FRICANA

rating The East African Wild Life Society's Review

No. 1 [redacted] Shs. 6/-

AFRICANA Vol. 6 No. 1 APRIL 1976

Editor: JOHN EAMES; **Production Editor:** JOHN MCDOUGALL; **publisher,** Marketing & Publishing Ltd.; **editorial address,** New Stanley House; Kaunda Street, P.O. Box 49010, Nairobi, Kenya; **Tel.** 29779; **advertising, subscription and accounts:** Nation House, Tom Mboya Street, P.O. Box 49010, Nairobi **Tel.** 27691; **Cables:** Nationwise, Nairobi. "Africana" incorporates the **Quarterly Review of the East African Wild Life Society. EAWLS editorial committee;** Michael Sawyer (Chief executive); Ellis Monks and Ted Norris (Executive chairman). Marketing & Publishing Ltd. *Overseas representatives:* USA: Sullivan Greco Inc., Suite 5-6, 1030 North State St. Chicago, J11,60610 (Tel: 301943-7072); U.K.: Overseas Newspapers (Agencies) Ltd.; Cromwell House, Fullwood Place. London W.C.1 (Tel: 01-242-0661).

EDITORIAL

THERE has been brisk activity in Kenya's wildlife business recently, which *theoretically* is good news for the animals. The important events are the "nationalisation" of the wildlife resource, and a pre-audit record gross from wildlife-based tourism in 1975.

The National Parks have been taken over by Government, although as yet no-one knows precisely what this entails. However, all Parks' money, assets and personnel are transferred to a new "Department of Wildlife Conservation and Management" of the Ministry of Tourism and, pending the appointment of a Director, the boss is the Ministry's bright young man, the Permanent Secretary Yuda Komora. It is understood that the ex-Parks' Director and the ex-Chief Game Warden will be Deputy Directors and the Parks' staff, including the European Wardens, have the option of staying on as Civil Servants.

All fairly radical, although the idea of a single strong command in wildlife management is obviously good in principle. The question is: how, in practice, will one man go about maintaining a Parks' system which is generally admired, and in conserving wildlife outside the Parks' which hitherto has not been effected with much efficiency, intelligence or integrity.

The Director does not have absolute authority, of course; he is superintended by his Minister who, in turn, is subjected to a Parliament which, judging by the debate on new wildlife legislation would prefer to hand the Parks and "National Reserves" to the Ministry of Agriculture, or Lands and Settlement.

However, Mr Komora is the *de facto* boss for the time being and undoubtedly he will give more weight to recent appeals by the President himself for "utmost" conservation than to the MPs who would replace wildlife with cattle.

He might ask the FAO about that, oddly enough. After the disaster and destruction of its "Wildlife Management Project" in Masailand, an intelligent replacement team is trying to retrieve the project in its last stages of life and multi-million shilling expenditure. The experts are saying, inter alia, that in Kajiado District wildlife amounts to just one seventh of the "biomass" (i.e. mostly cattle and goats) but makes Shs. 30,000,000/- a year (about 3.75 million dollars) from tourism—twice as much as could possibly be realised if the entire District were given over to livestock production under modern management methods.

Any pressure, policy or management activity which produces a dead wild animal should be suspect, since *live* wildlife is so obviously paying its way in hard currency. This should go for cropping/meat marketing schemes, which are open to deadly abuse, and even for professional hunting which, as everyone knows, produces the best cash return from a carcass.

It is said as a dictum that the off-take from sports hunting is not worth talking about. And yet, just one group of American sportsmen was given licences for 960 kills, including four elephant which were supposed to be temporarily protected. As it happens, the ex-Chief Game Warden clarified this with the announcement that the animal was merely given a "breathing period"—i.e. permission to go on breathing unless affected by a seven millimetre magnum.

There are other anomalies in this game business, which Mr Komora will have to sort out. According to evidence produced by World Wildlife Fund (Kenya), the Game Department has issued hunting licences in one area for 15 per cent of the rhino population; 43 per cent of the lion; and an estimated 30 per cent of adult male leopard.

But Mr Komora has a great deal else to worry about, like sorting out the Parks' accounts; gathering together assets for which there do not appear to be complete inventories; continuing to attract vital private donations to Parks; promoting the capable and weeding out the corrupt in both Parks and Game Department. He has, in fact, a rather critical responsibility in serving the stated purpose of the Government take-over—"the more efficient conservation and management of wildlife in Kenya".

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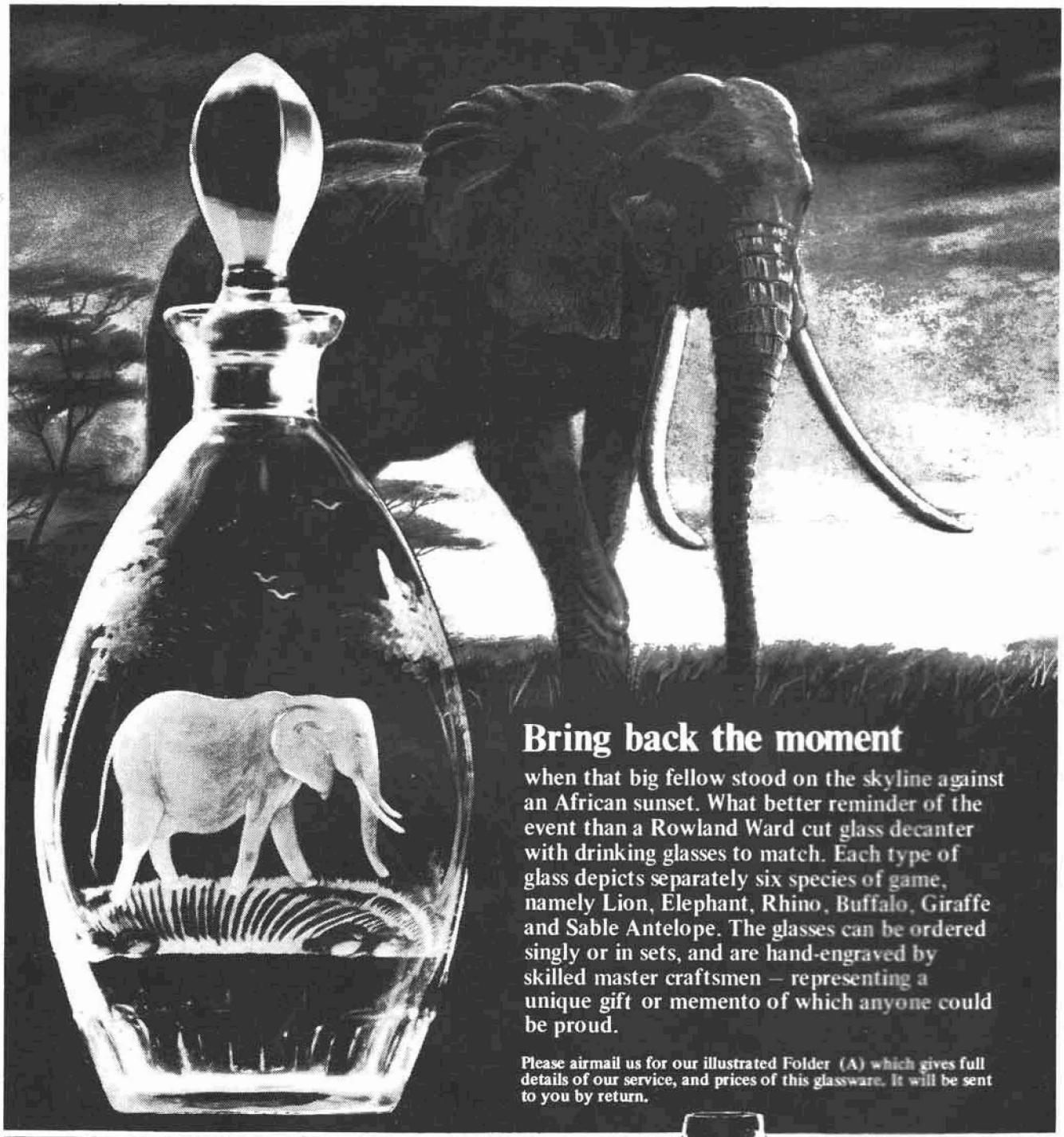

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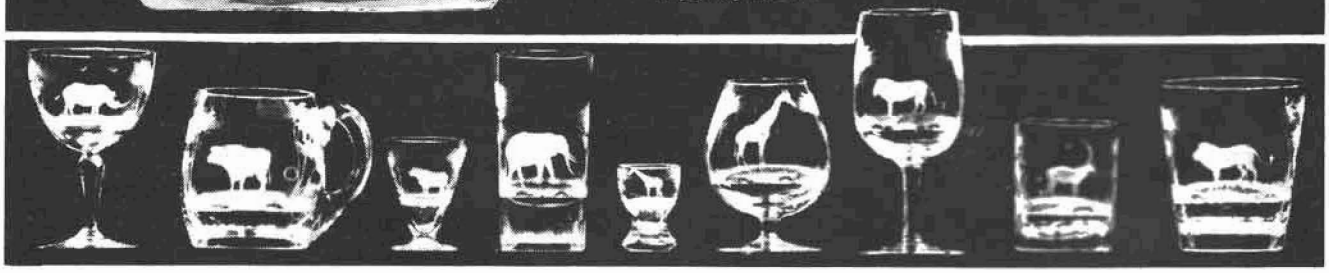

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Write to: The Editor, 'AFRICANA', P.O. Box 49010, NAIROBI

COME AND SEE

Sir—In Africana Vol. 5 No. 12, 1975 J. M. Cheffings of Nairobi informed the world about Tanzania paying for the railway using its vital natural resource—ivory. I am of the opinion that maybe Mr. Cheffings doesn't know that, comparatively, this country is spending more money on wildlife conservation than the U.S.A. How come that the same government which is spending a lot of money on wildlife is doing the opposite? I am sure no one in his full senses can do that.

May I inform Mr. Cheffings and other people who are in the same boat that the government and the people of the Republic of Tanzania are aware of their spectacular wildlife. I deny these allegations because they are unfounded and fabricated.

We welcome Mr. Cheffings to come and see for himself what the Ministry of Natural Resources and Tourism is doing in conserving our Natural Resources.

Lilla Lyogello,
P.O. Box 3134,
Arusha, Tanzania.

BIGOTED REVIEW

Sir—Your issue No. 11 for October 1975 contained three book reviews: two fairly long and illustrated and a short one by Elaine Mwango on 'East African Mammals—An Atlas of Evolution in Africa' Vol. 11, by Jonathan Kingdon.

Halfway through the review, after some superficial comments on the book, your reviewer says the only real criticism is of the sub-title 'An Atlas of Evolution in Africa' and suggests that Mr. Kingdon is very dogmatic in suggesting that the variety of mammals and their distribution are manifestations of the evolutionary process. Your reviewer then goes on to suggest that the fact of evolution is by no means accepted by all reasoning scientists and much controversy still rages around the theory of evolution. This in 1975 and in East Africa with Olduvai and Lake Turkana!

For a reputable journal which contains the Quarterly Review of the East African Wild Life Society to print a review of this calibre by someone who appears to be a bigoted fundamentalist can only be described as an appalling lack of editorial discretion.

The volume in question is part of a series that has been described by Sir Julian Huxley (who did believe in evolution) as " . . . indespensable, both for our knowledge of the East African mammalian fauna, its habits and its geological history, and also for indicating what gaps in our knowledge, specially of their behaviour, remain to be filled. I commend it to all serious students of African ecology, both for the beauty of its illustrations and for its biological thoroughness." Many serious and renowned journals in the field have acclaimed the series in similar terms, often reproducing one of the magnificent illustrations, and yet Africana, published in East Africa with the greatest variety of surviving mammals anywhere in the world and the most important sites for the study of man's evolution, publishes a review by someone who suggests that evolution is still a controversial theory yet to be proved, which must only serve to reduce the status of your journal.

H. R. Hughes,
P.O. Box 14390,
Nairobi.

LOOK AND READ . . .

Sir—I note that your magazine is the official journal of a Society which states "our aims are to safe-guard wildlife and its environment". May I ask in what context an article on fox hunting (Africana, January, 1976) serves these aims?

Susan Bowler
P.O. Box 45031,
Nairobi.

The article was about drag *hunting—not fox hunting. The purpose of publishing the article, and others of general interest, is to promote Kenya tourism, particularly among our American readers. Tourism safeguards wildlife and its environment, the National Parks.—Ed.*

STRONG PROTEST

Sir—I wish to protest most strongly at the hypocritical attitude of the East African Wild Life Society in allowing certain advertisements to appear regularly in 'Africana'.

Sir—I thought this shot of a python kill before a fascinated gallery of baboon was unusual enough to be of interest to your readers. It happened in Nairobi National Park, and we were led to the scene by the baboons themselves. We first saw them highly agitated—screaming and chattering; but the time we drove up to them, they were quite calm as they sat and watched the 14-foot snake slowly crush the life out of a fully-grown male Grant.

Sheila Lennox,
P.O. Box 18130.
Nairobi,

The Editor welcomes letters from "Africana" readers on wildlife and related topics. The letters column is a *"free forum"* and contributions are subject only to essential editing. Please keep your letters short.

I am referring to the suppliers of game trophies such as game skins, handbags, ivory etc. whose advertisements in 'Africana' I find so disgusting and inexcusable.

If this advertising is allowed to continue in the Society's publications I, for one, shall not renew my membership and shall cease to give any further support to the Society.

V. J. W. Collins,
P.O. Box 30214,
Nairobi.

UNREALISTIC SYNDROME

Sir—Let's break out of the unrealistic "preservationist vs. hunter" syndrome. There are important conflicting considerations in regard to African wild animal resources, and these need to be resolved. Otherwise, there won't be any animals left soon.

Obviously, unregulated hunting cannot be allowed at the present levels of human populations. On the other hand, complete prohibition of all hunting everywhere would result in poaching at such levels as to consume all the energies of game and parks personnel—and still they would fail to control the problem.

Certainly too it is patently unfair not to allow native Africans to hunt the game their ancestors have hunted for centuries, while foreign white hunters from Europe and the United States can hunt merely because they have the money. Other than commercial operations, there is something to be said for the position that traditional hunting for personal use of meat and skins has legitimacy and should be provided for, though not in national parks. It might even benefit wildlife in terms of popular vested interest in wildlife resources.

During the hunt there is the anticipation, the alertness, the sense of competition with the wit, speed, or power of the adversary. At other times in other places there are the memories, which ripen and grow better with age. This feeling should not be confused with aesthetic appreciation; it is different. It does something for the human mind and spirit which cannot be described in the words of any language. Of importance to wildlife conservation, it makes people aware of their animals and provides a vested emotional interest in the perpetuation of their populations.

The local citizen who hunts for sports and personal use does not want to decimate and lose his animals. He wants a reasonable continuing supply. The United States now has more than two hundred million souls, many crowded into enormous social disasters euphemistically called "great cities". Yet wild animals are not suffering from hunting pressure. Indeed, they are benefiting, for the hunter, to preserve his sport, exerts considerable political pressures on state and national governments to ensure the continuation of his sport.

His hunting licences, cheap enough even for the poor, provide revenues for game management practices and game protection personnel. Hunters have come to demand reasonable regulatory laws. Monies from federal excise taxes on sporting arms and ammunition are returned to state governments to help support research on wildlife habitat protection and improvement.

Many of our Ph.D. candidates in wildlife conservation are supported for thesis research by these monies at the land grant universities. Duck hunters must purchase a special federal permit, in addition to their state hunting licences, and the money is spent to purchase wetlands for waterfowl refuges. It was hunters who demanded to be taxed in this way to protect their interests in hunting.

It is not my purpose here to recommend the American pattern of wildlife conservation to East Africa. Economic and social conditions are, of course, quite different. But if a significant percentage of Africans have a direct personal stake in conservation because of their legitimate hunting activities, they may be just the people who will bring about an end to poaching in a way an understaffed police force cannot.

Mark Twain once wrote, "Each man is afraid of his neighbours' disapproval—a thing which to the general run of the race is more dreadful than wolves or death." The moral obligation of East African nations to protect their precious wildlife and wilderness treasures for posterity and the rest of the world, however true and real, is presently not likely to be viewed by average citizens as a pressing matter, especially against the competing needs of hospitals and schools. Statistics on the economic benefits through tourism, however correct, will be brushed aside in day-to-day living. To most citizens in any country on any continent, such questions would be remote and abstract. The people will nod their heads in agreement, then go their way and be busy with other matters.

The governments, in the meantime, must respond to the immediate pressures of the people, and that East African governmental leaders have done as well as they have for parks and wildlife to date is a credit to their high-mindedness. But there will be other generations of politicians to come, for no one lives forever, and no one can predict how the winds will blow two decades from now. But if ordinary citizens feel the wildlife to which they have come to be personally attached is threatened, they can become *very, very* conservation-minded.

An old hunter in the Adirondack Mountains of New York once told a conservation officer, "I ain't made up my mind whether I'm for or against a buck law [prohibiting shooting female deer], but when I decide I'll be bitter about it."

Is there some way that local sport hunting on an individual basis can be fostered outside the parks, with small licence fees charged? The fee monies could then be used to help support wildlife conservation programmes; further, public opinion of hunters could be enlisted in the crusade against poaching, for having once put their own shillings on the line, they will resent free-loaders and organized commercial gangs.

It is better that the people support the game patrols in their own best interests than that the police have to control the people. The kinds of weapons to be used could be specified, and these might be traditional weapons (excluding cruel devices, such as wire snares, of course). In the United States bow and arrow hunting has become quite popular, especially for big game. The latest craze is the flintlock.

Finally, institutionalization must not be overlooked. The usual instrument of hunters' political action in the United States is the local sportsmen's club. It is here that the state conservation officer has an opportunity to talk to the hunters and explain game management policy and proposed wildlife conservation legislation. It is here that opinion is crystallized and given expression, as the club secretary is directed by the members to write to their legislators to express their anger, pleasure, or just plain opinion.

Exactly how the East African hunters' interests would best be organized would have to be determined by the nature of the organization of society in East Africa (and this is changing rapidly), but surely there must be social scientists at the universities who could provide guidance on this question.

Robert A. Hellmann,
Associate Professor,
State University College,
at Brockport,
New York, U.S.A.

A BROAD REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENVIRONMENT

BY HANKA KAWECKA-LEE

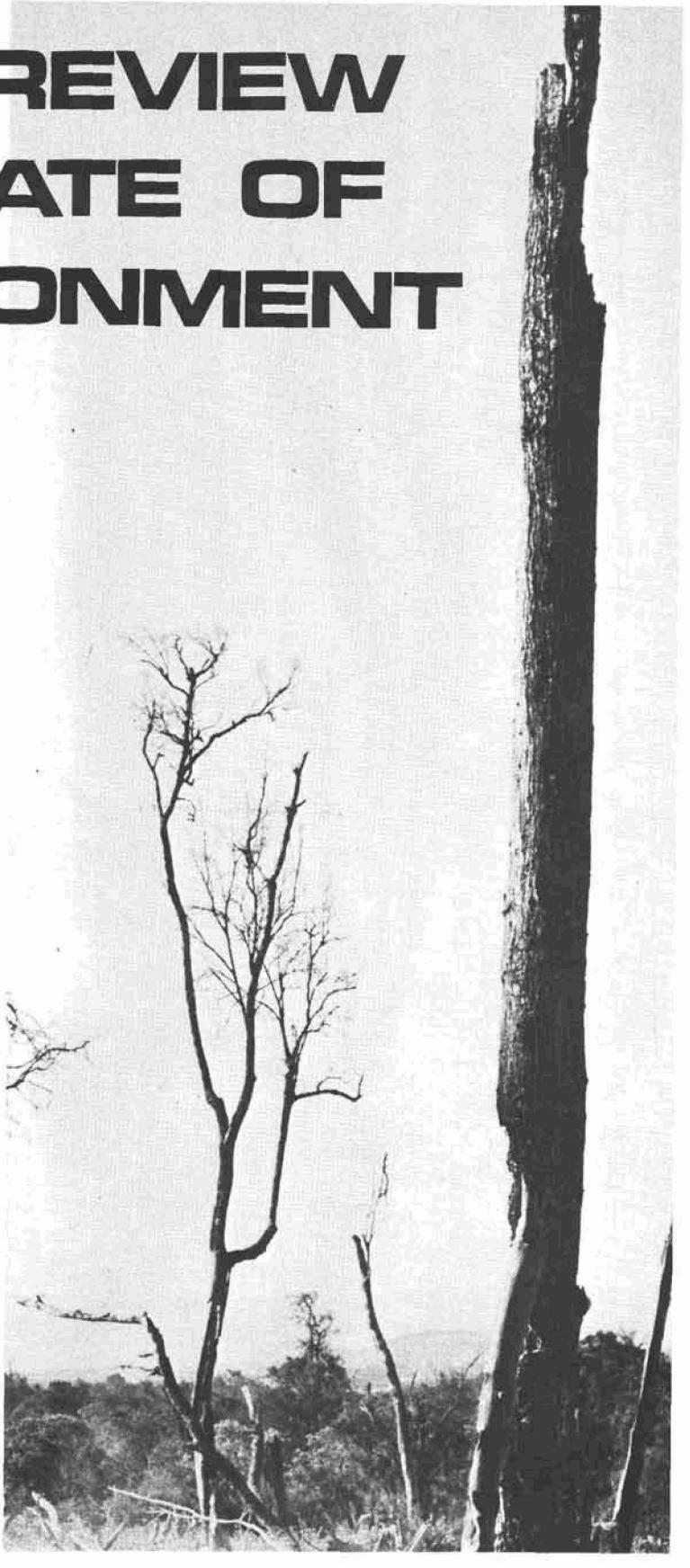
THE BATTLE for survival of the wildlife in Africa is not yet over, as has been concluded in many quarters. Although victories have been celebrated, the past years have witnessed only the beginning of the struggle for conservation. The problems awaiting solution are becoming more and more complex as physical and socio-economic pressures are building up on the wildlife and its sanctuaries.

In Kenya—which is widely assumed to have achieved more for conservation and the survival of wildlife than any other African country—the human population is growing at the rate of 3.5 per cent annually. By the end of the century, the land will have to support up to 30 million people instead of the present 13 million; and the fertile land occupies only one tenth of the country's area. In consequence, the situation in the country as well as in the towns is becoming more serious: in Nairobi alone the unemployment rate is expected to reach 28 per cent within the next ten years. The growing number of people and their needs—including agricultural and industrial development—will leave little space for wild animals.

Around the settled areas, the disappearance of the wildlife is proceeding the most rapidly: the fertile uplands, the first areas to be colonised by the white settlers, had virtually been cleared of 'vermin'/ dangerous wild animals years ago; skirmishes for survival between man and his domestic stock on one hand, and wild animals on the other have now moved to the savannah and semi-desert lands, where the two groups are competing for grazing and water. The human population in these areas, however, is now increasing at rates of up to thirty per cent a year.

To many people concerned with conservation it is by now quite obvious that there is not, and will not be, enough space and food available to support any significant wildlife populations outside the animal sanctuaries such as national parks, national reserves and game reserves. It has been estimated that in Kenya, as in the rest of Africa, there will be little free wildlife remaining by 1980.

Another truth, frustrating to conservationists, which has come to light fairly recently and which is rapidly increasing in importance, is that the future of nature sanctuaries is not as bright and simple as one would like to believe. Warning signs from the field are becoming more and more pronounced. For instance when, in 1973-74, the disastrous combination of drought and overgrazing hit the Masai lands south of Nairobi up to 90 per cent of the cattle died in some areas; herds of zebra and wildebeest in and around the Nairobi National Park were reduced to perhaps one quarter of their former numbers; the drastic measure had to be taken of shooting some cows driven by desperate Masai into the Park, where a little pasture remained. In the north of Kenya, the grazing of one hundred thousand cattle has turned the Marsabit National Reserve (once the home of



Ahmed, the only elephant in history to have been protected by Presidential decree) into a 'National Cattle Reserve,' as it was described in the local press by a horrified visitor. In the same area, the location of new settlements across old elephant tracks leading from the hot plains to the forest has made life a misery for both humans and animals. Another

Continued overleaf

Letter to the Editor from a reader in Marsabit, which does more than represent the view of only one individual, seems even more alarming: "I suggest . . . the existing Parks and Reserves be removed. It is plain commonsense to assert 'Down with wildlife and up with human welfare' ". Does this mean that the message about the importance of wildlife to the country has failed to get across to the ordinary man?

There are also other signs of increasing human pressure on wildlife, such as poaching which, in Kenya, has recently reached such an extremely high level that it has become an international issue. It is the poaching for profit that is so dangerous to wildlife; if it continues, then poaching alone, without any additional pressures, could exterminate many 'money-making' species such as elephant, rhino and leopard. Inside the wildlife sanctuaries, luxurious development to meet the needs of rich foreign tourists, although benefitting Kenya in foreign exchange, is every year taking a greater toll of the land designed for animal use.

Among many problems facing conservationists in the near future is one which has been often neglected or avoided: the attitude of the ordinary man towards conservation, the man who indirectly subsidises the existence of wildlife in his immediate surroundings. To fail to convince such men as farmers, fishermen and nomadic herdsmen of the value of wildlife, not by soft words but in economic terms, may lead to the failure of the entire concept of conservation. Unfortunately, however, up to now their views on the subject are quite different from those of the 'enlightened' and relatively prosperous conservationists or wealthy visitors.

For a start, the ordinary Kenyan knows little if anything about the meaning of conservation, since few bother to inform him. If he happens to live next to one of the nature sanctuaries, he is more knowledgeable, but possibly more antagonistic towards his neighbour, since generally he is the loser. The area in which he and his ancestors used to collect firewood is now prohibited to him; elephants come from the forest to eat his bananas as soon as they are ripe; hyenas terrify his children. He does not know what the interior of the sanctuary now looks like, how it has changed since he was last there: in most cases he cannot visit the park or reserve, possessing neither car nor money for entrance fees. With one night in a lodge costing as much as his monthly income, he cannot even dream to experience all the luxury.

The Kenyan who, less than a century ago, lived on fish, fruit and wild game can now neither fish nor hunt; the collection of berries and firewood in his own country is restricted for him. But the rich tourist is permitted to make use of these same forbidden areas. Has the land taken so recently from the colonialists been stolen again by the wealthy foreigner? He is told that the wildlife is good for the country's economy but he cannot feed his children with this empty phrase and, even if taxes on the minority of the people who do pay them are reduced by a few cents, he will not attribute this reduction to the wildlife.

For all this, the ordinary man does not praise wildlife conservation in Kenya as does the foreigner; and it is his attitude that casts the deepest shadow over the seemingly bright future of Kenya's wildlife.

On the international level, the wildlife supporting organisations still prefer to pay more attention to scientific work done on one species of animal or plant, or to donate money for a good strong fence to isolate an animal sanctuary from the outside world, than to become involved in much more complex socio-economic and environmental planning matters.

In contrast to the industrialised part of the world, Kenya, as a developing country, to a large extent justifies the existence of wildlife and wildlife sanctuaries in economic terms. The tourist industry has become second only to agriculture as the largest source of foreign income: in 1973 some $70,000,000, or about ten per cent of her foreign exchange earnings, came from this source. Wildlife in general, and the National Parks and Reserves in particular, play a major role in earning this revenue by attracting visitors to the country. In 1973, for instance, 310,000 foreigners visited Kenya on holiday, and some 100,000 visits of non residents were recorded in Nairobi National Park alone. In the same year, all the national parks received a total of 640,000 visitors which number, despite a small drop in 1974, is expected to double in seven years.

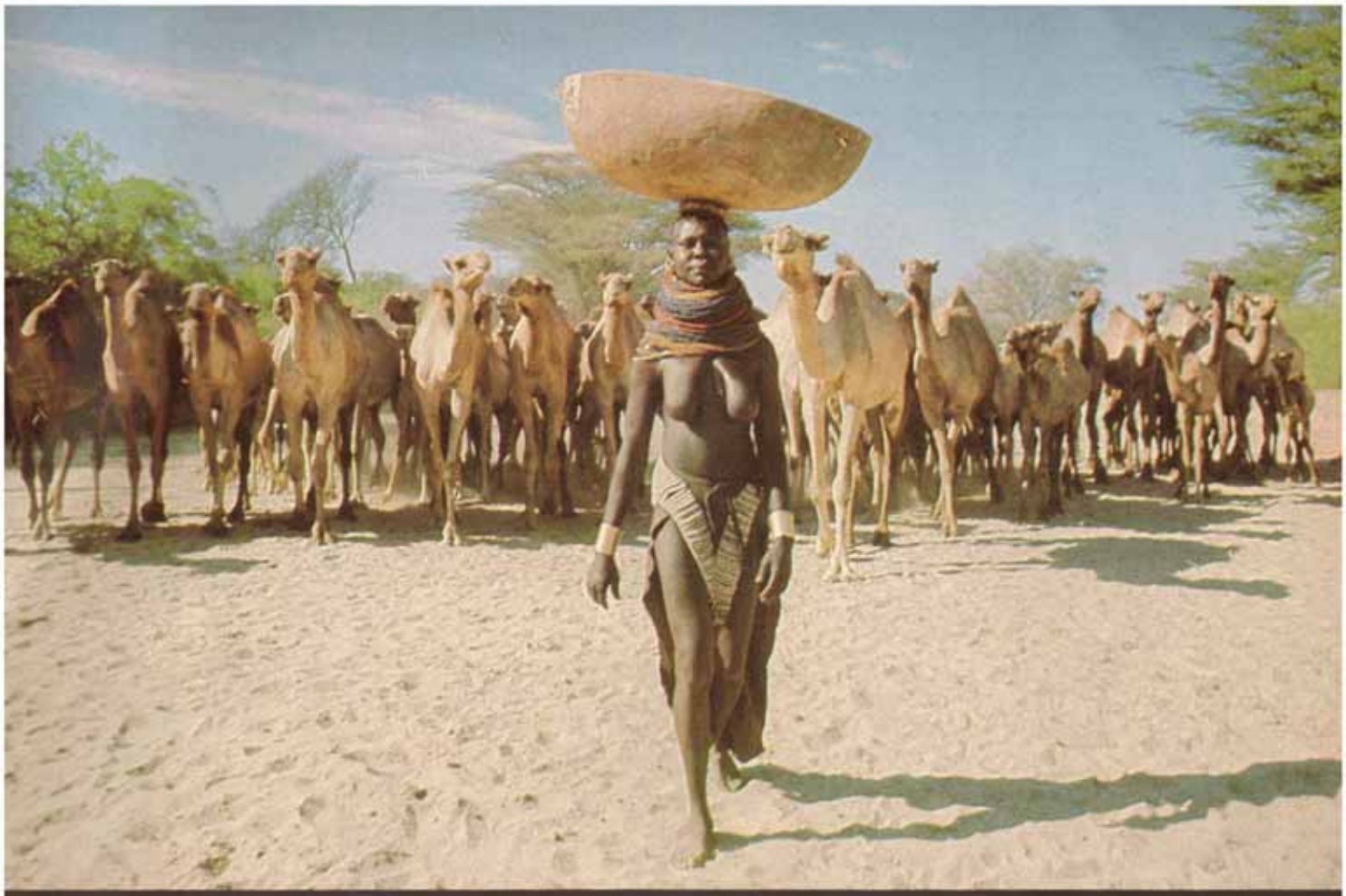
But at the same time as the country is benefitting from this foreign exchange, a process of depreciation is taking place in the wildlife sanctuaries as a result of human presence and interference. Although nature can perpetuate herself and damages may be healed, this can only happen if human influences do not exceed reversable limits.

As the wildlife sanctuaries cannot artificially be separated from the ecosystems of which they are part and, anyway, belong to 'only one earth', the multitude of human activities in and around the protected zones affects their ecology to some extent. Different pollutants penetrate through water, soil and air, regardless of official boundaries, into the national parks and reserves. Pesticides from surrounding land, for example, drain into lakes such as Nakuru. Sewage from human settlements is being dumped into lakes and rivers, carrying not only organic waste but also many poisonous chemicals into the sanctuaries. Siltation is choking the coral reefs in the marine parks near the mouths of rivers whose banks have been damaged by overgrazing or by erosion due to the destruction of nearby forests. Smoke, too, from factories is depositing damaging substances on vegetation.

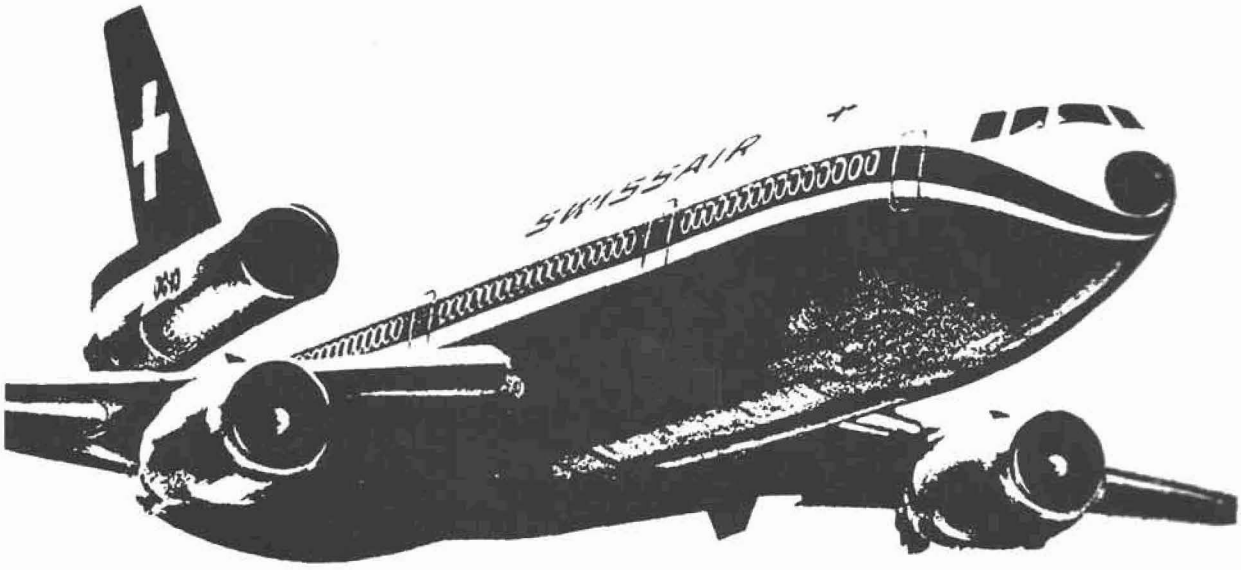
Although none of the effects of these factors have been quantified (except for chemical deposits in Lake Nakuru), some are plainly visible whilst others may later emerge as a bitter surprise in the form of degenerated species of animals and plants.

The limits of visitor carrying capacity have not been defined for nature sanctuaries, not only in Kenya but internationally; and they will certainly vary from park to park and from country to country. Nevertheless, some rules which have emerged from many years of experience in different countries are of general relevance. Thus with hotel development: if lodges are built outside the sanctuaries and tourist activities strictly controlled, then not only will physical destruction be lessened and capacities increased but aesthetic and spiritual values also enhanced. For development also affects the park or reserve aesthetically and, although it is difficult to quantify these effects, they are certainly harmful to the appearance of the natural environment.

Possibly soon the number of tourists and vehicles may have to be limited in some particular sanctuaries in Kenya, driving off the roads prohibited, rules and regulations enforced by legal processes. To those who are used to following lions in the Nairobi Park and visiting secret hiding places in Amboseli, it may seem sad. But would it not be more sad if the next generation were unable to see any lions at all, and there were no secret hiding places any longer?



Above and below are published two examples from the set of eight Mirella Ricciardi Cards from her book "Vanishing Africa". Reproduced in actual size.



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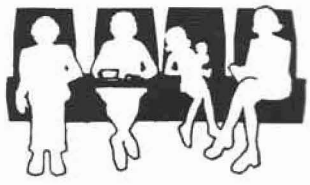

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A NEW APPRAISAL OF THE MANEATERS OF TSAVO

AFRICAN JAWS

BY ALISTAIR GRAHAM

SIXTY-SIX years ago Colonel J. H. Patterson published a short, laconic account of how the construction of the railway from Mombasa to Uganda was held up by man-eating lions. It proved to be one of the best remembered books of an era of prolific writing on East Africa.

Why does Patterson's tale of how he struggled to destroy two bold and verocious lions that preyed on his labour gangs fascinate so many people most of whom have never seen Africa, much less a maneating lion? There are people who came to Africa solely as a result of reading *Maneaters of Tsavo*. Some powerful, deepseated sensations must be stirred, something present in people irrespective of their experience.

It is undeniable that a maneater draws attention, even that of people otherwise indifferent to animals. Everyone unites to denounce them, and call for their destruction. These are spontaneous, universal sentiments.

Patterson's labour gangs were compelled to camp for a year near Tsavo, in what is today the Tsavo National Park, owing to the many constructional problems of the area, chiefly a bridge over the Tasvo River. This was the circumstance that let two maneating lions prey on the men for more than nine months, during which time they established the classic 'reign of terror"—which in fact was no exaggeration. Terror was undoubtedly the dominant state of mind of the labour force during this period.

Here we touch upon the tale's essence. Let a wild animal prey on humans and emotions out of all proportion to the actual mortality are aroused. Though Patterson implies that large numbers of labourers fell victim to the maneaters, only 28 deaths were in fact recorded. Yet literally hundreds died of disease without exciting more than passing comment from anyone.

Here is a significant point. It is not so much the killing of the human that generates the terror, or even the fact that the killer is a wild animal. Fatal accidents resulting from encounters between men and animals are still commonplace in the wilder parts of Africa. Certainly they arouse more feeling than say car accidents; nevertheless they are soon

Continued overleaf

forgotten for the most part. Like disease such accidents are accepted as an imponderable hazard of life.

The terror is of the eating.

It is invariably called a man*eating* lion—never a man-*killing* lion. The very aggressive and dangerous herbivores—elephant, buffalo, hippo and rhino—that kill many humans every year in East Africa never acquire the sort of notoriety maneaters do. Because predators are necessarily fewer than herbivores they derive a certain spurious prominence from their relative rarity. Still, a lion or hyena that kills a man without apparently intending to eat him is regarded much as a buffalo that does likewise: a dangerous pest, but not something specially terrible. Similarly, the scavenging of human corpses that have died ordinary deaths arouses none of the horror that follows upon deliberate manhunting for the purpose of maneating.

Why should intentional maneating arouse such intense horror? Something very deep-seated and primitive is stirred by maneating, something that sets off a certain association of ideas. An animal eating a human, and a human eating a human mean essentially the same thing. What is mentally dislodged by a maneater is the dormancy of cannibalism—something subject to one of mankind's strictest and most ancient taboos. A taboo is an emotional compulsion, a prohibition imposed upon himself by the individual. The observance of a taboo is the responsibility of the individual, not the group. What has to be particularly guarded against is the *intent*, the inclination, towards what is prohibited. It is here that the source of the horror of maneating is to be found.

Terror is the extreme expression of fear, and fear is of the unknown. A dangerous but familiar situation is accorded respect rather than fear. Respect is a rational means of avoiding harm whereas fear is an instinctive, irrational defence. Maneaters generate terror out of all proportions to the respect they certainly deserve. After all it is not difficult to avoid a maneater, or to destroy it—provided one all-important assumption is made: that it is simply an animal and not some werewolf of supernatural powers and human intentions.

The terror is a manifestation of the evil imputed to a maneater. Not only its evil intentions but even more the evil into which it means to drag those who are afraid of becoming its victims. For to be, or to risk being, the victim of cannibalism is bad. Mere contact with something tabooed leaves the stigma of evil, whether or not there was intent. To be consumed in evil is for all practical purposes to *be* evil. To die gloriously is one of man's great ideals; to leave behind the memory of a respectable death is at least a step towards immortality. To die disgracefully is to make one's fellows want to forget you as quickly as possible. To die in cannibalistic relish is the ultimate in hopeless death. All hope of immortality has been forfeited.

All human cultures have tried to ward off the inevitability of death by erecting wishful concepts of after-lives, of eternal paradisial happy hunting grounds. These, however, only gain plausibility if approached through the appropriate rituals and ceremonials. Only good Christians are eligible for the Christian heaven; only good buddhists can attain Nirvana. To shirk the prescribed preparations, or to be forcibly prevented from fulfilling one's earthly apprenticeship cancels the individual's chances of immortality: one's spiritual insurance is invalidated.

This is why the treat of being taken by a maneater is so terrifying and repulsive. It suddenly reintroduces the simple fear of irrevocable death by collapsing the façade of fantasy with which we have so laboriously protected ourselves. It is a strange, unnatural death, not included in the customary repertoire, made all the more shocking by coming in the guise of cannibalism against which too we have built what seemed an impregnable barrier. It is an unforgiveable death.

That a maneater is also a wild beast adds to its horrendous nature. For wild animals generally symbolize frightening, unrestrained things to humans. Man's endeavours to raise himself above nature naturally cause him to look down upon the wild beasts that epitomize nature, that remind him of his unruly, savage instincts. It is not difficult to sense the symbolism in a maneater. Even those who do not know Africa or wild beasts have not been so civilised as to have forgotten altogether about cannibalism.

Thus we can appreciate how it is that today over 70 years after the maneaters of Tsavo were destroyed, their story still stirs us. What is not so easy to see is why these particular maneaters became so notorious despite the existence of many others before and after them in other parts of Africa that took far more victims and were infinitely harder to destroy.

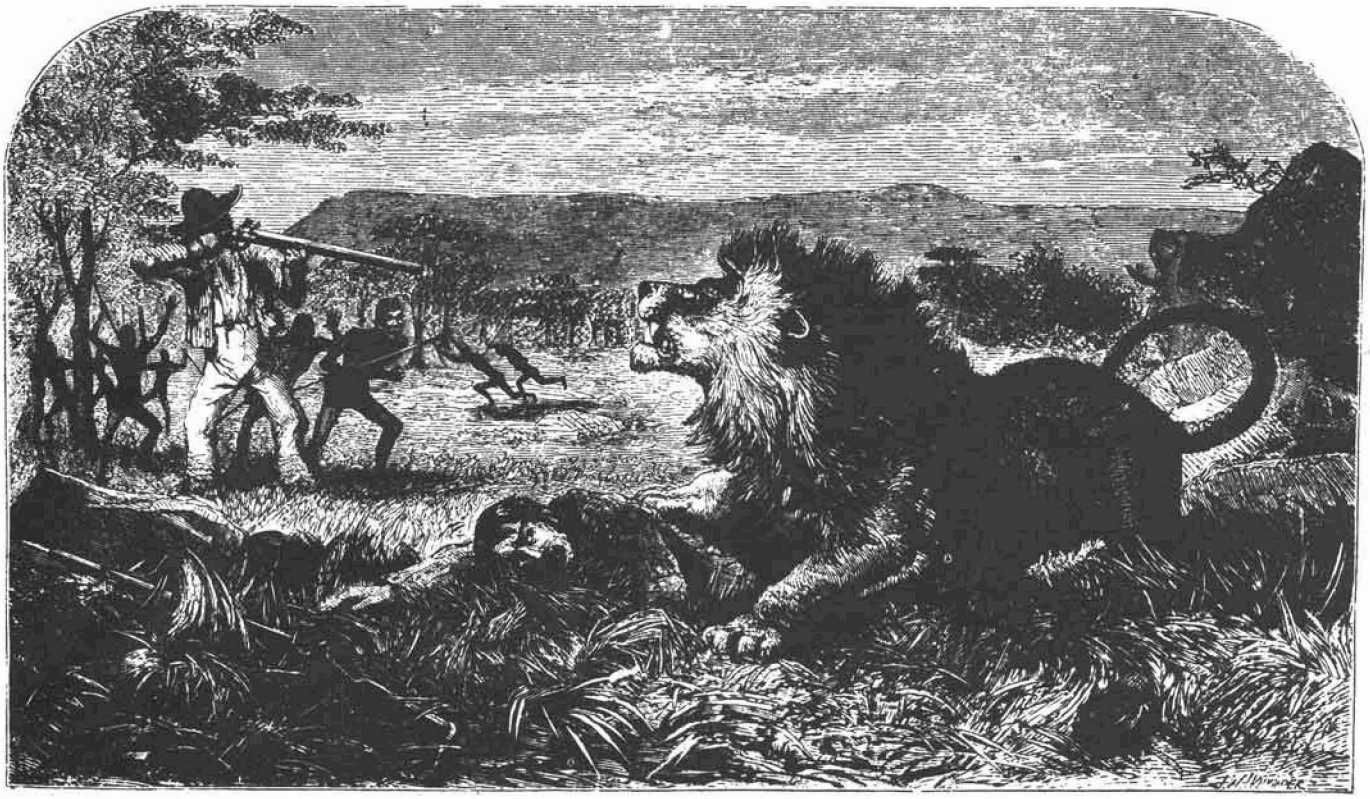
George Rushby, in *No More the Tusker*, relates how it took him and his Game Rangers several months to kill, one by one, all the maneating lions in a district of Tanzania. These animals killed and ate nearly 1,000 people over a period of several years. Many other such instances are reported in Game Department reports. Yet of all these the maneaters of Tsavo are easily the best known. Half a century after their deaths when the Tsavo National Park was formed, the park authorities banned camping by visitors in the park, partly on the ground that the risk of maneaters was too great. This alleged risk was based solely on the memory of the Tsavo maneaters!

Undoubtedly their notoriety is partly due to Patterson's representation of their character and how hard he found it to destroy them. The casual reader is told of two extraordinarily cunning and ferocious beasts that defied all man's ingenuity and brought to a halt a massive engineering project. Yet there is a suggestion of exaggeration in Patterson's account. The stealth and wariness of predatory carnivores is easily mistaken for cunning, and the Tsavo maneaters were frequently called cunning. Yet compared with ordinary wild lions these maneaters were quite brazen, frequently showing themselves and eating victims in earshot of the camps.

Patterson's disdain of the traditional devices for dealing with vermin—poison and traps—is particularly odd. He wrote of the possibility of poisoning them, yet never explains why he didn't do so.

The matter of traps is much more baffling. He actually made a trap (set with infallible bait—a human) which

This man-eating lion managed to claim a victim before it was itself brought to book.



Encounter with a Lion from Livingstone's *Missionary Travels*

promptly caught one of the maneaters. It was only his reluctance to use himself as bait, settling instead for a frightened "volunteer" who bungled it, that led to the maneater escaping. Mistakes are easily made, and opportunities lost—but why did he not reset the trap, or make a better one? (He had all the tools, materials and craftsmen he needed.) He actually recounts the case of another maneater that began raiding the railway workers sometime after the Tsavo maneaters, and which (after eating a Superintendent of Police) was easily caught in a trap.

It is really very strange that he should have chosen as his sole method of killing the lions the relatively difficult one of sitting up in a *machan* hoping the maneaters might pass by in good enough light to shoot them. (He complains of not having a flashlight, but doesn't explain why he didn't get one.) The method is difficult because it requires: (1) that the hunter anticipate the lion's movements, and (2) a fair marksman. Though armed with a good, powerful rifle he was evidently a bad shot firing, at various times, very large numbers of bullets at the maneaters before mortally wounding them. (They must in fact have been extraordinarily tame lions not to have been frightened off by his fusillades.) He tells of fruitless nights sitting up near one labour gang while actually listening to the maneaters make a kill in another. Strangely, he never thought of consolidating the labour gangs thereby guaranteeing that he would be in the right place when the lions came.

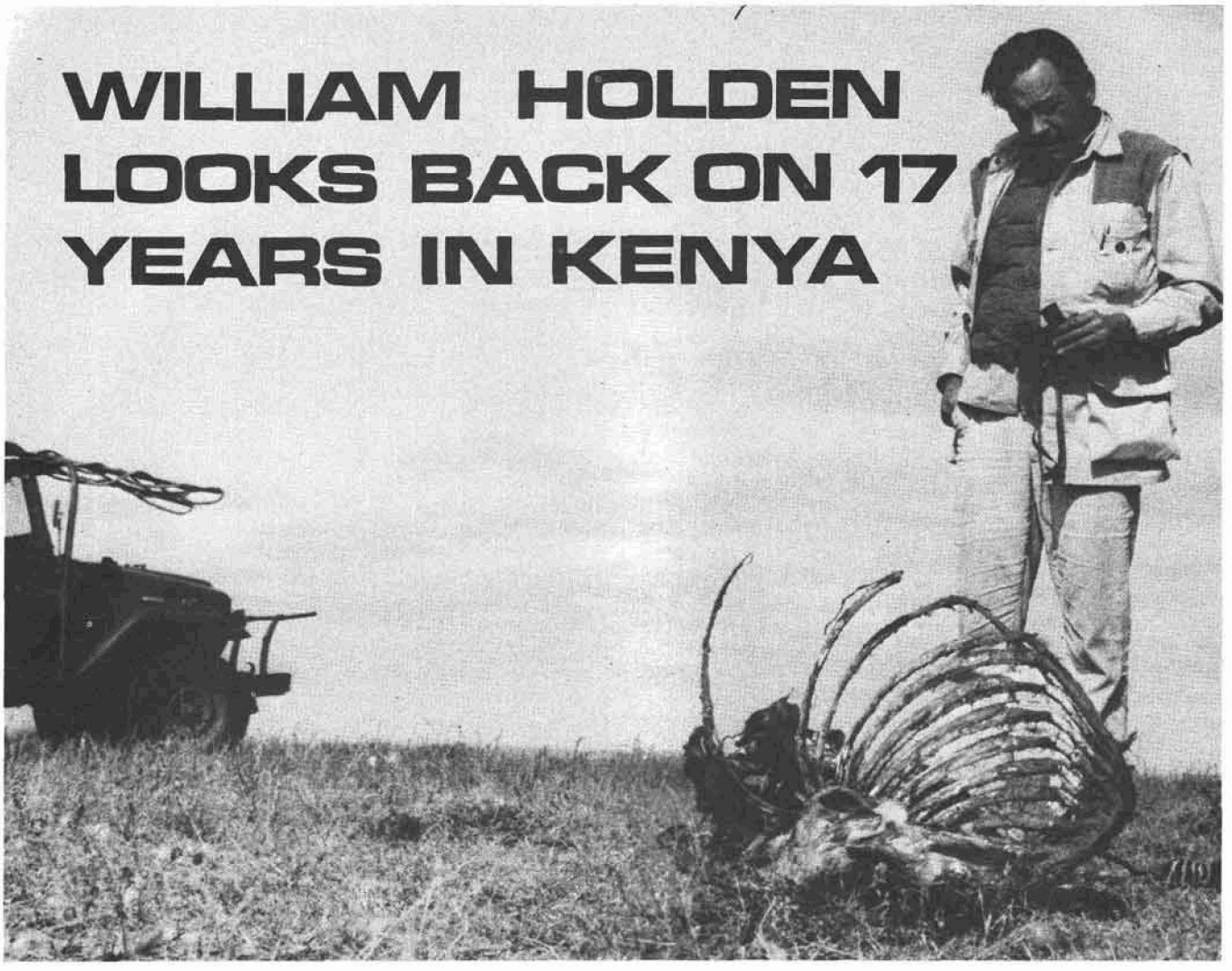
One can only suppose that Patterson's inexperience made him, in comparison with other hunters (and in the false light of retrospect too no doubt), seem unusually inept. Luck always plays a part in such matters; but still it is impossible to put down the long careers of the Tsavo maneaters to their cunning or the intrinsic difficulties of the problem.

His ineptness and lack of confidence are so readily understandable that we identify with him, and accept his judgement of the reign of terror'. Patterson tells it like he took it to be, so that it makes sense to the ordinary person. This is why his story is applauded and remembered, for he manages to draw us into it without taxing us—we can imagine ourselves in his shoes.

But we have not fully accounted for the legend of the Maneaters of Tsavo. Not long ago a remarkable document came to light, 50 years after the publication of *Maneaters*. It is a diary kept by a contemporary of Patterson's employed like him on the railway. This strange document exposes something only hinted at by Patterson, namely the real extent of the labour gangs' reaction to the terrorization of the maneaters. It seems that there developed among the orientals a powerful urge towards lycanthropy—the assumption by a human of animal form. This expressed itself in numerous murders of coolies by their fellows disguised as lions and other animals. These macabre killings were carried out by means of claws fastened to the hands of the lycanthropists.

The only hint of this that Patterson gives is his account at the height of the maneaters' career of a plot to murder him. If we are to believe the diary there was more than one plot to kill him, and his protracted failure to kill the lions aggravated the whole situation to the point where he, not the lions, became the focus of hatred. The lycanthropy was a symptom of the helpless, superstitious coolies' strivings to overcome the mysterious, seemingly invincible lions-cum-werewolves. Convinced of the lions' supernatural existence the frightened coolies sought protection by adopting what they conceived to be the character of the lions. To them the maneaters could only be essentially human forms disguised as lions—no mere animal would do what the maneaters did. By joining forces with the maneaters they not only ceased to be potential victims but acquired the maneaters' power too. It was inevitable in such circumstances that Patterson, the enemy of the maneaters, should become their enemy too. Patterson could have made no worse mistake than to set out to kill the maneaters and fail. Had he not finally succeeded the coolies would have killed him. What we really wonder at after reading the *Maneaters of Tsavo* is just how little of this did Patterson understand.

WILLIAM HOLDEN LOOKS BACK ON 17 YEARS IN KENYA



WILLIAM HOLDEN is a perenial star film-actor, forever on the move to locations round the world. But, regularly every year, he comes to Kenya to relax—at "home" at his luxurious Mt. Kenya Safari Club or on a rough NFD safari with his Game Ranch colleague. He has a passionate regard for Kenya, and is personally involved in nature conservation—as is evident in this conversation with "Africana" editor, John Eames . . . . . .

Eames: You've been coming to Kenya for many years now; how many exactly?
Holden: About seventeen.
Eames: So what attracts you about this country? I know you have homes in Palm Springs and Hong Kong, and that you're forever flying round the world.
Holden: Right, about 150,000 miles last year. You see each of these places plays its part in satisfying my curiosity. Just after World War II, I was well established in Hong Kong; in these days I was younger and I found it quite exciting there—I mean no-one knew quite what was happening, and there were a lot of conflicts. But then I experienced Africa . . . I came here on safari—an American on safari.
Eames: Complete with bush-jacket, leopard skin hat-band, and so on?
Holden: Well not really; I looked like a poor man's Gregory Peck in that rig, so eventually I settled for sneakers and blue jeans. When I saw that the professional hunters were wearing that sort of thing, I wanted to as well, and people said: 'My God, you can't. You're expected to conform'—you know that Hemingway concept of what a hunter in Africa should look like. Which in my estimation, is just bull. Aside from that, I soon found the whole business of hunting, or at least trophy hunting, abhorrent. Sure, shooting for the pot is O.K. and when you do that you also get a trophy: a set of Impala horns, or a Tommy skin. That to me was fine, especially then when the plains' game was there in prolific numbers. But after taking a buffalo, I decided I didn't want any more of the big stuff, and in fact did not shoot half the animals I had on licence. So this was an almost immediate reaction on my first experience of Africa—I was enormously impressed with the flora and fauna, and of course of the climate which I found so compatible, since it was similar to areas of California that I'd lived in.
Eames: Were you not also impressed by the overall quality of life here; I mean not just for resident foreigners like myself, but for everyone?
Holden: Well, I'll tell you . . . Kenyans are among the chosen people. They've got something in this country that few others have, when you consider what's happened in most of the world—pollution, noise, stress and so on. Here in Kenya, the people have a great opportunity to maintain and nurture this marvellous natural environment of theirs. But they've got to be made aware of it . . . aware of the destruction of forests, for instance . . . of what this could cost them and the country. The same applies to other non-renewable resources, such as the wildlife: they must

not be wasted for the sake of a one-time cash return. Digging out and selling minerals and gemstones is one thing, but wildlife is another. Once it's gone, it's gone—and when you consider that people will come from all over the world to see the wildlife, it must be regarded as a permanent and important source of income to this country.

Eames: Do you think that the maintenance of these wilderness areas has any social significance in world terms? One theory is that as Europe, for instance, becomes more crowded and competitive, with increasing tensions for the individual, violence and so on . . . that the space Kenya has to offer for relaxation and leisure is going to become extremely important: a valuable and highly marketable commodity.

Holden: There are two things that happen to you when you come to Kenya. You can regenerate yourself here; and you can reconstitute yourself. A few years ago, the centres of Europe were the places to go to enrich yourself culturally. It's still important for many Americans who must find their cultural roots, but, in my opinion, once this has been done, there's very little to be had from Europe in terms of plain enjoyment. Kenya offers the opportunity for a much deeper cultural experience; it is after all, the cradle of man, as Leakey and others have shown. And because the concept of learning and the quest for knowledge is so much broader and more intense than it was, say, two generations ago, this is of great interest to people. On top of all that, you have this marvellous climate and an infinite variety of landscapes within a relatively small area.

Eames: Would you say, then, that we should emphasize the cultural rather than economic values of conservation?

Holden: I should say so, yes. The people should want to preserve their parks and reserves not so much for commercial gain, but because they recognize and take a pride in what God has bestowed on them. What's commerce anyway? It's selling tee-shirts, or automobiles. The people should know that they are making a great contribution to the world by preserving the wildness and making it possible for people to come and enjoy it . . . and that they are also contributing to a betterment of their own lives, to a better understanding of the world. These are very broad terms, I know, but they're important. I would rather appeal to their ethnic pride in what they have, that have them say: "Well, *commercially* it's good to raise game animals; or *commercially* it's worth keeping the national parks." It's like treating these great natural resources like coal to be dug out of a mine.

Eames: In a sense you're an investor in commercial tourism—the Mt. Kenya Safari Club and the Game Ranch. How did all that happen?

Holden: Well, when we were on that first safari, we used to come back in the evenings to the old Mawingo Hotel. There were three of us: a Swiss, Carl Hirschmann; Ray Ryan who was an oil man, and myself. And we used to sit there watching the sunset after a marvellous day out in the fresh air. We'd say time and again how great it would be if someone would only take over the place—it could be among the most beautiful spots on earth. Bob Ruark was there at the time, and he finally said after about three nights: "I wish you bastards would either put up, or shut up." I suppose it was in the back of our minds in any case; between us we had nine children and this would be a great place to bring them and our friends. So, we negotiated with the Blocks and eventually bought. We had big plans for bird sanctuaries, but the problem was we had no control of the grounds. I mean the hotel was a public house, and anyone could come along and use it as a picnic ground, if they liked. Mondays was clean-up day—all the bottles and trash from people bringing along their orange squash and a brown paper bag full of lunch. So we turned it into a club, so that

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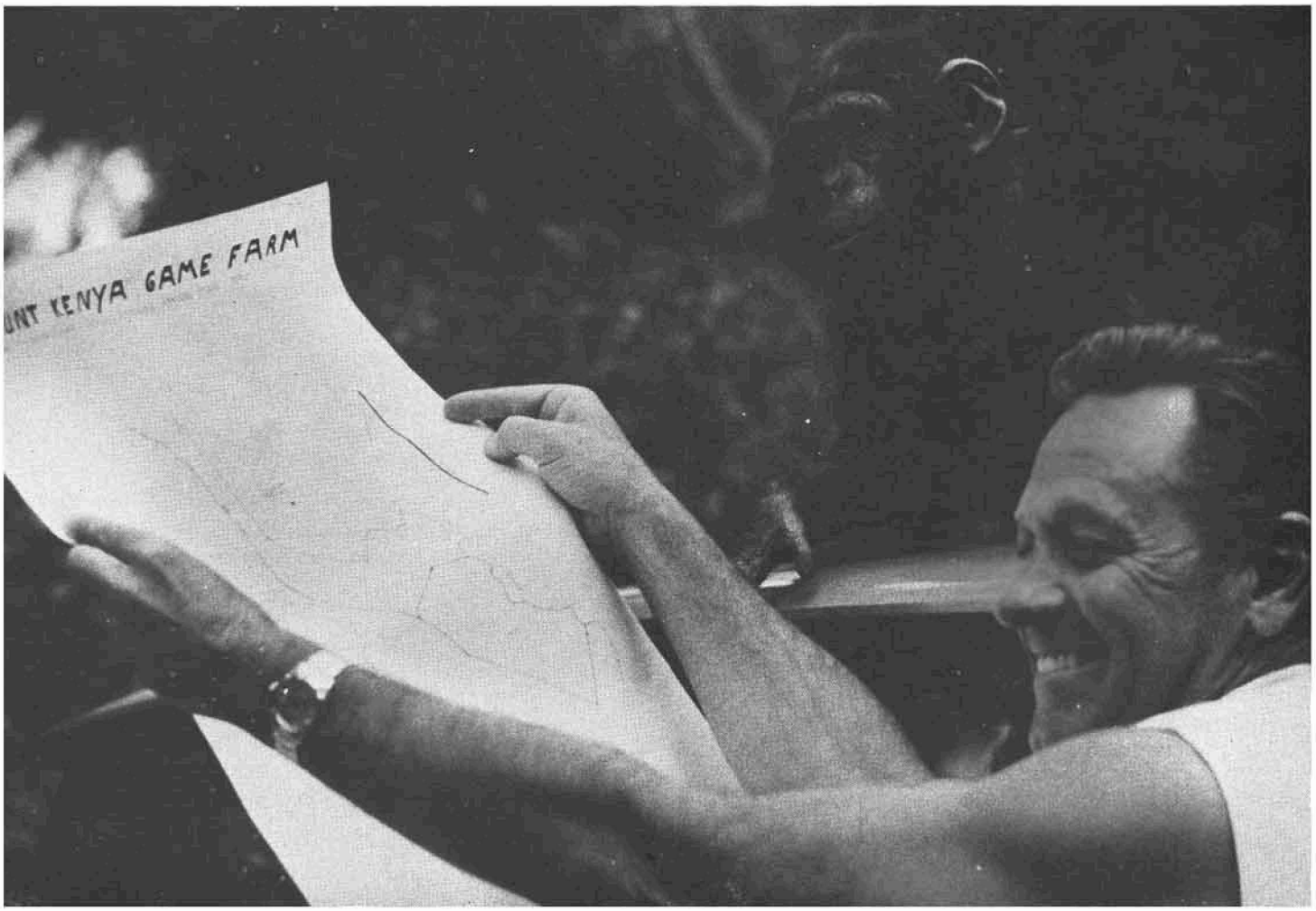


OUR aims are to safeguard wildlife and its environment. The offices of the Society are in Nairobi Hilton Hotel, P.O. Box 20110, Nairobi. Tel: Nairobi 27047. **Patrons:** H. E. The President of Kenya; H. E. The President of Tanzania; H. E. The President of Uganda: **Trustees:** Sir Malin Sorsbie; Col. M. H. Cowie; S. P. Downey; Prof. E. S. Kettle; R. Leakey. **Chairman:** The Hon. Charles Njonjo, E.G.H., M.P. **Ex-Officio Members of Council:** The Chief Game Wardens and National Parks' Directors of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda. **Chief Executive:** Michael J. Sawyer. **U.S. Representatives:** Mr. Keith Tucker, P.O. Box 82002, San Diego, Calif 92138; Miss Alice Smith, P.O. Box 1325, Chicago 60690, U.S.A.; Mr. Chas. G. Allen, Jr.; Barre, Massachusetts 01005; Mr. Richard L. Fetter, 7834 Fairview, Boulder, Colorado; Mr. Roger Mitton, 4218 W. 12th Avenue, Vancouver, British Columbia, VOR 2P7, Canada; Miss Christine Hoover, P.O. Box 2552, San Francisco, California 94126, U.S.A.; Mr. Daniel Samuels, 4 Hadley Road, Armonk, New York 10504, U.S.A.; Mr. Ned North, 865 Tiburon, Califonia 94920, U.S.A.; Miss Sybil Lamson, 72 Oakland Avenue, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174, U.S.A.; Mr. William R. Morrall, Rt1 Box 774-E Flagstaff, Arizona 86001, U.S.A.; Mr. Tony Lopes, East African Consultants, 55 Bloor St. B. Suite 300, Toronto, Ont. Canada.

THE SOCIETY'S NOTES

Compiled by Ted Norris of The East African Wild Life Society

AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Dear Member,

We feel it is important to keep you informed of the changing attitudes being experienced on concepts of wildlife conservation.

A visit to the curio shops of Nairobi for example will bring home to you the toll being imposed—it is appalling.

All skins and trophies displayed have an official permit.

Forests have been devastated for converting into charcoal, thereby denuding the country of trees.

Elephants are killed for their ivory; rhinoceros killed for their horn.

All this is most discouraging since it erodes the very resources upon which Kenya relies to maintain tourism.

Changes are accelerating, and with which we must keep abreast in order that our efforts may still concentrate on developing an appreciation and awareness as to the need for conservation particularly among the young.

In order to conserve our wildlife, we must conserve and protect the environment which, after all, is the habitat of the animals. If this is successfully done then our wildlife will automatically be given the condition it requires.

But, having made sure the environment is safeguarded, we still have to contend with the commercial dealers working for their own financial gain and who, by their activities, are creating a faunal desert.

We are aware the image of the Society has been one of a fund-raising institution for financing research education and anti-poaching activities, which has been achieved both through trading and the generosity of our members.

We now feel we must take a more direct role in the conservation field and this we propose to do.

The Scientific and Technical Committee has set up working groups which will keep the Society better informed of conditions so that we can take direct action without having to await investigations by scientists from abroad. The information supplied will arm us with vital facts when presenting our case to Government.

In order to make a success of wildlife conservation in East Africa we must have your continued support. It is essential for us to have a strong and well informed public behind us.

We must pull together and speak with one voice. Please therefore continue with your valued support so desperately needed in the present crisis.

Sincerely.

C. E. Norris

Chairman—Management Committee.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS

We have great pleasure in welcoming the following new life members to the Society:—

DONOR LIFE MEMBERS

FRANCE
Miss Flora Feigenspan

UNITED KINGDOM
Mr. J. H. Strutt

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Mr. Homer H. Stark

REGULAR LIFE MEMBERS

BELGIUM
Mr. Tom A. Plange
Mr. Wm. D. Trowbridge

FRANCE
Mr. Andre Borrell

HOLLAND
Mr. H. J. de Kuijf

IRAN
Mr. Gholam R. Mirhadi

KENYA
Mr. R. E. Bond
Mr. J. D. Cape
Mr. Jim Crees
Mr. & Mrs. G. J. Davis
Dr. Nannie K. M. de Lacum
Mr. P. B. E. Gilbert-Hopkins
Bettina de Goldschmidt
Mr. & Mrs. R. Hoey
J. H. E. Leakey
Mr. A. F. T. Monck-Mason
Mr. & Mrs. R. P. Tilbury

LIBERIA
Allan Mauritzson

NETHERLANDS
A. den Onden

SOUTH AFRICA
Mr. J. U. M. Jarvis

SWEDEN
Sam Andersson
Mr. Per Ekdahl

UNITED KINGDOM
Mrs. J. Argent; Mrs. Joyce Borridge; Mr. D. E. N. Hartley; Mrs. N. Hartley; John K. Irons; Lt. P. C. Manley. R. N.; Mr. Alan D. Marriott; Raymond Owen; Miss Jean Renton; Mr. Anthony D. Sheridan; Mr. J. H. Strutt; Mr. D. J. Warren-Gash; Mr. B. J. Wilson.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Dr. & Mrs. Stuart A. Altmann; Mr. Steven Chandler; Mr. Richard W. Crosby; Mr. William G. Gentner; Mr. John H. Halliburton; Mr. James P. Hamilton; Ms. Patricia L. Hess; Harriet Ingersoll; Mr. David M. Johnson; Mr. Richard Keane; Mrs. Elida D. Lawson; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew; Major Peter R. Mott; Mr. Melida; P. Pryor; Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ragsdale; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reid Mr. John M. Severinghaus; Dr. and Mrs. Henry R. Steadman, Jr.; Ms. Barbara Sutton.

PROJECTS 1975/76

Gift of Africana magazines to the Wildlife Clubs of Kenya	£300+£189
Running expenses for C.I.D. Anti-Poaching Units including a donation of £150 from the Elsa Appeal	£900
Donation from the St. Katherine's Fund for anti-poaching, through the Fauna Preservation Society	£300
Donation from Dr. Holt towards S. & T. Working Group projects—Marine	£700
Funds for the survey and marking of boundaries of the Kora Game Reserve being run by George Adamson	£1,500
Funds towards running expenses of the Masai Mara Anti-Poaching vehicle	£450
Running expenses and employment of pilot for the Society Aircraft on loan to the Tsavo Research Unit—used for research and anti-poaching	£5,000
Funds towards the extension of the Amboseli Elephant tracking programme—Dr. Croze	£600
Funds towards cost of the Uganda Mangaby study by Peter Waser	£100
Funds towards the continuance of a study of the ecology and behaviour of Flamingos in East Africa—Chris Tuite	£1,100
Funds towards a study of vegetation in Tsavo East National Park—Mr. and Mrs. T. Corfield	£640
Funds towards cost of a study of the ecosystem in the Samburu/Isiolo Game Reserve. University of East Anglia	£536
Grant for the study of Roan and Sable Antelope in the Shimba Hills Reserve—Miss R. Sekulic	£122
Grant to the Serengeti Research Institute for a study by Mr. R. A. Pellew of the impact of Giraffe upon the woodlands of the Serengeti	£2,300
Donation to the Wildlife Clubs of Kenya covering members attending seminars	£600
Grant towards projects and administration costs of the Scientific and Technical Committee Working Groups	£2,000
TOTAL	£17,337

CONVENTION ON INTERNATIONAL TRADE IN ENDANGERED SPECIES

IT IS A tragedy that in spite of this convention now being in force, none of the EEC countries have ratified.

Britain may implement it before ratifying it because two dependent territories will not agree to bring in the necessary legislation until they have seen the UK's new legislation. This can only be interpreted as delaying tactics which must be deplored by all those countries who are cooperating.

It is also unfortunate that Kenya is still holding back ratification, in spite of having been the mover of this first class piece of international legislation.

WILDLIFE PARKS IN THE U.S.A.

We reprint a report which appeared in the 'Wall Street Journal' of 6 November 1975.

WILDLIFE PARKS prove to be less than profitable ventures for some.

Lion Country Safari Inc., which sold its parks in Texas and Georgia last April, had a loss of $692,113 *in the first half this year. Now the park in Grand Prairie, Texas, under its new owner, is closing this winter for the first time in its three-year history and it may never reopen.*

One of the problems is repeat business. "If you've seen one lion yawn, you've seen them all," says one industry executive. Adds an ABC spokesman, "It has to be more than just driving through the animals."

Jungle Habitat breeds its own animal expansion. The park started with 11 tigers two years ago. Now it has 19.

We commend Jungle Habitat in their successful endeavour of breeding their own animals.

The breeding of lions presents no problem; in fact the difficulty is nearly always how to dispose of the surplus that has been built up.

Tigers and leopards are not difficult to breed. The problems arise when zoo-born individuals are returned to the wild. They are not like a grazing animal which can obtain its food easily; they have to be taught by examples how to hunt.

Zoo breeding must primarily be carried out to supply the smaller zoos which are unable to fulfill their own breeding programmes.

On September 21, 1975, *The Sunday Times* published an article entitled "should we bring 'em back alive?"

Micheal Moynihan interviewed Mr. Jimmy Chipperfield, who is not unknown in East Africa for his trapping exploits, and his six safari parks and his zoos.

He considers conservationists to be "a handful of do-gooders on a fashionable bandwagon".

Conservationists will be pleased and relieved therefore that Mr. Chipperfield considers there is no further room for more safari parks in UK. Several small zoos have already closed their doors.

zoo-born individuals are returned to the wild. They are not like a grazing animal which can obtain its food easily; they have to be taught by examples how to hunt.

Some individual predators have been returned to the wild without the teachings of their mothers, but this is a long process which can become costly.

Zoo breeding must primarily be carried out to supply the smaller zoos which are unable to fulfill their own breeding programmes. Their imports of wild animals could be stopped—especially with regard to cheetah.

The running of these parks, ostensibly to further education or help safeguard a species, is actually done for commercial purposes, and the people who run them are consumers of wildlife rather than conservers.

On September 21, 1975, *The Sunday Times* published an article entitled "should we bring 'em back alive?"

Micheal Moynihan, who wrote it was furthering the protests of conservation societies and members of the public and the translocating of wild animals from their native environment to foreign safari parks and zoos.

Micheal Moynihan interviewed Mr. Jimmy Chipperfield, who is not unknown in East Africa for his trapping exploits, and his six safari parks and his zoos.

Mr. Chipperfield has been very successful with the breeding of many species of animals, but still he imports. He considers conservationists to be "a handful of do-gooders on a fashionable bandwagon".

Conservationists will be pleased and relieved therefore that Mr. Chipperfield considers there is no further room for more safari parks in UK. Several small zoos have already closed their doors.

The pet shop trade and the commercial Zoo-stocking business can still be continued without infringements of the law.

Micheal Moynihan gave as an example the activities of one of Britain's biggest dealers in wild animals—The Birmingham Zoological Company. He was shown round ramshackle premises with animals in cramped cages undergoing considerable stress. In one shed, which was dark, he was greeted by ferocious snarling and jabbing of claws through the bars from 15 lions and pumas awaiting sale.

These premises, Micheal Moynihan tells us, are visited regularly by a Birmingham council veterinary inspector and a local inspector from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They describe the cages and pens as "no better and no worse than those in a number of commercial zoos".

Little progress will be achieved until the public become aware of conditions which are being accepted. It is also necessary for those countries which export wild animals to commercial enterprises to realise what they are condoning.

Every wild animal permitted to be exported is a debit from that country's capital stock, so necessary where tourism is concerned. Eleven bongo sent from Kenya were valued at $308,000—how much of this was to the benefit of Kenya?

It should be obligatory on all zoos to maintain their stocks of animals from those born in captivity and not continue to deplete wild stocks, currently being so hard hit from other pressures.

LAMBWE VALLEY NATIONAL PARKS

IT IS encouraging to know this Reserve, situated near Homa Bay, is to become upgraded to National Park status. We understand animals such as elephants, rhino, zebra and giraffe once occurred in numbers but, through poaching and other pressures, they have been exterminated over the years.

If this Park is to become a success it will need to be restocked with the same species of game which was originally native.

There has always been a good showing of Roan antelope in this area; perhaps the numbers are not as many as previously owing to poaching having taken place.

Press reports also state that it is intended to create a Reserve or some form of sanctuary near Kisumu, where herons breed.

Our only experience of this so-called heronry was a long and tiring walk that produced two nests of Yellow bill Storks.

The birds are dependent on favourable weather conditions before they are able to breed. The area must be flooded, with the trees in which they build their nests, standing in water. If such conditions do not occur then the birds just move elsewhere.

GAME DEPT. ANTI-POACHING UNIT

DURING the first half of 1975, this Unit made 42 Arrests, obtained 28 convictions which were given a total of 32½ years prison as penalty sentences, and fines amounting to Sh. 201,600.

The value of trophies recovered amounted to Sh. 656,000.

This Unit was experiencing an inability to carry out its work owing to a lack of petrol, as there were no funds available.

The Society made available £1,000 in order that the Unit could remain operational.

THESE four cubs were rescued from a crocodile trap in Tana River District recently and are now being cared for at Kenya National Parks Nairobi's Animal Orphanage. They are being groomed by schoolgirl volunteers (from left) Miss Georgiana Maranga, 17, of Pangani Wildlife Club; Miss Mary Nchere, 18, from Gatitu Girls' School, and Miss Katra Mohamed, 19, from Narok Secondary School Wildlife Club.

ZEBRA SKINS

THE number of zebra skins available for sale in Nairobi curio shops still remains at a horribly high number. The Society has addressed the Chief Game Warden on the subject but we have not heard what decision is intended to be made. In the meantime we understand that a single individual has managed to obtain a permit to shoot 200 Grevy's Zebra in Maralal.

...AND EGGS

WE also understand it is illegal to sell bird's eggs. Yet there are so many ostrich eggs available in the Curio shops of Nairobi all with the necessary permits of export.

BIRD ISLAND KILIFI

The District commissioner of Kilifi informs us that negotiations are taking place with the Provincial Town Planning Officer and the Commissioner of Lands to extend the township boundary of Kilifi to include the Creek. If this can be done all the private land bordering the creek will become State land which will facilitate the creating of a sanctuary.

TANZANIA NATIONAL PARKS

WE have received news that Tanzania National Parks are experiencing increased poaching activities; these have always existed but when officers in Government service are involved the situation becomes serious.

Sixteen officers from Maswa District were arrested when hunting on the Serengeti Park boundary.

Poachers in and around the Serengeti have usually hunted for meat but gangs found near the Park Headquarters were armed with leopard traps. Six poachers were ambushed. They had killed five zebras, an elephant and a buffalo. They then led the Warden to a nearby hideout where trophies were found including 95 wire snares intended for leopards and five more traps for other animals. At Bologonja, nine more poachers were arrested with 17 leopard snares.

These poachers have also resorted to their old methods of digging pits along well used animal trails.

One gang of six had, among other

Mr. JOHN OWEN

Mr. MERVYN COWIE

THE SOCIETY is, indeed, proud to congratulate two of our distinguished members for having been presented the award of the Golden Ark.

This award was originated by Prince Bernhard, President of the World Wildlife Fund, in recognition of special services to the conservation of the world's fauna and flora.

Dr. John Owen received his for his long and untiring work in building the National Park system of Tanzania. Although he has retired from the Tanzania National Parks, he is still very much involved in the workings of wildlife as an honorary consultant to a number of organisations concerned, throughout the world, with conservation.

Mr. Mervyn Cowie was the founder of the Kenya National Parks in 1945, and the first Director—a post he held until 1966.

It was through his foresight that Kenya has such an envied organisation which has given the republic the reputation of being one of the finest in the world.

Mr. Cowie, although now fully involved with the Flying Doctor Service, is still very active in his interest of wildlife conservation.

The East African Wild Life Society announces that Christmas card, calendar and David Shepherd print brochures are available from the E.A.W.L.S. Head Office on request.

APPEAL FOR NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS

The Warden, Conservation Education Centre, Kenya National Parks has told us they are starting a library at the Education Centre and will be very pleased to receive books on Natural History and allied subjects.

If any members have any such books would they please remember this appeal.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death of our young leopard, shot by a "Sportsman" in an adjacent hunting block. Sadly missed by visitors and staff. No flowers please but contributions to the East African Wildlife Society.

SALT LICK LODGE

trophies, 75 Thomson's gazelle skins and 150 traps made of ropes. Leopard traps were also found in the Manyara Park.

In spite of the pressure of poaching reaching all high as in 1969, it is gratifying to know that the National Park and Game Department staff are being so vigilant.

E. A. W. L. S. MEMBER'S FILM SHOWS

MR. Chas. G. Allen of Massachusetts, informs us that his takings for 1975 ware not up to previous years figures. Nevertheless, 14 showings brought in $645.85 which is a very good effort for which we are most grateful.

Over the nine and one-half year period Mr. Allen has been showing his films for the benefit of the Society he has collected more than $5,000.

This is a wonderful record which could be copied by others who have taken home movies of their safaris.

Mr. Allen tells us that now he is more than 70 years of age and he will have to earn the next five Grand a lot faster!

GAME DEPARTMENT'S IVORY DEALINGS

The Minister for Tourism and Wildlife has advised private ivory dealers holding any quantity of ivory for export they should surrender their stock to the Game Department.

There were some dealers, who had not disposed of their stocks since September 1975 when their licences were cancelled.

This order to dealers however, appears to make little or no difference to the stocks of ivory held in curio shops, as long as it is classified as "made up" ivory. All that is necessary is to polish a tusk or part of a tusk it may be as prepared ivory!

I.U.C.N. REPORT

The International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources, has published Norman Myer's monograph—The Cheetah, Acinonyx jubatus in Africa.

This is published as IUCN Monograph No. 4 and is obtainable from the IUCN, Morges, Switzerland.

The Society's Gift Shop and Art Gallery in the Nairobi Hilton.

There's a wealth of choice items on sale in the Society's Gift Shop and Art Gallery.

Everything from jewellery for the most sophisticated taste to the popular key rings, ties and decals; carvings, batiks and artifacts; prints paintings and sculptures by leading national and international artists; wildlife books, journals and magazines; Christmas cards, calendars and diaries are offered at reasonable prices.

Original paintings and reproductions by David Shepherd, Guy Coheleach, Ralph Thompson, Talbot Kelly, Iris Darnton, Joy Adamson, Rena Fennessy, and Bob Kuhn and others.

IT APPEARS that a great number of Wildlife Club members are about to try their hands at being beekeepers. Beekeepers? Yes, although to many readers, such an activity may sound a bit far fetched for students in Wildlife Clubs. But Wildlife Club members in Kenya's secondary schools have always included insects as one of their Club interests, and certainly anyone brave enough to deal with the notoriously ill-tempered African honey bee might be considered as intrepid as a big game hunter.

Lack of transport deprives most student groups of the opportunity to visit game parks in Kenya more than once per year—a sad state of affairs which we hope will be improved upon in 1976. Therefore, a great deal of effort is put into seeking out worthwhile educational activities which can be carried out in or near the school compounds—activities which can sustain the interest of Wildlife Club members over the many months when they cannot go to the places harbouring Kenya's glamorous large mammals (and they are every bit as eager as any foreign tourist to get a look at lions, elephants, rhinos, etc).

The idea of beekeeping was introduced during WCK's Annual Teachers' Workshop, held near Nairobi during the December school holiday. The Workshop was attended by 27 teachers who also serve as Advisors to Wildlife Clubs in their respective schools, and included, this time, six participants from Uganda, where Wildlife Clubs were established in 1975. These teachers were eager to learn more ways to improve their Wildlife Clubs, and to keep their student members busy and enthusiastic during up to 30 meeting periods in the school year. That can be a formidable task, more so if the Wildlife Club is situated in acity school surrounded by concrete and traffic on all sides.

The Teachers' Workshop incorporated ideas for both rural and town schools, and the information gathered throughout the week is being sent to all 283 Wildlife Clubs in Kenya. Talks and practical demonstrations covered a wide range of activities such as, bird life, plant life, mammal identification, alternatives for good land use, forest conservation, care of animals, insect life, wildlife games, role playing, visual aids, nature trails, fish ponds, acquaria and terraria, and monitoring the environment. The teachers were taken on one field trip to Nairobi National Park, and were taught some techniques for doing simple transects on their own school grounds. They liked the idea of beekeeping, not only as a practical activity, but also because the honey produced might help to raise money for the Clubs' field trips.

JAMES MAIKWEKI from the National Museum, demonstrates plaster casting of animal footprints to a Wildlife Club Advisor.

WORLD WILDLIFE FUND – KENYA

Notes compiled by Ellis Monks

The J. Paul Getty Wildlife Conservation Prize for 1975 has been awarded to the Indian ornithologist Dr. Salim Ali, 79.

Dr. Ali, who lives in Bombay, will receive a prize of 50,000 dollars, awarded for outstanding achievement or service for the benefit of mankind in the conservation of wildlife, plant or animal. The award of the Getty Prize to Dr. Ali crowns a lifetime devotion to India's rich bird life, culminating in the monumental 10 volume "Handbook to the Birds of India and Pakistan". A year ago he was able to obtain the first solid evidence of the breeding in India of the Lesser flamingo, hitherto only known in Africa.

He was made a Member of Honour of the World Wildlife Fund in 1973.

The World Wildlife Yearbook 1974-75 just published, includes details of the grant to the Baharini Sanctuary at Nakuru for the building of an Education Centre with facilities for seminars, laboratory work and lectures. The sum of US. $34,210 has been set aside for this purpose. Working in close co-operation with Kenya National Parks, who are also anxious to set up an educational centre, plans to set up the centre have now been agreed in principle and it is hoped that work can commence in the near future.

The Replanting of Trees at Naivasha has been undertaken by the WWF Kenya in cooperation with the Kenya National Parks, Kenya Government and Mrs. Nancy Crooke, who first called for the establishment of a fund to replace destroyed trees. A special fund is now operating which, hopefully, will produce a sufficient response to enable trees to be planted in other areas than Naivasha. The trees formed a delightful shaded entrance to the small township of Naivasha and were cut down for charcoal which has created more indignation from the public than any single act in recent years.

The Shimba Hills, for which the WWF was responsible for the initial ecological survey and provision of initial equipment, is now under pressure from tree-felling. This is of vital concern to the development of the South Coast as the Shimba Hills forests feed the boreholes and rivers upon which the whole of the Mombasa South Coast depends. The Minister of Natural Resources and the Conservator of Forests have been alerted and action is now awaited.

The Education Centre at Lake Nakuru is again under active discussion between the Kenya National Parks authorities and the Nakuru Wildlife Trust (was the Baharini Wildlife Sanctuary). A grant made by WWF toward the development of the centre has been held up pending agreement between the two bodies as to the location and administration of the Education Centre. The fence around Lake Nakuru, provided by the WWF, is progressing satisfactorily and about half the perimeter is now fenced. The northern and southern boundaries still remain unfenced. Satisfactory numbers of mammals, including rhinoceros, have moved into the Park area.

"Conservation of the Natural Heritage of Ethiopia", Report by WWF Honorary Consultant, Dr. Leslie Brown, gives "an encouraging picture on the whole". The attitude of the Government and the "circumstances created by the recent political changes, seem to be favourable for a concerted conservation effort and a new approach to the all important problem of more rational land use."

It was gratifying to hear from the Chief Game Warden of Ethiopia at the recent Safari Club International conference in Nairobi, that the sale of skin trophies is being brought under control by the marking of the skins with a fluorescent dye, a method proposed to the Game Department Kenya by the E.A. Wildlife Society some six years ago and which was never taken up.

The Swaynes hartebeest is in immediate danger of total extinction. The WWF President reiterated that the WWF and IUCN stand ready to help the Ethiopian authorities in any possible with their conservation responsibilities.

PROJECTS REPORT

Orang Utans in Sumatra Half the estimated population of about 15,000 Orang utans are doomed to lose their natural forest habitat within the next 10-15 years as a result of commercial logging and primitive agriculture. The World Wildlife Fund if working with the Indonesian authorities to ensure the future of the Leuser Orang utan Reserve.

Orinoco Crocodiles in Colombia are in danger of extinction. In a WWF survey the position was found to be far worse than was believed. Only 2-300 remain where once there were tens of thousands. Captive breeding experiments are under way.

Rain Forest Destruction

From figures supplied by FAO the devastation world wide to the rain forests can be determined.

Original area: 15.92 million sq. kms.
Present area: 9.35 million sq. kms.
A reduction of 40%.

In Africa the destruction so far is 51.9%

The rate of destruction of Kenya's trees is best exemplified by the exports of charcoal over the last few years. As Somalia's trees disappeared for the making of charcoal, the importing countries of Saudi Arabia turned to Kenya and its exports rose:

1967	.. ..	2,500 tons
1970	.. ..	32,300 tons
1974	.. ..	80,000 tons

The Forestry Department admit that they are unable to control the illegal cutting down of trees for charcoal and the illegal movement of squatters into forests. They point out, however, that the cutting down of trees outside the forest designated areas is outside their control.

Khunjerab National Park for Himalayan Wildlife

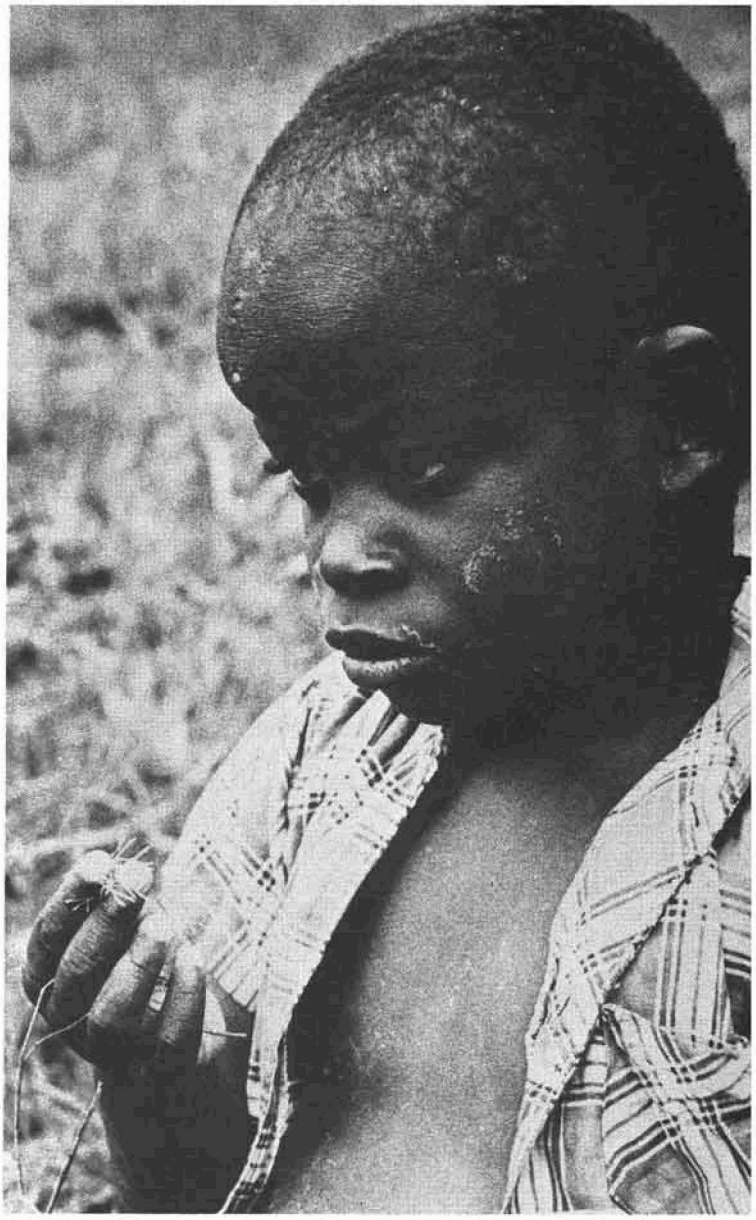
Although Pakistan is faced with enormous population problems, its Government recognises the need to preserve its wildlife and has set aside Rps. 9,160,000 for the development of the Khunjerab National Park. The Administrator of World Wildlife Fund Pakistan is investigating means whereby WWF can assist in this development.

Corbett National Park, India

The WWF programme for the conservation of the tiger—"Operation Tiger" has now resulted in the tiger population of Corbett National Park in Uttar Pradesh reaching optimum level, further multiplication will spill into the adjoining forest area.

The ban on tiger hunting imposed five years ago has resulted in an increase from 30 to 42 tigers in the 525 sq. km. park.

THE ENIGMA OF THE BOY FROM THE BUSH



BY MARION KAPLAN

The tiny republic of Burundi is somewhat mysterious, even to East Africans; and now a new and human enigma has surfaced. It concerns the origins of a stern-faced odd-looking little boy who is one of 40 children in a bright and cheerful, Catholic-run orphanage. This boy is markedly different from the other tots in the orphanage who come from broken and destitute homes. The child's family, according to missionaries and many Burundians, was a troop of "apes".

Their story is that three years ago, when the country was racked by fierce internecine fighting, some peasant farmers living near Rumonge on the shores of Lake Tanganyika saw at some distance a band of apes. This was not unusual for Rumonge is not very far north of Jane Goodall Bryceson's famous Gombe Stream chimpanzee research centre south of the border in Tanzania.

But, as the apes moved away, the villagers observed one slower than the rest in climbing the trees. Later to their astonishment they saw it was human.

The men chased and caught the little creature, a tiny hairy boy of three or four years old. Unsure of what to do with their capture, they took him to Bujumbura, the capital. The helpless child, grimacing and speechlessly blubbering, was put in the psychiatric wing of the Prince Regent Charles Hospital. And there, with a blanket for covering and surrounded only by adult psychotics, he languished.

A Burundian woman attendant now at the hospital described how he walked on all fours and looked, and acted in every way like what she was convinced had been his simian foster-parents.

For a long while the boy was forgotten. Rescue from the hospital came at the end of October 1975 when Catholic missionaries, believing he stood a better chance of a normal life if he lived among normal children, took him away and set him down at their Providence Orphanage near the old eastern capital of Gitega.

At the orphanage the boy was given the name of Johann—or John—after John the Baptist who lived in the bush.

Now he is estimated at seven years old, but remains a speechless, grimacing human enigma. About three feet tall, he has a very large head and an extended, wrinkled brow. He is top-heavy, but sturdily built. He walks on two feet with something of a waddle which could be due to his large stomach—he eats voraciously, say the nurses.

When he came to the orphanage few months ago, he huddled nervously against the wall and seemed to try to climb them. That fear has gone and he moves about now with confidence.

Also gone in the time he has lived away from the mental hospital, according to the nurses, is an ample covering of

Continued overleaf

body hair. He was put into shirt and pants when he came and, they say, the hair soon disappeared. Now, except for a mottled and scratched forehead, he is smooth-skinned. The scratches are self-inflicted, though his nails are kept short, his always restless hands are constantly probing, pushing and scratching.

He responds sometimes to caresses with a toothy stretched grin. He is ticklish, and reacts with a strange constrained chuckling that is unlike normal giggling or laughter.

He cries, too, but not often, only when he dislikes certain food or so the nurses say. His most typical expression is a suspicious sideways scowl, as if he is listening intently. One arm is raised at a right angle to his body and a hand rapidly beats the air—he does this with either arm.

His favourite food is a mash of rice, beans and vegetables; and he likes fruit and bananas. Although he has large, strong teeth, he seems unable to chew and spits out hard food. (Even sweets are rejected, though whether because of their hardness or the sugar is uncertain.)

The other children eat with a spoon. John feeds himself with his hands and is a messy, greedy eater. He holds a mug to drink. He blows bubbles as he eats, collects saliva in his hands and studies it absorbedly. He exercises no control on his excretions.

He sees clearly and seems to be attracted to bright colours, delighting, for instance, in a large orange ball. His hearing seems to be poor, yet he is not deaf. Opening doors is an evident challenge (two hands to a one-hand handle) but banging them gives him pleasure.

He does not speak but makes sounds that seem to come from his mouth rather than from deeper down. The nurses address him with a few simple words ("Ngo!"—"Come!" in Kirundi) but it is not clear whether he is responding to the work, friendly looks towards him, or an outstretched hand.

His co-ordination is poor but he can, when he wants, grip and rattle a small box, twist a piece of grass, hold—but not catch—his ball, clasp a hand.

The nurses at the orphanage find him enormously destructive: he picks up objects and hurls them down; he kicks at things with his feet. To them, his ape-fostered background is certain and indisputable.

Though destructive, he is not malicious. The nurses do not think of him as either a good child or a bad one. He is changeable rather than moody. He has no 'evil spirit'—but no virtue either.

All small children he ignores completely. When he arrived, his strange looks and mannerisms terrified the other orphans, but they saw that he never tried to harm them—though he will wilfully grab and try to throttle a small animal or chicken—and they are patient with him. Older children he tolerates and they, in turn, help to tend him and change his clothes.

Many questions arise based on an increasing knowledge of primate behaviour. What *kind* of apes might have constituted the child's family? Chimpanzees are located in the area in which he was found, but baboons, which are not apes but monkeys, are also common there.

Did the child have the agility to move with an ape family? Certainly not for long periods—he was, after all, seen by villagers when he could not keep up.

Was he, in 1972–3, too big to be an adopted chimp or baboon baby? Chimpanzees, the most intelligent of the apes, stand at four to five feet fully-grown, weigh between 120 and 150 lb. and have strong family feelings. Is it conceivable that an ape-mother, maternal instincts denied at the death or loss of new baby, could temporarily adopt another, human infant. The choice would be the ape's rather than the child's.

Jane Goodall Bryceson, on the basis of the information available, considers it unlikely that the child would have been adopted by a chimpanzee or a group of chimpanzees. It would almost certainly not have been small enough to be carried by a foster mother chimpanzee for more than a short distance, nor acrobatic enough to accompany its foster parents into and among the trees. Also, chimpanzees are carnivores and have been known to injure and kill human infants for food.

More likely, Jane suggests is that he could have been tolerated by a baboon troop when it came foraging near him. He would be attracted to other moving creatures, she says, and could subsist on the same kinds of food. But if the child had been adopted by a baboon troop, she considers it probable that the mates would have defended him against capture. Until the child has been properly medically examined, however, she feels that any comment should be tentative in the extreme.

The setting and the timing support the account. A surviving infant in a period of intense tribal fighting would not have been exceptional. But could the original report have been a fabrication?

This is unlikely: the peasant farmers would not have been sophisticated; they would have had nothing to gain by inventing the story; they would have no known precedents to amplify the story. Moreover, there exist government and missionary orphanages where children can be placed without the opprobrium they may have feared.

The "ape-child" is completely accepted as such by many African and Europeans in Burundi, but no serious attempt has apparently been made to authenticate the story—or to prove it untrue. A report that appeared recently in a Swedish paper drew a response from Professor Alf Johnels of the Research Department of the Museum of Natural History in Stockholm. He said: "This is extremely unusual, but none the less credible."

Professor A. C. Mundy-Castle, chairman of the Department of Psychology in the University of Lagos, Nigeria, was intrigued by the report. He has had long experience with children's responses and did not discount the possibility that the child had lived with apes but suggested the situation be approached with scepticism. He referred to Ashley Montagu's acerbic views on "wolf children"—including the opinion that for a child to become 'man', it must first pass through an early period of rearing by humans. It could not survive the psychological impoverishment implied by animal rearing unless it was abandoned after the rudiments of personality were established within a human context. This child has survived—so far.

Scepticism, understandably, is psychologists' usual response to reports of feral—wild—children. In 1946 there was a 'gazelle boy' running swift-footedly among antelopes in the Syrian desert. He proved to be a hoax. A 'wolf boy' discovered in Lucknow, India, in 1954, was the first of a spate of stories about wolf-boys, none of them reliably authenticated. The classic tale of Romulus and Remus or Kipling's "Mowgli" also came to mind.

But an ape-boy? A primate-human relationship would have greater credibility in purely physical terms, than the wolf-boy tales.

Could, in the end, the child be brain-damaged in a "normal" way due to having been dropped on the head or starved in the crucial years of infancy—or deranged in any one of numerous ways familiar to modern science? It is possible—but who knows?

The problem is that the truth cannot be easily ascertained in Burundi, or the child's strange history verified.

However, it seems that the time has long passed for incontrovertible diagnosis of the child's strange behaviour and personality—for precise testing of impulses, reactions and capabilities. It may be that a remarkable opportunity for psychologists—and primatologists—is forever lost.

we had enough control to be able to get on with the bird and wildlife sanctuary, and manicure the grounds, plant the gardens and so on. Of course the club now functions as a hotel. . . .

Eames: It became a tourism project, rather than your own private bit of Africa?

Holden: Well, let me tell you . . . we have never looked to make a profit, we just hope to break even. None of us at the Safari Club or Mount Kenya Game Ranch has ever taken any money out of Kenya—I haven't, not a cent. We just try not to lose anything.

Eames: The reason I ask is to find out if you think your financial investment in Kenya has been worthwhile?

Holden: You know the typical American businessman's question is "what do you get on your money . . . ten—fifteen per cent? All I can say is that it has been an investment in a way of life, not for a cash return. And in this respect, I've been repaid and paid, repaid and paid many times over.

Eames: So you're not too hopeful for wildlife here?

Holden: On the contrary, I'm optimistic. I refuse to be anything else about East Africa, especially Kenya because I think it's just about the most stable country on the continent. You know, I don't think I get on a single flight without someone wanting to talk to me about Africa. These people are almost certainly from places where wildlife has been decimated, and they want to know if it's now worth going to Kenya. I tell them: "Yes,—but go now."

Eames: Which are the main areas of deterioration here that you've seen over the seventeen years?

Holden: Well, I was appalled by the poaching in the early days; the rate the animals were being killed off then.

Eames: From hunting as well?

Holden: No, I didn't really hold the professional hunter and his client as responsible for the decimation of wildlife.

Eames: Except, perhaps, in the example they set—of people rushing around killing off animals: that can't really encourage people generally on conservation?

Holden: I think a man has the right to hunt, if he wants to; and that this has contributed to the balance of nature. In any case it was so well controlled in Kenya—and now at least there's the Game Department, and the licence fees and so on which contributes in the end to conservation. The one area of disagreement I have with the hunter is that when he goes after "the most magnificent trophy," he's after the best breeder. The elephants you find today, for instance, have much smaller tusks—and I don't think that's because they haven't been able to get enough fodder, but because the best breeders have been killed off.

Eames: In view of the obvious dangerously low levels of some game animals in Kenya today, would you think there is a case for, say, a year's moratorium on hunting?

Holden: No, not necessarily. But I tell you what I would support . . . and that is controlled hunting in areas where animals are dying off through over-crowding and famine—even if that means violating the first rule of national parks. I've a pretty good idea that between several thousand elephants are trying to survive in Tsavo against the odds, and I reckon it's better that someone goes in and shoots an elephant and puts it out of its misery, rather than let it die slowly at a dry waterhole. Or, take the Lerogi Plains area around Maralal. If the Samburu are going to be encouraged to settle there, give up their nomad ways and ranch the land, then presumably wildlife has to go. So rather than send the Game Department in, why not the hunters? Satisfy these people's urge to hunt, and charge them highly for it, in these new areas of agricultural development. Or, as I say, where the animals are dying of starvation and thirst . . . rather let the hunters in there than into, say, the Mathews Range where they'll get a big tusker which is perfectly healthy in an area where there's plenty of food. Don't let them into the Mathews, but send them down to Tsavo where, maybe 5,000 elephant are going to die anyway.

Eames: You seem to be for active management of parks, rather than the present policy of letting nature take its course, more or less?

Holden: Look what happened to the hippo at Murchison Falls a few years ago. There was total protection; no-one was allowed to shoot a single croc or hippo—and then the Uganda Government said: "My God, the beasts are moving out from the river up to three miles every night for forage." Three miles of devastation! So they wanted to shoot a few thousand hippo . . . well, you know something, it's easy to shoot the first few hundred and then the hippo start to get wise. This wary animal starts to go some place else. So the contract was never fulfilled. Obviously there should have been phased cropping. This would have provided a regular supply of skins and meat to the local populace, and it could have been applied profitably to the almost insatiable desire of the hunter to shoot and kill and get a hippo trophy. Instead . . . well, it was a national park and the animals must be left to destroy it, and destroy themselves. I went up there myself to have a look; the charcoal burners couldn't have done it as well. There wasn't a bush or shrub for miles.

Eames: There's plenty of precedent for management by culling in parks; the elk in Yellowstone for instance?

Holden: Yes, it's a lesson that Kenya has to learn.

Eames: You say there was plenty of poaching going on in the early days; is there more nowadays?

Holden: I really don't know —but reading all the Press on the subject, there's obviously more. You see, the more I've become involved with the Game Ranch and our own animals, the less familiar I am about what's going on in the field. Of course, I've seen reduction of game in some places. A few years ago, Don Hunt and I used to go up to Meru-Isiolo, and there were thousands of Grevy zebra; now Don tells me you have to go almost to Wajir to find them.

Eames: So reduction of game is one change you've observed over the years; are there any other major changes?

Holden: Well, the forest destruction of course, and major changes in land usage. But the Government has to take care of its people. When I first came in the 1950's, the Africana population was something in excess of five million, and what is it now?

Eames: Probably around 13 million.

Holden: So that's why the change in those plains around Maralal, which used to be so fantastic for game. Now you see surveyors out there, up in the hills, marking out plots of land for agriculture. But how else are you going to feed hungry people?

Eames: Perhaps, by first using the land at present under cultivation more efficiently—or ranching better—rather than carving up the game lands all the time which are marginal after all.

Holden: Well, of course that's one way — together with doing something about the population explosion.

Eames: You're often a screen cowboy; do you think we ranch as efficiently as we might?

Holden: No, I don't think you raise your cattle properly. I'll tell you something . . . my son is engaged in a project in Iran; and one of the things they have going is a dairy set-up. He's actually in the States at the moment buying units for growing hydroponic fodder—and he'll be getting enough in two weeks to feed 500 cattle by this method. Now that's just hydroponics. . . .

Eames: That sort of technology hasn't arrived here; or at least in nothing like the scale that would make any real difference . . . .

Holden: That's right. You know it's a funny thing . . . most people think of the plains of Kansas and the Mid-West

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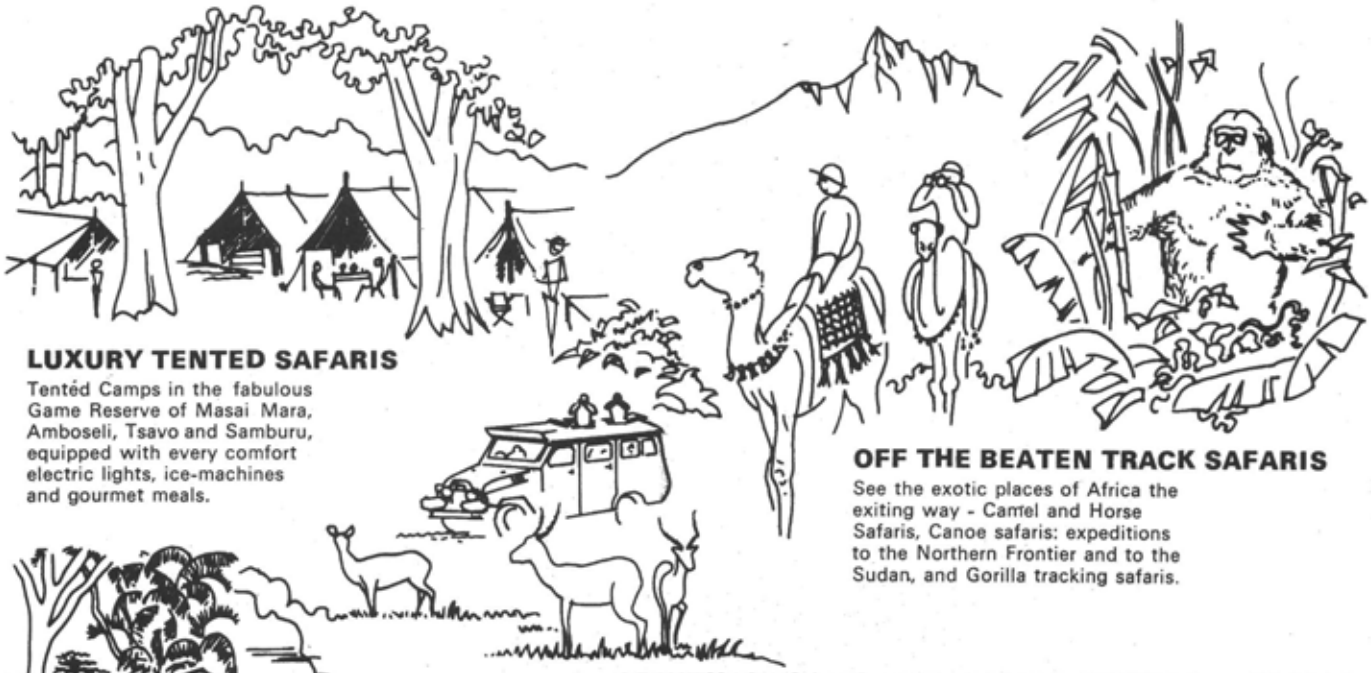

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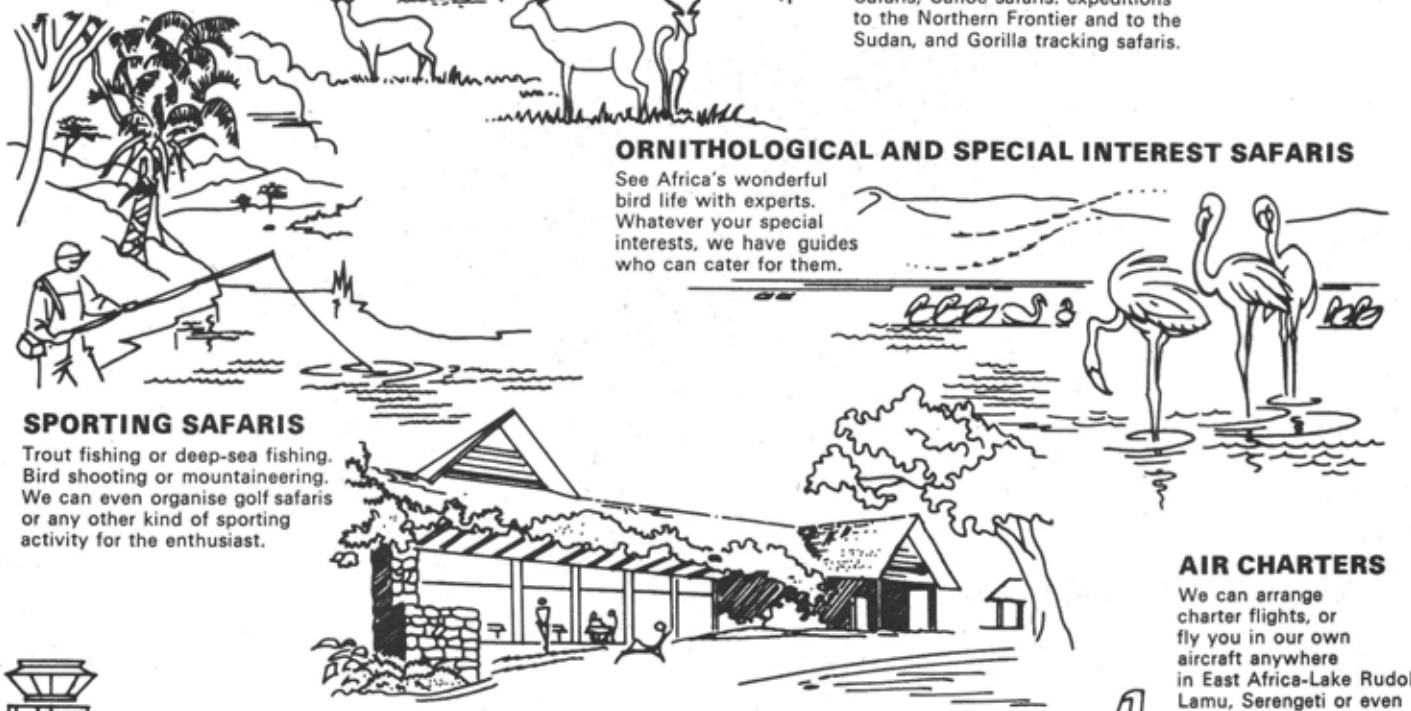

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BOOK REVIEW BY

ELSPETH HUXLEY

MALINDI: THE HISTORIC TOWN ON KENYA'S COAST. By Esmond Bradley.

MALINDI, when I first saw it, was a down-at-heel, listless little settlement with nothing to recall its former pride and glory save two phallic-looking pillars near the D.O.'s office, and the Vasco da Gama cross a mile or two out of town. People drowsed on their haunches on the D.O.'s veranda, Giriama women in their swinging ballet skirts strode along the single dusty street bearing loads of cotton to the ginnery, where men and boys squatted cross-legged among the fluffy white lint, feeding it by hand into rollers. The red flag of Oman drooped above the court-house of the Liwali, the Arab governor: for Malindi was then part of the domains of the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whom the British paid an annual rent.

Palm trees were full of bottles trapping sap to be turned into toddy; the sea was chocolate-coloured with silt brought down by the Sabaki river; beach-combers were gleaning loads of bananas, maize cobs and pumpkins from the debris. Two scruffy little hotels had recently appeared: the Brady's Palm Beach, and Lawford's, opened on a shoestring a year or two later by an old friend and Thika neighbour of ours, Commander Leo Lawford. There were not many customers, and some of these were dicey; whether or no their bar chits would be honoured was often a matter for anxiety.

As to Malindi's history, no one knew much about it except that the town had been founded by the Arabs long before Vasco da Gama arrived in 1498, made friends with the Sheikh and collected a pilot to help navigate his little vessels to Goa. The town was rich and prosperous then, with 'houses stately and magnificent, built chiefly of square stones' and enclosed by a great wall. The Sheikh lived in style with a retinue of slaves, concubines and players on ivory trumpets, and supplied da Gama with delicious fruit and vegetables, as well as with corn, millet, rice, meat, sugar, coconuts and other luxuries.

This was Malindi's zenith. Then came decline, gradual at first, finally complete abandonment before the onslaught of the Galla, who by the early nineteenth century had sacked most of the Arab settlements along the Coast and were living among the ruins of once splendid palaces and houses.

All this and great deal more can be read in the latest contribution to Kenya's history, *Malindi*, by the geographer Dr. Esmond Bradley Martin of the University of Nairobi, who has taken Kenya's coast for his academic province. And what a fascinating province it is, with a thousand years of history, a kaleidoscope of races and peoples, a geographic spectrum ranging from desert to rain-forest, with pagan customs unaltered through the centuries observed within a few miles of luxury hotels full of sun-basking tourists from all over Europe and America.

Since Independence, great strides have been taken in research into, and recording of East African history, which formerly was assumed to start more or less with the colonial

Continued overleaf

era, when records began to be regularly kept. The Coast, of course, had the advantage over the rest of Kenya by reason of its written languages, Swahili and Arabic. But historians rely no longer on documents alone. They have, as it were, gone into partnership with archaeologists, and can read the story of the past in stones and skeletons, not to mention pottery sherds and rusty arrow-heads, no less than in the written word. For example all that is known of Gedi has been coaxed by Dr. James Kirkman from ruins which, when I first stumbled about among their crumbled, root-entwined walls in a dense deserted forest, were generally thought to be Persian in origin. With its perimiter wall encircling mosques, palaces, public baths, wells and burial grounds, Gedi was nevertheless unmarked on any Arab map, and mystery still surrounds its story. Dr. Kirkman has identified it as an Arab city founded in the late thirteenth century, and abandoned when the Galla sacked it about three and a half centuries later.

Dr. Martin's booklet, in part a condensed version of his much fuller and fatter *The History of Malindi* (published in 1973 by the East African Literature Bureau) is just what the tourist with a bit more than average curiosity about his surroundings will have been looking for. The text is brief and accurate, the guide-book sections informative, and the illustrations both photographs and black-and-white drawings—are excellent. (The name of the black-and-white artist, incidentally, seems to have been withheld, as well as the price of the booklet.)

Tourism, Dr. Martin tells us, now provides forty-five per cent of the inhabitants' employment and much of their trade, and has made Malindi the fastest-growing town of coastal Kenya. But food production still remains the most important industry, and, all around, small farmers continue to grow the cashew nuts, simsim, cotton, citrus fruits and mangoes—sent by air weekly to London—traditional to the area's economy; and fishermen continue to bring home the harvest of the sea.

Since Dr. Martin has not set out to write an economic treatise, he hasn't felt obliged to depress our spirits by describing the saddest sight of all to be seen on the Coast: the terrible destruction of the forest belt, formerly so lush, so vital to the climate's stability, so full of wildlife, stretching up the Coast north of Mombasa. If this devastation continues (and who shall stop it?) forest fellers will ultimately prove an even more potent factor than the Galla's spear ands arrows in destroying the civilisation, and even the potentialities for a revival of civilisation of the Coast.

Wildlife continues to be one of the tourist attractions, and we may hope that the establishment of two Marine National Parks will make this more secure, at least as regards the fauna of the ocean. Dr. Martin also mentions Snake Safaris along the Mida creek and on Kilepwa island, which sound fascinating. Tourists can watch mambas, puff adders and other snakes being caught for the extraction and sale of their venom. Perhaps the snakes need not be 'sacrificed' for this, but how long, one wonders, will the reptilian wildlife of a small island stand up to the pressure of such weekly safaris?

One of the mild surprises of advancing age is to discover that part of one's own lifetime has turned into history, a process which one generally assumes had come to a halt about the time that one was born. In my childhood, Europeans in solar topees or double terais (even spine-pads on occasion) dwelling in corrugated iron bungalows with deep verandas; rickshaws; Africans wearing blankets like a toga; all these were part of the normal landscape. Now they have become Period Pieces: Early Colonial, or mid-Colonial anyway. Our old friend Leo Lawford, I suppose—once a D.O. at Fort Hall, then manager of a sisal plantation near Punda Milia—has become a kind of Founding Father among local hoteliers, legendary as the first M. Ritz. And photographs: here are the liberated slaves of 1880, there a group of jovial up-country settlers at the Palm Beach Hotel, circa 1935—all equal before the muse of history. One day, I

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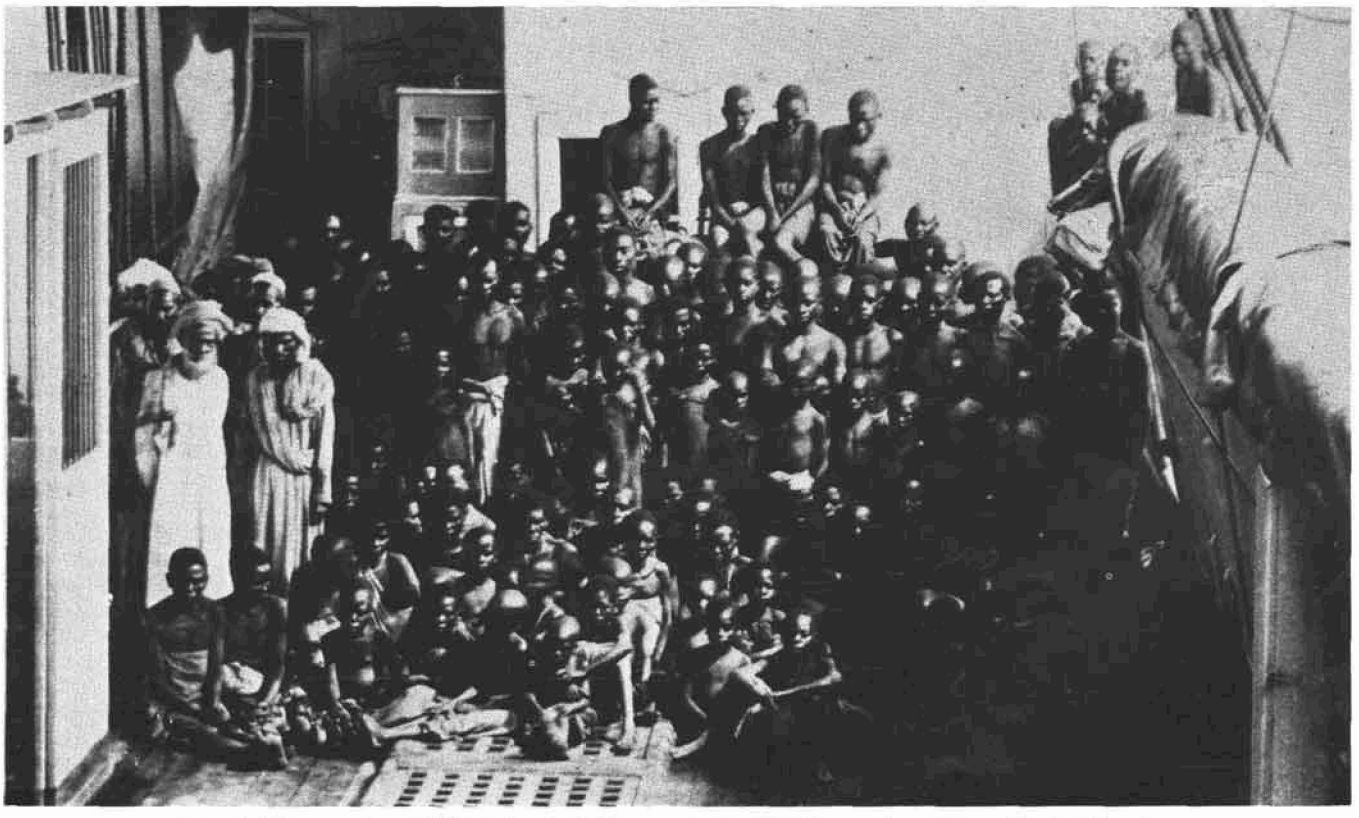

Liberated Slaves on board "H.M.S. London" Photograph: circa 1880, by courtesy of Kenya National Archives.

suppose, even Dr. Martin, looking so young and glamorous here in a photograph taken by his wife Chryssee in Qatar (he is writing a book on dhows) will become one of Kenya's Early Geographers, a venerable Professor Emeritus of the old school who did such valuable work in the bygone days of the Early Independence era.

Meanwhile, he has written a useful guide-cum-history, well produced and with a most attractive cover, sure to sell well. Other towns and areas which attract, hope to attract, or think they ought to attract visitors, would be well advised to follow suit. Though, of course, not all have such an ancient and interesting history as Malindi.

A corner of African Birdlife

BIRDS OF THE AFRICAN BUSH
by Leslie Brown and Rena Fennesey (Collins).

On first impression this book reminds me of the rather grand volumes published around the turn of the century, as testaments to the labours of some rather obscure naturalist. It has a permanent slightly old-fashioned quality to it. The kind of book you're sure will still be there on the shelf after forty years, a bit yellowed perhaps, but cared for.

Praise, or poking fun? Well, to be sure I think this is a book which many of us have been waiting for for a long time, a welcome supplement to the abiquitous bird guides. It is a large, attractive book, with each of twenty-four species lavishly treated to four pages of text and illustrations. Reproduction and printing quality are excellent, and no doubt many people will buy it for the colour plates alone.

Certainly no artist was better suited for the job than Rena Fennessey and her watercolours have their usual precision and sensitivity that East African bird lovers have come to know so well. Their somewhat formal character is nicely complemented by a rather loose pencil drawing on the preceding page.

My only comment would be that as you proceed through each of the twenty-four birds, each presented in the same sketch—text—colour plate format, there is a slight feeling of repetition in their visual impact. A bit more variation in scale and layout might have helped to offset this, although the overall impression is still quite pleasing. In particular the generous spacing allowed between text and illustrations, which give the book, appropriately, a light and airy feeling.

Leslie Brown's text is very readable and his own enjoyment of his subject is evident throughout. This is particularly commendable, for with nearly two pages given to each bird, nowhere does he become laboured or dry.

Besides being entertaining there is a wealth of fascinating information particularly on ecological relationships and peculiar behaviour patterns, much of it probably for the first time in print. A sampling: Bee-eaters can distinguish between stinging insects and others, and dispose of each accordingly; in the case of a bee by first stunning it by banging its head against a branch, and then rubbing its stinger out—an activity no doubt observed, but not fully understood, by many a birdwatcher.

Although production of this volume surely involves a lot of work, it covers but a small corner of African bird life. As the concept could lend itself easily to becoming part of a series, one would hope that, the economics of publishing being favourable, we may be treated to similar editions in the future.

Carter Black

as great cattleraising areas . . . where you think that a man who has forty or fifty thousand acres, then he's got a lot of cattle. The Texas type of thing. Well, I want to tell you something—they're raising more cattle in the Coachella Valley in Southern California where I live than they are in the State of Kansas.

Eames: Feed-lots?

Holden: That's right . . . .

Eames: I don't think we can do that here; we haven't the fodder, molasses—or the cattle for that matter.

Holden: But the fodder could be produced, I'm sure —it's just what you give priority to. Look, I want to tell you something . . . I've turned into a tree freak, and I'm exchanging trees between Kenya and the United States. I've taken acacia trees over, and I've baobabs growing in southern California—the only baobab trees in all of the United States. I have 13 that germinated out of 300 seeds. The acacias . . . well I took a thousand seeds over, and I've a thousand trees, and they're planted around the Coachella Valley. Now I'm taking the Naivasha yellow fever thorn tree . . . I'm taking all these trees which are suitable to that sort of semidesert terrain in southern California and, in return, I'm going to bring the sequoias and the big redwoods over here. The baobab is a tree that lives hundreds of years, and so does the sequoiam and the redwood.

Eames: Why does this sort of thing matter to you?

Holden: Well, I'm a curious fella . . . and a fortunate one because I've had the means to satisfy my curiousity. Most of this has come through my own endeavour which is making films, and I've been able to go to many strange parts of the world. Now, if you look up the life insurance tables, there's not much time left . . . .

Eames: What age are you?

Holden: 57 . . . . Look I would take people down to Neel's Nursery in Palm Springs, and say: "There's a baobab tree." Most of them don't know what the hell I'm talking about. The baobab tree . . . I tell them it's the upside down tree . . . the tree of life . . . the marvellous tree which is a shelter for fifteen to twenty species of birds, and burrowing animals and so on . . . . O.K., I'm curious and this is the sort of thing that interests me . . . . I'd love to see redwoods growing here.

Eames: So that's something positive you're doing for Kenya—tree planting. I hope it sets a trend. But what else positive can be done?

Holden: You know, when I look over the escarpment down towards Isiolo, I'm so reminded of my area of southern California. You could grow the greatest grapefruit here . . . oranges, lemons and limes; grapes—pomelo—anything! You've just got to set aside an area, and see that it gets irrigation. Now there's no reason why that can't be done. Do you know that at one time, Kenya used to win at the annual food-show in London. It won strawberries; it won with its avocados, and its pineapples. And, its coffee was always considered tops . . . so that you had four top quality produce items from Kenya. But now the Israelis come along, and they've got a better form of *puerte* avocado that was cent out from the United States—and now they win the awards. So others come along and they've got a better pineapple. Somebody else has a better coffee—Columbia. But there's no reason why the people who live here couldn't be interested in having the greatest fruit and vegetables in the entire continent of Africa.

Eames: I don't doubt that Kenya could become the garden for Europe, but we need what Tom Mboya, for instance, was after—a "Marshall Plan" for Kenya to get the scale of finance and technical assistance required.

Holden: Yes, of course . . . but much can be done anyway. You know there's a man outside of Nairobi, towards Machakos, who is growing flowers and bulbs—and he's shipping them all over the world. Because this must be the best climate in the world. Even in southern California they have to use black sheets to create artificial day and night—for cyrysanthemums and all sorts of other things, which have to be set up on rollers so that they be exposed to half day and half night to get growth. In Kenya that's not necessary —here on the Equator, you get twelve hours of daylight and twelve hours of darkness—and you've got perfect soil. Just this thing of sending flowers and seeds and bulbs—small plants all over the world: I doubt if there's one person in ten in Kenya who knows this is going on. Maybe not one in a hundred; or would you like one in a thousand.

Eames: So you're a tree freak, and a horticulturalist—but still principally a film man. I don't know how you feel about it, but I think these big feature films are superb tourism promotion for this country . . . ?

Holden: So do I. Do you know, years ago we did a film here; it wasn't very successful—but at least it was an attempt. We built the studio at Mt. Kenya Safari Club and we did a film called "The Lion". The studio remained and all the equipment we used was left there for a year, but the licence prices went up so much that film companies like Paramount which at the time was about to make "Hatari" were planning to go elsewhere. I said: "My God" you've got to make 'Hatari' in Kenya". Anyway they came over and they priced the business of permits and licences and found it much cheaper to shoot in Tanzania, which is what they did. Fortunately the picture didn't say precisely where the location was, although they credited the Tanzania Government at the end of the film. It didn't say specifically Tanzania, but East Africa—and in this way Kenya got the benefit because, in the minds of many Americans, Kenya is East Africa.

Eames: This is changing now isn't it? . . . Each of the three East African states are developing their separate identities—and this is beginning to stick even in the minds of the Americans?

Holden: Yes that's true, and now Kenya should welcome the big filmmakers with open arms—but, of course, exercising good judgment and good sense on what type of film should be shot here. You see, what they seem not to understand is that "The Lion", although not an important film was made for about three million dollars—two million of which stayed in Kenya. Now what other business provides that sort of return for precisely no investment by Kenya. I mean we didn't take anything out of the country—no minerals, or produce just strips of celluloid which were run through projectors to show the world the magnificence of this country.

Eames: In addition to the hard cash benefit, the value of the advertising in terms of tourism must be incalculable?

Holden: Well, of course. But there's a problem, which is why I said that Kenya should look closely at the scripts. Unfortunately, in the minds of the film-makers, a movie here always has to involve wild animals, and it always has to involve an amount of oogaboogabooga-natives running amok with spears, with somebody saying: "My God, the natives are restless tonight—listen to those drums in the background!"

Eames: Next time you see David Lean ask him to make a film about Kenya. Do a sort of Zivago or Ryan's Daughter with our landscapes.

Holden: Oddly enough I spoke to David Lean not so long ago. He would be the perfect man to take the project on in Kenya, and the Karen Blixen book would be perfect subject . . . I mean just that title: "Out of Africa"! Unfortunately he's interested in a story about the South Pacific, and he's been wanting to do the Gandhi story for years.

Eames: But there has to be a director somewhere who can

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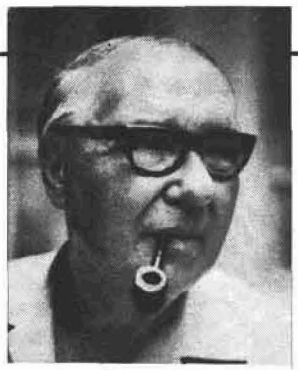

EDWARD RODWELL'S COLUMN

PIRATE RODWELL LAMENTS THE PASSING OF THE ROKH — AND REVEALS SINBAD'S CLOSELY KEPT SECRET....

Last Christmas I had the opportunity of seeing some of the modern books for children and I was alarmed to discover that fairies no longer peep from bluebells, cats have given up pinafores and Mother Hubbard caps, cows no longer jump over the moon, cockroaches have forgotten the typewriter keyboard and mice now take the mickey out of their tormentors with automatic rifles, bazookas and sidewinders.

I remembered my own library. Crown quarto books with a four colour letterpress cover design heavily varnished; none of this insipid photolitho stuff; text on a bulky lightweight stock and illustrations on the thickest of art paper. And if the book bulked well so did the contents.

Sultans, pirates, explorers. No female persons to gum up the works. I read much by the light of a candle in my bedroom and as the wick flickered and shadows danced across the pages I was no longer a small boy who should have been asleep but a lusty bearded Captain Kidd standing astride a Spanish Corsair who begged for mercy when I raised my Damascus steel blade for the last thrust.

Alas, the only Spaniard I have ever cut with my blade was a Spanish onion; I have been an explorer in concrete jungles; I have been the guest of sultans.

But how did the stories of Ali Baba, the rokh and the elephant graveyard infiltrate into the realm of legend of the cold northern climes? Were they the only relic of the crusades? I don't know. But I do live in a part of the world where, until a few years ago, a spell was laid against the coming of the giant bird from the south. The bird was Sindbad's rokh. I quote from Krapf's Swahili dictionary:

> *Makafara:* Sacrifices made to avert a general calamity: e.g. when the great bird who is said to be as large as an island flies over a town. Fearing the bird might cover their town with its droppings the people make *makafara* immediately to cause the bird to leave their country.

At one time the Suk people treasured a withered feather from the bird. That the feather happened to be a coconut frond is neither here nor there. Most legends get a spoke in the wheel. The rokh turned out to be a dodo, a funny old bird that couldn't fly, the last of the species was bumped off by the Portuguese.

But the name is still with us. A large mango is called a *dodo*, and if I may make so bold to mention it, the word is applied to a lady's bosom which has reached the supramammalia class so admired by readers of Playboy.

Was Sindbad an old liar? Was the island that sank when he and his fellow sailors landed upon it no more than a giant whale? Again I don't know. But I do know that coastal fishermen at night keep an eye open for *ngumi* the whale as big as an island.

Now there is that story Sindbad told Haroun El Raschid, Sultan of Baghdad, that concerned the elephant graveyard. You no doubt remember that Sindbad was captured and enslaved. His job was to sit in a tree that straddled an elephant path. When a tusker with large ivory passed beneath Sindbad let go a heavy iron spear which killed the elephant. Sindbad then extracted the irory and climbed back into the tree to repeat the performance with the next arrival.

Events became snarled up. Elephant number two conned the sailor, pushed over the tree, took Sindbad in his trunk and galloped for three days ending the journey in what appeared to be the place where elephants go when about to die. The valley was strewn with bones and tusks. The inference, as Sindbad saw it, was that it was not necessary to kill the living creatures when there were thousands of tusks just for the taking.

The elephant graveyard was found in the vicinity of Mombasa in the 1950s. I was then the Editor of the daily sheet. One morning a man came to my office, swore me to secrecy and said that he had found the bonanza. It was in the Kwale forest. There were elephant bones by the ton. He hadn't found any tusks but he had the boneyard. The myth was no longer a myth.

Unfortunately for the finder I remembered meeting J. C. Hunter at Mombasa station; it must have been during 1938. The man was in a highly nervous state for on control he had just shot ninety elephants in the Kwale forest within the space of a month. Hunter was going home, he told me, having had enough of the slaughter. In any case the last victim had almost speared him like a first toastie.

And that, I told my visitor, was the story of the bones.

There is a postscript to all this. I read recently that in one of the parks poachers hang a weighted poisoned spear in a tree. When an elephant passes beneath the spear is dropped. It takes some time for the animal to die.

Sindbad lived to a ripe old age in his "Haven of Rest." I hope the new Sindbads in East Africa will live to ripe old ages in a bloody awful jail.

see more than the Hollywood stereotypes in Africa . . . I mean human relationships other than the foreplay between White Hunter and client's wife, or a landscape other than Kilimanjaro from Amboseli. Have you tried persuading directors to make a film about Africa with characters a little more than one dimensional?

Holden: Yes I have . . . . Nairobi, for instance, is now very much a cosmopolitan centre. It could be the location for almost any film story—"Brief Encounter" could just as well be done here as anywhere.

Eames: Real people, for once, rather than the stock crafty Indian dukawallah, the African poacher, the white conservationist, and so on . . . .

Holden: I know, but it's so difficult to put across to the filmmaker. On Africa, he's like Rousseau who used to paint animals that were absolutely flat. You know, the light here is incredible; the changing cloud formations . . . it's like human fingerprints—never the same image twice.

Wherever I go in the world, I tell people the colours in Kenya are so magnificent—and they get a funny look on their face. They simply can't conceive it—it's only shades of grey and the Hemingway connotations of hunters and that sort of thing . . . .

Eames: If we did start encouraging the big film companies to come here, we might find ourselves really inundated with tourists. You must have seen the effect of mass tourism in areas like the Caribbean—the social effects, the hostility which develops between tourists and local people. Would you wish that on Kenya?

Holden: No, I wouldn't. I think this country must be very careful about the type of tourist it seeks to attract. Unfortunately these charter tours tend to destroy the beauty spots of the world. The commercial aspect gets out of hand; things get junky and people get spoilt. When they talk about tourists as pushy and demanding; or loud and crude; or throw their money around; or fail to understand what is proper behaviour in certain countries . . . you think naturally they're talking about the Americans. But they're not necessarily—they're talking about the French tourists in Spain, or the German tourists in Italy; or the Italian tourists in England. Unfortunately, tourism is a curse in some respects and will destroy certain values and cultures. I'd hate to see real commercial tourism hit this country—I used to love to go down to Malindi but now . . . well, "Ich nicht spreche deutsche!"

Eames: So you'd recommend severe control of tourism—economic control, I mean by pricing . . .

Holden: Yes, and listen . . . one thing I would do which would end a lot of it and help Kenya right now, is that when a German buys his "package tour," the bulk of the money comes here. So that they don't pay for everything in Deutschmarks, or Swiss Francs or Swedish Krona, and come down here with 48 cents in their packet—you know for buying knick-knacks and fertility geegaws that are put together by combining three doum palm nuts, for example. That's what they spend here. Why the hell isn't all this hard currency brought into this country, so that Kenya gets real benefit from the business?

Eames: Off at a tangent . . . you are involved, through the Mt. Kenya Game Ranch, in trapping and exporting animals. This doesn't seem to be an especially popular activity to many local conservationists who complain that there are too many deaths and so on. Do you think these criticisms are in any way justified . . .

Holden: No, I don't, and I'll tell you why. Have you tried to buy a licence to trap an animal?

Eames: No.

Holden: Have you ever tried to buy a licence to shoot an animal?

Eames: No.

Holden: Okay. Well, let me tell you—it's much easier to buy a licence to shoot and kill and destroy than it is to capture animals. When you can get the licence, it's expensive in most cases; then add on to that the cost of the equipment and the pay for the men, and by the time you've got the animal, it has become a valuable piece of property. It then has to go through quarantine in this country before leaving; and it has to go through quarantine again at the destination port of entry before it finally reaches a recognized zoological park. There, it may well become part of a nucleus breeding stock—and it could be that this is for a species which is damn near extinct in the country of origin. It seems to me that preserving the game in this way is better than burning the forest and driving out these very shy animals and killing them for their meat or for a few snuff box boxes made from their horns. Obviously, the trapper keeps his animal alive—he's anxious about it—he doesn't want to send an unhealthy animal abroad because he wouldn't be in the trapping business very long.

Eames: And yet, they say there is a fair death rate during shipping?

Holden: No, there's not. You know, it's such an exploitable thing, so emotive. One giraffe which I know about died on board and was hoisted by the ship's crane and dumped into the sea. That makes a marvellous picture doesn't it—a poor, helpless animal being thrown overboard. Take a miner, one man who gets buried alive in a slide . . . Suddenly the conscience of man is smitten—everyone says: "Oh God, that poor fellow down there; he's alive—what a drama." One man! One animal over the side of a ship! But let a bus turn over killing 79 people and who has what conscience about that. No-one gives a damn. They say it's just an unfortunate accident, but let one guy get burried alive and suddenly everyone finds religion. A sailor takes a picture of the giraffe and sells it to some magazine, and people say: "My God, animal shipping is terrible because they die and they get thrown overboard." People die on board, people and animals die everyday! I know Carr-Hartley and Don Hunt and John Seago and all these people. . . . They are trapping animals and they are god damn careful not to lose them. We captured 17 zebra the other day. One we released because we didn't feel it would make it; it wasn't right—the attitude of this individual animal. The other zebra . . . they're alive and well today at the Mt. Kenya Game Ranch, and they are all going to Benin in Nigeria. Incidentally, I think the President and the Government of Kenya are due some recognition for helping these African states make a start with wildlife parks of their own. This Government provides —and we're delighted to be part of it—nucleus breeding herds for these parks and, through us, they are also providing the skills necessary to manage them.

Eames: But it was all something of an accident, wasn't it? The result of a casual conversation when General Gowon was here . . .

Holden: Listen how much in life isn't the result of a casual conversation—a coming together of peoples . . .

Eames: How is the Game Ranch doing in its function as a wildlife education centre?

Holden: Well, we've had well over 3,000 students through the Ranch—and we've always considered this important in our activities there . . .

Eames: Some of us are trying to switch the conservation effort in this country more towards basic education. Would you be prepared to step up the educational activities of the Game Ranch?

Holden: Well we would certainly. But we'd be somewhat limited on numbers we could handle—really not so many unless the Wildlife Clubs and so on would provide transport to the Ranch. We're also limited in that, aside from the small orphanage, the boma where the animals are concentrated

Continued overleaf

WILLIAM HOLDEN LOOKS BACK ON 17 YEARS IN KENYA (continued from page 31)

is only 400 acres. However, we're about to extend this now to 1,216 acres. We're going to use this area for a new plan which Don Hunt is working on which a marvellous idea—to run good cattle along with game animals so that, maybe, there will be a process of imprinting of wild on domestic stock. That programme has already started; we've been fencing like mad and are releasing game into the new area. The animals might leave by crossing the Nanyuki River and wandering into the forest, but we're hopeful that if, say, we run eland together with the cattle, they would settle down together and become easily controlled. Out interest in the scheme, using eland in particular, is of course for the potential of producing protein. It could be that an African might eventually be able to raise game along with his cattle as a commercial venture.

Eames: Yes, schemes like these have been tried but don't seem to work very well . . .

Holden: Well, most of the schemes so far have been on large farms, involving large numbers of cattle. [We're talking about smaller areas; small African farms, which have an amount of marginal as well as good grazing. We think it should be possible to integrate eland with the cattle on this scale, and possibly other animals as well such as bushbuck or reedbuck. Then, of course, a farmer would be able to carry twice the number of stock on this small piece of land—and when the imprinting process is complete, he should be able to spray the eland at the same time as he does his cattle. Probably not dipping, but spraying. We're optimistic about it all.

Eames: One last question: Where in the world are you going to retire to?

Holden: Everywhere!

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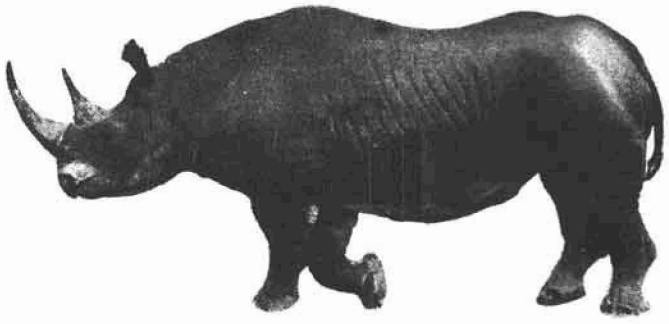

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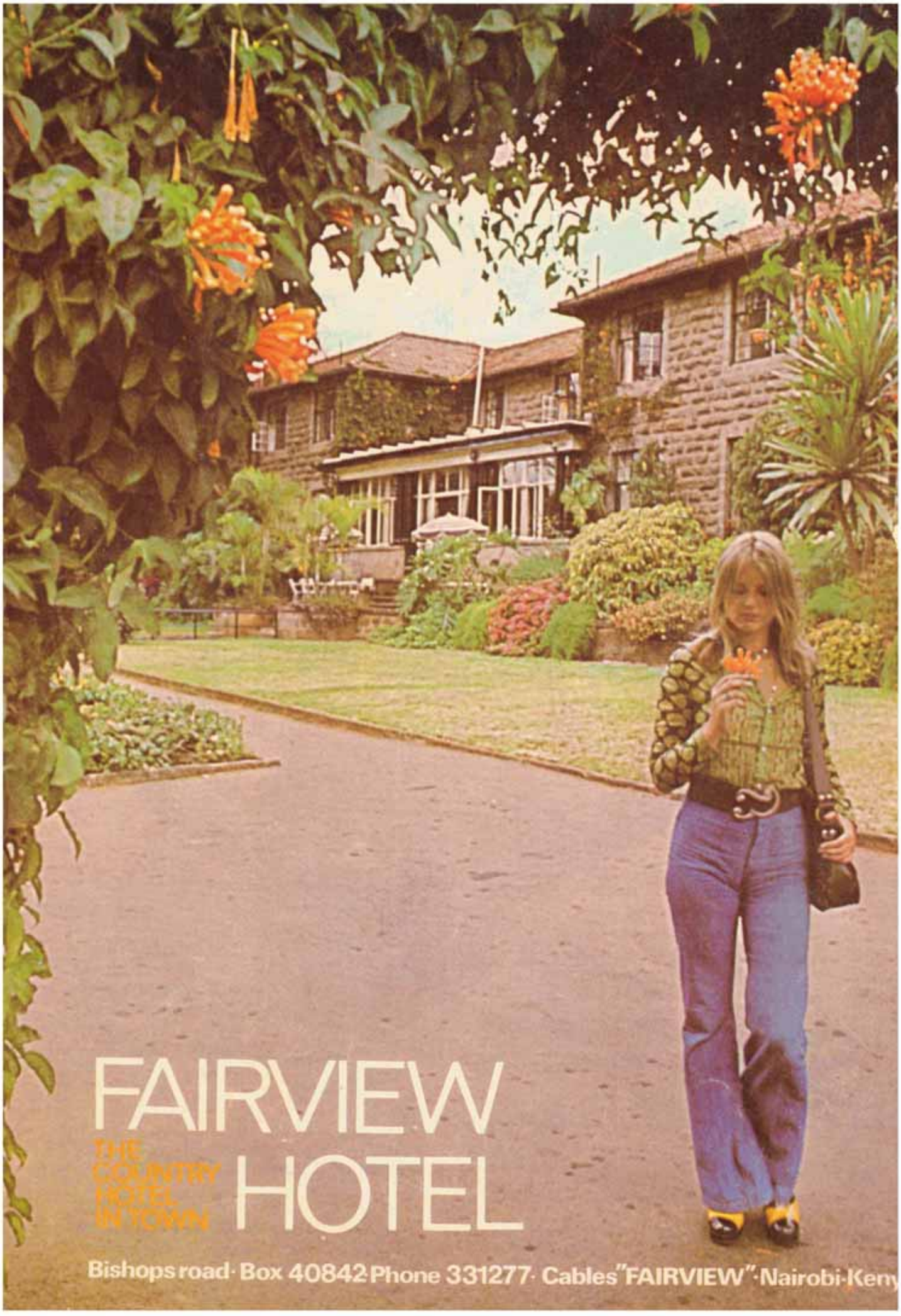
Published quarterly by Marketing & Publishing Ltd., and printed by Kenya Litho Ltd., P.O. Box 40775, Changamwe Road, Nairobi.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