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CORYNDON MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO THE MAU FOREST.

I. BOTANIST'S DIARY.

By P. R. O. Bally.

The primary object of the trip was to obtain specimens of the Yellow-backed Duiker, *Cephalophus silvicultor* (Afzelius), and the Golden Cat, *Profelis aurata* Temminck, two game animals well known from West Africa, but whose presence in Kenya has been reported comparatively recently.

It would be interesting to compare the habitat of the East African Duiker with that of the West-African form, and thus it was decided to obtain as complete ecological notes of the area as a month's stay during the driest season of the year would permit.

The expedition was led by Mr. C. J. P. Ionides, Assistant Game Warden from Tanganyika Territory, a keen sportsman and hunter of the rarer African game, who very generously offered to donate any game shot on the expedition to the Coryndon Museum and, in addition, to bear half of the cost of the trip. Mr. Ionides' generosity is greatly appreciated by the Museum Trustees. Signor F. Meneghetti, temporarily attached to the Museum as preparator and collector, was to supervise the skinning and treatment of the skins, and also to collect smaller mammals, birds, reptiles, insects, etc.

Two African collectors, Opiko and Andiu accompanied the expedition to collect insects and birds and to assist generally with skinning, etc.

The collection of plants naturally fell to me, and the following pages are a diary giving a general account of the progress of the safari.

Appended are separate notes by Mr. Ionides on the subject of game, by Prof. A. Toschi on the birds and by myself on the vegetational and botanical side which summarize the results obtained in the course of the expedition.

Preliminary preparations had been made over several months; the Museum is much indebted to Mr. R. M. Graham, Asst. Conservator of Forests in Londiani not only for one of the first authentic records of the Yellow-backed Duiker in Kenya, but also for selecting for us the area in which to hunt.

For months past Mr. Graham had set a number of his forest guards to the task of locating duikers and the same guards were placed at our disposal for the duration of the expedition.

Mr. Graham and Mr. MacIntyre, also of the Forest Department, arranged that we should recruit porters from the local Kikuyu squatters and it is largely due to their careful preparations that our safari was crowned with success.

We are also most grateful to Mr. MacGregor of the Mount Blackett sawmills for supplying us with posho and other victuals, for sending us mail at intervals and for posting our letters.

January 9th, 1946. We left for Molo in two cars; first went Mr. Ionides and I in my private car; Signor Meneghetti, the Museum boys and Mr. Ionides' trackers, cook and personal boys followed with the safari outfit in a hired lorry. On arrival in Molo we were met by a forest guard, sent by Mr. Graham, to serve as a guide to Sitoton forest hut, 23 miles S.W. of Molo, which was to be our base camp.

The lorry arrived about six p.m., and we proceeded at once to Sitoton on a road which was excellent as far as Mt. Blackett sawmills but which then degenerated into a dusty track with the dust so deep that the cars swayed and swerved in it. It had not rained for a considerable time and we passed a large grassfire at 8,000 ft. altitude.

We arrived in Sitoton after dark and settled in the forest hut for the night. We were met by a head forest guard but found no porters had arrived.

January 10th. In the morning there were still no porters, but Mr. MacIntyre appeared and promised us forty for the following morning, as well as some Dorobo guides and trackers. Thus there was nothing to do but a little collecting in Sitoton. Ionides is a keen collector of snakes, in the past year he had sent a great many live specimens from Tanganyika to the Museum, he sent some boys out to locate some, and soon one returned to say that he had spotted a snake in a rat hole in a field. Ionides and I went at once to dig it out.

When the head appeared and looked rather like that of a cobra, Ionides pressed it down with a forked stick and grasped the snake round the neck with his hand and pulled it out. It was about three feet long, very fat and quite vigorous. We soon saw that it was a harmless molesnake; it was quite tame and Ionides carried it in his pocket, to the horror of the natives. I too played with it; it was very gentle, never tried to bite or to escape.

January 11th. In the early morning the porters began to dribble in, all Kikuyu squatters from the neighbourhood, but only thirty-five instead of forty; and rather weak porters they looked too. In order to help them on, I carted most of the loads along a logging track which we had to follow for $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, doing three journeys. The lorry had left us immediately after our arrival on the ninth.

Then I returned to Sitoton alone, left the car beside the hut where it was to be guarded by a forest guard, and followed the safari on foot. On that day we did not proceed much further than about eight miles and I reached the camp site, Sigutioi, together with the last stragglers. It was a lovely place, a clearing in tall forest, the edge fringed with bamboo, and traversed by a beautiful, clear, but icy-cold stream.

Just as we started to pitch our tents it started to rain and we got a thorough soaking; soon however we had roaring fires going, and occasionally the segments of burning bamboo exploded like rifle shots. We were forced to forbid the boys to burn bamboo, lest the noise scare the game away for miles around.

The afternoon was spent collecting and looking for places likely to be haunts of the Forest Hog, Bongo, and Yellow-backed Duiker. All these are to be found in these forests, as our guides attested, but the Golden Cat, our other objective, was unknown to them. The skin which we brought from the Museum was something they had never seen before.

We could find no spoor of any of the game we were after, and the trackers too thought that we should push on further into the forest to another place where there were several salt-licks known to be visited by Bongo and Duiker. The unexpected rain would make it more difficult however, they said, to spot the game, which, becoming less dependent for water on the streams would roam further afield.

January 12th. Ionides and I pushed on early in the morning, leaving Meneghetti in the camp to follow later. For the longer trek of this day the 35 porters were quite insufficient to carry all our loads. As it happened, they proved rather ineffective, and we camped near a stream about 12-14 miles further on, at a place called Bondui. It was just as well we did not attempt to go further, for a storm was threatening and it broke with lightning and thunderclaps just as we had pitched one tent. I had still not unpacked mine, for as long as we were on the move, we found one tent sufficient for the two of us. In the evening, to Ionides' horror, I had a refreshing bath in the stream; he has spent many years in the lowlands of Southern Tanganyika and the cold climate was rather a trial to him. He is a good companion and we get on very well together.

January 13th. We made an early start so as to reach the place near the salt-licks, which was going to be our permanent camp, in good time to settle in. In places, we had to hack our way through dense bamboo, secondary growth about three years old, our guides said, regenerated after a large forest fire.

One large clearing showed by its vegetation and by the remains of cattle bomas that it had been inhabited. At present, all the forest country which we passed S.W. of Sitoton is uninhabited forest reserve. The former Lumbwa inhabitants were moved to the lower country west of the Mau about five years ago.

Again, our path led through cathedral-like *Podocarpus* forest, interspersed with large *Conopharyngia* with their sweet-scented, frangipani-like flowers lying on the ground.

Masses of a white-flowering shrubby *Grumilea* and of the bright blue, flowering spikes of *Acanthus eminens* grew under the canopy of this forest. Later, Ionides learned to detest the ubiquitous *Acanthus* with its spiny leaves which scratched him badly when he followed spoor.

After walking about five miles only we reached Endabarrà, a small clearing near a stream in mixed forest in which *Podocarpus*, *Macaranga* and bamboo dominated. Our guides suggested that we made this place our permanent camp. We pitched our tents, built a kitchen shelter with bamboo and grass and settled in generally. The porters were sent back to Sigutioi, where Meneghetti was waiting for them. They left at noon and they had sufficient time to walk back, especially as they were carrying no loads.

January 14th. Ionides started off with his guides and trackers early in the morning; everything was wet with dew and I built drying trestles with the help of the boys, for drying bird skins and plant specimens. In the early afternoon Meneghetti arrived with our remaining loads; the traps which he had set in Sigutioi had already yielded some rats and a genet cat, and he and Opiko had shot some birds.

January 17th. For the past few days we all have been hard at work, collecting in the vicinity of the camp. Ionides' trackers are out every day trying to locate Duiker, Bongo and Forest hog. Fresh spoor is seen every morning, and the Dorobo as well as Ionides have encountered Bongo and Duiker but the Bongo had poor horns and the Duiker escaped in the undergrowth before Ionides could place a shot; it is difficult to get a good view of the game in bamboo forest.

Meneghetti and Opiko had made a good start shooting birds and trapping rats, mice and a genet cat ; but Ionides feared that the noise would frighten the bigger game away, and so the collecting of birds was stopped and for the time being they concentrated on trapping and collecting insects. To-day he is preparing his fishing tackle before going fishing along the stream.

Fortunately my own collecting does not interfere with our main objective, and I have already got 130 plant specimens, many of them with Lumbwa names obtained by the Dorobo trackers.

We have rain every day, usually in the late afternoon, and it is very damp in the forest. The plants dry quite well in the sun in the morning ; but in the afternoon, when the sky is overcast, I dry them over the fire on the little scaffolding which I have built.

One of my self-imposed tasks is to prepare the menu and to give this out to the cook, so as to get some variation into our meals. At first I left everything to the cook, but he invariably served up tinned sausages, fried potatoes and coffee for every meal. As we have a good selection of tinned food, ham, eggs, fruits, etc., we can afford to make out meals more interesting than that.

Ionides' birthday dinner today was quite opulent, consisting of

Entrée.

Sardines on toast

Soup

Spinach (tinned) with vermicelli

Main Course

Roast chicken (a few live ones Ionides brought with him from Tanganyika)

Roast potatoes

Fresh tomatoes

Dessert

Tinned peaches

Coffee, cheese and a bottle of Sauvignon blanc.

Table decorations : Wild flowers in bamboo vases.

At an altitude of 7,300 ft., the present camp is very cold in the morning. We have no thermometer, but I think it is only a few degrees above freezing and it requires quite an effort to leave one's warm sleeping bag and one's three blankets at 7 a.m.

The forest around the tents consists mostly of bamboo, *Macaranga*, and tall *Podocarpus* trees. Flocks of the Kikuyu White-headed Wood Hoopoe (*Pheniculus bollei jacksoni*) are quite tame, flitting from tree to tree and searching the bark for insects in the manner of woodpeckers. They are beautiful birds with a metallic blue-green body, a fairly long steel-blue tail, a white head and throat and a red, slender, curved beak. At night we hear the cry of a tree hyrax, occasionally that of a galago and the dog-like bark of bushbuck.

Even here, however, far from everything man-made, the roaring of 'planes and the occasional boom of artillery practice, near Nakuru, the boys tell us, remind us that civilisation is somewhere around the corner.

Before we came here, there had been a long dry spell and the daily afternoon showers started only on the very day when we began our safari.

Accordingly there is not much in flower now, and since specimens without either flower or fruit are worthless, I have to give many plants a miss. For instance, though there are many orchids on the trees, none of them is flowering which is a pity, and there are few herbs in flower in the grassland or in the swamps.

The locality in which we are camped is not continuous forest, for there are large clearings of grassland scattered in it. The top of the Mau is hilly and intersected by many clear streams along which grow many ferns, even the graceful slender-stemmed tree ferns, and the branches of the trees overhanging the water are heavily festooned with mosses. The bottom of the streams consists of black, waterworn stones, phonolite of the Losaguta type.

January 20th. We have had no rain for two days and it is surprising how quickly the ground has dried, even in the forest. Ionides finds the dry state of the ground a great hindrance when tracking and stalking: fresh spoor is not visible in the morning, and the rustling noise of the bamboo sheaths on the ground and the snapping of brittle twigs make it almost impossible to approach any game.

This morning he tries another line: He is taking all available men, including six porters who arrived from Sitoton yesterday with posho, to use them as beaters in a drive for the Duiker; but late in the afternoon he returns again empty handed; he had had a glimpse only of one of the shy animals, but no opportunity to place a shot.

With the dry weather of the last few days and thanks to my drying platform I have my first consignment of dried plants ready to go to Nairobi, a porter's load out of the way which is always a good thing.

My "bag" has been quite satisfactory so far, although so few plants are in flower: 173 plant specimens and a list of over 70 Lumbwa names and notes on the uses of many of the plants.

In the Podo tree under which I have pitched my tent some wood hoopoe are nesting and the pretty birds are continually around my tent, getting tamer every day. I have asked the bird collectors to leave the birds undisturbed just around the camp; later I hope to get photographs of these hoopoes by their nest.

Although Ionides' drive with the porters brought no results he is by no means discouraged. Bongo and Yellow-backed Duiker are known to be among the most difficult game in Kenya; Bongo is usually hunted with hounds—a method which Ionides considers unsporting, and the few Yellow-backed Duiker shot in this country were chance encounters.

Late at night a heavy thunderstorm came down, much needed to freshen up the vegetation and welcomed by Ionides for it washed out all previous scents of himself and of his beaters and it permitted them next morning to find fresh spoor.

January 21st. This morning I had to arrange with Ionides to permit Meneghetti to resume shooting birds; the poor man had not enough to do, for the traps, of which he put out more than a dozen every night yielded only a few mice, shrews and rats, together with two swamp mongoose. After this the local population of smaller mammals round the camp seemed to have become exhausted. In addition Meneghetti caught frogs, lizards, insects, etc., but of these too, the variety and number is very limited at this time of the year. It is the same with the vegetation: there are few flowers to attract insects and sunbirds, and few trees are in fruit to attract birds, rodents, monkeys, etc. There are blue monkeys about; but very few and I have not seen them yet.

On this day I spent several hours making new boxes from broken old ones ; later I collected a number of interesting plants in a swamp and I added to my list of native names.

Ionides returned in the evening, having seen two Bongo, but they had too poor heads to make satisfactory trophies.

January 22nd. I walked to Bondui, about two hours' walk away, where Ionides and I had camped on our way to Endabarrà. I had noticed a giant *Lobelia* there with its flowers not fully out. This time it was in full bloom and proved to be *Lobelia Gibberoa* the commonest Giant *Lobelia* in the Highlands

The stream runs through an open glade in Bondui and the vegetation on its banks yielded a number of plants I had not collected before, among them a species of *Drosera*, a small insect-catching plant very similar to its English relative, the "sundew." Although varieties of *Drosera* are known from Uganda and from Tanganyika, we have no record of its occurrence in Kenya Colony. It grew in dense clumps on wet, lichen-covered soil, together with an *Utricularia*, one of the smallest and daintiest flowering plants.

There was a strong wind all day, drying up the soil even in the forest ; in the evening rain threatened, but only a few drops fell.

On my way back I put up two Bushbuck ; otherwise there seems to be very little game about.

Ionides returned with the notion that there are two separate herds of Bongo in the area, two fairly good males and another herd of about eight, consisting of females and young males, none of them worth shooting.

January 23rd. We all had a day in camp : Ionides wanted to give the game a rest, and he himself certainly deserved a day's rest too.

The day was spent therefore labelling and classifying specimens and writing up notes. The weather was fine with a high wind, excellent for drying my plants.

January 24th. Having by now collected practically all the plants in flower for miles around, my "bag" now numbering 224 specimens, I decided to go further afield. As soon as the dew had disappeared and my presses were spread on the grass in the clearing, I went past Bondui and Kapioto to Sigutioi, our first camp-site after leaving Sitoton, about 15 miles away. I prefer these lonely walks on which one can observe so much more than when accompanied by boys ; for a long time I watched a Bushbuck grazing peacefully near a stream ; I tried to get within snapshot distance, but he got my wind and went off, barking.

The vegetation between Kapioto and Sigutioi, though uninhabited for the past five years, showed numerous signs of former human influence. Many of the large clearings were not natural ; they had been caused by fire to increase the grazing area, and the site of old cattle bomas was marked by the Castor oil plant and Mexican Marigold and other weeds quite foreign to the uninhabited parts of the Mau.

On my tramp back to the camp—in a forest clearing quite near Sitoton I ran into a pack of Wild Dogs, about 24 of them. They let me come quite close, uncomfortably so I thought, for I was unarmed, some of them rearing up on their hindlegs so as to get a better view of me over the high grass. They made off only after I had come up to them to about 20 yards, and when I brandished my bamboo stick at them they bounded away often stopping to look back at me and giving a few short barks. They were magnificent specimens with white, bushy tails and a thick coat, much more beautiful than the mangy animals one finds on the low plains. I was

surprised too, to find them in forest country and at an altitude of 7,500 ft. Their presence here is a possible explanation for the shyness of the game, for they are tireless trackers of all antelopes and very likely it was they who were responsible for the remains of a Waterbuck which I had found earlier in the day.

Just about sunset I arrived back in camp after having covered almost thirty miles through broken country in ten hours.

Ionides' renewed drive with the porters and all available trackers and guides again produced no results; half of the men got lost, the others were too noisy, the beater's chain was broken and the game allowed to escape without giving Ionides the opportunity to shoot.

January 26th. The day was devoted to packing specimens for Nairobi; Meneghetti too had a box-full of skins of birds and small mammals ready to go with the porters returning to Sitoton and Londiani. Another box, containing the large molesnake collected on the first day in Sitoton, went with them. Although completely harmless, in addition to being sewn up in canvas, the porters first refused to touch it, until one of them could be persuaded by "baksheesh" to carry it to Londiani to be posted.

The weather is getting ever drier and warmer and we no longer need to wear all our available clothing when gathering for dinner, though we always enjoy the warmth of our camp fire.

January 27th. Again I walked about half the distance to Sitoton, profiting by the porters' and forest guides' return trip; on the way I questioned them about plant names and uses, and again I added 24 new specimens to my collection.

Ionides' usual report on the day was that he had been near his quarry, but that it had broken away before he could place a shot.

He is as keen as ever, but this continued failure begins to tell on him a little. He sees the main difficulty in the dry ground which makes it impossible to move through the forest without noise; but he is also inclined to put some blame for his failure on the activities of the other members of the safari which, he says, disturb and alarm the game all around. In order to do everything to further his interests, and incidentally our own too, for the Yellow-backed Duiker is after all our main objective, I agree with him that for the next two days none of the collectors will go beyond the perimeter of the camp itself.

January 28th. I spent all morning in camp, sorting out and labelling plants and questioning the trackers on names and uses. In the evening we had the first shower for many days; but although it seemed heavy, it always does when you are under canvas, it did no appreciable good.

January 29th. Ionides went out early, again in vain, while we others got rather fed up with doing nothing. I then hit on a compromise which would suit all parties: To-morrow, our two Museum Boys will move to Sitoton with traps and collector's guns: there they can shoot and trap all day without disturbing Ionides' game. Meneghetti who will be required to take measurements, make casts of the head and skin the Duiker, if we get it eventually, will remain with us and concentrate on insects, while I, whose plant-collecting is not likely to cause much of a disturbance, go on as usual. Naturally, as time goes on, my day's harvest becomes smaller, for, although another season will bring out many plants of which there is no trace now, there is little left of the present vegetation which I have not collected.

January 30th. As arranged, our two native collectors, heavily loaded with guns, traps and their kit, accompanied by two Lumbwa boys as porters, left for

Sitoton ; they need no tent there as they can stay in the forest hut. I joined them with a forest guard for I wanted to collect in the forest around Sigutioi, where we arrived about noon. The camp site looked very much changed for the grass had been burnt since my last visit and Mr. MacGregor's cattle had been all over it.

On our way we saw Bushbuck and Forest Duiker and one Waterbuck, the latter very close, only a few yards away, hiding in a deeply cut stream bed which we crossed. The forest guards are armed with bows and arrows, supposedly for self defence only, for they are not allowed to kill game. It was, however, very interesting to watch our man's reactions whenever he saw game at close range. In a second, the quiver was open, an arrow in place in the bent bow and he was ready to let fly : he would have done so, had I not been present. As they do not carry poisoned arrows, in most cases they only wound the game which may die days afterwards. And as for self-defence, they would stop neither charging buffalo nor pouncing lion !

Without resting for more than 10 minutes I returned to Endabarrà alone, again saw several Bushbuck grazing peacefully at the forest edges, had my usual cold bath in the stream at Bondui and arrived in camp just before dark, rather dragging my legs after my long march. However, again I had collected a few new species of plants.

In camp, I found Ionides again without either Duiker or Bongo ; he now tries another method of hunting : the Yellow-Backed Duiker usually lies up underneath a fallen tree and returns to the same shelter or " nest " quite regularly, spending the hotter part of the day there. Ionides sends his scouts out to locate as many of these nests as possible. He then has them surrounded and approaches them in broad daylight in the hope of surprising the Duiker as it gets alarmed. With the dry ground however, even this method is difficult and so far all the shelters he has tried have been empty.

Now, towards the end of our trip, we must leave for Nairobi on the 9th of February at the latest, our fare is becoming more monotonous.

We have no fresh vegetables or fruits and except potatoes only tinned food. Still, when one lives out of doors with plenty of exercise one can live, and thrive, on almost anything ; I believe when living in towns and offices, one needs more vitamins in one's food to keep fit.

There are no native plants around which could serve for spinach ; it is far too dry now.

January 31st. I spent all day in camp, making packing cases and writing up notes. The forest guides whom I ask to bring in any new plants say that I have got practically everything around here.

Ionides' new method has failed again ; Meneghetti goes around grumbling with his net and tries to collect a few butterflies and insects near the camp. He has dug up a termites' nest and found in it some ants which live symbiotically with the termites.

February 1st, 1946. Spent the morning catching crabs in the stream ; Meneghetti had only got one so far and we want a whole series for our collection. I got eight big specimens.

In the evening when I returned from my afternoon ramble, Ionides appeared to be quite relieved. He too, had been out with two of his trackers who had seen a large lion, a male with a short mane, not very far from camp.

PLATE XIII.



Fig. 1. Ionedes displaying a Mole snake.



Fig. 2. Natural *mbuga* in Mau Forest. The grass is almost pure *Themeda triandra* Forsk.

PLATE XIV.

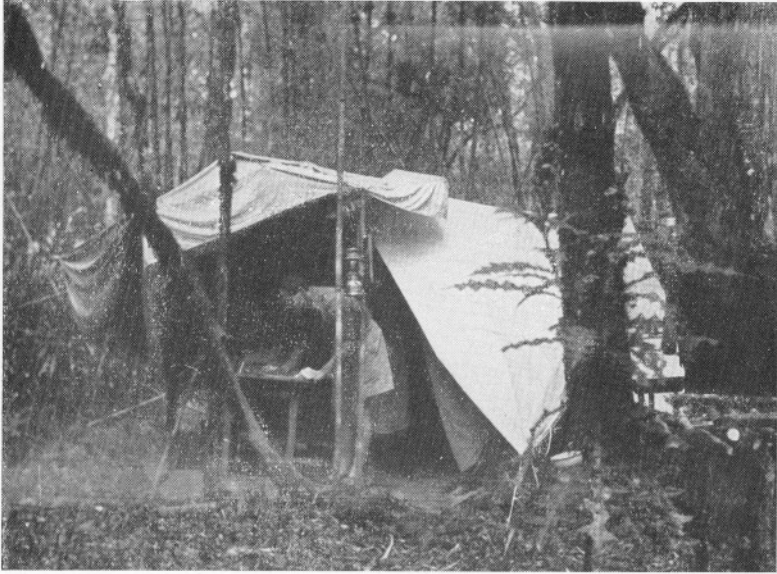


Fig. 3. Camp in the Forest. The botanist classifying specimens. Note the *Acanthus* in front of the tree on the right.



Fig. 4. *Themeda* grassland in foreground, bamboo on hill in distance merging at the back into *Macaranga-Podocarpus* forest.

PLATE XV.



Fig. 5.

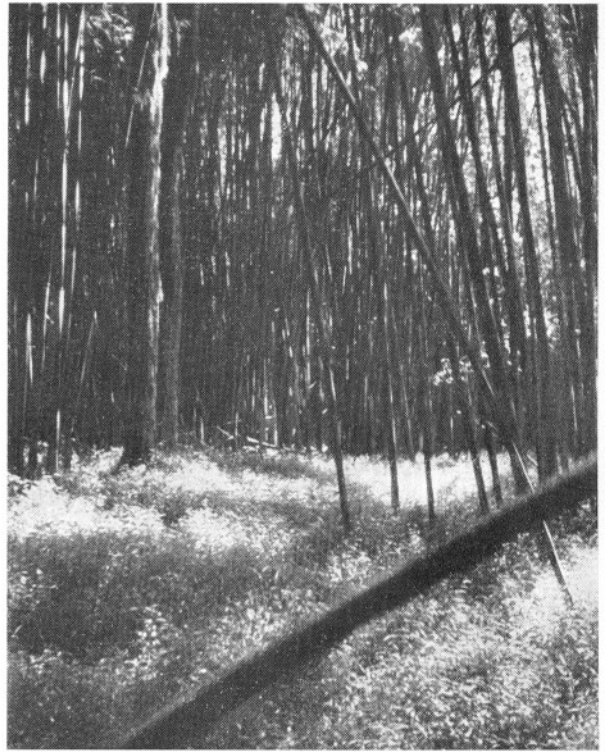


Fig. 6.

Interior views of the bamboo forest.
Fig. 5. Bamboo on the Endbarra River.
Fig. 6. In the shade of the giant grass.

PLATE XVI.



Fig. 7. Female Yellow-backed Duiker.



Fig. 8. Head of female Yellow-backed Duiker.

February 2nd. I went to Bondui again to collect along the stream. I was late for lunch and the others were having theirs.

Ionides had been out too, but he made no comment on his prowl; then, in the course of our meal he asked me if I would be good enough to take a photograph for him. I said: "Yes, of course, what is it to be?" And, typical for the restraint one is apt to show after having satisfied an obsession, he replied with as casual a voice as possible: "The Duiker which I shot this morning."

Thus, at last, on the 20th day of our stay in the Mau forest, he had got a large female Yellow-backed Duiker! Meneghetti had already taken a plaster-cast of the head, otherwise the animal was still intact.

After I had taken a number of photographs, the first ever taken of this species in Kenya, Meneghetti and two natives started skinning at once.

From now on we would have delicious venison for our meals, a very welcome change after the last few days of Oxford sausages from tins.

We took the undercut and the liver for ourselves, the Dorobo and Lumbwa got the remainder! Ionides' poor servants had to give it a miss, for the Duiker had not been "chinja-ed" and, being Mahomedans, they would not touch it: they were very sorry for themselves.

Sunday, February 3rd. Ionides is taking a well-deserved rest while he watches the skinners at their tedious work of paring down the skin and cleaning it from all traces of fat. I too am taking it easy, straightening out the safari accounts.

In the afternoon Ionides goes out to try to get the kid which had accompanied the female; but it is probably sufficiently grown to fend for itself; the mother's udder was quite dry.

We now hope that Ionides will get the male which is still near the camp. This family seems to be the only one in the neighbourhood. If we can get it complete it will make a very fine group for the Museum.

I am starting to make a sketch for the background of the proposed group.

February 4th. While Ionides goes again in search of the male duiker, one of his trackers takes me to the "nest" of a Yellowback, a fallen tree trunk half buried under rotted bamboo. I make a rough sketch of it.

Ionides' method of getting the Duiker by surrounding the nests and of trying to get it as it is driven out has proved successful in the case of the female and he tries it now on the male. But either the male is much more on his guard than his mate, or the ever drier ground makes silent moving and stalking in the bamboo an impossibility: all the nests are empty, the quarry has cleared out.

In the afternoon I begin on a colour sketch of bamboo forest for our group; I find it very difficult to capture the effect of the sun slanting through the bamboo and am rather dissatisfied with my sketch.

February 5th. Our meat and potato diet, coupled with the last two days' lack of exercise make me feel liverish and I take a good walk as far as Bondui. Returning, I see a curious sight. On the wooded slope opposite the path the tree tops are alive with what appears to be monkeys, but of a very unusual colour; in the light of the afternoon sun which falls upon them they appear pale sand-coloured; there must be over a hundred of them, and the strange part about them is that while I look at them, they disappear with one accord. The distance, at least half a mile, is too great for them to have taken alarm at my sight and while I am still

watching, they become visible again, all in one simultaneous movement. I wish I had field-glasses to settle this strange phenomenon ; but although I strain my eyes to discover more about these animals, which continue to appear and to disappear with such perfect unanimity, I fail to make out any details. The distance between them and me is so great that I cannot think of approaching them ; and if I could do so, it would be impossible to see them in the dense forest. I explain the alternating visibility and disappearance with their having light undersides and dark backs, but, even so, their simultaneous movements and a curious rhythmical swaying remain mysterious, and I have to tear myself away reluctantly so as to get back to camp before dark. The Dorobo whom I question later are quite unhelpful ; I don't think they really know what I am talking about.

February 6th. This is our last full collecting day, for to-morrow we must begin to pack. I devote it to visiting a place about an hour from camp to collect the berries of a *Rapanea* which are now ripe, a native tapeworm remedy said to be very efficacious and which may well be worth closer investigation.

As I return to camp, a tracker brings in a young Duiker, the offspring of the one shot by Ionides ; it was caught while hiding in the very nest near which his mother had been shot. We hope to bring it to Nairobi alive. Although it does not seem very shy and quite resigned to its fate, we appreciate how difficult young Duikers are to rear. It is about half grown.

February 7th. Ionides has only this day left in which to get the male.

As for myself, I collect in the morning only and in the afternoon I begin to pack up, and with sorrow I see our mess tent disappear and our camp shrink gradually to a heap of porters' loads.

Fifty-five porters arrive in the afternoon with much noise and shouting : they build two large fires and soon settle down to a big meal of posho ; they have had a long day, and to-morrow, burdened with their loads, will be more strenuous still. They all crowd round the poor little Duiker ; but even their nearness does not seem to upset him much. He drinks water from a bowl I hold, and he takes food, branches and leaves, out of our hands. He actually seems to prefer to eat while we stroke or pat him.

We have our last dinner under the trees ; Ionides' day was without result and he has come to the conclusion that to stay on in this dry weather will only be a waste of time ; after all we have got one full grown adult in excellent condition and a young, and we ought to be pleased.

Ionides' tent is the only one standing for the night ; I sleep under a starry sky so as to enjoy the last night to the full, and until late I can see the flickering reflections of the porters' fires ; they keep them at full blast to keep warm and there is much joking and laughter.

February 8th. Shortly after five we get up and while our personal boys pack our beds and the remaining equipment, the porters have another meal prior to their march. About half-past seven I start at the head of the safari ; I hope to arrive in Sitoton early enough to get the car started and meet the porters for the last stretch on the forest track.

After a very fast march without a single stop I arrive at the forest hut at one o'clock. The car stands there, apparently in good order ; Opiko had pumped the tyres, checked water and oil ; but when I try the starter, nothing happens. Then I find that during our absence some mischievous "totos" must have had a thoroughly good time with the switches ; they must have had a gala night. I find all the light switches and the wiper switch turned on. No manner of cranking or pushing will

start the engine. Soon the first porters were coming in ; some of them had taken hardly more time than I had in spite of their heavy loads ; but I was sorry for the weaker ones who struggled in about tea-time, and whom I had hoped to relieve for the last few miles.

Opiko and Andiou have done good work in Sitoton ; they have collected about 40 birds which they showed us with pride, neatly skinned and spread out in the sun to dry.

Just as I was sending a boy to the sawmill to ask for assistance with the car, much to our relief the lorry arrived, a day earlier than we expected. The driver, an Italian mechanic who knew his job, got my car started with the help of the battery from the lorry and I went to the sawmill under my own steam to settle our accounts with Mr. MacGregor and to enjoy home-made cake and a cup of tea served in dainty china out of a silver teapot, a real treat after a month's life in the forest.

We spent the night in Sitoton ; we still had to pay our porters' and guides' wages and we had yet to wait for the arrival of the little Duiker. We had made special provision for his transport fearing that the journey in the heat of the day on a porter's back might prove too much for the little forest creature. Ionides had detailed two of his men and a forest guard to stay behind in Endabarra until late afternoon.

They arrived at Sitoton about 10 o'clock at night ; but the Duiker was dead ! They said that as soon as they had tied him up in a blanket he had begun to struggle convulsively and had died after a few minutes ! It must have been shock which killed the poor little beast.

During our last night in Sitoton, with natives crowding round us from nearby villages, with dogs barking and cocks crowing from dusk to dawn, we felt that we had already returned to civilisation and we remembered regretfully the unspoiled peace of our forest camp.

February 9th. While Ionides and I drove on to Londiani Forest Station to see Graham and to thank him and MacIntyre for all they had done to make our expedition possible, and to tell them of our satisfactory results, the lorry left for Nairobi with Meneghetti in charge.

When we arrived in Nairobi the little Duiker was already skinned.

A month of interesting and profitable collecting had ended. Ionides left soon again for the Thomson's Falls District to try again for Bongo. For me, many weeks of work on the collected plant material lay ahead.
