyage in a *dhow*—Mombasa—Shabani—My first *ngoma*.

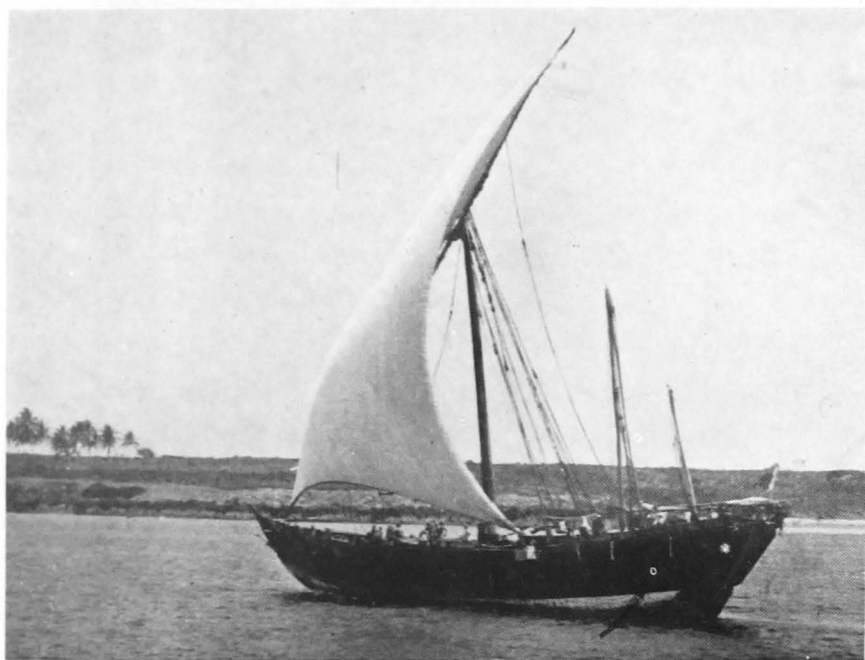
CROOKIE's in Zanzibar is one of those resorts to be found in great seaports the world over where men and women of every nation linger until the wee morning hours matching travel tales. Lewis and I were there doing our share of the talking, when to Lewis came the inspiration that we cross to Mombasa—make the last lap to the African mainland—in a *dhow* instead of a steamer. To sail the Indian Ocean in a *dhow*!

The light of a full moon shimmered on the water when we lifted anchor. The *dhow* was on her return trip to Muscat, just such a craft as had plied these waters through the centuries. Lying on a pile of mats in the stern I became a boy again and fancied I was on a pirate ship, laden with booty and with captured slaves. Stars glittered, brilliant, innumerable. Whatever astronomers may say to the contrary, I insist that more stars shine on equatorial Africa than on any other spot of the globe.

Our captain was a bearded Arab. His face was

hard, his eyes cruel. Of course, since this was a pirate ship. Except for his occasional commands and the low chant of the sailors there was silence all through the night. Determined to make the trip in consistent Arab fashion we had provided ourselves with no European food, so coffee—*such* coffee—rice, sweet cakes and dates made up our meals. To this menu we might have added dried shark had we been disposed, but our illogical stomachs which accept shrimps and snails and frogs with never a qualm, drew a line. And the odour of dried shark pervading the *dhow* was certainly not one to overcome a prejudice.

On a *dhow* a harem is as imperative as a crew. We saw nothing of the women and might never have known they were on board if the *dhow* had not been dragged by a strong current at the entrance of Mombasa harbour, and barely escaped a coral reef. Then shrill feminine cries came from amidships. They had probably been on the look-out for disaster, for it is not a rare occurrence at that point in the narrow channel, which is in full view of the residents of the bluff—the most attractive part of Mombasa. Government House is there, and the hospital, and that remnant of the old days of terror, Fort Jesus. From its tower flutters the red flag of the sultan of Zanzibar. And the dwellings of many Europeans are on the bluff. We made our home there during the stay in Mombasa; guests of Lewis' kinsman, the senior medical officer of the district.



(Upper) ON MOMBASA ISLAND. A DISTANT VIEW OF KILINDINI HARBOUR THROUGH THE BAOBAB TREES.

(Lower) AN ARAB DHOW; A CRAFT TO WHICH CENTURIES BRING NO CHANGE.

He was waiting for us on the pier when we arrived the second morning after our sailing. There had been a cross wind, or the 135 miles might have been made in less time. On the other hand we might as easily have been a week or more; there is no planning a schedule time-table when one travels by wind and weather. Midway between the fort and the hospital we came to the doctor's villa, surrounded by lawns and cooled by a strong breeze from the sea. We found the home to be a bit of the British Isles, transplanted to a tropic scene. Golf and tennis and football; bathing on the mainland beach just opposite the island—it was as British as whisky and soda.

The doctor and his wife and two-year-old baby Betty welcomed us. And there was tail wagging as well as hand shaking, for Peter Jacob was there, cordial enough at the beginning, but he is a dog who rates constancy low in the scale of virtues. He changed his sleeping quarters every night; was sometimes to be found at home, sometimes in jail, and sometimes in the hospital. This is a programme often followed by humans, but not voluntarily, as was Peter Jacob's case. Betty's other playmate was in disgrace at the moment of our arrival. Kima, the monkey, was chained to a tree, and sat munching a mango kernel. He had just been brought back from the hospital, where he had helped himself to the contents of the breakfast trays. And always at hand was Betty's Swahili nurse, dressed in bright red calico.

Betty and I rose with the five-thirty bugle call from the fort and watched the line of prisoners led out for road-making, and guarded by a strong escort of askaris, heavily armed. Even so early we wore our pith helmets, for one must never forget the danger from the vertical rays of the sun in equatorial Africa. Out in the veldt, the spine pad made of red flannel is also necessary.

Advance tales about the climate and health conditions of Mombasa had not been charitable. And I found they had not been just. I found the city a delightful port town, with many of the qualities of a summer resort. My stay was in the height of summer, which is February and March, yet even then a blanket was comfortable in the early morning. Those who suffer so greatly from the heat and who start the reports are probably just out from cool England, and make no comparison with such places as Rangoon, or Bangkok, or Bombay or Sourabaya, or even New York in sweltering August weather. Hot of course is "British East," but in the interior it is the dry heat of the American southwest. And Mombasa is clean. Even the narrow Arab quarters which shelter more than five thousand are kept free from rubbish.

Neither so picturesque as Zanzibar, nor so diversified in population, is the little city on the Isle of War or Mvita, which is the native name of Mombasa. And there, at the very gateway of this section of Africa, I began to grasp the reason and the scope of the struggle between the European

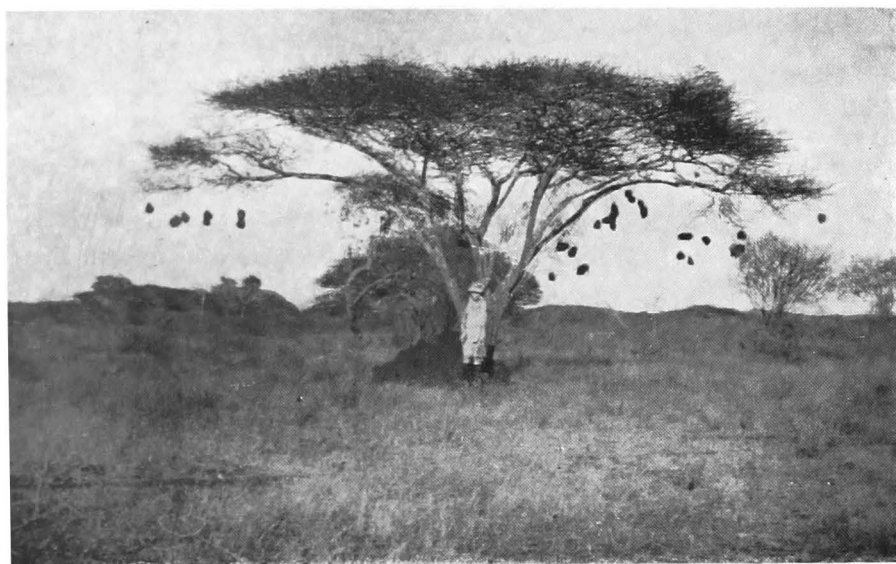
and the Asiatic settlers, for to less than seven hundred European inhabitants of Mombasa are seven thousand Indians. Five thousand Arabs, twenty-two hundred natives, and a few scattering hundreds not easily sorted into nationalities make up the town's population of thirty-seven thousand.

Down from our cool bluff we went into the main section of the town. Rickshas, buses and taxis offered choice of transportation on shopping rounds. There was much to be done, for my *safari* equipment had to be completed. To the things bought in England I added tent, buckets, chop boxes for canned food, flour, rice and all the camping paraphernalia; and the quest for them took me into every section of the town. In the Indian bazaar I was greeted by the familiar sign, Wall Street, and I wondered whether 26 Broad might be just around the corner since so many of the houses and even mosques are roofed with Standard Oil cans, but a camel, hauling wood and driven by a Somali, passed, and made me realize how far away after all was the money centre of the world. And how far it sheds its beam.

On these shopping expeditions my hostess acted as guide. Once she took me into a fourteen by sixteen shanty which proved to be an Arab pawnshop. My hostess, with her love of curios and her zeal for bargains, was a regular customer. Also, when she saw a *dhow* cast anchor, in spite of her comfortable avoirdupois, she was the first to scale the ladder in the hope of finding shawls, rugs and

copper. In the dark pawn-shop we found many treasures: skins of animals, strange cooking pots from Persian Gulf way, and ornaments of the inland tribes that go a-begging for customers. We drove good bargains, for our Arab "uncle" seemed to have something other than trading on his mind. News had just come that two boys, shanghaied in the streets of Mombasa a few months before, and put on a *dhow* to be sold into slavery somewhere on the Persian Gulf, had escaped and were on their way back. I wondered whether the pawnbroker had been involved in the capture. If so he might well look distrait, for twelve years is the usual British sentence for slave trading.

Next door, at the Muscat perfume sellers, we bought a vial labelled in Arabian characters. Translated it was "Scent of roses after the rain," and whiffs of it were welcome after the shop. From there we taxied to a part of Salim Road, where wealthy Asiatic traders have beautiful homes set in park-like grounds, hidden from the highway by borders of golden mohur trees, and flamboyants and tall hedges. Along this road spun smart motors in which rode Gulf Arabs with their women veiled as in Baghdad or Damascus. Lower on the road we saw native women sitting by the wayside making still hunts in each other's hair. Reminiscent of many such scenes in Asia, but here the operation seemed more intricate, for the women of these coast tribes have the hair cut in rows of flats not more than an inch long. The effect is of an all black



(Upper) FORT JESUS, THE OLD PORTUGUESE STRONGHOLD IN MOMBASA.
(Lower) THE HANGING NESTS OF WEAVER BIRDS. .

checkerboard; squares of black skin shining with oil alternate with square tufts of black wool.

Near me on the bluff was historic Mombasa, for I lived in the very shadow of Fort Jesus. In the scarred walls of that massive quadrangle is the whole story except the unwritten beginning when Mombasa was a trading post for *dhow*s from India, Arabia and Persia. The Portuguese began the building of the fortress in 1593, when Mombasa was the capital of their East African possessions. But the proud day of the Portuguese passed, and in 1631 the sultan of Mombasa dismantled the fort and massacred the Portuguese. Four years later the turn of the Portuguese had again come, and they rebuilt the fort. The year 1696 found the Arabs besieging Fort Jesus; the siege lasted a year and a half, then the Arabs scaled the grey walls and killed the few who had survived—two women and eleven men. And now the storied fort is just a jail.

Each day as I passed under the bastions, I wondered how the Arabs had managed to scale the walls. Had it looked possible to me I should have attempted it, for I was eager to see the interior, and permission to enter is not easily come by. Then, in answer to my unexpressed wishes, the doctor invited me to go in with him. The heavy gates and many doors are guarded by lines of askaris. At the entrance of the inner court we were received by the commander of the fort and jail—an athletic Britisher, young, mild-mannered and blue-eyed.

He wore white, and carried nothing more formidable than a stick. Only long-term prisoners are sent to Fort Jesus. For the most part they come from the upper country, and the crime is chiefly theft, though many women are confined because of incendiary tendencies. And while we were there a new prisoner was brought in under askari guard. He was an Indian in European clothes, but bareheaded and dishevelled. The editor of an Indian paper, he had written an article slandering European women. Deportation would probably be his punishment.

The prisoners are not kept in idleness. They become expert roadmakers; they manufacture mats, and tailor uniforms for the askaris.

The sun beat fiercely down on the open court, and I noticed that the corridors, working, sleeping and eating quarters of the prisoners were open and airy. Confinement there could be no very great hardship. At noon a salute was fired from the old Portuguese gun in the main court, and the two hundred and fifty prisoners assembled and squatted contentedly to their meal of *posho*. The women's quarters, not far from the spotless kitchen, held ten inmates. Nine of the ten were weaving baskets. The tenth was kept apart; she had been simulating insanity.

A ninety foot well in the innermost court is eloquent of old horrors. A Portuguese method of punishment was to throw the criminal into the well. If at the end of three days he was alive, he was taken

out and set free. I found no record of those who survived this trial by ordeal. In the corner of Fort Jesus is a square room, furnished with wooden implements—the last place visited by those sentenced to death. Hanging is the official execution method, under the present rule.

In the native hospital I saw white nurses from England and South Africa caring for the black patients. Most of the sick were suffering from the skin diseases of the tropics; there were a few cases of elephantiasis and many of yaws. This last was being grappled with successfully with prescription number 914.

As a finish to official Mombasa, we looked into the custom-house, where in one guarded room I saw more elephant tusks than I had known there were in the world. Then we canoed across the channel to the bathing beach for a dip. At last my feet were on the mainland of East Africa. About us stretched fields, partly cultivated with sisal, manioc and yams. There were tiny villages of perhaps half a dozen thatched huts made of poles and clay, and shaded with coco-nut palms and kapok trees.

“Yambo,” the doctor said to each native as we passed through the villages.

“Habari gani” (What’s the news), was the invariable response. Like the French peasants who greet the stranger with “*Quelles nouvelles*,” these folk wish to know what is going on in the world. Assurance, not details, is carried in the Swahili answer, “Mazuri,” which means the news is good.

It is a lengthy formula of salutation, but is apparently inescapable, for the doctor did not once deviate from it.

Shabani—soon shortened to Barney—entered my life in Mombasa, and was with me during all my stay in Africa. I had known of him before I left England; heard that a Swahili “boy” of unusual ability and steadfastness had just sailed for Africa, after having attended a sick colonial back to his home in Devonshire. By cable I arranged that Shabani should await my coming in Mombasa, and if he proved satisfactory he should be my personal boy on *safari*.

I found him to be middle-aged and heavy. He wore white jacket and trousers and a Mohammedan fez. His registration ticket—without which no native can obtain employment—read: Shabani, Mbarak (father). Registered number 937454; tribe Muhiyao Sarigoï. Circumcision age, 32. Headman of tribe, Koroshimbin Zaidi. On this card was also Shabani's thumb print—a record important to the native himself as well as to a possible employer. It is accepted at banks as endorsement of cheques when a native cannot write his name.

Shabani was forty-five; the official age record dates from the circumcision ceremonies which, according to the customs of his tribe, occur at thirteen years. When he presented himself at the doctor's house on the first evening of my stay we made terms and he was engaged. His pay was settled at four pounds monthly, plus one shilling a

day while on *safari* for *posho*, cornmeal, the chief food. We tried each other out at once. My laundry bag was full, and Barney suggested that he turn it over to the local laundry. I was willing, but my protecting hostess remarked that the bill would be deducted from his wages, so Barney reconsidered and attacked it himself with excellent results. Throughout our time together he proved himself an excellent Jack-of-all-trades—he was tailor, yalet, cook, gunbearer, skinner, operator of the gramophone, extractor of jiggers, grave-digger, diver and swimmer. Not that he did not have help in these matters, but he could do them all, and sometimes did.

Cynics told me that the literal translation of "Swahili" is "Those who cheat all alike." But I found Barney to be straight as a New York bank teller. He was devoted, too, and reminded me of the type of black now extinct in America, who loved and were loved by their masters. The mixture of negro and Arab blood has produced this versatile and clever type. One finds Swahilis who have been educated at Buxton High School in Mombasa, who are in executive positions and who speak English, Arabian, and half a dozen native languages besides their own tongue.

Lewis also acquired a personal "boy" in Mombasa. He was Joshua, of the Baganda tribe—slim and wiry and somewhat less intelligent than Barney. Relations between Lewis and Joshua were strained for a while because the boy, in his zeal to please his

master, scraped from the bowl of Lewis's pet pipe the coating that had taken years to acquire.

My stay on the coast was longer than is usual for those not bent on business. The new arrival usually makes swiftly for the interior. It was hard to make my new acquaintances understand that I was not out for some of the renowned farming country in the highlands; nor was I a sportsman after big game, nor yet, as has lately come in fashion, a photographer of animals with a million feet of film to be covered. Over and over I explained that I merely wished to get acquainted with Central Africa so far as I might, and to observe as much as possible of the native population. Until I arrived in Africa I had no idea of the wide differentiation of the tribes in facial, bodily, mental and moral make-up. How large an order I had undertaken was revealed to me on my first Sunday in Mombasa. I saw my first *ngoma*.

In Swahili and in some of the other native languages, *ngoma* means dance. In Kikuyu it means ancestral spirit, and in the language of another tribe it means drum. But obviously whatever its specific meaning, with every tribe where the Swahili language runs, and even far beyond, it connotes a festival, a general merry-making. Like many a carnival in civilized countries, the *ngoma* is rooted deep in superstition and in religious observance. With some tribes *ngoma* is a debauch of incredible dancing preceding the ceremonies of

circumcision, marriage, death and birth. Maybe there is *ngoma* after the tax collector has come and gone. Certainly every opportunity is seized.

I was to see *ngoma* of one sort or another with every tribe I visited, but this first at Mombasa was the festival of a heterogeneous group, sophisticated from contact with town life, and *dressed*, which is not the way it is done on the reserves.

We sat in a car in an open square off Salim Road—the doctor, Lewis and I—that Sunday afternoon, and watched as strange a procession as ever was seen. Dressed in whatever had come to hand, the native population of Mombasa passed us by. Some wore European clothes, the discard of the masters and mistresses. One squad wore Highland kilts, and the tattered remains of tyrolean hats. Bala-klava helmets were much in evidence. One group wore khaki trousers, with orange belts, and felt hats trimmed with peacock feathers. Behind them came a group with light green shawls draped over their black bodies, and on their heads only the rims of straw hats. Some were gay in scarlet trunks and heavy fur pieces; others were in white tennis rigs. A man covered from head to foot in deer skins walked on stilts twenty feet tall, and a white-clad albino free-lanced in and out of the procession walking with whichever band he fancied, for the bands were many. The march was good to see. Many of the blacks had served in the war, and some of the tribes are born soldiers. The only feminine suggestion in the parade was an evidence of per-

version; a squad of young blacks dressed in kimonos as Japanese women. A stick, jauntily carried, seemed of the greatest importance. No marcher was without it.

As we sat there I had my primer lesson in the ethnology of Africa, for the doctor indicated representatives of the various tribes—the Swahili, the Kikuyu, the Kamba, the Nandi, the Lamu from the coast, the Nilotic Kavirondo and the Bantu Kavirondo, so different in appearance and customs though both are from Nyanza province, the Baganda from Uganda, the Giriama, and even a few Turkana from the north.

“Before the war,” the doctor said, “when money was more plentiful, huge floats were dragged through the streets, and the effect was like the carnivals at Nice or New Orleans. There were beehive towers, and many snakes, but the favourite float was a man of war, with natives dressed as admirals and other officers sitting on the bridge, drinking whisky and soda, and puffing cigarettes; going through a pantomime all the while of receiving reports from orderlies.”

I asked where they got the money for bands and clothes. The doctor grinned. “Why do you have to close your shutters at night?” he asked. “They are expert. Even fish through the windows with rod, hook and line, and make off with their catch to the Indian buyers.”

That afternoon the procession circled the streets of Mombasa, the feet of the marchers as tireless as

the lungs of the musicians. In the crowd of two thousand spectators, we three were the only Europeans. The pageant is an old story to the white residents of the town, and if any emotion is roused by the custom it is impatience at losing the house-boys for the day. Nor did I see Chinese, but I think there were representatives of nearly every other eastern people in the mass of onlookers when, after a move, we found ourselves near an open square where the marchers were assembling around a tall tree. The savage music came to a sudden stop. When the bands started again it was to play "God save the King." Every hat came off. The rimless straws, the tyroleans, the monkey skins and peacock feathers—every one.

"Impressive, isn't it?" the doctor said. "You'd not believe that most of those chaps would be quite willing to swap their sticks for spears and poisoned arrows."

As a matter of fact the town blacks do, now and again, discard their rags and return to their tribes on the reserves for a season of living untrammelled by European restrictions. Four months is as long a period as they are likely to work between disappearances.

As for their relations among themselves, there is little love lost. An episode which happened during my stay is illuminating:

The Swahilis, who are Mohammedans, had a festival at the Kenya mosque, a quaint little building with Standard Oil can roof, that stands next to

50 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

the native hospital. It was a great occasion, and there were too many worshippers to fit into the mosque, so prayer rugs were spread outside, and the overflow which knelt there reached half-way across the road. The service was long. At eleven o'clock at night the conservancy carts, led by Kikuyus, passed that way. There was room for them on the other side of the road, but they pushed their way straight through the worshippers, and across the prayer carpets.

A fight followed, and the proximity of mosque to hospital was a real convenience.

The next Sunday about fifty Swahilis, armed with knives, went to the bazaar and attacked the Kikuyu camp near by. There were no European onlookers, but as nearly as can be judged from the results, the Swahilis got the Kikuyus into a go-down and forced them to come out one by one. There were two deaths, and fractured skulls, broken arms and legs, and lesser casualties that landed sixty Kikuyus in hospital where they may reflect at their leisure about the advisability of pushing rubbish carts across Mohammedan prayer carpets.

Several Swahilis were arrested, but there was little likelihood of a conviction, for no witnesses would testify against them. At the time of my departure peace reigned, chiefly because there were no Kikuyus out of hospital to carry on the fight.

CHAPTER IV

THE ONLY RAILROAD

The Uganda railway—Return of a king from exile—
First glimpse of game reserves.

THE breeze at a seaport blows direct from home however many thousands of miles distant home may be. Leaving Mombasa, I reflected that my next port would be Matadi—Boma—Banana, where the Congo flows into the Atlantic. Meanwhile I would cross the Continent, with all that must mean of new and thrilling experience. Not neglecting the beaten trails, for the impress on Central Africa of the handful of Europeans is of compelling interest to me, I meant to walk, too, on some untrodden ways. And I knew that they are not far to seek in vast, dark Africa.

My mind was more on the wild districts beyond than on our next objective when we boarded the train for Nairobi, the capital of Kenya colony, three hundred and thirty miles from Mombasa. Certainly we were not to leave civilization with a jolt. The Uganda railway might have been the Overland Limited so far as convenience in travelling goes,

for though the Indian cars are smaller than Pullmans, they bear comparison well. As I made the journey in that comfort it required a cudgelling of the imagination with known facts to realize the courage and labour that went into the building of this road that connects Uganda territory, lying on the north and north-west shores of Lake Victoria, with the sea. And in so recent years, for the British Government began the building in 1895; it was completed in 1903. Nothing in railroad history equals the feats of the building of the great American transcontinental lines, but the laying of this road, with its less than seven hundred miles, comes very near; and it is a unique and adventure-filled chapter in the tale of railroad building. Others have solved greater engineering problems than the U.R. builders met, but such problems are all in the day's work of an engineer, and fighting lions is not.

The road is a monument to British dauntlessness and perseverance. Climatic conditions were murderous. Native labourers were untrained and hard to get; other labourers were imported from India. And all labour was unwilling, and likely to desert, comprehensibly enough, for it was a nightly occurrence for man-eating lions to steal upon the camps, grab coolies from their mats, and make away, to return again the next night. The whole heroic story is set down in the "Man Eaters of Tsavo," a book written by Major Patterson, one of the engineers. At first it seems incredible. If condi-

tions were so bad, one thinks, and lions so bold and thirsty for human blood, Africa would not be so densely populated. Yet, on the ground and in spite of modern conditions, one realizes that the tale is true in every gruesome detail. There are survivors who still blanch at the memory of those times; there are witnesses of those nightly raids who will tell you of them. One of the workers, now living in Nairobi, showed me the marks on his arm where he was clutched by a lion. Luckily for my friend, a companion arrived with a rifle while the lion was still licking the spot for fresh blood. Nor is all this of the past. During my stay in Nairobi, the chief newspaper of the town carried the story of a native, asleep on a station platform at Tsavo while he waited for a train, being seized by a lion that had glided up in the darkness. A group of people, also waiting for the train, stood by helpless because unarmed. The victim was hideously mangled before the stationmaster, routed out of bed, arrived and shot the beast. Station agents and railway workers are mostly Indians. The coolies imported for railway building founded the nucleus of the present large Indian population of Kenya colony.

The scenery through which we passed was varied. Tropical vegetation we left behind within a few miles of the coast, and then the country reminded of the south-western states. The journey was a steady climb, for Nairobi lies at an altitude of more than five thousand feet, but it was so gradual that a look at the map was needed to con-

vince us that we were ascending the eastern slope of the Great Rift.

We had left Mombasa in the early afternoon, and in good time stopped at a station for *chakula*—the most important word in the Swahili, or any other language, for it means food. Our dinner was had in the station dining-room for whites. Outside on the platform the Indian passengers ate their mealy meal, cornflour made into balls and chapatties, a food which is the staff to the Indian that bread is to the white. With this they drank milk which a Masai, with a skin about his shoulders and spear in hand, poured from a gourd. My attention was drawn from this primitive picture to a crowd that had collected outside one of the second-class carriages. I walked forward, asked a question or two, and discovered that I had been travelling with a king. Kabarega of Bunyoro, after twenty-three years of exile, was returning home.

Up to a certain point, Kabarega's story is a commonplace of Africa. King of his province, he had had the power of life and death over his people, and had used the death power lavishly. And for that matter, he had lavishly used the life power, for he was reputed to have had two hundred and fifty children. His reign was marked by terrible brutality, and finally he associated himself with Mwanga, Kabaka of Uganda, in the latter's massacres and resistance of the British. Exile to the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean resulted for both. Mwanga died there in 1903, but Kabarega

had lived on. Now in his nineties, too old to be a menace, he was allowed to return.

In spite of his brutalities, Kabarega must have been popular in his day. The news of his coming was broadcasted in some manner effective as radio, for at each stop the station platform was jammed with blacks who crowded around the coach. I pushed my way through, and was rewarded by a full, near view. I saw a keen-eyed, grey-haired old coloured man, dressed in a dark suit and a straw hat. With him in the compartment were half a dozen women; granddaughters probably.

If only we could have talked! What were his emotions and sensations thus to be returning to a country over which he had been king, now ruled by his fortieth son, and which he would find changed as though a century, not twenty-three years, had passed? My nearest approach to formulating this in words was a banal question about how it seemed to return by train, instead of having to tramp two months.

One of the granddaughters translated, and the old man smiled. The way he travelled did not matter, he said. He was glad to be going home.

He did not long enjoy his freedom. Eight weeks after his return, Kabarega died at his home not far from where the Nile issues from Lake Victoria. I went into Bunyoro to his funeral, and saw him buried in a grave cut twelve feet into rock. The hard bed was softened with leopard skins.

But that was later. That day on my way to Nairobi I went back to my own carriage, and forgot savage kings in looking for animals. I gazed through the window as we whirled through the game reserves of the Athi Plains, famous the world around. I expected to see a zoological garden, and should have felt no surprise if animals of all sorts, from giraffes down to gazelles and hyænas, had blocked the train as cows do in Holland. I saw among the thorn trees and stretches of grass a few scattered bunches of buck, and ostriches and a herd of zebras, their black and white stripes merging into a solid grey as they ran toward the bush.

A settler, overhearing my disappointment, explained that the recent rains had made water holes common, and the animals were keeping close to the mountain ranges. Was it, I wondered, going to be a case of the fish being plentiful the month before I came? I had no wish to shoot many animals, but I did want to see them, and if this game reserve failed me, where might I hope to find the bountiful African fauna of my expectations?

The answer to the question came later when I motored through these plains, and when I stayed in the Rift valley, and elsewhere in little-frequented spots. The animals have no love for the train which goes crashing and thundering through the reserve, but in quieter places even a mediocre marksman cannot well fail of a fair bag. Perhaps the hunter has to work a little harder than in the days when the fabulous tales had their beginning, and must go

farther from the beaten track, but there is still game enough to satisfy the greediest of sportsmen.

Much hunting was not my object. If I had not killed my elephant in Sumatra I should no doubt have been eager for a try at big game, but once to bring down one of those splendid fellows is enough for me. I had, therefore, provided myself with only a traveller's licence, costing one pound sterling. It excludes elephants, rhinos, buffalo and ostriches, but permits the shooting of other game for sport or for the pot. And of these I brought down my share.

Three hundred and thirty miles from Mombasa, we came on Nairobi, sprawling on a high plain, with mountains beyond.

CHAPTER V

AN AFRICAN CAPITAL

Nairobi—The settlers of Kenya Colony—The Indian question—Natives in Nairobi.

WE lingered in Nairobi; established ourselves at the hotel for a stay.

It is hard to understand why most writers pass the town by with so scant mention. Perhaps it is due to the urge to get on to wilder country, and tell of native life. Or, having come on a hunting trip, they have few words to spare for anything other than big game. But even after allowance is made for these points of view, there remains the fact that Nairobi, though it has only 24,000 population, is the capital and chief town of Kenya, and as such it draws from and reflects the life of the 250,000 square miles that make up this colony which is in the throes of finding itself. Whoever lingers in Nairobi must come to a realization of Kenya Colony as a place—not a hunting ground, nor a moving picture location, but a wide stretch of rugged land in the black man's country where white people and brown are establishing homes.

I saw every type of colonial. Saw, and since Africa is a friendly place, came to know them. Hotel, club and hospitable homes gave me opportunity for real acquaintance. And in the streets, wide and dusty, and traversed by rickshas, bullock carts, wagons and motors, I studied colonial life in its routine of daily affairs. Government officials came and went. So too did settlers, both European and Indian, and the Arabs who have so long been a part of the African scene, and a force in African life. And natives, of course; black men, representing most of the tribes I was later to visit on their reserves. It all served as a sort of table of contents of the months to come, and was an excellent preparation.

Excellent and needed. Like most who set out for Kenya, I had known little enough at the start; hardly more than the bare facts that it was formerly known as British East Africa, and in the year 1920 was raised to the position of crown colony. It lies midway of the eastern coast of Africa, stretching from the Indian Ocean back to its neighbouring protectorate Uganda, on the west. North lies Abyssinia, and south of Kenya is Tanganyika Territory, which used to be German East Africa. Kenya has more than twice the area of Great Britain; it is as large as Montana and Colorado, and has as heterogeneous a population as the most ardent and insatiable student of peoples could desire. Nairobi has over nine thousand Asiatics, and three thousand Europeans, which is more than

a quarter of the white population of the entire colony.

This administrative centre for government and railroad might have been beautiful had its builders chosen for site the hills beyond, but instead they chose the last of the high plains before the rapid rise into the volcanic lands begins.

With Mombasa fresh in memory, the first sight of Nairobi gives a shock of disappointment. There is nothing of old architecture; no bare grey walls like those of Fort Jesus. But how could there be? Nairobi is new. It is an overgrown village that rambles over an unconscionable amount of space. It is ugly with the ugliness inevitable to a pioneer town of rapid growth; ugly as a South African or Australian town, or a mining camp in the Rockies or Sierras. It is largely a matter of ramshackle houses made of corrugated iron, some roofed with flattened tin cans. And there are many vacant lots.

Not that more substantial architecture is altogether wanting. Sixth Avenue and Government Road, the principal streets, and which cross each other at right angles, have a dozen or so brick buildings. The new-comer is not allowed to look long at the present administrative buildings, little better than sheds; he is whisked away to view the site where the new ones will stand—just such a parked space as serves for Court House Square in American cities. Government House imposes from a hill, and has for neighbours many European



(Upper) KIKUYU GIRLS IN A NAIROBI STREET.
(Lower) A CORNER OF THE INDIAN BAZAAR, NAIROBI.

residences. In the outskirts of the town and in the suburbs are beautiful villas. The high hedges which hide them from the road serve as walls for gardens of English posies; roses and dahlias and stocks and sweet william and lavender.

Nine acres in the centre of Nairobi are given over to the Indian bazaar. This bazaar, with the churches—Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, mosque and synagogue—tell the tale of population as well as could a page of statistics. The Roman church is more likely to be full than the Anglican, for Kenya is largely Irish.

So much for the aspect of the place; impressions swiftly made, and enduring. I was soon sharing the life about me; caught into the gaiety and friendliness that go with a pioneer place. There were the horse races, a semi-annual affair to which all Kenya comes. Vying with them in interest and excitement, or perhaps rivalling, are the ever-recurrent auctions. Cattle, household furnishings, whatever your wares, if you would sell them, hold an auction. The interest that is shown, and the attendance and the bounty of tea served, made one young tourist, nearing the end of his letter of credit, wonder whether it might not be the part of financial wisdom to rent a vacant house, stock it with Made in Japan articles, and send for the auctioneer.

Chiefly I was interested in the kind, or kinds, of folk who had cast their lot with the colony. In a boot-shop my measure was taken by a red-cheeked young Britisher. I weathered the shock, and

proceeding along Sixth Avenue found that butcher and baker and grocer and stationer all were British; as likely as not from Aberdeen or Nottingham. A different order prevails in Kenya from that of British colonies in the Orient where retail shops, with manual labour, are left to natives or to settlers of another colour. And in these Nairobi shops it is not merely the managers who are European. Salespeople, both men and women, are white. Why, one wonders, has this type of settler come? Certainly he can make little or no money in competition with the Indian who lives on next to nothing in a shanty roofed with Standard Oil cans, and who is, moreover, a heavenborn bargainer. Perhaps the young shopkeeper came on some bigger venture and met with disappointment, or is there to keep his eye open for opportunity. In any event he is widening his experience, and probably finds the mere making of his living more entertaining and adventurous than it would have been in England. Life in East Africa has a freer swing, and is lived on different proportions than on the tidy green island that all call "home." Even the nostalgia that is always manifest in colonial life is a bit of indulgence. It is pleasant to be just a little homesick; not too much.

It must be fine to be a woman in Nairobi; there are so few. Perhaps not every one is a belle, but certainly there are no wallflowers at the weekly hops at the hotels. The feminine element divides into two chief types. There is the woman of wide

colonial experience, as exquisite in Nairobi as she was in her tropic bungalow in India, where her husband or father used to be stationed. Pioneering in Kenya means nothing to this Anglo-Indian type in the way of relaxing standards in dress or formality of social code. Then there is the woman who comes straight from home, knowing nothing of life in the older colonies. Immediately she adopts rough rider hat, breeches, and a general lack of conventionality. Taken singly, either of these types is likely to be delightful. Taken together, as when they meet in street or road, they are entertaining in a degree yet higher, for their exchange of chat and courtesies makes a comedy well worth watching. It is as though a Back Bay Boston lady, decorously and with all her traditions in operation, should be travelling in the Far West, and there meet a New England woman who makes the place her home and outwests most of the westerners.

In the streets of Nairobi, and in the roads leading to the town, I met many settlers from farm and cattle range. There could be, I think, no better way of getting vivid impressions of the various classes of colonists. Many travel in queer, make-shift vehicles, the foundations of which are American cars of cheap make. The majority were left over from the war, and it is easy to see they have been revamped by hands that aimed at efficiency and were willing to let appearances go hang. Some are bench and barrel only, and some have home-made box bodies; they

are an illuminating commentary on the ingenuity necessary to make a go of the beginning years of farming.

Left over from the war, too, is much of the dress. There are full suits of khaki to be seen, and many trench coats, some of them sleeveless, and coats that are in tatters. The hats are as storied, and various—campaign hats, topees that once were white and now are clay-coloured, and well-worn terai hats decorated with feathers or monkey fur. Most of the men wear “shorts” with boots and stockings. And from the dress it is possible to place rather accurately the class to which the settler belongs.

There is the pioneer who came twenty years ago. Usually he had tried farming elsewhere—in Australia perhaps, or South Africa, or Rhodesia. He has found out the compensations as well as the drawbacks of the settler's life, has struck a balance, and evolved a philosophy of contentment. Of them all, the pioneer probably is getting most from the country.

Next is the sportsman who came to Africa to hunt big game, fell under the spell of the land, which is no myth, and remained. He has bought a farm and usually he works it intelligently. There are many settlers, easily recognized, who came out from England in the delusion that farming in Kenya is an easy *shauri*, yielding results so quickly that the life of a country gentleman will be possible at once. A type less frequently seen is the

capitalist who has bought a farm as a speculative investment, and who, after a long string of managers have failed, is trying to get his money back by managing the farm himself. And there is the war veteran who, having drawn a farm in the lottery, expected to find a ready-made farm and discovered a wide acreage of difficulties instead. More than a million acres have been divided in this soldier settlement scheme. Thus far it shows small indication of being a brilliant success.

So one sees that Kenya is, and promises to remain, not a country of vast estates, but rather, like New Zealand, one of small farms. A country, in short, of settlers' homes. But bountiful as is the land, and brilliant the prospects, farming in Kenya is as yet no sinecure. For one thing, there is no land bank, nor other source of monetary assistance; men are dependent on their own means and effort. Roads are primitive, and the markets, except in certain districts, are uncertain. Railway charges are high, and labour is not always easy to get. But there seems to be no limit to Kenya's possibilities; apparently there is no animal, tree or crop of economic value that cannot be raised in some part of the colony. The six thousand feet levels, which are Kenya's best offering in the way of climate, produce the best crops, for at that altitude coffee, flax, maize, citrus, and most tropic and temperate zone fruits grow well. A thousand feet farther in the air, too high for coffee, tea has been experimented with successfully. North of Nairobi lies the great

coffee district; north-east are the sisal growing areas.

All this is information that comes to one in Nairobi; comes in talk with the settlers of different experience and background.

But whatever their differences, all were agreed on one subject, that of Indian franchise. Excitement was running high at the time of my visit, early in 1923, for the question of representation in the Legislative Council was up for decision. Would the Home Government grant to the Indian settlers in Kenya equal representation with the European? The importance of the question hung on the fact that the Indians in Kenya outnumber the Europeans four to one. The Legislative Council is elective, but the colonial office retains a voting power—the system common to crown colonies.

Newspapers were full of the subject. Especially I remember an editorial in the *East African Standard* early in May, quoting long excerpts from an article printed elsewhere, entitled: "An African 1776?"

Here was a line to catch the eye of an American, and I read references to a famous tea party held in Boston harbour, and the drawing of a parallel. I clipped a bit of it.

"In the sixth decade of the eighteenth century occurred a dispute between the British Government and some colonists in North America over comparatively insignificant taxation problems. . . .

The Government and the country were unable to recognize the mighty issues at stake; and a revolution followed that brought into existence a gigantic world power and profoundly changed the history of our planet, not merely for two or three centuries, but for thousands of years to come.

“ A similar lack of understanding because of lack of interest surrounds the struggle for freedom of ten thousand white men in the heart of Africa. In 1760 most literate Englishmen vaguely knew where Massachusetts was, but in 1923 we doubt whether one quarter of our people could, if led to a map, within ten minutes put a finger on Kenya. . . . It may seem sensational to record the belief that this little known Kenya question involves, for the future of our empire, issues of policy more important than have confronted the peoples living under the Union Jack since the revolt of the thirteen colonies.”

Stirring reading, with my breakfast tea. Still more stirring to go into the streets and hear the talk. “ Most of us have been in the army; we all have rifles, except twenty-eight men. We have made a careful count,” I heard. Obviously they were ready to shoot the Indians out of the colony. There were mass meetings, public and private, and inflammatory orations were not lacking. I had unfortunately missed the 1776 excitement in America, but I have seen the troubles of the south which come out of the negro question, and to my way of thinking there lay the situation that was similar to Kenya's. It was only a matter of white

and brown, instead of white and black. This similarity of situation was felt by some of the settlers, for one of the orators referred at length to our recent negro riots in Chicago.

In all this talk the welfare of the native was stressed by the Europeans. They pointed out that the Indian settlers do nothing for the blacks, whereas Europeans are responsible for the hospitals, roads, hygienic improvements and educational development that are by way of transforming East Africa.

All the white settlers stand squarely behind Sir Robert Coryndon, the present incumbent of Government House. He is a genial and efficient man; temperamentally of the Roosevelt type. Sir Robert has had wide experience in colonial life, and was formerly governor of Uganda. Old timers declare him to be the best public servant in the British colonies.

I was not in Nairobi for the rejoicing when the question was settled. "Kenya is African territory, and the interests of the African native must be paramount, and when the interests of immigrant races conflict the former prevail," the memorandum of the British Government began. And to this end the white settlers will have eleven members in the Legislative Council, to five Indians and one Arab.

Besides the residents of Nairobi and the neighbouring farmers there is always a fair-sized flight of birds of passage. Government officials from up-country stations drop in to make reports.

Mining engineers and prospectors and salesmen of agricultural implements are to be counted on at all times. Visitors from "home," dodging England's winter, and who used to tarry at Capetown or go to Egypt now come to Nairobi. To them, if present plans go through and advertisements are to be believed, Kenya will soon be offering the joys of winter sports on the equator. The Thika extension to Nyeri is not yet finished. When it is, there on the slopes of Mount Kenya, ten miles south of the equator, the tourist may skate, ski and toboggan, and all this only a day and a half by car away from Nairobi. Already they boast for Mount Kenya a post-office which is nearly three miles above the sea, and they gloat over the Pike's Peak literature which mentions a post-office only a meagre two miles up in the air. "Better even than the American superlatives," say Mount Kenya's admirers.

Representatives of great museums come to Nairobi. They are in Kenya to secure specimens of fauna and flora. For these men, by special intercession and dispensation, the game regulations are sometimes relaxed. For example, though the killing of the female and the young of the larger mammalia is forbidden, permission was recently granted an expedition sent by the Natural History Museum of New York to secure an entire family party of black rhinos—bull, cow and calf.

In these days of the popularity of animal pictures, the moving picture photographers have

become a matter of course in Kenya. Nairobi outfitters get the camera men ready for *safari*, which is a word of elastic meaning, but perhaps "expedition" comes closest. It is a word one cannot live without in Africa. These men spend months in the game reserves, lingering for days or even weeks in shelters within view of a water hole that they may surprise a herd of giraffes or of buffalo coming for a drink.

The hunter, of course, is everywhere. The hotels are full of him making ready for *safari*, or returning. Often he proves to be an old acquaintance, known on the other side of the world. My third day in Nairobi I ran into a fellow-member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, returned to Nairobi from a month's *safari*, and full of tales and pride of the tuskers and the black mane lion that his bag included. But I neglected my friend for the talk of his white hunter—a type that was altogether new to me. His is, I find, a profession similar to that of the guides in Maine and Canada, except that the African white hunters are usually gentlemen born. And they take complete charge of an expedition. It was from this white hunter that I learned the sad news that my elephant, killed in Sumatra, was no achievement at all when compared to bringing down a tusker of the African breed, so much larger and wilder.

In the Indian bazaar I forgot Africa, the atmosphere was so authentically that of a provincial town in India. It might be Lahore, I thought.

Or Agra. The European residents of Nairobi wish that the bazaar were in some place less prominent than the centre of the town, for it presents problems of hygiene, but to me, as to most visitors, the place was a joy. The meeting of races would alone hold one's interest: Indians, lithe as jungle beasts; keen-faced, white-clad Arabs; hybrid Swahilis, and natives of many tribes.

But of native life unaffected by Europeans there is little to be seen in Kenya's capital. The blacks who work as domestics in Nairobi, even the Swahili village just outside of Nairobi is under the influence of the cosmopolitan spirit of the town. But by rising very early and going into the streets I many times saw natives from the Kamba and the Kikuyu reserves bringing their produce into town, and Masai—those stock-raising nomads—driving their cattle toward Nairobi's slaughter-house. And all were as I found them on the reserves, dressed in blanket or skin, and with ear-lobes deformed with pieces of ivory.

At the four corners of the market Indian distributors awaited the coming of these black producers. With the meeting there began a terrific haggling between the bargain-loving Indian and the native who must have learned by experience that he would get the worst of it, but who manifestly intended to put up as good a fight as possible. The haggling seemed endless, but finally a bargain would be struck, the produce taken to the stalls inside the market. The variety of the offerings

72 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

there shows East Africa's bounty. The enthusiastic settlers are right; practically every fruit and vegetable that can be grown the world over comes to the Nairobi market.

Later in the day the English lady from a villa on the hill or in the suburbs comes in a ricksha, marketing. By now the produce is in the retail shops; her steak is cut by European hands, and white fingers handle the apples and figs and strawberries. Judging from the prices that she pays, and those given in the early morning to the native producers, it is the Indian jobber who will first grow rich in Kenya.

And while the English lady markets, Kikuyu, Kamba and Masai wander about the Indian bazaar, looking longingly at trinkets they lack the money to buy. They may loiter a day before they start back to farm or cattle range, for time is nothing in Africa. Nothing to the native, nothing to the settler, and little enough to the visitor under the spell of the clear air and radiant sunshine of these highlands. And so I lingered in Nairobi. All the rest was out there, waiting. Meanwhile, this was pleasant.

CHAPTER VI

AT HOME WITH THE NATIVES

Off to the reserves—Kikuyu *ngoma*—A glimpse of the A-Kamba—The Masai, remnant of a mighty tribe.

EVERY day in Nairobi increased my interest in the natives. What strains of blood and influences of place had set these black men—all cut off from the world's stream of progress—into groups with different physical characteristics, and food and dress and occupation, and manner of grappling with the mysterious forces of life? Questions for the ethnologist, of course, but there is much pleasure for the amateur in observing these varying customs, and collecting his own data in the differentiation of tribes. Thus I gathered ethnology by the way; gathered it avidly.

Of Africa's 120,000,000 blacks, three millions are in Kenya. They fall into three great generic groups—Bantu, Nilotic and Hamitic. These are again divided into tribes, among which there is some mingling. The Kamba people (A-Kamba is the plural form) are pure Bantu. In the A-Kikuyu the strain is mixed, with Bantu predominant. The

74 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

Masai are supposed to have migrated from the upper Nile.

Three reserves are within easy reach of Nairobi; with the town for headquarters I made the tour of them. Being still new to Africa, and under the spell of the idea and the word *safari*, I wished to set out on foot, with carriers and all the rest, but older hands at the game convinced me that there would be quite enough of that when there should be no other way to go. Time may be nothing in Africa, but energy is, wherever; and it would be foolish to tramp for a day covering a distance that a car, even such decrepit ones as were available, could achieve in an hour. The Kikuyu reserve, with its 700,000 people, came first on my programme. That part of Kenya is dotted with government camps, and there are even a few hotels, so we left the tents behind and took only the essentials—cots and food. We were a cosmopolitan party, for in addition to Lewis and myself, and our Swahili and Baganda boys, was the owner of the car, a young man born in the shadow of Mount Lebanon, but bred in East Africa.

I planned to start at six in the morning, and hoped the Palestinian might be on time. Long before this I had learned it was useless to mention an hour to a native. They have a time-recording system of their own which uses sunrise as the beginning of the count, and makes our seven o'clock equivalent to their two. The complications incident to standard time and daylight saving

AT HOME WITH THE NATIVES 75

become as nothing. To leave one's watch at home makes for a simplified life. But one cannot leave one's impatience at home, and that morning as I paced up and down in front of the hotel, I realized that I had pinned my faith to the Palestinian in vain. Six o'clock passed, and seven. At eight Lewis and I left the luggage in care of the boys and set out. Past Nairobi's suburban hedges, and on the road through seven-foot corn-fields and coffee and sisal plantations we tramped for two hours. Then the car overtook us with Barney throning on the front seat beside the driver. We were glad to ride. The vertical rays had been getting in their work.

At Thika, where a branch of the Uganda railway ends and ox-cart transport begins, we crossed the boundary into the Kikuyu reserve. Our first stop was on an elevation overlooking the fertile Tana River district. There we had lunch, adding to the store in our chop-boxes by plantains bought at the native bazaar by the road. Kikuyus, naked except for a blanket about the shoulders, and with ornaments on arms and ankles and neck, and grotesquely distending their ear lobes, sold the tobacco, and small grain, and other food-stuffs.

A few miles farther along I took my first shot in Africa, and brought down a hyæna. The Palestinian declared it a bad omen. From now on I could have no luck; it was a sign that never failed. But I refused to be depressed, and blithely chanced it again, shooting this time from the

car. I hit my kongoni, and a few minutes later had added to my bag a "Tommy," which is the vernacular for Thomson's gazelle—beautiful, slender-legged little animals that run in vast numbers over these highlands. Evidently in a hunting ground so bountifully supplied even the surest of omens fail.

In the mid-afternoon we arrived at Fort Hall. It is a typical government *boma*, with its cluster of bungalows and neat round huts, grass-thatched. There was a dwelling for the district commissioner, and another for his assistant; other dwellings for police and medical officers, and barracks for the askaris, the native soldiers and the police.

Of course we stopped. Even if this had not been governmental headquarters, one would not in these parts pass by so considerable a settlement—almost a city—without pausing for a little while of sociability. The district commissioner was on *safari*—as usual. Keeping an eye on such territory is not a thing that can be done from verandah chair, nor office desk.

But at the next dwelling—that of the assistant district commissioner—we had better luck. We heard splashing, but an invitation to enter was called, and a moment later he came into the room and made us welcome. Dressed in pyjamas, fresh as the morning from the bathing we had overheard, Captain Batchelor introduced himself as a policeman—a modest designation of his *shauri* of looking after the great reserve with his troop of askaris.



(Upper) THE MASAI CHIEF MASIKONDI AT NGARE NAROK.
(Lower) COKE'S HARTEBEEST: MY FIRST TROPHY ON ATHI PLAINS.

We shook hands; he asked me if I knew his brother on Staten Island. But even before that Captain Batchelor had said it was time for a sundowner. In point of hour "sundowner" approximates tea, but it has much more to do with decanters and glasses than with pots and cups. After sunset alcoholic drinks have no terrors for the residents of equatorial Africa. The captain insisted that we stay the night. This was our first sample of the official hospitality which all travellers of decent standing receive straight across Africa. I think we could not have resisted it, even had there been no special inducement. The captain told us there would be a Kikuyu *ngoma* and circumcision ceremonial next day.

And the Palestinian had told me I had spoiled my luck with that *hyæna*! A *ngoma* of some sort was to have been expected, but it was rare good fortune to have happened on the great Bantu ceremonial.

When next morning we started, our party had been increased. The captain provided us with an askari and two tribal retainers. They were useful, even necessary perhaps, to our expedition, but hard to dispose of in the little battered car. No wonder the captain grinned when he called good-bye. On the front seat was the askari, dressed in khaki shorts, blue sweater and red fez, and armed with a knob kerry. Barney and Joshua were somehow stowed away between the mud guard and a roll of bedding. Lewis and I were on the back seat, and

the doors were left open that the retainers, seated at our feet, might let their bare black legs dangle. Each wore a brown blanket, heart-shaped ivory ear-ornaments and double coral necklace—a garb customary with their tribe. To this was added a blue and red scarf which was emblematic of their position with the Government. Influential men with their clans, these retainers serve as intermediaries between the tribe and the officials.

During the ride they were kept busy maintaining their balance in the wobbling, lurching car, and fetching water to the radiator, which got overheated with astonishing frequency on the steep roads. The mountain slopes were densely covered with vegetation. There were times in the midst of the pines and spruce when one might have fancied oneself in Colorado, but in a moment one would see banana and eucalyptus trees, with black figures darting among them, and the Rockies were forgotten.

In spite of the detailed instructions given by the captain, our complicated escort could not agree about the right turns to make. We came to mazes of cross-roads, little better than trails, and one had to be chosen. And there were gullies to be negotiated and streams to be forded. Our escort consulted and argued vociferously. It was highly disconcerting to us, who were afraid of taking the wrong way and missing the *ngoma*. Neither Lewis nor I could be of any help in settling matters. All we knew was the name of the chief in whose

domain the festivity was to happen, and that the chief's name is often given to his territory. So when argument waxed hot, I would say sternly, "Machindi! Machindi!" And to Barney, "Tell them Machindi."

A sudden turn in the road allayed our fears. In an opening among the trees were many blacks busy at oiling and painting one another's bodies; bare even of the blanket or bit of skin worn apron-wise or about the shoulders. Nor were the faces being neglected by the brushes.

Barney was translator for the retainers. This was a squad of the circumcision class of 1923 getting ready for the great *ngoma* which precedes the ceremonial. The candidates were so deeply engrossed in their preparations that they took no notice of us when the askari led the way to a space behind a shelter of bushes from where we might look on.

A dozen ebony Apollos taken into the woods to be varnished might have presented just such a sight; but as the painting progressed the Apollo look was lost. There was no uniformity in the decoration. To make the body as gay as possible seemed the only definite plan. Colour was not spared. The youths became like acrobats in open-work socks, with yellow legs or white, scarlet or green trunks, and brown sweaters, for the upper part of the body was covered with a coating of red clay mixed with castor oil. A white belt painted about the hips was common; so, too, were designs

painted on the breasts. The facial decorations, done with a bit of stick, were in red and white stripes, giving a mask-like effect.

Wigs, red or purple, topped some of these amazing figures. Others wore the natural hair, but rubbed with gum and clay, and braided to look like a wig. A few spectators stood about, small boys for the most part, and whenever allowed they took a hand in the decoration. The retainers said this work had been going on for days, and that some of the candidates had for several nights slept on three sticks so that the paint might dry. In answer to my questions they made valiant attempts to explain how the sticks were arranged, but Barney's best interpretation failed to make it clear to me, so if it ever falls to my lot to arrange three sticks for anyone to sleep on, I shall be unable.

Somewhere in the forest a group of girls were being prepared in similar manner, for females are included in the ceremonial and the ordeal. These young candidates live eight days in seclusion from their tribe before the great day. The long dancing at the *ngoma* serves as a sort of anæsthetic before the operation, which is sometimes performed with a safety razor blade. When these are not to be had, they revert to the old custom of operating with a spear head or bit of broken glass.

The novitiates did not resent our presence; were even willing to be photographed, and they accepted the coins we offered. While we lingered Barney got out the chop-box and served lunch. Tinned



(Upper) KIKUYU YOUTHS DECORATED FOR A DANCE, NEAR FORT HALL.
(Lower) ROADSIDE KIKUYU MARKET AT THIKA.

meat seemed strange food in those surroundings. On our way again we discovered that the group we had left was only one of many engaged in the same *shauri* of preparation for the *ngoma*. Some wore ostrich feathers fastened to a narrow band of beads about the head. These were the sons of chiefs and of headmen.

Part of our road lay through wild country, densely wooded. There were sharp hills, and the red soil was broken by deep gullies. We made a last steep climb and from the top looked across a ravine toward a valley where thousands of objects moved. Not bushes nor trees swayed by a wind. They were human creatures. The *ngoma* was in full swing.

We sprang from the car and took the downward trail on foot. We had crossed the ravine and started up again when we were met by Chief Machindi. He was in khaki, after the present manner of some chiefs. In all that gathering of a probable five thousand, he was the only native who wore clothes, for the proper Kikuyu *ngoma* costume is red clay and castor oil, and whatever ornaments one may fancy. Our coming was not a surprise to the chief; he had known for hours that we were on the way, the news having probably been sent by African drums. He escorted us to a high spot on the ridge. Over yonder rose Mount Kenya, nearly 18,000 feet high, its sharp peak covered with snow. Beneath us was that surging mass of humanity.

"It is the Kachukia," Chief Machindi said.

The dances vary with the season and the occasion for rejoicing. The Kachukia is supposed to fall when the grain is six or eight inches high, but is sometimes held out of season. But always it comes at the time of full moon.

Ring within ring of human beings formed into chains, swaying incessantly to the rhythm of a curious chant—that was the first impression. Then, as I gazed, I got the details of the picture, and I asked questions of the chief and the retainers. The outside ring was formed of couples standing face to face; the man's hands on the woman's shoulders. Between them was not enough space for a pin to fall; nor a pin's space between them and the couple next behind; nor yet the couple behind the second, for this great outer ring is a three-linked chain. These were the unmarried people.

After a space of about ten yards, came a second chain formed like the first but composed of married folk. And in the centre of the circle was a small group of the very old, who swayed with as much abandon as the young. A reason other than the zest of the dance accounted for much of this display of energy, for in the spaces between the rings headmen ran to and fro swinging *kibokos*. These hippo lashes struck ruthlessly against the legs of the dancers. There could be no lagging. The chain must not be broken.

I wanted a close view of this incredible festivity, and asked the chief whether it could be managed.

Straightway he led me down the steep trail; the outer ring opened at a word from him, and we passed through the line of bodies that did not leave off swaying. Through the second ring we passed in the same way, but before we had come to the inner circle the chief stopped and pointed over the heads of the dancers toward the road on which he had met us. I saw the circumcision candidates we had passed in the forest. They walked in groups, and arriving at the *ngoma* valley they formed into rectangles for their dance. Their temporary apartness from the community was emphasized even there.

Close view showed the dancing in the rings to be a wriggling of the body even more strenuous than is sanctioned in modern ball-rooms. To this was added a forward and back jerk of the head, with the neck held rigid. With each jerk came a grunt, sharply punctuating the flow of the chant. It ran something like this :

Aya, aya, o, la, lala. . . grunt . . . La, la, la,
Oya, oya . . . two grunts . . . oh, la, la la. . . .

And there was one other sound; when now and then the chant and the embrace were interrupted, the women broke into whinnying calls.

Lewis, who looked down from the ridge, declared that I never once let go of the chief's arm during all the time I was a part of this astonishing scene. I remember that the headman paused in his

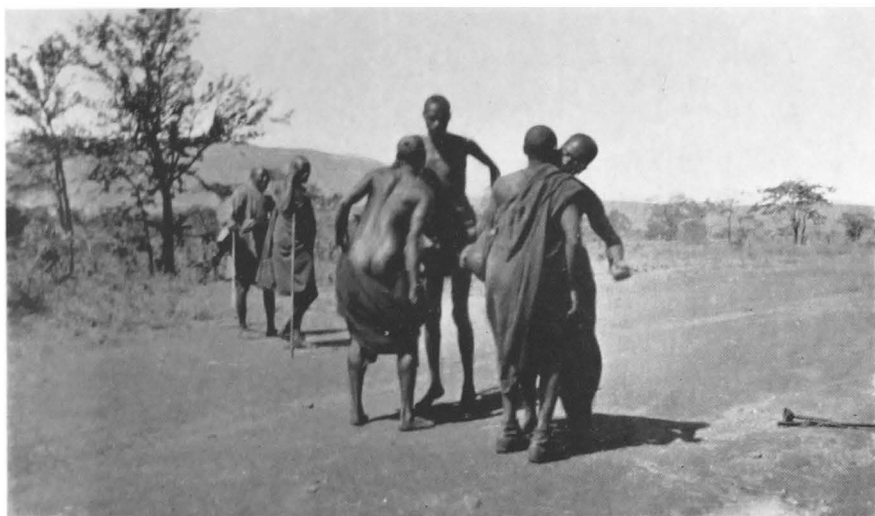
hippo lashing to shake hands with me. At first it was only an ordinary, firm grip, then with his free hand he clutched my thumb and gave it a wrench. This ceremony is meant in friendship, but one needs to be told, for it does not feel friendly. As I gazed about for a last impression before we should break the rings and go away, I saw among the older people a familiar face. One of the tribal retainers who had come with us had shed his blanket, hastily applied his coating of red clay and taken his place among his own. It was as I had been told in Mombasa.

Chief Machindi walked with us back to the car. We walked slowly; though I had been only a spectator of the groaning, sweltering bodies I was exhausted. But they had not seemed to tire. The frenzy of the dance and the *kibokos* accounted for much, but this had already been going on for hours. A possible explanation suggested itself.

“What about *tembo*?” I asked. “Or *bhang*?” Either would be strong enough to get them through many hours of such orgy, for *tembo* is native beer, and *bhang* is the Indian hemp, potent as opium, but cheap and available to them all.

“Neither,” the chief told me. “*Tembo* and *bhang* are forbidden during the *ngoma*.” The intoxication is purely a matter of the dance itself, or the chief wanted me so to believe. I asked how long they kept it up.

“Until they are tired.” That, of course, meant nothing, and I asked for more specific information.



(Upper) AN IMPROMPTU KAMBA DANCE.
(Lower) KIKUYU TRIBAL RETAINERS AND A NATIVE CONSTABLE WHO ACCOMPANIED
ME FROM FORT HALL TO MACHINDI.

“Certainly two days. Sometimes a week. The amount of food there is has much to do with it.” But the food is not a matter of a barbecued bull nor many sucking pigs as those who know our southern blacks might infer. Chiefly it is corn, sweet potatoes and dried beans.

We turned in for the night at a camp near Nyeri, a forest station about forty miles north-west of Fort Hall. For many hours I listened to the sound that carried across the hills—a chant broken by grunts and the whinnying calls. Just before I dozed off I remembered that it was my birthday. Surely I could never hope for a stranger celebration.

Later, during my stay at Waterloo farm in the Rift valley, I saw another Kikuyu *ngoma*. It marked no great occasion with the dancers, but was arranged by our host especially for Lewis and me. Among the natives were many I had come to know as workers on the farm. All were dressed *maridadi*, which is to say at the top of their means. There were many necklaces and many bracelets; extra coating of red clay and a lavish use of castor oil. Glaring white stripes marked the faces of the newly-circumcised girls; and they wore a yellow fringe about the waist.

There was a sword dance by the braves, with much ferocious lunging at one another. This ideal is never carried into conduct, so perhaps the sword play was a psychological training, or the

repartee one thinks of a week too late. The Kikuyu have never been fighters. Never have they dared to resist the Masai when that warrior tribe came to loot cattle and drive the people themselves from their lands.

In the chain of dancers I observed a boy who was partnerless. None apparently would dance with him. He was different from the others, lighter in colour, and his features less heavy. Was he a remnant of the lost white race? Or was the explanation merely the prosaic one—a European father?

This farm *ngoma* was not a vegetarian occasion. I felt that the work was much too hard to be done on so light a diet, so myself furnished the festival baked meats. That is, I bought the steer to be barbecued—bid him in for eight shillings at a cattle auction, but declined the offered honour of shooting him.

The reserve of the Kamba tribe is south-east of Nairobi. The road to it crosses the Athi Plains game reserve through which I had passed on my way up from Mombasa. We travelled slowly, and the motor did not frighten the animals. Every picture in the natural history seemed to have come to life and be moving about within our view. There were giraffes, running with their strange, rhythmic lope, or nibbling leaves from the tops of thorn trees; ostriches not even bothering to duck their heads; innumerable gazelles, and zebras, and

antelope and buck. Those drinking at the water holes looked up as we passed, but did not run. For the most part they have the assurance of squirrels in a city park. They know they are protected.

The last European settlements are around Machakos. This peaceful little valley village is hardly more than an Indian bazaar and a settlers' store. Over the crest of the highest ridge the reserve begins. Men of the tribe passed us on the road—tall, lank fellows, clad in skins, with yellow beads around the neck, and a feather sticking straight up from the hair. Some paused to look after us, and I observed a habit of supporting the elbow of one arm in the other hand, and fingering the chin, with bashful, meditative effect. I asked a settler whether it was characteristic.

He laughed. "They are meek just now, and look it," he said. "A few months ago the A-Kamba put on their war paint and fared forth on an old time raid, but it didn't last long. They were thoroughly whipped and frightened. Until recently they were among the most warlike and cruel of the tribes. They are past masters in the art of poisoned arrows. We tried one on a bull the other day and he was dead in fifteen minutes."

"Machindi" had been our watchword on the way to the Kikuyu reserve. Here we sought Chief Mbiti, and he was hard to find. The natives wilfully give wrong directions, however little the stranger's visit may concern them. Whether this

is a bit of savage humour or of secret diplomacy, I do not know, but it results in wild-goose chases over strange roads. On one of these we came a second time to a fellow who had given a false lead; acting on a hint someone offered, we took him along, standing on the running board, and tied to the door. It worked. His memory of his chief's whereabouts cleared, and in an astonishingly short time he had guided us to Mbiti's domain.

A village of a dozen huts was headquarters. Half a dozen braves and a few mangy cows and goats strolled about. In front of a hut somewhat larger than the rest lay a man, apparently asleep; his skinny body seemed tied in knots. As we approached he roused and asked for a cigarette. It required no expert diagnostician to know that he was just emerging from a *bhang* jag. The signs are unmistakable and the opportunities to observe them are frequent. The growing of Indian hemp is prohibited, but the working out of the law is about the same as ours with alcohol. An army of enforcement directors in East Africa could not keep track of the small patches of hemp grown in the country. The forbidden crop is sown among other things. A district commissioner found it growing in his flower-bed, which the house-boy had selected for a fine, safe place. It reminds the wandering American of liquor stored in the vestry of a New Jersey church.

While the cigarette did its recuperative work a crowd gathered, motley as to dress. Some wore

skins; some, khaki shorts. Only Mbiti wore a blanket. He made a speech in which, though we were unable to follow it, he addressed both us and his people. His arms waved; he seemed a human windmill. When Barney opened my bag to get out lunch, Mbiti spied my shaving mirror with himself reflected. I handed it to him and he held it close, grimaced before it, and called his headmen for a look. Others came and insisted on a peep. Not one laughed, or even smiled. Obviously it was a serious moment. The mirror made the rounds twice; one view had not been enough for anyone.

When Barney had spread the lunch I asked for milk. A man whose khaki proclaimed him an ex-askari shambled toward one of the cows and soon returned with a gourd full of warm milk. But Mbiti evidently considered this no adequate beverage in celebration of the view he had just had of himself, and he ordered *tembo*. Out of a wash-basin that had once been white enamelled, we ladled drinks of the liquid which looked like dish-water, but the taste is not bad. From hand to hand and from mouth to mouth, the basin went the rounds.

Then Mbiti beat the drums, and assembled a crowd for an impromptu *ngoma*. Soon all were in motion; he with the rest. Partners danced cheek to cheek, elbows lifted high, hips out, and every muscle moving. Quite unmissed we went back to the car and drove away from the revolting scene.

West of Nairobi lies a reserve of the Masai, once masters of what is now Kenya colony. All other tribes went down before these fearless, cruel and proud nomads. They killed their foes or carried them into slavery. Cattle-raising was their hereditary occupation. Through degeneration their numbers are now reduced to not more than forty thousand, and they are doomed to extermination as an individual tribe, but the fighting spirit still exists. Not long before my visit there had been an uprising, and though some years ago in a conference of officials with chiefs the Masai had given oath that no white blood would be shed, the few Europeans who lived near the reservation took no chances. They fled. The uprising was checked, and part of the rebels were taken as prisoners to Narok, the government station in the western part of the reserve. Those who escaped crossed into the Tanganyika wilds.

The motor ride to Narok was a succession of beautiful and varied scenes. We passed through bits that were like southern Europe; and came to deep canyons where pythons abound; and vast stretches with thorn trees rising out of short grass. Near Kijabe, when from the top of Escarpment Hill the rich Kedong valley comes into view, it is like Jordan Valley and the hills of Moab. Blue birds fly low, and game scampers through the grass. Except for this wild life, the motorist has the beautiful world to himself. This is not a much travelled road.

AT HOME WITH THE NATIVES 91

We passed a stone monument, solitary on a mound. The tiny hill is called Mount Margaret; probably named for a member of the family of the pioneer who takes here his last long sleep. The story goes that he asked, when dying, to be buried where he might hear the lions roaring on their nightly prowls. He had prided himself that his farm lay at a place where he might shoot a buffalo before breakfast, and get a cable from London before lunch.

There are no other graves. The natives thereabout need none, for dead bodies are left to the hyænas. Death customs vary with the tribes. The Kikuyu, forbidden by his religion to touch anything that is dead, carries the dying out of the hut. A low shelter of reeds is built over the mat on which the sick man lies. Food is brought to him until death comes; death, and then the scavengers. Only in tribes that are, or have been, cannibalistic, is there burial of any sort. A shallow grave—two feet deep, not more—is dug under the threshold or in the centre of the hut, and there the body is safe from the ghouls who have kept a taste for human flesh long after the tribe has abandoned the terrible custom. The Kavirondo country furnishes examples of this; and priests and officials whose duties have brought them in contact with such cases vouch that the body snatchers are known to the other members of the tribe, and looked down upon. When their turn at death comes they receive no burial, but are thrown to the hyænas.

Some of the tribes about Mount Elgon are still cannibalistic, and there is an exchange of bodies between clans, since it is against custom to eat the flesh of their own people.

On the way to Narok we had gone some miles past the quarantine station, headquarters for the rigorous examination of Masai cattle, when we spied the first Masai *maniata*. In the distance it was a dark circular patch on the undulating green land. We left the car in the road, walked over, and entered through a snail-shell opening in the five-foot hedge that surrounded the kraal. Inside, we discovered that the hedge served as a wall for a village of about forty huts, arranged in a circle, and made of mud and reeds, roofed with hides. Old men squatted in front of the huts, and out of the openings girls looked at us curiously with sparkling eyes even blacker than their skins. Necks and arms and ankles were loaded with ornaments of iron and glass, and—unlike the Kikuyu and Kamba women—their bodies were well covered with hides.

Children and babies played in the centre of the *maniata*. A few cows stood about, switching tails and chewing cuds in true barnyard manner. The grazing herds had wandered miles away, but would be driven at night into the kraal, safe from prowling beasts, and these few were no doubt kept up to meet the needs of the day. And the milk need of the Masai is great, for it, mixed with blood, is their chief food.

The men, all of whom wore hides about the

shoulders, paid no attention to us as we walked about, prying into their homes. Their aspect was indifferent, yet arrogant. Obviously they were accustomed to the visits of white men. Officials keep a close watch on the tribe, but it is the pet of the Government. The Masai is the only tribe from which no hut tax is exacted, and whose individuals may go about without the customary registration ticket. Perhaps in the realization that the tribe is self-doomed to extinction, vigilance in the matter of uprisings is considered all that is worth while.

So low has the birth rate fallen because of the degeneracy of the tribe, that in the space of another generation or two the Masai will be past history.

When we had edged our way out through the opening in the thorn wall, we saw that our waiting machine had been caught up by the time-honoured Dutch transport. A heavy cart, drawn by twenty bullocks, was alongside. Two other carts, each with sixteen oxen, followed on the road; above the shouting of the black drivers rose one voice giving directions in a mixture of Dutch and Swahili, the cussing varieties of both languages. Of course we all stopped for talk. The new-comer was a Transvaaler, working at the Mara mines near the Tanganyika border. At the moment he was conveying a transport of mining machinery from Kijabe, and hoped to cover the distance of 160 miles across what he called the veldt in twenty-two days. This was a record he had made previously. On these expeditions he trekked, shot for the pot,

and slept by the roadside. And he was happy on the lonely job. He was the only white man we saw on our journey; doubtless we were the only ones that he came upon. One of his blacks had been mangled the night before by a lion, and he felt guilty. "It wouldn't have happened if I had travelled at night as I usually do because of the heat," he said.

I offered him a lift in the car, but he declined. "Thank you, no. I like this way best. Besides, I wouldn't leave these niggers alone for a minute." So we said good-bye and had no notion that we should ever see Mr. Anderson again. But in Africa trails cross and recross. Only, when next we came upon him, he was a changed man; his mind was concentrated on something that had nothing to do with blacks or bullocks. In short, he was an East African Romeo, but without the family opposition.

We did not stop again until we reached Ndulele, a small Indian trading station high on a mountain flat. A stockade of bush and reed protects the settlement from the attacks of lions. An old Indian trader spoke English, and proved a mine of information, or of belief. He had lived among the Masai and had bartered with them since many years ago he left his native Punjab in the north-west provinces of India. The natives brought hides and skins to exchange for raw sugar, salt and molasses, and from these they concoct strong drink. He took a dark view of his native patrons. "A

bad, bad people," he said. "Worse in peace times than when at war, for in peace they do not know what to do with themselves. And still they keep to the old *shauri* of dipping their spears in human blood, to make them sure in killing the enemy."

This was new to me, and when I began to question, he seemed astonished. "But surely the *sahib* knows that when the young warriors, the *morans*, are first given spears, they dip them into blood, as it runs fresh from a wounded body? Twenty *morans* or maybe more come together for a great drunken feast on the occasion. They used to use the children of the tribes that they raided. Now because they must be at peace they use the blood of children of their own tribe—little girls generally. A *moran* would as well carry a piece of wood as a spear that had not been dipped in blood."

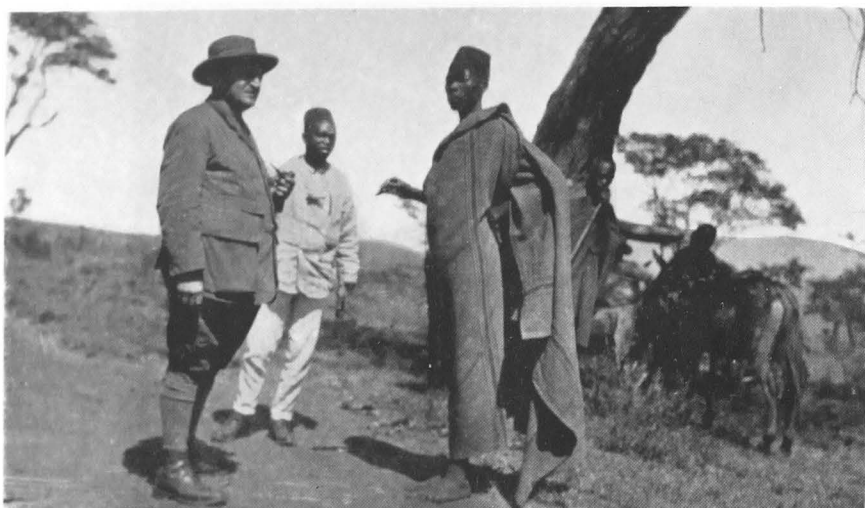
He sipped tea while he talked. We squatted beside him outside the shanty, and slapped at the insects that buzzed about us. There were myriads of them, and they looked like flies, but their sting was more vicious than that of any fly I had ever seen. Masai flies, probably. The trader went on; prodded, now and again, with questions.

"Yes, the *morans* marry, but not until later. A young warrior after the circumcision ceremony enters the *moran kraal*—a large hut set aside for them and for young girls called *nditos*, some of whom are not more than twelve years old. After half a dozen years of this community life, the *morans*

pass into the old man class. They come out into general tribal life; they cut their hair, which has grown long during the *moran* period. And they marry; one wife or more; it is all according to how many cattle they have with which to purchase wives."

"But why the *moran* class, since there is no more war?" I wanted to know. The old Indian shook his head. And, after all, the question of standing armies is one that goes far beyond these African nomads under oath of peace. Later, and from such authentic sources as priests and officials, I heard similar and additional accounts of the Masai. Always they are arrogant; they will not work; they will not carry a burden. They are unfit for farming, but they tend their herds—an occupation which does not interfere with roving, and they steal wherever they can; "cattle rustlers," in western vernacular. The recent trouble is said to have been caused by the Government taking a hand and compelling the return to the Kikuyu tribe of twenty thousand head of stolen cattle. The *morans* were matrimonially inclined at the time, and the cows were needed. *Cherchez la femme.*

We made camp for the night near the Indian settlement; sleeping in the box car. Thus far I had not had the sensation of hearing lions roar at night, and knew that in this lion-infested region it was likely to happen. It did happen, and I found that the *sound* appeased my curiosity; I did not leave the car for a look about. Nor did Lewis.



(Upper) MBITI, A KAMBA HEADMAN. MY SERVANT SHEBANI IN THE BACKGROUND.
(Lower) MASAI PRISONERS CLEARING GROUND AT NGARU NAROK UNDER THE EYE OF THE PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER, MAJOR HEMSTED.

He pretended to snore through it all. Indeed I caught no glimpse of a lion at large, but a cheetah with beautiful coat crossed the road one day while we were having lunch. She was there and gone, all in a second, for she dived into the jungle twenty yards in front of me. My hour's chase of her was unavailing.

Next day at Narok we saw the official institutions connected with the reserve. The jail was empty, but the four score prisoners taken in the recent war flurry were at work outside, felling trees, breaking and dragging stones, and road-making. Plenty of armed askaris were on guard; no doubt they were needed to keep members of the Masai tribe at work so strenuous. I have never seen more sullen nor more degenerate faces. The district commissioner said that next month there would be many more at this punitive labour. "We'll have another bunch rounded up by then."

I asked him how he accomplished it, in a reserve of forty thousand square miles of wild country.

"Tribal retainers help with information," he said. "And there are other ways. Of course, it's hard to get them, but we just go after them and do it. It's our *shauri*."

A collection of spears, bows and arrows hung on the wall of the living-room in the commissioner's house. Spears with the Masai are common as walking-sticks with us, but the *moran* spears, bright polished and sharpened for war, are no longer allowed the warriors. The Masai arrows are rough,

while those of the Kamba are finely wrought. The poison was still on the Kamba arrows in the commissioner's collection, but he had carefully sealed and wrapped the points. "You never can tell what a small boy will do," he said, looking proudly at his son.

He was leaving next day on an expedition toward the Tanganyika border, and though his business was by way of being military, he would be accompanied on the *safari* by his wife and two children. A small escort of askaris would accompany them. The trip and change would do the family good, he said, and the children were excited with the prospect of sleeping in hammocks, and of being carried in them when tired of the trek.

This necessary expedition prevented the commissioner from going with us to visit Masikondi, a Masai chief who has chosen the better part of valour, and become the mainstay of the Government in negotiations with the tribe. But word of our coming was sent, and the venerable chief met us before we had reached his *maniata*. From afar we saw him coming, walking slowly and erectly out of the forest and down the hill. In his white garment that reached his ankles, and his ear ornaments and necklaces and bracelets, surrounded by his headmen and a few youths, he looked like a jet black high priest.

In quite the European manner he and his son shook hands with us, though just the other year the

Masai's greeting of respect and friendship was to spit into the face of the new-comer. His *maniata* was at our disposal to look our fill, and we found it little different from the one we had explored the day before. Masikondi was willing to be photographed, and later I sent him by the district commissioner the promised enlargement. That sort of promise, by the way, is one much more frequently made than kept by travellers, and these slips destroy the native's confidence in the white man as effectually as would much bigger things.

The children of the tribe are not neglected by the Government. A school on the reserve gives them reading and writing and arithmetic, and labours to instil the spirit of work. Exercise and athletic competition care for their bodies, which, happily, are not put into European clothes. The little Masai is allowed to wear skins just as he does in the *maniata*. The Bible is used as a reader, but religion is not taught. When older the children go to a mission school if they choose. The tribe has a religion of its own. *Ngai* is their god. The stars are his eyes, looking down upon the Masai people while they sleep. They are the chosen people to own cattle, and to take them from their tribal enemies.

An attempt is being made to utilize this hereditary occupation for the betterment of the tribe. A dairy has been established in connection

100 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

with the government school in the hope that when the boys return to the *maniatas* they will have dairies of their own instead of becoming *morans*, with long braided hair, leading a life of degenerate idleness with *nditos* in a community kraal.

CHAPTER VII

LIFE IN THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY

A sheep farm—Sundown tales—Hunting leopards with smoke—Lake Elmenteita and the Laikipia district—Cattle auction at Gilgil.

A TASTE of settler's life was my next bit of African experience. African hospitality, too, for though my host became a friend he was merely a chance acquaintance at the Nairobi club when he invited me to visit his farm in the Rift Valley, and be a member of his bachelor household for so long as I cared to stay.

Promised land of settlers is the great African Rift. The geologic legend traces back to the lost Gondwana Land that stretched from Australia and India across Southern Africa to Brazil. With the breaking up of the land and the invasion of the seas, the region that is now East Africa became the centre of colossal volcanic upheavals with all that means of mineral deposits, and fertile soil in the ages that follow. Africa is a treasure box. No wonder every European power has long kept one careful eye on its neighbours, and another careful eye on the dark continent. If the powers ever

co-operate in solving the problems of transportation and hygiene, the dribbling stream of settlers will become a torrent. Meanwhile life there has the interest and the hardship which together make up the romance of pioneering.

Only Barney was with me when I boarded the Uganda Railway for Gilgil—the station nearest to my friend's farm. Lewis planned to join me later. But I was not to be without European companionship on a part of the ride. Leslie Simson, a mining engineer—Californian still, in spite of his twenty years in Africa—was on the train. He said he was off for the Donyo Lengai crater (God's Mountain) in Tanganyika, which meant four months of *safari*. But for his carriers, he was alone. "You don't get tired of your friends nor they of you if you leave them at home," he explained. "My porters and oxen are company enough."

"Gold?" I asked. "Or radium?"

The engineer shook his head. "Neither, this time. Just hunting. Look at that boy. Would I bother to take him along on a prospecting trip?" He nodded toward a black, who to my undiscriminating eye seemed little different from the others. "That is Cunninghame's Masai; the best skinner in Africa. He was with the Roosevelt party."

Kijabe was as far as the train would carry Simson on the way he wanted to go. When we said good-bye he handed me two muffins. "Take those to the doctor," he said. That he knew my host went

without saying, for everybody knows everybody else in East Africa, but the gift seemed an odd one to make to the owner of a great sheep farm. But I put the muffins away and went out on the platform to watch Simson assemble his outfit. There was a long line of porters, each with a burden on his head. A bullock-cart, drawn by sixteen oxen, was loaded with *posho*. Off toward the mountains the procession moved; at the end strode the lone Californian. The wind he faced was no bit of chance weather, for Kijabe means wind.

Soon we had left the forest, skirted the foot of Longonot, passed through the settlement on the eastern shore of Lake Naivasha, and found ourselves in Gilgil in the heart of the sheep district. We had climbed a thousand feet above Nairobi in the seventy mile ride.

A quarter of an hour was time and to spare to learn the town. From the railway station I saw half a dozen other frame, tin-roofed shacks and knew them to be *dukas*—the Indian general stores that aim to supply all the needs of life. There was a post-office, but no telephone. A short distance across the tracks was a one-story frame building with a verandah. That would be the hotel. About five hundred yards to the left of the station was a fence which obviously marked the city limits in that direction; beyond it stretched a cultivated field. But on the other side of the station a few wooden houses with sheds clustered together. One proved to be a garage—the only one for miles around—

and in vain I banged at its locked door. The owner, the busiest man in the valley, was away. And I had to have a car to get me and my traps out to Waterloo Farm, some miles back on the road.

In solving my problem I happened on a characteristic bit of settlers' enterprise. A titled lady who has gone into the lucrative business of curing the most delicious hams under the equator, hired her boxboard automobile to me. Most settlers who have machines are glad to rent them for a little money to keep the pot boiling. A definite rate of one florin (two shillings) a mile has been established. By nightfall I was at Waterloo.

My friend did not name his twenty-five thousand acres in expectation of defeat, but in honour of his birthplace in Ontario. He took his land for investment, and after trials—both kinds of trials—with managers, he decided to undertake the farm himself. This, with only one European assistant, was a real *shauri* for a man nearing seventy who had spent most of his working life pulling and filling teeth in Johannesburg. His new career involves the care and management of seventeen thousand sheep, five thousand cattle, and one thousand negroes whose language, the Kikuyu, he is learning.

His living equipment consists of a small farmhouse, with a sixteen by sixteen stone building at the back, serving as his bedroom and office. The Kikuyu cook and cleaning-up boy, *toto* and *syce*, live in a *banda* near by, a hut made of clay and

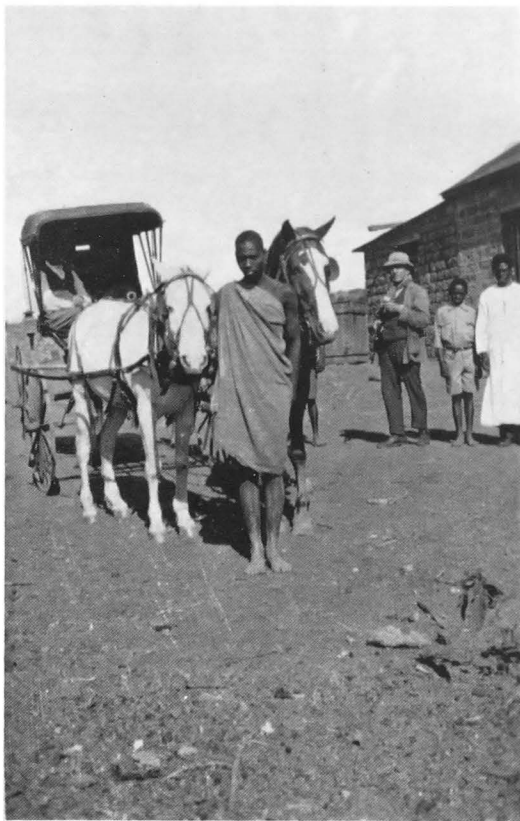
wattle. Huts for the other negroes and the necessary barns and sheds give the farm the aspect of a considerable settlement. Waterloo Farm lies on a bluff with a view of mountains; high ridges and deep ravines with grey and green and blue and yellow and brown colouring. Dusk blurred all this when I arrived, but next day I saw the outlines and the colours in their full glory.

There was another guest that first night—the doctor's brother, summoned by runner from his farm twenty-five miles away. In Africa a visitor is always made much of, but I could see that one coming from America had especial significance to those grey-haired brothers who, Canadian born, had spent part of their youth in our middle west. Their questions kept my tongue wagging during dinner.

The lantern on the table showed meat and potatoes. There was nothing else to eat that night, nor at any meal until I had reply from a message to Lewis, sent by runner to Gilgil and telegraphed from there. "Bring or send some bread right away. Urgent," I wired. I understood now the reason the engineer had sent the two muffins. He had undoubtedly dined there, or at some other *shamba* where the housekeeping was left to the *shenzi*. Swahili boys, or natives of any tribe that have been trained by Europeans, are one thing in the matter of efficient service, but raw natives are quite another. If there had been a woman to oversee matters, or a man who was particular or able to trace his vague

discomforts to their source, the doctor's fare would have been very different. But the *wa-shenzi* (raw natives) were not slow to see that he paid more attention to the book he brought to table than to his food, so they gave him meat and milk. The potatoes that first night were probably in honour of a guest. But there could be no doubt that the doctor thrived on his meagre diet, and kept strong and very kindly. Life at Waterloo Farm was happy as it was free. Never anywhere have I felt so liberated from past and from future as during those days on the sheep farm in the Great Rift.

At daybreak I jumped from my cot on the porch, shaved while the sun rose over Kinangop, the king of mountains in the Aberdare range, sprang into my clothes, gulped a cup of tea, and was off into the valley. Sometimes I went on foot; sometimes on horseback. Barney came along with rifle and shot-gun and bottle of water, and we always had a retinue of natives, self-invited. They follow in the wake of the hunter, anxious for any sort of game except zebra. But the gaily striped little ponies are hunted as diligently as though they were used as food, for they destroy the grass and are a pest to farmers. On my morning expeditions I brought down buck, hares, jackals, wild pig, guinea fowl, partridges and ducks. Ostriches, mature and tiny, changed their leisurely strut into a wild run at the sight of me. They could not know how safe they were by the terms of my licence. By ten o'clock



THE ARRIVAL OF NEIGHBOURS AT WATERLOO FARM, GILGIL.



DIPPING SHEEP AT WATERLOO FARM.

I was back at headquarters unless some very special lure had taken me farther into the valley.

But hunting and roaming were not all my life. The doctor made me work. There was carpentering to be done in house and barn, and bossing the Kikuyu natives helped my vocabulary even though it did not further the work in hand with any great rapidity. Also I helped in the job of dosing and dipping the sheep—disease-preventing measures which are taken once a month. Each sheep was given a teaspoonful of vitriol and salt (proportion ten to one, I was careful to note for my next sheep-ranch job). Next came the herding of the seventeen thousand into a pool of Cooper's sheep dip, out of which they emerged into trenches three yards wide and one hundred yards long. We doused them under as they tried to swim along. One needs diplomacy in dealing with sheep. They have a reputation for gentleness and tractability they do not deserve. And they have a genuine talent for getting stuck, and must be continually prodded until they are safely landed in the drying enclosure.

Interesting work to the amateur settler, but tame sport in comparison with helping in the cattle round-up, when Peter MacFarlane, the buyer, came out from Nairobi. Sundowners took on fresh interest when Peter was there, for a man who began life as a butcher boy in London, and has sat in the cattle game in the Argentine, New Zealand, and Australia before coming to Africa, has much to draw on for talk. All other lands had faded for him into a mere

background for Africa, and his twenty years there had been broken only once by a trip "home." He had looked forward to it long, but one week in London proved enough. On the seventh day he started back toward the Rift Valley.

Neighbours dropped in from twenty or fifty miles away, and I sat back and listened to their talk; odd gleanings from observation and experience, and bits of local humour.

Said Peter, "Never count on how much you have to sell until you get to your destination. I once took a drove of hogs from Arusha to Nairobi; made the two hundred and forty miles in twenty-five days. When I started I had two hundred hogs. When I arrived I had three hundred and ten."

And someone told the tale, never spared the newcomer to Africa, of how the waters of the Congo rise when the huge bodies of the hippopotami wax yet more huge during the breeding season. And that the waters fall when the hippos come out to feed.

They gave me *safari* advice. "Shoot a zebra the first thing, to furnish skins and sandals for the natives. And never take a dog on *safari*. He needs deticking every four hours or the leopards will get him." Dogs are a great delicacy to leopards, as they also are to lions, but whether the accumulated ticks give an added flavour, or whether the dog, lagging to scratch his ticks, is pounced on by the leopard, was not explained.

The danger from rhino, lion or elephant was said to be nothing compared to the danger from wild

dogs, of which the mountains in some regions are full. They are somewhat smaller than the black bear of North America, and usually run in great packs. Their numbers make them invincible. A lion may fight valiantly, and may kill thirty or more of the dogs, but the remainder of the pack will get him.

Unconsciously, these men are volunteer workers in the cause of science. Many a snake, worm or insect met on their rounds or on *safari* is carefully preserved and sent home for identification. In the classification of African fauna much remains to be done.

Not that the talk was all of animals. They laughed at my host for his meat and milk diet, and his haphazard ways with the servants. "Not a bit of use of it," one said. "The Kikuyu who has been trained by a European is so conscientious he never fails on any job. If he has been told to water the flowers he does it even if it is raining so hard he has to carry an umbrella while he does it."

I learned that in marriage the price of a chief's daughter is ten cows, worth about five pounds each. This is double the price of an ordinary girl. And both are present values, due to the rise in all prices following the war. Formerly a sheep or a goat was adequate payment for a bride. If there is no issue she is returned to her father, who must give up the cows with which she was purchased. And having once been married, her value depreciates.

No talk about native servants ever omits the

question of honesty. One settler offered a test for the detection of a thief. "Line up a gang, and make each man lick a hot poker. The one who is burnt is the culprit. No, it is not trial by ordeal. The guilty person is terrified, and his mouth is dry of saliva—hence the burn."

One morning at dawn I wakened with a start. "I've got it!" someone was saying. There by my porch-bed stood the doctor in his night-gown, a book in his hand and his horn-rimmed spectacles-riding high above his bushy eyebrows. "I've got it," he said again, clutching me with his free hand.

"Got what?" I asked. Then, awake enough to remember his interests, "Another concoction for those poor sheep, I suppose."

"No. I've found a way to get rid of those leopards."

Certain, special leopards. I had heard about them many times. They made frequent raids on the Waterloo sheep, and chose always the finest and fattest of the merinos. The boys had traced them to caves ten miles away from the farmhouse, but nothing had come of it. Once in the caves the leopards were safe, and their times for prowling were chosen with cunning far too sure for blundering, heavy-footed man. And now the doctor was certain he had them.

"What's the dope?" I asked.

"Carbon bisulphide," he said. "Got the idea out of this old chemistry. We'll put rags soaked in

the chemical in the crevices of the rocks at the mouth of the caves, then throw a lighted torch on the rags. There will be an explosion, of course, and deadly fumes will fill the caves. The leopards will run out, and all you'll have to do is shoot them."

Beautifully planned, I could see. "Who is going to apply the torch?" I asked.

"You are," said the doctor, with a conviction that admitted no argument.

But I ventured, "Suppose the explosion throws rocks for miles around. And why not use dynamite? I know how to use that. Or a hand grenade?"

But one is partial to a scheme one has given a night to evolving, and the doctor would not be turned from carbon bisulphide. "The explosion won't amount to anything," he assured me. "It's the smoke we are after. Dynamite might blow the leopards to bits, and I want them to come out alive so you can have the skins."

Straightway he wrote to Nairobi for the chemical, and in due course a gallon can was put off at siding 399.4, which is the mileage between Mombasa and Waterloo.

Taylor, the rosy young assistant, was to be my partner in the expedition. We discussed the proper time for our venture. Should it be in the early morning, after the beasts had returned from a night of prowling, or in the late afternoon before they started out? My decision against the morning time was on the ground that, being an early riser, it was not improbable that I should arrive at the

caves ahead of the leopards; and if, on their return, they saw me waiting with a gallon of carbon bisulphide they might be scared away. Or I might. So it was afternoon when we set out; Taylor, as always, looking as though he were going to the Derby. With us were half a dozen boys, but Barney was not of them. I would not take him, in spite of his begging, for I knew his dare-devil proclivities and that he might walk into the cave. I was fond of Barney, and moreover I wanted him to last me through Africa. Our equipment, in addition to our rifles, was the can of chemical, plenty of rags and old newspapers, and matches enough to set up an incendiary for life. Taylor's dogs ran with us.

The young assistant thought he knew about animals. Indeed his assurance about time and place suggested telepathic communication. "There are a lot of elands on that flat yonder," he said as we rode. "Why not take a whack at them? You haven't shot any, and they are good eating." So, since there seemed time to spare, we galloped after elands, but though we rode far, not one did we glimpse. From this, and other experiences, I came to know that Taylor's Irish eyes were not so reliable as is the sight of a native, who can spot game miles away, day or night. And not Taylor's only. No European eyes in far sight can be trusted as can those of the African. It is tantalizing to have the gunbearer at one's elbow pointing toward the quarry which one is unable to discern, even dimly. But

the law of compensation is still in force. The vision of the native is focussed for distance, and it fails on objects close at hand.

Delayed by our wild-goose chase, we arrived at the leopards' caves half an hour before sunset. Out of the wooded mountains loomed rocks high as a twelve-story building. We followed a steep trail up the mountain, tied our horses some distance away, and lit a fire in order to have plenty of torches. Then, exploring, we found in the rocks two wide crevices, about ten yards apart, with leopards' tracks marking them the entrance to the den. We opened the can of carbon bisulphide, we soaked the rags, we wrapped them with papers and dry wood and stuffed them into the gaps. Shot-gun in hand, we stationed ourselves about five yards away, one opposite each gap. From there we threw the torches. The papers caught and flamed. Smoke filled the air. The doctor's plan was working.

Then I burst into tears. Floods of tears. Never in my life have I wept so much. If a leopard or a pack of them had run from the caves and brushed against my legs like so many house-cats I could not have left off weeping to take action.

"Are they coming?" I yelled to Taylor, who yelled back something about the damned smoke.

The doctor's plans, and our execution, had neglected one detail—the direction of the wind. It blew through the crevices at the top of the cave, and sent the fumes straight back upon us, leaving the leopards quite untroubled in their fastness. After

those fumes had passed, and we dried our eyes, I sent Taylor to the top of the rocks to stuff the crevices there with rags and to throw a torch, while I stayed on guard for the fleeing animals. But though the smoke oozed from all directions and swelled to clouds of mountain size, no leopards came out to be shot. We had various theories in explanation: That the cave reached too far into the mountains for the smoke to penetrate. That there was another way out, which the leopards took. That they had already set forth for their prowl when we arrived. The doctor leaned to this last theory, and attributed our failure to the digression after other game. "When you go after leps, you have no business to chase after elands," he grumbled.

After Lewis came we tried again. This excursion was timed for mid-morning, and was under the doctor's personal generalship. He added plain sulphur to the carbon bisulphide, and six guns were aimed at the entrance of the leopards' den. And still nothing happened. The scheme was excellent, but it would not work.

There was bright moonlight for our homeward ride over hill and veldt. Taylor's dogs darted hither and yon chasing jackals and hyænas, wild creatures on a hunt that had nothing to do with men's orders. Once we intervened to save them from a giant wart-hog that turned upon them. Shadows moved among the shadows. Lions, perhaps. For in the far distance, on the horizon and mountain sides, we saw the tiny lights flickering

that burn all night in every *boma* to frighten the beasts away. Even the stoutest heart in wild Africa may not forget how near is danger.

Though later I was to whizz through on the train, I might have missed a near view of the Lake Elmenteita district if a bedridden neighbour over that way had not had a toothache. A hurry call came to the doctor to resume his old profession for an hour, so he put his forceps in his pocket, and took me along for assistant. The tooth was out in a jiffy, and my job consisted in administering comfort in the form of whisky in liberal quantities. The country was new to me, for my roamings from Waterloo had been south, toward Lake Naivasha. Neither lake is large, but both are beautiful and call to artist, naturalist and sportsman. Wild fowl fly low over the brackish water; lumbering on the muddy banks are the huge, ungainly bodies of hippos. Baboons of man size scamper on the cliffs close to Elmenteita.

The road lured me on. Still farther north is the Laikipia district, formerly a Masai reserve, but now open to settlers. The doctor spurned my invitation to go along. Horseback, the thing might be worth considering, but he would have nothing to do with a motor-car expedition. So it was Findlay, owner of the garage in Gilgil and busiest man in the valley, with whom I set out in a car that must have been the first to come to Central Africa. But it was big enough to hold us, in spite of Findlay's two

hundred and fifty pounds, and the servants and camp outfit. Findlay enlivened the way with tales of his experience, which had a wide swing. For many years he was police sergeant in Mombasa, and during the war was in secret service in Southern Europe. Back in Africa he became a small landowner, but the garage business is the work of his heart. Apparently there is no road he does not know; no car he cannot mend; no weather that will keep him indoors. And, like myself, no drink that he will refuse after sundown. Irish, of course; that nationality may be taken for granted in Kenya unless definite statement to the contrary is made.

For a long stretch our way led through the domain of the Syndicate. One spells it in capitals, and realizes in crossing that vast expanse of a third of a million acres of the best land in the valley, why the Syndicate is so often on the tongue of settler and even of native. The individual estates, huge as are some of them, seems a town lot in comparison with a farm. Fertile land for growing anything under the sun, and vast stretches of grass for grazing—the Syndicate has wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Higher we climbed, and higher yet, through uninhabited country, then came suddenly on a cluster of small huts. This proved to be a soldier's farm, and the owner was more proud of his apples and strawberries than of his bananas. "Think of growing them within seventeen hundred feet of the equator!" he said.

A little farther along the road we came to

Thomson Falls, one of the sights of the district that I had heard much of. Far too much for me to be satisfied with those three meagre streams falling about one hundred and seventy feet. Local enthusiasm had roused hopes too high, and this was but one of several such instances. There is a type of African settler who is soul brother to the resident of Southern California.

Here in the high country were pines, good to see after the long stretches of elephant grass. In this section elephants, buffalo and rhino wander, unmolested for the most part. There are lions, too, but that we saw none may have been in answer to Findlay's prayers.

"Went through here last week with an official from the public works department," he said. "While I was putting on a new tyre, the official took a shot at a lion. He wounded, but did not kill him, and you know what that means. I was quick with my gun and got in the finishing shot, but it was a near thing. I'd rather not see any lions this time, if you don't mind."

Startling, almost incredible in that wilderness, came the noise of an engine. We followed the sound along the road through a cedar forest, and came on a factory; a saw mill cutting slabs of cedar to be made into pencils. There were piles enough of the fragrant slabs to provide the world with pencils for years to come. Natives stood about, eagerly watching the engine. "What kind of *dawa* (medicine) makes it go?" they asked. "Only

Europeans know that *dawa*," was the answer given.

Hospitality transplanted from Australia interfered with our plan to stay at Rumuruti that night. Our host, a major, but a settler of the hard-working kind, insisted that we share rice and curry with him and the cow-boys who ride over his twenty-two thousand acres. Australian, Irish and American, we gave each other the gossip of the wide world over that rollicking dinner in the one room log cabin.

Next morning I galloped across the grassy plains—plains still unbroken by roads—toward Nanyuki, on the northern slope of Mount Kenya. But only *toward*. I had no desire to see that fashionable settlement where retired army officers and people of wealth live surrounded by every comfort, and for less than half what it would cost at such a resort in Europe. Ten miles beyond Nanyuki is a sanatorium for tuberculosis sufferers. Two of the present residents are from the United States. It was interesting to know that these places were so near, but they had no part in the Africa that I was seeing, so I wheeled my pony, and galloped back across the roadless plains.

At the major's next morning I did a trick of corn threshing before Findlay and I went our way. At Pesi, a tiny town in the making, we stopped for petrol, which we found in a settlers' co-operative store. These stores, usually small and housed in sheds, form a centre of community life for many miles, and do well in white settlements in spite of

competition from the *dukas*. We fell into talk with two men who had come to stock up on the staples of farm life, including Epsom salts, bacon, benedictine and port.

Somebody remembered that it was St. Patrick's Day. Instantly we set sundown many hours ahead, and broke our record on sundowners. While the air was ringing with the Wearing of the Green, a native came in and said he wanted to buy a cow. We asked him why.

"To trade for *bibi* (girl) and be married," he said.

In our mellow mood the reason seemed excellent. A Somali trader entered the store, and one of us asked him whether he had a cow to sell. He had, and we chipped together and bought it. Somalis are no novelty in that part of the country; they have come in great numbers since the Masai left, but that one should appear with a cow to sell at the moment when we needed a cow to make a wedding in honour of St. Patrick seemed a bit of rare good fortune. Our celebration continued while the native drove his cow toward the hut of his beloved.

I was back at Waterloo for the social event of the month in that section of the Rift—the cattle auction at Gilgil. Whether or not one has cattle, the auction is not missed. During the preceding night and the early morning of the great day, guests from all the country round arrived at Waterloo. The servants announced their approach, not with the

names by which these gentlemen are known in their own world, but by the picturesque, descriptive ones which the natives bestow. Bwana Machingo, the Master-Who-Does-Not-Speak-Native-Well, came first, and was soon followed by Bwana Kihara, Master-Without-Hair. Then came Bwana Kinora, Master - Who - Speaks - Like - the - Whistle - of - an - Engine, and Bwana Jicho Moja—the One-eyed Master. Once accustomed to this style of naming, Smith, Brown and even Delamere seem ridiculously inadequate. But I felt an odd delicacy in inquiring about my own native name.

Each used the transportation of his purse or choice, and motor-cars and cycles, buggies, horses and mules took us to the scene of the auction. The shed, a mile from Gilgil, was already full when we arrived. Every man, woman and child who could come was there. In spite of little trading among the Europeans hundreds of cattle changed hands, for Indians were there in great numbers, and Somalis, looking far too picturesque in their turbans and silks to be engaged on a business venture.

Boran cattle, donkeys, mules, and even a few camels were on sale, brought by Abyssinians who had been three or four months on the road. Kikuyu and Kamba added to the picture, and to the sound and fury with their wild gesturing and shouted bids. The auctioneer, a New Zealander out from Nairobi, had need of many tongues as well as an iron throat.

Europe and Asia and Africa met in that twenty-

LIFE IN GREAT RIFT VALLEY 121

five by twenty-five arena. And the ground, so few years ago, was a battle centre for blacks whose means of acquiring cattle was to raid and pillage. It was a phase of civilization that the auctioneer called in his fog-horn voice.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WESTERN KENYA

Kisumu—Among the Bantu Kavirondo—Witchcraft murder trial at Kakamega—The troglodytes of Mount Elgon.

I HATED to leave Waterloo. Why not, I considered, try to arrange a partnership with the doctor? Two weeks from Mombasa to Genoa, another full week to New York; it was not an unconscionable distance between ranch and home. To own even a bit of the great Rift Valley—I thrust the temptation from me. It is a hampered and half-hearted traveller who has put down roots, and I had come a long way to see as much of Central Africa as my eye and brain could compass.

In London a friend who knew Africa had said, "Don't miss the Kafirondo people. You'll find them interesting."

"How do you spell them, and where are they?" I asked.

"With an *f*, but most people lean to a *v*," he told me, and gave a few stray bits of information. The Kavirondo are the tribes inhabiting the Nyanza province. Though under the one generic

name, they fall into two great groups of separate origin; there are 425,000 Nilotic and 300,000 Bantu Kavirondo. Their customs differ widely, and scant attention has been given them by travellers. Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, is governmental headquarters for the district.

And Kisumu was my objective when I boarded the train at Gilgil. The way lay through an interesting country. Over yonder stood Menengai, the dead volcano with crater ten miles long and seven wide. There is a legend among the natives that this crater is the burial place of many elephants. The tale is so plausible that it has added names to the long list of those who adventure after buried treasure. Better than Captain Kidd's gold, two settlers thought, and they made the perilous descent into the mountain. They never came back. Snakes, perhaps, or bloodthirsty beasts guard that rich store of ivory.

The train climbed wooded mountains. We crossed the Mau summit at 8,300 feet, and dropped again to the lake's level at less than half that altitude. Tunnels and other feats of engineering reminded of the Alps, the Rockies and the Sierras, but human figures along the way brought the realization that this was Central Africa, and could be nowhere else in the wide world. For example, in the station shed at Lumbwa were two women, cloaked and veiled, and near by were others whose sole covering was a grass tassel, hanging suspended by a cord at the back of their waists and looking

like the docked tail of a horse. The women who were clothed were of the Nilotic tribe Nandi, in which it is the custom to cover face and body for two weeks after circumcision. The green tassel also had tribal significance which I was later to learn. At Kibos, though black men with goat skins over their shoulders and round on round of iron wire on arms and legs were the only ones to be seen, Lewis said, "Look at Harrow." It was astonishing. The neat station with its gardened background somehow suggests the English town that my companion called home.

And then Kisumu. We passed through the station and stood on the pier running into the lake. Victoria Nyanza. The source of the Nile. I could hear its waters lapping. Another romance-conjuring name in Africa had become a reality in my life.

We had come so easily. By rail. In a first-class carriage. And out there a pretentious steamer awaited passengers to cross the lake. I thought of the pioneers of so short a time ago who made the journey with infinite hardship and peril. And I did not think merely of the great names that will always be bracketed with Africa in memory. I thought too of that party of missionaries, which included five women, who tramped from Mombasa to Kisumu. During the ten weeks they were on the way, the danger from wild beasts was the danger least dreaded. They were trailed by savages, and their march halted while they buried the bodies of friends



(Upper) NANDI GIRLS VEILED AFTER CIRCUMCISION.
(Lower) MASAI MILK VENDOR AND SHABANI AT A STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

who had preceded them on the road, and had been killed by Nandis. A man of the party told me the story, and others of the group are still at work in Africa—it all happened so short a time ago as that. Two of the women have died; one married and went away, but two live on in Uganda in their work.

But length of time counts for nothing in these matters, and all this is ancient history now. Kisumu we found to be a sleepy little town, hardly more than a quiet nook at the eastern end of Kavirondo Gulf. Some day, since it is the chief port of Lake Victoria, Kisumu may become an important transit place for cotton and other produce for Nyanza province, and for Uganda, across the lake. Now its chief reason for being is to serve as headquarters for Government and for the Uganda Railway and Marine Terminal, whose officials form the main part of the town's two score European residents. The rest of the city is made up of Indians and Goanese, who attend to the business with the Kavirondo. No small *shauri* this, and it is growing rapidly, for Nyanza is densely populated, and the Kavirondo are thrifty.

The hotel which took us in and made us comfortable was small. From the verandah outside my room I looked across the tin-roofed bank building about the size of a fire engine house in an American village. The soft patter of black feet, and the occasional whirr of motor-car and cycle were the only sounds of traffic. The absence of

horses was eloquent announcement that here the tsetse fly prevails and does its deadly work.

I came to know the town well. Just as Nairobi had been headquarters for excursions into native reserves, so was Kisumu in its section. The friendships of white men who meet in far places are of growth swift as Jonah's gourd. European homes and clubs were open to us, and made each return to the little port a pleasure.

Like all places about Lake Victoria, Kisumu has a bad name for fever; and towns, like people, discover that reformation counts for little in the matter of reputation. Time was, no doubt, when Kisumu deserved everything that was said, but hygienic and sanitary work have gone far in the last years. Officials and private individuals are realizing that this is the first and most necessary work to be done. Government, missions and private hospitals have accomplished much, but are hampered by a need for money.

An inkling of the kind of work that is under way came to me one morning when, back from a walk over the hills and along the Connaught promenade, I dropped in on the district commissioner. I wanted to talk to him about the herd of tame impallas I had seen, and my discovery that Tabarite means "place of departed spirits" and that in Kavirondo belief the mountain of that name is the place where they dwell. I found the commissioner outside his house, standing on a flower-lined walk, and so engrossed that he neither saw

nor heard me. At intervals of a few inches along the edge of the path lay row after row of browning black strippings, tied with palm leaf fibre into bunches. My official friend was bending over this curious array. "Five thousand nine hundred and thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two," he was saying.

No count is to be interrupted with any tale of impallas or of ghosts, so I waited until the commissioner straightened to his six foot height, and turned toward me. "There are five thousand nine hundred and sixty of them," he said. "Good showing for this district, isn't it?"

"Are they valuable?" I asked.

"Very," he said. "What do you think they are?"

Knowing that everything grows in Kenya, I ventured, "Vanilla beans."

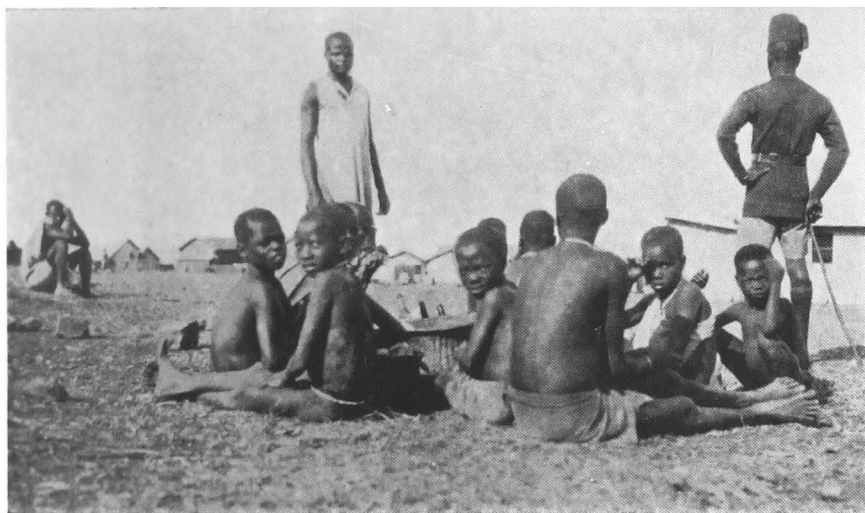
He laughed. "Not bad for resemblance, but otherwise very far off. They are rat tails."

Formerly thousands of people died each year of the plague, which is carried by flea ridden rats. Now the annual deaths from plague can be counted by hundreds, for a system has been introduced of requiring from every hut at least one dead rat each week. In earnest and proof that the rats are caught and killed the tails are sent to headquarters in bunches of ten. On the wall of the commissioner's office hung the monthly rat location returns for the year 1922. The total for the year was 3,756,000 rats destroyed in Nyanza province.

In the district about Kakamega I saw houses built on stumps two feet high. Cans containing a chemical fatal to rats were fastened to the stumps. The warfare against the plague carriers is everywhere carried on, and there can be no interval of truce. Black rats are now migrating from the north, and are killing the brown species, but the black are the more harmful.

European Kisumu was the merest preface to the native life thereabout. In the streets and market-place I saw representatives of both the Kavirondo tribes—the naked Nilote, the clothed Bantu. My London friend had been right. With a *v* has come to be the accepted spelling, though with an *f* gives the etymology more clearly. The etymology, that is, of the name as it is accounted for in the version I like best. Kafir, the Arabian word for unbeliever, was applied to these blacks by the slave and ivory hunters. The rest of the word derives from *mirondo*, by which the blacks described the noise of Arab guns. And thus it stands—a hybrid name of mutual reproach, natural when strange peoples of conflicting interests meet.

Roughly estimated, the Nilotic territory is a strip of land about fifteen miles wide extending from Port Sio to Shirati, which means the north-eastern shore of Lake Victoria, and including Kavirondo Gulf. The Nilotes are supposed to belong to the great Dinka tribe of Soudan, and they call themselves Ja-luo. When they came down from the



(Upper) A GROUP OF KAVIRONDO CHILDREN, KISUMU.
(Lower) KISUMU MARKET, THE MEETING PLACE OF MANY RACES.

north they found in possession a Bantu tribe, which they called Ja-Mwa. The present land of the Bantu Kavirondo lies north of the Nilotic territory. It was among the Bantus that we made our first expeditions, setting out in an old box-bodied Ford, and headed toward the Nandi Escarpment.

We had covered only a few miles when we came on a crowd of people, assembled in a field for the weekly bazaar. But in addition to business there was much sport, and the eating of vast quantities of dried fish and banana stew. The aggregation of black bodies—there must have been five thousand—with blankets fluttering in the wind made a picture not easily forgotten. Here and there in the throng a woman with water jar on her head moved with stately grace. It was a turning back of the centuries, a return to ancient days. Ourselves and that decrepit car were the only reminders of the year 1923.

But in the nearby settlement, Kaimosi, was a mission with a sawmill—an institution so modern as that. It is in charge of a versatile missionary from Indiana, a giant standing six feet three, and very popular, according to rumour. He was away on the day of my visit, hauling timber on his motor-truck, and I regretted the necessity of going on without talking with him.

In the middle of a forest beyond Kaimosi the car stuck. Not all our tinkering could induce it to budge another inch, and it looked as though we must choose between making camp there and walking

out, but Barney reconnoitred and found a soldier's settlement. From it a woman in a motor came to our aid, and took us, at the usual rate of two shillings a mile, to the nearest government station, Kakamega, where we found ourselves in the heart of the Bantu Kavirondo district.

The district commissioner received us hospitably and put a *banda* at our disposal. In that round adobe hut with a pole in the centre and a high grass roof we made ourselves comfortable, and adjusted our minds to the idea of an indefinite stay. Rain came in torrents. Our rescuing car must be sent from Kisumu, and it would be at least two days, even if the rain should stop, before the roads would be in condition. Lewis reminded me that time is nothing in Africa. It can't be. We were guests of the commissioner for dinner, but by morning Barney had his own kitchen in working order. After breakfast I got out my materials for a day of writing, and pushed the table to the *banda* opening for light, since there were no windows. I became interested in a gang of prisoners planting beans in a field across the road.

The convict uniform is khaki shorts and white blouses. The broad arrow marking is the sign of His Majesty's property, but it happens also to be the totem of the tribe, which may account for the happy faces of the prisoners. Or perhaps they like the customs which prison life forces upon them—sleeping on a cot, a daily tub, the possession of a blanket.

I had no need only to trust my eyes and the word of the officers with regard to the cheerful acceptance of a sentence. Barney talked with some of the prisoners, and learned that jail was no hardship. One regretted that he must so soon go away, for when he went he must give up his blanket. Occasionally they are allowed to visit their homes or go to a funeral; given a day off until sundown. Always they come back, and generally on time. One of the commissioner's stories is on an occasion when two were late in returning. The sun was gone and all the stars were out and the warden had gone to bed when the prisoners knocked at the gate. Their vigorous and repeated pounding wakened the warden, but he had no thought of getting up. He merely shouted to them to come back in the morning. The disappointed prisoners tried to open the gate for themselves, but found the ramshackle affair was much easier to get out of than to enter, so they spent the night shivering on the ground outside, anxiously awaiting the morning and the turn of the key in the lock.

More than once I saw an askari give a prisoner a loaded rifle to carry; so in this friendly place it was often the convict, not the guard, who went armed. Looking on from the opening in my *banda*, I registered a hope that if a prisoner sentence ever fell to my lot I might be able to establish as cordial relations with my keepers.

As usual during a stay at a government station, I asked the commissioner to let me know if any-

thing special were happening, whether it were wedding, birth or funeral. One morning not long after he had left for the thatched shed which adjoined the jail and served for office and court-room, an askari appeared at my *banda* opening, saluted, and presented a note. I read: "A witchcraft murder case has just been brought in. Do you care to come over and hear it?"

My answer was a sprint down the muddy road to judicial headquarters. The proceedings could not have been conducted with more austerity at Lincoln Inn. In the chair was the district commissioner, dressed in khaki. The clerk of the court, a Goanese in black and white jacket, was at his left. Lewis and I stood at the right and faced the prisoner—a tall Bantu Kavirondo, muscular but lanky, and with a red blanket over his shoulder. He was guarded by two askaris. A native interpreter, witnesses and tribal elders completed the picture. The first and chief witness was the uncle of the accused. The district commissioner interpreted for me, so I was able to follow question and answer in this strange trial in which primitive belief and crime were bared to civilized judgment.

The old uncle began: "One morning he came to me saying he had killed a man."

"Who came to you?" interrupted the district commissioner.

"My nephew. He said he had killed somebody. I asked him who it was that he had killed, and he said it was Asunda."

The commissioner made notes and asked questions; the old man answered straightforwardly, and without pause.

“ At what time did he kill Asunda? ”

“ When it was dark. ”

“ Why did he kill him? ”

“ My nephew said Asunda made witchcraft, like a witch doctor, running about the hut. ”

“ Where did he kill him? ”

“ Down by the River Tuare. ”

“ Tell me all that you saw; not what your nephew told you, ” the commissioner said.

“ I went with him down to the river to look. I saw a stomach. No arm. No leg. Nothing but stomach. The hyænas had been there. ”

For the next minutes *tumbo* (stomach) was constantly recurrent. I came to listen for it as a key word.

“ It may have been the *tumbo* of an ox, ” the commissioner said.

“ It was the *tumbo* of a man, ” the uncle declared.

But there was doubt whether the witness understood, and there followed much talk between the Goanese clerk of the court and the native interpreter; finally reaching the conclusion that the stomach found by the River Tuare could never have belonged to sheep or pig or wild goat. It was the *tumbo* of a man.

The commissioner took up his questioning. “ What did you do when you saw it? ”

“ I knew that a man had been killed, and I was

frightened. I made ready to move away with my cattle, but the elders stopped me."

"Why did they stop you?"

"They thought that I, not my nephew, had killed the man. They seized my cattle."

"What did you do then?"

"I told them all I knew."

The commissioner turned to the accused man. "Do you wish to say anything?"

"They are true; these things that my uncle says," he answered quietly.

An old man was next called, and said: "I am one of the tribal elders in Chief Sedi's country in northern Kitosh."

"What do you know about the murder?"

"We, the elders, heard that Asunda had been killed, and that the man who spoke first was moving away, so we seized his cattle and his slaves."

"What did he do then?"

"He went to find his nephew, and brought him before us, the elders. The nephew said he had killed Asunda because he had come to the door of his hut at night and had peeped in, first at one corner, and then at another as a hyæna would." The elder imitated the curious sidelong walk of a hyæna. "He thought it meant that someone was putting witchcraft upon him, and he killed Asunda. And so we brought him here."

The elder stopped. There was no more to tell. The commissioner offered the accused man the

privilege of questioning the elder. "His words are true," was the response.

When asked whether he wished to make a statement, the young man spoke at length, telling the whole story in a gentle, commonplace tone. "It is true. I killed the man. His name is Asunda Omiju. Late at night when everyone was asleep he came. I too slept. Something moved by my door and I woke. I saw it looking in, low down, like a hyæna. I thought it was a hyæna and I seized my spear and ran out. But I saw a man running, and I knew that he had come to put witchcraft upon me. I ran after him, and called, and stabbed hard with my spear into his back. He fell down."

"But why did you stab him?"

"He made no answer when I called. He moved about my hut like a hyæna, and I knew that he worked witchcraft."

"Did you speak to him before you struck?"

"I asked him why he had not answered when I called, but I stabbed him while I spoke. And blood came from him, and he died."

The prisoner was committed to trial before the high court. I pondered the terror of the unseen and the mysterious that walks always at the side of the primitive, and I marvelled that the case had been brought before European authority. The elders might have dealt with the murderer by fining him goats or cattle and the affair never have come to the knowledge of the commissioner. But they had

walked fifty miles, bringing him with them, to set the case before the white man.

“ There is no longer anything unusual in that,” the district commissioner said. “ It happens right along. A few months ago the elders of a tribe on the slopes of Mount Elgon brought in a man they had caught cutting up a dead girl. Cannibal, you know. And when the elders in the cave-dweller tribes do that, the respect for European authority has reached rather far.”

Mount Elgon, at times snow-capped and rising more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea, was in view while we talked. This extinct volcano, with its principal crater having a diameter of seven and a half miles, is one of the largest in the world, but that is not its chief claim to interest. The caves hollowed out in the basalt formation and the tribes that dwell in them have caused much speculation and some research since the discovery of the mountain in 1883 by Joseph Thomson. The caverns are fortresses that can be closed against enemy tribes that seek to plunder cattle and women. The Koromojo people and Masai are those most feared. More than once the Masai have attempted to smoke the cave-dwellers out, and in consequence some have moved down to the plains, but many remain in the rocky fastnesses. The district is under charge of the Kakamega commissioner, and he had recently visited the El Konyi tribe in northern Kitosh. I told him I wanted a glimpse of the troglodytes. He said the expedition could be

arranged, but he warned me it would be no pleasure trip.

The rain had stopped. The car from Kisumu had come. We laid in a supply of spring chickens at ten cents, and eggs at one cent each. At dawn next morning we were on our way towards the caves of Mount Elgon, but with two important persons to visit en route.

Our first stop was at Mumias. It was once a government station, but is now deserted because blackwater fever carried off one European after another. But one man refused either to die or be frightened away, and he is still robust after twelve years of work in that notorious region. Father Stam may yet be found at Mumias, a joy to the wayfarer for his genial personality and his talk. The Bantu Kavirondo have been a year's long study with him, and that night at the mission he told me much of their religion and custom; information which illuminated happenings I had seen or was to see, and which will be set down in another place. For pastime Father Stam studies birds, and busies himself with water-colour sketches of the little known, or new varieties, to be sent away for identification.

The next person of importance to be found was Chief Marunga, who would help us in visiting the caves. We crossed miles on miles of the undulating country of southern Kitosh, came to the village Malikisi, and went into the government camp near by, all in accordance with the district commissioner's instructions. Chief Marunga we found

in one of his *bomas* ten miles from our camp. *One of his bomas*, for he has half a dozen, and each holds half a dozen wives. Khaki clothes and a moustache set Marunga apart from most chiefs; and rumour says he sometimes wears Arab garments. Certainly this important chief who rules over twenty-four thousand people shows a willingness to take on the manners of the world which encroaches. Stretches of four-foot cotton in bloom were an evidence of the industry of the clan. I congratulated Marunga, and told him I knew something about cotton. He summoned a group of men, and said something in which I heard the words *bwana*, and America, and *pamba*, and *muzuri*. Probably none in the group had ever heard of America, but all knew *pamba* (cotton) and *muzuri* (good) and were glad to be told that by a *bwana* from wherever.

Our courtesies over, we went back to camp, and enjoyed Barney's curry. Next day Marunga returned our visit in state with his headmen and eldest son. We sat with them in front of the hut, making what conversation we might, when in the distance sounded music, and brought all talk to a halt.

Over the hill ten men and five girls came running, making their music as they ran. Some sang; some beat drums; some blew on whistles. Half a dozen times they ran round the hut, beginning with wide circles, but gradually lessening the circumference, until at last it was a mere rotating in front of us. The dance became not unlike a

Tyrolean jig. A *ngoma* in our honour, manifestly; we were being royally entertained by Chief Marunga. And the entertainment included refreshment. Big bowls of *tembo* were passed around, and chickens, honey and rice. We remembered *tembo* from Mbiti's *maniata*. The native beer looks disconcertingly like dishwater, but is refreshing. Four cups of it has the effect of a stiff drink of whisky. The dance went on, and from somewhere a new instrument came into the orchestra. It looked somewhat like a guitar; was made of wood and python skin and was strung with ox tendon. Between the shrill pipe of the whistles and the dull definite note of the drum it twanged and throbbed, and stirred forgotten instincts.

In leaving, Chief Marunga said he had arranged for our ascent of the mountain next day, and had provided an escort of natives to meet us at Misigo Camp, near Kirui's. We started before sunrise; parked our car at the appointed spot near a waterfall, and with the promised escort of natives plus a donkey, set out on the eighteen mile stretch before us. For twelve miles we tramped across plains, then began a sharp ascent. The caves lie at an elevation between six thousand and seven thousand feet, and are below a forest broken here and there with patches of bamboo.

At intervals we came out into open spaces with natives tending grazing cattle, and we knew that we were among the troglodytes, for many leave the caverns by day. The women were covered with

long cloaks of hide, and wore iron rings around their necks. A skin about the loins, and iron bands on wrists and ankles clothed the men, and they had thick wooden pegs in the ear-lobes. Their hair was long and braided in the manner of the Nandi and the Masai. One man approached us and proved that his errand was friendly in spite of the spear in his hand by offering us honey out of a hide ingeniously shaped into a bag. Bees and beehives on all sides indicated their importance to these people. The theft of a hive is punished by a fine of two fowls. Honey is the principal food, but it is supplemented with rats and snakes and game.

Winded from the steep trail, I was glad when the fleet, sure-footed escort paused to bombard with stones a big snake that was sunning himself on a rock. I took the opportunity to get my breath. The donkey might as well have spent the day grazing by the waterfall; he was useless on that succession of sheer rocky walls out of which the caves open. Above us we could see the huge apertures, black and menacing against the green of bush and trees. And this was the home to which the tenders of cattle returned! One final spurt of energy took us up the last cliff; we rounded a twist in the trail, and I sank down to rest a while on the earth and grass in front of the cave.

I should be, at generous estimate, perhaps the tenth white man to enter one of the Mount Elgon caves. Thomson was the first, for he came upon the caves on the southern side soon after he



(Upper) THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT ELGON.
(Lower) MARUNGA, A PROGRESSIVE CHIEF IN N. KAVIRONDO, BANTU GROUP.

discovered the mountain. A hundred yards was as far as he ventured; darkness made further exploration impossible. His conclusion was that the caves were the work of an ancient race, with some civilization, who burrowed into the mountain in quest of gold and other treasure. But a less romantic view is taken by the later explorers—Jackson, Gedge, Hobley, Sir Harry Johnston, Major Powell-Cotton, Dundas, and Lindblom who was a member of the Swedish-African expedition in 1920. These men all believe that the caves are subjects of study for the geologist, not the archæologist; that water, not human hands, was the agency at work. The rainfall in the district is tremendous, and the erosion may have been accomplished by water filtering through the fissures in the soft basalt formation, or it may have been done by ground streams. One scientist notes resemblances between the Elgon caves and those of the Mesa Verde in Colorado.

The theory now generally accepted is that the caves of Mount Elgon were discovered by weak tribes seeking safety from their enemies. The origin of the cave-dwelling folk is still a matter of conjecture. They claim kinship with the Masai, but neither language nor religion indicates that this is true; both appear to derive from the Nandi. Nothing about the source of the tribe can be deduced from their arms and implements, for they buy their shields from Bantu neighbours, and from the Suk, their principal weapon, a javelin made of a flexible wooden shaft with oval point made of iron. From

the Suk come also the wooden headrests on which the troglodytes sleep. Probably the first comers to the caves were pure Nandi, and they brought a few possessions. Later they were joined by other refugees and adventurers; the Nandi blood was mixed, and a hybrid tribe has resulted.

These things I went over in my mind while I rested after my climb.

There were two mouths to the cavern, each about three feet high and four across, and both were closed with a bamboo grating. In front of this fence, and set at intervals, were tall, strong reed baskets, filled with grain. The only sign of life was a young goat, roaming about and testing his battered strength against the baskets. Projecting cliffs formed a canopy over the entrance.

It was all desolate to the last degree. I faced about and revelled in the Kaimosi range and the Nandi Escarpment, superb in the distance. But I had not made that climb for the sake of a view nor to linger outside of caves which might, so far as their formation went, have been in Colorado or Japan, or Ceylon or the North of Ireland.

The guides showed no enthusiasm about entering, and evidently had no suggestions to offer. They had brought us, and their work was done. I pounded on the bamboo grating, and found it astonishingly solid. Lewis and I discussed the possibility of the cave dwellers being all in the fields by day. Or if any were within, they might be terrified and hidden. Probably no whites, other

than the district commissioners, had ever been there. While we were waiting outside, pounding on the bamboo and wondering what to do next, we heard a baby crying.

It was encouraging. Someone was within; we had only to make ourselves welcome. Beads usually will buy popularity with savages, and I had bought quantities of them at the *duka* in Mumias. I threw a string over the bamboo grating. A tiny black hand reached from the darkness and grabbed it.

The bait was tempting. A moment later a small boy appeared behind the bamboo. He was followed by something on fours; something that looked like a small animal, crouching, and moving slowly as a turtle. They made a narrow opening in the bamboo and came out. The child, with the manner of one leading the blind, guided the pitiful creature to a pile of mud beyond the reed grain baskets. As they passed us, quite close and no longer afraid, we saw that the crawling thing was a woman, incredibly old—a skeleton covered with wrinkled black skin. She was wrapped in a thin cowhide. Her face was no larger than my hand. Her bleared eyes blinked. Was it the first time in months or in years that she had seen the light? I could sense her amazement at our presence, and to reassure her, I hung a string of beads about her neck. If there had been any question about whether we were under observation from within the caves, it would have been answered then. A girl

came out at once; she was followed by another, and another.

I gave them beads, and watched their preening. And I remembered, with pity, that these girls would never escape from life in the caves unless the entire clan moved into the open. For they may not marry outside their tribe; their purchase price is five pots of honey and five goats.

Now that friendship had been established, we entered the caves by squeezing through the opening in the bamboo, our lighted lamps held high. A fire smouldered near the entrance, and an old man squatted beside it. Behind its small circle of light lay darkness, not to be far penetrated by our slight beams. Thirty hesitating steps completed the exploration in that direction, for as we progressed our feet sank deeper and deeper into slimy mud. And I realized that bones and bodies lay beneath that mud, for it is the custom of the tribe to bury its dead within the dwelling-place.

The air was stifling as that of the steam room in a Turkish bath, and foul besides. Near the wall of the cave we saw men lying on long flat stones. Though our lights shone in their faces, they did not stir. We groped our way across to the opposite wall, and there the slimy ooze into which our feet sunk gave out the unmistakable odour of cow dung. Manifestly the cattle were sheltered there at night. Insects hopped about; fleas, we discovered when we were again in the light.

The district commissioner had warned against

venturing too far. He had said the caves were mammoth, and stretched deep into the mountain, and there was danger of falling into a pool of water—a real pool, not the legendary one spoken of by the natives on the outside. For though the dwellers in the sunlight appear to have little curiosity about the trogdolytes, one interesting myth is extant. Behind a pool which stretches straight across one of the caves lives a gigantic cow. Sometimes she comes out to graze, but this is at long, long intervals, and always is foretold by rumblings in the mountain, and a rising of the level of the water. Real pool or mythical, I did not care to risk a bath, so I flashed my light for one last look over the strange scene, and we left the caves by the cattle entrance.

At the moment of our emerging, a man came up the trail, driving a cow. He turned one astonished glance in our direction, but instantly focussed his gaze on the old woman, still lying on the mud heap. However startling the presence of white men might be, it was manifest that the sight of her there was yet more startling.

And at once she stirred and began her slow crawling. The child guided her back through the narrow opening into the foul dark cavern. Into that incredible home under the crust of the mountain! Like an owl, she had blinked at the daylight. She had fumbled her way, as might a bat deprived of wings. What had the fragrant air and the chirping birds meant to her? And who was

146 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

she? Perhaps the century-old mother of the clan. Pitiful beyond words, she had seemed not one removed from the animal, but the animal's very self.

For the hour I had been not far beyond the stone age.

CHAPTER IX

HINTERLAND OF VICTORIA NYANZA

Boer settlers of the Uasin Gishu plateau—Kisumu—
Voyage of the Jahazi—Kendu—Ox-cart *safari*—Kisii.

WE jumped centuries in the night. Our road that next day lay through Kitale, a thriving little village eighteen months old and across the Uasin Gishu plateau.

The district is settled chiefly by Boers who, finding South Africa crowded, trekked to this fertile highland. Its stretches of treeless veldt must remind the immigrants of the country left behind them. Vast fields of corn and wheat and oats, flax and coffee and sisal may be seen from the road, and many of these well-cultivated farms are more than a hundred miles from the railway. Bullock carts serve the settlers for transportation to Londiani, the nearest Uganda railway station. The roads, never too good, are impassable in bad weather.

Sturdy folk, with an air of old Holland, are the settlers in their brick and stone houses. A flat tyre caused us to seek entertainment for the night at a farm owned, we learned, by relatives of Oom Paul. In Africa one realizes that the great Kruger was not

merely the symbolic uncle of his people; he was blood kin to an astonishing number of them.

Head of the welcoming household was a grey-bearded man; his four sons, and the wives of the married three lived with him. The place swarmed with children, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed. I hurried out and shot a water buck, feeling that some sort of contribution in the way of food would be no more than decent. But while the courtesy was appreciated and my skill complimented, the water buck might have gone on living for ever so far as need went. The table at which we sat for dinner was long enough to accommodate us all. The lamp shone on the biggest soup tureen I have ever seen, huge dishes of potatoes, thick slices of steak, vegetables, butter, cheese, pancakes and syrup. It was a dinner not to be forgotten, and every article in it was a product of the farm.

Entertainment followed food. Rita and Greta, twins, played on the piano. Being no musician, I have no idea what it was that their little fingers thumped out, but it was charming. Another girl recited a poem. "Longfellow's," she said, smiling at the American guests. "Life is real; life is earnest" the little Boer girl assured us, in vigorous Dutch. The grandfather dozed into sleep. It was a pleasant homely evening, leaving an indelible picture. Our suggestion of payment next morning was shoved aside as an affront to hospitality. Strangers, and a broken car. What of it? We were guests.

We went our way with pleasant memories of grandsire, fathers and sons dwelling together on the family lands. Though we had jumped centuries since Mount Elgon we seemed not yet to have quite reached the present. The patriarchal household belonged to an older day than ours. Older and sturdier and simpler.

Eldoret is the government seat of the plateau district. We stopped to pay our respects and recharge with petrol, and in that village we saw a newspaper office, and a drug store, and a lady buying perfume and a powder puff. In a nearby garden was an English boy playing with bow and arrow. Farther and farther into an incredible past receded the caves of Mount Elgon, but they came nearer again when, a few hours later, we passed through the forests in the Nandi Reserve. There we were among the blacks again. Most conspicuous of those we saw by the road were little boys with dabs of red or white paint on various parts of their bodies. Was it a game, I wondered? Or make-up for some children's *ngoma*? Inquiry showed that I was far afield. Those dabs of paint were therapeutic measures, preventive medicine, I take it. A touch of paint on the forehead or the tummy keeps headache or bellyache away.

On we spun, leaving Nandi reserve and the forests behind us, and found ourselves again in the country of the Nilotes. Had there been no other distinctions, we should have known we were by the manner of greeting of the Jaluo, as they call them-

150. WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

selves. The hand shoots out as though about to hurl a projectile, but it lands above the perforated ear of the Kavirondo in a fashion truly military. This salute was brought back from the war by those who went as porters; young and old have adopted it. But the words which accompany this disconcerting gesture are no new thing. They are a part of the tribe's ritual of politeness. "*Yambo bwana*," says the native in Swahili, and follows it with a grunt.

The proper answer is *Muzuri*, to which you add a grunt if you wish to be cordial.

We camped by the road that night, for the wheel was off again and we could not reach a settlement. Fortunately, Barney had taken all the *kukus* (chickens) offered by Marunga and had stored them away in the tin bucket that he never travelled without. I had wondered about that bucket, tied always to the dashboard, but discovered that Barney used it to hold my sponge, the sparklet bottle, the ingredients for sundowners, and any food we were given or otherwise collected by the way. One day when the car was going its limit of twenty miles an hour, I was awakened from a doze by a rooster crowing at my elbow. It came from Barney's bucket, and was a protest against the cigarette I had dropped before going to sleep.

Kisumu again. But this time we were not to linger. In quest of information I joined the throng on the pier.

The arrival and departure of the steamer of the Uganda Railway Marine which crosses Lake

Victoria is the chief diversion of the week. The pier and steamer are, for the time being, the social centre of Kisumu. Everybody is there, and the bar is kept busy. Passengers on the boat get the impression that Kisumu is the liveliest town in Central Africa, or would if they were not for the most part government officials who make the run very frequently. Travellers for travel's sake are rare. Any information is hard to get; and that about places off the beaten track all but impossible. Everyone is eager to help the stranger in planning a *safari*, but between lack of knowledge and differences of opinion about the impassability of roads, and porters to carry loads, and which chiefs will furnish *posho*, the traveller is more bewildered than helped by advice.

My questions about ways and means of getting into the South Kavirondo country were met with, "Why go there? It's undeveloped, and unhealthy, except in the highlands, and there is nothing to be seen." But I insisted that I wished to see the natives, chiefly because they have been looked at so little, and learned that I could go by government boat to Kendu, or by *dhow* to Homa Bay across the Kavirondo Gulf. The government boat was the more reliable, for it sailed once a week; and the *dhow's* sailing is dependent on the amount of grain cargo coming from that section. Once in Kendu I was to walk the thirty miles to Kisii, the government headquarters for the district.

I had heard of Kisii before. At Nairobi in the

refectory of the Roman Catholic church I had met a priest from the mission near Kisii. A pleasant man and friendly; full of interesting talk about the natives. I looked forward to seeing him again. We learned that it would take at least two weeks to arrange from Kisumu for porters to meet us in Kendu and carry our equipment, so we planned to leave at the next sailing of the government boat, the *Jahazi*, and trust to luck on getting a bullock-cart at Kendu for the baggage.

Here at Kisumu came a change in our party. We had to replace Lewis' boy Joshua, who was not strong enough for *safari*. Out of the several applicants, we picked a husky young Kikuyu. His name, Karioki, means Do-It-Slowly. Proudly he gave us a reference from his last employer, and we read, "Discharged for insolence." It would have seemed a betrayal of confidence to let his naïve display of his "character" stand in the way of his job. Besides, we reasoned from our own experience that his former employer had probably been a bit too kind and considerate, qualities which are always mistaken for weakness by the African negro. That is now, in the early days of these relationships. In a few generations it will no doubt be different. We took our chance with Do-It-Slowly.

I was excited as a boy with the realization that at last I was on the brink of a real *safari*. I did not know the word until I saw it in the *London Times* in an advertisement of the Cape to Cairo trip, but there had not been a day in Africa that it had not

come to my ears and been on my tongue. And my equipment, bought soon after the reading of that advertisement, costing so much thought and time and money, had thus far been dragged uselessly from place to place. It had been a white elephant on my hands; the thought of it had become a nightmare. But now it was to be used, every bit of it, from tent and sleeping cots down to kettles, pots and pans. I felt a kinship with Speke, and Livingstone, and Stanley—they, too, had *safaried*. It took the boys the whole day before starting to load the stuff on H.M.S. *Jahazi*.

The little boat—sixty-five feet over all—used now in government service, is a relic of the old days. *Jahazi* is Swahili for *dhow*. Built many years ago in Gloucester on the Severn, for Percy Clarke, who told me her story, she was shipped to Mombasa and was carried across to Lake Victoria on the heads of many porters. A fateful boat—fateful to her owners. Percy Clarke did not own her long, which perhaps accounts for his having escaped her menace; he is still hale. Every later owner or charterer of the *Jahazi* came to an untimely end; some died of sleeping sickness, or blackwater fever; some committed suicide. But the *Jahazi* is trim and tempting and has always found a new admirer. Each new person who called himself her master believed that the series of fatalities were accidental, but of course any seasoned sailor could have told him better than that.

Wind and weather favourable, the *Jahazi* tacks

the sixteen miles between Kisumu and Kendu in eight hours, but in rough times she may be buffeted about for days before making port. It was dark when we picked our way from the club to the pier. Karioki led the way, lantern in hand. We heartily wished that he had taken his name more seriously, for he plunged both himself and us in a slough that cuts through the meadows. But only our dispositions were the worse for the wetting. We picked ourselves out of the mud, reached the pier, and climbed over three other *dhow*s to reach the *Jahazi*, and at last had to slide through the windows into the cabin, for a motor-cycle blocked the entrance.

I did not linger in the cabin. My first night on Victoria Nyanza was no time to be below and asleep. On deck was another European passenger, my friend Father Doyle, homeward bound to his parish in Kisii. Stretched out under the tropic stars we talked the night through, not caring that for hours no breath of wind rose to start us on our way. The conversation was for me a preparatory class in the tribes and conditions I was to find; Father Doyle's experience is wide, and his knowledge profound.

We were a mixed company on board. The *nahotha* (captain) was a coast Swahili. Two sailors in white garments that looked like nightshirts were Bantu Kavirondo. Five native passengers belonged to the Basoga tribe. They had followed their king Mwanga into Nyanza province when their own land had come under the British protectorate. Only men

came, leaving their women behind them, and in the new country they had married Nilotes, so forming a new tribe.

An Arab trader was the only passenger on top of the little cabin with Father Doyle, Lewis and myself. He was rich, judging from his silk costume, and had no interest in us. He sat huddled in a corner; his sallow face, with its black beard, hawk nose and melancholy eyes, was turned away. The Basoga passengers were less indifferent, and we saw the whites of their eyes gleaming through an opening in the canvas, while they listened to the phonograph, which was part of my *safari* equipment. We had wanted music, so Barney had brought up the machine. Over and over we played the Caruso record of *Luna d'estate*—a perfect expression of the night.

And still we did not leave the pier. The lights of the Kisumu club remained stationary and undimmed. Those that flickered out of sight we knew to be the lanterns of the club members, homeward bound. It was long after midnight before any headway had been made, and at no time did the *Jahazi* give evidence of being a racer. Chatter in eight languages continued through the night. Nor did activity cease. The crew fished. A rudder was lost, and a native dived for it. Sometimes we heard the dip of oars. Dawn coloured the eastern sky and some time later we landed.

A lone askari was on duty at the little jetty built of rocks. A short walk along the water's edge

brought us to Kendu, a town of one street with a dozen shacks, and a *duka*. We had business at the *duka*, for the Indian proprietor owned the only bullock-cart in town. Swarms of Ja-Luo maids and matrons blocked the way to the counter, for business was brisk that morning. We had a chance to observe that they had not begun, like their tribal sisters near Kisumu, to spoil the simplicity of their costume with ribbons and similar trifles. Here they were, the married women wearing only the grass tassel at the base of the spine, necklaces, and garter-like rings just below the knee. There were ankle rings, too. The unmarried women wore a skin fastened into the girdle and a fringe about the waist.

We got the ear of the proprietor, made certain money transactions, and the bullock-cart was ours. While the boys transferred our chattels from the *Jahazi*, Lewis and I walked away from the shacks out into the fields, drawn by a tree that seemed the king of all green life for miles around. It was a *mkuyu*, a species of wild fig, and its huge crown of foliage had a radius of sixty-five feet. Two hundred yards from shore it stood quite alone on a flat meadow that stretched for a mile before it was broken by the first hills.

I was reminded of the Tree of Buddha standing in incomparable beauty near Benares, and of the Christmas trees in the woods at home. The holding of a great tree sacred is rooted in a human feeling that does not pass when savagery gives place to civilization. The bloody sacrifices at the foot may

go, but the compelling mystery and reverence remain.

I had read that many of the African tribes venerate a tree thus placed. The Kikuyus have a belief that the one tree left standing holds the spirits of all its neighbours that have been felled. If this lone tree shows signs of decay, and is liable to be blown over, they sacrifice a ram, and the elders pray, saying, "We pray for this tree we have cut down." The wood from such a tree can only be used by a senior elder, a very old woman, or for the making of beehives.

Some such sacrifice appeared to be under way as we approached the *mkuyu*. Half a dozen blacks were bending over an animal that lay limp on the snaky coils of roots around the tree. The ground was soaked with blood. But alas for folk lore! These were not elders, nor had we happened on a sacrificial rite. We merely witnessed the butchering of a lamb for the captain and crew of the *Jahazi*. We wanted a few chops ourselves, but it is government orders that the *Jahazi* men shall have a whole lamb, whenever the ship comes in. And we were compensated by an invitation to share the meal of the medical officer from Kisii, who had just arrived on his periodical rounds and had pitched his tent near the tree.

A tour of his district is made at regular intervals; Kendu was his stopping place for that day and night. It was fortunate for me that my arrival had chanced to fall with his, for it gave opportunity to

see something of the medical work done among the blacks. My own medicine chest was well stocked to meet ordinary emergencies of my party and any others. Later on *safari*, I was to have frequent use for my medicines, and to learn the reliance that the black man places on the white in these matters. *Dawa* is the thing they plead for. But in Kendu, watching the medical officer, I saw such help as only the man of science can give. Most of those who came needed treatment for syphilis and its half-brother, yaws. When we were in Mombasa 914 was the treatment given. Since then several tests have been made, and it was with 921 that the medical officer loaded his hypodermic for the human wrecks gathered by his tent in the shade of the great *mkuyu*.

There must have been a hundred, huddled on the ground, awaiting his ministrations. Their eyes were dog-like, beseeching. The doctor, kind-hearted and eager, lamented that 921 is expensive, and that so small a quantity is allotted to each district.

“We tried to make them pay three shillings for each injection,” he said. “But so few have the money. Look at that girl,” and he indicated a child not more than thirteen who was dragging herself on all fours toward him. “She gets half a cent when she brings a bundle of twigs to a camp fire. There are a hundred cents to the shilling, and her chance at earning the half cent would be rare.”

Life came into the girl's dull eyes when the doctor bent to look into her face, which was one

great pink sore, ghastly over the greyish black of her body.

“Inherited?” I asked.

The doctor shook his head. “No. She contracted it about eighteen months ago. It works as swiftly as that. I think I have it stopped, but she will probably crawl through life. They have great faith in our injections, and ask for the needle even when they have nothing more serious than a tooth-ache, or a broken arm.”

The work halted suddenly. From shorewards came a black who looked the more naked for his single garment, a vest that had once been blue. On his head he carried a leather bag. “Mail!” the doctor said. The bag came from its high perch, and he fished out a letter and a newspaper. “From home,” he explained, and disappeared into his tent though a black arm was waiting for the needle. This postman of eccentric uniform carried the mail from the *Jahazi* to Kisii, running the thirty miles without stopping, and making it in nine hours. The doctor came out, smiling. “From Killarney to Kendu in thirty days is not bad,” he said.

Safari began in earnest when the ox-cart came lumbering along the road. It was drawn by two bullocks only, but relays were arranged for, and more were added when we came into the hills. Our human retinue was increased in Kendu. We picked up another boy for general work, and a *toto*, a little boy, for the kitchen.

The ox-cart took its heavy, slow-moving time on the park-like highway through the hills. Lewis and I, tramping on, soon left it far behind. Our interest suddenly left the landscape and centred on a lady, journeying toward Kendu. She was carried in a *machila*, a hammock swung on bamboo poles. With her six bearers it was travel *de luxe*, and we wondered who she might be. So far as we knew, the district commissioner's wife was the only European woman in Kisii, and we had been led to believe there were none in the country just beyond. She was the only European that we saw until we reached Kisii, and she remains the lady of mystery. We never learned anything about her.

The Arvack river, between steep banks, brought us to a halt. We had not been told about it, and we looked for a bridge. Finding none, Lewis and I calmly waited for the boys. In backward look it is absurd that neither of us thought of wading that stream; no more than knee deep, and twenty-five yards across. Helplessness is a contagion. If the mysterious lady had crossed without damage to her dainty garments, we did not propose to get our feet wet. Barney carried me across, and Lewis rode over on the back of Do-It-Slowly.

The first day of tramping brought us to Oyugi's, half-way between Kendu and Kisii. Uphill though the way lay, the walk had been easy, for the road was excellent, and we made several short cuts through the fields. Half a dozen stores and *dukas*



KISUMU MARKET, KAVIRONDO WOMEN, NILOTIC BRANCH.

and a dozen huts make up the mountain village Oyugi's, which that day was full of people. A cattle sale was under way, and had drawn the country folk for miles around. There was no enclosure as in Gilgil, nor shed, nor Europeans, nor auctioneer with the voice of a fog-horn. Here were only Nilotic Kavirondo trading peacefully among themselves, while their women and children made merry in the grass.

We made camp on a knoll above the village. Near by was a well, from which young girls fetched water, carrying it on their heads in earthenware pots which are their own hand craft. As they stood waiting their turn, the pot steadied by one lifted arm, only the fluttering fringe about their bodies showed that they were living creatures and not figures moulded in bronze.

There were other Rebeccas beside those at the well. They came toward our camp, advancing timidly, and offering various wares. Four little girls carried on their heads bundles of twigs for firewood. Others brought sweet potatoes, and eggs, and still others *mealies* (corn) for the *bwanas* (masters). They knew it was useless to approach the boys to sell them *mealies*, for they had their rations apportioned.

I sat apart on a stump, watching and enjoying the pitching of the tents. The boys' tent was white. Ours was much larger, and green, and double covered except over the bath section, and the awning extension, called the verandah. We had

been cautioned against going into the verandah without hat or sun-helmet. Dinner was served there. Our table had a blue-bordered cloth, serviettes, white enamel plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons. The whole experience was like coming into possession of toys that mother had kept in hiding because of a surplus at Christmas or birthday. I was proud of our outfit though I knew that we were on some such relative basis as a sailing sloop in comparison with a steam yacht. Through just such a range of expense may *safari* equipment run. I met one man with equipment so elaborate that he paid the white hunter in charge one hundred pounds sterling a month.

From our verandah dining-table we watched the sun set over Victoria Nyanza. The purple waters of the lake seemed within touch. Along the horizon lay extinct volcanoes, sharply outlined in the clear air. Among them is Homa Hill, which rises more than a mile above the level of the sea, and looks like a giant stretched out in eternal sleep, with clouds of every hue for pillow. Because of a fancied resemblance I renamed the mountain Tut-ankh-amen, and so he remained to us during all the time we kept him in view. Certainly it is a pleasanter name than Homa, which means sickness and fever, and was given to the mountain because sleeping sickness is endemic in the region.

In great content we smoked our pipes after the chicken dinner had been eaten. The moon had not yet risen. Beyond the circle of light thrown by

our lamps lay the mysterious darkness. All the lure of Africa was out there.

“I’ve heard people fuss about the hardships of *safari*,” I said to Lewis. “It is like rolling off a log. I never was more comfortable nor happier in my life than I am at this minute.”

Lewis is temperamentally a bit of a pessimist.

“It starts all right,” he said, and refused to commit himself further. We both remembered my rhapsodies on later evenings when the rain poured, and we slept between wet sheets. At Ofua’s our shed reeked with horrible odours, and was alive and crawling with bugs. A torrential storm broke and nearly swept away this poor protection. But all that was days in the future. That night there was nothing to damp my ardour. I was eager to be off at the earliest possible hour.

“*Toka jimbi likiwika*,” I told the boys. The phrase means “at the start of cock crowing,” and had been provided me by Father Doyle. But I was too impatient to wait for even the most wakeful of the roosters, and at three o’clock I jumped off my cot and went outside. A full moon shone kindly on a scene that only the most hard-hearted of early birds would have disturbed. Twenty yards from the tent was the cart, and under its canvas lay the driver and his helpers. On the ground close to the cart lay the six bullocks. Beside a cactus tree was the white tent where the boys slept. All, bullocks and men, were in the heavy sleep of tired animals. It was a shame to rouse them, but there is no diverting a

relentless early riser from disturbing the rest of the world.

Breakfast was over and camp broken in a jiffy. The boys were adroit. By dawn we were on our way. Soon after leaving Oyugi's we passed out of the Nilotic and into the Bantu Kavirondo country. No post, nor border line, nor customs ceremonials devised by civilization could mark a frontier more clearly than do the people here. The aspect of the land itself is changed. Behind us lay the poorly cultivated farms of the Nilotes with naked workers in the fields. Here hide-clad men and women worked in the well-tilled fields. We saw much corvée labour. Whole families were at work mending the roads.

Our walk that day was a steady climb, but so gradual it was no hardship. We passed through a lane arbour'd with potato trees in full blue and white flower, and a little later were swallowed in a forest of mimosas. We passed through green valleys with streams—a gentle, pastoral country. After that came a steep ascent, and we found ourselves on Kisii's main street, flanked with tall trees whose wide crowns meet, and darken the road.

In Kisii one has Yankee Doodle's trouble about seeing the town, but with a difference. Trees, not houses, block the view. But by looking in and around and about one finds that the main street—which was evidently cut through a forest—runs parallel with a green valley dotted with clusters of huts. Across this valley are wooded mountains with

no dwellings except the grass-covered houses and huts which make up the mission *boma*. The upper side of the main street is fairly well cleared, stretches of grassy field break the groups of trees, and on this side of the avenue lives the European population of Kisii, except the two missionaries on the hill opposite. This population consists of the district commissioner, his wife and baby, two assistant district commissioners, the medical officer we had met at Kendu, a labour recruiter, and Mr. Gethin, who cannot be fitted with any one label. He is coffee planter, ivory hunter, transport man, labour recruiter, and ready and efficient for anything else which may come up to be attended to.

The lower side of the avenue is still the edge of a forest. On it are a few *dukas*, and a Nubian bazaar. The native quarters, which lie on a steep hill at the end of the avenue, shelter a few hundreds, but the real population of the district—about eighty thousand—is in scattered villages with from six to thirty huts, in the valleys and on the mountains.

The population of Kisii is mixed. Besides the Nilotic Kavirondo, there are the Kisii, a tribe of Bantu origin, and representatives of the border tribes living on the frontier between Kenya and Tanganyika. There is also a settlement of Nubians, for the troop of askaris contain several of these best soldiers of all the native Africans, and they always bring their women with them.

With our very entry into the town we had a glimpse of the conglomerate population. On the

lawn in front of the hospital—the first building we came to—the assistant medical officer, an Indian, was examining a line of natives for fitness to work as porters and labourers. The men were all of excellent physique. Born and bred in the mountains they are taller and sturdier than coast or other lowland tribes.

The European who stood beside the medical officer was a labour recruiter. One pricks up one's ears at the mention of labour recruiting in a country whose principal visible asset is labour. Not so many years ago the name might have seemed a euphonism for slave trader. But the labour recruiter of to-day is a licensed intermediary between railroads, plantations, and contractors in need of help, and those who wish a job. Or rather, those who can be induced to take a job. Except for such temporary undertakings as serving as porters and work of the like, there are not many in Africa who really wish to work. The native has no liking for it, and must be begged to leave his home, where the women make life pleasant by doing everything. Were it not for the government tax, it is doubtful whether any could ever be induced to work. This tax varies in different districts, but averages about twelve shillings a year. In the early days the hut tax was paid in crocodile eggs, a governmental measure to reduce the number of crocodiles.

The chiefs are responsible to the Government, and if a man has not paid his tax, the chief brings pressure to bear and makes him take a job. There-

fore, the recruiter deals with the chiefs. The average wage for raw labour is thirteen shillings a month, besides food and a blanket. At the end of six months, the time of the minimum contract, the native returns with seventy-eight shillings and his blanket. Twelve shillings go to the Government, leaving sixty-six, which is the purchase price of two cows. Since a really good wife cannot be bought for less than three cows, some men remain a little longer than the time of minimum contract, and come back with enough cash to buy the cows to buy the wife. This temporary hardship often ensures a life of absolute leisure, with no further danger of falling into the clutches of the labour recruiter, for many cultivators of their own soil can pay the hut tax without having to leave home. It was probably to encourage this cultivation of the soil that the hut tax was established.

That first day, and every day we were in Kisii, we saw a fair-sized representation of the population round about. Market sheds in a field on the lower side of the road were surrounded by people, at least a thousand. It is a huge bazaar to which women bring hides and food and tobacco, and the pottery which their clever hands make from a local variety of soap stone. There is bartering for beads and merchandise, and even money, though that is a commodity little sought.

Opposite the market is a field given over to drill and parade grounds and the barrack huts of the askaris. Farther along is the police-station and

jail, the government offices and the residences of the district commissioner and his assistants.

The district commissioner was not at home when we called. But we were led across the road to a tree shaded spot where he sat at a table littered with papers. Behind him was a staff of askaris. In front, squatting in the grass, were many chiefs—grey-headed for the most part, and all were solemn. It was a grave occasion, for this *baraza* was a quarterly meeting for the discussion of complaints and difficulties which cannot be settled in the tribe. The district commissioner interrupted the function long enough to welcome us, and allocate a spot at the corner of the parade ground where we might pitch our tent.

In the verandah that night we had a guest for dinner—Mr. Gethin, that versatile man. Formerly an officer in the King's African Rifles, he had after the war settled in Kisii, to pursue a simple life of coffee planting, labour recruiting and ivory hunting. Forty, probably, and certainly Irish, we found him delightful, and he was more than commonly jubilant that night because he was just in from a day's hunt and had brought down an eighty-eight-pound tusker. That means that each tusk weighed eighty-eight pounds. It was a good day's work for any ivory hunter.

With Mr. Gethin's talk, the peaceful mountain village took on new character. He told us of the turmoil there in the war days, when, because of its proximity to Tanganyika, then German East Africa,

Kisii was occupied alternately by British and German troops. Natives, of course, officered by Europeans. It was a hide-and-seek warfare. During a few days when Kisii was left without European control, the war-maddened negroes ransacked the government headquarters and the mission, and went about pillaging and destroying on their own.

Bugle call for the askaris wakened us every morning. At seven the troops drilled, a manoeuvre well worth watching, for to the regulation movements were added athletic exercises, difficult and expert enough to have won for the performers engagements at the Hippodrome. Shaving and breakfast were enlivened for us by the sight of lithe black figures in blue sweaters jumping over a bar and landing between the trees in front of us. *Toto* was as interested as we. He would stop in his run between the kitchen fire by the boys' tent, and the verandah breakfast table, with food cooling in his hands while he watched.

To the population at large we were apparently as interesting as we were interested. Visitors from the surrounding villages came and filled the forest space across from our camp. They would have filled our camp as well if the askaris had not effectually discouraged them. But the askaris did not prevent us from going to them. Here were types new to me.

One type stood out. Giants, clad in leopard skins, and with ear lobes elongated from four to six

inches. "Who are those tall people?" I asked the labour recruiter, who mingled with the natives, hoping to find one willing to work without the chief's coercion, and thus save a commission.

"Butende natives," he told me. "Border tribe, from the Utende country. They gave a lot of trouble during the war because their land lies in a circle across the boundary. Part of the tribe lived in German territory, part in British. We could never tell whether we were dealing with friend or foe. Not much was known about them. There is no government station nor mission in those parts, but I hear that Chief Makanga is a decent fellow. Too far south for me. Anyway they are independent and don't want to work, so they don't interest me."

But they interested me. I had not intended to go far beyond Kisii, but I knew that I would not be content until I had gone into the Butende country.

Of course I visited Father Doyle on the hill-top mission two miles from the village. Here in his own place he was as delightful as he had been in Nairobi; he told me tales of his wild district. Missionaries the world over have a special kindly brand of hospitality. The mission *boma* is a village in itself. There is a hut for Father Doyle, one for Father Wall and one for guests. Also a row of huts for males and one for females of his resident flock, a chapel and a school house, a brick yard and a carpenter shop. There is excellent training of hand

and brain, and these two men give themselves wholeheartedly to it.

Father Doyle attends to the manners of the natives as well as to their morals. While we talked a messenger arrived and used the old form of friendly greeting—spitting toward the face of the person met. Almost it reached its mark. I mentioned the custom to Father Doyle, who laughed. “Yes, that is one of the things I touch on in my booklet.” And he showed me a gaily-coloured pamphlet, entitled *Kiki*, which means Don't. There were only eight pages, but one can encompass a great many prohibitions into eight pages, using one to a line.

CHAPTER X

FOLK WAYS OF THE KAVIRONDO

Dwellings — Dress — Marriage — Birth — Funerals —
Witchcraft — Religion — Tribunals.

WE were now well into the country of the Ja-Luo—the Nilotic Kavirondo; described in government reports as one of the least known native reserves.

The last weeks had given me contact with both groups of the Kavirondo. I had seen them in the towns reacting, ever so slightly, to European influence. And I had seen them in their own villages going their hereditary and habitual ways. Officials and missionaries who had spent years in the district gave explanation of some of the things I observed, and thus I came to know something of the pattern of life among the tribes.

Ja-Luo villages are all of one model, and are within a circular wall built of stone or mud or bush. Close against this wall are the living quarters—huts made of sticks and mud and cow-dung, and roofed with grass. The centre of the enclosure is a cow-pen with a wicker store-house serving for fence. This huge round basket begins about two feet above the ground, is five feet high and three

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 178

feet wide. A better arrangement for a primitive community to keep an eye upon its treasure would be hard to devise.

Life within the huts has a privacy unusual among savages. The sexes live apart. A married man has his own hut and one for each wife. Two smaller huts, one for girls and one for boys, complete the family settlement within the community settlement. It is usual for an older woman, a grandmother perhaps, to live with the girls.

The hyæna and serval cat seem to be the only animals barred as food by the entire tribe. The women may not eat fowls; nor may they use milk unless it is cooked with food. A revolting custom obtains of mixing cow's urine with milk. It adds to the flavour in the opinion of the Kavirondo, and increases the amount of butter yielded. Young men eat leopard meat to make them strong and fierce.

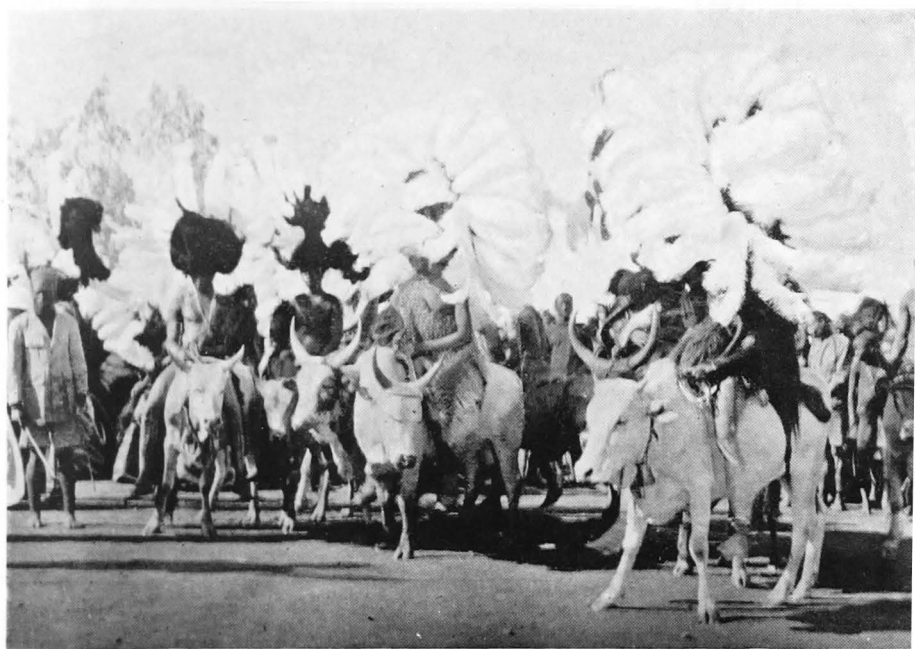
Both men and women are muscular and large of bone, and their bodies are not hampered with blankets. Whatever is worn is for ornament or to show place or station; never as protection from wind or weather or curious gaze. Young girls wear a fringe about the waist.

I have referred before to the grass tassel which dangles at the base of the spine of married women. A few also wear, belt-wise, a strip of cloth about six inches wide, but it is unimportant, whereas the grass tassel must be worn, and is fraught with deep significance. It is wedding ring and husband's honour, and whoever touches it must pay to the

husband a fine of three goats. The umbilical cord of a new-born child is cut with a fibre from the mother's marriage tassel. When a husband dies it is discarded, and may not be worn again until the woman marries again. There is rumour that young girls sometimes wear the tassel of a married woman for protection when they must go to a strange village or walk the roads.

Men sometimes wear a goat skin over the right shoulder. Many iron rings encircle arms and ankles and neck. And on great occasions—funerals, and festivals for whatever reason—an astonishing amount of ornamentation is added. I saw them in huge hats made of monkey or goat skin, and trimmed with ostrich feathers, a dozen to a hat, and standing out long and straight. Beneath these grotesque structures were faces that had been charcoaled and oiled. Strings of small beads were across the forehead, nose, upper lip and chin, and were fastened behind the ear. Around the neck were more strings of beads, with empty cartridge cases and charms pendant. Iron wire, twisted into beads and with black feathers hanging from them, encircled the waist. Rows of cowry shell were across the chest, and a feather boa was thrown over the right shoulder. Small bells hung from the knees.

Some wear the hair long, plaster it with red clay or charcoal and twist it into strings, but this fashion is probably borrowed from the Bantu section. Others shave the head, leaving only a



(Upper) NILOTIC KAVIRONDO WARRIORS IN FULL ARRAY, ASSEMBLING FOR A FUNERAL DANCE.

(Lower) NILOTIC KAVIRONDO MOUNTED ON BULLOCKS FOR THE SAME CEREMONY.

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 175

small tuft to be cut off at death and worn at the funeral by the chief mourner. (From how far comes our sentimental custom of a tiny curl for locket or watch!) On very great occasions the body is sometimes painted in stripes or spots in admiration and imitation of zebra and leopard.

Thus garbed, the Luo warrior needs only his arms and shield to be ready for any event, however great. Arms are spear, bow and arrows. The shields are of heroic dimensions. I saw some that were two yards long and one yard wide. They must be made of buffalo hide, and are therefore costly, for it is against the law to kill buffalo. The contraband skins are usually procured through an Indian trader, and each costs two bulls and two cows. The shields are painted black, and decorated with swirls and zig-zag lines done in red or white.

When first I saw a Luo boy hurrying along the road and clutching a handful of feathers I had not yet seen this festival dress. I asked about the feathers of a missionary at whose *boma* I spent the night. "They live for shields and feathers," the priest told me. "The shields are the curse of the tribe; all sorts of unspeakable practices go on behind them. And they will walk for three days, or five, to attend a *ngoma* somewhere and show off their shields. Their attitude is a kind nothing short of adoration."

Betrothal and marriage are governed by rigorous conventions. They are attended by much

feasting and drinking; much gaiety and laughter, too, for the Kavirondo are lovers of fun.

When a young man has fixed his choice, he makes a formal visit to the girl's village. With him go two friends, at least one of whom must already know the girl and her family. This friend is the *jatielo* and serves as a busy intermediary in the negotiations. The three men enter the *simba*, the dwelling hut of the boys, and to them there come the girls of the village bringing pipes and tobacco and porridge. The *jatielo* visits the father of the chosen girl and gives notification that his friend has come a-wooing. The father asks questions: Is the suitor the son of a witch-doctor? Can he pay the required number of goats and cattle? If the answers are satisfactory the *jatielo* informs his friend, who may then speak to the girl.

Meanwhile she has made up her mind. If the suitor is not pleasing to her, she says so and he and his friends go. But if he has found favour, they remain in the *simba* that night. Next day emissaries of the groom bring two or three cows, which are the first instalment of the purchase price of the bride. The messengers remain overnight, and next morning the bridegroom's party captures the girl, who makes a show of resistance. Protesting and weeping she is taken to her suitor's village. Not far behind the capturing band walk the girls from her father's kraal, for there will be a gathering that day in the *simba*. In the evening the boys leave the hut, but the girls bring a cow-hide, which

is the marriage mat, to the bride and groom. Next morning the girls return to their home village, singing as they go. The words of their songs would not pass the censor.

The bride remains with her husband. She is given a new fringe, which she must wear until certain other requirements of feasting and payment are met, and the tassel which is the sign of the married woman. In addition she receives a hoe and a goat, or its value in money, about six shillings. Formerly she received also a brass bracelet and iron beads strung on leather to go round her waist, but Kavirondo marriages are simpler and less expensive than they once were. Nowadays six cows is a good price for a wife, but it is said that as many as forty were paid before the great cattle plague in 1890.

After four days the girl's father kills a bull and takes the meat to the husband's village for a feast. Next day the husband's relations—his brothers and other wives—take the bride back to her father. The husband remains at home. The women who are with the girl announce their approach with songs and shouting. With songs and shouting they are answered by the women of the village, but they bar the entrance to the kraal until the brother of the bride has brought a live chicken, cut off the lower part of its beak, and tied it round the neck of the bride. Then she may enter. The maimed fowl is given to the children of the village to be killed and eaten.

There is much eating and drinking, and when next day the visitors go home they leave the bride with her father. A few days later friends of the groom bring the second instalment of cattle, which must include one heifer. The man who drives her carries a stick of *powo* wood, which is put in the roof of the hut belonging to the bride's mother. When the cattle-drivers go they leave the bride but take her fringe, which she will wear again for a short time when she returns to her husband.

Another instalment is paid, and the bride spends a few days in her husband's village, but comes back to her father. At last the husband, attended by friends and a harp player, goes to the kraal of his father-in-law. A bull is killed. After the feast the husband asks permission to keep his wife permanently. She goes with him, and carries the hind leg of the bull for a gift to his relations.

Next comes the feast for sealing the contract. The husband kills a bull and sends to his father-in-law all the meat except one side and one front leg. The friends of the bride come to her husband's village and cook food for the young men of the place, who bring bracelets and rings and drop them in a common heap. Next morning the gifts are divided among the visitors, and they go home. The fringe is now taken from the bride. She has become a woman of her husband's village. For the first time she may enter the hut of her mother-in-law.

Another feast is made in her home village; this

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 279

time in honour of her father-in-law. The groom does not go. Among the visitors must be a singer, for song is a necessary part of this occasion, and the minstrel receives a goat from the bride for his services. These parties sometimes last as long as three days, and grain is used in the making of beer that would have supplied food for three months to the entire village. When the festivity is over the groom's father asks his host whether his son may now build a hut for the bride.

Later a final feast is given in the hut of the girl's mother. All of the groom's brothers and friends go, but he may not enter the hut until he has given his mother-in-law a sheep or a goat.

For a while the bride must cook in the hut of her husband's mother. The first food she takes in her own hut is during pregnancy, when she boils herbs gathered by the children of the village, and together with her husband and these children, she eats of them. Thenceforth she cooks in her own hut, but her husband may not again eat with her until she has made one more ceremonial visit to her father's kraal and brought back a goat and some meat. She cooks the meat, summons her husband to her hut, and presents him with the goat. They sit together at the final marriage feast.

Very poor folk pay fewer cattle for a wife, and have less elaborate feasts.

A different procedure obtains when a girl is given in marriage to take the place of a sister who has died. Three months after the death of a wife,

on a day of head-shaving and feasting and beer drinking, the parents of the dead woman bring another daughter to her husband. If there be no daughter, one yet to be born is promised. But if the mother is too old to have more children, then the father must bring the child of another wife. The widower may not refuse the girl; she is his to marry when she is old enough. When the girl is ten, a small temporary hut is built for her in her husband's village, and in it she stays one night with him. Afterwards she returns to her father to remain until she is of marriageable age. She wears on her ankle an iron ring in sign that she has replaced her sister.

Six months after her husband's death, a widow is married to his brother, or near relative. The children born of this second marriage are reckoned the children of the new husband. But if her dead husband's brother is too young to marry, she is given to a relative who is looked upon as the brother's proxy, and the children of the marriage are called the brother's children. The ownership of the progeny is important, for the marriage price of the daughters is paid to the brother, not to the real father. One cow only goes to him, in payment for the girl's upbringing.

Adultery is a serious offence. If a woman is found guilty, her husband may send her away, and claim from her father the full marriage price. A child born of adultery belongs to the woman's husband, for she is his property.

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 181

After the birth of a child a goat is killed for the mother and the women who attend her. A drop of fresh sheep's milk is put into the baby's mouth before it is given its mother's breast. No man may come into the hut for three or four days. Three days after the birth of a girl, and four days after the birth of a boy, the child is taken outside the hut, and a little tuft of hair is shaved just above the ear of mother, father and child. Ten days after the birth, the heads are completely shaven. On this day the mother of a boy is rubbed with butter, and sprinkled with *simsim*. She is decorated with cowry shells, iron rings, bits of ostrich eggs and strings of the seed-pods of *ochok*, and there is much feasting. If the baby is a girl the ornamentation is omitted, but not the feast.

Twins mean good fortune. For twenty days after their birth neither husband nor wife may leave the hut. Much beer is brewed in preparation for a feast. A bull is killed, and its hide is dried to make a new sleeping mat for the parents. The relatives of the mother also furnish a bull and beer for the feast. Outside the kraal's gate, the father and mother, with the twins, await the coming of the guests. The mother smears a bit of clay on each face just in front of the ear, and has her face so smeared in return. Vines are another necessary decoration on this great occasion. There is much singing and dancing, both of a kind that may not be described in detail.

If two of a woman's babies have died, when the third is born it is carried out of the village on a wicker tray, and left in the road. An old woman goes and brings it into her hut, where the father finds and redeems the baby by paying a goat. He bores a hole in the child's right ear-lobe and inserts a brass ring. The final charm against death is wrought by giving the baby a name which means *The-One-That-Has-Been-Thrown-Away*.

The ceremonials following death are complicated and prolonged. I was told that after some of these orgies the Kavirondo are ill for weeks and I did not doubt the probability after I had witnessed a part of a funeral, and the excesses of eating and drinking that went with it.

We had left camp to seek the cause of a frightful noise that came from a village somewhat off the road. Lewis and I led the way; Barney and Do-It-Slowly were at our heels. Once inside the village, the reason for the clamour was plain. A group of men, women and children stood howling in front of a hut in which a man lay dying. Cattle, too, stood there; brought, we later learned, that they might bewail the death of their master. Men whose chalked faces and horns proclaimed them witch-doctors rattled bones in dry gourds, and sent out great puffs of tobacco smoke to drive away whatever spirits hovered about, waiting to enter the sick man's body as soon as life should be extinct.

We returned for the *ngoma* next day. Relatives of the dead man danced with the others. Men

from far villages came riding on bulls and equipped for battle. After they had eaten much, and drunk much *tembo* they rode about the enclosure jabbing the bulls with spears to goad them into faster running.

Others fought. Singly, or in groups of two or three, from behind their huge shields they charged invisible enemies. Obviously it was combat with evil spirits that were trying to enter into the corpse or otherwise bring harm to the man buried beside the hut where yesterday he died. Chicken and other meat lay on the new-made grave.

But the battle array is not altogether a matter of evil spirits. Something of it is a survival from the days when the death of a warrior must be avenged by his friends and relatives because death was always attributed to an enemy, who worked either directly or through witchcraft. In those days when the men of the hostile tribe heard the war cry of the avenging clan, they, too, rode on their bulls to the village, and there was battle. The victors claimed the cattle as spoils.

And still, though an enemy tribe does not answer the call, the warriors assemble outside the village while, wailing, the mourners run in and out of the dead man's hut. When the corpse is carried outside the hut, the warriors enter the kraal, and the grave is dug. The place of burial is dependent on the station in life. If the man was poor he is buried inside his hut. If rich, with many wives, his grave is beside his hut, and over it is built a

small, temporary shelter. Naked, with even all ornaments removed, the corpse is lowered into the ground by four men. Then come children of the tribe, and facing away from the grave, they scrape the earth into it with their hands and feet. Meanwhile the wailing goes on, and continues for a short time—an hour, perhaps; then the visitors return to their villages.

In the evening of that day the people of the dead man's village fetch a chicken, and holding it by the legs, they beat it upon the grave until it dies. It is then cooked and eaten. A broken cooking pot is set on the grave, and tramped into bits. A sheep is killed and eaten by the men. Its skin is cut into narrow strips; one is tied round the right wrist of every male member of the kraal, and around the left wrist of the females.

Next day the older women of the village beat drums for the dancing, and the men in war dress sing as they charge. On this day every person in the village, excepting only the wives of the deceased, has the head shaved. For this, each in turn sits on a thorn-tree log which is put across the main path to the village.

The third day a goat is killed and eaten, and its skin is given to one of the old women for a garment. On the fourth day, the relations sweep the grave with a special kind of grass. A bit of earth from the mound is put in an old basket and, together with the log which had been the man's pillow when he was alive, is placed on the path

to the village. None may touch these articles again; nor step across them though they block the path. The detours which must be made to avoid them account for the fact that these paths always are devious. The hoe which was used in making the grave is given to an old woman from another village, but the handle is thrown away. When all the visitors have returned to their own kraals, the stick in the top of the dead man's hut, and those in the huts of his wives, are all broken by a small boy of the village, a grandson if there be one, in sign of mourning.

The wives must leave off the twisted tassel which is the mark of the married woman, and replace it with one that is coarse and untwisted, made from the bark of the wild fig tree. Two months after the death of the husband, each of the wives visits the village of her parents. She stays for two days, and a bull is killed and eaten—a memorial feast. This is the first occasion on which the wife is permitted to sleep away from her husband's village, except in the event of some extraordinary circumstance such as the sudden rising of a river, and preventing her return home before nightfall. In this condition she may remain with impunity, provided she sleep in the hut of some older woman. Should this rule be broken the woman in whose hut she sleeps will never again bear children.

Six months after the death of a man there is once more a mighty brewing of beer in his village,

and the assembling of relatives and friends. The grave is smeared with mud, and the widows have their heads shaved for the first time since the death of the husband. The period of mourning is over, and the wives are given to the brother or cousin of their former husband, and, in token, are given new white tassels made of papyrus stalks or of sisal fibre. The sticks are replaced on the huts by the boy who had broken them, but if the new husbands live in a different village, the old huts of the wives are torn down, and new ones are built in the kraal to which they go. But if they are given to men who are members of their own village, they remain in their old huts unless the deceased is buried inside his hut. In this event it is necessary to destroy his hut, and build another.

On the anniversary of the death there is a final ceremony. The son of the deceased is commanded by the witch-doctor to sacrifice a cock which must be in some manner unusual. For example, it must be a large black cock, or have an extra toe, or exceptionally short legs. The chicken is roasted, and all of it eaten except one leg, which is put on the grave and covered with a basket. Then another chicken—and this one must be white—is sacrificed. The beer for this feast is prepared in a special way. The wives and children deck themselves with strings of the seed pods of the *ochok* plant. Chains of these seed pods are also hung around the necks of the jars in which water for the making of the beer is carried.

*Wimbi*¹ has been allowed to ferment. The water, warmed by the sun, is poured over it. When in a day or so the beer is sufficiently strong to make a desirable beverage, the first of it is poured into a small vessel and set on the grave. A huge urn of this beer is set just within the village gate. From it the people of the kraal drink, sucking the beverage through the hollow reed each has brought.

Over the village gate a live cock is suspended by the legs. A medicine, concocted by the witch-doctor, is put on the fowl. None can enter the kraal without touching the cock, and should one come with the purpose of bewitching someone in the village, the medicine on the cock will at once take effect, and cause the eyes of the one with evil purpose to become sore. A confession, and spitting on the ground will render the witchcraft ineffectual, and the eye will then heal.

For three days beer is supplied to everyone who enters the kraal. No food is cooked during these days, and if any is eaten it must be brought from other villages. But only children are thus provided for. The adults subsist on beer. During this anniversary ceremonial, all the ornaments formerly worn by the dead man are collected, sprinkled with beer, and divided among his relatives. On the fourth morning a sheep is killed and eaten. The skin is called the garment of the deceased, and for that day is worn by his eldest son. At nightfall it is flung over the gate of the village, and is allowed to hang there until it rots or is carried away by a hyæna.

¹ Bot: *Eleusine coracana*. A native grain used as food for brewing of beer.

The death ceremonials for a woman are simpler and extend over a shorter period. The husband or son digs the grave; inside the hut always. After the corpse has been lowered, and the grave filled in by the children of the village, the women take off their marriage tassels and throw them on the roof of the dead woman's hut. They don the ornaments of the men who have come to the funeral (spears and shields are left at home), and they dance to the beating of drums. The men and boys take no part in the dance. Smoking hemp, they squat about the enclosure. Presently the drum beats cease; the women return the men's ornaments, and go into their huts and to their own villages. The men remain.

The day afterwards the women again assemble to cook and eat whatever food has been left in the dead woman's hut. This is the day for sweeping the grave, and putting earth and the log pillow on the path leading to the village. On this day, too, the husband and one old woman go to every hut in the village, sprinkle in it a bit of medicine and throw the seed pod of the *ochok*. In return they receive at each hut a small basket of kafir corn, to be used in making the beer for the feast of shaving the head and covering the grave with mud and making new marriages. This ceremony takes place three months after death instead of six as with a man, but the feast for the distribution of ornaments is at the same period for both—one year after death.

Small children are bemoaned only by the women.

If a man mourns the death of his child, his wives will become barren. A very short period of wailing is permitted a father in the case of the death of an older boy or girl. For two months a woman wails for her baby. She builds a fire on the grave to protect her from the cold as she sits there crying aloud. Small children are buried outside the hut, under the shadow of the roof; boys at the left of the opening; girls at the right. The graves of larger children are dug inside the hut, and follow the same right and left arrangement. On the third day after the burial of a child the grave is swept and some of the earth is poured along the wall of the hut.

On the death of a girl for whom the marriage price has been paid, but who has not yet gone to live with her husband, the corpse is carried to his village and buried outside the hut which was built for her, and in which she would have lived.

Abstinence from work is a part of the funeral ceremonials. The cattle are not milked on the morning after the death of either a man or woman. No cultivation is done by the people of the kraal for four days following the death of a man or grown boy, and three days is the period of mourning idleness for a woman or grown girl. But should either the father or mother of twins die the entire neighbourhood refrains from work for four days. The penalty of breaking these customs is meagre crops, or none whatever.

Only when a *jabilo* dies is exception made to

the rule that the dead must be buried naked, stripped even of the smallest ornament. The *jabilo* is held in highest honour, for he is a medicine man who does not use his secret for evil purposes except in time of war. When he dies a bull is offered in sacrifice and the skin is wrapped about the *jabilo's* body when it is lowered into the ground.

These practices are interwoven with their belief in witchcraft. Most Central African tribes believe themselves to be in the power of witch-doctors and wizards. How great that terror may be I had sensed at the murder trial in Kakamega, and though evidence so dramatic was not again given me, I had many opportunities to observe the hold of the belief. The tribes in southern Kavirondo are yet more strongly in the grip of the black art. Wizards and witch-doctors are many, and chiefs find in the craft the best means of instilling fear and thus keeping control over the people. And it is a lucrative profession; lucrative as blackmail.

We met or passed on the road many witchcraft practitioners. Always they travel alone, and with skulking step. Clay or chalk whitens the face, and they wear horns, whether one pair or more, the effect is formidable. One hand clutches a staff and the other carries a hide bag out of which some horrid object projects—a hyæna's tail, or a skull, or the skeleton of some animal. One look is enough to convince the traveller that however harmless witchcraft may be, witch-doctors are

dangerous folk. I halted one of them and looked into his bag. I saw shells, claws, teeth, horns, feathers, tufts of hair, leather strips, ribbons, rags and the bones of a finger. So far as is possible in these mountain and valley wildernesses the Government keeps an eye upon them. In one office I saw a list of those who practise *uchawi* (witchcraft) which was annotated with their specialities and locations, for when trouble arises these are the people to hunt down first. The record covered many pages, and made strange reading in this twentieth century. Here is an illuminating excerpt:

Waganga—Medicine man. Harmless. Gives herbs only.

Ogweno, and his brother *Kirario*—Rain doctors. Said to obtain large fees by threatening to stop rain.

Masore—Bewitches people by means of horns of a number of curious animals. He carries them with him.

Arende—Practises witchcraft, and kills people who are enemies to his clients.

Pundo—Rainmaker. Extracts large fees, but is otherwise harmless.

Ojulu—Was tried for murder by poison *koth kimbi*. Gave it as love philtre, but an overdose killed. In small quantities it acts as narcotic.

Gori—Paramount chief. Has reputation as medicine man, and is credited with power to change himself into a woman, a wild beast or a stone.

Odiembo—Brings diseases upon people. Also cures. He administers medicines in the ordeal.

Muraa—Woman who in the Kisii outbreak in 1908 gave the warriors medicine to prevent the bullets from harming them. The man who speared Mr. Northcote, a former D.C., was given medicine by this woman to make him strong.

The medicine man has great power in the clan. He uses herbs as well as rites, and has medicines for wounds and arrow poisoning, for ulcers and for purging. A herb is used to avert miscarriage, and another is chewed to deaden pain. Two remedies are used for snake poisoning: one is taken internally; the other is a plaster of leaves, applied to the wound. Nor is a crude sort of surgery unknown. The expert medicine man sometimes pierces the chest, and may even cut a small piece of the lung through the aperture. Auto-suggestion is practised, and the rattling of gourds around the patient's hut has the same sort of efficacy as Coué's "Every day in every way" formula, told to knots in a string. The insane are tied to a tree; a practice that is not essentially different from our cells and straight jackets, and no doubt works as well if the rope holds. The fee of a medicine man is a goat or a cow, and he is not paid unless the patient is cured. Sometimes there is a relapse and the patient wishes his live stock back, and here the medicine man again calls suggestion into play.

The rainmaker, like the medicine man, is esteemed. Usually he lives near a tree which he declares is sacred. He is weather wise, and has some knowledge of clouds. When rain is wanted he gathers herbs, and boils them in a huge pot under the sacred tree. After a long boiling of the plants in much water, he pours a part of the fluid into a smaller pot, and squats on his haunches beside it, muttering incantations. A hollow reed is the next implement of magic needed. The rainmaker blows through it into the liquid in the smaller pot; blows hard and long until it seethes. Then, through the reed, he squirts some of the magic brew into the air, and but for a few more incantations the rite is over.

Total darkness was once prophesied by a rainmaker, and the people flocked in terror to the *dukas* and emptied them of candles and lanterns. Oddly enough, an eclipse occurred, which makes one wonder whether these men have some astronomical knowledge.

Wizards are regarded with a fear that is pitiable. They hold their dread power by resorting to unspeakable practices. It is common belief that they kill cattle by making them swallow a red hot stone, or by shoving one into the intestines.

Near kin to witchcraft is the evil eye. It can make a sound man sick, kill one who is already ill, and cause the death of an unborn child. All disease not directly attributable to malignant spirits

or to poison put at night near the hut by an enemy is blamed on the evil eye.

These are Nilotic customs and beliefs; they differ from those of the Bantu Kavirondo. Among the Bantus, the medicine man gives pieces of wood to be bound around the neck of the sick, or to be wrapped in grass and put under the mat on which he lies. A cow or goat or chicken is sacrificed, and a bit of the hair or feathers of the sacrificed creature is tied around the neck of the person in need of cure. Beer is poured as a sacrificial libation, but some is drunk by the sick. When a baby is ill, the relatives come together after sunset. A chicken is sacrificed, and a small clay model of a cow and some live embers on a potsherd are carried by the relatives in procession out of the village and placed on the path some distance away. Thus is appeased the spirit of the dead who brought sickness to the child.

The Bantus have fewer superstitions than the Nilotes, but they greatly fear the red hawk when he perches on the top of a hut. It is forewarning of a death. And death for someone in the hut always follows when a wild cat passes shortly after sunset.

As is common with primitive peoples, totemism exists, with its cult of gods and spirits incarnate in animals. Each man chooses his own totem, for which he shows veneration by refraining to use it for food. Choice, it is said, always falls on some bird or beast rare in the vicinity. The totem of

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 195

a woman is forced upon her; none may eat chicken, sheep, guinea-fowl or crane. These prohibitions indicate the use of religion in the very practical matter of safe-guarding a man's property from his wife. If there were nothing more than her husband's command to stand in the way, the wife might eat her fill of these delicacies during his absence, and tell him on his return that a leopard or wild cat had raided the kraal. But she would never dare to bring upon herself the dread consequences of eating her totem.

Each group of the Kavirondo tribe has a religion based on belief in a god, and involving the worship of sun and moon as symbols of him. The god of the Bantu is *Were*. Of the Nilotic, *Nasayi*.

The Bantu comes from his hut in the morning and spits toward the sun. It is an act of adoration, and of supplication. "May *Were* let me live?" is the meaning.

All things belong to *Were*, but those things which cannot be touched by man are especially his. Sun, moon and stars are therefore to be venerated. So too is wind. And even water, for the hands cannot hold it. These things *Were* uses to mete out life and death. Light brings life to the sick, and whenever possible they are carried into the sunlight. Wind causes sickness. Water brings both life and death. It quenches thirst, but it drowns. Lightning and wild animals are used by *Were* to punish man.

There are changes in names and variations in form in the religion of the Nilotic branch. One of the great differences in their tribal customs is in the matter of circumcision, which many Bantus practise, and most Nilotes do not. But there are overlappings even in this. The Nilotes have their incantations: "Let the moon look well after me, and give me food, and sheep and chickens." But they are sceptical of the beneficence of their god, and of the missionary's god as well. "It does not matter how much you pray to any god," they say. "You fall sick and die just the same."

There is a belief of life after death. In Bantu faith, the souls of the dead go to *Magombe* in the heart of the earth. But at night they hover about and bring sickness if not appeased. The stars are the eyes of the dead. The comet—they think there is only one—is called *Awori kha lukata* (*Awori* with the pipe). *Awori* means "the one feared," and is the name given to the master of *Magombe*. The comet's tail is the smoke from his pipe, and brings sickness and death to men and to cattle.

The souls of the dead are minor spirits. Those most frequently mentioned in the sacrifices are chiefs and witch-doctors of days gone by. Sacrifices are of two kinds: the ones offered by the priests on some great tribal occasions, and minor sacrifices—a goat or a chicken or beer—offered in sickness and prescribed by the medicine man. In

FOLK WAYS OF KAVIRONDO 197

every locality excepting Kitosh the sacrifices are in the open, under a large tree, and the offering is made either upon the ground or a sacrificial stone. In Kitosh a little hut is built for the purpose.

If a cow or goat has been the sacrificial offering, the instigator of the sacrifice keeps the horns and places them on the roof of his hut, above the entrance. If it is a chicken that has been offered up, the beak is saved to hang about the sacrificer's neck, or that of his child.

In their mythology the human drama begins with a man and a woman who lived in complete happiness. The earth yielded all that they needed or desired. They had only to put the forked stick to the ground and food would grow. *Were* had told the first man and the first woman that this would be, and it was. But one day the woman put the stick to the ground on the spot where she wished millet to grow and none came. For days she waited, and still no millet came. Then in her doubt she began to scratch the earth and dig. Then *Were* appeared to the first man, and said: "From henceforth the earth will not bring forth food unless you cultivate and weed the ground."

Death, like labour, came from a lack of faith. The first man begat children, and men multiplied on the earth. There was misery, but not yet was there death. One day a chameleon came to the man and said, "Bring me a pot of beer." The man brought the beer, and the chameleon dipped

himself in it. Then the chameleon ordered the man to drink the beer. The man would not. He abhorred the chameleon, and thought it poisonous to the touch. And because he refused to drink, the chameleon said, "Henceforth men will die." A snake, ordered to drink the beer, obeyed. And so, in Bantu belief, the snake does not die. His life is renewed with each renewal of skin.

The Kisii is a Bantu tribe, but has followed the Nilotic group in the matter of circumcision. They have some special gods. Their legends tell of a snake-god Gawassi, and a prophet called Sakawa. When Gawassi leaves his home in the waters of Victoria Nyanza, the Kisii know that they must rise against whatever aliens are in their country; must break whatever shackles bind the tribe. The British believe that the Germans in their war operations made use of this legend, and it is certain that witch-doctors were called into play in war propaganda.

The institution of the *baraza* (tribunal) is of long standing among the Kavirondo. Cases are presented by plaintiff, defendant and witnesses. The *baraza* is made up of the chief, who presides, a few elders, and two or three other men who act with the elders as jurors, and who communicate the decision to the chief. Owners of villages and persons of similar importance in the tribe may attend the sessions, but they take no part in the deliberations. Discussion on the outside is, however, permitted them, and if one shows especial

intelligence in the case, he is noted by the elders, and stands in line to become a juror. The judgment of the elders in any case, when confirmed by the chief, stands; except in the event of appeal to the district commissioner.

Before the British administration *barazas* were convoked less frequently, and with fewer members. Sometimes in those days the tribunal would be called to discover the person responsible for a scourge or famine. When the guilt had been fixed the culprit was ordered to sacrifice a cow or a sheep. The presiding chief was usually the high priest who officiated at sacrifices, and a medicine man as well. The most powerful witch-doctors are chiefs.

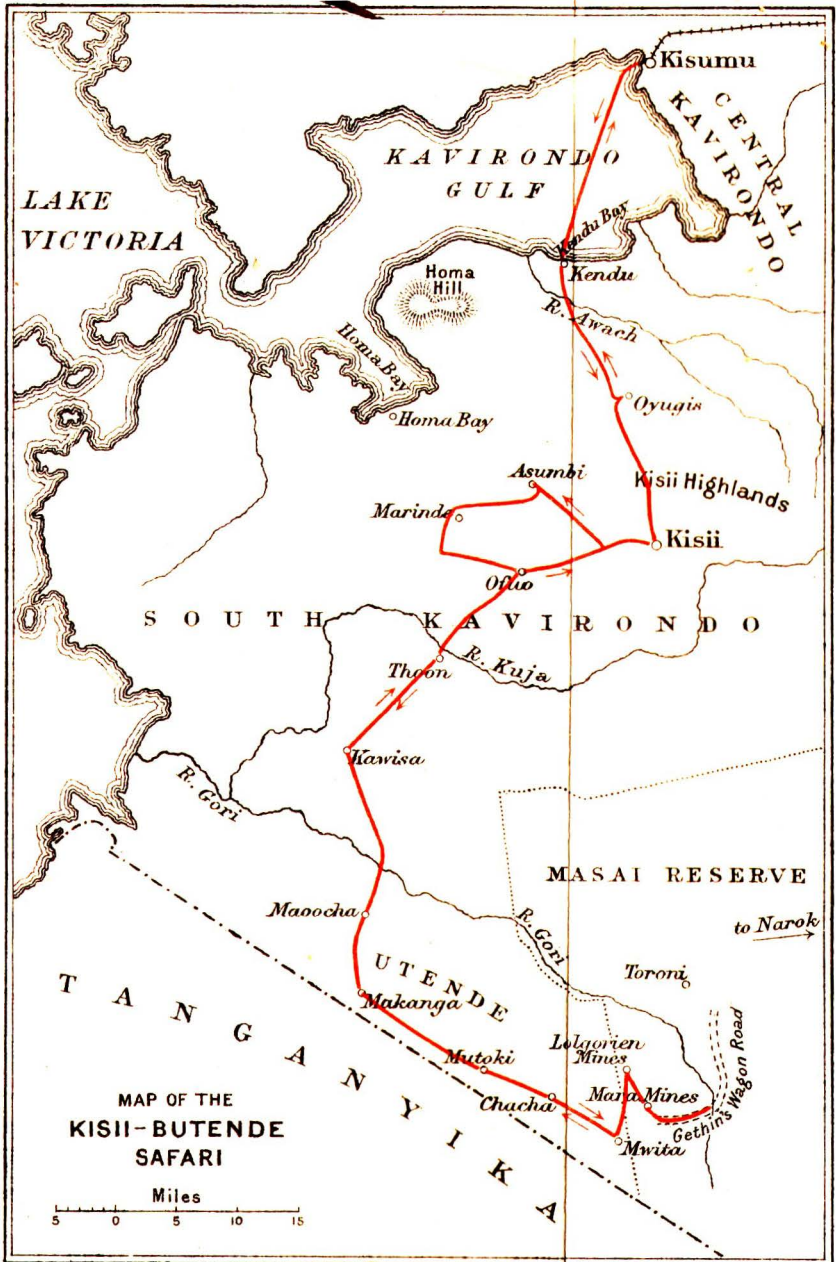
A chief chooses a son who shall succeed him, and the matter is usually decided years before death. But it is only the chief's power that goes intact to the successor; the private property must be divided among the sons.

Two out of every three cattle that are the spoils of war go to the chief, who divides his share with his brothers. A man who has distinguished himself in the war is rewarded with a gift of cattle from the chief, and sometimes receives also a wife without payment.

The property of a man who dies when his children are small goes to his brother. But if there be a grown son, he receives the property but must give shares to his brothers. He may not, however, take the cattle paid as marriage price for a sister. These must go to the father's brother.

200 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

Only in one regard do the Kavirondo show curiosity about the place from which Europeans come. They sometimes ask who does the work in that far country—the cultivation and cooking, and the carrying of loads.



Stanford's Geographical Establishment, London.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAND OF THE BUTENDE

Safari with a guide who did not know the way—Various chiefs and their villages—A wandering prospector—*Ngoma* of Makanga's clan—Certain customs of the Butende.

My determination to see the Butende people on their own ground meant that we should go to the border of Tanganyika territory—a *safari* into the wilds. No welcoming host would await us at the government camps along the way. The condition of these camps, vacant except on the rare occasions of official expeditions, would be dependent on the chief of the village near by, who, as such, was a government official.

Gradually in these last weeks the conveniences of modern life had dropped away. Telephone and telegraph we had left behind us at Kisumu. Bullock cart transportation ended at Kisii. So, too, did mail service. From now on urgent messages must come and go by runner, which is not so slow as it sounds, for the native runs freely and tirelessly as does a dog, and he easily covers

sixty miles in a day. But Kisii is the last outpost of civilization on the stretch of mountains, valleys and plains until Moshi is reached, with its eight hundred whites on the southern slope of Mount Kilimanjaro. So the mountain village looms big in importance and in memory.

When I returned to Kisii from my visit to Father Doyle I had Mr. Gethin set about securing the necessary porters and supplies. He thought my idea good, but the other residents of the town were puzzled. No expeditions other than official ever went into the district. Were we ivory hunters? Or perhaps labour recruiters, unavowed? The recruiter specialist's manner became cold, and I think he was responsible for Gethin's difficulty in getting carriers. It required several days to assemble the thirty-three men, the few *totos*, the mule and the donkey which were to be added to our party. Our wage scale was high. The *nyapara* (headman) would receive a shilling and a half, each porter a shilling, and each *toto* (small boy) half a shilling a day. The grey mule would cost twenty shillings and the white donkey fifteen, for the entire journey. The recruiting fee was two shillings for each porter.

The chiefs along the route would supply us with certain articles of food, but even so we took with us a large supply. In addition to that we already had, there were thirty pounds of beans, costing three shillings, and six loads of *matama*, a sort of bird seed, at eight shillings a load. I was not

surprised at the bird seed, for I had learned it was a staple food of the Kisii, but I wondered at the heavy bags full of something that looked like black cinders. "Salt. Nine shillings a load," Gethin explained. "You'll find it valuable. Any chief will exchange *posho* for it. They eat salt, and feed it to the cattle." Six scarlet blankets, at six shillings each, we took for presents to chiefs.

Thus equipped, we were ready. My dream of an early start was in vain. On *safari* the porters may be roused at dawn, but in their home village they assemble when they are ready, and it is with obvious reluctance that they tear themselves away from their homes and *bibis*. The sun was high when they came straggling toward camp. Most wore a hide or rag about loins or shoulders; some wore nothing whatever. Personal baggage they had none. Gethin lined them up and gave me a list of their names, and the names of their fathers, checking them off with the *nyapara*. The luggage had been divided into loads of varying weight, but none over fifty pounds. Each man dived to get as light a load as possible, and the *mêlée* with accompanying jabberings sounded like a fight. These affrays for a light load happened every morning while the *safari* lasted, but they were friendly, for the men were good-natured. The tent was heaviest, and required two carriers. The tin bath tub in which my clothes and ammunition were locked was a bit overweight, and made the rounds, having a new carrier each day. The most popular

bundle was the typewriter and gramophone roped together.

Suddenly on that morning of the start the chatter changed to a wild shouting and yodelling. I turned from my talk with Gethin and saw the whole army of savage porters, led by the *nyapara*, tear across the avenue and disappear into the woods. All our possessions were on their heads, and it looked like a stampede. Gethin laughed. "Don't worry. They always start like that. By and by they will slow down to a steady jog trot."

Lewis and I started after the gang. The mule and donkey brought up in the rear. Gethin had given me a typewritten route guide, as accurately planned as though issued by the secretary of an automobile club in America. Each district in which we were to make camp was indicated by the name of its chief. It looked simple. Just a good day's journey between camps:

Kisii to Asumbi . . .	14 miles.
Asumbi to Ofua's . . .	15 miles.
Ofua's to Kawisa . . .	12 miles.
Kawisa to Maoocha . . .	20 miles.
Maoocha to Makanga . . .	14 miles.
Makanga to Chacha . . .	14 miles.
Chacha to the mines . . .	16 miles.
Mines to Toroni . . .	26 miles.

Back to Kisii through the Masai reserve, over Gethin's wagon road.

The programme was admirable, and the only hindrances came by way of the incalculable. Gethin could not foresee that when we came to the

place where his wagon road should have been, we would find that it had gone and left no trace. Nor could he know in advance the *nyapara's* ignorance of the roads, and of everything else under the sun. The *nyapara* was a dapper fellow; had been an askari, and was the only one of the troop besides our boys who wore trousers. He must have made his contract with Gethin on his general appearance of efficiency. Then, too, the number of miles allotted to a day means nothing; it is the kind of miles that matters. Some of the trails were so steep they counted for ten times their length. And the rainy season leaped ahead for our discomfiture, and the rivers were flooded. Consequently, Gethin's programme is a souvenir of intention rather than achievement; but though we missed some of his chiefs, we made up for it by finding others.

The first day went according to schedule, and the march was gay. Now and then the porters sang. A man in front would begin, and the song would be caught up by one after another down the line. The Kavirondo we passed on the beautiful road were no longer strange to us, and our chief interest was in the number of small boys that we saw, each clutching a handful of feathers. Wonderful hats would be made when those boys reached their villages.

Late afternoon brought us to Asumbi, and the mission. We watched the sun go down behind Tut-ankh-amen; we listened to Father Scheffer's

talk; and delighted in the mission hospitality. In front of the real bed on which I slept that night was a mat, on a real floor. Overhead was a grass roof; not canvas. Here were luxury and permanence, indeed.

Next day we began to discover the limitations of our *nyapara*. We aimed at Ofua's and arrived at Marinde, which was three hours out of the way. And at managing the porters, which is a *nyapara's* chief *shauri*, he was no better than at knowing the roads. Fortunately the Kisii are well behaved. Besides, there was Barney, diplomatic, executive and dependable, to keep things going. Of course the porters themselves knew nothing of the road. They followed like dogs, and did not care how long the march so long as there was *posho*. They were always hungry, and no wonder; *matama* is not a substantial diet. There was much rejoicing when we shot a buck or other animal. They tore the meat with their fingers, and stuffed it, raw and dripping, into their mouths.

Single file they went. Usually the line was broken in the middle; those carrying the heavy loads came first, then after a space of twenty or thirty yards, came those with lighter loads. Lewis and I led the file, walking with the gun-bearers and canteen-bearers, the *totos* and the animals. Behind the very last of the stragglers walked Barney and Karioki. All that day we tramped across rolling meadows in the heart of the Kisii highlands, on the paths made by the natives. They are not trails for



(Upper) NATIVE TRIBUNAL IN SESSION.
(Lower) BUTENDE CHIEFS BY THE ROADSIDE.

bandy-legged men, for the native toes in when he walks. My umbrella was a good friend in the blazing sunshine. We began to hate the monotonous blue of the sky, and the drifting white clouds. The "Yambo" greeting of the natives became tiresome.

But we soon regretted our complaints and found there were worse things than sunshine and blue sky. We had just reached the government camp at Ofua's when rain began to pour.

Ofua's camp is among tall trees on a mountain ridge. We entered the bamboo enclosure which protects from wild beasts, and found a four-sided, grass-covered hut designed for the *bwanas*, and at a short distance away a circle of round huts for the porters. We found, too, a group of natives, for the news of our approach had come by African drums, and the villagers, curious as children, were assembled. Ofua was not among them. Only his headman, and he had not brought food for us or for the porters. On the contrary, the villagers stood about begging for salt, cigarettes, *dawa*, whatever struck their fancy, and had to be driven away.

The boys dumped their loads. A squad was sent for firewood and water. Another delegation put up the tent; they hammered the pegs that hold the ropes well in as an anchor against high wind, and dug a trench as safeguard against rain in the night. One look into the hut revealed the reason for all the cautions we had had against sleeping

there. "Use the cool hut in the day when fleas and ticks are a bit handicapped," officials and Gethin had said. "But sleep in your tent." When the fire was made, the boys opened the chop-boxes and prepared rice and potatoes and canned meat—a good enough meal, but we had counted on chicken and eggs from the chief.

Later, when Lewis and the boys and porters were all asleep, I sat in my tent writing. Insects dimmed the light, and disputed with me the possession of the paper. Millions of insects, ranging in size and kind from big, flying cockroaches down to tiny ants. An entomologist would have had an interesting evening, but the situation lacked zest for an ordinary traveller. Not that Ofua's is worse in this regard than most other places in Central Africa, but that still rainy night the bugs were particularly annoying. I slapped at them, brushed them off the paper, waved them out of my face. Suddenly a large black object came through the tent opening. A bug as big as a bat, was my first thought; then I saw that it was a woolly head.

"What in hell do you want?" I demanded.

He probably thought it was an invitation to enter, for the whole figure followed the head into the tent.

"Ofua," he said. One hand held out a rooster; the other a basket of yams. A long speech followed, the purport of which I shall never know since any who might have interpreted were asleep. But I understood that the chief was thus making amends for his failure to be on hand at our arrival.

I understood also why he had been unable to play the welcoming host. He was loquacious and staggering. Native beer had obviously flowed at Ofua's hut that day. Though late, he seemed intent on making a visit of worth-while length, and I had at last to push him out of the tent.

Our next chief, Thoon, is of pleasanter memory. We neared his village early in the day. The only special event of the morning had been our crossing of the Kuja, flowing between steep sandy banks. The river is about eighty-five yards wide at the point where we crossed, and not more than knee deep, but a light-weight porter was dragged by the current, and dropped his load, which happened to be Lewis' box. No harm was done, for the man scrambled to his feet and on to shore immediately, and the contents of the box were dried in the sun.

As soon as we stopped to make camp Thoon appeared, followed by a retinue of a dozen small boys bearing *posho*. The nude children made a pretty picture as they came; their black skins shone in the sunlight, and on their heads were baskets of bananas and eggs. They eyed with interest our *totos*, hurrying about on errands for Barney and Karioki, who were busy at laundry work.

On *safari* the *totos* had special jobs. One had charge of the mule, the other the donkey. In camp so many chores came their way that their small bodies must have ached with exhaustion when they went to sleep, their legs curled under so that the devil might not catch them. Neither boy was more

than ten. The mule *toto* was known as Sultani, because of his pride in a red blanket I gave him when he had a cold. He wore it on all occasions. The donkey *toto* was not so popular. Later he came under a cloud of suspicion; charged with having stolen the sleeve straps from Lewis' trench-coat, and bartering them for the Butende rings which he wore around his body. He was court martialled, but the evidence was merely circumstantial so he was not whipped. And, innocent or guilty, he had the rings, which must have been a joy.

But the *totos* were not yet possessed of blanket and rings when Thoon came, so the interest of the village youngsters could only have been roused by their being strangers from afar, and persons of affairs.

Partridge and guinea fowl stew formed our chief course at dinner that night. Of the flour which had been one of Thoon's gifts, Barney baked bread in an empty cracker tin. When in Mombasa I had been on the point of buying a stove, and many pots and pans, my hostess had stopped me. A Swahili boy had no need for standardized cooking equipment, she said. They had genius for makeshift. Experience proved that she was right.

The *nyapara's* ignorance of the road led us far from our planned course. One morning I demanded that we reach Maoocha that day. A blind man could have seen that my patience was gone, and that something had to be done. The *nyapara's*

method was simple. He spoke to the first man he saw. The man was busy sharpening a long knife, but he dropped the *panga* and led the way to the next village, some miles away. This was the first of many commandeered guides. The villager might be eating, or branding his boy's cheek with the clan's mark, or working on a shield, it made no difference. When the *nyapara* spoke, the work in hand was dropped, and the guide tramped willingly at the head of our column until we came to the next village. There he dropped out, and the *nyapara* would speak to another man. One whom he followed far was clad only in a band of straw braid with feathers stuck in it, round his head. The helpfulness of these guides is the usual order unless the stranger is known to be friendly with an enemy tribe.

We saw shields and feathers everywhere, for we were now deep into the Kavirondo country. A chief who met us on the road invited us into his village. We crawled through the opening in the thornbush hedge that fortified against lions and leopards, and saw women and old men, cattle and goats—the usual village scene. There were probably thirty huts. Outside one sat a young woman nursing a week-old baby. The mother was naked as the child.

I had long coveted a shield, and when I saw a man putting the finishing touches of ostrich tips on one, I made him an offer of sixty shillings. I knew that the cost had probably been half that sum.

He shook his head. If I had offered a tenth, or ten times as much, it would have been the same. The shield was priceless. No American dollars nor English shillings could weigh in the matter, though the sixty shillings I offered would have paid his hut tax for years. As added inducement I suggested taking the man's picture, but he again shook his head. And perhaps it was no inducement after all, for while some of the tribes appeared to regard the click of the camera as a good omen, others feared it as the evil eye.

The chief was friendly, and we lingered in talk. It was conversation under difficulties, for he spoke in Kavirondo to the *nyapara*, who translated into Swahili to Barney, who gave it to Lewis and me in English. By this filtration of words we learned that the chief had been an askari during the war, and that his clan was prosperous. They looked happy.

In spite of our guides we seemed unable to reach Maoocha. We tramped miles on miles and at last were tired enough to mount our steeds. Lewis, being lighter than I, took the burro. I straddled the mule. This was the first time we had ridden the animals, but we discovered at once that the continent of residence has nothing to do with the psychology of the long-eared tribe. The mule was stubborn, and the burro stupid and very melancholy, just as are their American kin.

"Campi, camp!" the *totos* suddenly shouted.

The long black file took up the word. It meant the dumping of loads, and all were terribly tired for

we must have gone twenty-five miles that day. Had we been less exhausted we should have spurned the forlorn little camp—a round hut in grass about five feet high, that spread over the hill-side. It was the tallest elephant grass we had yet seen, but was low in comparison to much we passed through later. A muddy stream trickled by the hut. Butterflies of brilliant wings fluttered under the orchids that hung in the trees. The air was humid as that of a conservatory. There was no village in sight, but I believed that Maoocha must be within a few miles. I reasoned from the fact that a road lay along our hill, and we had discovered that one always ran about ten miles out from a village. Also that the condition of the road accurately indicates the kind of chief we were to find. But ten miles more were ten too many. The camp in the elephant grass was good enough. The tents were pitched. For the first time we had a real camp fire other than the kitchen fire. Young trees were felled for wood, which seemed a shame; but the fire blazed in front of the tent verandah where we ate, and dried the air.

Next morning we followed our usual custom of a cup of tea while we hurried into our clothes. The real breakfast came after two or three hours of tramping; we felt virtuously economical of time thus to combine food with rest. That morning we crossed the Gori River, envying the natives their lack of clothes as we splashed. On the road once more we knew ourselves to be in, or very near, the Utende country, for we passed a tall fellow who was

unmistakably of the tribe that had attracted my attention in Kisii. His ear-lobes were elongated, and held blocks of wood. He was decorated like a woman, and we later learned the significance—he was of the 1924 circumcision class. For twelve months before the ceremonial the candidates wear about their foreheads a chain from which dangles a circular piece of faience with small beads. The ornament looks like the Swedish coat of arms.

He was the first of many Butende that we met. The men were tall, and the women tiny, but all were friendly and good-looking. Girls left their work in the well-cultivated fields that stretched beside the road, and ran to us with outstretched hands. “*Yambo, bwana,*” they said. We paused to shake hands. It was an odd scene, for in Africa handshaking even among Europeans is rare. The *nyapara* did not speak their language, but he made out that the girls wished to know if we had crossed the big bridge at Suna. We had not. The *nyapara* could be trusted to miss a bridge.

The path suddenly widened and became a road. About a mile from the village we met Chief Makanga, come to welcome us. He was in khaki; the only evidence of savagery in his costume was the iron ring about his neck. He led us up the climbing road to a green flat; there, within a ten minutes walk of the village, we made camp. South of us stretched mountains which formed the northern boundary of Tanganyika territory. Across the undulating valleys at our west was the range which

shut Lake Victoria from view. I sat in the verandah and revelled in the panorama of beauty. A crowd of curious blacks gazed wide-eyed at us.

“Hullo fellows!”

Neither Lewis nor I believed our ears, but we jumped as vigorously as though we did. Up the trail bobbed a white head and white face, topping a man dressed in overalls.

“Hello yourself,” I yelled, and hurried to meet him and grab his hand. It was only the other day that we had seen a white man at Asumbi, but it seemed a long time between Europeans for all that.

“My name is O'Donnell,” our guest said.

We did not wait for sundown to mix a sun-downer.

“Whisky!” he said. “I used to go down to Nairobi on a tear every now and then and spend a hundred pounds in a week, but I've stopped that. Haven't had a drink for months. None here, you know, on account of the niggers. And I can't drink their beer. You'd better not, either. Gives you dysentery.”

I asked him what he was doing there, and he looked astounded that anyone could be so ignorant. “Ever hear about the gold mines in Tanganyika?” he asked.

Of course. Prospector. The same type the world over; I should have recognized the earmarks of the most romantic tribe in all the romance-befuddled world.

“I've been prospecting all my life,” he

said proudly. "Ran away from Eton fifty years ago."

He knew America, and his last venture there had been at Goldfield, Nevada. "I had gone broke, and had to work for a while with the General Electric Company at Schenectady to make a stake to take me West. Goldfield was a good camp, but not as good as this. Look at the quartz I found to-day!" He pulled a bit of rock out of his pocket, and pointed out the colour which made certain the fact that at last he had made a strike. "That's pay ore if I ever saw it," he said.

Mines are a dangerous subject for me. I find them much too fascinating, so I switched O'Donnell to other talk. At Johannesburg when the war broke, he had hurried home to join the colours. He was refused a commission, but became a trooper in King Edward's Horse, and with a year of service had won a colonel's rank. Like every other soldier he fell in love with a French girl, and—unlike most—he still writes to her. Two years in a prison camp at Holzminden closed his war career and were the hardest years of his life. "But I learned German while I was there. Nothing like knowing the language of a people. I picked up Masai when I was living with one of the clans. They helped me locate the spot where I am digging now."

He enjoyed dinner with us, but confessed that for himself he never bothered with chop-boxes. "I live as the natives do. Blood and milk isn't half bad. Don't you eat blood pudding?"

The old traveller with his gift for assimilation talked far into the night. Then he retired to his little hut, close to our tent.

We settled down in camp for a stay of several days. Makanga was generous in hospitality. Whether the two red blankets we gave him won an especially cordial brand of friendship, or whether he was by nature bountiful, I do not know; but instead of the usual procedure of me offering a bull if the chief would have a *ngoma*, Makanga presented us with a bull, and himself suggested *ngoma*.

The headman led the plump, well-groomed animal to our camp. Since it must be killed, though it seemed a pity, I had an idea which grew out of O'Donnell's talk. The Kisii water had made me ill, and no remedy in my medicine-chest helped. Why not try the blood and milk which the miner praised, and which I knew to be the staple food of the Masai tribe? The Butende also are blood drinkers, and after observing their manner of getting the blood we followed the same procedure. One of the boys tied a rope around the bull's neck in such a manner that the jugular vein swelled. A boy stationed a few yards away shot an arrow into the vein; the flowing blood was saved, and boiled. That, mixed with milk, I drank, and it gave me quick relief. I cannot recommend this for an appetizing drink, though the idea is more unpleasant than the taste. But it is excellent *dawa*.

All the first day while we rested, the citizens of Utende filed past our tent. Young and old, male

and female, all came for a look. From all the countryside they gathered; few Europeans came their way, and few Butende had ever been so far from home as Kisii, so they were interested. O'Donnell's first trip had been made on a bicycle. They compared it to a donkey, and asked him what it ate.

I was struck by the number of grey-headed men among our spectators. Grey hair is not rare, and comes rather early, for the Central African native is short-lived, but these men were really old. The council men were venerable. Heavy stones dangled from their ears. Their forehead ornaments were strange indeed; whatever fancy had prompted, or chance brought their way, had been utilized, whether it were iron bands or yellow ribbon or cigarette tins. The women were shyer than the men, and stayed outside the bamboo fence, but there were chances enough to observe them. A black fringe about the waist was the costume of the married women; the unmarried wore a piece of cloth, or a bit of foliage on a cord about the hips. Abdomen and forehead bore the tribal marks, which are cut into the flesh by the old women of the clan. The wounds are made to fester, and the result is life-long hideous scars which look as though a rubber mat with a design had been pasted on brow and body.

Among the children who came was an emaciated boy of about six or seven. His eyes were blue, his skin very fair, and his kinky hair yellow. O'Donnell

said the child's father was a German soldier who had passed through on his way from Tanganyika to Kisii. The Butende are proud of the child. They asked me for *dawa*, for he is sick most of the time.

But sick or well, *dawa* is the thing they all want. Though I knew that most were shamming I was willing to oblige so long as the castor oil bottle held out. One man seemed to be suffering from locomotor ataxia and I gave him a hypodermic. He carried a fine *kiboko*, and I asked him for it. He refused, and refused again. All this was done by gesture. Then I tried talk through the necessary intermediaries. I said that the treatment I had given him cost money, and was he not willing to pay with the *kiboko*? His answer came back: "If the *bwana* gets *kiboko* he will use it on some of my people." Chief Makanga thought better of me than that, and when he saw how anxious I was for a *kiboko* for my mule, he gave me his own.

Early in the day of the *ngoma* we heard the beating of the village drum. The sound kept up at short intervals throughout the day, summoning the folk from all the surrounding country. From our verandah we could see them coming; streaming in from settlements miles away on the plains. All were in their finery. Makanga discarded his khaki. In two leopard skins sewn together he looked the magnificent savage that he was.

Some of the women had plastered their hair with red clay, and pressed it close to their heads with the

effect of skull cap or riding hood. Others had woven grass into their hair, and wore as much as twenty strings of beads about the neck. There were strings of beads about the abdomen too, and gilt tinsel belts, and strips of goat skin. Grass reeds were stuck through the perforations in the tribal marks. Many wore green leaves about the ankles.

The men of this six foot tribe were formidable in full dress. Some had twisted their hair into coils with red clay; some wore feather caps. Blocks of wood or stone hung from the ears and reached the shoulders, which must have been a merciful sharing of weight, for the stones weighed as much as eight pounds. Cheeks were painted in red and white polka dots, and the men carried knobkerries, sticks or small swords in their hands or stuck through the hide belts. Rows of metal rings with little jingling bells hung from ankles, wrists and upper arm.

The ring for dancing was formed back of our tents. There was a three piece orchestra—two drums and a clarionet-like instrument with wooden keys.

A group of girls were at the centre of the circle; some were flappers of nine or ten, and they were dressed only in metal rings about their bodies. On the outer edge of the circle stood the men waiting, for the girls make choice of partners. Bashfully and with downcast eyes a girl would trip across the ten yards, and touch the hand of her favoured man. He took her hand, and she led him away to any

chosen place within the circle. Soon all the couples were thus matched, and the *ngoma* was on.

The dance itself was a gentle sway to and fro as man and girl stand opposite each other; never touching, never coming closer than two feet, not even looking at each other. The chief movement was from heel to toe, back and forth. The faces of the dancers were serious; they did not speak. When the music stopped after about ten minutes, the dancers turned their backs abruptly, with never a word nor even a glance. It was almost as though they were ashamed. These Butende take their pleasures gently and chastely. But there was something memorably beautiful in those leaf-decked ankles and feet tripping backwards and forwards, and across the grass-covered earth. There was no gaiety in the dance, but there was a suggestion of sylvan happiness.

With a sick recollection of its indecency, I thought of the Kikuyu *ngoma*. Karioki, our Kikuyu boy, thought of it too, and told Barney this was no *ngoma* at all. Whatever is his vernacular for "tame," he said with much feeling.

Though the married people did not dance, this was a community affair. Married women stood outside the ring, and nursed their babies as they looked on. Little children, of three or four, went into the ring, and the older girls initiated them into the swaying with the music. The dance was over at sundown, and the people scattered to their far homes. The Butende people are the gentlest

savages I had seen in Africa or in any place. I asked Barney to tell Chief Makanga that I thought his people fine, and that I had not known a *ngoma* could be so beautiful. He looked bewildered. How else could a *ngoma* be done? Makanga had never been further from his home than Kisii, and there but twice in his life.

O'Donnell told me that the Kendu mission of the Seventh Day Adventists—he called them Seventh Day Adventurers—had a native teacher somewhere in this district. I sent for the teacher, and found him to be Kavirondo, though he spoke Butende and knew the people well. O'Donnell's Swahili boy also spoke Butende, so with his help and Barney's I was able to talk with the Adventist teacher and get from him a few bits about the customs of the tribe.

The Butende characteristics and habits are similar to those of the Masai, for there has been much intermarriage. But the blood of the Butende is a mixture of many bloods, with Nilotic predominant.

They have a religion which includes the worship of spirits. Evil eye and witchcraft are feared, and the clans have their own trials for the workers of witch magic. The old women of the tribe have considerable power, and they enforce the observance of ancient customs. They would never permit the ploughing of the field by oxen; disaster would surely follow. The morality of the Butende is rated high in comparison with other tribes.

THE LAND OF THE BUTENDE 223

One who dies in the morning is buried just outside the entrance of the hut. Whoever dies at night is buried inside the hut. A month after the death a party is given by the relatives. The old women cook for fifty or more; two cows are eaten, and there is much dancing. And there is beer of a special sort. Seven kinds of beer are brewed to fit various occasions; beer for private use, for clan, for cultivation, and special kinds each for wedding, birth, circumcision and fighting ceremonies.

As is usual with Kenya tribes, all land is held in common. The Butende work their farms co-operatively. Women are the field labourers, and form into working gangs of a dozen or more.

Cowry shell, in strings of a hundred or a thousand, was, until very recently, the only currency except goats.

CHAPTER XII

A WET SAFARI

Chacha and the flooded camp—Elephant hunt with a black king—Gold mine in the elephant grass—Raging streams and impromptu bridges—Back to Kisii and Kendu.

It rained during the night after the *ngoma* and I should have known better than to break camp. But I was eager to press on to Chacha, and then to the mines, so in the bright morning sunshine we started over the first ridges. Makanga's good road soon dwindled to a mountain trail which was a succession of straight up and straight down pitches. All about us were mountains; grassy, partly wooded, and with volcanic rocks, for we were in a fork of the Great Rift. There was no habitation nor other sign of human life; between Makanga and the Tanganyika border are only three villages—Mutoki's, Chacha's and Mvite's.

A ten mile tramp brought us to Mutoki, and there we stopped for food. The chief and his eighty-year-old father and the usual following came to meet us, and urged us to stay, but ten more miles would bring us to Chacha, and we had set that for the end of our day's journey.

I can make no definite estimate of how far we had gone when the storm broke. Flash after flash of lightning; thunder that echoed loud and endlessly; then a sudden downpour of rain that I, who am no stranger to tropic storms, have never seen equalled. Lewis and I were at the front with the gun-bearers, *totos* and animals. I whirled about and saw the porters fleeing in all directions, scurrying to shelter behind rocks and trees and bushes. In a second not one of the thirty-three could be seen.

That was one way to meet the emergency, but Lewis and I decided we had better go on. We could get no wetter. I considered mounting the mule, but the drenched saddle was not inviting, so on we tramped, we two white men, the gun-bearers, the little black boys, the mule and the donkey, as melancholy a procession as ever bore down upon Chacha's village. When we came to it, the twenty huts seemed like an imposing settlement. But our march was not yet over though we were half drowned and our faces were pounded sore by the rain. Camp was half a mile back on the road, and we had missed it. A native showed us the way and pointed to a four-sided hut. We raced for it, regardless of the fact that it rose out of a lake a foot deep; a lake which an hour ago had been a flat field. The porters had been wiser than we; any shelter in that storm was better than the road.

Gun-bearers, *totos* and animals came with us into the *bwanas'* hut. It would have been inhuman to

send them on to the round huts, though they were no more than twenty yards away. And the *bwanas'* hut was bad enough. It was without a floor; the reed roof was full of holes; we stood inches deep in water. But there were places between spouts that seemed comparatively dry, and I stepped to one of them and took out my pipe for the needed consolation of a smoke. The flickering match revealed a huddled mass against one of the walls. I investigated, and discovered that three blacks—a man, a boy, and a girl—had beaten us to this shelter. I pulled the man out into the light, and saw that he had a good blanket, and round his head, turban fashion, was wound a coil of brown and blue and gold cloth. He was a person of importance. Chacha himself, I surmised. He was lean and wiry and had cunning eyes; he was as different from the straightforward, upstanding Makanga as one man could be from another.

I offered a cigarette, and our halting conversation began. He was Chacha, and had been caught in the storm on his way home. He had been *askari kubwa* (soldier of high rank) in the war. I learned later that Chacha had lived on the Tanganyika side, but during the war had moved into British territory, and entered British service as an intermediary between the border tribes. Gethin had told me that Chacha would try to inveigle me into a hunt since elephant and rhinoceros abound in the district, but that ivory rather than sport was his object.

Chacha lost no time. He pointed to the rifles

the gun-bearers put down, and made me understand he much desired a hunt. Then he signed and put his hand on his chest. "*Dawa*," he said. Next he touched his daughter's thigh. She, too, needed *dawa*. He indicated that he would like to have my wrist-watch, some tobacco, and the pugaree on my terai hat. He was a good friend to his British friends, and I should show my love by giving him these trifles.

It was an hour before Barney and Karioki arrived. They found us standing ankle deep in water. The rain had slackened a little, and Barney had the *totos* and gun-bearer bring wood. He tore some dry leaves from the inside of the wall, and in some miraculous way managed to make a fire in a high corner of the hut. Lewis, always ready to rough it but fussy about wet clothes, welcomed that fire as a gift from heaven. Standing first on one foot, then on the other he pulled off his stockings and held them over the blaze. Chacha relieved him of one. Then, grave-faced, black man and white stood side by side; each one was stretching a stocking, and feeling it now and then to make sure that the serious work in hand was being accomplished. The wet wood and the wet clothes resulted in a smoke so dense that our eyes began to drip as copiously as the roof. The animals turned tail and went outside.

Like many Africans, Barney and Karioki were at their best in untoward circumstances—an admirable and endearing quality. When all went

smoothly they did their work perfunctorily, but in times of stress they were always alert, keen and good-humoured. The *nyapara* and porters came straggling, in squads of half a dozen, and laughing as though the experience were the best of jokes. Barney set them all to work. Of course there was no possibility of pitching the tent since it was still raining hard, but the inside of the hut was soon quite habitable, the ground sheet was spread, the cots pushed in, dry clothes were laid out, and the table set. Never were sundowner and dinner so welcome or so good.

Next day camp swarmed with visitors. That it had rained all night and showed no signs of ever stopping had no effect on the natives. The only way that I could keep them outside the hut was by threatening to make Sultani stop the victrola, for he was musical director in addition to his duties as mule *toto*. That had instant, but not lasting effect. While the Chacha hordes pressed upon us Lewis kept on drying clothes. It had become a mania, and he would not trust the work to the boys.

It cleared in the afternoon, and when a native brought word that an elephant herd was not far away I grabbed my gun and set out with twenty of Chacha's warriors. Of course I knew that "not far away" might mean anything in the way of distance. Europeans as well as natives in Africa put an optimistic estimate on the miles one must traverse. But two hours of tramping in wet clay convinced me that I had no further interest in elephants that day.

Nor was it only the mud. Night was falling. I dislike darkness anywhere, and abhor it in Africa, where it is denser and blacker than anywhere on the planet. To the natives this means nothing, and I believe they have a cat-like ability to see better by night than by day. Barney and Karioki arranged our clothes in pitchy darkness, and never so much as struck a match. But I am not so well equipped with vision, so I left the elephants to their own devices and went home.

Next morning Chacha came with news that his runners had reported a herd of elephants. They were not far away, and were directly on our course as we trekked toward the mines. The idea of an elephant hunt with a savage king was alluring, so I accepted with alacrity Chacha's suggestion that he come along with us. I hastily attended to the sick among the porters; a long list for every morning now there were a dozen who must be treated for cuts, bruises, sprains or colds, to which last the natives are peculiarly susceptible. We were glad to leave the most dismal camp in Africa; most dismal up to that time.

We were an imposing company as we set out for the hunt. To my group were added Chacha, his headman, and at least two dozen of his followers, all armed with bow, arrows and pangas. I kept the .350 Rigby for myself, but lent Chacha my .375 B.S.A. rifle. The four cartridges I gave him may seem a scant supply, but a native never shoots unless he is sure of his game.

Eager for African tuskers, the most ferocious and sagacious of elephant species, we set out through beautiful rough country with many gullies and much brush. We sent the porters on toward the mines. We hunters climbed a hill and left Lewis, Barney, the *totos* and the mules there to wait for us.

Then Chacha led the way. We descended into a valley and crossed a steep, swampy gully and followed the course of the stream through grass that was man-high. This was the place where the herd had been sighted. We saw deep, fresh tracks, but no elephants. Evidently they had heard or scented us and had gone farther.

Noiselessly we went on. Now and then a black hand holding a spear would shoot up out of the grass and wave a new direction. I kept close to Chacha, and bent with him to examine the spoor in the steaming grass.

"*Kubwa, muzuri,*" he whispered when there was a big print. He saw the animal that had made it as plainly as though it stood before us. There were two bulls, four cows and some babies in the herd. One of the tuskers carried more than two hundred pounds of ivory. All this Chacha gave as authentic data.

But since we were not gaining on our game, Chacha decided on strategy. He sent part of his men on, with instructions to round up the herd and chase it back toward us. When, half an hour later, I saw a headman who had been crouching in the

grass suddenly leap to his feet and climb a tree, I thought they would be upon us any second.

"They are coming," I whispered to Chacha, and myself looked about for a tree. I had at no time planned a meeting in the grass with a charging elephant; had rather counted on taking careful, comfortable aim at one while he grazed in a hollow, or travelled slowly. Burdened though I was with my rifle, I had all but succeeded in hoisting myself into a tree when Chacha pulled me back.

It was his people, not the elephants, who were returning. The elephants, they said, had gone too far; they were lost to sight. We had been too late. Chacha and I eyed each other in disgust. We tramped back through the grass, slid down the steep bank, crossed the stream and climbed the hill where Lewis and the others waited without saying a word. But Lewis seemed unable to realize there was nothing to be said. He told of his anxious wait all the three hours we had been gone. He said he had listened for trumpeting, and had hoped that one elephant, escaping our bullets, would come tearing through the grass with swift, lumbering run.

"Anyway, you have *hunted* elephants," he said.

Chacha set us on the trail to the mines. I mounted the mule. I had done as much walking that morning as I cared about.

The country through which we trekked was unlike any I had ever seen. Between the ridges of mountains were dense tropical jungles. We crossed

wide stretches of plains, where above the eight-foot elephant grass rose giant euphorbia and trees. The path we followed, a gutter when the rain began to pour, was narrow and looked like a black snake winding through the grass. It was intolerably lonely, for so winding was the path and so far apart had we straggled that none could see the one before nor the one behind him. Nowhere have I ever had so forlorn a sense of being quite on my own in the universe.

Eyes down, was the trekking motto. We had to be constantly alert not to lose that narrow winding path. One step aside, and the wet grass blades lashed the face and the bare knees. The boys with their naked bodies must have suffered torments. Once I tried the experiment of leaving the path altogether, and walked about ten yards into the grass. To find the way back was not simple. It was not like being lost in a wood, nor even on a stretch of snow with no landmarks for guidance. It was like an impenetrable fog. I called and got an answer from the path where forty people struggled, each making his way as best he might.

In the jungles between the ridges we had a little relief. There the foliage broke the force of the downpour. But creeks that had to be waded flowed through the jungles, and we climbed over rocks and fallen trees; we caught our feet in vines and roots, and fell sprawling. Some of the streams were so swollen the water was waist high. In the middle of one of them I called to Lewis:

"Do those policies of ours cover being eaten by crocodiles?" For I remembered that he, before we left London, had insisted on our taking out some special kind of insurance.

"It may be so construed," he said, sourly. "Ought to be. It is supposed to insure against the insanity that sometimes comes on in the tropics."

Cumbered with luggage though they were, the porters got through without serious accident. I could not enough admire their pluck. The worse conditions grew, the jollier they became. When we reached a hill-top and came out on a wooded plateau they began to sing.

The path widened there, and some trees had been felled. It was the first sign of human life we had seen since leaving Chacha's village, which, with thirty huts, one hundred people and three hundred cattle, now seemed to us a huge settlement.

Within a hundred yards we came to a clearing, a pocket in the elephant grass. Beyond were a few huts and a log cabin; just such a cabin as springs up near a new mining claim in America. It cheered me unspeakably. We were somewhere near our destination. Suddenly the rain became a torrent. The porters ran toward one of the huts, and piled into it, one on top of the other. A white man hurried from the cabin, and waved an invitation. "Come right in," he called. "Beastly weather for *safari*. My wife will be so glad. She is just out from England."

One could see that the phrase "my wife" was

new to his tongue. Our host was Australian, and many years older than his bride, who was blonde, and rosy as the thorn trees that hugged the cabin. She seemed hardly more than a child as she shyly welcomed us, dripping, and with our faces and hands and knees bleeding from wounds made by the grass and thorns. We were disreputable-looking guests for that cosy room. An embroidered cloth was on the tea-wagon. There were serviettes and china, and home-made cakes and scones. It was a paradise to us.

But in one thing it was different from any European home we saw in Africa. Everywhere else, in English, Dutch or Irish house, people were eager to talk. Other than greeting us, our hostess said nothing. Neither we nor her genial husband could win a word from her. So he talked to us about the Lolgorien mines, of which he is manager and part owner, and was, of course, sure that his gold claim in the elephant grass in the wild Masai country would prove a bonanza. His wife sat silent, and seemed not even to listen. Her manner was so strange that Lewis and I spoke of it after we had started on.

For we went directly after tea. There was not shelter enough for all the porters, so there was nothing to do but trek on. "But there is a large camp—the Mara mines—just a little way off. Only a couple of creeks," the Australian said.

A "couple of creeks" sounded no farther than a couple of blocks, but proved to be six hard miles

—a difficult *shauri* after the exhausting day. It was almost dark when we reached a frame, tin-roofed shanty which was the evidence that we were in camp at last. The shanty was on cleared ground, and grass-covered sheds near by, but it was not the *duka* it appeared. It was a co-operative store for the mines, kept by an ex-King's African Rifles man and his wife, who gave us hearty British welcome. Then I heard my name called, and "Thought you'd come and see the mines for yourself, did you?"

It was Anderson, our Transvaal cowpuncher and ox-cart friend, whom we had met months before on our way to Narok. On his tongue to-night was none of the picturesque language that I remembered. The reason appeared in the form of the K.A.R.'s sixteen-year-old sister-in-law. She was here from Nairobi, to attend a prospective christening, and the cowpuncher was in love. That evening proved the crucial one in the affair, and my tent served for the scene of the important conversation. Privacy was impossible to achieve in the little house adjoining the store, and though all Africa stretched outside, one can't take a girl into the rain to propose to her. When they expressed a wish to see the inside of my tent, I considerably remembered something I wanted to say to the K.A.R. and dragged Lewis with me. When Anderson and the girl returned to the house, a blind man would have known they were engaged.

We sat long that night talking, giving each other

such news as comes to these settlements in the wilds. There had been no mail that week on the Mara-Narok route, because an elephant, carrying her baby on her tusks, had put it down and attacked the mail carrier. He was killed. From the talk about elephants came the explanation of the strange manner of the young wife at the Lolgorien mine: Her shattered nerves were the work of people who had thought it amusing to rouse and play on the fears of a girl bound for a strange land. She had come from London to meet the Australian in Durban and be married. All through the long voyage she listened to wild elephant stories, told her by fellow-passengers. By the time she reached her new home, her terrors had affected her mind; she actually had a box of dog biscuits to feed and pacify the creatures. Her husband had been able to calm her fears at first, but she never ventured out without seeing the tracks of some of the beasts that abound in the section. Nightly she heard the roar of lions, and the long-drawn soprano laugh of hyænas, and all her fears returned. Then, one morning, she found between two trees near her cabin, the remains of a man. Somehow she learned the truth; that it had been thrust there by elephants who often make sure their enemy will bother them no more by burying him under wood. Since then she had had no surcease from terror.

Fortunately most settlers take the danger with sporting nonchalance, but it may not be forgotten. Not long before our visit a leopard devoured a dog

under the bed where his owner slept. The discovery of gold in this section was indirectly due to a lion. A prospector found the first pay ore while he dug beneath the grass to make a grave for a friend who had been killed by a lion.

And property is no safer than life. We took our waterproofs and saddles into the house. Had they been left in the porch there would have been nothing left of them by morning.

This was farthest south on our itinerary. Our plan was to cross the Gori river into the Masai reserve, and camp at Toroni. I looked forward to meeting Chief Toroni, reputed to be one hundred and five years old, the leader of a large clan, and owner of several thousand cattle. I heard curious tales about him. One was of a chair that he sent to the mines every month to be repaired. This chair was his dearest possession, and had been given him by his European blood brother, thanks to whose intervention Toroni's tribe had several times been prevented from going on the war path. A methodical man, Toroni; else how could he break his chair regularly once a month.

But before reaching the Gori we came to the Mara mines, the first of several mines on the Tanganyika border. A few hundred natives were at work in the pockets in the grass. The manager of the mine, his wife, and two or three prospectors made up the European population. A lively camp, I could see. Would it be another Dawson? as

O'Donnell believed. These Tanganyika mines are similar to those of Northern Rhodesia; plenty of pockets, but each yields a limited amount of ore. After that, nothing. But expensive machinery is being shipped to Mara, which indicates confidence on the part of the owners. Wages are cheap. A lashing boy gets eight shillings a month; windlass and pump boys get ten shillings each, and a hammer boy twelve shillings. No wonder the labour recruiters have to persuade hard to get the natives to leave home.

We lingered a while at the mines, then followed the porters who had been sent on. We were hopeful of a good day to balance the discomforts of yesterday, and we followed the course of what had been Gethin's wagon road before it was washed out and became an elephant path. We crossed mountains. The day was fair and our hearts high. A herd of water buck emerged from a jungle, and we had visions of a good pot for the porters. But the river was between us and the animals, and on the river banks we found all the porters with their loads dumped on the wet ground. The Gori was a wild and thundering torrent. We scouted right and left for a possible place of crossing. Barney waded in, but had to be rescued, almost drowning.

We could not cross. And that meant that we could not return to Kisii through the Masai reserve, game-filled and sparsely settled—a route which would have taken only three days. We must go

back the way we had come; a course I abhor. With so many untravelled roads in the world, why tramp any road twice? But the noise of the Gori gave us the unarguable answer. We faced about and started back toward the mines.

Rain again, to add to our cheer. We were a bedraggled lot when we arrived, but forgot all about it in the welcome given us by the manager and his wife. We spent the night in their house, for they would not hear of the tent being pitched. When next morning we were ready to start I saw one of the *totos* making havoc in the pretty flower garden. I called to him, but my hostess stopped me. "Let him be," she said. "He is getting his breakfast. Gathering *dudus*, you know. In early morning, when the leaves are wet with dew, the leaves and flowers are heavy with insects." I had seen both *totos* and porters on *safari* so catching insects and eating them with relish.

The storekeeper suggested a shorter route than the one we had come, and provided a Masai guide. He was painted; he carried a spear as well as bow and arrow, and looked competent to deal with any dilemma that might arise. But he did not know ways of avoiding the swollen streams, and the seas of elephant grass seemed to have risen a foot in the night. I mounted the mule, and followed the line of porters. As we approached each stream I anxiously watched the carrier just ahead of me. He carried my bathtub. If it came down from its high perch on the porter's head, I knew that every

load had come down, and there would be delay in crossing. All the morning we trudged, and crossed streams without seeing a native. We began to fear that the short cut had led us far afield. Reassurance came with the sight of a dark mass; distant, but moving toward us. Gradually it proved itself to be a party of blacks, and closer view showed that one of them was Chacha.

He must have been surprised at our manner of receiving him. I was as glad to see the old Tanganyika renegade as if he had been my best friend, for I knew that I was within his domain. In my exuberance I forgot how far these natives wandered. We were still a dozen miles from camp. Chacha was out for rhinoceros. Proudly he showed me the fresh blood on his spear and arms. The beast had been killed in the Masai manner with all big game; a poisoned arrow shot, and the finishing stroke dealt with the spear. Poison had been strewn around the dead animal to keep hyænas away until the people from the village could come for meat and the hide.

Flushed as well as bloody with his triumph, Chacha was eager to have me join him, and go for another, "not so far away." But I declined. I had had my fill of being immersed in elephant grass; and understood why most animals shun it except as a place of temporary refuge. Elephants, lions, leopards and wild pigs are the only beasts that live in the grass; they are hardy folk, all.

The reeking cowshed was once more a haven.

A log fire was built in front of it, and Barney put up a stick skeleton which Lewis utilized in his favourite sport—drying clothes. Another huge fire burned by the porters' huts. I shall not soon forget the picture made by their naked black bodies against the yellow blaze. They seemed almost to sit in the flames in their efforts to get warm and dry.

A long line waited for *dawa* next morning, and the air resounded with coughs. Cold and wet plays havoc with the blacks; most have no blankets nor remnant of blankets to protect them. This dispensary work and the association on *safari* brought me as near to the native as the European can come, unless he be a missionary and gives long years to study of the people. Yet I wonder whether a European ever understands a psychology that is different from his own. Yellow and brown races, with their civilization older than ours, or African black, still in a savage state, we know little enough about the mental processes of either.

Makanga's camp was lively on our return. O'Donnell had gone, but two white men had arrived. Labour recruiters both; one a contractor and the other agent for a Nairobi concern. Between them they gathered in seventy-five who were willing to go into the world in quest of fortune enough to pay hut tax and buy a cow. "But why," I asked, "come so far into the wilderness when you have hundreds of thousands of Kikuyus and Wa-Kamba near at home?"

Neither hesitated about the answer. It had to

do with Indian propaganda among negro tribes. The agitators were using that slogan of Wilson's about self-determination of nations, and equal rights for all. It is a phrase that has done much toward making the world crack. Passive resistance to the call of labour in fields outside of the reserves has been the result in many parts of Africa. The recruiters said it had taken the hardest work of their lives to get the seventy-five. Some had been drafted through the Greek Duka agency in Tanganyika, and none understood their language.

There was little sleep for any of us that night. Four camp-fires burned, and incessant chatter went on among our fellow-travellers, for the recruiters and their haul joined our *safari*. Lewis and I felt like people of great importance when we looked over our regiment next morning and set out on the last lap of our journey.

Having failed to cross the Gori at the Masai border we knew it was ahead of us, and anticipated trouble, but for once luck was with us. The bridge we had failed to find on our out expedition was easily located. Over the high, rushing water we crossed dry-footed and care-free. But the luck did not hold for the next river. We made camp for the night near Sakwa, and next morning found that a tributary of the Kuja was on a rampage. Vainly we hunted a bridge or a safe crossing, and I foresaw a delay of days; possibly weeks. Discouraging, since I already had my mind set on a certain sailing of the

Jahazi, to connect at Kisumu with the S.S. *Clement Hill* for Uganda. I had forgotten how many labourers we had added to our train, and that we had a contractor who could direct them. Our pleasure *safari* became an engineering enterprise and we built a bridge across the rampant river.

Ofua's camp was the last before we reached Kisii. We did not see the convivial chief, for we arrived after nightfall and were on our way before the cocks began to crow. The sixteen miles to town were covered before nine o'clock. When the porters sighted the mountains of home they broke into a run and did not stop until they had reached the bazaar street of Kisii. I had headed the column, but they left me far behind. The loads that had been heavy became feathers. They jested with each other and yodelled and sang—I have never seen the love of home, common to all primitives, more dramatically expressed.

Even my gun-bearer, who had been morose and silent all the days we had been together, developed an astonishing amount of spirit. He was especially unruly when he saw *bibis* at work in the fields, and I was kept busy calling him back to the road.

The avenue with its few dwellings for Europeans brought joy to Lewis and me. In this world where all things are relative, it meant that we were back in civilization. We could not linger, for two days of tramping had yet to be done before we reached the port of Kavirondo Gulf. The district com-

missioner at Kisii sent a runner to Kendu with word to hold the *Jahazi* for our coming. It took persuasion to induce the porters to leave their homes again, even for so short a time, but that night we camped again at Oyugi's, and watched the sun set over Tut-ankh-amen. Next day we covered thirty-one miles. Early the following morning, from a hill-top we sighted H.M.S. *Jahazi*. She was anchored at the little jetty. Not far away was the *mkuyu* tree, with the butchers cutting meat in the shade of its mammoth crown.

We breakfasted under the tree. As usual a crowd gathered, but Lewis and I were not the attraction. Sultani and the donkey *toto* held the audience spellbound. They showed their staffs, which looked like drum major's batons, and the fibre spangles about their wrists and ankles, which they had acquired in the Butende country. They talked constantly, and though we could not follow it, we knew they were weaving travellers' tales. Over and over we heard, "*maji mingi*," which we knew to mean much water. And with *maji mingi*, *tumbo* and *chakula* alternated. Weather and food and souvenirs. Many civilized and grown-up folk bring back nothing else from their travels. And the two hundred and eighty miles we had covered was a far, far journey to those small black boys.

The porters put our kit on board. No need now to complain that it had not been used. Each package looked as though it had been dragged around the world. When the porters had been paid off, and we

A WET SAFARI

245

had said good-bye, the whole gang stood on the pier and cheered us. I was pleased and touched. I had never heard of such an occurrence, nor did it happen again to me. Obviously there was something about that *safari* through *maji mingi* that set it apart in the minds of the porters, as it will always be apart in mine.

CHAPTER XIII

WHERE BRITAIN HELPS KABAKAS REIGN

Kampala—The Buganda *Lukiko*—The tombs of the *Kabakas*—Uganda's three records—Ricksha boys of Kampala—The White King.

TRANSHIPMENT from the *Jahazi* to the *Clement Hill*, the steamship of the Uganda Railway Marine, was like leaving a jungle dugout for a great liner. The handful of European passengers, all government officials and their families, seemed like a crowd. The well-set table and bountiful food; the immaculate white clothes of the ship's officers—these were things of a luxurious existence. Luxurious, too, were our own white collars and blue serge suits. We were *safari* roustabouts no longer.

“I have reserved a nice state-room for each of you,” the Goanese steward said. “The same as Mr. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill had.” And he spoke quite within the facts, for there were only two large state-rooms on the boat.

With her twenty-seven thousand square miles of surface, Victoria Nyanza seemed no mere lake. We felt as though we were putting out to sea, and

a brisk wind and rough water reminded of the Atlantic, but soon something happened which marked the place the interior of Africa—nowhere else in the wide world. A smoke-like cloud drifted in the sky; drifted until it was just above the ship, then it suddenly descended and dissolved into its particles, myriads upon myriads of flies. They covered the deck, the inside of the ship, the cabin; everywhere they settled like dust. There was danger of drawing them in with one's breath.

The more experienced travellers had sense enough to shut their eyes. I did not. In my zeal to see everything I was almost blinded. But what I saw interested me enough to compensate for the pain. With the onslaught of the little pests the native passengers emptied their tightly-woven baskets, and began to swing them about their heads. This was not, as I at first thought, to ward off the flies. On the contrary it was to catch them, for these lake flies are food to the natives. Some Europeans, too, consider them a delicacy, but fry them in butter instead of eating them raw as do the blacks. Cloud after cloud of these flies pass over Victoria Nyanza, and science has not yet traced the mystery of their origin.

We steamed across the northern end of the lake. Entebbe, the British administrative centre of the Protectorate of Uganda, was our first port of call. But we lingered only to discharge passengers, and for the briefest glimpse of the town, to which I would return later, and were soon on our way

to Kampala, which was to be headquarters during my stay in Uganda. Kampala is the centre of the native government, and is the residence of the *Kabaka*, the native king of Buganda, which is the most important of the five provinces which make up the protectorate of Uganda. One needs an alert ear in this part of Africa, to avoid confusion of names, and the confusion is confounded by the prefixes, common to all Bantu languages. *Bu* means country. Buganda is the Ganda country. *Ba* means people. Hence the natives of Buganda are Baganda.

The talk of my Kenya friends as well as my reading had prepared me for far greater differences in people and customs than the miles which separate the two sides of Victoria Nyanza would warrant. Buganda is not made up of haphazard communities of small chiefs. It has an organized native government, with a tradition of thirty-three kings, and a legendary line that traces back to King David. It is a proud history. The legends tell of the Uganda people crossing the Nile centuries upon centuries ago, and subduing all tribes whose country they traversed. They claim the highest native civilization in Africa.

The marks of this civilization were in evidence from the moment I landed at Port Bell, the port of Kampala. Nowhere was nakedness, nor hide-covered bodies. There were no perforated earlobes to be seen, nor iron rings on neck and arms and legs. Instead I saw men and women in loose

robes that reached from throat to ankles. Coloured *lesos* for women, white *kanzus* for men is the proper wear in Buganda, and the stranger's first impression is that he is the one layman left in a world of priests and priestesses. I was not drawn to the descendants of King David. I preferred the *shenzis* (wild people) on the other side of the lake. Nevertheless I settled down for a stay in Kampala. The hotel at which we lodged for more than a month is a monument to a British-African alliance. The house was the gift of the scion of a rich Scotch family to the Buganda girl he loved, thereby scandalizing Europe. But now it has passed into the efficient hands of Dutch people, who make of it a comfortable home for the traveller.

What Nairobi is to Kenya, Kampala is to Uganda, but Europe is much less in evidence in the latter town. Uganda's native population is larger than Kenya's, but has only twelve hundred Europeans in the entire protectorate. Eight hundred of these are in Buganda province, and two hundred live in Kampala. It has not been thought advisable to attract settlers, either European or Indian. The protectorate resembles the British self-governing colonies in India, and the result, in Africa, is like a huge native reserve with a handful of Europeans acting as advisory council. Respect is shown to the native administration and traditions of the Baganda. These negroes are honoured by Europeans as are none others in Central Africa.

They have an organization that commands admiration, as I fully realized after I had attended a session of the senate of the Kingdom of Buganda, or, to give it its native name, *O Lukiko lwo Bwakabaka bwe Buganda*.

I went on the invitation of one high in power. It happened in this way: I was in the waiting-room of the provincial commissioner's office, when a stately old coloured man entered the little adobe building, sat down beside me, and at once began to talk. He was well over six feet; his *kanzu* was of the finest pongee instead of the cotton of ordinary wear, and I knew that he must be a man of rank. His talk, though fluent and manifestly friendly, was Greek to me until a native secretary of the commissioner came to act as interpreter, and introduced Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.M.G., M.B.E.—*Katikiro*, or Prime Minister of the *Kabaka*, and as such, the president of the senate. Next to the *Kabaka* he is the highest native power in Uganda.

The *Katikiro* was interested in my country as I in his, and through the interpreter I answered many questions before I began to ask them, but, once begun, I made up for lost time, and learned that the *Lukiko* has eighty-nine members, and is made up of the chief justice, the secretary of the treasury, the chiefs and three notables from each of the twenty counties which make up the kingdom, and six other important citizens selected at large. In the absence of the *Katikiro* the *Kabaka* presides

BRITAIN HELPS KABAKAS REIGN 251

over the senate, and sometimes the *Kabaka* takes the chair even though the prime minister is present. The *Kabaka* has direct control over his people, through the *Lukiko* and under the supervision of the British Government.

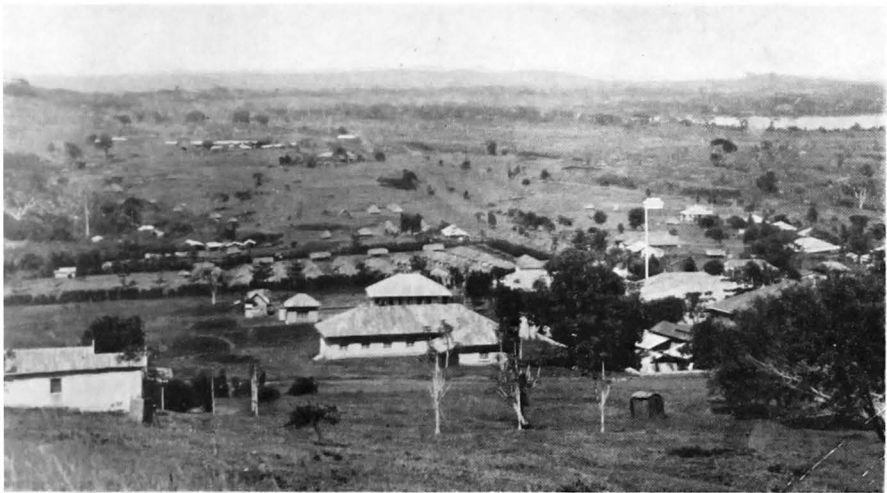
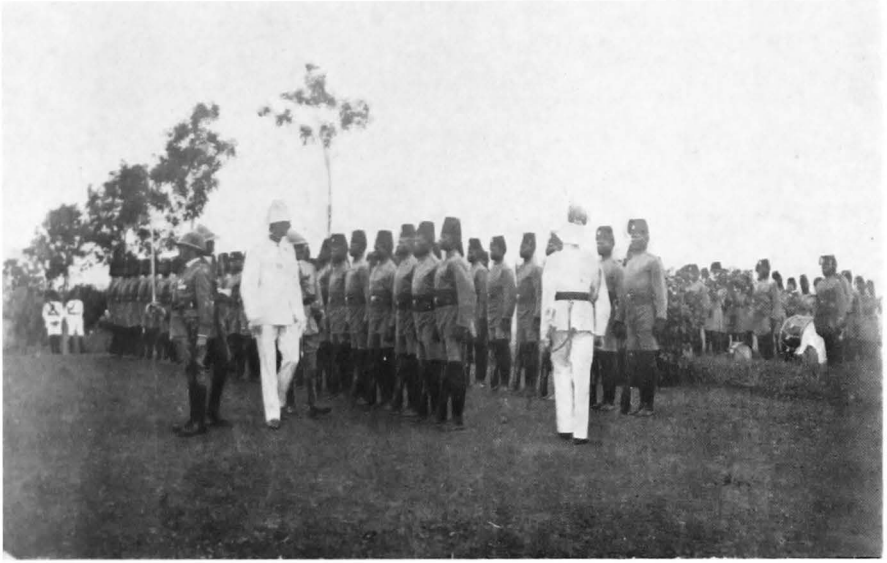
I asked Sir Apolo whether there were lawyers in his senate, for it was lawyers that kept a senate busy, and he grinned. "Not yet," he said. "But we have sent two of our young men to your country. One is at Tuskegee, and one at Clark University in Chicago."

Sir Apolo had known the *Kabakas* Mutesa and Mwanga, black names indeed in the story of British and Buganda relations, but he went no further with the subject than to answer my question. And he hastily went on to say that he had visited England in 1902 to attend the coronation of King Edward, and that it was the proudest event of his life. We parted with his invitation to visit the senate in its weekly session the next Monday.

The *Katikiro's* son came for me. He is a man of pleasing manner, and having been educated in England our talk, as his French car climbed, was not filtered through an interpreter. We were bound for a hill-top, of course, for all the things one wishes to see in Kampala are built on the beautiful flat-topped hills on which Kampala lies. The royal tombs are on a hill; the missions are on others, and the museum, hospitals and prison on yet others. Mengo Hill was our destination that Monday morning—a royal, governmental hill, for on it stands the

residences of the *Kabaka* and his relatives and ministers, and the *Lukiko* building. A five foot reed fence surrounds the legislative building. The entrance gate was guarded by askaris, and across a grassy courtyard we saw the long, grass-roofed structure of clay and wattles which is the *Lukiko* building. Whitewashed inside and out the place has dignity and beauty, and commands respect for the law-makers within. Someone who may have been a lobbyist was on the lawn, surely a pleasanter place to work than we offer our lobbyists, and to me there came the *Katikiro*. He was splendid in his robe of state, a *kanzu* of purple velvet embroidered with gold, and he wore a white cap. He took my arm, led me within and introduced me to King Daudi Chua, who was presiding, and to the senate. The *kanzu* of the *Kabaka* was brown and gold, his barret was champagne coloured. Young, and with features of the Egyptian type, he looked every inch a king. So much I gleaned in my first vivid impression, then the *Katikiro* indicated a chair on the first step leading to the rostrum, a foot below and to the right of the king's chair. We two, and the askaris standing on guard, were the only persons who faced that assembly of probably two hundred people.

It was an awkward moment; a lighted cigar was in my fingers, and I discovered no one was smoking. I could not throw it down without setting the senate on fire, for the floor around the rostrum was covered with the skins of leopards and lions of incredible size and beauty. But by adroit manage-



(Upper) THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, SIR GEOFFREY ARCHER, INSPECTING A POLICE DETACHMENT.
(Lower) VIEW OF ENTEBBE, THE ADMINISTRATIVE HEADQUARTERS OF UGANDA.

ment I somehow concealed the cigar without burning my fingers, and then gave my eyes and mind to the scene about me. I noticed the long, slender, aristocratic hands of the *Kabaka* as he pencilled notes. Close to the rostrum, and to the right was a table littered with papers, and there sat the *Katikiro*, the *Omulamuzi* (the Chief of Justice), and the *Omuwanika* (the Secretary of the Treasury), also in colourful robes. Opposite was a table for the clerk of the senate. Around the white walls were wooden benches, four deep, arranged in a semicircle, and on these benches sat the senators, all clad in white *kanzus*. It was, taken all in all, as imposing and picturesque a body of law-makers as one would care to see.

The *Katikiro's* son was sent to my side, with permission to interpret and explain, so I was able to follow the proceedings which had been interrupted by my entrance. It was he who told me that the group of men standing at one end of the semicircle were chiefs, sub-chiefs and their followers, all interested in the case which was under way. It was a land case, which accounted for the fact that the *Kabaka*, not the prime minister, presided. King Daudi is interested in keeping all lands in the hands of the rightful owners. The *Katikiro's* son explained that the clan of the white ants claimed an area which was being occupied by the grasshopper clan, and they had brought the matter before the national tribunal for discussion. Occasionally there was applause at some argument made by a chief; again there would

be laughter in which all joined except the stolid askaris on guard. After I had looked my fill at the colourful spectacle, I wrote a little speech of appreciation, and gave it to my interpreter. The sitting was interrupted while the *Katikiro's* son read my message, and I listened in wonder. Surely those strange syllables that he rolled out could not be the simple note:

“ I am deeply conscious of the honour of having been allowed under the auspices of the British protectorate of Uganda to attend this meeting of the *Lukiko*, at the right of the *Kabaka*. I wish him and all the people of the kingdom of Buganda wealth and great happiness.”

My speech was applauded. The *Kabaka* shook my hand, and I withdrew to visit the administration offices. My admiration increased. Here was an organization that compared favourably with those of European countries, and, moreover, had kept the qualities which are essentially racial. I was reminded by contrast of my visit to the senate of another coloured race—the senate of the Chinese republic just after the downfall of the empire. In that congress there had been much excited discussion, and the small bodies of the senators were clad in black frock-coats and topped with silk hats. Many of them had been educated abroad, and had brought home so much of costume and of custom that the ways of China were lost.

I left the *Lukiko* admiring the Baganda, but

puzzled. Is he of the same black blood as the negroes who are thought to be representative of the great continent? Or is there something in the King David ancestry claim, giving to the Baganda a heritage entirely different from that of other Central African tribes? The more I read at the Entebbe library, and the more learned men I questioned at the missions, the more baffled I became. The Baganda cannot trace their ancestry with more certainty than can other African tribes; and the authentic history goes no further back than two centuries.

It may well be there exists no fundamental difference between them and other Central African tribes. But the Baganda more than any other except the people of Nigeria on the west coast have lent themselves to organization under kings instead of leading migratory lives under tribal chiefs and sultans, and their development may be a result. Moreover, Buganda is the oldest state that touches the lake, coveted by Europeans since they first knew it was the gateway to the Nile. Thus these people were brought in contact with European civilization early, as Europe in Central Africa goes. They profited by the contact, for they are very receptive. "The Japanese of Africa," a recent volume calls them.

But civilization, however come by, makes for remembered history, and wherever history is remembered there are tombs to visit. Native and European alike urge upon the new-comer to Kam-

pala the necessity of seeing the burial places of Mutesa and Mwanga. These *Kabakas* have a record of cruelty and treachery. Mutesa abandoned his tribal faith to become a Mohammedan. Later, through Stanley's influence, he embraced Christianity; this in 1874, but when on Stanley's appeal, missionaries were sent from Europe to further the cause of Christianity and progress in the black kingdom, Mutesa tried to wipe out missionaries and converts by means of wholesale slaughter. These massacres were in the years 1882 and 1883. With Mutesa Christianity had gone the way of Islam; both were adopted as expedients, and the *Kabaka* died in his heathen religion and in his firm faith, so often reiterated that it became a proverb, "The white man is not our friend."

His successor, Mwanga, also chose and changed his religion with an eye to wealth and power. He too believed that the white man is not the black man's friend, and so great was his fear of the inroads of Europeans that in 1888 he attempted a complete eradication of them and his Christianized subjects. In this he was aided by Kabarega, the ruler of the neighbouring kingdom, Bunyoro. By now the scramble for Africa was well on in Europe. When in 1889 the missionaries returned to Uganda, there came also two agents of the Imperial British East Africa company, and a German agent; both parties sought exclusive trading privileges. While this point was being fought out on African ground, Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, negotiated

with Germany concerning the exact boundaries of the "spheres of influence" of the two nations in Africa. In 1890, the final arrangements were published, and Uganda, with its five provinces, together with Zanzibar, became protectorates of England. Germany received territories elsewhere, including Heligoland. Thus were Great Britain and Germany satisfied for the time being, but Mwanga was not yet content, and intermittent warfare obtained until 1899. It was in that year that Mwanga and Kabarega were captured and deported first to the coast, and later to the Seychelles, where Mwanga died in 1903. Kabarega lived there in exile twenty years longer. I have already told of seeing him in the Uganda railway train; old, no longer dangerous, and going home to Bunyoro to die.

The memory of these past rulers is green in the hearts of the people of Kampala. There is something unforgettable about a king who gives orders, as did Mutesa, for an occasional morning killing of a thousand or so on their way to the capital. Friends and relatives might be among the victims, but that mattered nothing.

Of course I visited the tombs. The entrance fee started an amusing reflection on the comparative value of dead kings, and conjecture about the basis of computation. Napoleon's tomb one sees free of any charge. Sixpence purchases a view of the long line of royal biers in Westminster, and it costs a pound to see the resting-place of the Pharaohs. On

the payment of four shillings I was permitted to see the tombs of Mutesa and Mwanga.

Within a high reed enclosure is a circular house, thatch-roofed and guarded by askaris. There are no windows. The only light is from the faint rays which penetrate the thatch. Tree trunks, tall and so close together as to seem a miniature forest, are pillars for the roof. I walked down a narrow lane of these trees, and across a heavy carpeting of fresh grass, toward an array of spears and arrows and shields. All were brightly polished, and all stood upright as though on guard. Behind them, in a plain box covered with barkcloth, are the remains of Mutesa. Next to this box, in a corner yet darker, is Mwanga's coffin. Besides the bodies the coffins are said to contain ivory and barkcloth—the treasure of savage kings.

But the living rather than the dead grip the imagination in this strange mausoleum. I saw half a dozen old women squatting on mats near the coffins. Widows of the dead kings, they must pass the remainder of their lives within those dark walls. It is a long vigil. The wives of Mutesa have already waited forty years for release; the wives of Mwanga have waited twenty years.

Women have always played an important part in Buganda history. When a king dies and his son comes to the throne, the mother of the new king is raised to a position of power. Her first use of that power, her first duty in the old barbaric days, was to make captive all the other sons of her husband.

BRITAIN HELPS KABAKAS REIGN 259

These unfortunate youths—and they were likely to be many, since they were the children of numerous wives—were incarcerated in a high stockade, and left without food or water to await a slow, hideous death. With the exception of one or two who were spared to preserve the succession if the new king died, the own sons of the queen-mother shared this dire fate. As I looked at those imprisoned hags, cooking food over a little fire near Mutesa's coffin, I thought of that dark tradition, and wondered how much murderous work had fallen to them in the days of their queenly power.

Missions crown other hills—many missions, for Kampala is headquarters for all evangelical work done in both Uganda and Kenya. One finds and is welcomed by the White Fathers of Algeria, the Fathers of the Saint Joseph's Missionary Society of Mill Hill, London, and the London Church Missionary Society—the C.M.S., which occurs again and again in every story of Uganda. These workers have a proud and honourable record in medical aid, in education brought to the blacks, as well as the religion they have taught. Always, since their first known contacts with outsiders, the Baganda have welcomed new faiths. Islam was widely accepted, and now it has given place to Christianity. I observed the natives in church and was convinced that their faith is sincere; that the conversion to Christianity is honest, and not a politic expedient as was the Christianizing of the *Kabakas*,

Sometimes out of the missions come teachings unfostered, even undreamed of, by the missionaries. Recently a native convert, a teacher, cut loose from his mission, and founded a new sect—the Malakites. The doctrine was difficult to classify, but seemed at first to contain something of Christian Science principles. The founder taught, he baptized, and he gave his converts Christian names, and medals, for which they are always eager. In a short time the Malakites had a following of eight thousand. But watchful eyes were upon the Malakites—for these are watchful days—and the discovery was soon made that the teachings, and the songs about brethren crossing the Red Sea, had much less to do with the Bible and with establishing a new religious faith, than with a kindling and fanning of the flame of anti-European sentiment. The flourishing period of the new sect came to a swift and sudden end. The Malakites are now reduced to three thousand, and these do not dabble in political economy.

To visit the missions, or the tombs, or indeed to go anywhere in Kampala one rides in a ricksha. Joy rides they are, over the hills, and the Kampala ricksha boy is a type to be remembered. One to pull and three to push, they make light work of their burden, however heavy, and always they sing as they go. One would begin a song, evidently improvising; the others would swing in on the chorus, and the effect was like the bleating of goats:

“ May—hay; may—hay——”

BRITAIN HELPS KABAKAS REIGN 261

The songs interested me. They were so gay, and roused so much laughter among the singers. The words, I thought, would be worth hearing, and one day I connived with a native for a bit of translation. Straightway I concluded that it was well for passengers, and especially lady passengers, to be ignorant of the Baganda tongue. There was nothing of the form of the limerick about these verses, but much of the spirit, and always they ridiculed the passenger. In one instance my quartette of ricksha boys sang a rhyme the gist of which was:

“Isn't the *mzungu* (European) fat?
He must eat less *chakula*.”

The chorus, in which all joined with great zest, was, “Turn him over and break his neck.”

But the boys should not be begrudged any satisfaction they get from these songs. They are the horse power of Kampala, since the tsetse fly makes it impossible to have horses, and the boys pull incredibly heavy loads of cotton bales over the hills. At the point where one would expect them to drop from exhaustion, a squeaking voice will be raised in a song, and in a moment all will be singing lustily. When an auto passes they stop short and glare, for the noise has drowned their music. Motorcycles are also disturbers of the song. There are few more amusing sights than one of these motorcycles, “*picki-picki*,” they are called, ridden by a man and woman native, their priest-like robes fluttering behind them as they whizz down the hills.

Besides their high political organization, the Baganda hold three records among the native tribes. Clergy and officials declare them to be the cleverest rogues in Africa. Statistics show them to have the highest percentage of venereal disease, with ninety-five per cent. of the population infected. And they hold the cotton growing record for Africa. I took up each of these claims in turn and gathered information.

The fact that there are thirteen European police officers besides a small army of plain clothes (*kanzu*) men is evidence that the Baganda require a good deal of watching. Outside the prison on the hill "standing room only inside" might appropriately be displayed, and the police station is always crowded. With its array of stolen articles that have been recovered the station looks like a pawn or second-hand clothing shop. One wonders where the articles come from in the light of the small number of Europeans in the country, but the native covets European articles above all things else.

The stealing of a straw hat was the occasion of one arrest. I followed the detective and his prisoner to the station, and saw the name of the suspected man entered in the blotter. His finger-prints matched No. 9566 in the card index containing fifteen thousand photographs of finger-prints. The autographs of petty-thieves, for the most part.

Adultery is punishable with six months in jail, and twelve lashes with the *kiboko*. Hut tax defaulters are jailed. Selling unsound milk results

in ten *kiboko* lashes. Vending tainted meat earns twelve lashes and three months in jail. Witchcraft brings a sentence of three months.

The Baganda are tricky as well as light fingered. The hotel boy will tell a departing guest that a towel has been packed by mistake. The charge is made at the last minute when there is not time to unpack, so the guest pays at the office for the missing article, which the boy has stolen.

In one part of Buganda the Government fee for a bunch of rat-tails, in the interest of checking the plague, had to be stopped because it was discovered that the people were starting rat farms. If rats were valuable, why not raise them and have plenty of tails to sell?

It is because of this unscrupulous smartness that Singers closed their machine agency in Kampala. The Baganda were eager for sewing machines, they easily grasped the instalment scheme of paying. But they found a way to beat the "dollar down and dollar a week the rest of your life" principle. The first instalment of ten shillings was paid, and before the next instalment came due they had made enough *kanzus* and *lesos* to clothe the tribe for years. Then the industrious tailors wanted their money returned. In many instances the machine itself was spirited away by the witch-doctor.

Gambling, that universal ailment, is not in its infancy in Uganda. A police raid was made on one game during my stay, and a sentence of fourteen

days in jail was given to those taken. The prisoners took the march to the station and the sentence with every manifestation of pleasure. I did not wonder after I had seen the jail on the hill. The gangs I saw at work on the road looked happy. Those in the prison carpenter and tailor shops looked happier still, for they are learning trades which will give them entrance to European homes, with all that means of opportunity to gratify their acquisitive tastes. And while learning they live in comfort, with a daily tub, and with three meals each day of their favourite food—bananas and sweet potatoes cooked in a mash of green banana leaves.

An avenue of fine trees leads up to the prison. The white stone wall is broken by a gate, through which one enters a Venetian courtyard with a fountain and flower-beds. White buildings—the prison proper—form a square of enclosure for an inner yard. To be a prisoner in Kampala works no hardship. Even life-timers, and a witch-doctor serving a forty-five year sentence, looked brimful of cheer. The only prisoner who was manifestly unhappy was a man from down Congo way. No one knew his language and he did not speak Luganda.

The section of the yard set apart for women prisoners looked like a model maternity hospital. Every woman there but one had a baby. The exception was a nurse, but she also was a prisoner.

The pleasant relations between jailer and jailed that I had observed through Kenya was noticeable here. Recently a European prison officer took four

convicts for a Sunday outing on the lake, to shoot hippos. Half a mile from shore the boat capsized. The prisoners made tremendous efforts to save their keeper, but without success. Alone, they returned to jail.

The crime record in Kampala interested me greatly. Whether it would be lowered if the offenders were confined in less idyllic quarters is a question to be decided by the British Government and the *Kabaka*, if it occurs to them. Personally, I think there may be something in it.

Hospital statistics tell the dire tale of the tainted blood of the Baganda. The Mulago hospital with auxiliaries has recently been established by the British Government for the treatment of this disease. In the summer of 1923 the official chart showed an average of 4,200 cases receiving weekly treatment, 150 of which were new cases. The doctor in charge hopes that the institution will soon be able to care for a quarter of a million patients each year.

The natives come from a radius of one hundred miles for the treatments; often they walk. Frequently they desert before the cure is complete, and as a preventive measure, the chiefs are now held responsible for each patient. Check on them is kept by an elaborate card index system. On the day that I visited the hospital 174 males and 105 females had been given treatment before we went into the doctor's hut for lunch. But there is no gratitude. One morning a patient's bed is found to be empty. The nurse is accustomed, she knows

that the patient has walked away in the night, with neither thanks nor good-byes. She reports the case to the doctor, and gets the cot ready for the next patient.

Of her cotton record, Uganda may well be proud. There is little doubt but in the course of time the crops of the protectorate will be an important factor in the cotton market of the world. Even now, with the industry no more than a dozen years old, the value of cotton exported exceeds the total of all other exports. The best crops are grown in Bula-mezi county, about twenty-five miles inland from Victoria Nyanza. Cotton fields are sandwiched between papyrus swamps and stretches of elephant grass. There are banana trees and ground nuts, wild date palms and the long straight poles of the castor bean tree on all sides—just such scenes as were conjured by the pictures of the old Livingstone and Stanley books. In the fields I saw women at work planting seeds, and assisted by piccaninnies that looked no older than three years.

Egyptian cotton was introduced into Uganda by the Arabs, but a little haphazard planting is all that resulted. To Mr. Borup, a missionary of the C.M.S., and one of the men who walked from the east coast to Kampala twenty-five years ago, is due the credit of the present industry. South Africa, needing labour for her mines, started a vigorous recruiting campaign in East and Central Africa. Mr. Borup realized that if once the agricultural tribes left their lands they would never return to the tilling

of the soil. And having an economic as well as a spiritual vision, the missionary believed that he would accomplish a great good by putting aside for the time being his chosen work, and devoting his energies to teaching the natives the value of cotton, and how to grow and care for it. The task was not easy.

“Why grow cotton?” the natives asked. “We cannot eat cotton.” It is the argument they still use when urged to plant flowers.

The Government took a hand, and a certain amount of coercion was used. In some instances the natives were threatened with the loss of their cattle if they would not plant cotton. The instruction methods were simple. Equipped with string and sticks the district commissioner went around the region to be planted. First he would stretch the string across a bit of ground; then indicate that along the line of that string, in holes eighteen inches apart, three seeds must be put. Then the string was stretched again, four feet from the first line, and the planting process repeated. When the cotton was up, and ready for picking, the natives balked again. They said:

“This is no *chakula*. We will not pick it. The witch-doctors say it is bad to touch. If you want it,” they said to the agents of the Bureau of Agriculture, “come and get it yourselves. You may have it. It does us no good.”

It required a force of askaris, standing with loaded rifles behind the natives, to get the first crop

picked. But the work done, the natives were glad to have money instead of a string of cowry shells with which to pay their hut tax, and there was money left over which might be applied on the purchase of cows to trade for a wife. And they learned that another wife meant additional cotton acreage the next year, for the Government allots to each woman a quarter of an acre, and to each man half an acre. And so, though the Baganda is lazy, through his very liking for more and yet more wives, he finds himself climbing the ladder of prosperity.

Kampala, headquarters for this industry, has as definite a "Cotton Row" as any southern town in the United States. Straggling *hamal* carts draw up in front of the merchandise stores, but are pulled by eight men instead of by mules or horses. A few motor trucks may now be seen. Modernity is invading Uganda.

On Cotton Row I met the White King of Buganda. This is the name by which he was hailed at Maxim's and the great continental gaming tables during his visit abroad a few years ago. Europe has always loved a romantic figure out of Africa, and the White King left nothing to be desired.

Not yet old, he has seen the evolution of trade in Central Africa, and has taken a hand in it. He saw the bartering of human bodies among the man-eating tribes; the dealing in slaves, and in ivory, and the rise of cotton. He came to Uganda a penniless boy adventurer, and he is now the most important individual operator in the protectorate.

Oddly, for it so rarely happens, with his tall figure, his black eyes and moustache and sun-browned skin, the White King looks the part of a soldier of romantic fortune. He was born in India, but drifted early to Zanzibar; a bit like Kim, probably, "the little friend of all the world." The railway building had not yet begun when he started into the interior from Bagamoyo. A bagful of beads and another of cloth were the assets on which he counted to buy supplies and smooth his path, but in those days the natives took no interest in the strange objects. Beads? They had their own kinds. Cloth? What was its use? The mere finding of a way was hard in that rugged country.

"How many hills is it to the next chief?" was his ever-recurring question. "Big hills or small?" And, "Where will the sun be when I arrive?"

He was safer in disguise, so he made up as Arab, Indian or Somali trader, whichever best suited the occasion. At the time it was all sheer adventure, and there was probably no thought in the boy's mind of making for himself a career in the wild strange country. He rarely had trouble with the chiefs, but when trouble came it was serious. Once when he insisted too strongly on getting *posho* for his hungry bearers, he was staked on an ant-hill and his body covered with beeswax—tortuous method of slow death which reminds of our redskins' habit of skinning their victims alive. But the White King seized the bow and arrow of the chief, and saved himself.

All these things he passed over lightly in the telling, nor did he dwell on the months of *safari* when he lived on the food of the country, but he holds in zestful memory banquets of bird's-nest soup and caviare and oysters eaten in European capitals.

Married? Never. But there are many love stories in his reminiscences.

There was a time when the White King was in British Governmental service in the Soudan. Later he was in the Congo country, competing with King Leopold's agents in ivory buying. The Belgians looked upon him as a spy, and natives were forbidden to sell to him, but for all that he managed to get forty thousand pounds in two years. Then came the purchase of land in Uganda, and in due course the street of the Indian bazaar in Kampala came to be owned by the waif from Bombay.

The White King knew well both Mutesa and Mwanga, and his tales confirm all the dark rumour of those cruel *Kabakas*. Yet there is one reminiscence of Mutesa which ranks him with the wise, humorous men of the earth. The White King was present at a meeting of Mutesa with the emissaries of the Roman Catholic and Protestant factions, each trying to win the black king to his faith. Mutesa, always willing to be converted, listened patiently until each had finished. Then he spoke: "But you English offer me two religions. If you cannot decide between them, how can I decide? I do not wish to hurt the feelings of either one of you. Withdraw, and in conference reach an agreement

about which religion to offer. Then come back and tell me."

Over our cigars at the club, the White King talked of native psychology. "It can't be summed up," he said. "The tribes differ as greatly as European peoples differ from each other. But in this all black tribes are alike; there is neither affection nor gratitude to be found among them. Nor, of course, love. Fear is their compelling emotion. The chiefs rule through respect based on fear; rule through sheer brute force. In all things the chief must be stronger than his people; mentally, physically. He must even have greater sex prowess, for the more wives and children he possesses, the greater respect he inspires."

The White King's knowledge of roads made him invaluable to the British Government in war-time. He deploras the effect of the war on the natives. "It broke down the respect for Europeans. Native troops were ordered to fire at white faces rather than at black ones; the faces which hitherto they had regarded with something of awe, and always with the respect they gave to their chiefs and kings. But it taught them a new sort of warfare. The wars between the tribes were carried on in no such manner. Surprise and slaughter are their tactics. They rush, and if they find resistance they withdraw and wait for a chance to attack from another angle. They do their utmost to avoid real fighting."

CHAPTER XIV

LAST DAYS IN UGANDA

Entebbe — Kampala days and nights — Through the Western Province to the border of the Belgian Congo.

DURING my stay in Kampala I made frequent visits to Entebbe, twenty-four miles away. The little town is of legendary as well as present interest, for before it became the capital of the protectorate and residence of the British official population it was the native administrative centre. Entebbe is on the lake shore, and in the old days the waters of Victoria Nyanza were littered with a fleet of war canoes. The admiral of the fleet, the *Gabunga*, was almost as important as the *Kabaka*.

But war days are over—that sort of war; and the glory of the *Gabunga* has paled. Entebbe is a quiet little town; no more secluded capital can be found anywhere. There is no hotel; no public conveyance; few outsiders visit the place except during the half-hour stop of the lake steamers on their weekly runs. My first glimpse was caught in that way. I saw the residential district which fronts the lake, and affords a more wonderful view than any Italian lake offers, for here is tropic bounty of vegetation. Later visits brought me the hospitality

of King George's representative. In the governor's friendly home, and in the bustling offices of the administrative buildings, I came to see how the welfare of the *Kabaka's* kingdom is being cared for. The Handbook of Uganda, prepared in the office of the chief secretary, is a comprehensive and admirable piece of work, and one wishes that the sister colony, Kenya, which will probably become the more important of the two, would do as much for the information of the traveller. The handbook frankly states:

“The climate of the protectorate as a whole, though pleasant, cannot be considered healthy for Europeans. No part of it is, or ever can be, a white man's country. European children do very well in Uganda until the age of five, after which they are apt to get pale, wan and listless. They should be sent home permanently after that age. Children in Uganda should be kept indoors between the hours of eight-thirty a.m. and five p.m., even on apparently dull days. If this is not possible they should be kept in the shade.”

One judges that these same conditions apply to most of Africa, except in the mountainous regions. But the possibility of illness for anyone seems remote when one sees the sturdy Britishers at their tennis, golf and cricket. Their afternoon exercise is considered the best possible precaution against disease, and falls little short of being a religion. The seven-foot governor of Uganda playing tennis on his lawn is a picture not soon forgotten, and one could see

that he brought the same energy and fervour to matters of state. One of the problems under discussion during my stay was the ever-increasing danger to life and property caused by the elephants in the protectorate. In one section it is estimated that ten thousand roam, in herds of from three hundred to six hundred. The law forbids the killing of elephants except with special licence, and a heavy fine is imposed on ivory poachers. The European settlers are eager to have the law modified, for the hunting of tuskers is more congenial to the sportsman and more remunerative to most than raising rubber, coffee, cotton and sugar-cane. Soon after my visit the governor went on *safari* to the provinces of Masaka and Ankole for personal inspection.

I stood on the pier at Entebbe and yearned for a sail to the Sese Islands, famous for being the home of the tsetse fly, sleeping sickness and the web footed, swamp-dwelling *sitatunga*. But all my friends advised against such a visit, for the islands, once the habitation of a hundred thousand, have now become dense jungles. Sleeping sickness wrought such devastation among the islanders that in 1907 there was a wholesale removal of them to the mainland. Those who would not go willingly were captured and taken by force. Many scientists have worked on the problem of stamping out sleeping sickness, and the recent experiments of an American entomologist give great promise, but the result is not yet certain. An attempt to re-populate Sese has been made, but there is difficulty in getting the

people to return to their old homes. Those who were taken away captive, had to be captured again to be brought back; even the African native seems to know that he will never again fit into the abandoned niche.

Nor did I visit Jinja and Ripon falls, often referred to as the source of the Nile. At best they can be but one of many sources, and, in the judgment of authorities, the chief tributary is the Kagera river in Tanganyika.

Our life in Kampala took on a permanence disconcerting to me who had become eager to be on my way. The delay had two causes. First Lewis fell ill, and we awaited developments. By the time he was well enough to return to Mombasa and sail for home, the rains had come, and the roads were impassable. I had a feeling of belonging to the town; one of the oldest inhabitants. Each night I went to the club. It was only a short walk from the hotel, and in the golf course on a knoll in the centre of town. Barney went with me, lighting the way with our Dietz lamp, which was half as expensive and twice as good as the one provided by the London outfitter. But he had been right in one thing. One cannot see Africa without a lamp, for even in a place like Kampala there are no street lights whatsoever, one gauge of the newness of all things in the country.

At the club I met men who had been with the group of youngsters sent out twenty-five years ago, with no colonial experience, and with very little of

any kind. Many had been clerks behind a counter or in an office. At Mombasa each had been given a Snider rifle, plenty of cartridges, a few bearers, some canned food, and thus equipped had been dispatched into the interior with instructions to establish posts and districts. One of the first acts of these new district commissioners was to buy cowry currency of the natives, and grind it into kalsomine for the huts of clay and wattle that they build with their own hands. No wonder these men love Africa. The hardships and the romance and the dangers of pioneering built them into the men they are while they were building empire.

In so small and intimate a community one comes to know all the details of everyone's life. And I think there is no more moving story in all Africa than that of the old lady of quality who has lived in Kampala since the coming of the first missionaries, and whose mind is clear and even brilliant in all things save one. From day to day she awaits a permit from the Government to go into the Congo to search for the body of her husband. And he was killed by an elephant years and years ago when, a bridal couple, they came to Central Africa. She cannot believe that now her husband's body is no more than dust in the dust of the jungle.

The White King was my frequent companion during these waiting days and nights. With him I haunted the native bazaar, and he showed me the spot where until recently the name John D. Rocke-

feller had hung over a shop dealing in beads and pearl strings. But this was not, as the new-comer might infer, a side line of the oil king. The place had been owned by Seki Bobo, son of a chief of the antelope clan, who had thought there might be magic in the name to help him along in business. It did not, however, bring him the *bahati* (luck) he expected. He developed megalomania, and was deported to Kavirondo, and the John D. Rockefeller store knows him no more. In the bazaar, too, we bought cigarettes which will always linger in unhappy memory. Black Cat, Sweet Kiss, and King Stork were the names of some of them. But it made little difference what one smoked, for all tobacco tastes alike in that climate. In my pipe I used a mixture of Navy Cut and Rhodesian Springbok. This last would have been too expensive used alone unless the manufacturers gave a new suit of clothes with each purchase. Sparks fly out of the pipe's bowl, and set one blazing. The Navy Cut has a sedative influence.

And still the rains continued, and all roads to the Congo were impassable, except the northern route by way of Masindi and Butiaba. This is the more usual way, but Lake Kivu was my first destination, and the direct route there would take me through Masaka, Mbarara and Kabale to Rutshuru. This way lay through the Western, and least travelled province of the protectorate, and I must wait until the motor road to Kabale was once more safe. For the footpaths over the

mountains between Kabale and Rutshuru I needed porters. These cannot be had on short notice. Indeed, by recent law they cannot be had at all except on urgent business. Luckily mine was so considered. Not willing to lose a minute when the roads should be considered passable, I sent ahead to have porters waiting for me in Kabale. They waited a week before I arrived. Through an error the order was repeated, so double the needed number of porters were there. Forty-four in Kabale; forty-four at Mbarara.

And still I cooled my heels in Kampala. For long my baggage had been in the yard of the hotel waiting to be loaded. Neither I nor anyone else could enter or leave the hotel without seeing all those packages. It wore on my nerves. Every morning a flock of gold-crested cranes, the emblem of Uganda, would tarry in their flight to the feeding grounds to call through my open windows their shrill cry which sounds like "Go away, go away."

One morning I saw a mangy-looking Abyssinian donkey loitering in the yard beside my luggage. At evening he was still there. The *toto* in attendance tried several times to speak to me, but I could see no possible connection between myself and that animal, which was, by the way, the only burro in Kampala. Dogs and cats, and the yellow-coated Ankole cows with their huge horns like the cattle in the Roman campagna, are the only four-footed creatures to be seen in the district. But

when I reached the club I found that the donkey was mine; a gift from the White King.

The donor's plan was that the donkey should start at once and be walked the 270 miles to Kabale. When I, arriving by motor, reached the place he would be ready to take me over the mountains to the Congo. But I now expected to be off any day, and foresaw a wait at Kabale for my four-footed, sad-faced friend, so I declined the gift. African autos might be slow, I said, but I was sure they could outdistance a donkey. But the White King was right. It was the story of the hare and the turtle all over again. If the donkey had been allowed to start at once he would have reached Kabale days ahead of me, for the rain still poured.

One morning when Barney brought the tea to my bed, he said, "Rains stop, *bwana*." He repeated it many times.

There was no need to look out to make sure the rain had not stopped. I could hear it pelting the roof, pounding against the window-panes. The Swahilis had taken up suggestive therapeutics, I thought. Or perhaps Barney's nerves had been frazzled even more than mine by the long wait. A few insane were cared for at the sleeping sickness camp at Kyetume. Would they take Barney in there, I wondered.

But light came when he went on, asking to be relieved from duty for the day. "Bairam, *bwana*. Bairam, like *bwana's* Christmas."

Bairam, the great Mohammedan holiday, is a movable festival, and its date is governed by the new moon. Barney was not mad; he was merely weather-wise. The torrential storm was the last gun of the wet season. Soon the telegraph officer reported that roads were being prepared all along the way from Mbarara to enable the governor to return from his *safari* of inspection.

If I were to make use of those temporary bridges I must not lose an hour. Heavy traffic would start soon, because of the long stoppage. At the club wiseacres warned me against trouble. "Don't go yet," they said. "There will be holes in the road. You'll have to recruit natives to lift you out. Those letters to the powers with envelopes marked 'On His Majesty's Service' won't help you a bit. Bags full of five cent pieces may do the trick. Figure on five bob a hole. And remember you are now only on the edge of real Africa."

The banks were closed for the night, and I meant to be on my way before they opened the next morning. Where then were the coins to be had which I must have in readiness for the recruited natives? The question looked serious until a club member recalled that an estate left in his charge and locked in his office was largely in coin. Barney and *toto* carried the treasure bags to the hotel. I followed, lamp in hand, for the pale rays of the new moon were not enough. My light shone on Barney's white gown, and the bare black legs as

they trod the uneven path. It was like an Arabian Night's adventure.

From Mengo Hill came the sound of drums. "What's that?" I asked the White King, who was behind me, still volubly presenting the difficulties in store.

"Celebration at the *Kabaka's* palace," he said. "Bairam, you know. Probably opening kegs of their banana beer. You'd better stay on and see what Kampala looks like during a festival."

But I held firm to my determination to start at daybreak. What more auspicious occasion could I have? If the *Kabaka* were beating drums and opening beer, I would consider he was speeding the parting guest. After a month in Kampala, that hole-filled road to Kabale called me as no road had ever done.

And in spite of the predictions about delays I counted on making Kisenyi, the northern port of Lake Kivu, in time to catch the lake boat on its monthly sailing. Between me and that time and place lay a three day motor trip over doubtful roads, and a fortnight of *safari* through mountainous country, rarely travelled, and that with different sets of bearers. I made my contract for the motor journey with an Indian, Karachi born, who owned a Hupmobile, and hired a Dodge from a cousin. The Dodge was to carry Barney and the camp outfit.

It was pleasant to be once more on the highway. Pleasant to see the *wa-shenzi* instead of the

sophisticated Baganda. The raw natives, naked except for a bark loin-cloth or a hide around the shoulders, fit better into the African picture than do the fully clad blacks. As we whirled along I watched the workers in the fields of sweet potatoes, peas and beans, and saw them loitering about huts that looked like miniature haystacks half-hidden by banana palms. Some of these huts are not so big as the ant-hills beside them. The industrious little insects throw up six-foot mountains in that part of Africa, and the natives set wicker traps on the top of them to catch the ants—a staple food.

We tarried a moment at a wayside *duka*, and my Indian took on a woman passenger bound for Masaka. It was done so rapidly that I had not time to protest, so the old Arab woman, covered with many skirts and shawls, and with her face hidden, was hoisted aboard my luggage. Her head touched the car's hood, and her skirts and feet tickled my neck. It was most unpleasant, but she had possession, and to get rid of her would have been hard, and it would have taken time, which I could not spare. I had to content myself with telling the Indian what I thought of the affair. The trip cost me 1,650 shillings, and surely I was entitled to have the car to myself. The Indian said the woman was his cousin, but I knew what to think of that story, for I saw him accept money for her fare.

She proved a hoodoo. Softer and softer

became the road as we neared the outlets of Lake Victoria. We skirted papyrus swamps with myriads of savage flies. Suddenly the Dodge, which was ahead of us and driven by Ishmael, dropped out of sight. The first hole had been reached.

A gang working near by hurried to the spot, obviously ready to lift the car out. Following the rules laid down for me in the Kampala club, I sat tight in the Hupmobile and was opening a treasure bag, when I was interrupted by shouting. Near to the hole that had swallowed the Dodge was my Indian, waving an automatic revolver and rushing a native across the road. He knocked the native down, and was beating him with the butt of the weapon when I arrived, grabbed the pistol, and demanded to know what was happening, and why.

There was no answer at first, but I discovered that the natives now refused to touch the sunken car. I waved the strings of nickels before their eyes, all to no avail.

Then, through an interpreter, I found that my Indian was the cause of it all. He had been over the road before, and the natives recognized him as one who promised *baksheesh*, and did not make good. This time a cautious native had insisted on having his money before he put a hand to the work. The string of nickels I flourished did not convince; evidently they considered that the coins might have been brought along to wave in times of emergency, and not to pay. They insisted that

their chief, who was "not so far away" be sent for, and the Indian be arrested.

In the distance I spied the smoke stack of a cotton gin. I left Barney with the submerged car and the Indian surrounded by angry blacks, and I drove to the gin and told my tale to the manager. When he learned that a brother Indian was in trouble he ordered his gang to go with me and get the car out. As many as possible piled into the Hupmobile. Others followed, running. When they put hands on the sunken car there began a fight that was a fight. The road-making natives used their tools freely enough to give a purple tinge to the water pools in the road.

It was an epic fight, and it seemed a pity to force the decision. But I had not come to Central Africa to start a feud between tribes, so I grabbed the ring leader and two of the most efficient sluggers, put them in my car and made as if to drive away. Through Barney I told the crowd that their companions were being taken to the district commissioner. The fight stopped. The Dodge was lifted out. The strings of nickels that I threw out as we drove away did not stop the cursing.

The Indian sat very still. He knew that he was the cause of all the trouble, and he feared arrest in Masaka. Other than to the *Kabaka* and those high in native government, no licences to carry pistols are issued. And the Indian, who had not only one in his possession, but used it for a

club, would have been in serious trouble if the fact became known. But I was in a hurry, and it takes time to set the wheels of the law going.

There was no other hole that day, and I arrived in Masaka in time for a game of tennis with the district commissioner. It was a good game on a hard court made of ant-hill earth, cow dung and chopped straw.

That evening as the commissioner's guest is memorable, for my hostess gave us music. The piano had been in the house only a few hours. Ten days, and the heads and backs of six gangs of porters, twelve in a gang, had been required to carry the instrument from Entebbe to the home of this Scotch girl, the only European woman in Masaka. At such cost come musical evenings in Central Africa. No wonder it was the last I enjoyed for many months.

Next day I began to realize what the Kampala men had meant by talking of the edge of Africa; realized it by the contrast of the country through which I travelled with any I had yet seen. There were few huts; few people along the way. It took long waits before we could assemble the men necessary to lift us out of the two holes into which the cars sunk. I regretted having two cars; they doubled the odds of delay. The country was beautiful, and changing. We swung from tropical bits into scenes which might have been in the White Mountains. For an hour we drove through a cloud of white butterflies, dense as falling snow-flakes.

They settled on the damp grass, and since we had no wind-shield they covered the inside of the car and its contents. Along the way were flowers, some of flamboyant colours, and many violets. Euphorbias, tree-high, and thorn bushes; it all formed an avenue such as I have never seen. The hills were covered with vegetation in every shade of green. Birds of gorgeous plumage flew from bush to bush. Here and there were herds of impalla. I saw no elephants though I was in the very heart of the region where they travel in herds of five hundred.

As we neared Mbarara the Ruwenzori mountains came into view. The range starts at the southern shores of Lake Albert and stretch south to Lake Edward. Ruwenzori means "father of rain," but it was my rare luck to come at the end of the rainy season, and from the hill at Mbarara on which the district commissioner's house is built, I saw twin, majestic peaks, snow crowned, breaking the blue of the tropic sky. They were Margherita and Alexandra, names by the Duke of Abruzzi for Italy's queen, and Britain's. The area of eternal snow on this range is computed at thirty square miles, and it lies at an altitude of 16,794 feet. Mount Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya are the only peaks in Africa that share this honour of everlasting white crests.

At sunrise I stood on the lawn in front of the district commissioner's home and drank in the glory of the scene. The Ruwenzori range is like a jagged

wall. Clouds of vapour, stirred by currents from the lake, rose from the earth, and changed from white to rosy pink as the red sun cleared the horizon and began its daily climb. So near the mountains seemed in that deceptive atmosphere that I, surrounded by air hot and moist as in a conservatory, felt that I could plunge into the vapour, and float to the field of snow.

Hospitality was next given me by the White Fathers near Mbarara. News had come that all bridges over streams had been carried away by the high water, so the kind priests supplied me with boards that I might make my own crossings and not be seriously delayed.

Buganda lay behind me now and I was passing through the green pasture lands of Ankole province. The most casual glance at the wanderers on the footpaths by the road sufficed to show that these were different folk from any I had yet seen. Tall, slim, bearded, of lighter colour than most Africans and with Egyptian features, the Bahima are an aristocratic tribe. They were the highest type of the nomadic tribes that came to Central Africa, and here in beautiful Ankole they halted, and made a permanent home. There is a strong admixture of Bahima blood in the native rulers of Buganda.

In contrast with these aristocrats are the Bairo, the peasant tributary class. The women were fat and had their babies tied in a hide and swinging at their backs as they walked the paths; shunning

the roads as do all natives because the gravel hurts the bare feet. Or these huge mothers rested and puffed at long clay pipes filled with native grown tobacco while their babies sucked at their breasts. The Bairo have a novel manner of greeting the *mzungu*. At his approach, men, women and children put the bundles from their heads, lay down their spears, squat on their haunches and clap their hands as vigorously as do a paid claue at the opera.

Plump into another hole one of the cars went, and there was a gathering of the clan to get us out. It was a straight road, and, deceptively, looked safe, so we had been speeding. The accident happened at the edge of a papyrus swamp from which rose noxious odours. I felt as though I were wrapped in a cloth dipped in strong vile-smelling chemicals. Fortunately the delay was not long.

The swamp road came to an end and we entered the Kigezi district of plains and hills and mountains. The first steep climb, with a fifteen hundred elevation to make, was on Lutoba Hill, and proved troublesome. There was no way for the heavily loaded cars to get up; the roads were slippery from a downpour of rain. I left Barney in charge while I climbed to the camp on the hill-top, and summoned people from the village near by. These natives were one clan of the Batusi tribe, against whom the British made a punitive expedition as late as 1919. It must have been effective

for I found them mild as lambs. One hundred men, under the chief's leadership, seemed glad to help me. The cars were unloaded at the bottom of the hill, and the luggage carried to the top. Then the cars were pushed up, and reloaded. Every one in the village lent a hand except one old man who remained behind and astonished me by fetching delicious strawberries from a field. No doubt they had been planted there by some thoughtful and delicacy-loving district commissioner. I paid the chief the price of two holes, took a photograph of my army of helpers, and went on.

But the end of this adventure was not yet, for it resulted in a serious inconvenience. During the unloading and carrying and repacking, one bundle was lost: my wash-basin containing all my toilet articles. In that part of Central Africa are no *dukas* nor other stores, where the things could be replaced. Roughing it, properly equipped, is a delightful experience; but roughing it without soap, brushes or razor is quite another matter. One cannot know how important a link with civilization these articles form until he has tried to get along without them. My world changed. From a well-to-do traveller I became a beggar. I told my tale of woe to every European I met. None turned a deaf ear. I was given a toothbrush here, a comb there, and a razor farther on. And if it were not until I was well into the Congo region that I had a complete outfit, it was because of the few Europeans I met. In these isolated places people

never look unmoved nor unaiding on the needs of their fellows. Incidentally I learned the practical lesson of having double sets of necessary articles, and of placing them in different boxes.

After Lutoba Hill our way was through a valley between high mountains. It was a road of sharp ups and downs and along a tributary of the Kagera. It looked as though night would find us still on the corkscrew highway. When I lost view of the light on the car ahead I did not know whether to take it as the occasion for rejoicing that the car had safely made a turn, or worry lest it had met the fate of two motors which, not long before, had slipped off the shelf-road, and been dashed to bits at the bottom of a canyon. Though it seemed to me we should never reach Kabale, and I was in a frenzy of impatience, I dared not hurry the driver. On the contrary, when I spoke it was to say, again and again, "*Pole, pole*" (Slowly, slowly).

But speed seemed not to matter. On a bridge, I was dismayed to feel the Hupmobile sinking. Down it went, gradually but unmistakably, and when it stopped was so deeply embedded in mud there was no hope of extricating it by ordinary means. The lighter Dodge had made the bridge safely, but had been the back-breaking straw. The Dodge's triumph over the Hupmobile was short-lived, however, for it stuck in the mud just beyond us.

Never were horns busier than were ours for the next few minutes, and though natives came in

response to the tooting, there were not enough of them to lift the cars. A runner set out for Kabale; "not so far away" we were told; and after what seemed an eternity I saw the khaki-clad figure of the district commissioner coming down the hill. Behind him was a regiment of blacks.

"Motor-car, motor-car," they shouted, and set to work. It is the one bit of English that they know, and is eloquent of happenings on this road. Repeated over and over, the works sound like a labour chantey.

The Hupmobile was hopelessly embedded. There was no chance of lifting it, and for aught I know to the contrary may be there yet. But the Dodge was pulled and lifted out, and taken up the hill by man power. A mob of blacks pushed; a mob pulled. "Motor-car, motor-car," they chanted happily, for they knew that all this meant *baksheesh*.

Dinner and rest that night were in the home of the district commissioner at Kabale. I slept the sounder for knowing that I was through with automobiles for months to come. It is possible to motor across Africa, but not on the routes I had chosen.

There is, I believe, no more picturesque outpost of the British Empire than Kabale. It is a new *boma*, established in 1914, and lies in a sloping valley broken by wooded hills, and with high mountains in the distance. At first glance there seems to be a hill for every building, and though

closer view shows that this is not quite true, each establishment has a magnificent isolation. Government headquarters and the commissioner's bungalow lie on Kabale Hill, and the grass-covered huts and hospital of the mission on top of Matanga Hill. There are more European babies than grown-ups in this lovely spot, for both commissioner and doctor have children still too young to have been banished "home."

Kabale was the last administrative headquarters on my route. A five day *safari* lay between it and my first post in the Belgian Congo. The district commissioner gave me minute written instructions, which included the length of each day's march, the name and conditions of the camp, the name of the chief, and certain particulars about the tribes. And at the bottom of the paper I found:

Pay of Porters

- 20 cents of a shilling for 3 hours' march.
- 30 cents of a shilling for over 3 and up to 5 hours' march.
- 40 cents of a shilling for over 5 and up to 6 hours' march.

Price of Foodstuffs

- Chickens (small) . . . 20 cents of a shilling each.
- Chickens (large) . . . 30 cents of a shilling each.
- Goats From 5 to 7 shillings.
- Sheep From 3 to 5 shillings.
- Milk 20 cents a *mtungi* (wooden pot).
- Eggs 2 cents each.

Cheap food and labour, for the value of the shilling is about twenty American cents.



(Upper) KABALE, A UGANDA STATION NEAR THE FRONTIER OF THE BELGIAN CONGO,
PROVINCE OF KATANGA.

(Lower) A BOUNDARY MARK BETWEEN UGANDA AND THE BELGIAN CONGO.

The amazing thing about the instructions was their accuracy; they worked out perfectly in every detail, from the price of an egg to the time required to trek from camp to camp.

In Kabale I added to my equipment a *machila* with the necessary eight bearers, for two go in front and two behind, and there must be four at hand for relay. There would be mountains in the Kigezi district, and I should be glad of the luxury. We took on, too, another helper for Barney; a *toto* indeed, for he was a pigmy of the Batwa tribe. And the district commissioner lent me an askari who had been over the road with him on official rounds and was therefore a valuable guide.

Alpenstock in hand I set out at the head of my column of porters; the gun-bearer and pigmy with water-bottle were within call; Barney and the askari brought up in the rear. Within ten minutes I was climbing the first mountain; I had no fear of losing the way; there was no way to lose. In my five day trek before coming to the Belgian border I would cross the trails of three tribes, with distinct language and habits. Though I should have no more than a glimpse of them, still I find it decent and pleasant to be able to respond in proper form to the greetings given along the way. To this end I had coached with the district commissioner; and also had at my tongue's end the name of each chief who would welcome me.

The first part of my way lay through the land of

the Bakigas, to whom "Yambo" in greeting would be as foreign as to a Michigan farmer. To them—sturdy fellows with hides round their shoulders, and with spear and bow and arrow—I must say "*Oraregi*" if the meeting were before midday. After noon, the greeting is "*Osibaregi*." Good-bye is *Osibeji*. For the Batusi, whom I should recognize by their bags of plaited grass and otter skins, their collars and twisted tassels, I memorized "*Ulliho*" for "How are you?" and "*Urebeho*" for good-bye. And for the Banyaruanda, some of whom I should find together with Bakiga at Lake Bunyoni, I learned "*Armarcho*," meaning "I wish you many wives," and "*archangeli*," "I wish you many cattle."

Two hours of tramping on a climbing road, then a sudden downward swoop brought us to Lake Bunyoni. Nothing I had heard had prepared me for the incomparable beauty of that mountain lake. Bamboo thickets grow close, papyrus swamps border its jagged shores, and purple lotus blossoms with their flat green leaves lie on the surface of the water.

The *nyapara* yodelled, and the long melodious call was answered from the hills. Soon I saw canoes shooting across the water toward the inlet where we waited. One and another and another came until there was a fleet of dugouts, each manned by three muscular Bakiga. The loads and bearers were distributed into two dozen canoes, and I, paddled along in the midst of them, felt as though



(Upper) A GATHERING OF BUTENDE NATIVES.
(Lower) LAKE BUNYONI.

all Bunyoni were cluttered with my *safari*. There was something romantic and carnival in the experience. The boatmen would paddle a few strokes, then drift, and, drifting, they yodelled. Echoes were thrown back, and answering calls came from the villages between the hills and hidden behind the papyrus and the euphorbia trees. Now and then a crew would challenge another to a race, and as the boats brushed against each other it seemed that they must capsize. I enjoyed the regatta, but could not keep down anxiety lest it resulted in the losing of my outfit, which could not be replaced. The Bakiga have the reputation of being hard drinkers, and I felt certain they had celebrated with an extra cup before taking on the job. It had been more than a year since a *safari* had come, and this was manifestly a gala occasion.

My worry was wasted. One after another the canoes made safe landing, and the boatmen staggered ashore with their burdens. They seemed quite indifferent about *baksheesh*.

We passed the night at Camp Bufundi, which lies at the top of a peninsular knoll, and is surrounded by inlets of the lake. Candelabra euphorbia trees make a gateway to the plateau where we pitched the tent; stretches of green sloped down to the water, and a wall of euphorbia at the back cut us off from the world. I missed Lewis. It was strange to know myself the only white man in this bit of paradise. I wanted someone to share it.

In the dusk came the natives. "*Osibaregi,*"

each one said as he made his offering. One brought a chicken; another milk; still another a bowl of their powerful beer. Chief Gelazi came, and was far less picturesque in his khaki shorts than were his people with hides around their shoulders. They squatted on the ground and watched me at supper in the verandah of my tent; each mouthful that I ate seemed worth attention. Then I smoked a cigar, the last of my Kampala supply, and walked about my fifty-foot promontory. Birds fluttered and chirped in the thickets, the last stirring before heads went under brilliant wings. From the swamps came frog-like sounds. Imagination, I wondered? There are said to be no frogs in the region. Certainly there are no buzzing insects to make night hideous. Did the natives feel all the peace and beauty? Almost I think they did, for there was no chattering among them as they sat in the glow of the camp fire, bronze figures outlined sharply by the yellow light.

Next morning the porters carried the loads around the peninsula to the road on the mainland. I took a short cut in a canoe to the meeting-place. We kept close to the shore, paddling in and out among the lotus plants. Birds were on the wing, and I have never seen plumage so gorgeous. Yellow-breasted, blue-coated fellows dived and caught water-bugs in their scarlet beaks; red birds darted from bush to bush, a streak of flame in the early sunlight. It was an unforgettable orgy of colour. The last quarter of my hour on the water,

the enchantment failed. Our way lay through bayou-like ditches, and a pestilential stench rose from the swamp and made me forget everything else. Mud hens were the only feathered creatures that I saw there, but reptiles were not lacking.

When I arrived the porters were at their *chakula* of dried peas; more nourishing surely than the bird seed of the Kisii, but it does not give much strength. It is customary in this region to have a change of porters at each camp, runners being sent ahead to give notification they will be wanted. And when I saw the men carrying the heavy burdens up the mountain roads, I was glad that they had a day of it only now and then.

Behungi was the camp to be made that day, and the way to it was along the edge of a bamboo forest on the mountain-side. It was a rough road, full of holes made by elephants that daily pass that way from the bamboo thickets above to the swamps and water pools below. These forest elephants are not hunted, for the tusks are puny and are no temptation to ivory seekers, so they rove in herds of five hundred or more, troubling man with their depredations, but themselves quite unmolested.

A mile outside Behungi, we found the chief awaiting us. He was attended by his askari, headman and followers—an imposing reception.

“*Obaregi, Kanyanbigo,*” I was able to greet my host, thanks to a glance at the district commissioner’s paper of instructions.

We climbed, the chief and I, along the steep

embankment, took a sharp turn to the left and came out on a plateau where the rest-house is built. To the west, as far as eye could reach, were mountains of the Mufumbiro range. Are these the Mountains of the Moon that wise old Ptolemy placed in Central Africa, or does that range come, as many claim, lower on the continent, in the land of the Wanyamwezi, the People of the Moon? Three peaks rose, like seventh waves in the rippling skyline—Muhavura, Mgahinga and Sabinio. South of us were mountain lakes, Chahifi, Mugisha and Mwuleru. North-west lay Lake Mwanga, with islands, and Lake Mutanda. Is there, I wonder, in all the world a more magnificent scene than Chief Kanyanbigo and I viewed while we stood together in front of the grass-thatched rest-house at Behungi, more than eight thousand feet above the sea?

Early next morning we set out on the four-hour march that would bring us to Kisolo. The commissioner at Kabala had noted certain caves that might be seen on this trek. Had he not instructed the askari to lead me to them, I should certainly have passed them by, for they are in flat country, three miles off the road, and across fields of peas and beans. Straight toward a tree, not tall but of considerable circumference, the askari headed, as unlikely a place for a cave as one could imagine. Enormous roots, gnarled and twisted, lay above the ground, and stretched far. We followed one to its end and there came on an opening in the ground—the mouth of a cave. Lamp in hand I entered.

Though it seemed of great width and depth, I halted at the end of twenty yards. Bats and other creatures of the darkness flew about, and I found the outside world far more pleasant. Yet that freak of volcanic formation would, to its furthest corners, have held interest for the scientist.

Once back in my *machila* I did not stir until we found a crowd assembled by the road, and knew that Chief Nirimilima and his followers had come to welcome us to Kisolo. I was among the Batusi, a gentle tribe. Their bodies were partially covered with hides, and the hair was cut in two transverse ridges, giving an odd horse-shoe effect. The women's heads were bound with inch-wide fillets of braided bamboo fibre.

We camped that night near the bazaar where the Batusi barter peas and beans for goats—tough goats, if the one I bought may be regarded as typical. A crowd had gathered, and soon a *ngoma* was under way. The men did a spear dance, charging with their weapons and guarding themselves with their elliptical shields. The sham battle was interesting to watch, and thrilling to imagine real warfare so conducted, in and out of the forests and in the shadow of volcanic rocks.

Afterwards the women danced. Hides covered their legs, but the upper part of their bodies were bare. The fragility of the Batusi—they are easy prey to tuberculosis—was apparent in the slender bodies of the dancers. They had suppleness and fire. Their lifted arms waved rhythmically.

800 WHITE AND BLACK IN E. AFRICA

The *ngoma* contrasted as strongly from the shy sylvan grace of Makanga's clan as from the grossness of the Kikuyu. Here was wild abandon to beauty; it was the savage dance of one's imaginings.

At Kinanira next evening Barney cooked the partridges and the water-buck that I had brought down near a waterfall, so observing in sportsmanlike manner my last day on British territory. Early in the morning I set out ahead of my *safari*. My notes read:

"The border is crossed about an hour after leaving the last camp. Watch for tree with stones."

It was just a tree like a million others in Central Africa. The five-foot pile of stones around its trunk made all the difference, and marked it the geodetical sign of boundary between the colonial possessions of two European countries. In my African wandering I had come to the end of the vast stretch where British ideals and ambitions hold what sway they may in a land old as time, but new as yesterday to civilization. Before me lay the mystery of the Belgian Congo.

INDEX

ABYSSINIA, 59
African Association, 17
Albert Nyanza, 16, 286
Anderson, Mr., 93, 94, 235
Ankole, 274, 287
Arabs, 25, 26, 28, 29, 39, 40,
41, 68, 71, 266
Arusha, 108
Arvack river, 160
Asumbi, 204, 205, 215
Asunda Omiju, 134, 135
Athi Plains, 56, 86

BAGAMOYO, 26, 269
Baganda tribe, 45, 48
Bahima tribe, 287
Bairam, 280, 281
Bairo tribe, 287, 288
Bakiga tribe, 294, 295
Banana, 51
Bantu tribes, 73, 77, 141
Banyarunda tribe, 294
"Barney" (Shabani), 44, 45,
74, 77, 78, 80, 89, 102, 106,
112, 130, 131, 138, 150, 155,
160, 182, 206, 209, 210, 212,
221, 222, 227, 228, 229, 238,
241, 275, 279, 280, 281, 284,
288, 293, 300
Basoga tribe, 154, 155
Basutos, 21
Batchelor, Captain, 76
Batusi tribe, 288, 294, 299
Batwa tribe, 293
Behungi, 297, 298
Beira, 22
Bertram, John, 24
Bhamo, 13
Bhang, 88
Boers, 147, 148
Boma, 51
Bombay, 22
Borup, Mr., 266

Bububu, 32, 33
Bufundi, Camp, 295
Buganda, 248-71, 282, 287
Bulamezi, 266
Bulawayo, 15, 19
Bunyoni, Lake, 294, 295
Bunyoro, 55, 256, 257
Butende tribe, 170, 201, 214-23
Butiaba, 277

CAIRO, 13
Capetown, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19,
20
Cattle auction, 120
Cave dwellings, 140-46
Chacha, 204, 224, 225, 226, 227,
228, 229, 230, 231, 233, 240
Clarke, Percy, 153
Convicts, 130, 131, 264, 265
Coryndon, Sir Robert, 68
Cotton industry, 266, 267, 268
Craft, Trading, 30, 31, 35
"Crookie's," 35

DAR-ES-SALAAM, 22
Daudi Chua, King, 252, 253
Death customs, 91, 175, 182,
183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188,
223, 258
"Do-It-Slowly" (Karioki),
152, 154, 160, 182, 206, 209,
221, 227, 228, 229
Donyo Lengai crater, 102
Doyle, Father, 154, 155, 163,
170, 171, 202
Durban, 14, 20, 21

EAST LONDON, 20
Edward, Lake, 286
Eldoret, 149
Elephant hunting, 229, 230,
231

- Elgon, Mount, 92, 136, 137,
 140, 141, 149
 El Konyi tribe, 136
 Elmenteita, Lake, 115
 Entebbe, 247, 255, 272, 274
 Equipment, 39
 Escarpment Hill, 90, 142

FINDLAY, MR., 115, 116, 117,
 118
 Foodstuffs, Price of, 292
 Fort Hall, 76, 85
 Fort Jesus, 36, 41, 42, 60
 Franchise, 66, 67

GAME, Big, 56, 57, 70, 108,
 109, 229, 240
 Gelazi, Chief, 296
 Gethin, Mr., 165, 168, 202,
 203, 204, 205, 208, 226, 238
 Gilgil, 102, 103, 105, 115, 119,
 123, 161
 Giriama tribe, 48
 Goanese, 125, 132, 246
 Gondwana Land, 101
 Gori river, 213, 237, 238, 239,
 242

HINDUS, 22
 Homa Bay, 151
 Homa Hill, 162

ICHANG, 13
 Indians, 25, 26, 29, 39, 53, 66,
 67, 68, 71, 94, 103, 125, 281,
 282, 283, 284
Jahazi, The, 152, 153, 154,
 155, 156, 157, 159, 243, 244
 Ja-Luo. *See* Kavirondo, Nilotic
 Ja-Mwa tribe, 129
 Jinja falls, 275
 Johannesburg, 19, 20
 Joshua, 45, 74, 77, 152

KABALE, 277, 278, 279, 281,
 290, 291, 292, 293, 298
 Kabarega, King, 54, 55, 256,
 257
 Kachukia dance, 81, 82
 Kaffirs, 21
 Kagera river, 275, 290
 Kagwa, Sir Apolo, 250, 251
 Kaimosi, 129, 142

 Kakamega, 128, 130, 136, 190
 Kamba tribe, 48, 71, 72, 73,
 86, 87, 98, 120, 241
 Kampala, 248, 249, 251, 256,
 257, 259, 260, 261, 263, 264,
 265, 266, 268, 270, 272, 275,
 276, 278, 281, 283, 285, 290
 Kanyanbigu, Chief, 297, 298
 Kavirondo, Bantu, 48, 91, 123,
 127, 129, 130, 137, 154, 164,
 194-200
 Kavirondo Gulf, 125, 128,
 151, 243
 Kavirondo, Nilotic, 48, 91,
 123, 128, 150, 155, 161, 164,
 165, 172-94, 190
 Kawisa, 204
 Kedong Valley, 90
 Kendu, 151, 152, 154, 156, 157,
 158, 159, 160, 165, 222, 244
 Kenya Colony, 51, 58, 61, 63-
 73, 90, 127, 248, 249, 259,
 264, 273
 Kenya, Mount, 118, 286
 Khalifa II, Sultan of Zanzibar,
 32, 34
 Kibos, 124
 Kigezi, 288, 293
 Kijabe, 90, 93, 102, 103
 Kikuyu tribe, 46, 48, 59, 71,
 72, 73, 74, 75, 77-86, 91, 96,
 104, 107, 109, 120, 152, 157,
 221, 241, 300
 Kilimanjaro, Mount, 202, 286
 Kimberley, 19
 Kinanira, 300
 Kirui, 139
 Kisenyi, 281
 Kisii, 151, 152, 154, 157, 159,
 160, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169,
 170, 198, 201, 202, 203, 204,
 206, 214, 217, 218, 219, 222,
 238, 243, 244, 297
 Kisolo, 298, 299
 Kisumu, 123, 124, 125, 126,
 127, 130, 137, 150, 151, 152,
 154, 155, 156, 201, 243
 Kitale, 147
 Kitosh, 134, 136, 137, 197
 Kivu, Lake, 277, 281
 Kongoni, 76
 Koromojo tribe, 136
 Krakatoa, 34
 Kuja river, 209, 242
 Kyetume, 279

- LADYSMITH, 21**
 Laikipia, 115
 Lamu tribe, 48
 Leopards, Shooting, 110-114
 Leopold of Belgium, King, 17
 Lewis, Mr., 13, 35, 36, 45, 47,
 74, 75, 77, 78, 83, 96, 102,
 105, 114, 124, 130, 152, 155,
 156, 160, 163, 182, 204, 206,
 208, 212, 215, 225, 227, 228,
 230, 231, 232, 234, 235, 241,
 242, 243, 244, 275, 295
 Livingstone, 31
 Lobengula, 19
 Lolgorien mine, 234, 236
 Londiani, 147
 Longonot, 103
 Lourenço Marques, 22
 Lumbwa, 123
 Lutoba Hill, 288, 290
- MACFARLANE, MR. PETER,**
 107
 Machakos, 87
 Machindi, Chief, 79, 81, 84
 Madeira, 14
 Makanga, Chief, 170, 204, 214,
 217, 219, 222, 224, 226, 241,
 300
 Malikisi, 137
Maniata, Masai, 92
 Maocha, 204, 210, 212, 213
 Mara mines, 93, 234, 237, 238
 Marinde, 206
 Marriage customs, 96, 109,
 119, 144, 167, 173, 174, 176,
 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 199
 Marunga, Chief, 137, 138, 139,
 150
 Masai tribe, 71, 72, 74, 86, 90,
 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98,
 99, 102, 119, 136, 140, 141,
 204, 217, 222, 239, 242
 Masaka, 274, 277, 282, 284,
 285
 Masikondi, Chief, 98, 99
 Masindi, 277
 Matadi, 51
 Matanga Hill, 292
 Mau, 123
 Mbarara, 277, 278, 280, 286,
 287
 Mbiti, Chief, 87, 88, 89, 139
 Menengai, 123
 Mengo, 251, 281
- Misigo Camp, 139
 Missions, 259, 260
 Mohammedans, 22
 Mombasa, 14, 24, 30, 35, 36,
 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45,
 46, 47, 48, 51, 54, 57, 60, 86,
 124, 158, 275, 276
 Moon, Mountains of the, 16
Morans, 95, 96, 97, 100
 Moshi, 202
 Mount Margaret, 91
 Mtawana tribe, 15
 Mufumbiro mountains, 298
 Mumias, 137, 143
 Muscat, 30, 32, 35
 Muscat, Sultan of, 24
 Mutesa, 251, 256, 257, 258,
 259, 270
 Mutoki, 224
 Mvite, 224
 Mwanga, 54, 154, 251, 256,
 257, 258, 270
- NAIROBI, 51, 53, 56, 57, 58,**
 59, 62, 65, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71,
 72, 73, 74, 75, 86, 90, 103,
 107, 108, 120, 126, 151, 235
 Naivasha, Lake, 103, 115
 Nandi tribe, 48, 124, 125, 129,
 140, 141, 142, 149
 Nanyuki, 118
 Narok, 90, 92, 97, 235
 Ndulele, 94
 Ngambo, 29, 31
Ngoma, 46, 47, 48, 77, 79, 80,
 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 89, 139,
 175, 182, 217, 221, 299, 300
 Nigeria, 255
 Nile, 16
 Nirimbilima, Chief, 299
 Nubians, 165, 166
 Nyanza, 48, 125, 127, 154
 Nyeri, 85
- O'DONNELL, MR., 215, 216,**
 217, 218, 222, 238, 241
 Ofua's, 163, 204, 206, 207, 208,
 209, 243
 Oyugi's, 160, 161, 164, 244
- "PALESTINIAN, The," 75, 77
 Patterson, Major, 52, 53
 Pemba, 24, 26
 Persian Gulf, 30, 40
 Persians, 25, 26

- Pesi, 118
 Pietermaritzburg, 21
 Port Bell, 248
 Port Elizabeth, 20
 Porters, Pay of, 292
 Pretoria, 19

RATS, Plague-carrying, 127, 128, 263
 Religions, 99
 Rift, Great, 54, 56, 101-121, 224
 Ripon falls, 275
 Royal Geographical Society, 17
 Rumuruti, 118
 Rutshuru, 277, 278
 Ruwenzori Mountains, 16, 286

SAID HAMOUD, Palace of, 33
 Sakwa, 242
 Scheffer, Father, 205
 Schweinfurth, Mr., 12
 Sedi, Chief, 134
 Sese Islands, 274
 Settlers, 61, 62, 63, 64, 68, 101, 102
 Sheep-dipping, 107
 Shirati, 128
 Simson, Mr. Leslie, 102, 103
 Singapore, 13
 Sio, Port, 128
 Slaves, 27, 28, 40
 Somalis, 31, 119
 Stam, Father, 137
 Stanley, 16, 28, 256
 Suk tribe, 141, 142
 Sultani, 210, 228, 244
 Suna, 214
 Swahilis, 25, 26, 29, 30, 34, 36, 43, 44, 45, 46, 49, 71, 105, 154, 279

TABLE BAY, 19
 Table Mountain, 18.
 Tana river, 75

 Tanganyika Colony, 22, 59, 90, 102, 214, 215, 238, 242, 275
 Taylor, Mr., 111, 112, 113, 114
 Tembo, 89, 139
 Thika, 75
 Thomson Falls, 117
 Thomson, Joseph, 136, 140
 Thoon, Chief, 209, 210
 Tippu Tip, 28, 31
 Toroni, 204, 237
 Totemism, 194, 195
 Tsavo, 53
 Turkana tribe, 48

UASIN GISHU PLATEAU, 147
 Uganda, 52, 59, 68, 125, 243, 247, 248, 249, 250, 254, 256, 257, 259, 263, 266, 268, 270, 273, 278
 Utende, 170, 213

VICTORIA FALLS, 19
 Victoria Nyanza, Lake, 17, 52, 124, 126, 128, 150, 154, 162, 198, 215, 246, 247, 248, 266, 272, 283

WALL, FATHER, 170
 Waterloo Farm, 104, 105, 106, 119, 122
 White Horse Pass, 13
 "White King" of Buganda, The, 268, 269, 270, 271, 276, 279, 280.
 Witchcraft, 190, 191, 192, 193, 222

YOKOHAMA, 13

ZAMBESI, 19
 Zanzibar, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38, 257
 Zimbabwe, Great, 19
 Zulus, 21