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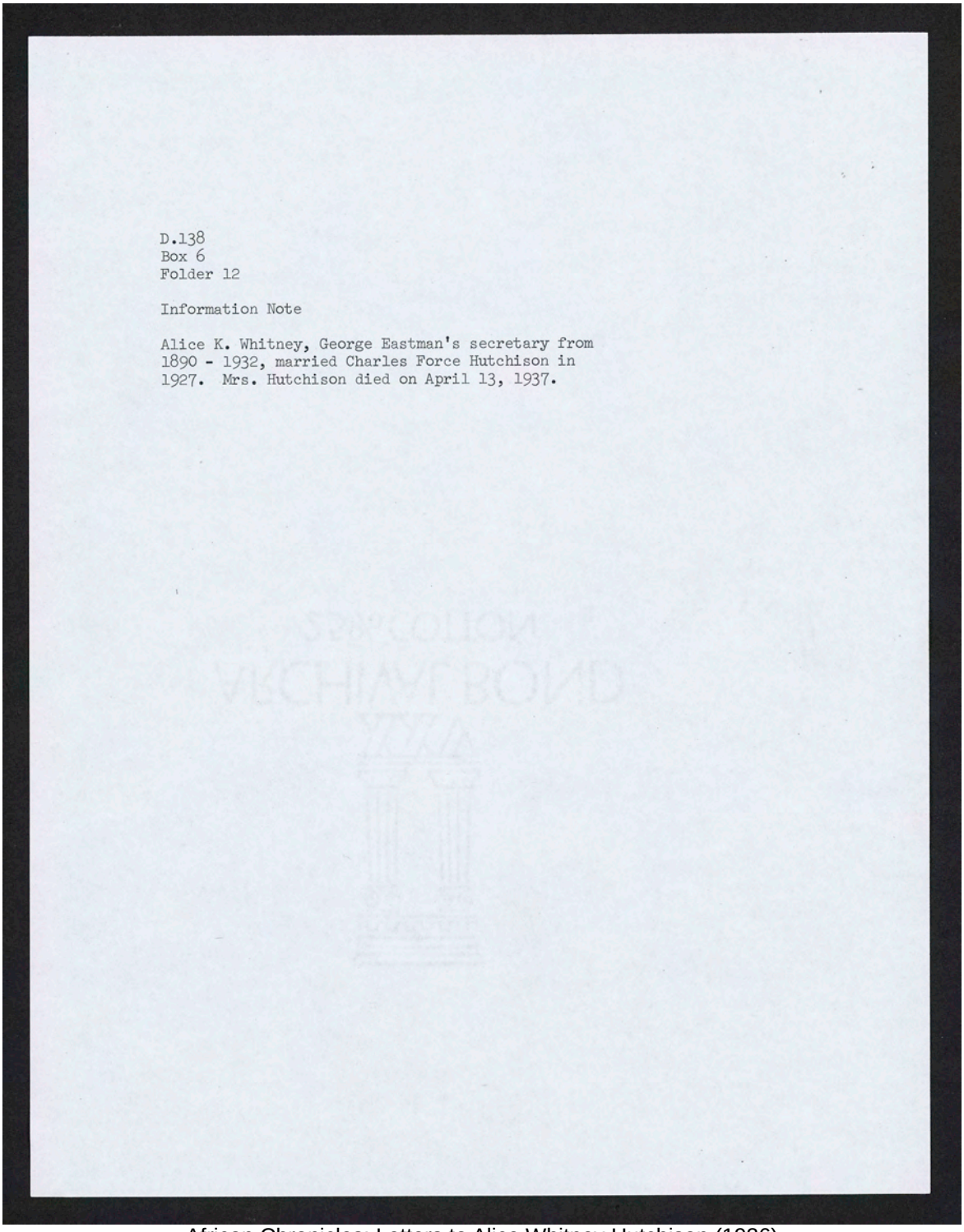

D.138
Box 6
Folder 12

Information Note

Alice K. Whitney, George Eastman's secretary from 1890 - 1932, married Charles Force Hutchison in 1927. Mrs. Hutchison died on April 13, 1937.

African Chronicles; Letters to Alice Whitney Hutchison (1926)

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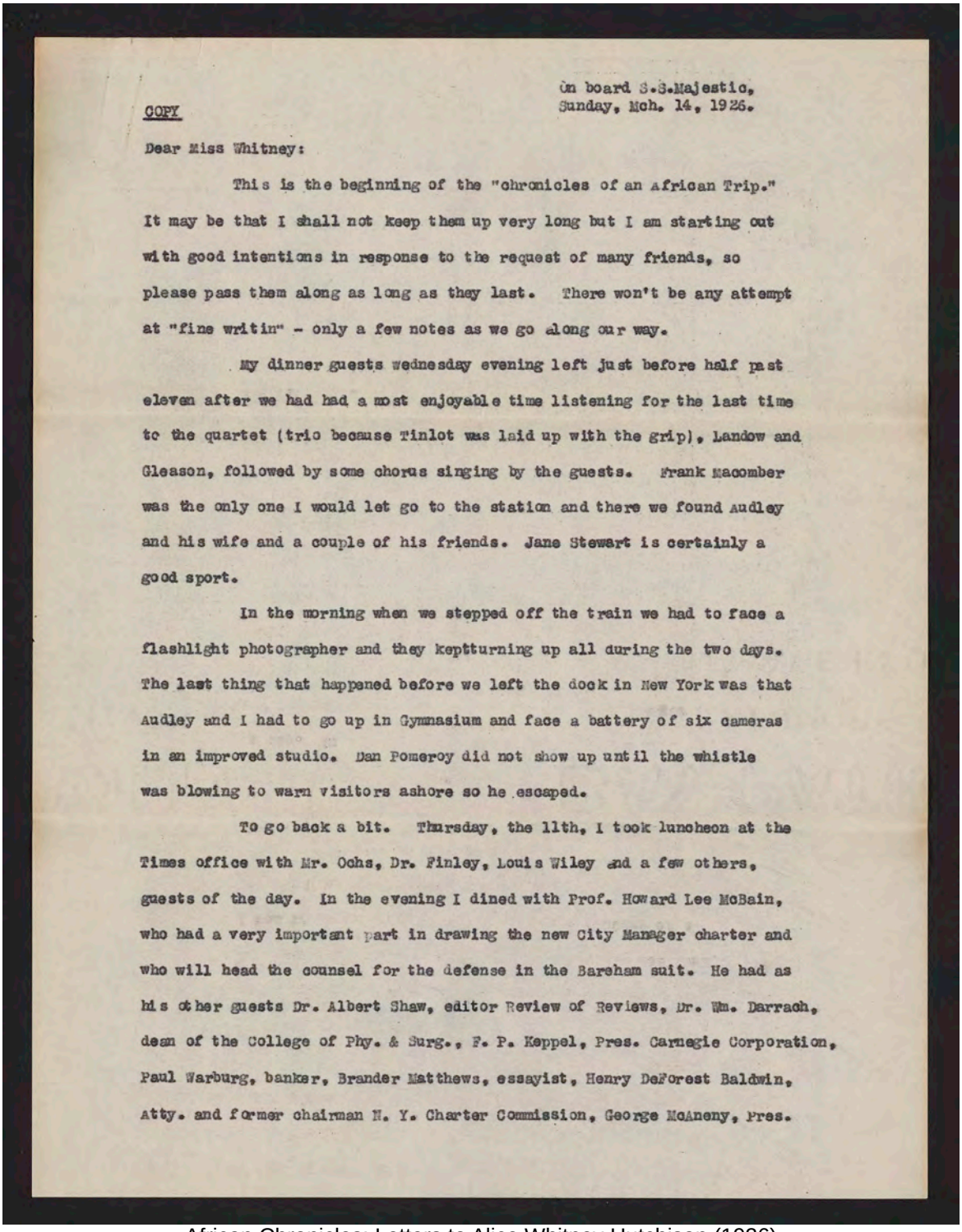

On board S.S.Majestic,
Sunday, Mch. 14, 1926.

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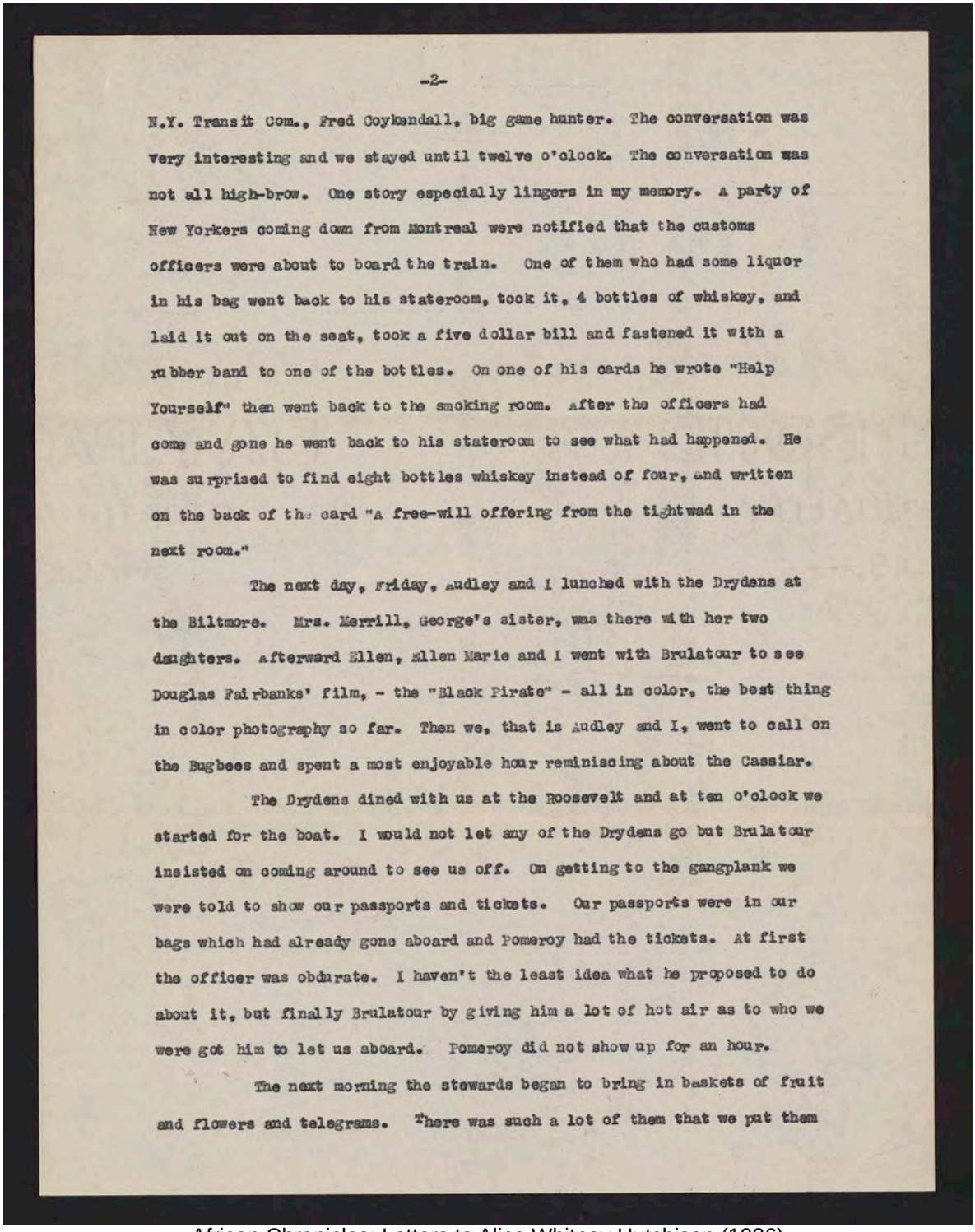

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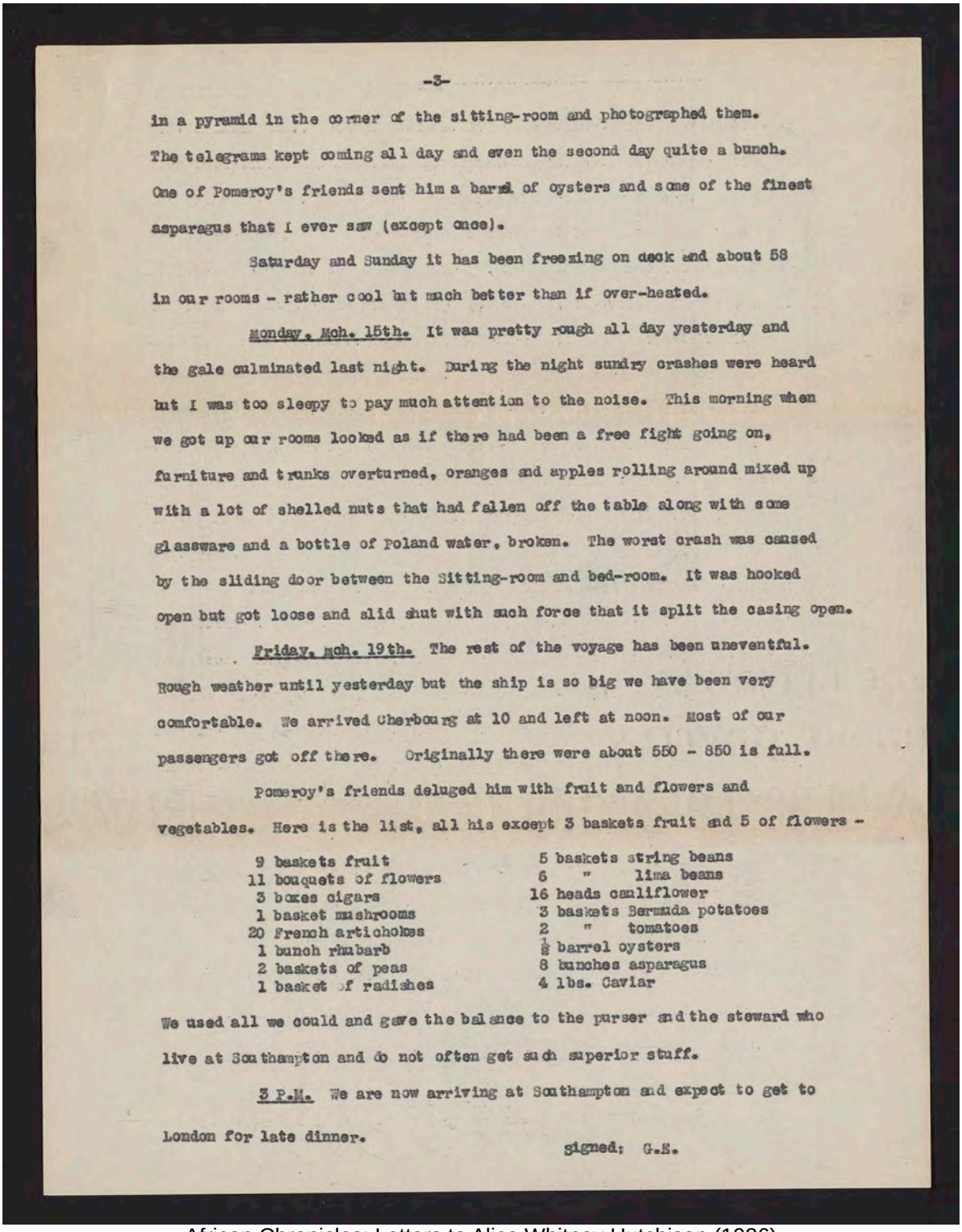

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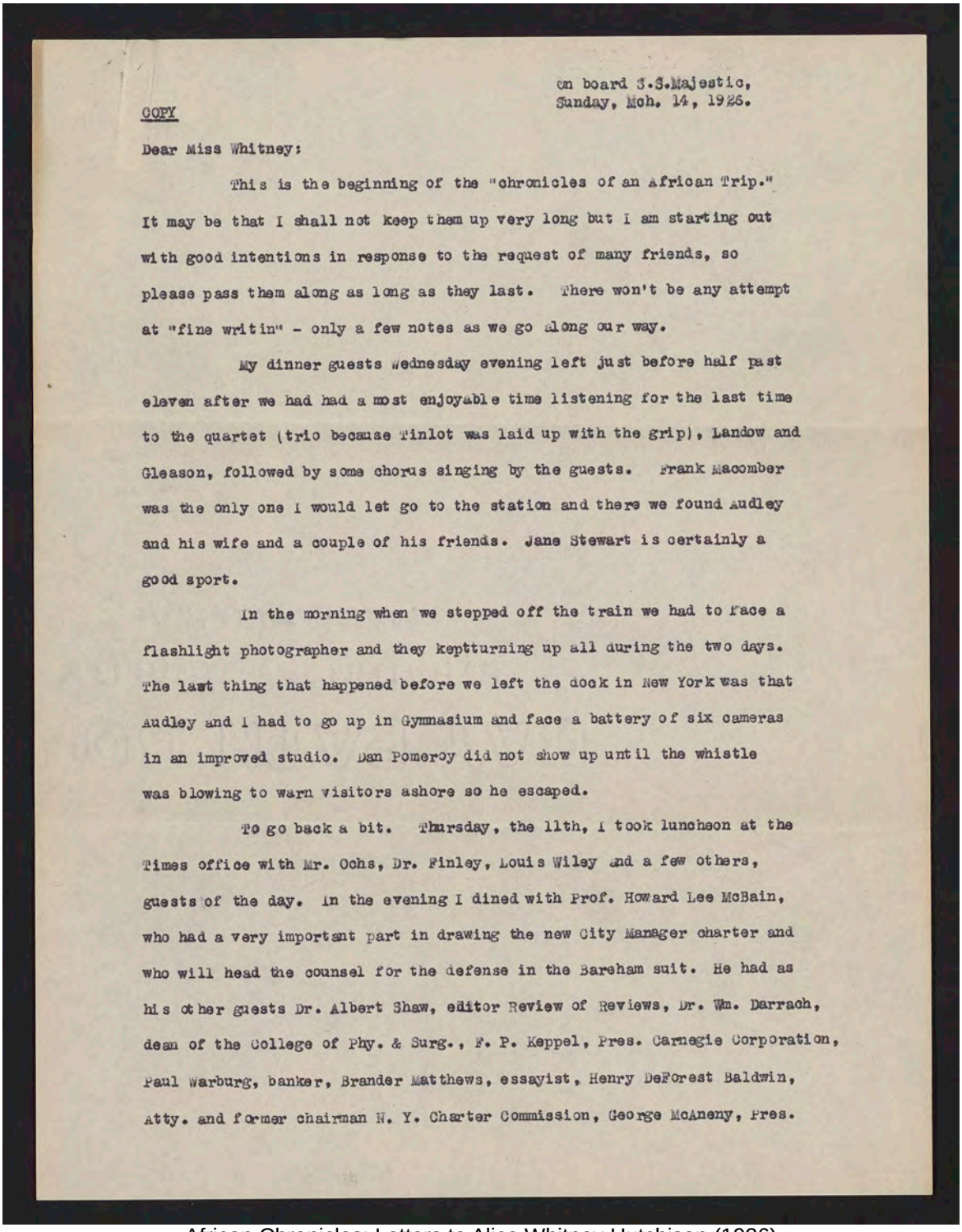

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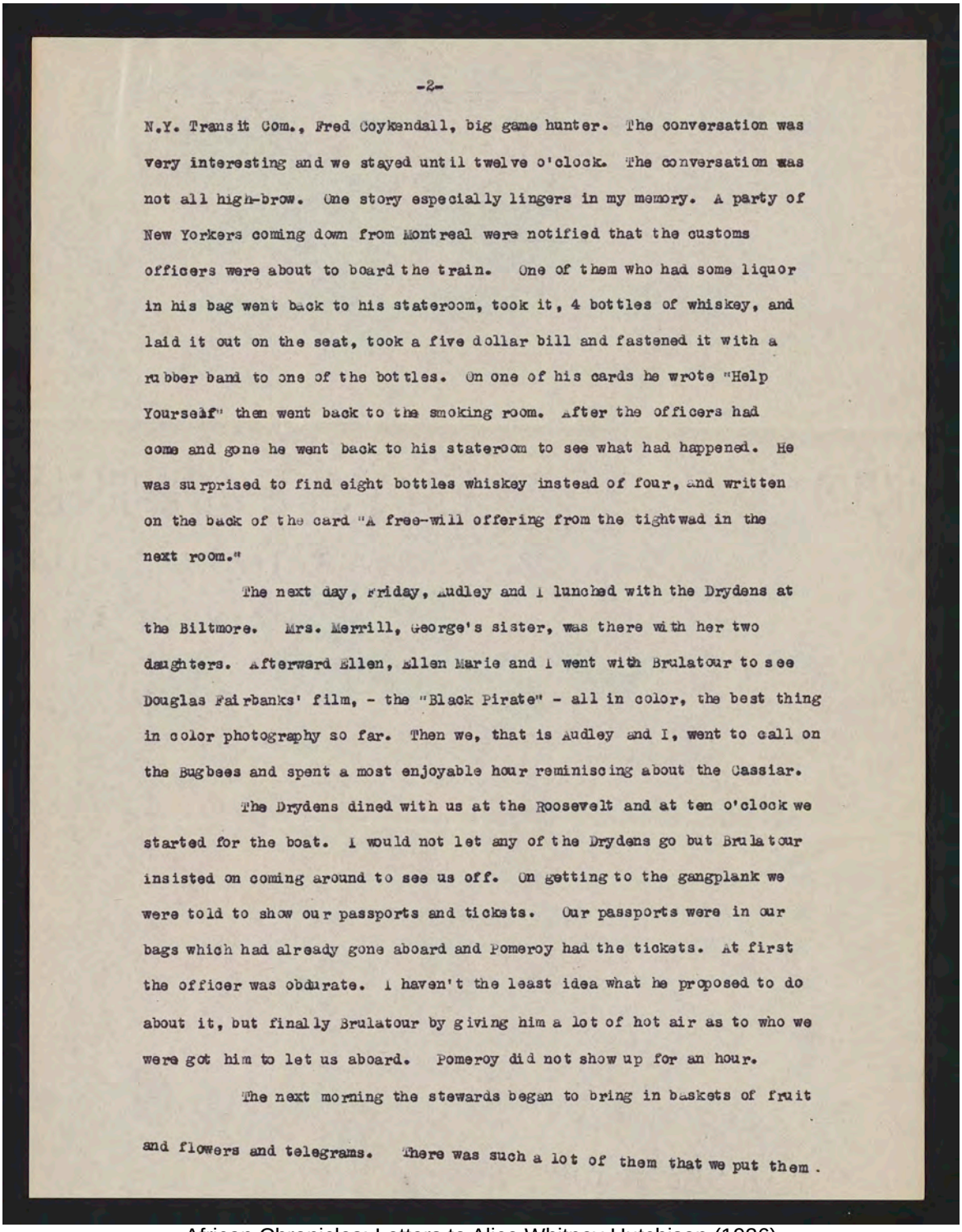

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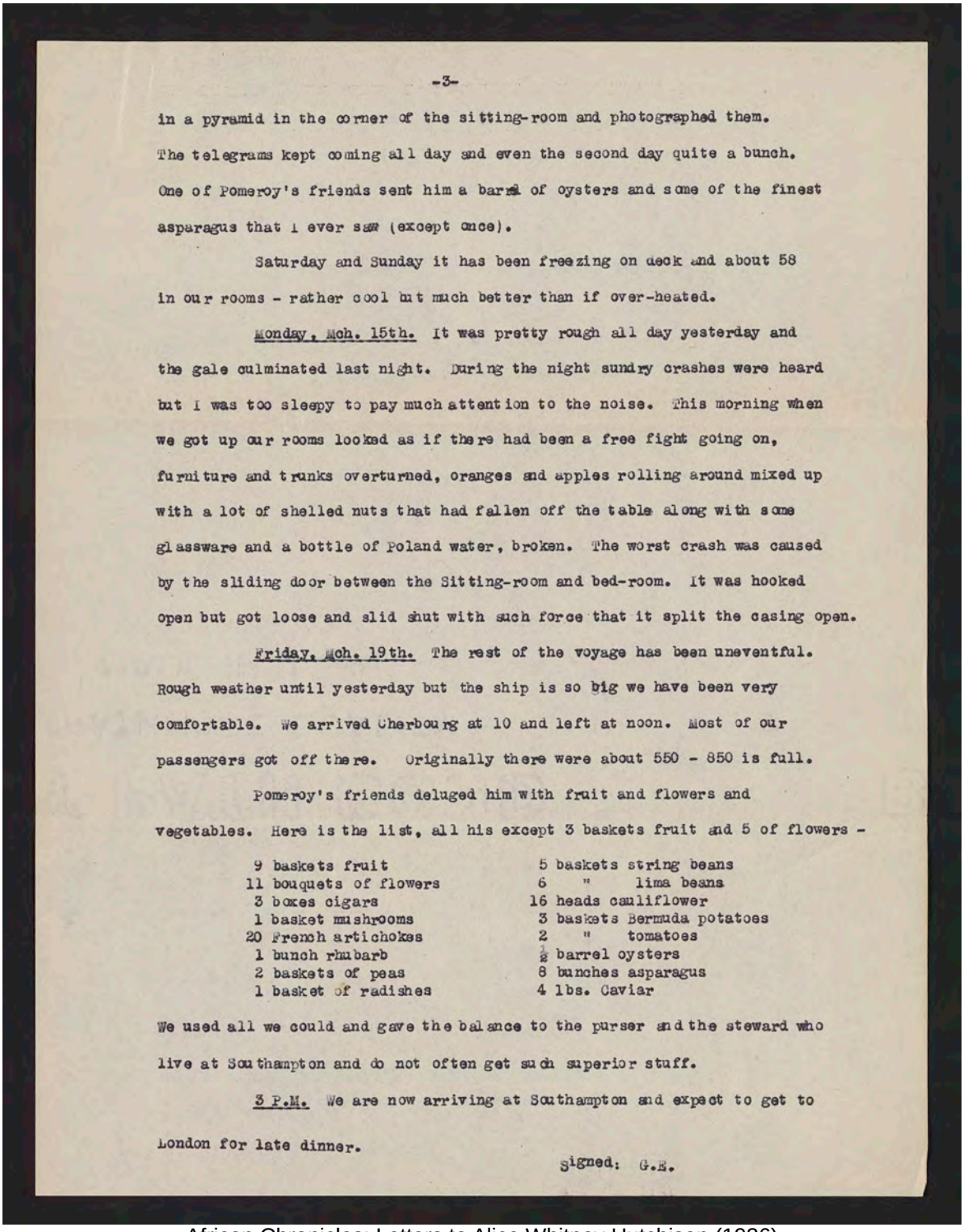

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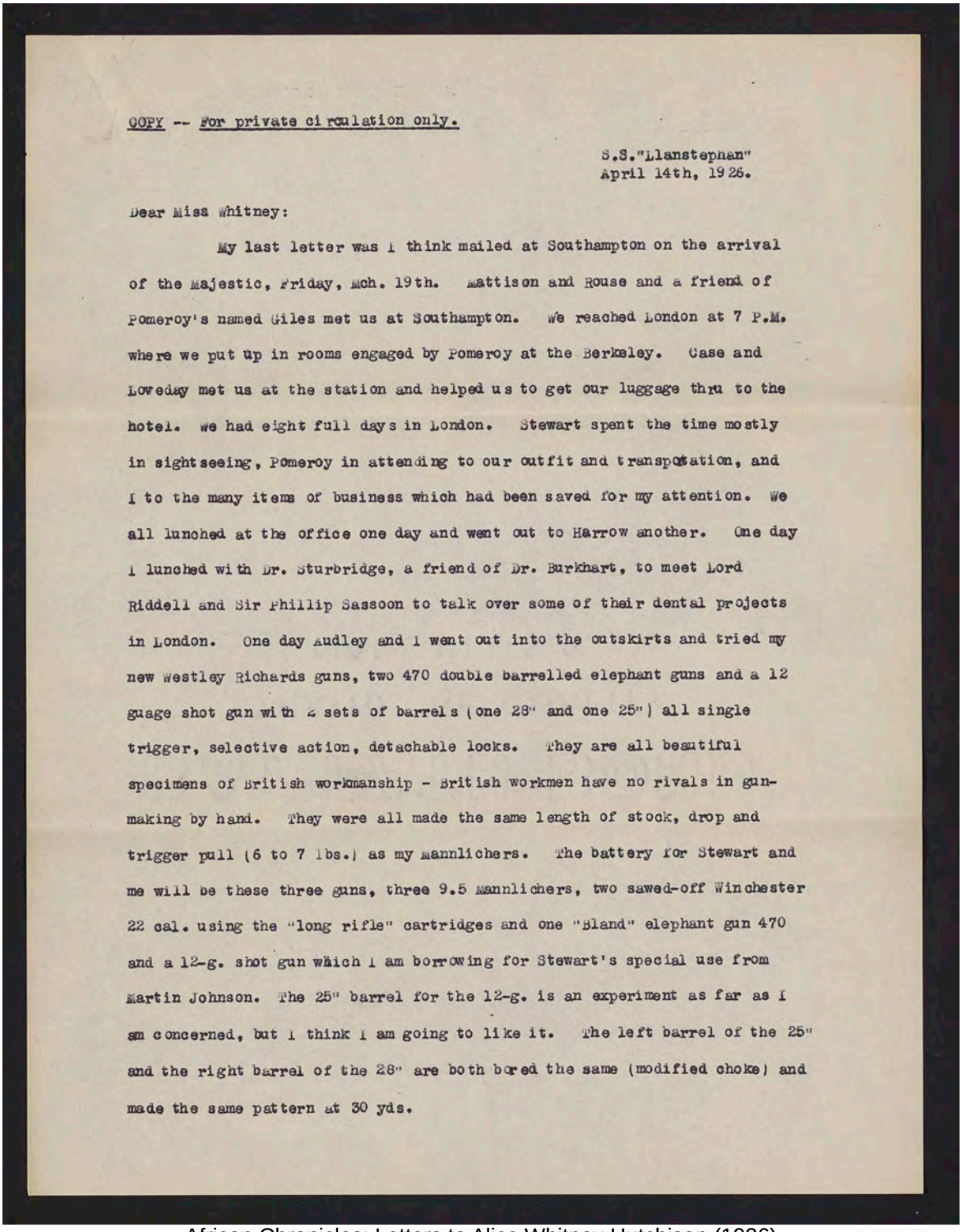

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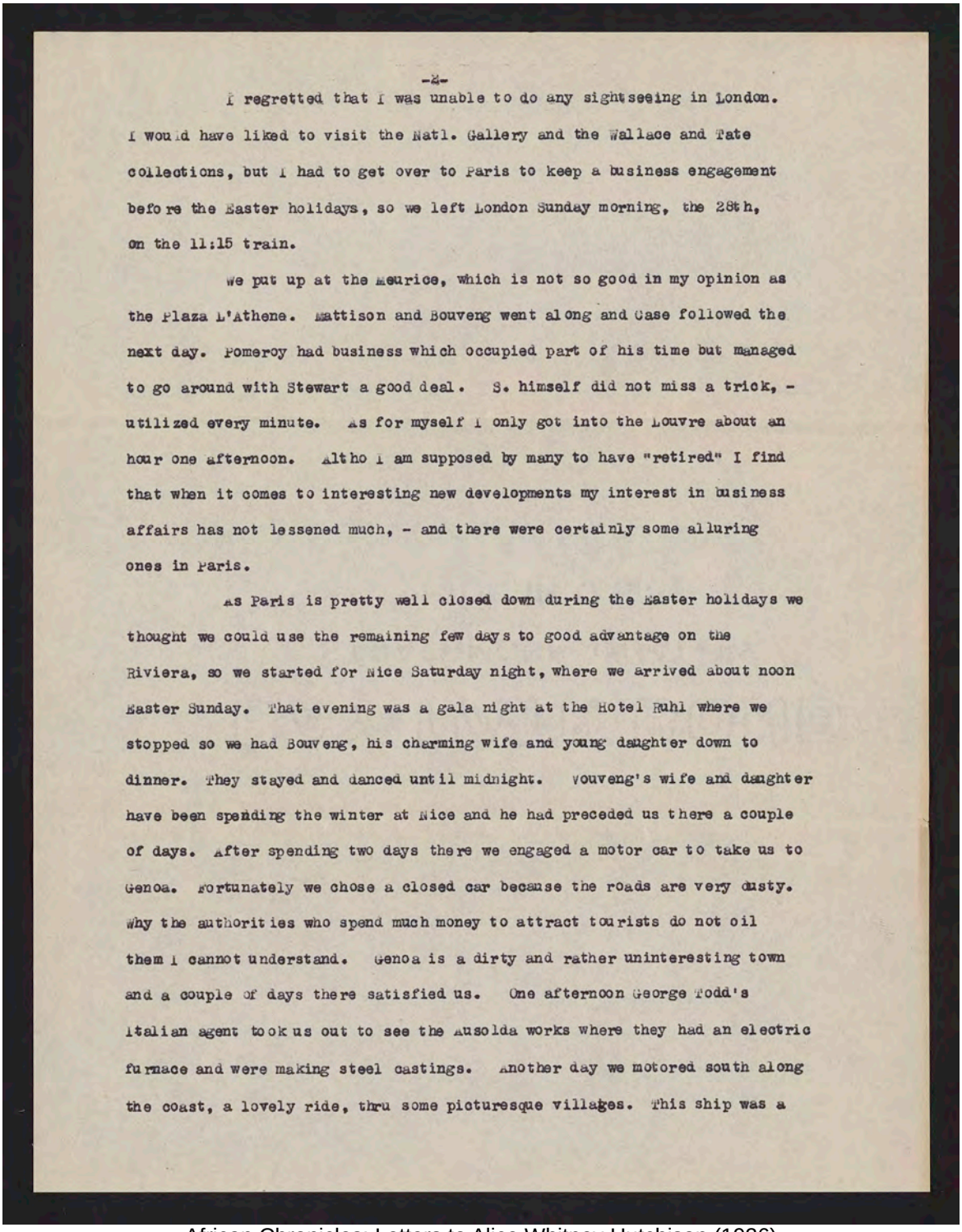

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As Paris is pretty well closed down during the Easter holidays we thought we could use the remaining few days to good advantage on the Riviera, so we started for Nice Saturday night, where we arrived about noon Easter Sunday. That evening was a gala night at the Hotel Ruhl where we stopped so we had Bouveng, his charming wife and young daughter down to dinner. They stayed and danced until midnight. Bouveng's wife and daughter have been spending the winter at Nice and he had preceded us there a couple of days. After spending two days there we engaged a motor car to take us to Genoa. Fortunately we chose a closed car because the roads are very dusty. Why the authorities who spend much money to attract tourists do not oil them I cannot understand. Genoa is a dirty and rather uninteresting town and a couple of days there satisfied us. One afternoon George Todd's Italian agent took us out to see the Ansolda works where they had an electric furnace and were making steel castings. Another day we motored south along the coast, a lovely ride, thru some picturesque villages. This ship was a

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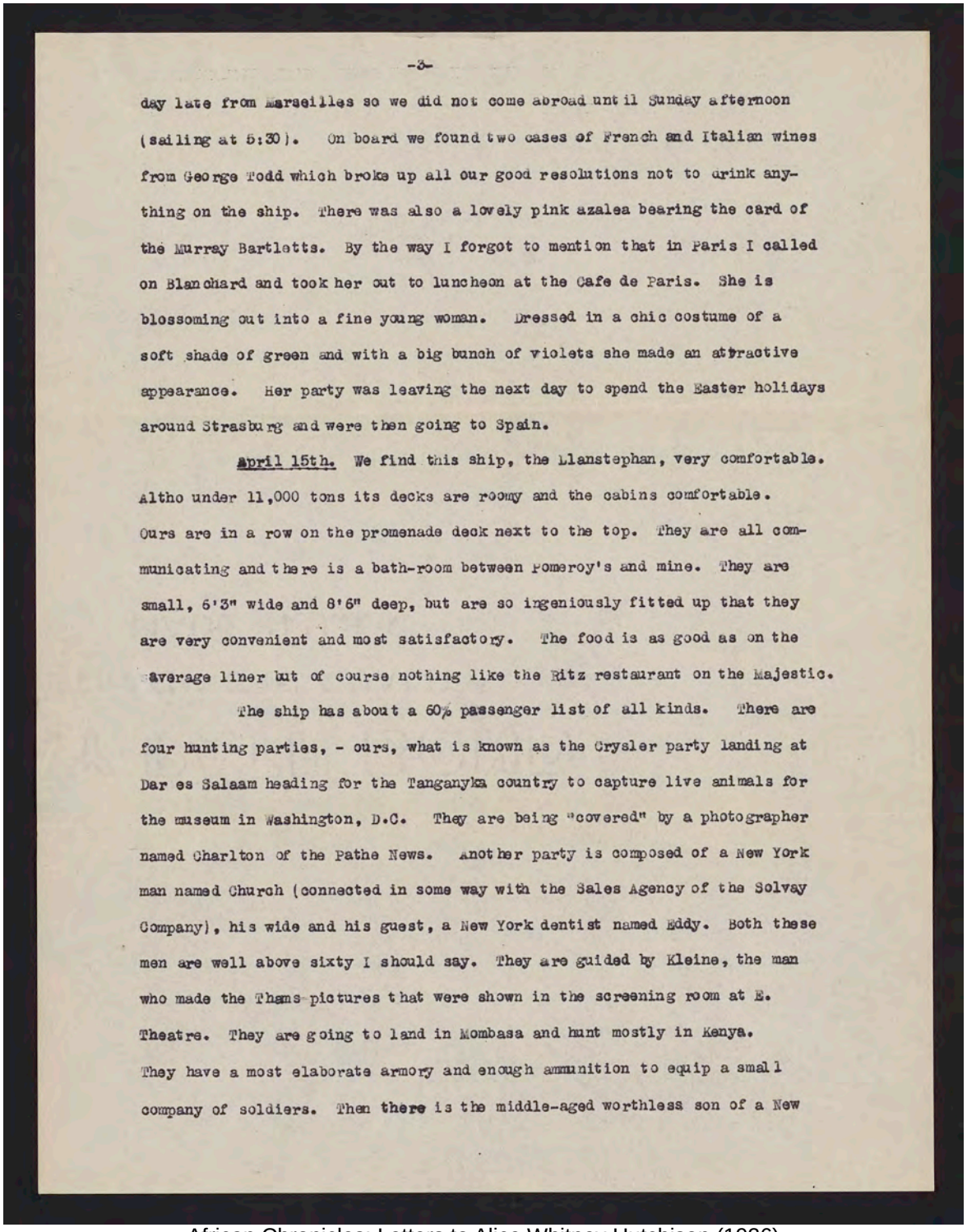

day late from Marseilles so we did not come abroad until Sunday afternoon (sailing at 5:30). On board we found two cases of French and Italian wines from George Todd which broke up all our good resolutions not to drink anything on the ship. There was also a lovely pink azalea bearing the card of the Murray Bartletts. By the way I forgot to mention that in Paris I called on Blanchard and took her out to luncheon at the Cafe de Paris. She is blossoming out into a fine young woman. Dressed in a chic costume of a soft shade of green and with a big bunch of violets she made an attractive appearance. Her party was leaving the next day to spend the Easter holidays around Strasburg and were then going to Spain.

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

The ship has about a 60% passenger list of all kinds. There are four hunting parties, - ours, what is known as the Crysler party landing at Dar es Salaam heading for the Tanganyka country to capture live animals for the museum in Washington, D.C. They are being "covered" by a photographer named Charlton of the Pathe News. Another party is composed of a New York man named Church (connected in some way with the Sales Agency of the Solvay Company), his wife and his guest, a New York dentist named Eddy. Both these men are well above sixty I should say. They are guided by Kleine, the man who made the Thams pictures that were shown in the screening room at E. Theatre. They are going to land in Mombasa and hunt mostly in Kenya. They have a most elaborate armory and enough ammunition to equip a small company of soldiers. Then there is the middle-aged worthless son of a New

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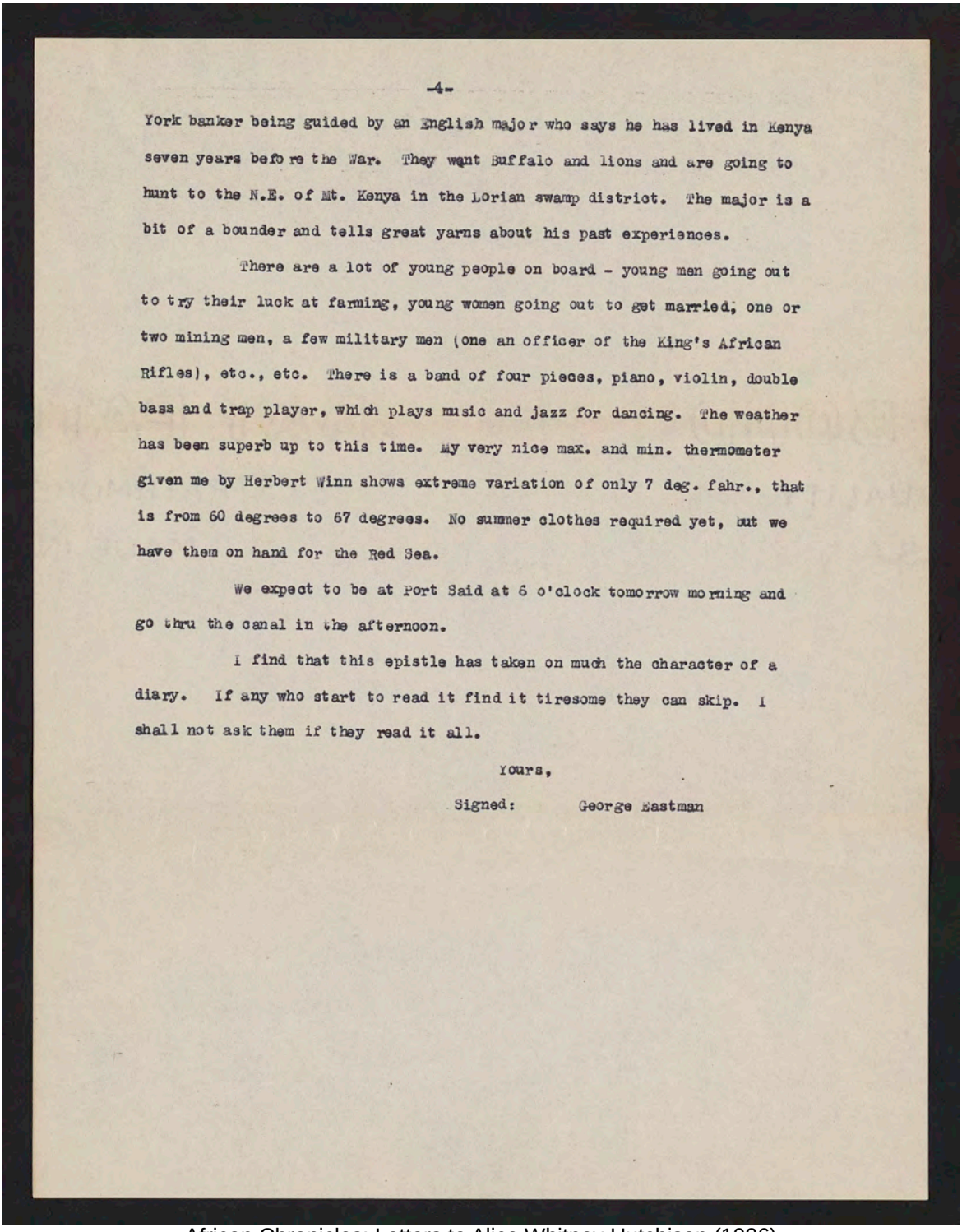

York banker being guided by an English major who says he has lived in Kenya seven years before the War. They want Buffalo and lions and are going to hunt to the N.E. of Mt. Kenya in the Lorian swamp district. The major is a bit of a bounder and tells great yarns about his past experiences.

There are a lot of young people on board - young men going out to try their luck at farming, young women going out to get married, one or two mining men, a few military men (one an officer of the King's African Rifles), etc., etc. There is a band of four pieces, piano, violin, double bass and trap player, which plays music and jazz for dancing. The weather has been superb up to this time. My very nice max. and min. thermometer given me by Herbert Winn shows extreme variation of only 7 deg. fahr., that is from 60 degrees to 67 degrees. No summer clothes required yet, but we have them on hand for the Red Sea.

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

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

Yours,

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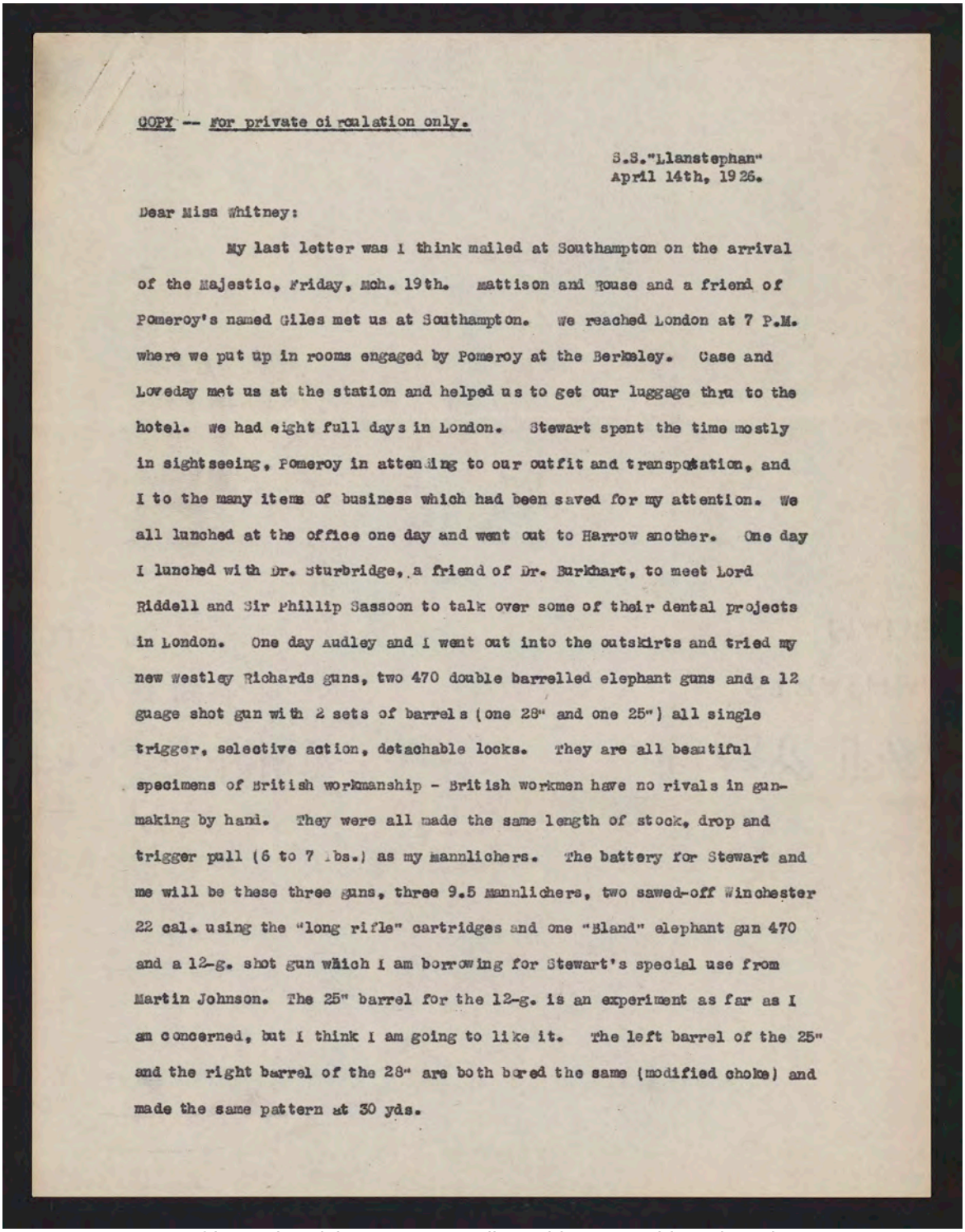

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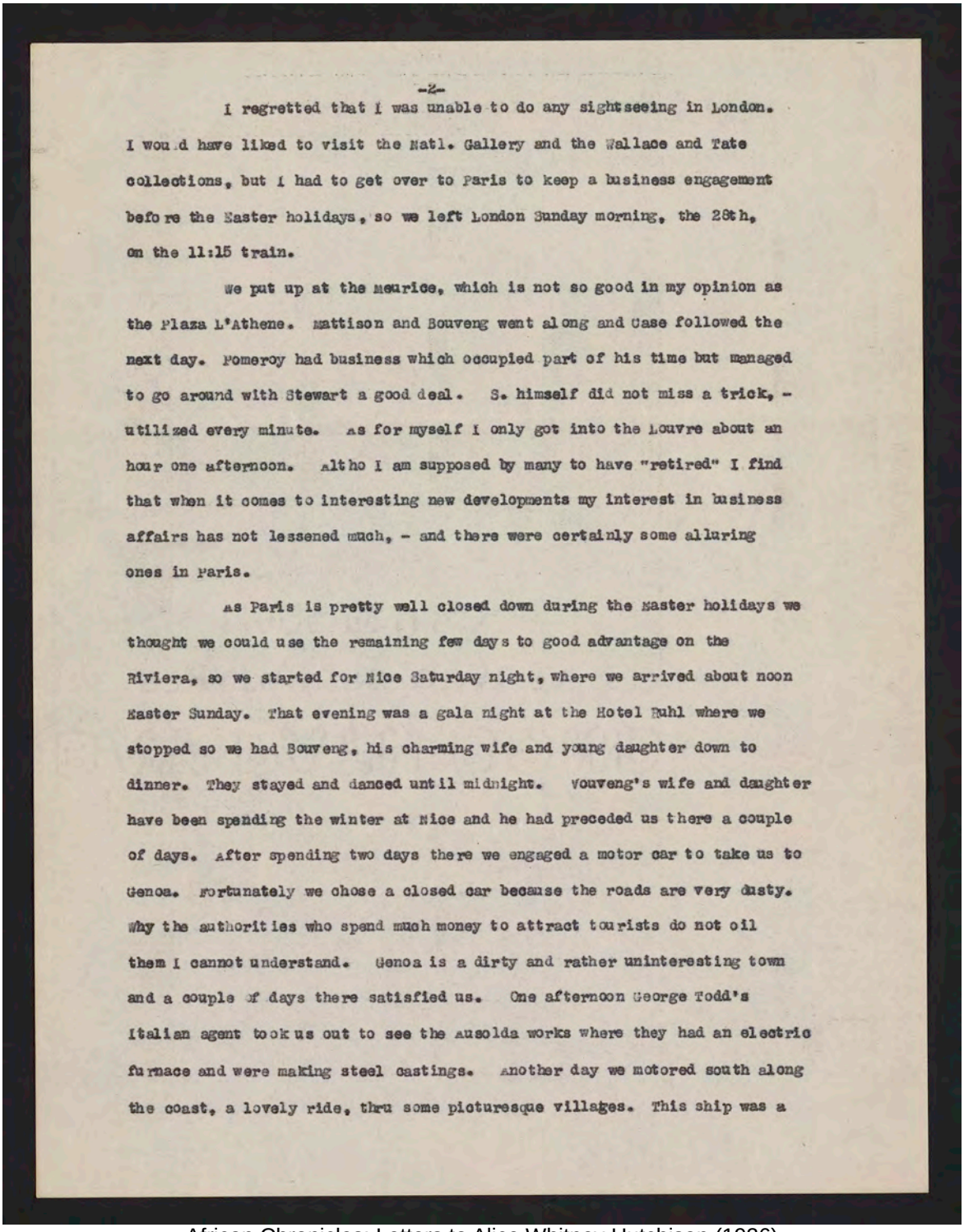

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As Paris is pretty well closed down during the Easter holidays we thought we could use the remaining few days to good advantage on the Riviera, so we started for Nice Saturday night, where we arrived about noon Easter Sunday. That evening was a gala night at the Hotel Ruhl where we stopped so we had Bouveng, his charming wife and young daughter down to dinner. They stayed and danced until midnight. Vouveng's wife and daughter have been spending the winter at Nice and he had preceded us there a couple of days. After spending two days there we engaged a motor car to take us to Genoa. Fortunately we chose a closed car because the roads are very dusty. Why the authorities who spend much money to attract tourists do not oil them I cannot understand. Genoa is a dirty and rather uninteresting town and a couple of days there satisfied us. One afternoon George Todd's Italian agent took us out to see the Ausolda works where they had an electric furnace and were making steel castings. Another day we motored south along the coast, a lovely ride, thru some picturesque villages. This ship was a

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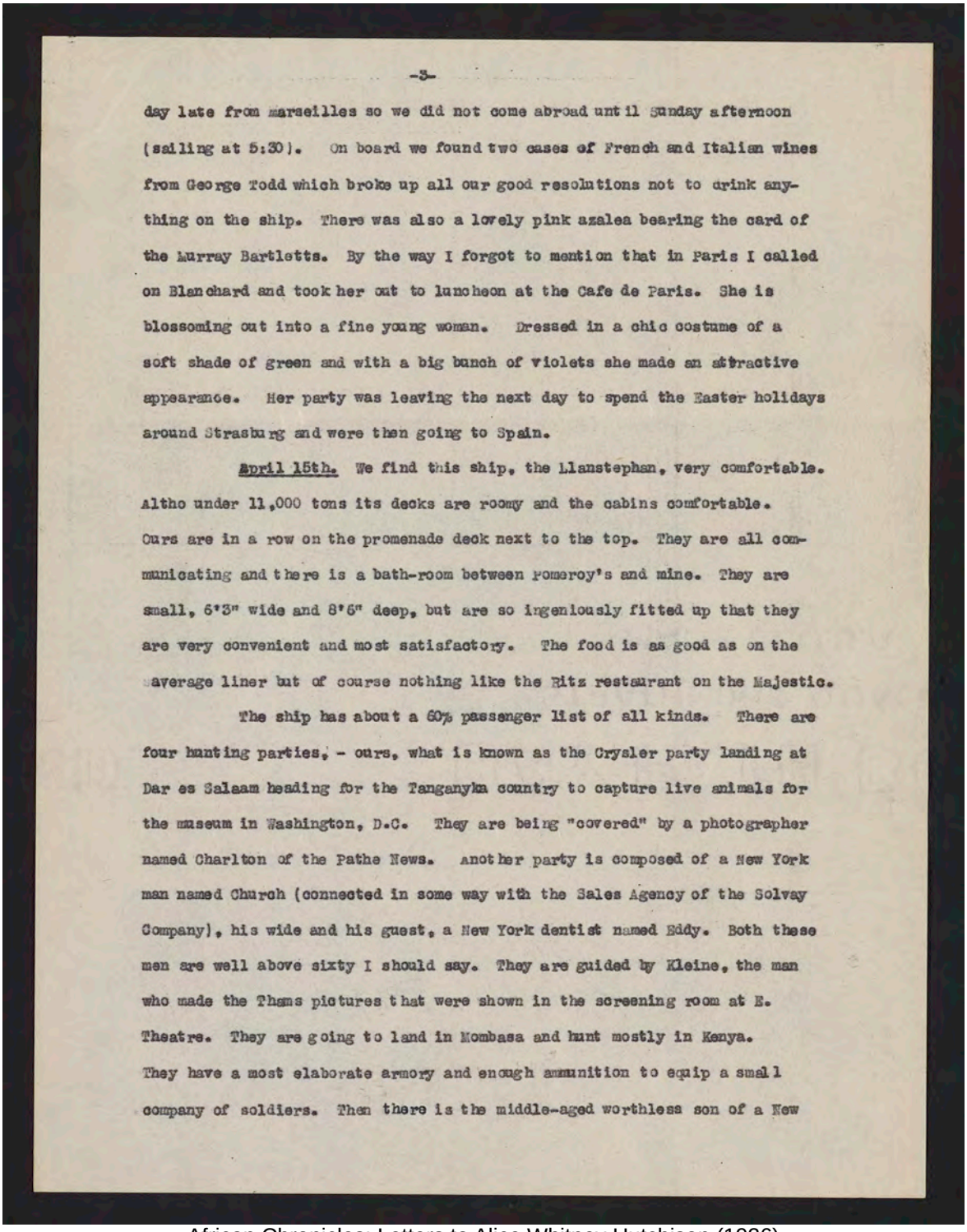

day late from Marseilles so we did not come abroad until Sunday afternoon (sailing at 5:30). On board we found two cases of French and Italian wines from George Todd which broke up all our good resolutions not to drink anything on the ship. There was also a lovely pink azalea bearing the card of the Murray Bartletts. By the way I forgot to mention that in Paris I called on Blanchard and took her out to luncheon at the Cafe de Paris. She is blossoming out into a fine young woman. Dressed in a chic costume of a soft shade of green and with a big bunch of violets she made an attractive appearance. Her party was leaving the next day to spend the Easter holidays around Strasburg and were then going to Spain.

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

The ship has about a 60% passenger list of all kinds. There are four hunting parties, - ours, what is known as the Crysler party landing at Dar es Salaam heading for the Tanganyka country to capture live animals for the museum in Washington, D.C. They are being "covered" by a photographer named Charlton of the Pathe News. Another party is composed of a New York man named Church (connected in some way with the Sales Agency of the Solvay Company), his wife and his guest, a New York dentist named Eddy. Both these men are well above sixty I should say. They are guided by Kleine, the man who made the Thams pictures that were shown in the screening room at E. Theatre. They are going to land in Mombasa and hunt mostly in Kenya. They have a most elaborate armory and enough ammunition to equip a small company of soldiers. Then there is the middle-aged worthless son of a New

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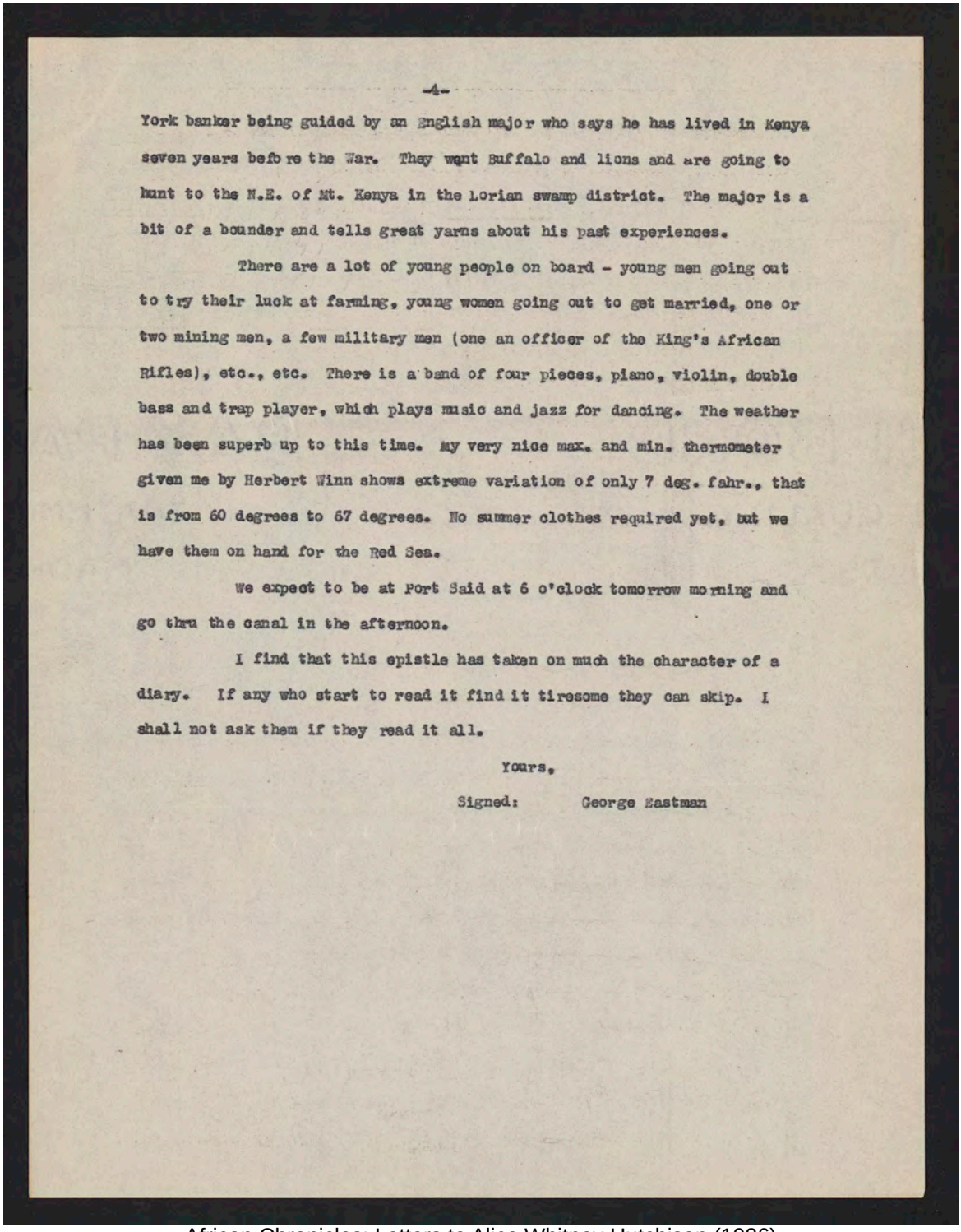

York banker being guided by an English major who says he has lived in Kenya seven years before the War. They want Buffalo and lions and are going to hunt to the N.E. of Mt. Kenya in the Lorian swamp district. The major is a bit of a bounder and tells great yarns about his past experiences.

There are a lot of young people on board - young men going out to try their luck at farming, young women going out to get married, one or two mining men, a few military men (one an officer of the King's African Rifles), etc., etc. There is a band of four pieces, piano, violin, double bass and trap player, which plays music and jazz for dancing. The weather has been superb up to this time. My very nice max. and min. thermometer given me by Herbert Winn shows extreme variation of only 7 deg. fahr., that is from 60 degrees to 67 degrees. No summer clothes required yet, but we have them on hand for the Red Sea.

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

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

Yours,

Signed: George Eastman

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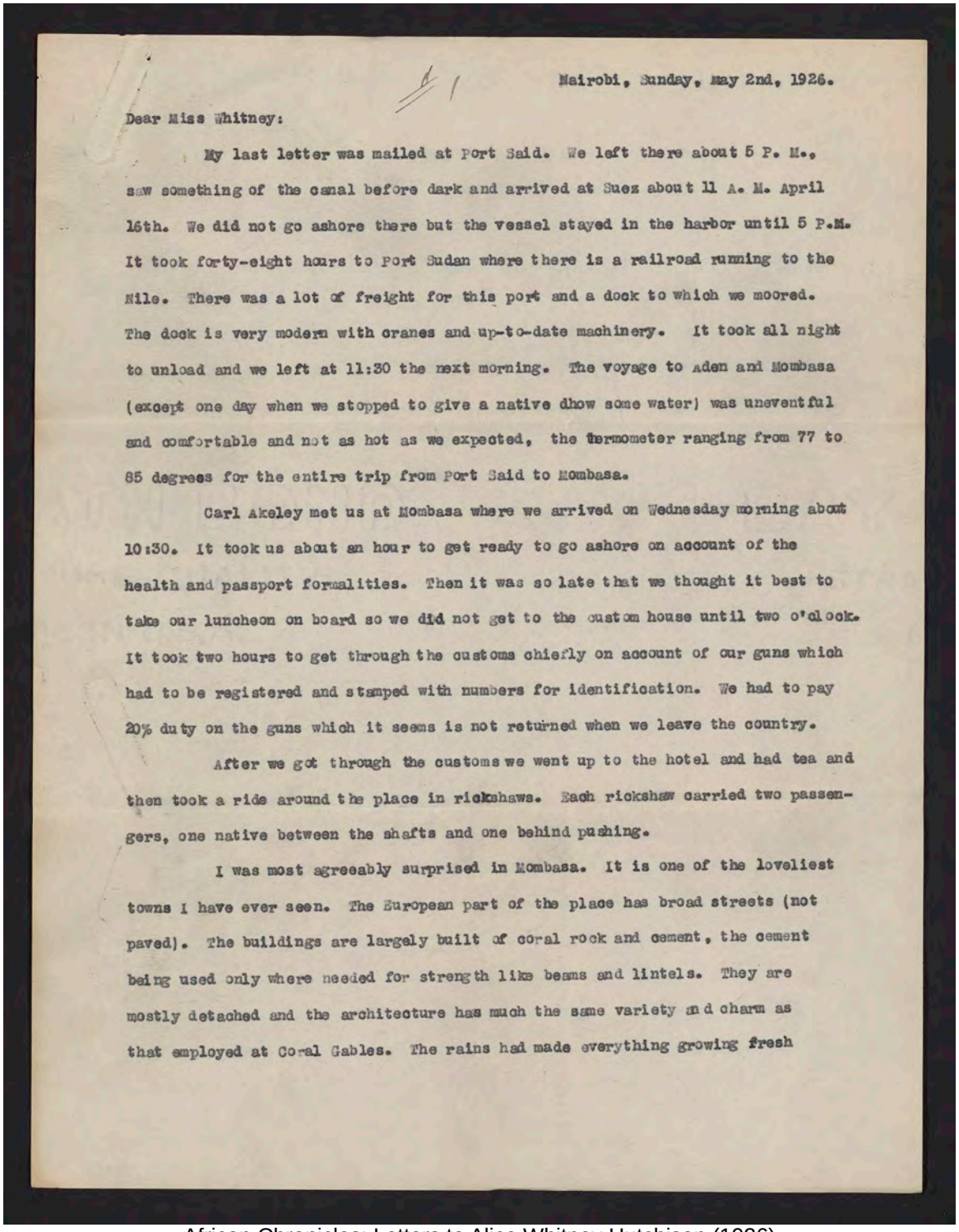

Nairobi, Sunday, May 2nd, 1926.

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

I was most agreeably surprised in Mombasa. It is one of the loveliest towns I have ever seen. The European part of the place has broad streets (not paved). The buildings are largely built of coral rock and cement, the cement being used only where needed for strength like beams and lintels. They are mostly detached and the architecture has much the same variety and charm as that employed at Coral Gables. The rains had made everything growing fresh

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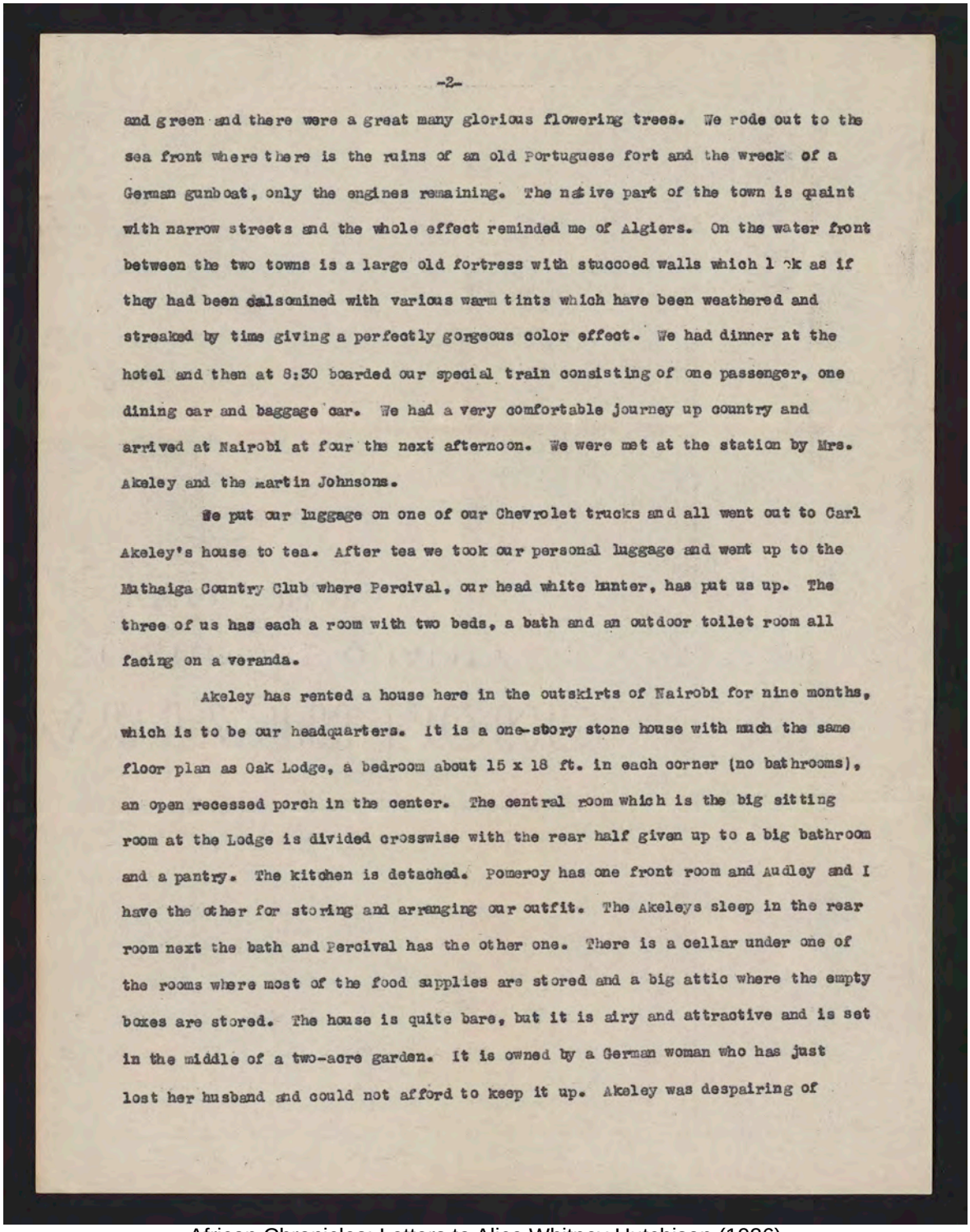

and green and there were a great many glorious flowering trees. We rode out to the sea front where there is the ruins of an old Portuguese fort and the wreck of a German gunboat, only the engines remaining. The native part of the town is quaint with narrow streets and the whole effect reminded me of Algiers. On the water front between the two towns is a large old fortress with stuccoed walls which look as if they had been calsomined with various warm tints which have been weathered and streaked by time giving a perfectly gorgeous color effect. We had dinner at the hotel and then at 8:30 boarded our special train consisting of one passenger, one dining car and baggage car. We had a very comfortable journey up country and arrived at Nairobi at four the next afternoon. We were met at the station by Mrs. Akeley and the Martin Johnsons.

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

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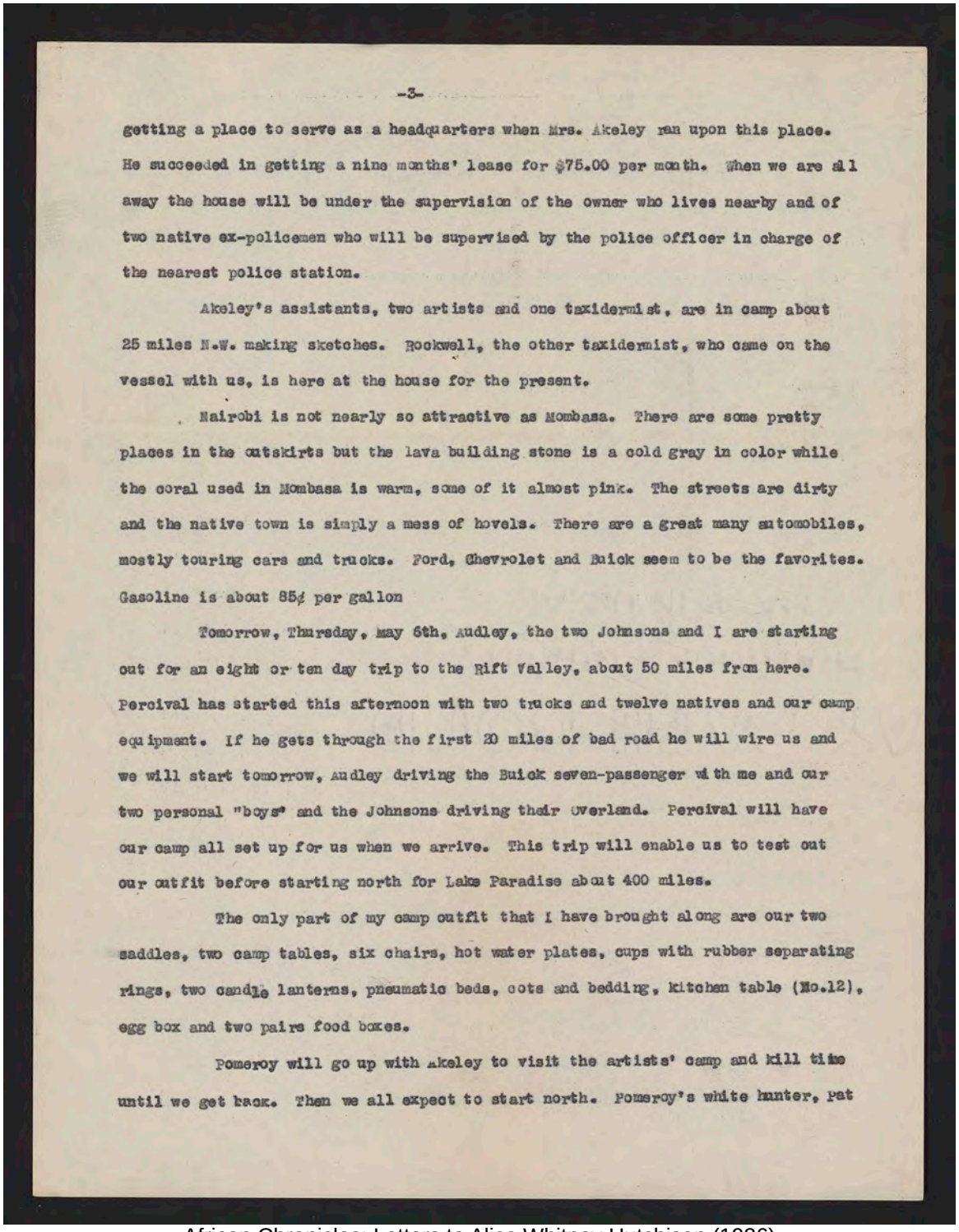

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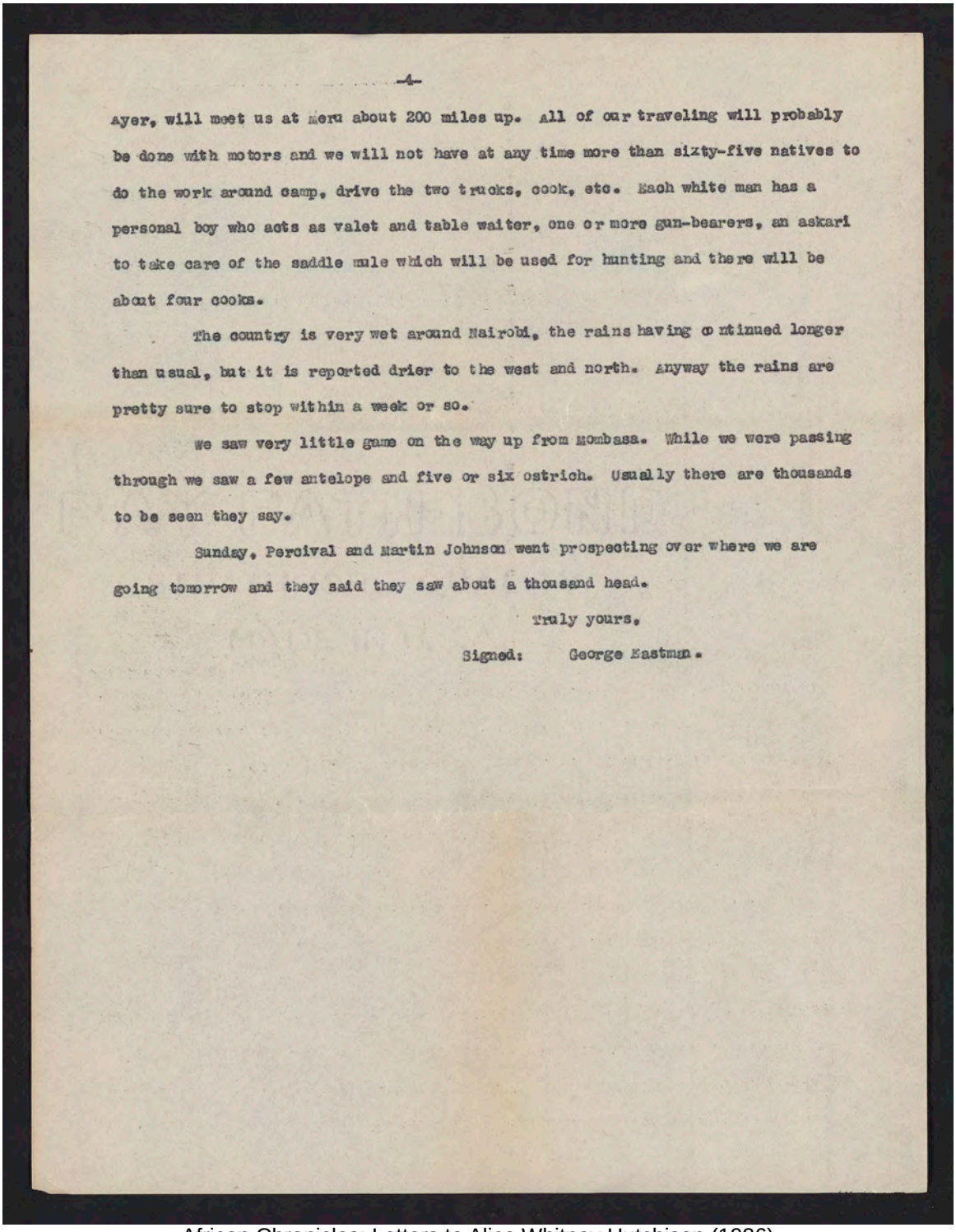

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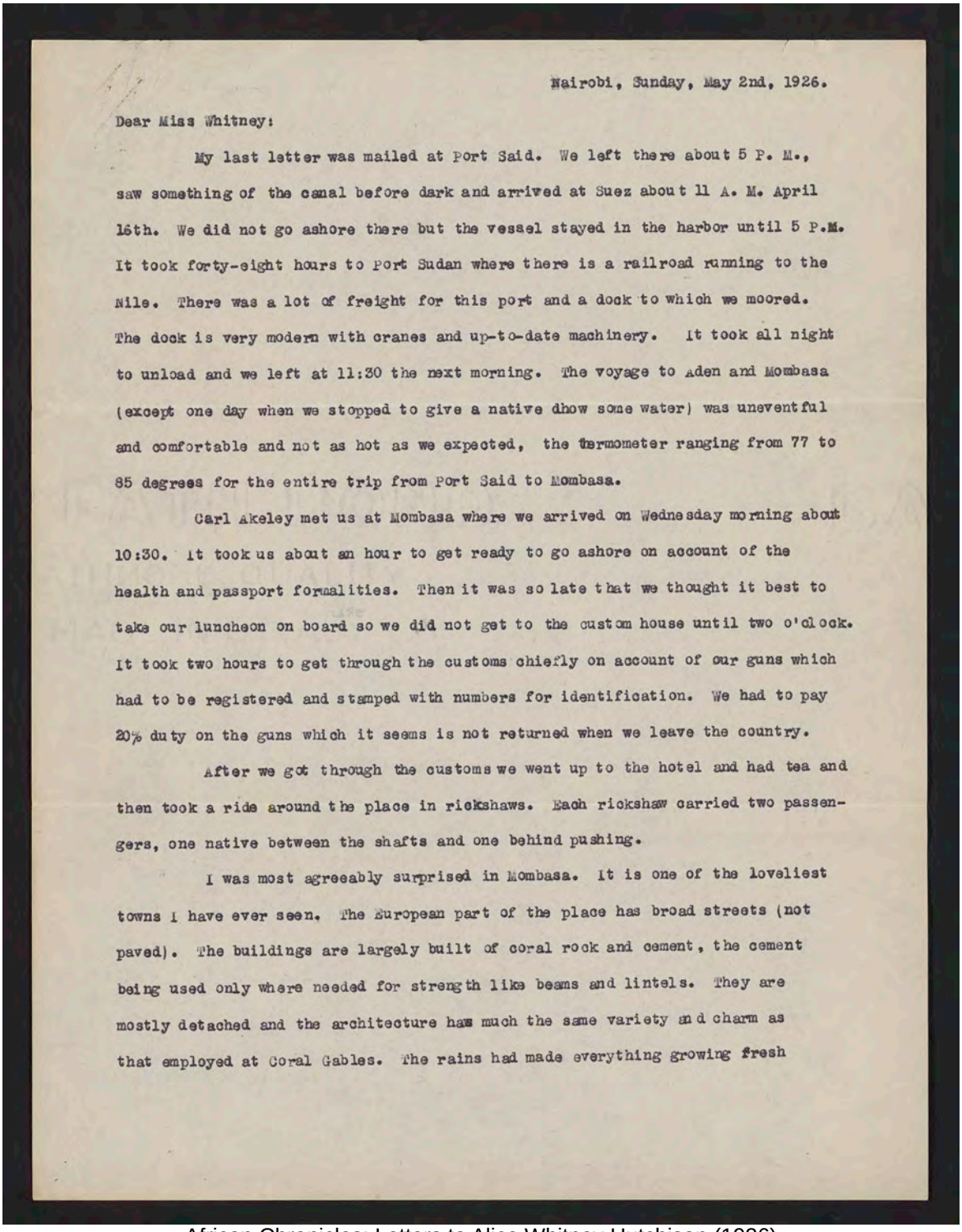

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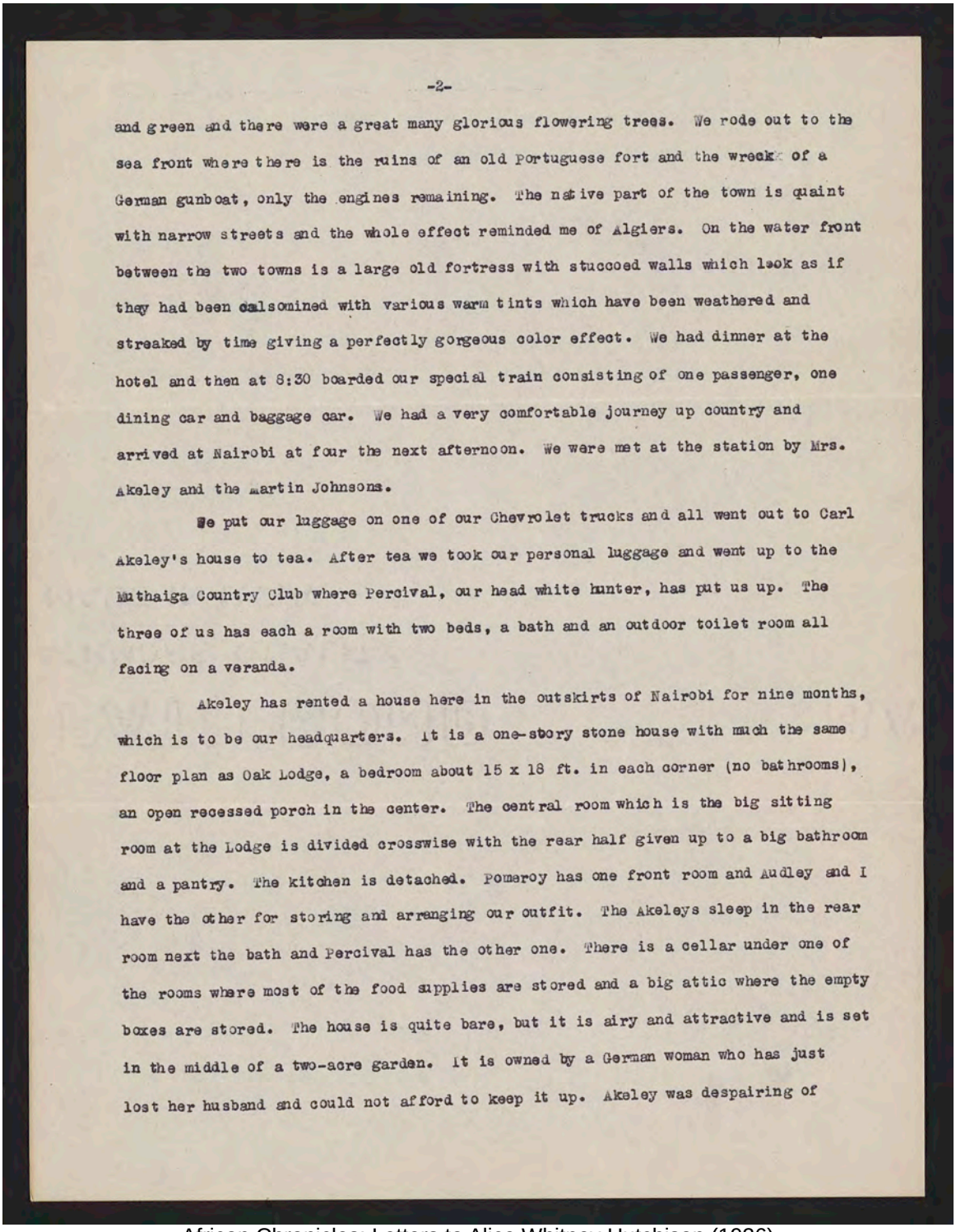

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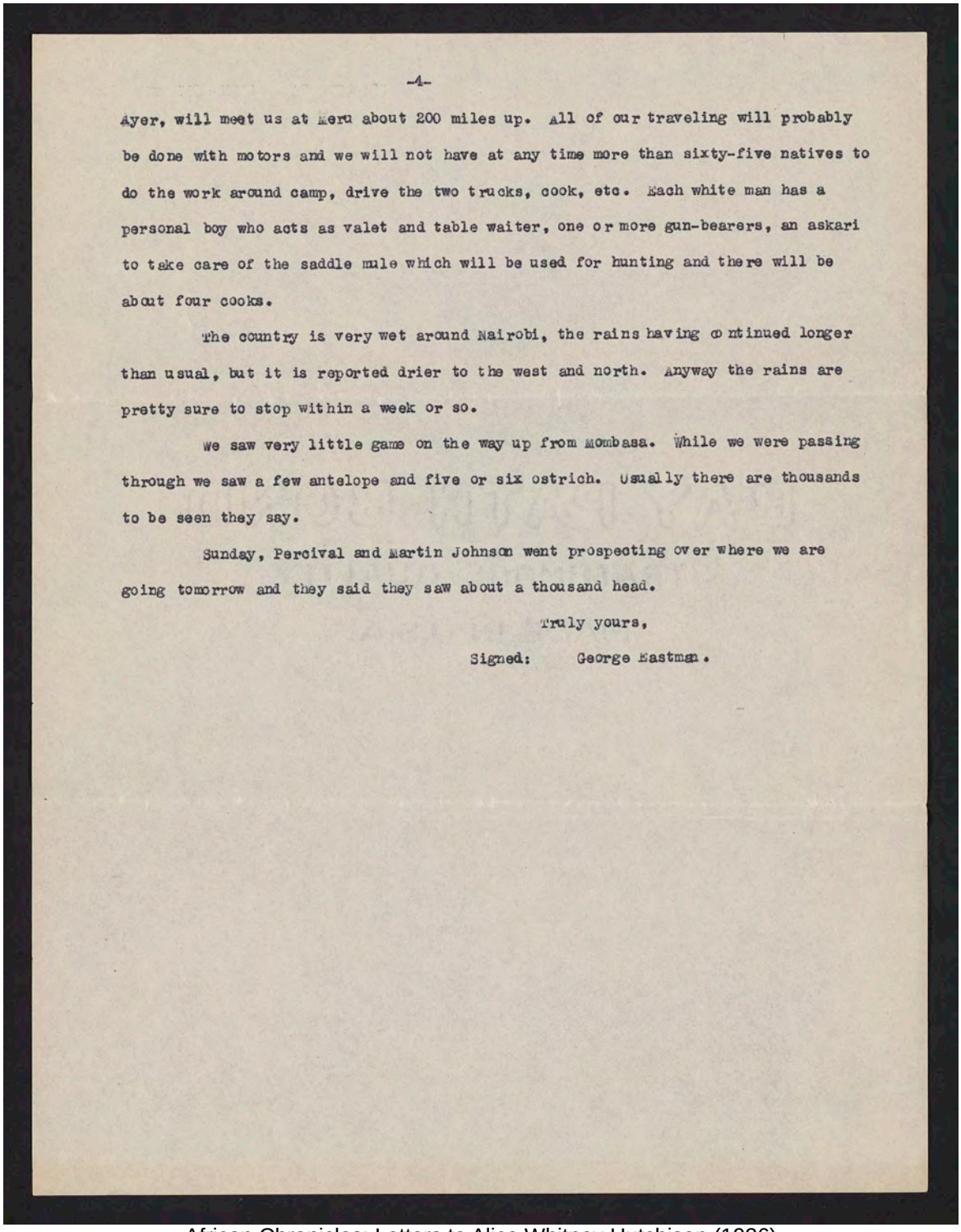

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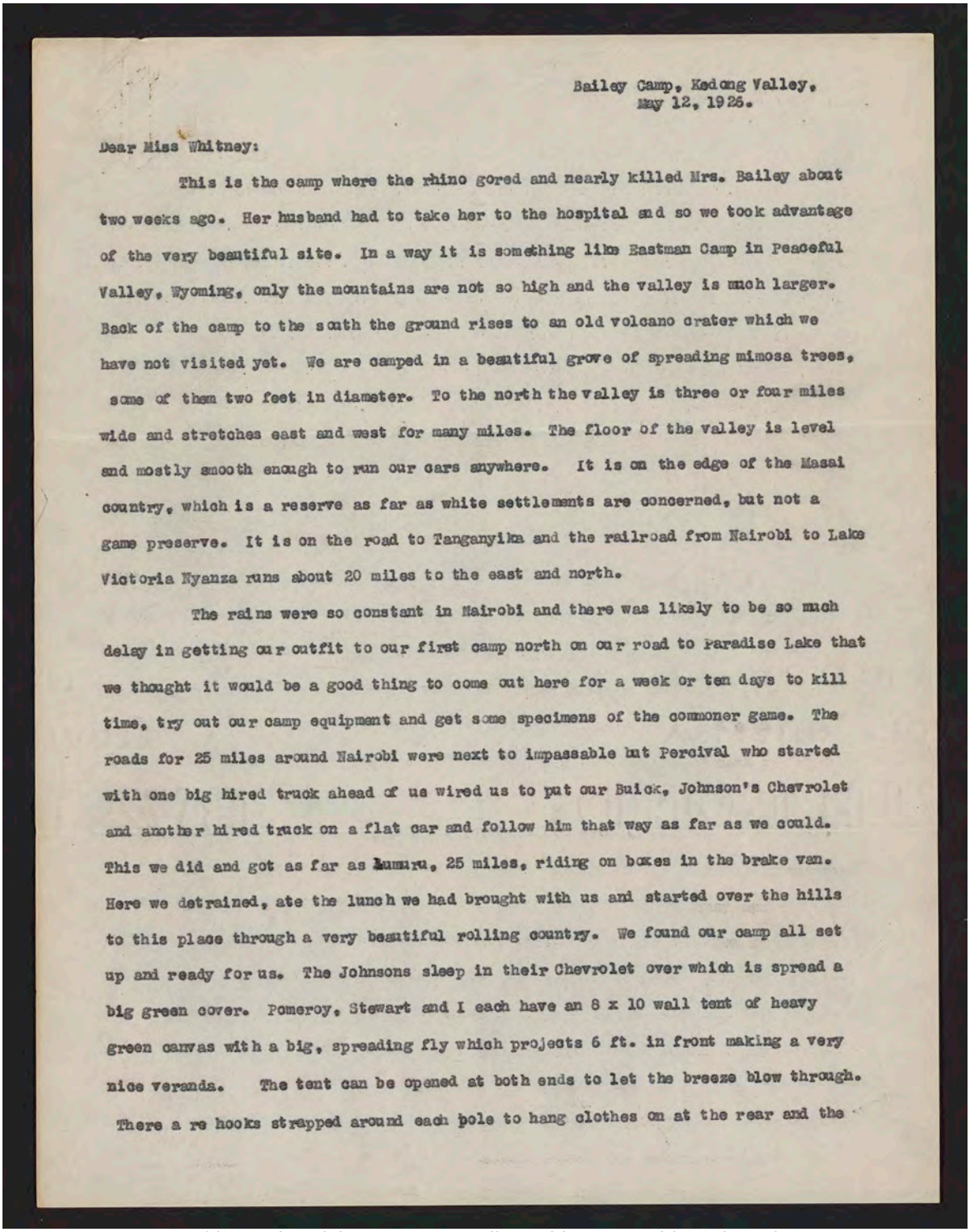

Bailey Camp, Kedong Valley,
May 12, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

This is the camp where the rhino gored and nearly killed Mrs. Bailey about two weeks ago. Her husband had to take her to the hospital and so we took advantage of the very beautiful site. In a way it is something like Eastman Camp in Peaceful Valley, Wyoming, only the mountains are not so high and the valley is much larger. Back of the camp to the south the ground rises to an old volcano crater which we have not visited yet. We are camped in a beautiful grove of spreading mimosa trees, some of them two feet in diameter. To the north the valley is three or four miles wide and stretches east and west for many miles. The floor of the valley is level and mostly smooth enough to run our cars anywhere. It is on the edge of the Masai country, which is a reserve as far as white settlements are concerned, but not a game preserve. It is on the road to Tanganyika and the railroad from Nairobi to Lake Victoria Nyanza runs about 20 miles to the east and north.

The rains were so constant in Nairobi and there was likely to be so much delay in getting our outfit to our first camp north on our road to Paradise Lake that we thought it would be a good thing to come out here for a week or ten days to kill time, try out our camp equipment and get some specimens of the commoner game. The roads for 25 miles around Nairobi were next to impassable but Percival who started with one big hired truck ahead of us wired us to put our Buick, Johnson's Chevrolet and another hired truck on a flat car and follow him that way as far as we could. This we did and got as far as Kumuru, 25 miles, riding on boxes in the brake van. Here we detrained, ate the lunch we had brought with us and started over the hills to this place through a very beautiful rolling country. We found our camp all set up and ready for us. The Johnsons sleep in their Chevrolet over which is spread a big green cover. Pomeroy, Stewart and I each have an 8 x 10 wall tent of heavy green canvas with a big, spreading fly which projects 6 ft. in front making a very nice veranda. The tent can be opened at both ends to let the breeze blow through. There a re hooks strapped around each pole to hang clothes on at the rear and the

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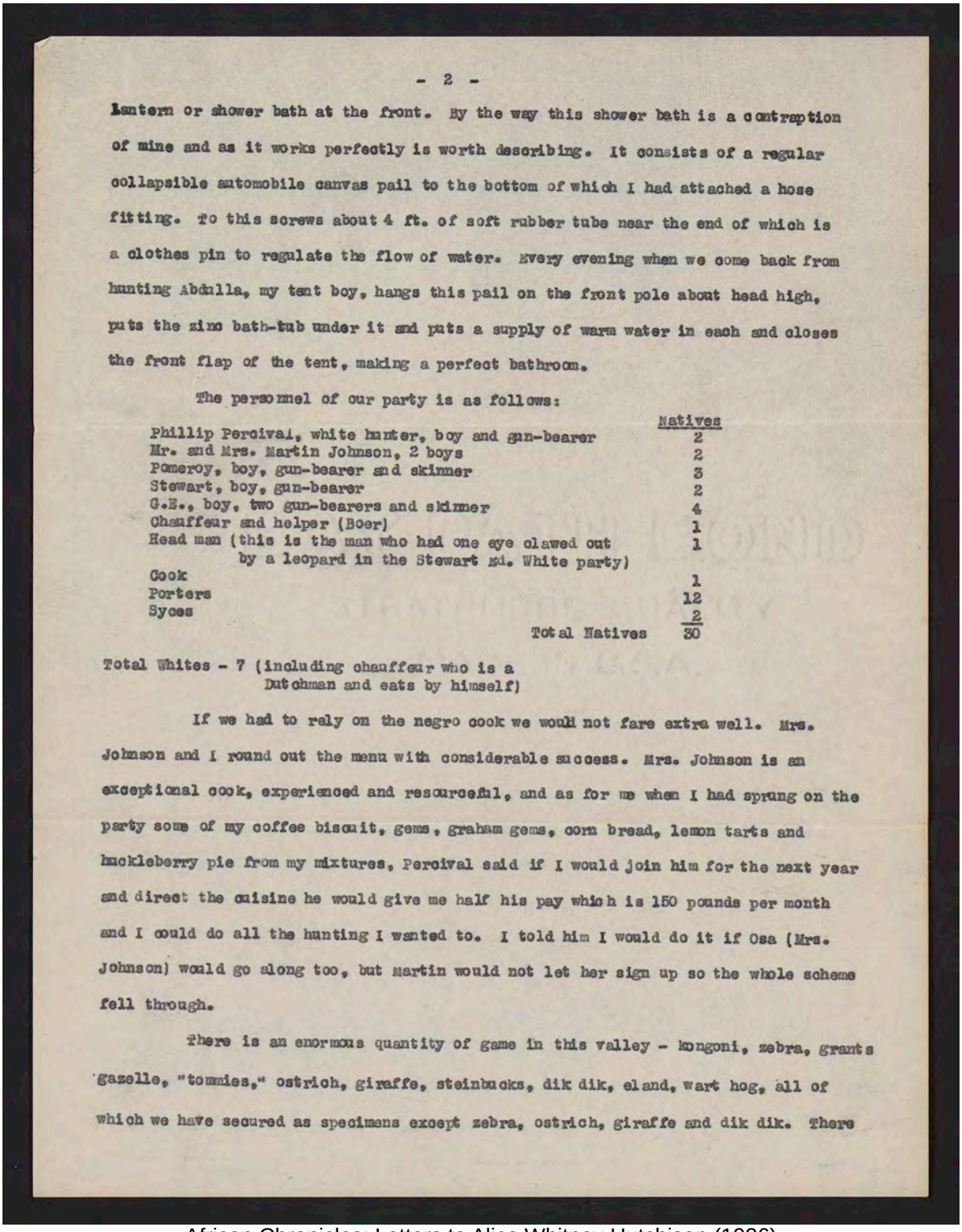

Lantern or shower bath at the front. By the way this shower bath is a contraption of mine and as it works perfectly is worth describing. It consists of a regular collapsible automobile canvas pail to the bottom of which I had attached a hose fitting. To this screws about 4 ft. of soft rubber tube near the end of which is a clothes pin to regulate the flow of water. Every evening when we come back from hunting Abdulla, my tent boy, hangs this pail on the front pole about head high, puts the zinc bath-tub under it and puts a supply of warm water in each and closes the front flap of the tent, making a perfect bathroom.

The personnel of our party is as follows:

	Natives
Phillip Percival, white hunter, boy and gun-bearer	2
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, 2 boys	2
Pomeroy, boy, gun-bearer and skinner	3
Stewart, boy, gun-bearer	2
G.E., boy, two gun-bearers and skinner	4
Chauffeur and helper (Boer)	1
Head man (this is the man who had one eye clawed out by a leopard in the Stewart Mt. White party)	1
Cook	1
Porters	12
Syces	2
Total Natives	30

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

If we had to rely on the negro cook we would not fare extra well. Mrs. Johnson and I round out the menu with considerable success. Mrs. Johnson is an exceptional cook, experienced and resourceful, and as for me when I had sprung on the party some of my coffee biscuit, gems, graham gems, corn bread, lemon tarts and huckleberry pie from my mixtures, Percival said if I would join him for the next year and direct the cuisine he would give me half his pay which is 150 pounds per month and I could do all the hunting I wanted to. I told him I would do it if Osa (Mrs. Johnson) would go along too, but Martin would not let her sign up so the whole scheme fell through.

There is an enormous quantity of game in this valley - kongoni, zebra, grants gazelle, "tommies," ostrich, giraffe, steinbucks, dik dik, eland, wart hog, all of which we have secured as specimens except zebra, ostrich, giraffe and dik dik. There

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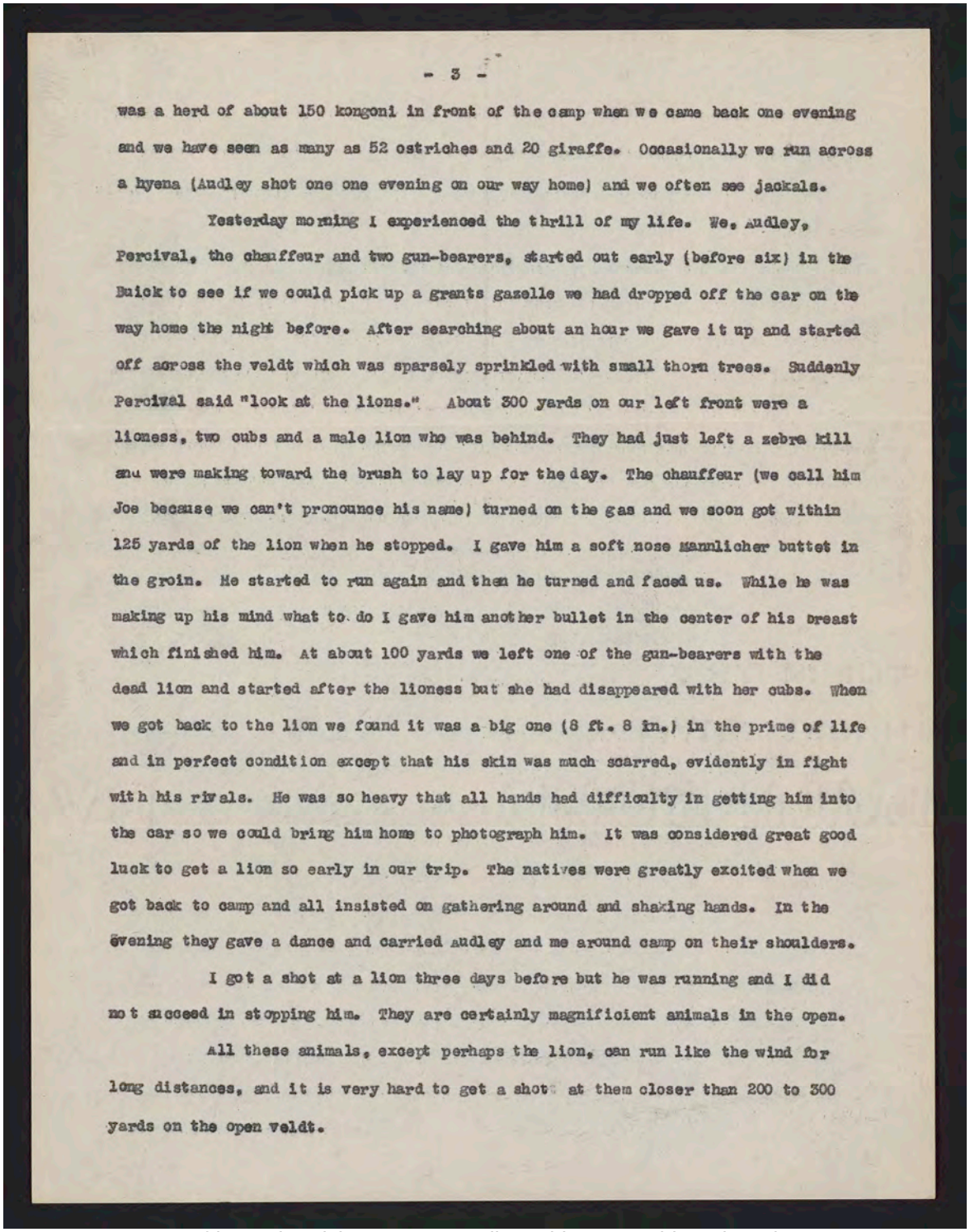

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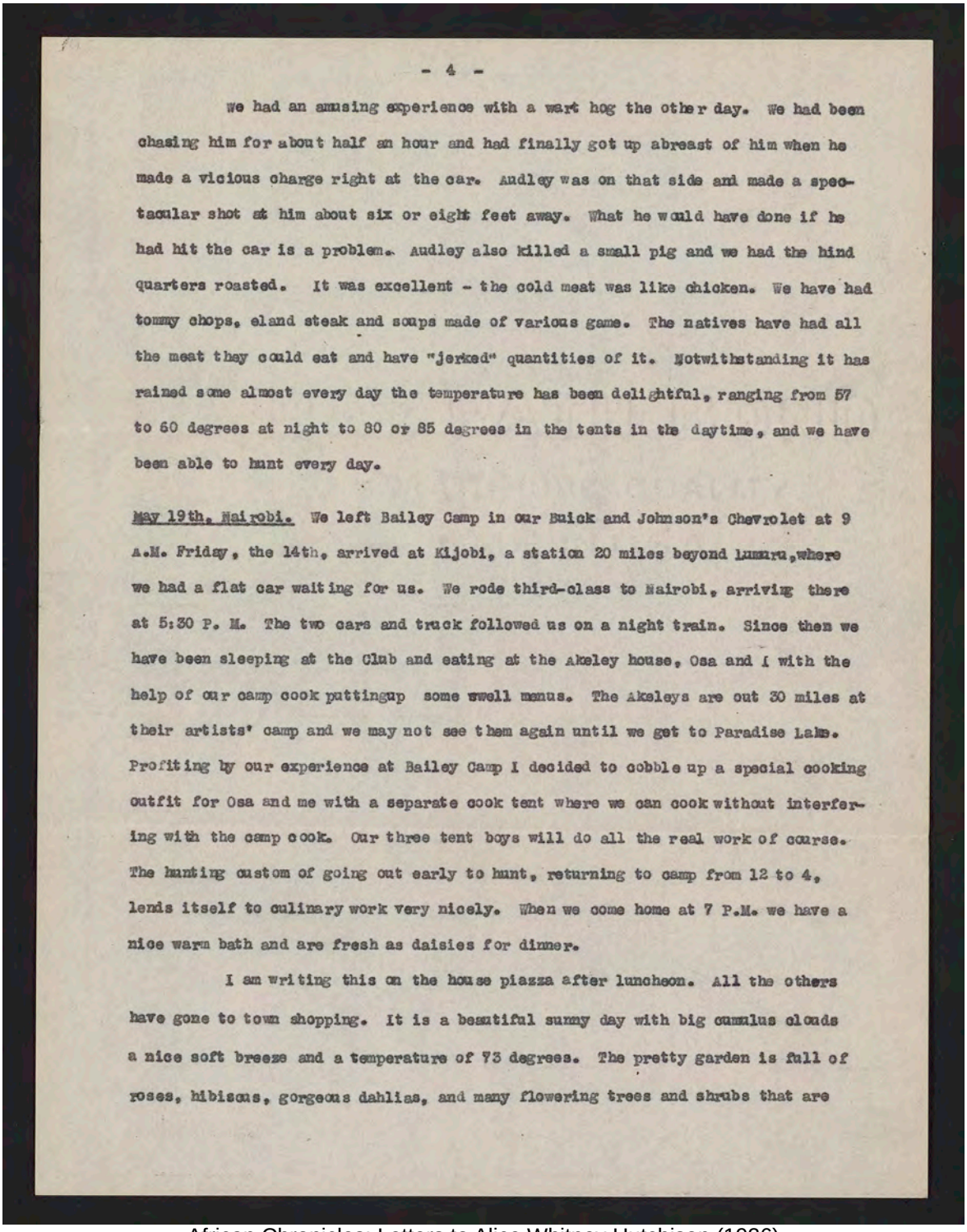

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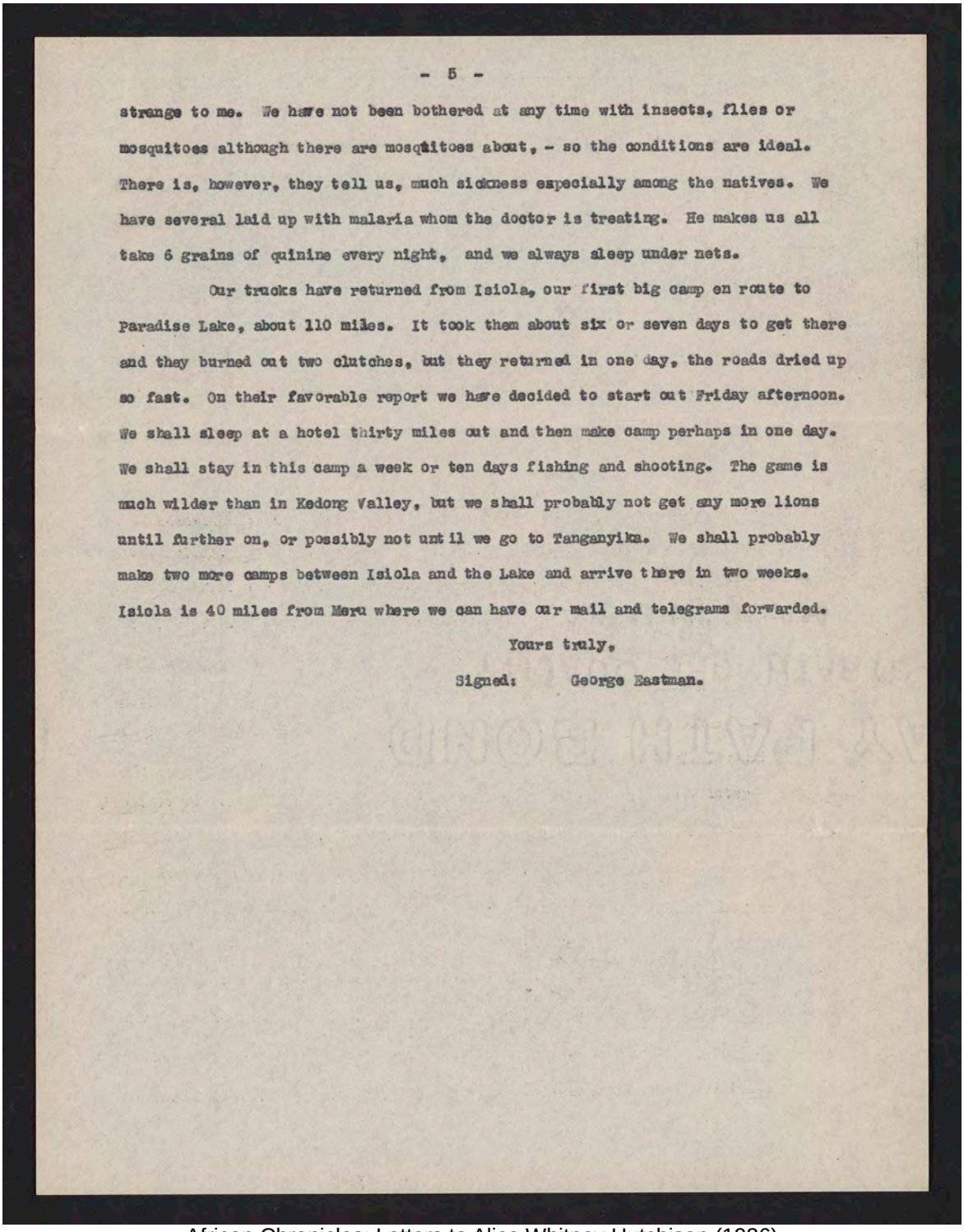

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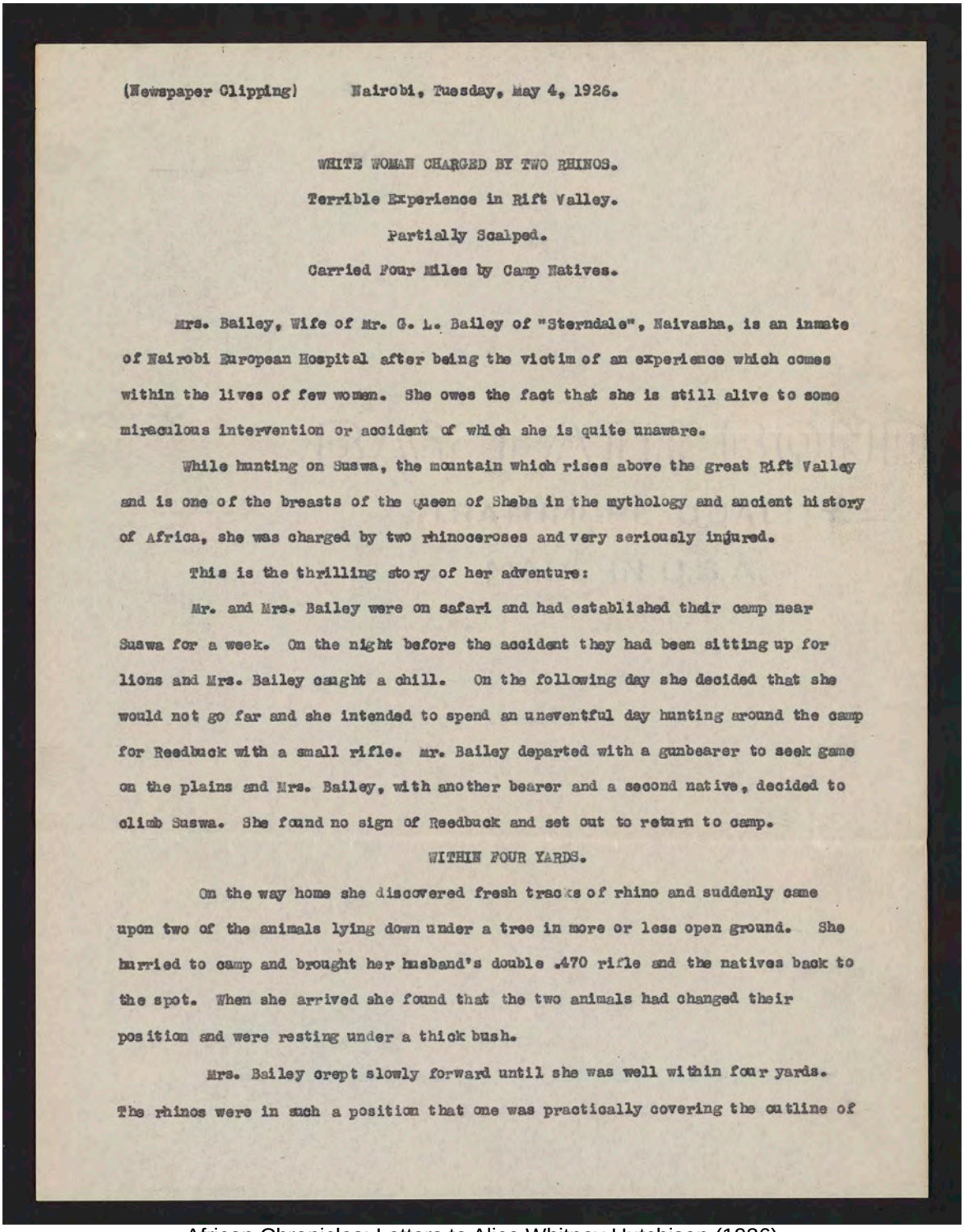

(Newspaper Clipping) Nairobi, Tuesday, May 4, 1926.

WHITE WOMAN CHARGED BY TWO RHINOS.

Terrible Experience in Rift Valley.

Partially Scalped.

Carried Four Miles by Camp Natives.

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

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

This is the thrilling story of her adventure:

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

WITHIN FOUR YARDS.

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

Mrs. Bailey crept slowly forward until she was well within four yards. The rhinos were in such a position that one was practically covering the outline of

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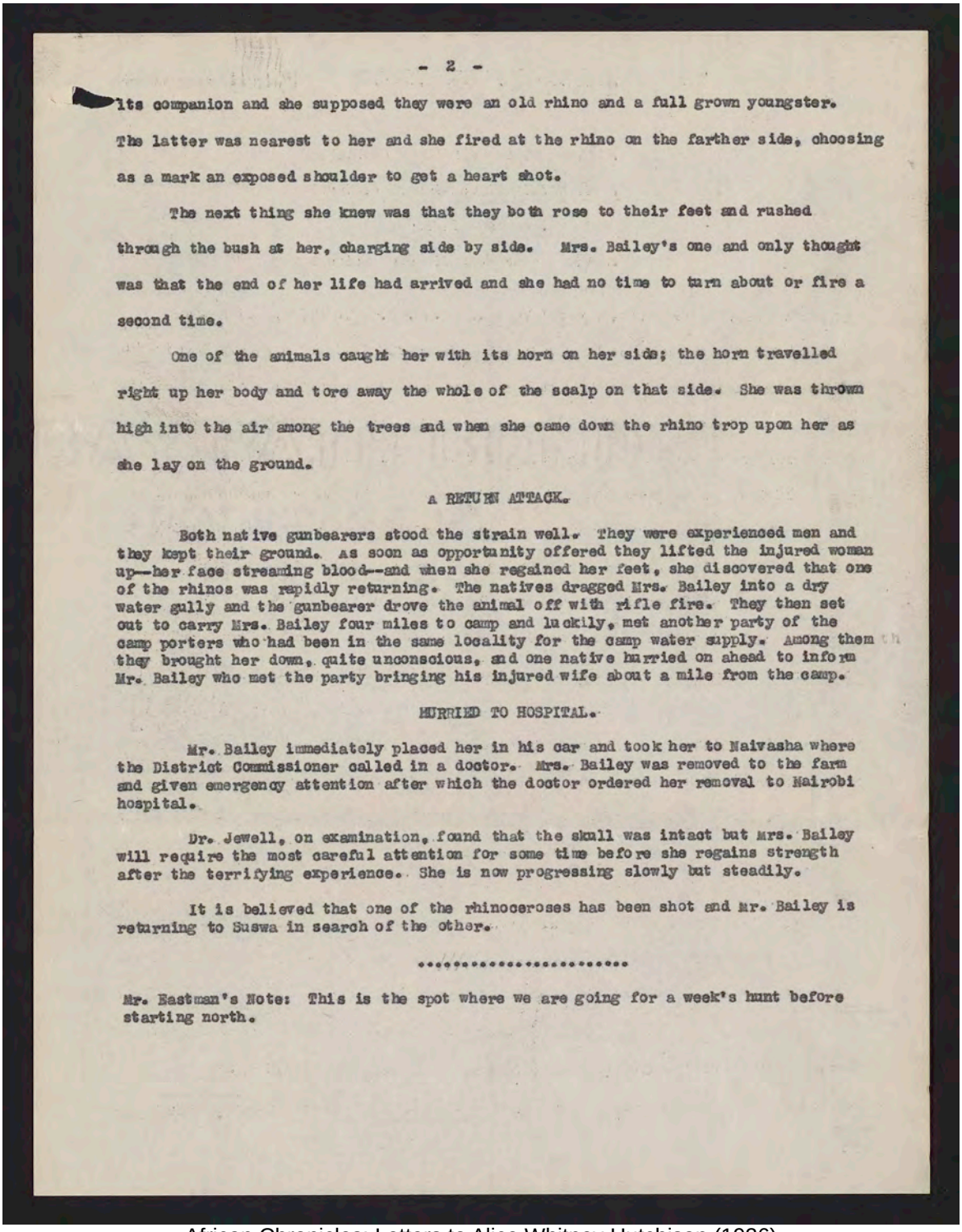

[redacted]its companion and she supposed they were an old rhino and a full grown youngster. The latter was nearest to her and she fired at the rhino on the farther side, choosing as a mark an exposed shoulder to get a heart shot.

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

A RETURN ATTACK.

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

HURRIED TO HOSPITAL.

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

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

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

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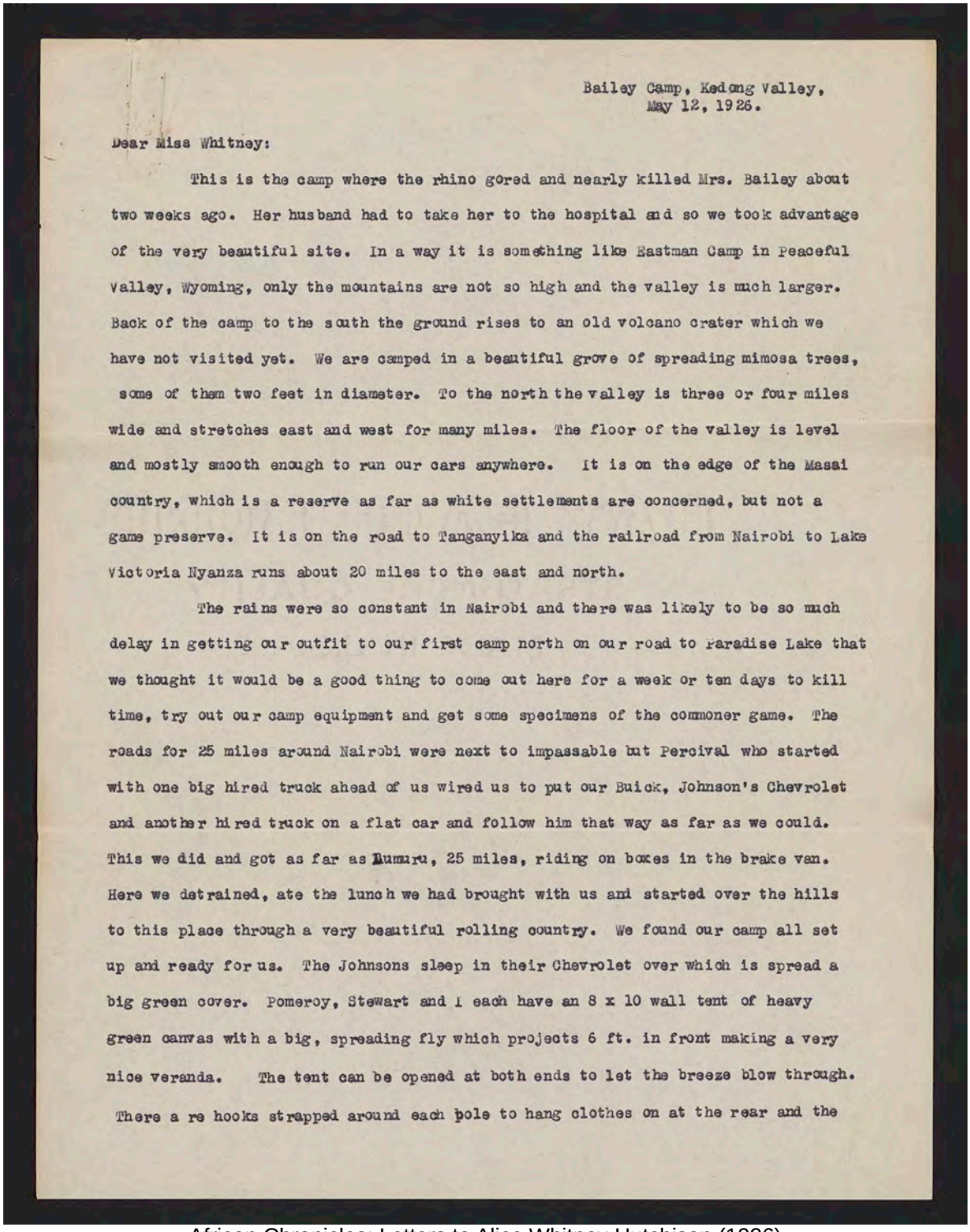

Bailey Camp, Kedong Valley,
May 12, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

This is the camp where the rhino gored and nearly killed Mrs. Bailey about two weeks ago. Her husband had to take her to the hospital and so we took advantage of the very beautiful site. In a way it is something like Eastman Camp in Peaceful Valley, Wyoming, only the mountains are not so high and the valley is much larger. Back of the camp to the south the ground rises to an old volcano crater which we have not visited yet. We are camped in a beautiful grove of spreading mimosa trees, some of them two feet in diameter. To the north the valley is three or four miles wide and stretches east and west for many miles. The floor of the valley is level and mostly smooth enough to run our cars anywhere. It is on the edge of the Masai country, which is a reserve as far as white settlements are concerned, but not a game preserve. It is on the road to Tanganyika and the railroad from Nairobi to Lake Victoria Nyanza runs about 20 miles to the east and north.

The rains were so constant in Nairobi and there was likely to be so much delay in getting our outfit to our first camp north on our road to Paradise Lake that we thought it would be a good thing to come out here for a week or ten days to kill time, try out our camp equipment and get some specimens of the commoner game. The roads for 25 miles around Nairobi were next to impassable but Percival who started with one big hired truck ahead of us wired us to put our Buick, Johnson's Chevrolet and another hired truck on a flat car and follow him that way as far as we could. This we did and got as far as Kumuru, 25 miles, riding on boxes in the brake van. Here we detrained, ate the lunch we had brought with us and started over the hills to this place through a very beautiful rolling country. We found our camp all set up and ready for us. The Johnsons sleep in their Chevrolet over which is spread a big green cover. Pomeroy, Stewart and I each have an 8 x 10 wall tent of heavy green canvas with a big, spreading fly which projects 6 ft. in front making a very nice veranda. The tent can be opened at both ends to let the breeze blow through. There a re hooks strapped around each pole to hang clothes on at the rear and the

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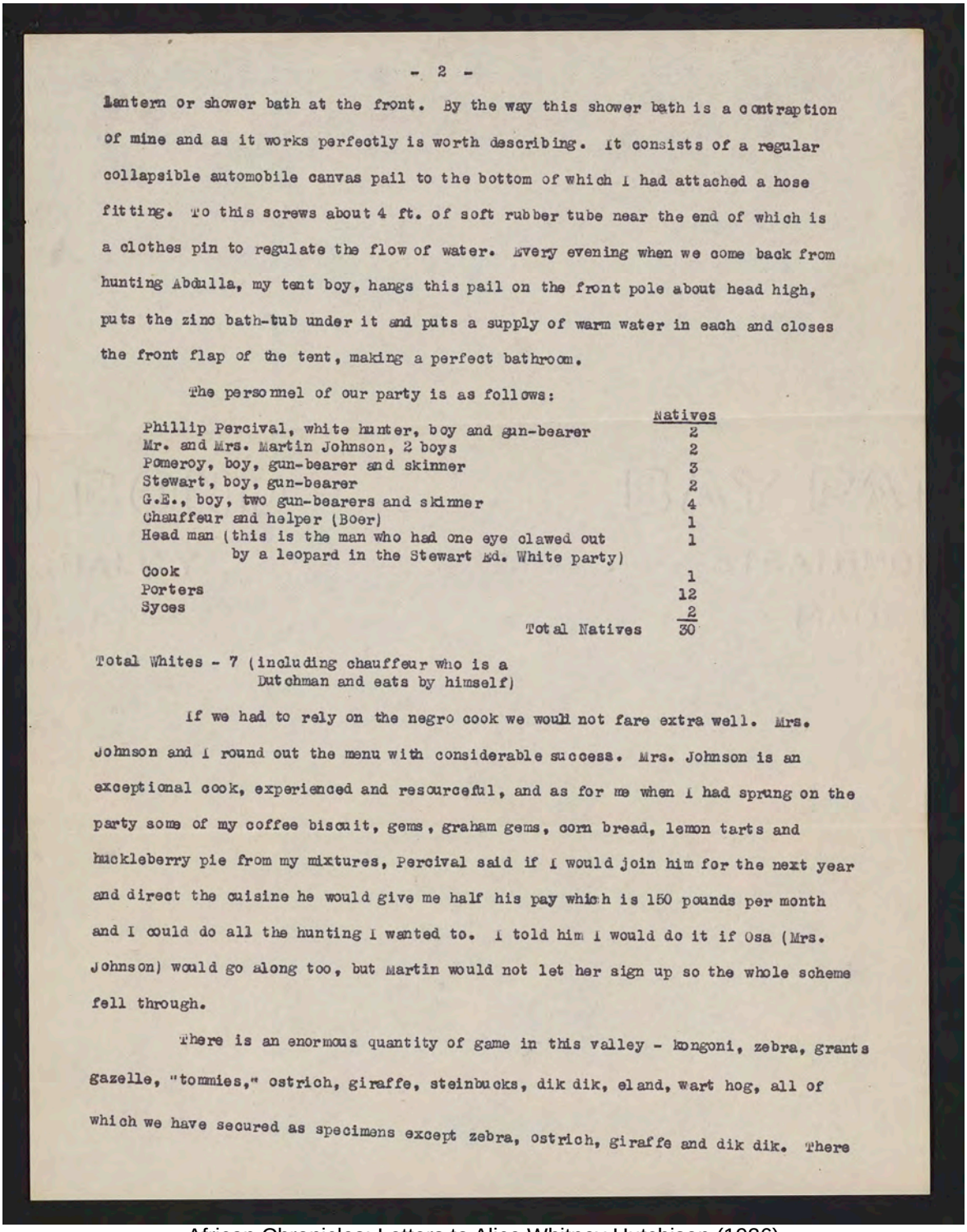

lantern or shower bath at the front. By the way this shower bath is a contraption of mine and as it works perfectly is worth describing. It consists of a regular collapsible automobile canvas pail to the bottom of which I had attached a hose fitting. To this screws about 4 ft. of soft rubber tube near the end of which is a clothes pin to regulate the flow of water. Every evening when we come back from hunting Abdulla, my tent boy, hangs this pail on the front pole about head high, puts the zinc bath-tub under it and puts a supply of warm water in each and closes the front flap of the tent, making a perfect bathroom.

The personnel of our party is as follows:

	Natives
Phillip Percival, white hunter, boy and gun-bearer	2
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, 2 boys	2
Pomeroy, boy, gun-bearer and skinner	3
Stewart, boy, gun-bearer	2
G.E., boy, two gun-bearers and skinner	4
Chauffeur and helper (Boer)	1
Head man (this is the man who had one eye clawed out by a leopard in the Stewart Ed. White party)	1
Cook	1
Porters	12
Syces	2
Total Natives	30

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

If we had to rely on the negro cook we would not fare extra well. Mrs. Johnson and I round out the menu with considerable success. Mrs. Johnson is an exceptional cook, experienced and resourceful, and as for me when I had sprung on the party some of my coffee biscuit, gems, graham gems, corn bread, lemon tarts and huckleberry pie from my mixtures, Percival said if I would join him for the next year and direct the cuisine he would give me half his pay which is 150 pounds per month and I could do all the hunting I wanted to. I told him I would do it if Osa (Mrs. Johnson) would go along too, but Martin would not let her sign up so the whole scheme fell through.

There is an enormous quantity of game in this valley - kongoni, zebra, grants gazelle, "tommies," ostrich, giraffe, steinbucks, dik dik, eland, wart hog, all of which we have secured as specimens except zebra, ostrich, giraffe and dik dik. There

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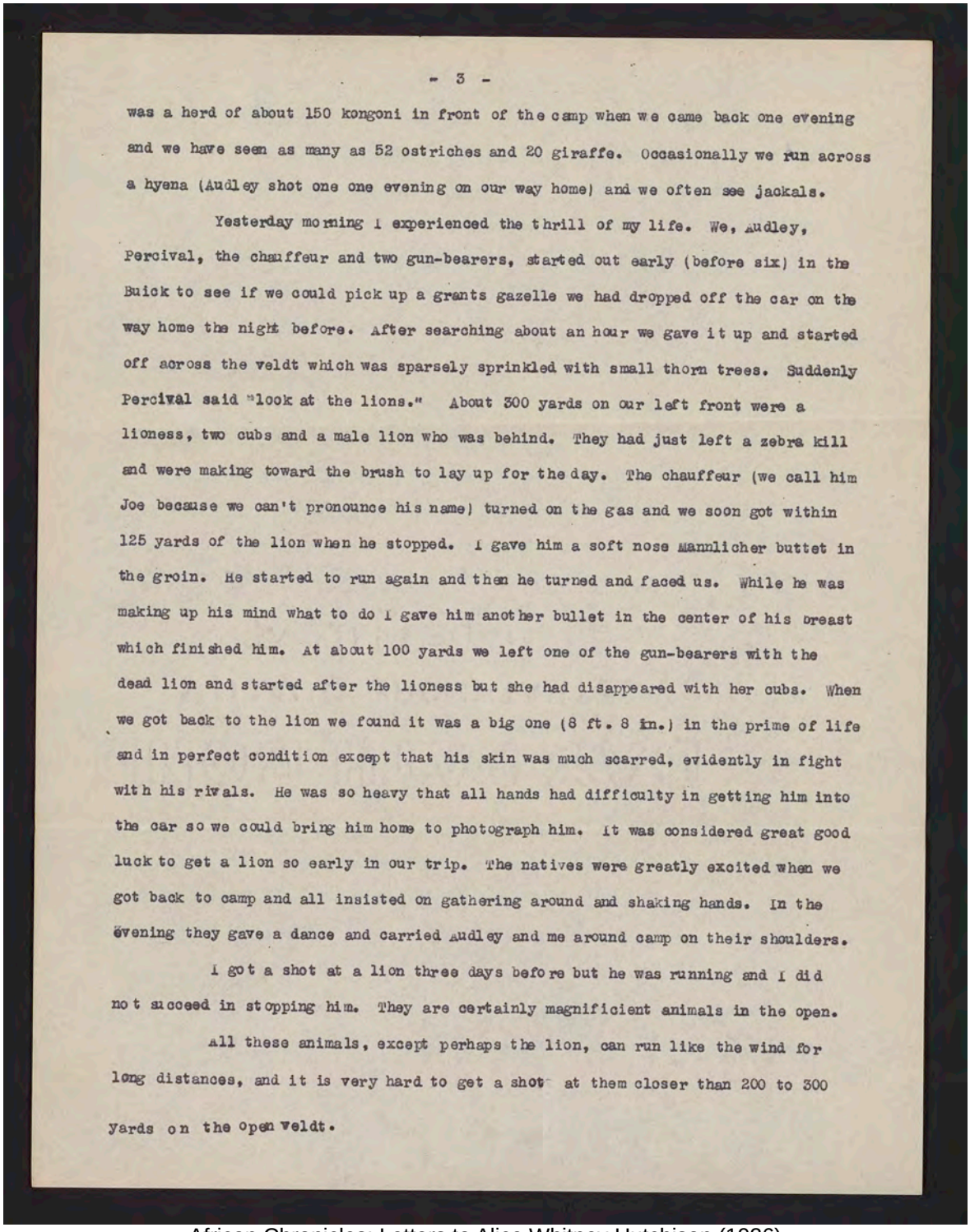

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Yesterday morning I experienced the thrill of my life. We, Audley, Percival, the chauffeur and two gun-bearers, started out early (before six) in the Buick to see if we could pick up a grants gazelle we had dropped off the car on the way home the night before. After searching about an hour we gave it up and started off across the veldt which was sparsely sprinkled with small thorn trees. Suddenly Percival said "look at the lions." About 300 yards on our left front were a lioness, two cubs and a male lion who was behind. They had just left a zebra kill and were making toward the brush to lay up for the day. The chauffeur (we call him Joe because we can't pronounce his name) turned on the gas and we soon got within 125 yards of the lion when he stopped. I gave him a soft nose Mannlicher buttet in the groin. He started to run again and then he turned and faced us. While he was making up his mind what to do I gave him another bullet in the center of his breast which finished him. At about 100 yards we left one of the gun-bearers with the dead lion and started after the lioness but she had disappeared with her cubs. When we got back to the lion we found it was a big one (8 ft. 8 in.) in the prime of life and in perfect condition except that his skin was much scarred, evidently in fight with his rivals. He was so heavy that all hands had difficulty in getting him into the car so we could bring him home to photograph him. It was considered great good luck to get a lion so early in our trip. The natives were greatly excited when we got back to camp and all insisted on gathering around and shaking hands. In the evening they gave a dance and carried Audley and me around camp on their shoulders.

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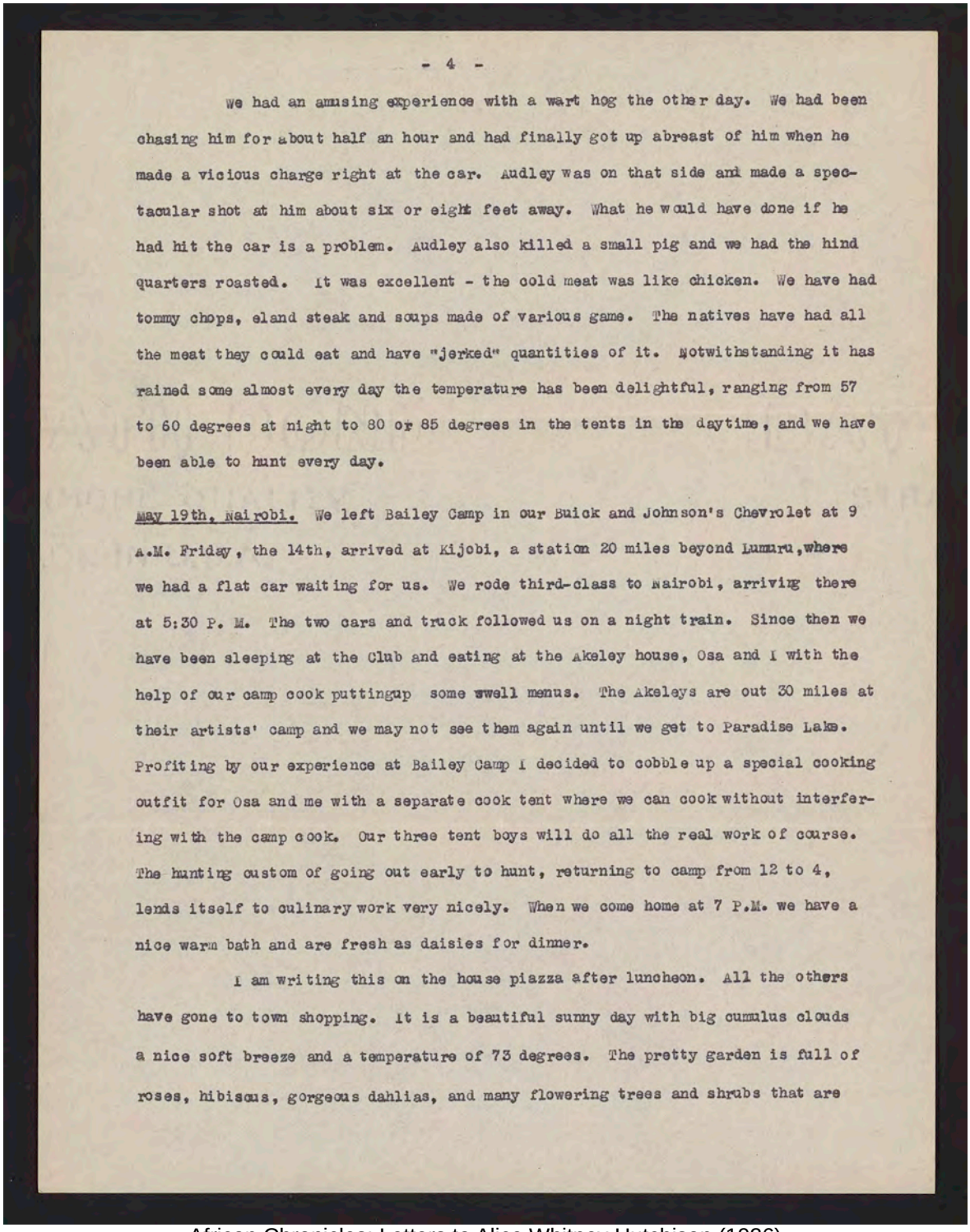

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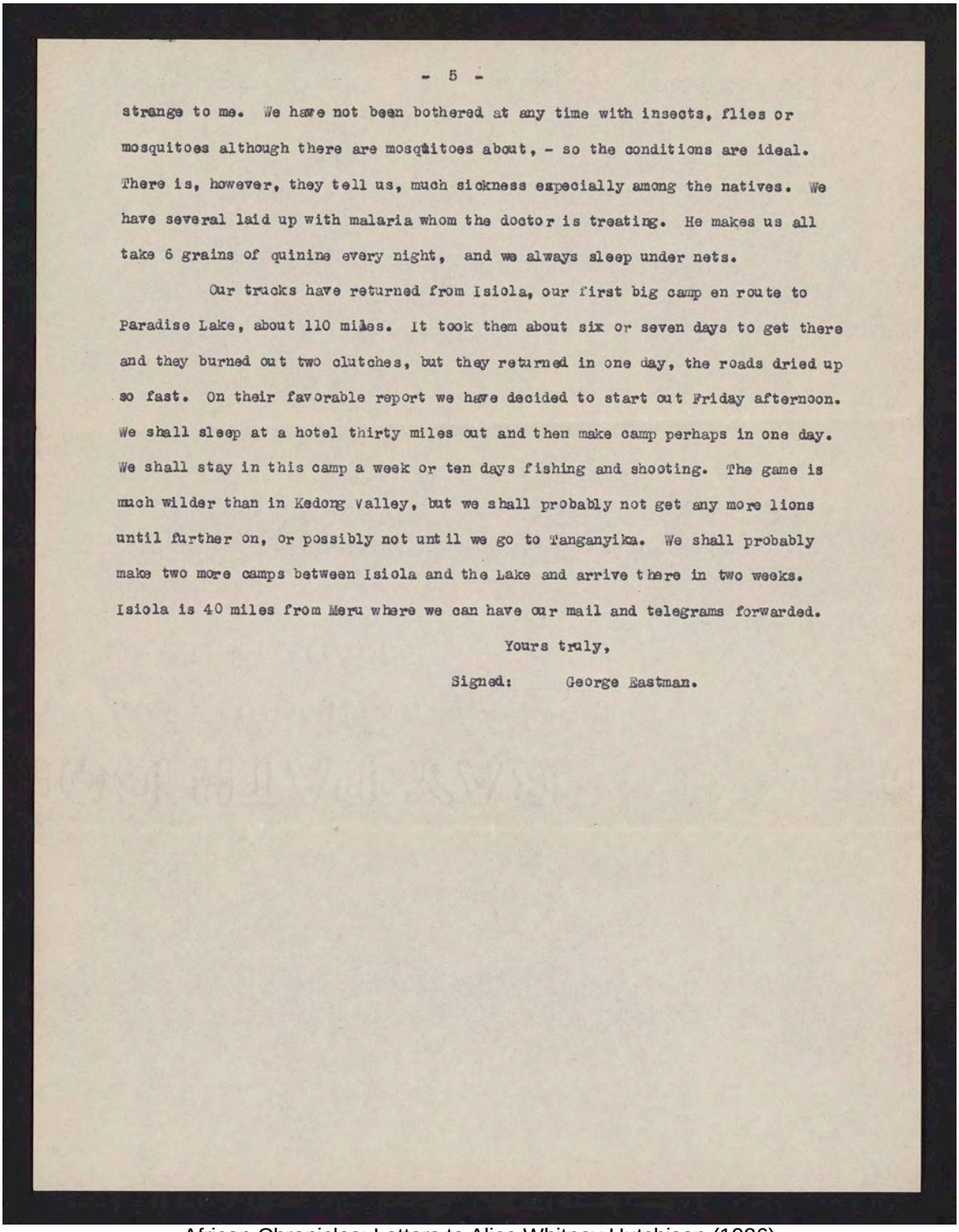

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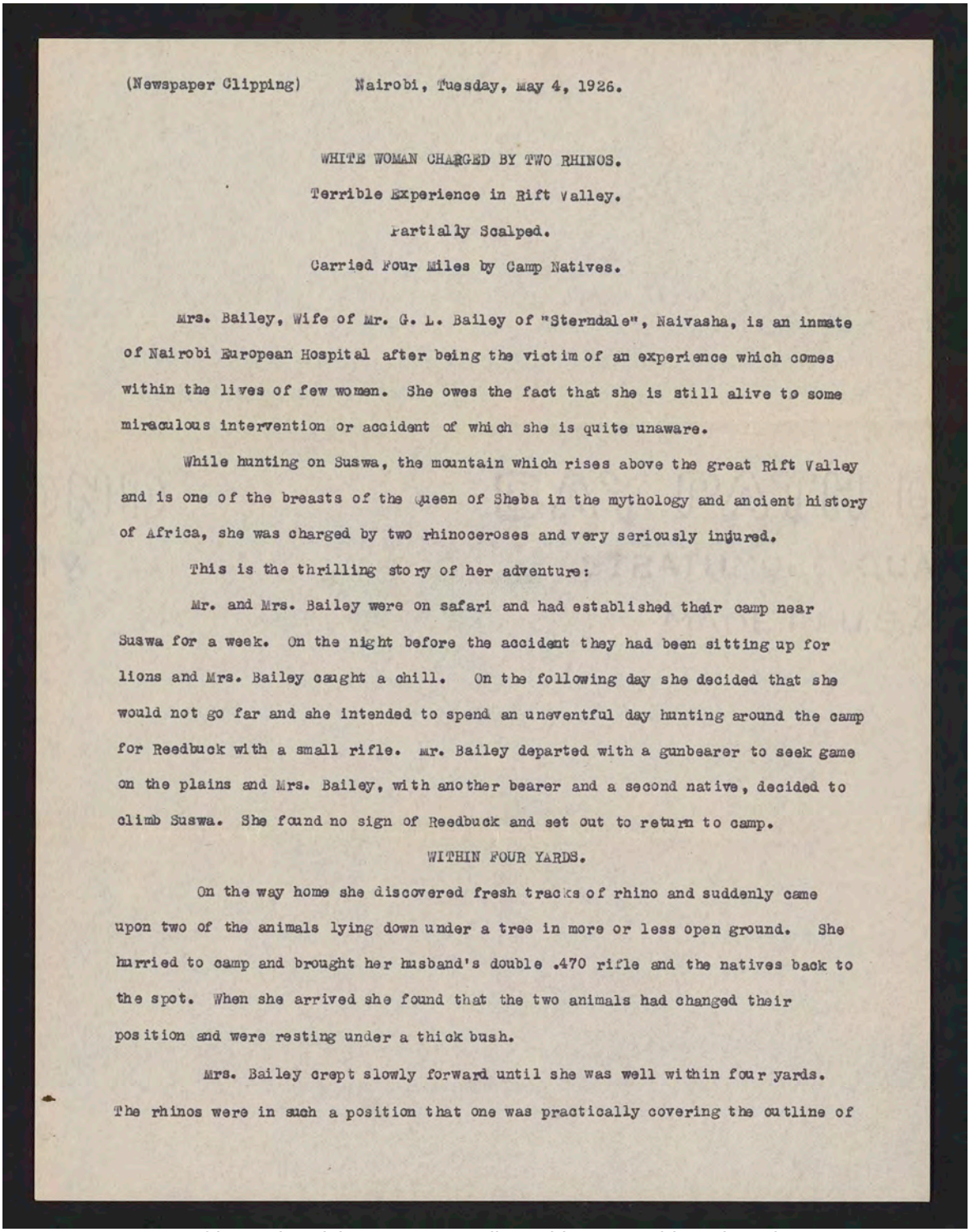

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It is believed that one of the rhinoceroses has been shot and Mr. Bailey is returning to Suswa in search of the other.

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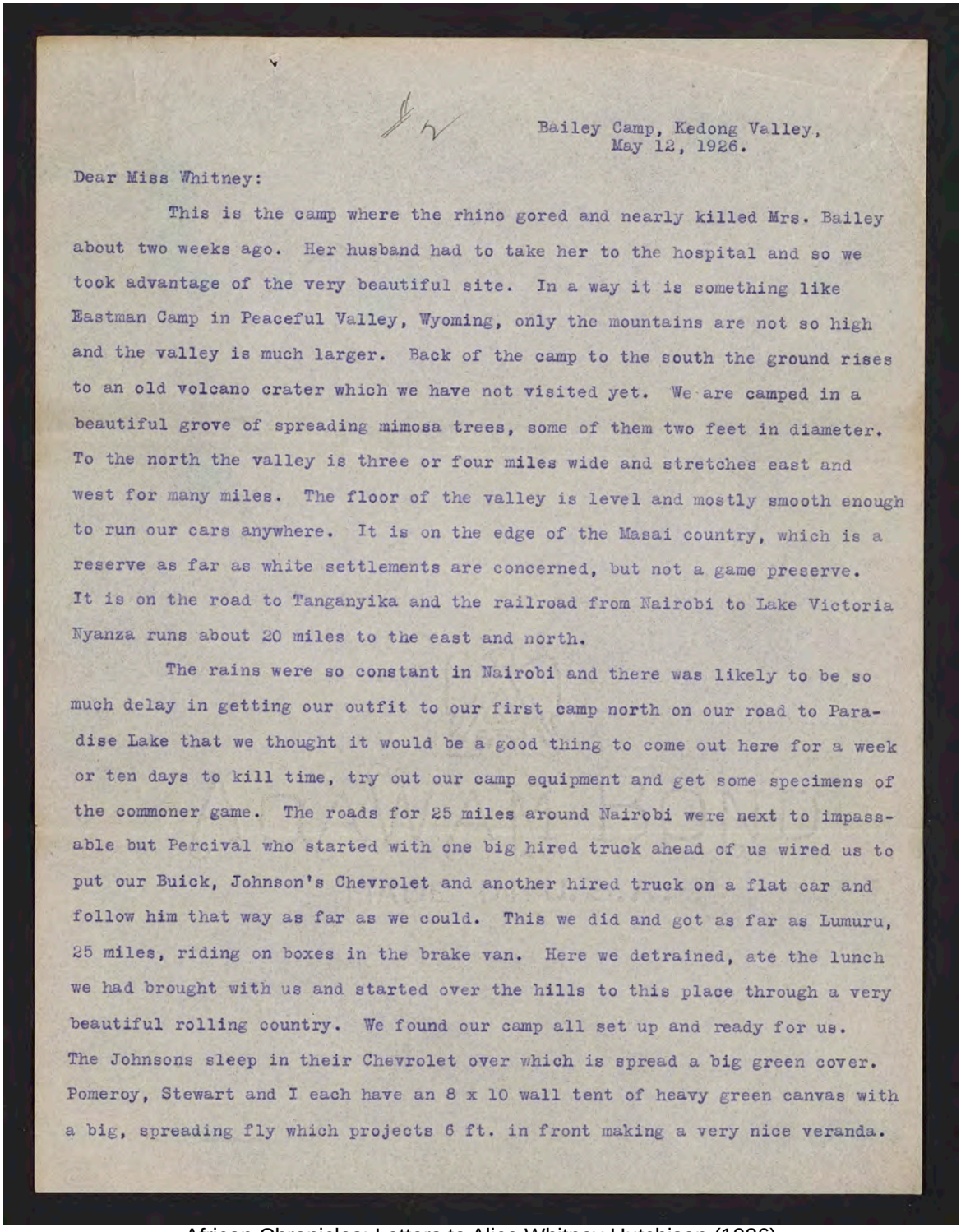

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May 12, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

This is the camp where the rhino gored and nearly killed Mrs. Bailey about two weeks ago. Her husband had to take her to the hospital and so we took advantage of the very beautiful site. In a way it is something like Eastman Camp in Peaceful Valley, Wyoming, only the mountains are not so high and the valley is much larger. Back of the camp to the south the ground rises to an old volcano crater which we have not visited yet. We are camped in a beautiful grove of spreading mimosa trees, some of them two feet in diameter. To the north the valley is three or four miles wide and stretches east and west for many miles. The floor of the valley is level and mostly smooth enough to run our cars anywhere. It is on the edge of the Masai country, which is a reserve as far as white settlements are concerned, but not a game preserve. It is on the road to Tanganyika and the railroad from Nairobi to Lake Victoria Nyanza runs about 20 miles to the east and north.

The rains were so constant in Nairobi and there was likely to be so much delay in getting our outfit to our first camp north on our road to Paradise Lake that we thought it would be a good thing to come out here for a week or ten days to kill time, try out our camp equipment and get some specimens of the commoner game. The roads for 25 miles around Nairobi were next to impassable but Percival who started with one big hired truck ahead of us wired us to put our Buick, Johnson's Chevrolet and another hired truck on a flat car and follow him that way as far as we could. This we did and got as far as Lumuru, 25 miles, riding on boxes in the brake van. Here we detrained, ate the lunch we had brought with us and started over the hills to this place through a very beautiful rolling country. We found our camp all set up and ready for us. The Johnsons sleep in their Chevrolet over which is spread a big green cover. Pomeroy, Stewart and I each have an 8 x 10 wall tent of heavy green canvas with a big, spreading fly which projects 6 ft. in front making a very nice veranda.

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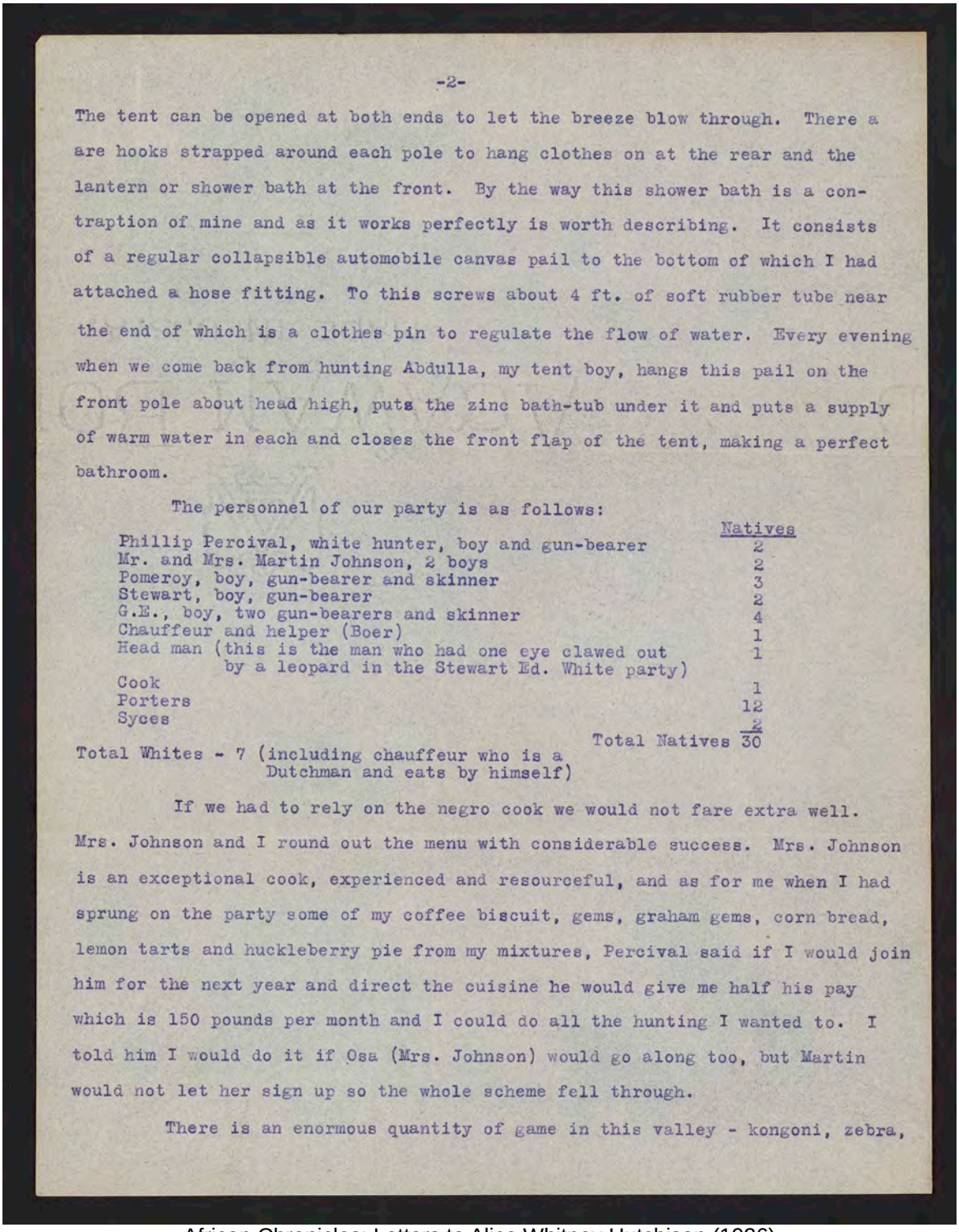

The tent can be opened at both ends to let the breeze blow through. There a are hooks strapped around each pole to hang clothes on at the rear and the lantern or shower bath at the front. By the way this shower bath is a contraption of mine and as it works perfectly is worth describing. It consists of a regular collapsible automobile canvas pail to the bottom of which I had attached a hose fitting. To this screws about 4 ft. of soft rubber tube near the end of which is a clothes pin to regulate the flow of water. Every evening when we come back from hunting Abdulla, my tent boy, hangs this pail on the front pole about head high, puts the zinc bath-tub under it and puts a supply of warm water in each and closes the front flap of the tent, making a perfect bathroom.

The personnel of our party is as follows:

	Natives
Phillip Percival, white hunter, boy and gun-bearer	2
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, 2 boys	2
Pomeroy, boy, gun-bearer and skinner	3
Stewart, boy, gun-bearer	2
G.E., boy, two gun-bearers and skinner	4
Chauffeur and helper (Boer)	1
Head man (this is the man who had one eye clawed out by a leopard in the Stewart Ed. White party)	1
Cook	1
Porters	12
Syces	2
Total Natives	30

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

If we had to rely on the negro cook we would not fare extra well. Mrs. Johnson and I round out the menu with considerable success. Mrs. Johnson is an exceptional cook, experienced and resourceful, and as for me when I had sprung on the party some of my coffee biscuit, gems, graham gems, corn bread, lemon tarts and huckleberry pie from my mixtures, Percival said if I would join him for the next year and direct the cuisine he would give me half his pay which is 150 pounds per month and I could do all the hunting I wanted to. I told him I would do it if Osa (Mrs. Johnson) would go along too, but Martin would not let her sign up so the whole scheme fell through.

There is an enormous quantity of game in this valley - kongoni, zebra,

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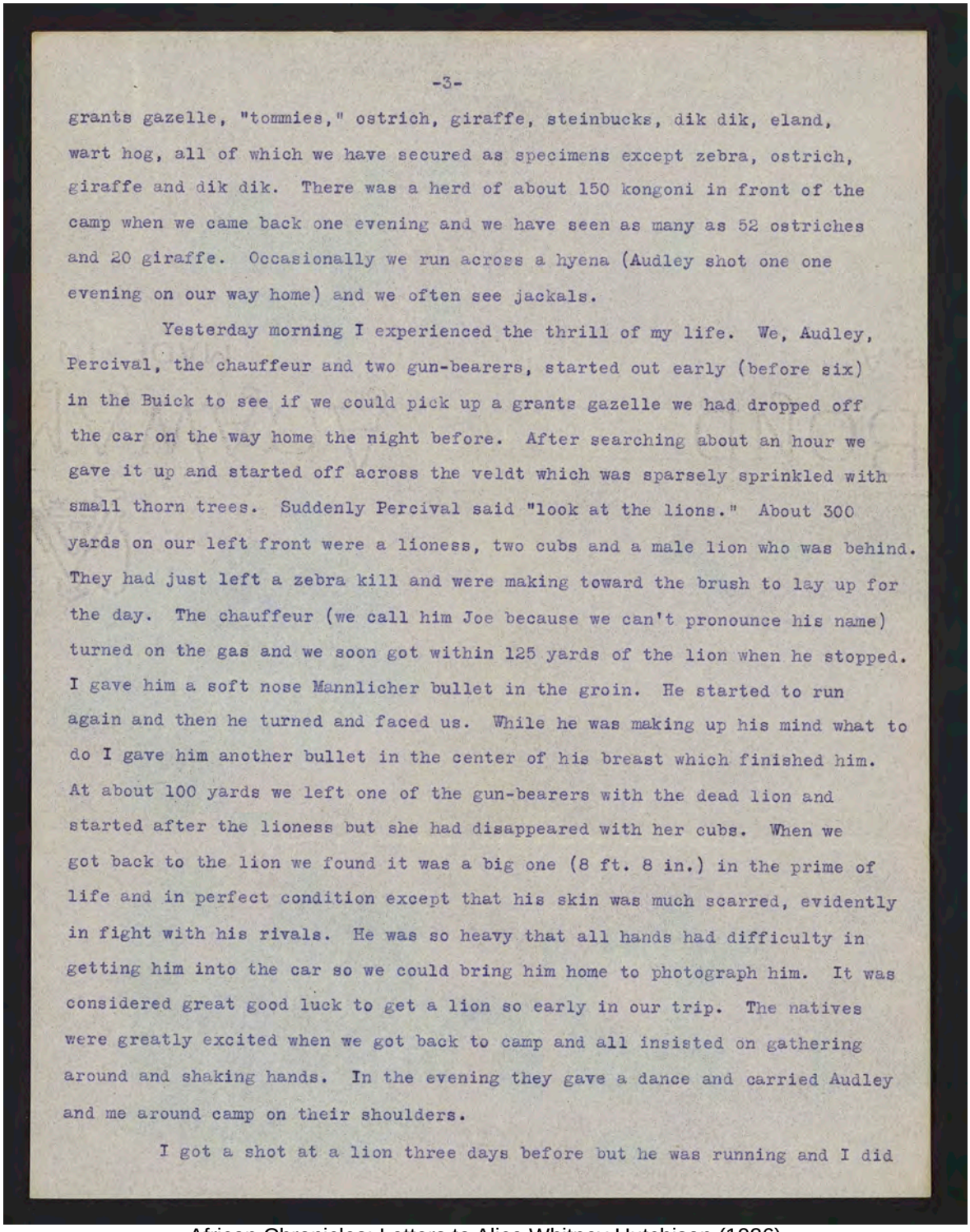

grants gazelle, "tommies," ostrich, giraffe, steinbucks, dik dik, eland, wart hog, all of which we have secured as specimens except zebra, ostrich, giraffe and dik dik. There was a herd of about 150 kongoni in front of the camp when we came back one evening and we have seen as many as 52 ostriches and 20 giraffe. Occasionally we run across a hyena (Audley shot one one evening on our way home) and we often see jackals.

Yesterday morning I experienced the thrill of my life. We, Audley, Percival, the chauffeur and two gun-bearers, started out early (before six) in the Buick to see if we could pick up a grants gazelle we had dropped off the car on the way home the night before. After searching about an hour we gave it up and started off across the veldt which was sparsely sprinkled with small thorn trees. Suddenly Percival said "look at the lions." About 300 yards on our left front were a lioness, two cubs and a male lion who was behind. They had just left a zebra kill and were making toward the brush to lay up for the day. The chauffeur (we call him Joe because we can't pronounce his name) turned on the gas and we soon got within 125 yards of the lion when he stopped. I gave him a soft nose Mannlicher bullet in the groin. He started to run again and then he turned and faced us. While he was making up his mind what to do I gave him another bullet in the center of his breast which finished him. At about 100 yards we left one of the gun-bearers with the dead lion and started after the lioness but she had disappeared with her cubs. When we got back to the lion we found it was a big one (8 ft. 8 in.) in the prime of life and in perfect condition except that his skin was much scarred, evidently in fight with his rivals. He was so heavy that all hands had difficulty in getting him into the car so we could bring him home to photograph him. It was considered great good luck to get a lion so early in our trip. The natives were greatly excited when we got back to camp and all insisted on gathering around and shaking hands. In the evening they gave a dance and carried Audley and me around camp on their shoulders.

I got a shot at a lion three days before but he was running and I did

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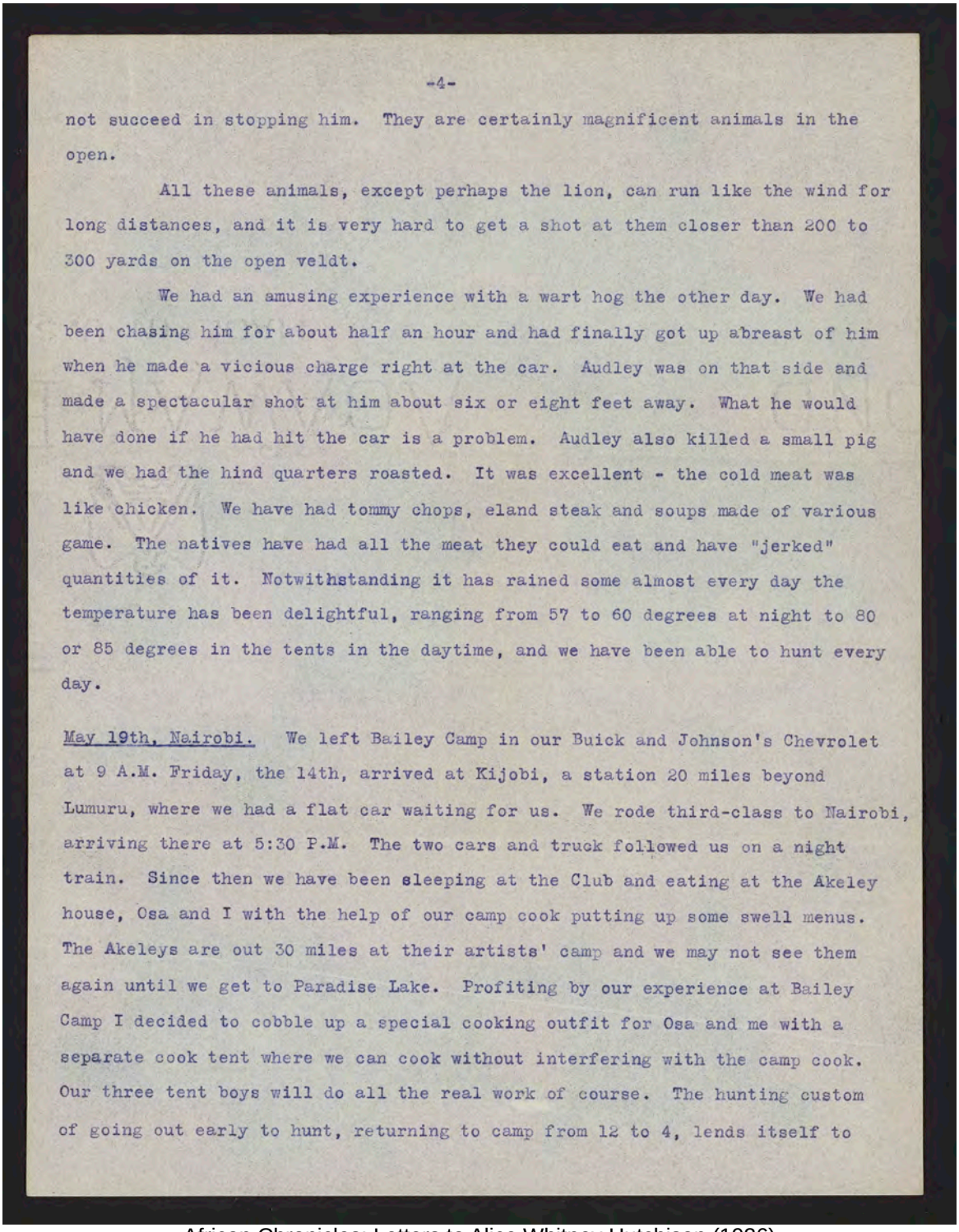

not succeed in stopping him. They are certainly magnificent animals in the open.

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

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

May 19th, Nairobi. We left Bailey Camp in our Buick and Johnson's Chevrolet at 9 A.M. Friday, the 14th, arrived at Kijobi, a station 20 miles beyond Lumuru, where we had a flat car waiting for us. We rode third-class to Nairobi, arriving there at 5:30 P.M. The two cars and truck followed us on a night train. Since then we have been sleeping at the Club and eating at the Akeley house, Osa and I with the help of our camp cook putting up some swell menus. The Akeleys are out 30 miles at their artists' camp and we may not see them again until we get to Paradise Lake. Profiting by our experience at Bailey Camp I decided to cobble up a special cooking outfit for Osa and me with a separate cook tent where we can cook without interfering with the camp cook. Our three tent boys will do all the real work of course. The hunting custom of going out early to hunt, returning to camp from 12 to 4, lends itself to

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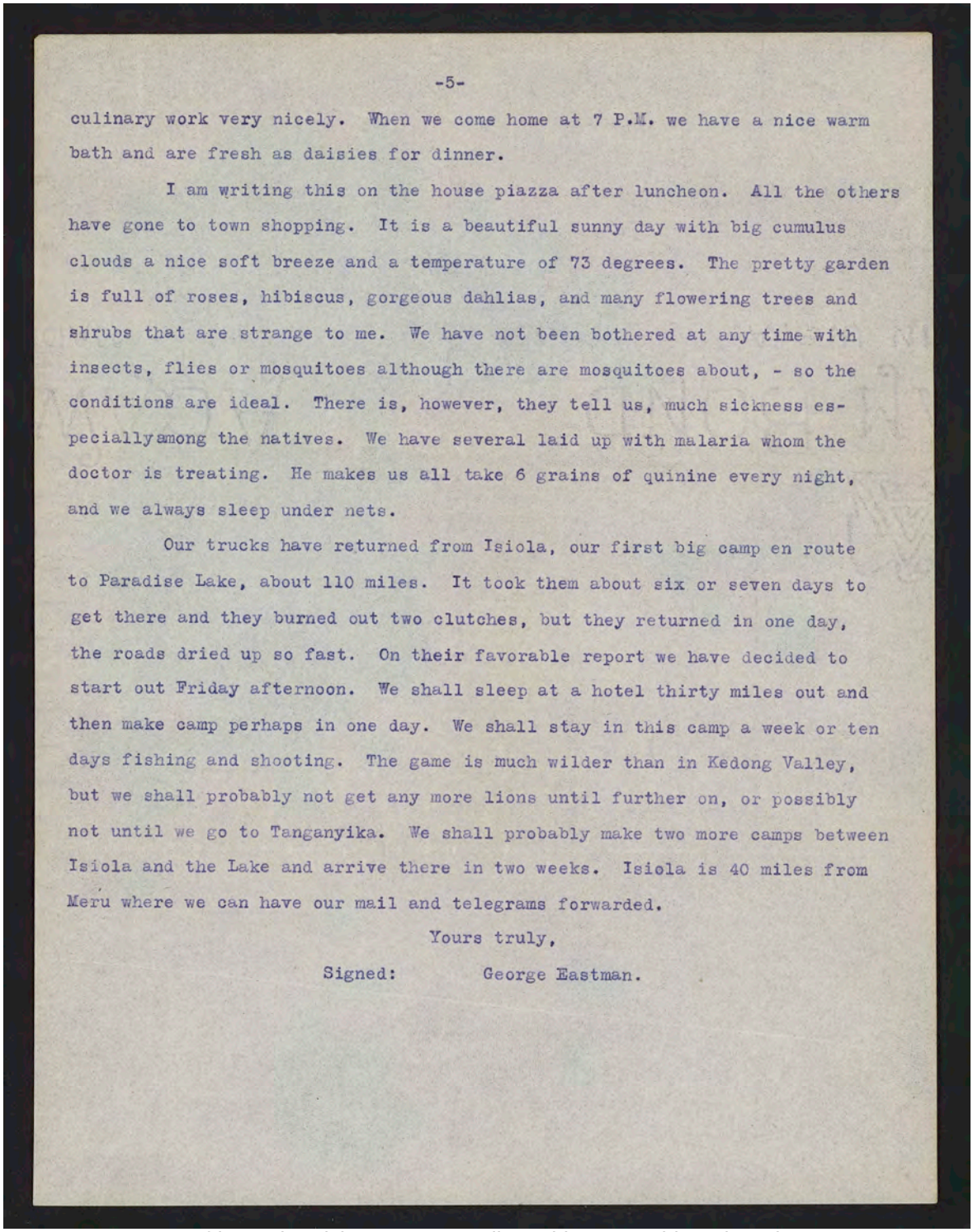

culinary work very nicely. When we come home at 7 P.M. we have a nice warm bath and are fresh as daisies for dinner.

I am writing this on the house piazza after luncheon. All the others have gone to town shopping. It is a beautiful sunny day with big cumulus clouds a nice soft breeze and a temperature of 73 degrees. The pretty garden is full of roses, hibiscus, gorgeous dahlias, and many flowering trees and shrubs that are strange to me. We have not been bothered at any time with insects, flies or mosquitoes although there are mosquitoes about, - so the conditions are ideal. There is, however, they tell us, much sickness especiallyamong the natives. We have several laid up with malaria whom the doctor is treating. He makes us all take 6 grains of quinine every night, and we always sleep under nets.

Our trucks have returned from Isiola, our first big camp en route to Paradise Lake, about 110 miles. It took them about six or seven days to get there and they burned out two clutches, but they returned in one day, the roads dried up so fast. On their favorable report we have decided to start out Friday afternoon. We shall sleep at a hotel thirty miles out and then make camp perhaps in one day. We shall stay in this camp a week or ten days fishing and shooting. The game is much wilder than in Kedong Valley, but we shall probably not get any more lions until further on, or possibly not until we go to Tanganyika. We shall probably make two more camps between Isiola and the Lake and arrive there in two weeks. Isiola is 40 miles from Meru where we can have our mail and telegrams forwarded.

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

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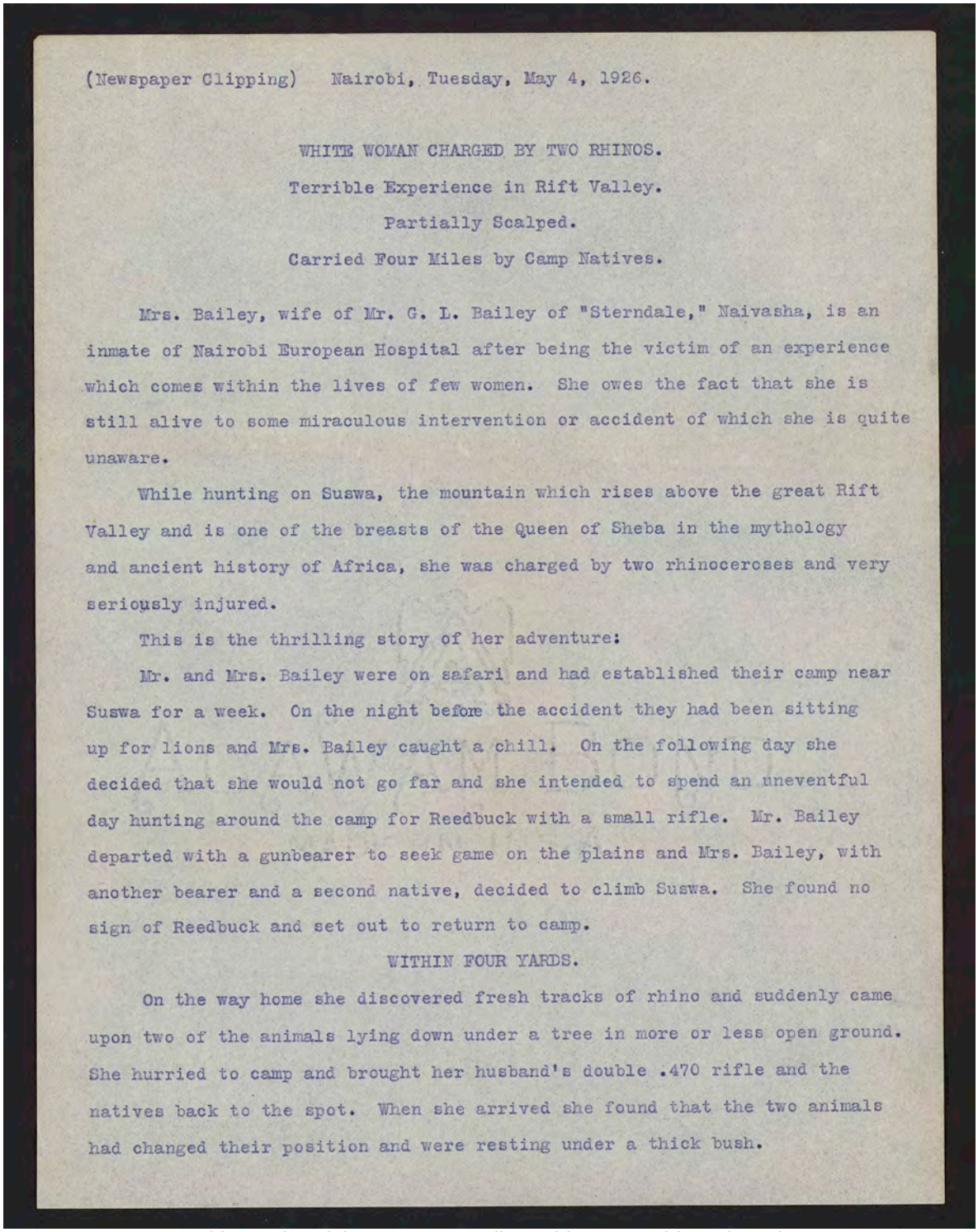

(Newspaper Clipping) Nairobi, Tuesday, May 4, 1926.

WHITE WOMAN CHARGED BY TWO RHINOS.

Terrible Experience in Rift Valley.

Partially Scalped.

Carried Four Miles by Camp Natives.

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

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

This is the thrilling story of her adventure:

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

WITHIN FOUR YARDS.

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

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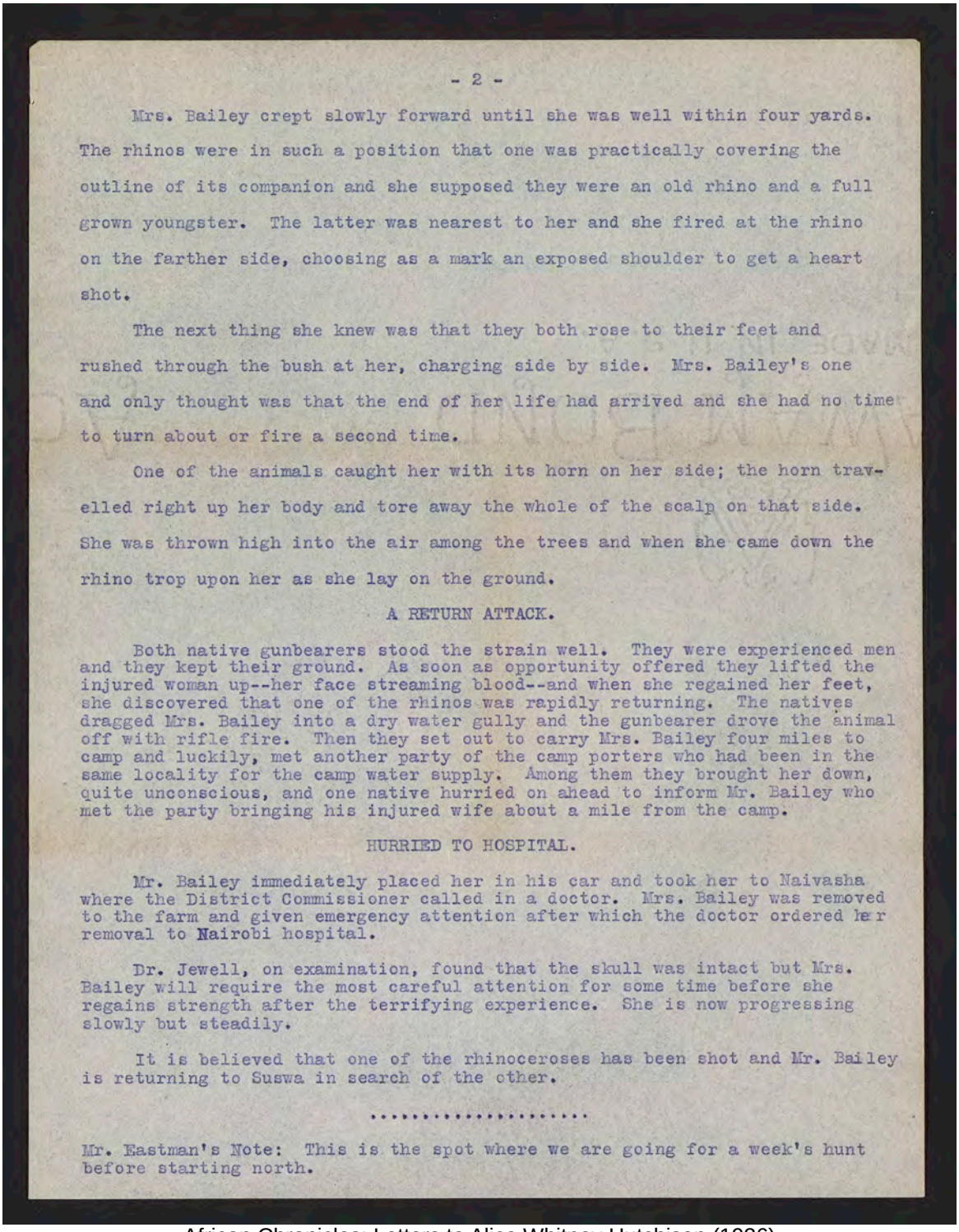

Mrs. Bailey crept slowly forward until she was well within four yards. The rhinos were in such a position that one was practically covering the outline of its companion and she supposed they were an old rhino and a full grown youngster. The latter was nearest to her and she fired at the rhino on the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

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

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

A RETURN ATTACK.

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

HURRIED TO HOSPITAL.

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

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

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

.....

Mr. Eastman's Note: This is the spot where we are going for a week's hunt before starting north.

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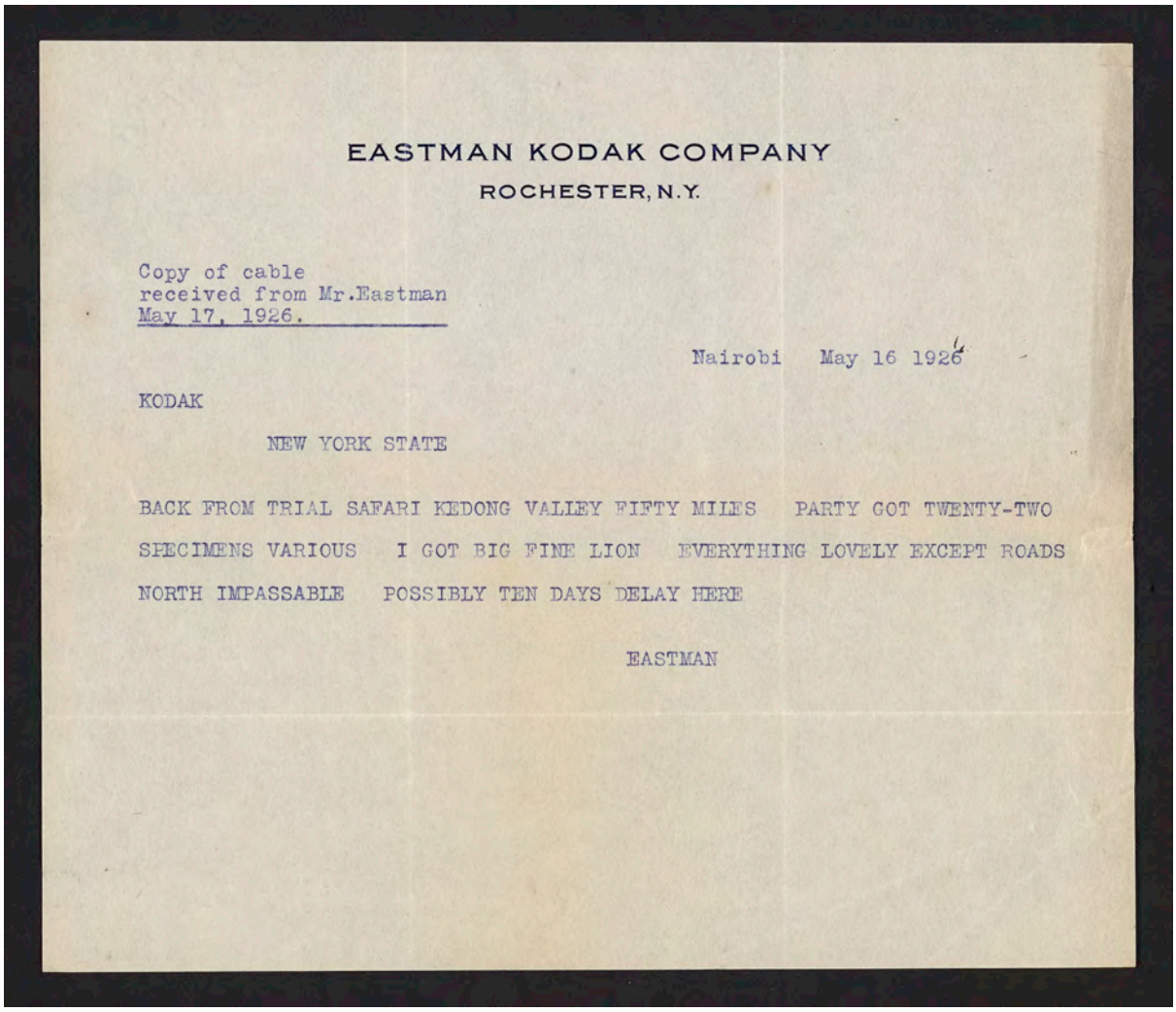

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Copy of cable
received from Mr.Eastman
May 17, 1926.

Nairobi May 16 1926

KODAK

NEW YORK STATE

BACK FROM TRIAL SAFARI KEDONG VALLEY FIFTY MILES PARTY GOT TWENTY-TWO SPECIMENS VARIOUS I GOT BIG FINE LION EVERYTHING LOVELY EXCEPT ROADS NORTH IMPASSABLE POSSIBLY TEN DAYS DELAY HERE

EASTMAN

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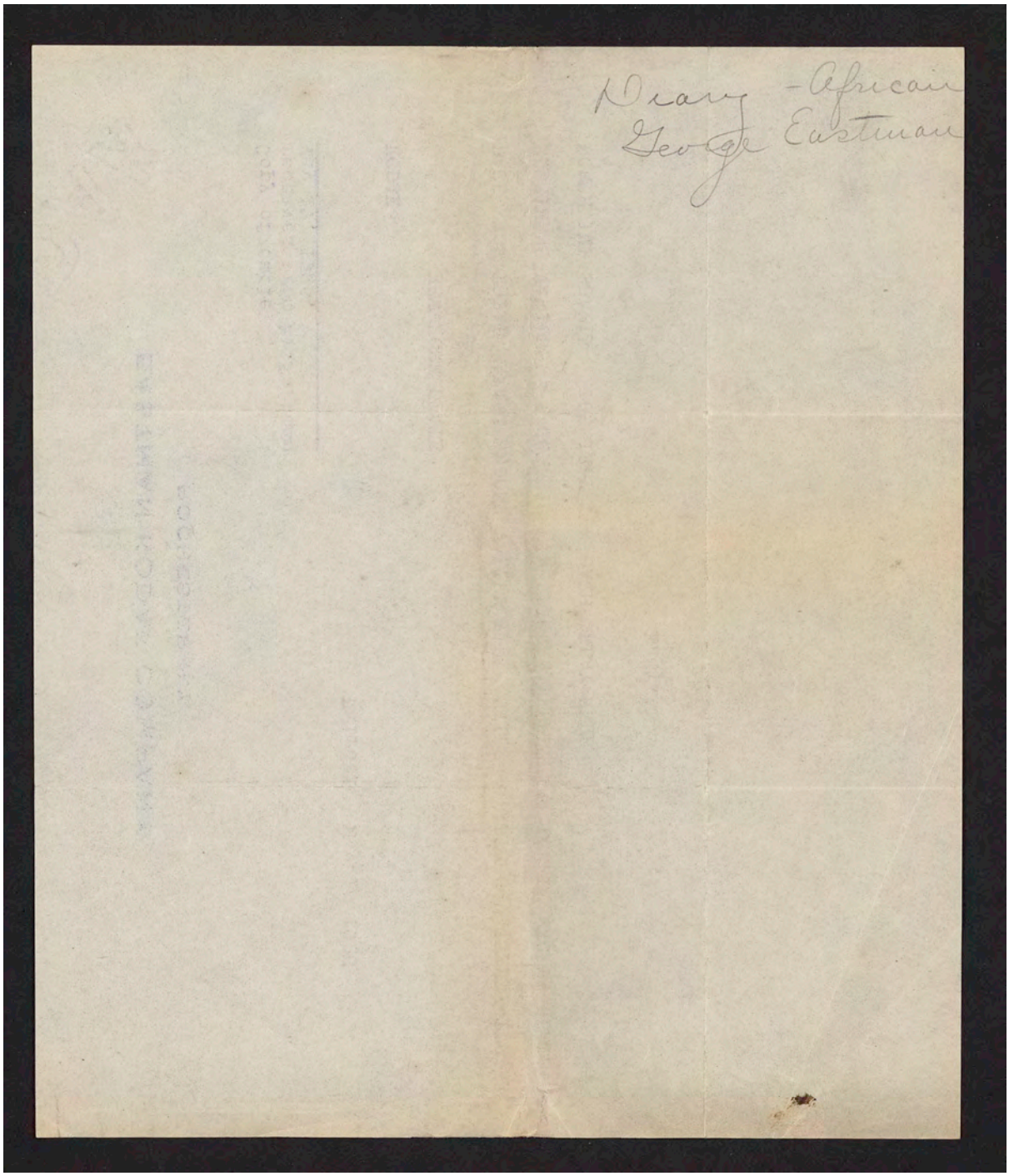

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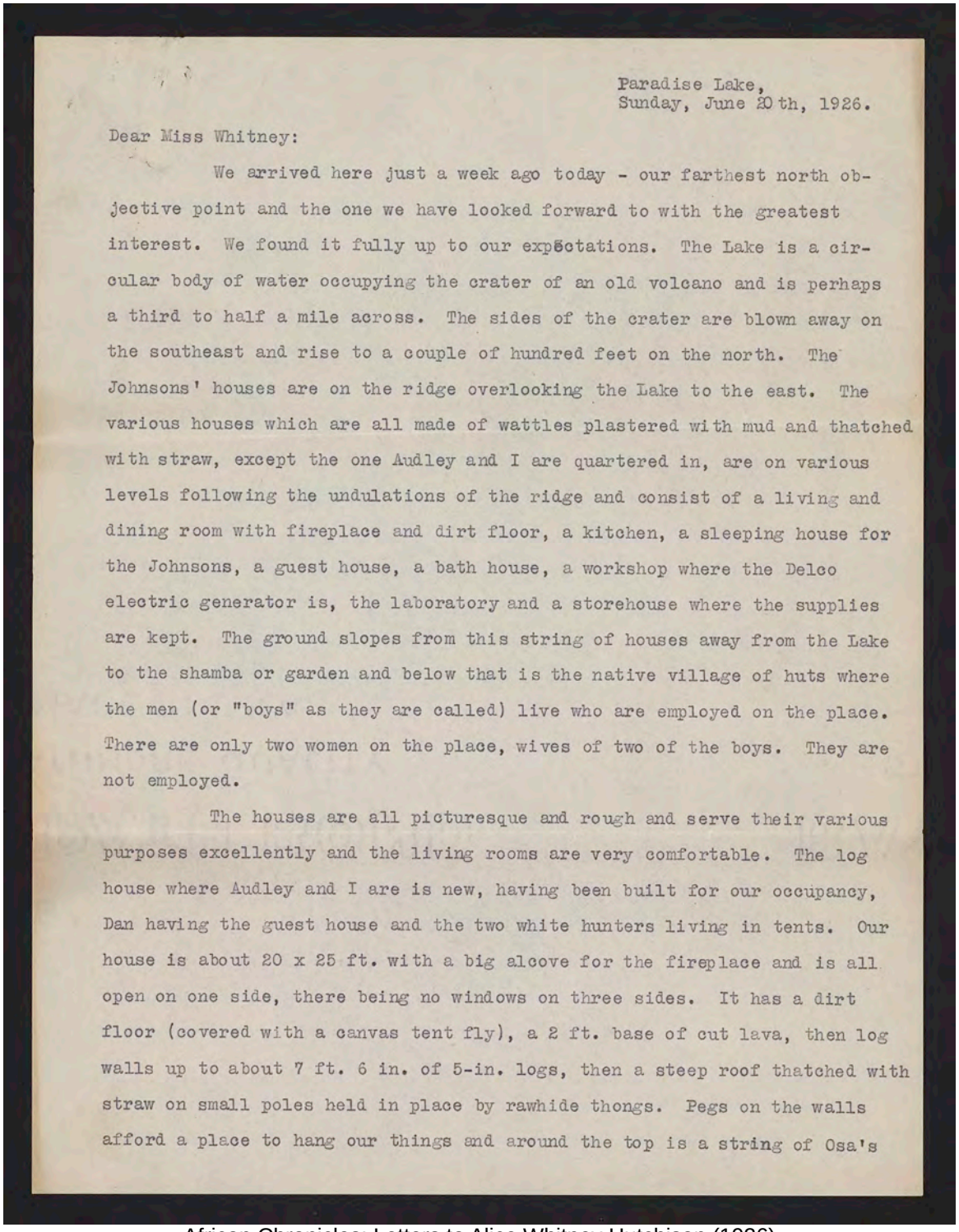

Paradise Lake,
Sunday, June 20th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

The houses are all picturesque and rough and serve their various purposes excellently and the living rooms are very comfortable. The log house where Audley and I are is new, having been built for our occupancy, Dan having the guest house and the two white hunters living in tents. Our house is about 20 x 25 ft. with a big alcove for the fireplace and is all open on one side, there being no windows on three sides. It has a dirt floor (covered with a canvas tent fly), a 2 ft. base of cut lava, then log walls up to about 7 ft. 6 in. of 5-in. logs, then a steep roof thatched with straw on small poles held in place by rawhide thongs. Pegs on the walls afford a place to hang our things and around the top is a string of Osa's

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

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

The weather here is simply delightful, the range of temperature from 61 degrees at night to 75 degrees in the daytime in the shade. In the direct sun it is hot but I have not been oppressed by it at any time. I have when out on the desert on the way here felt the heat of the ground through the crepe rubber soles of my shoes, a ¼ in. cork insole and two pairs heavy wool socks and still been quite comfortable. When hunting we usually come in for a siesta from ten to four, but the middle of the day in the field so far has not been unbearable.

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

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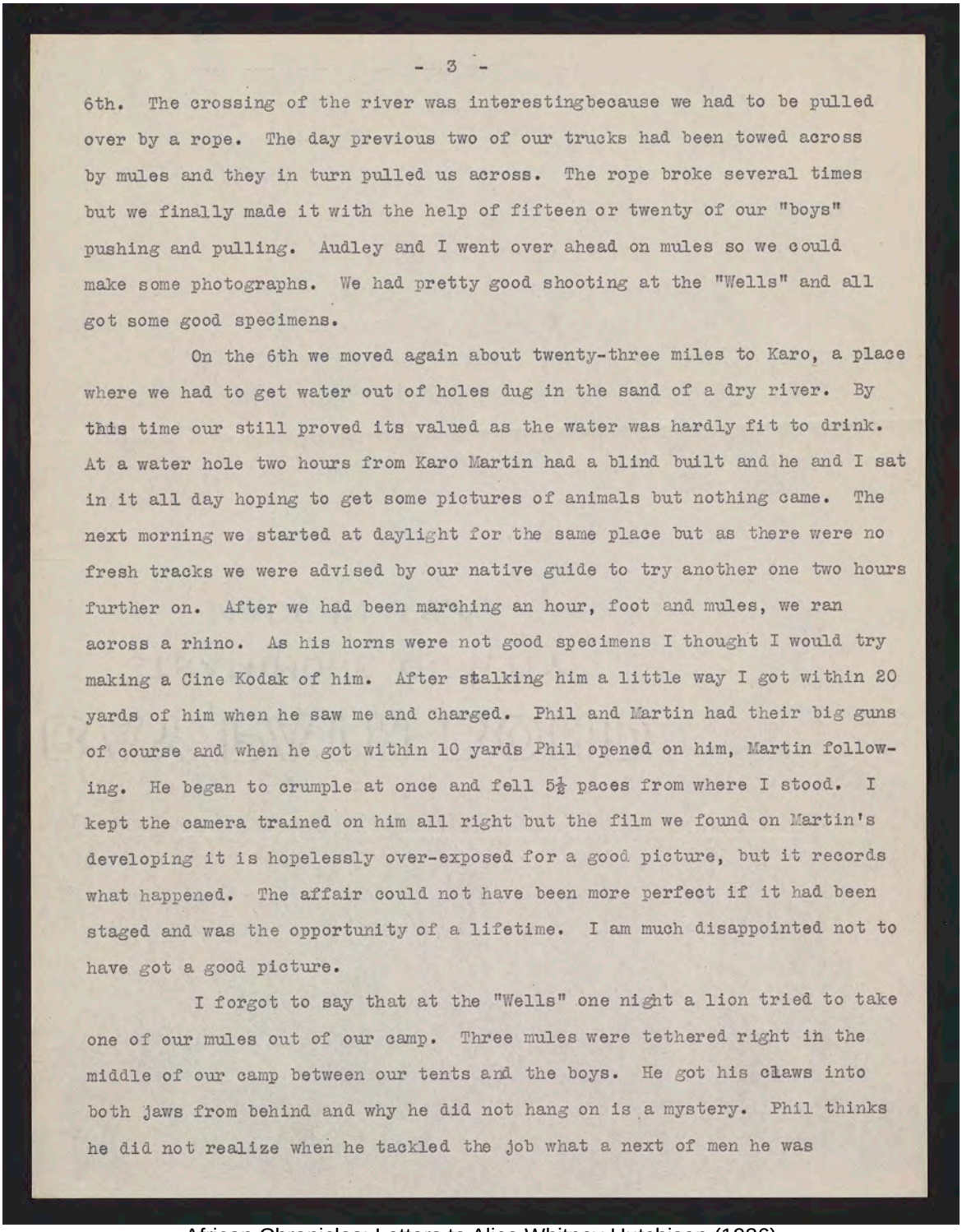

6th. The crossing of the river was interestingbecause we had to be pulled over by a rope. The day previous two of our trucks had been towed across by mules and they in turn pulled us across. The rope broke several times but we finally made it with the help of fifteen or twenty of our "boys" pushing and pulling. Audley and I went over ahead on mules so we could make some photographs. We had pretty good shooting at the "Wells" and all got some good specimens.

On the 6th we moved again about twenty-three miles to Karo, a place where we had to get water out of holes dug in the sand of a dry river. By this time our still proved its valued as the water was hardly fit to drink. At a water hole two hours from Karo Martin had a blind built and he and I sat in it all day hoping to get some pictures of animals but nothing came. The next morning we started at daylight for the same place but as there were no fresh tracks we were advised by our native guide to try another one two hours further on. After we had been marching an hour, foot and mules, we ran across a rhino. As his horns were not good specimens I thought I would try making a Cine Kodak of him. After stalking him a little way I got within 20 yards of him when he saw me and charged. Phil and Martin had their big guns of course and when he got within 10 yards Phil opened on him, Martin following. He began to crumple at once and fell 5½ paces from where I stood. I kept the camera trained on him all right but the film we found on Martin's developing it is hopelessly over-exposed for a good picture, but it records what happened. The affair could not have been more perfect if it had been staged and was the opportunity of a lifetime. I am much disappointed not to have got a good picture.

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

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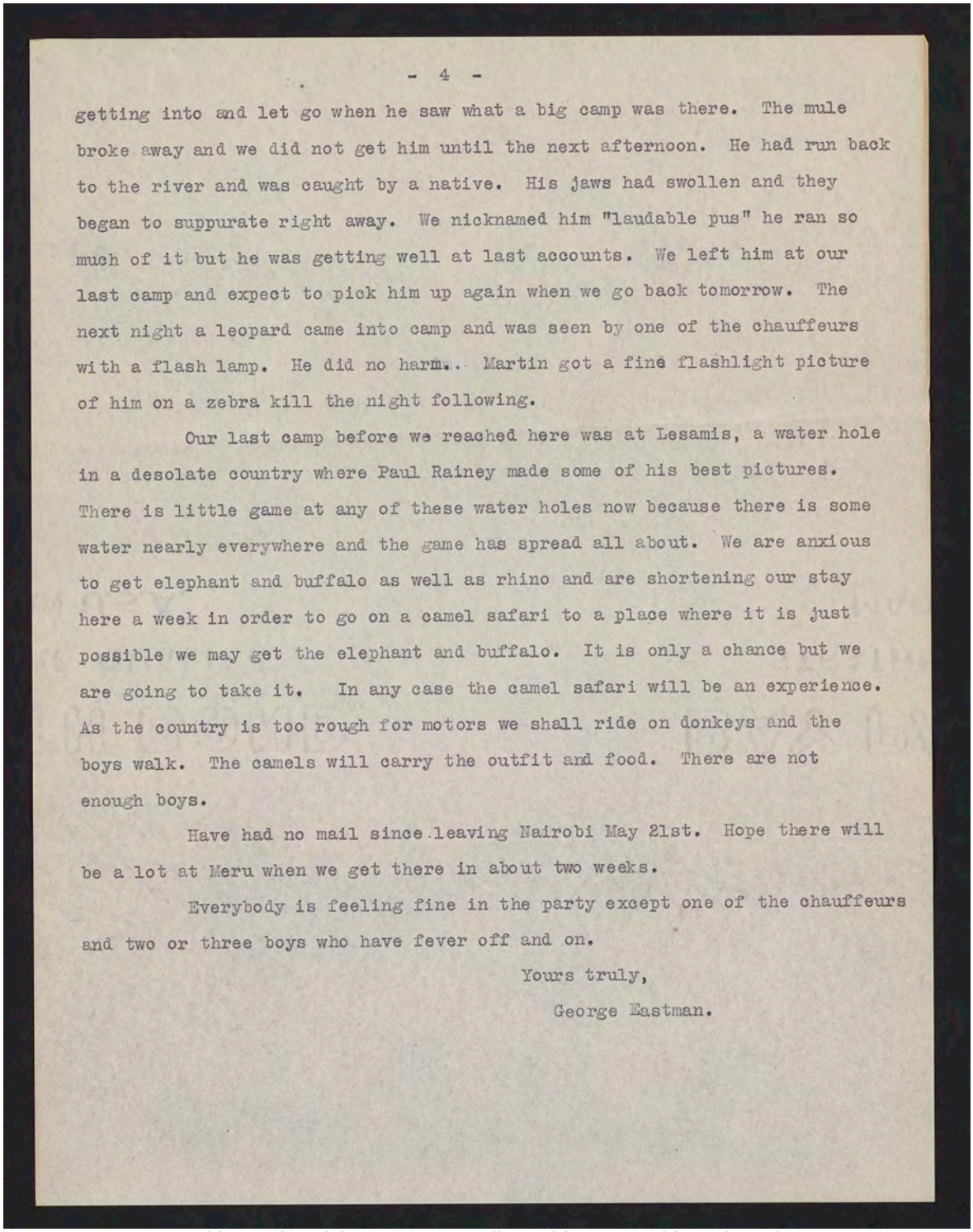

getting into and let go when he saw what a big camp was there. The mule broke away and we did not get him until the next afternoon. He had run back to the river and was caught by a native. His jaws had swollen and they began to suppurate right away. We nicknamed him "laudable pus" he ran so much of it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

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

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

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

Yours truly,

George Eastman.

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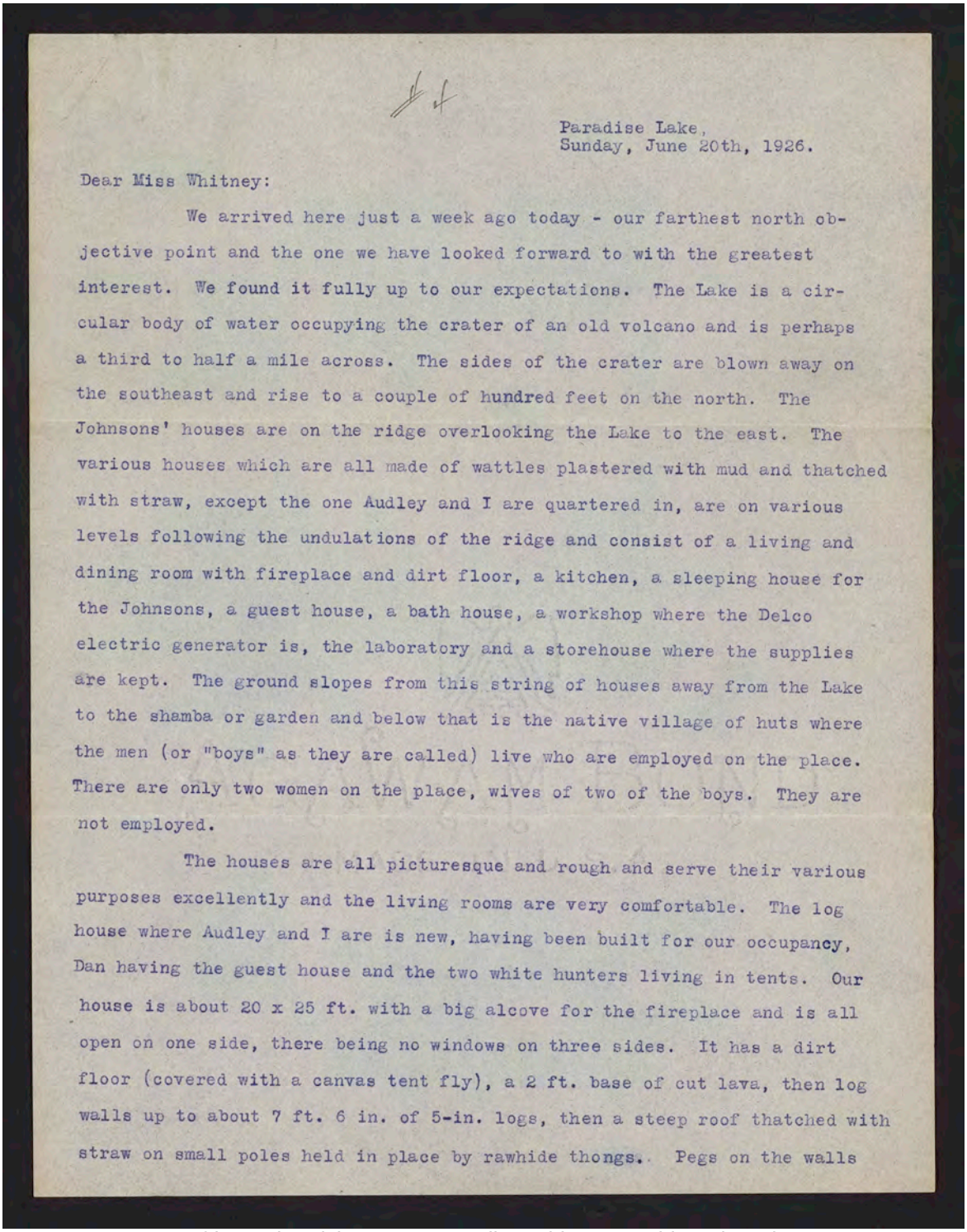

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Sunday, June 20th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

The houses are all picturesque and rough and serve their various purposes excellently and the living rooms are very comfortable. The log house where Audley and I are is new, having been built for our occupancy, Dan having the guest house and the two white hunters living in tents. Our house is about 20 x 25 ft. with a big alcove for the fireplace and is all open on one side, there being no windows on three sides. It has a dirt floor (covered with a canvas tent fly), a 2 ft. base of cut lava, then log walls up to about 7 ft. 6 in. of 5-in. logs, then a steep roof thatched with straw on small poles held in place by rawhide thongs. Pegs on the walls

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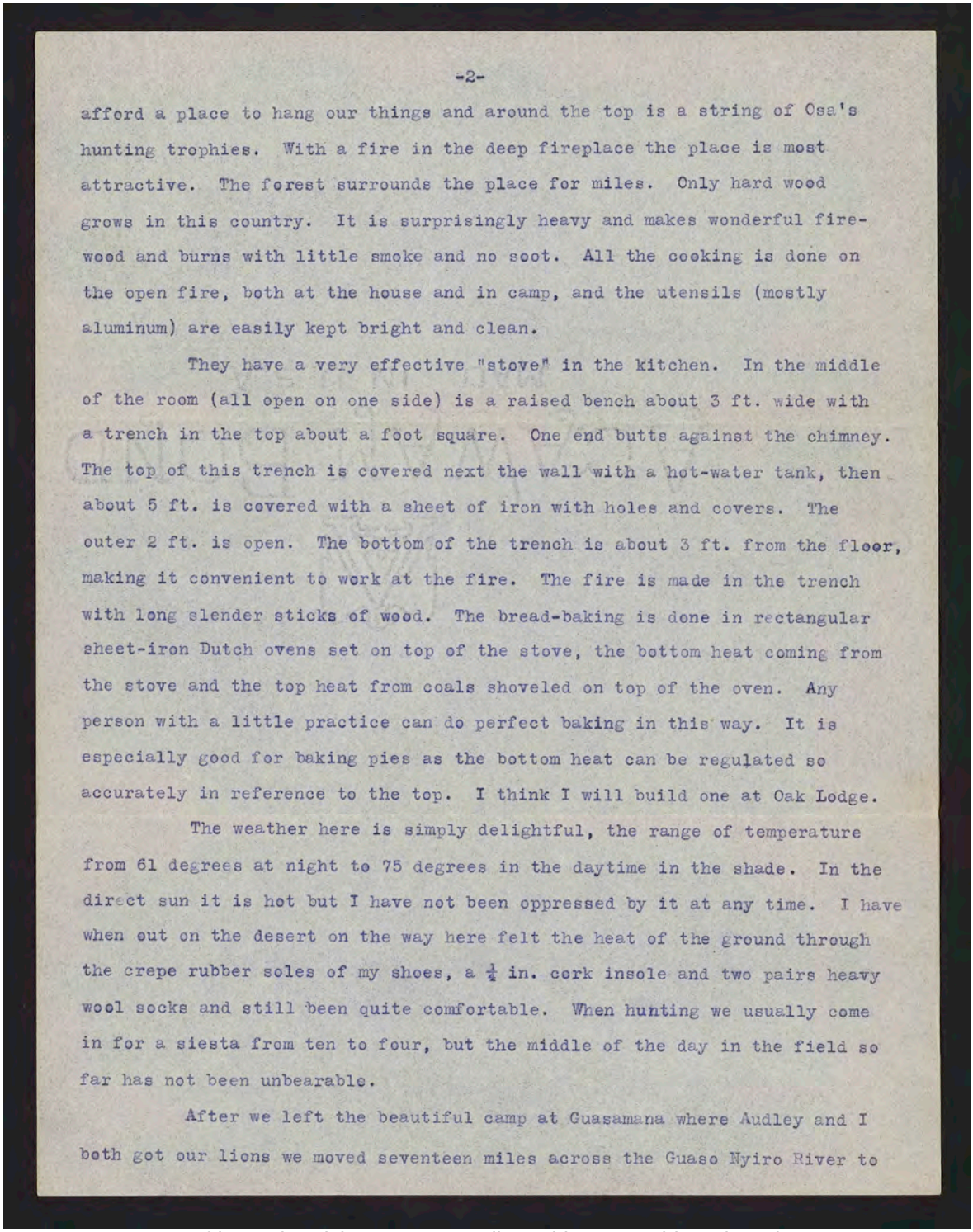

afford a place to hang our things and around the top is a string of Osa's hunting trophies. With a fire in the deep fireplace the place is most attractive. The forest surrounds the place for miles. Only hard wood grows in this country. It is surprisingly heavy and makes wonderful fire-wood and burns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

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

The weather here is simply delightful, the range of temperature from 61 degrees at night to 75 degrees in the daytime in the shade. In the direct sun it is hot but I have not been oppressed by it at any time. I have when out on the desert on the way here felt the heat of the ground through the crepe rubber soles of my shoes, a ¼ in. cork insole and two pairs heavy wool socks and still been quite comfortable. When hunting we usually come in for a siesta from ten to four, but the middle of the day in the field so far has not been unbearable.

After we left the beautiful camp at Guasamana where Audley and I both got our lions we moved seventeen miles across the Guaso Nyiro River to

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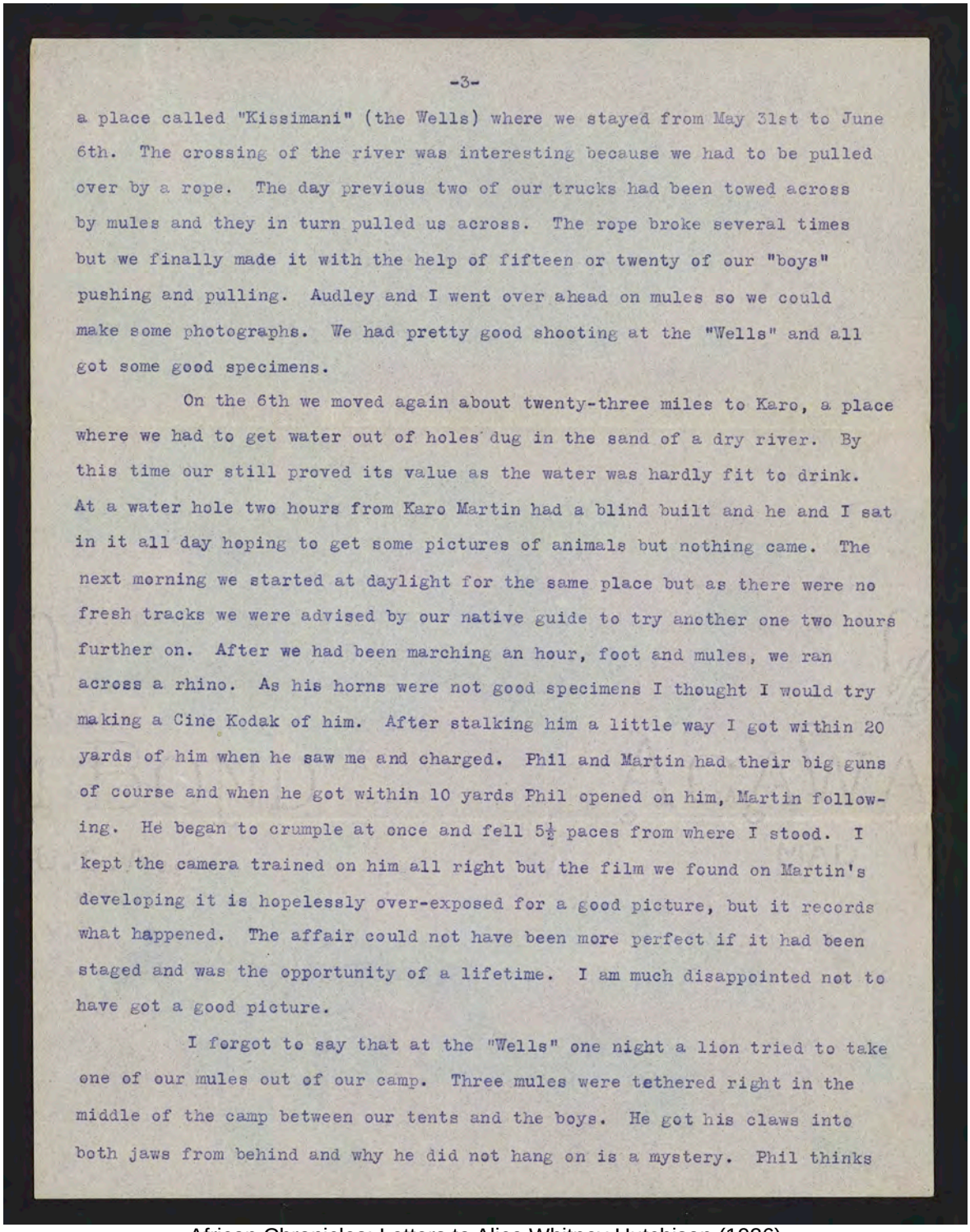

a place called "Kissimani" (the Wells) where we stayed from May 31st to June 6th. The crossing of the river was interesting because we had to be pulled over by a rope. The day previous two of our trucks had been towed across by mules and they in turn pulled us across. The rope broke several times but we finally made it with the help of fifteen or twenty of our "boys" pushing and pulling. Audley and I went over ahead on mules so we could make some photographs. We had pretty good shooting at the "Wells" and all got some good specimens.

On the 6th we moved again about twenty-three miles to Karo, a place where we had to get water out of holes dug in the sand of a dry river. By this time our still proved its value as the water was hardly fit to drink. At a water hole two hours from Karo Martin had a blind built and he and I sat in it all day hoping to get some pictures of animals but nothing came. The next morning we started at daylight for the same place but as there were no fresh tracks we were advised by our native guide to try another one two hours further on. After we had been marching an hour, foot and mules, we ran across a rhino. As his horns were not good specimens I thought I would try making a Cine Kodak of him. After stalking him a little way I got within 20 yards of him when he saw me and charged. Phil and Martin had their big guns of course and when he got within 10 yards Phil opened on him, Martin following. He began to crumple at once and fell 5½ paces from where I stood. I kept the camera trained on him all right but the film we found on Martin's developing it is hopelessly over-exposed for a good picture, but it records what happened. The affair could not have been more perfect if it had been staged and was the opportunity of a lifetime. I am much disappointed not to have got a good picture.

I forgot to say that at the "Wells" one night a lion tried to take one of our mules out of our camp. Three mules were tethered right in the middle of the camp between our tents and the boys. He got his claws into both jaws from behind and why he did not hang on is a mystery. Phil thinks

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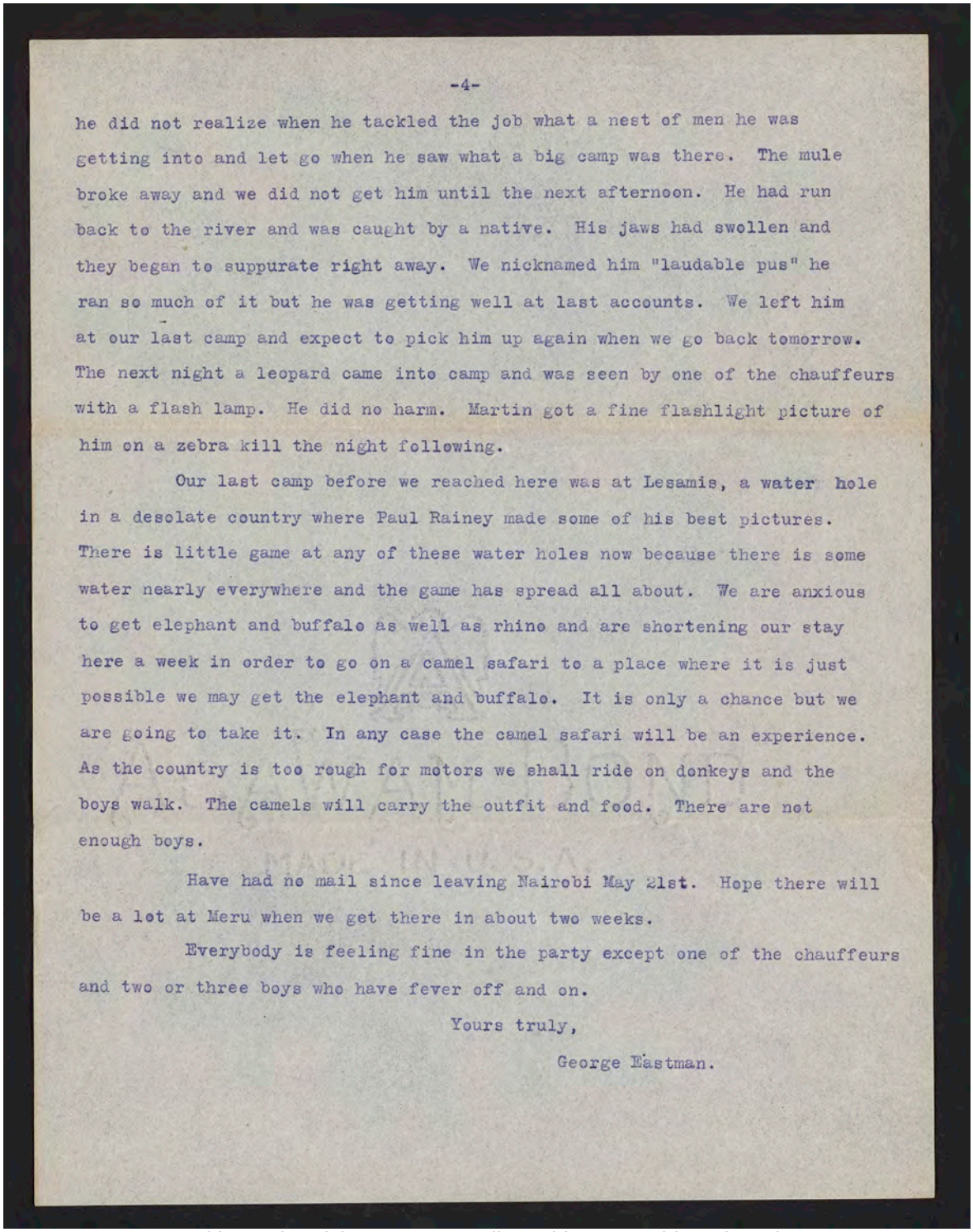

he did not realize when he tackled the job what a nest of men he was getting into and let go when he saw what a big camp was there. The mule broke away and we did not get him until the next afternoon. He had run back to the river and was caught by a native. His jaws had swollen and they began to suppurate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

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

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

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

Yours truly,

George Eastman.

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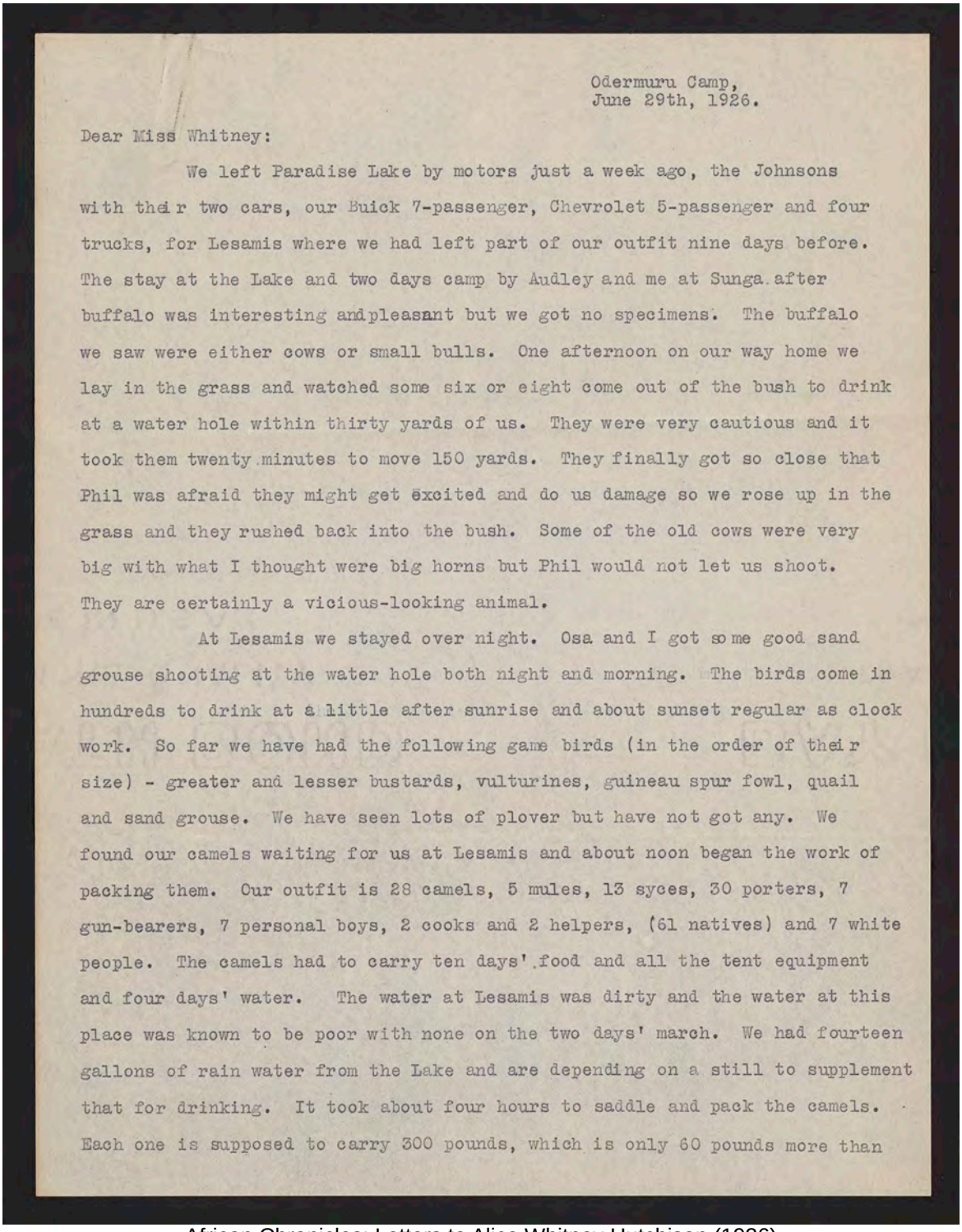

Odermuru Camp,
June 29th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

At Lesamis we stayed over night. Osa and I got some good sand grouse shooting at the water hole both night and morning. The birds come in hundreds to drink at a little after sunrise and about sunset regular as clock work. So far we have had the following game birds (in the order of their size) - greater and lesser bustards, vulturines, guineau spur fowl, quail and sand grouse. We have seen lots of plover but have not got any. We found our camels waiting for us at Lesamis and about noon began the work of packing them. Our outfit is 28 camels, 5 mules, 13 syces, 30 porters, 7 gun-bearers, 7 personal boys, 2 cooks and 2 helpers, (61 natives) and 7 white people. The camels had to carry ten days' food and all the tent equipment and four days' water. The water at Lesamis was dirty and the water at this place was known to be poor with none on the two days' march. We had fourteen gallons of rain water from the Lake and are depending on a still to supplement that for drinking. It took about four hours to saddle and pack the camels. Each one is supposed to carry 300 pounds, which is only 60 pounds more than

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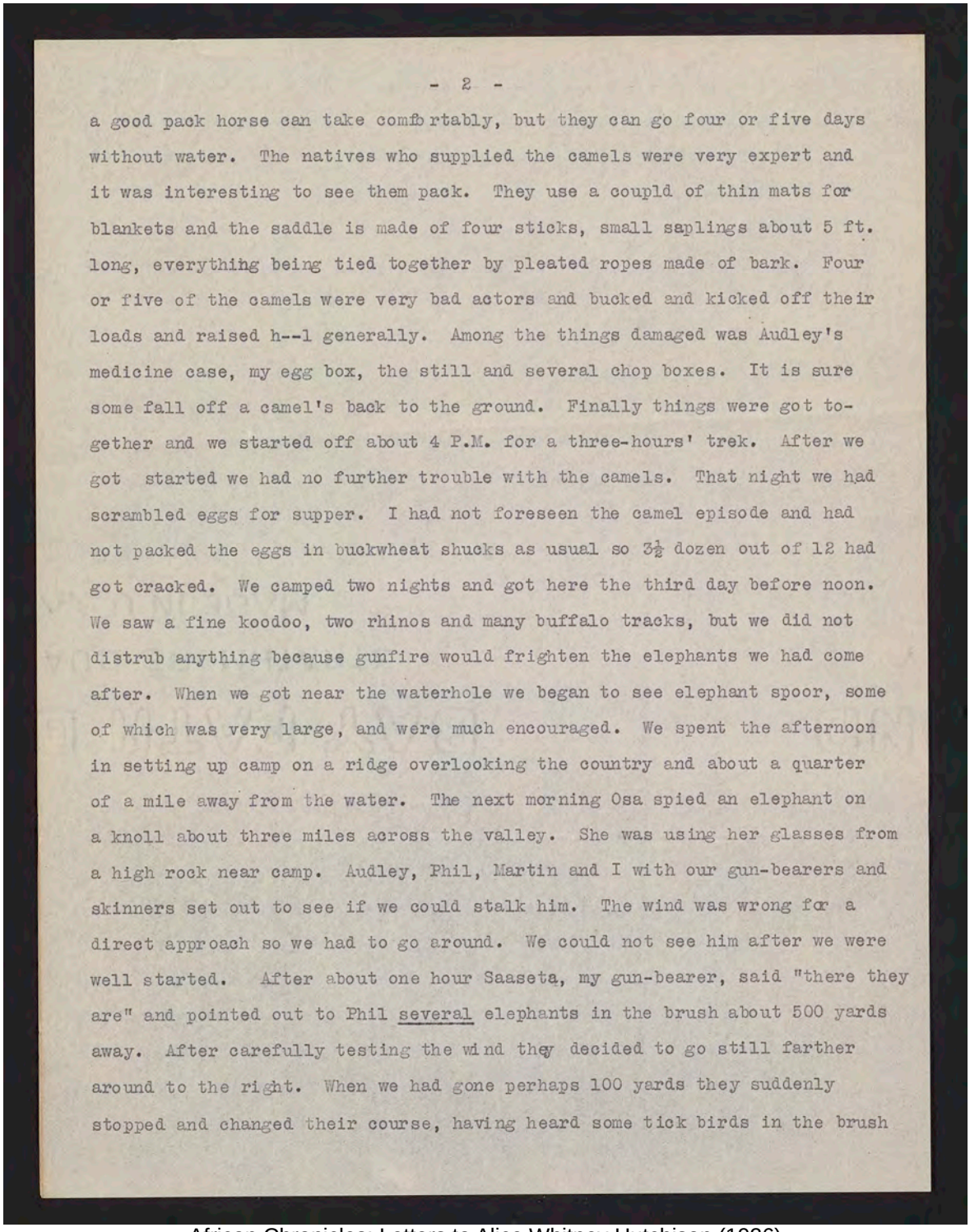

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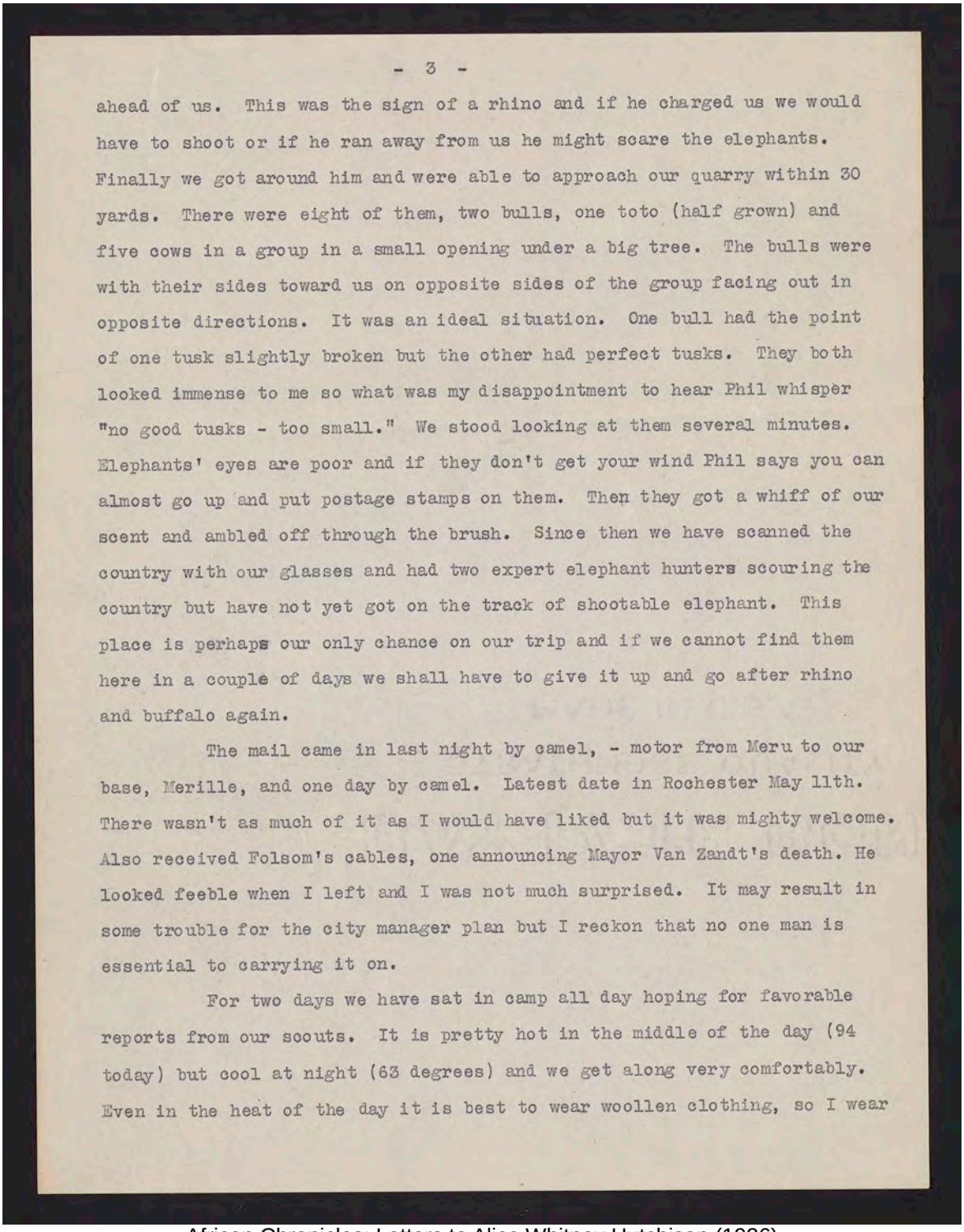

ahead of us. This was the sign of a rhino and if he charged us we would have to shoot or if he ran away from us he might scare the elephants. Finally we got around him and were able to approach our quarry within 30 yards. There were eight of them, two bulls, one toto (half grown) and five cows in a group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

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

For two days we have sat in camp all day hoping for favorable reports from our scouts. It is pretty hot in the middle of the day (94 today) but cool at night (63 degrees) and we get along very comfortably. Even in the heat of the day it is best to wear woollen clothing, so I wear

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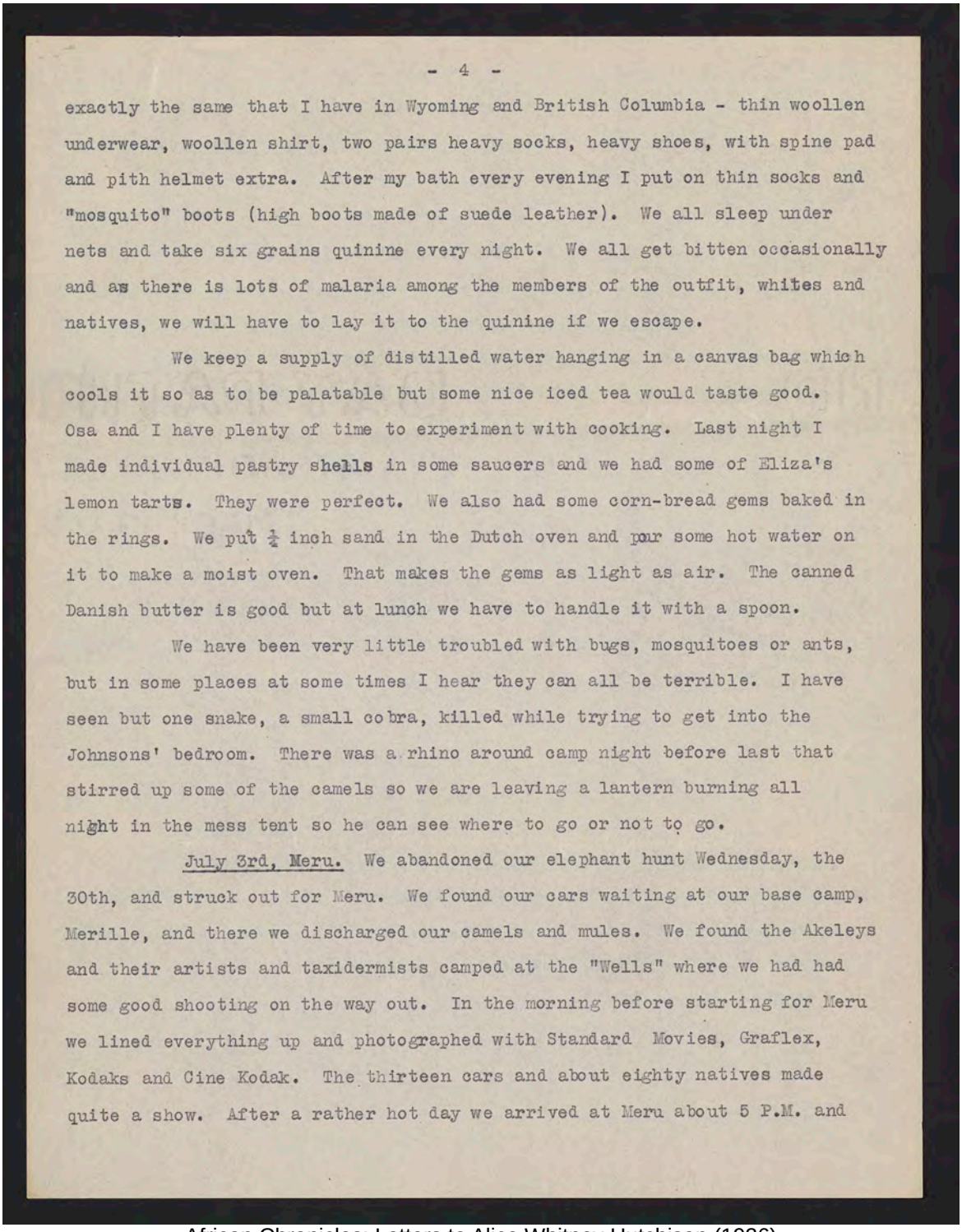

exactly the same that I have in Wyoming and British Columbia - thin woollen underwear, woollen shirt, two pairs heavy socks, heavy shoes, with spine pad and pith helmet extra. After my bath every evening I put on thin socks and "mosquito" boots (high boots made of suede leather). We all sleep under nets and take six grains quinine every night. We all get bitten occasionally and as there is lots of malaria among the members of the outfit, whites and natives, we will have to lay it to the quinine if we escape.

We keep a supply of distilled water hanging in a canvas bag which cools it so as to be palatable but some nice iced tea would taste good. Osa and I have plenty of time to experiment with cooking. Last night I made individual pastry shells in some saucers and we had some of Eliza's lemon tarts. They were perfect. We also had some corn-bread gems baked in the rings. We put ½ inch sand in the Dutch oven and pour some hot water on it to make a moist oven. That makes the gems as light as air. The canned Danish butter is good but at lunch we have to handle it with a spoon.

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

July 3rd, Meru. We abandoned our elephant hunt Wednesday, the 30th, and struck out for Meru. We found our cars waiting at our base camp, Merille, and there we discharged our camels and mules. We found the Akeleys and their artists and taxidermists camped at the "Wells" where we had had some good shooting on the way out. In the morning before starting for Meru we lined everything up and photographed with Standard Movies, Graflex, Kodaks and Cine Kodak. The thirteen cars and about eighty natives made quite a show. After a rather hot day we arrived at Meru about 5 P.M. and

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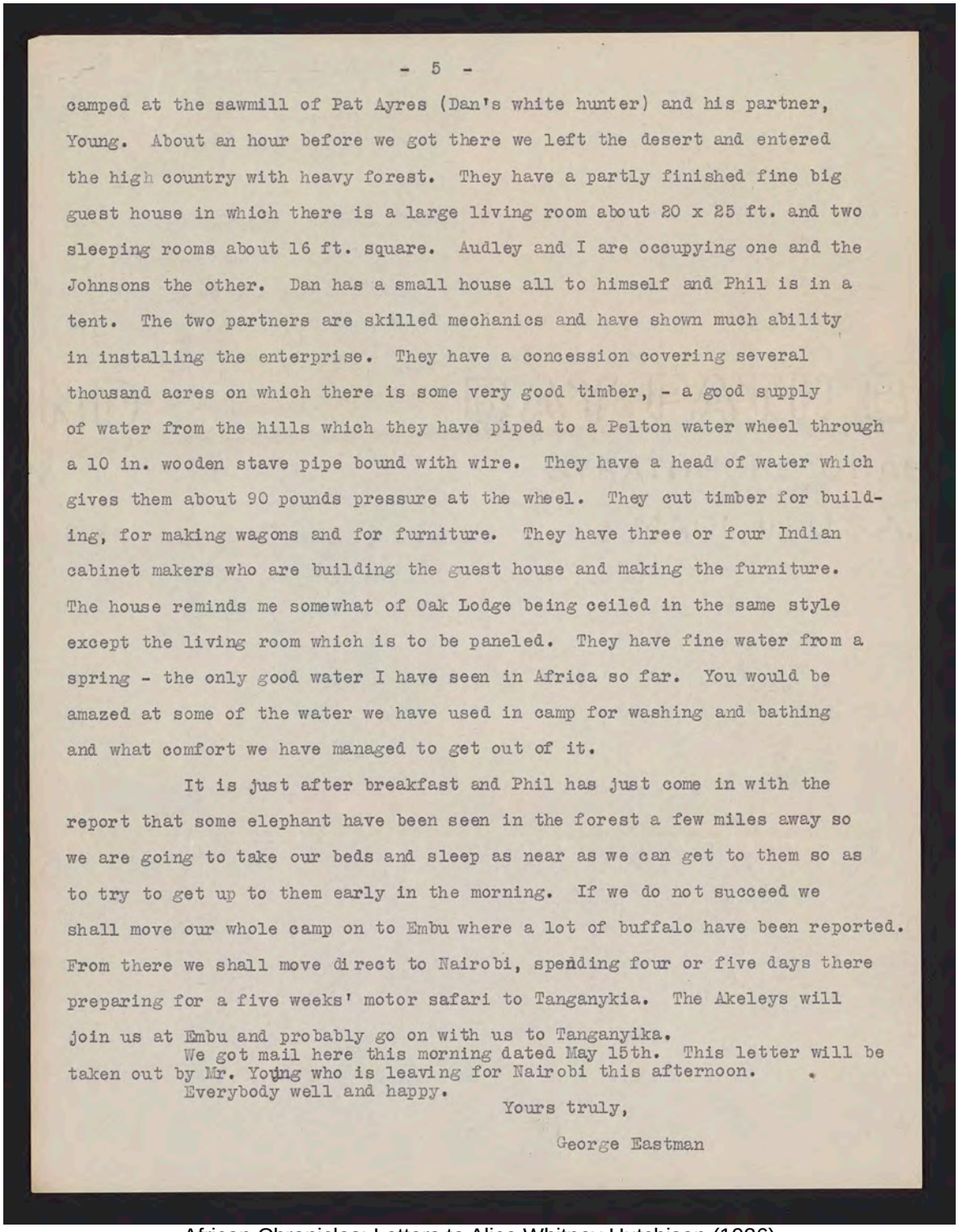

camped at the sawmill of Pat Ayres (Dan's white hunter) and his partner, Young. About an hour before we got there we left the desert and entered the high country with heavy forest. They have a partly finished fine big guest house in which there is a large living room about 20 x 25 ft. and two sleeping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

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

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

Everybody well and happy.

Yours truly,

George Eastman

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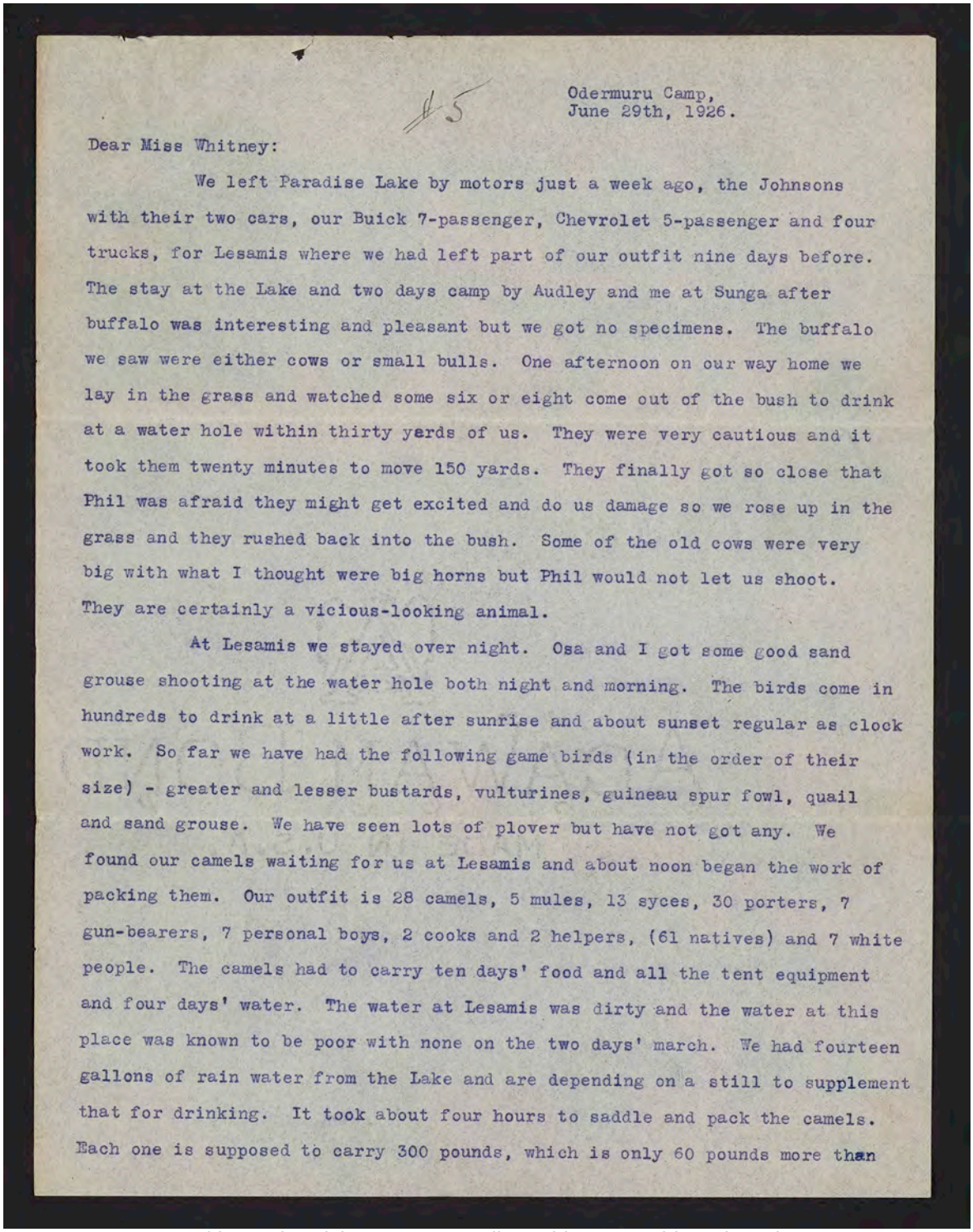

#5

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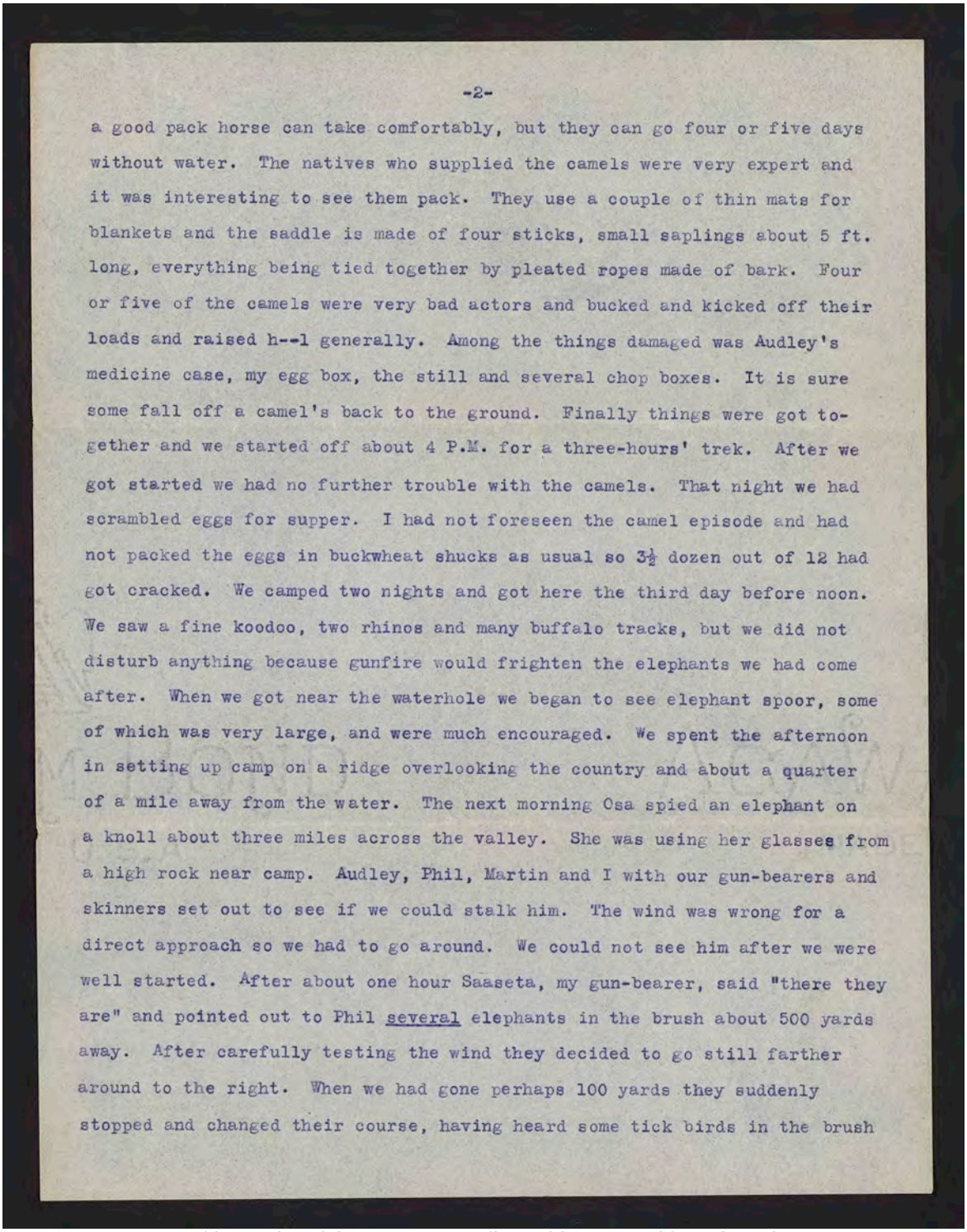

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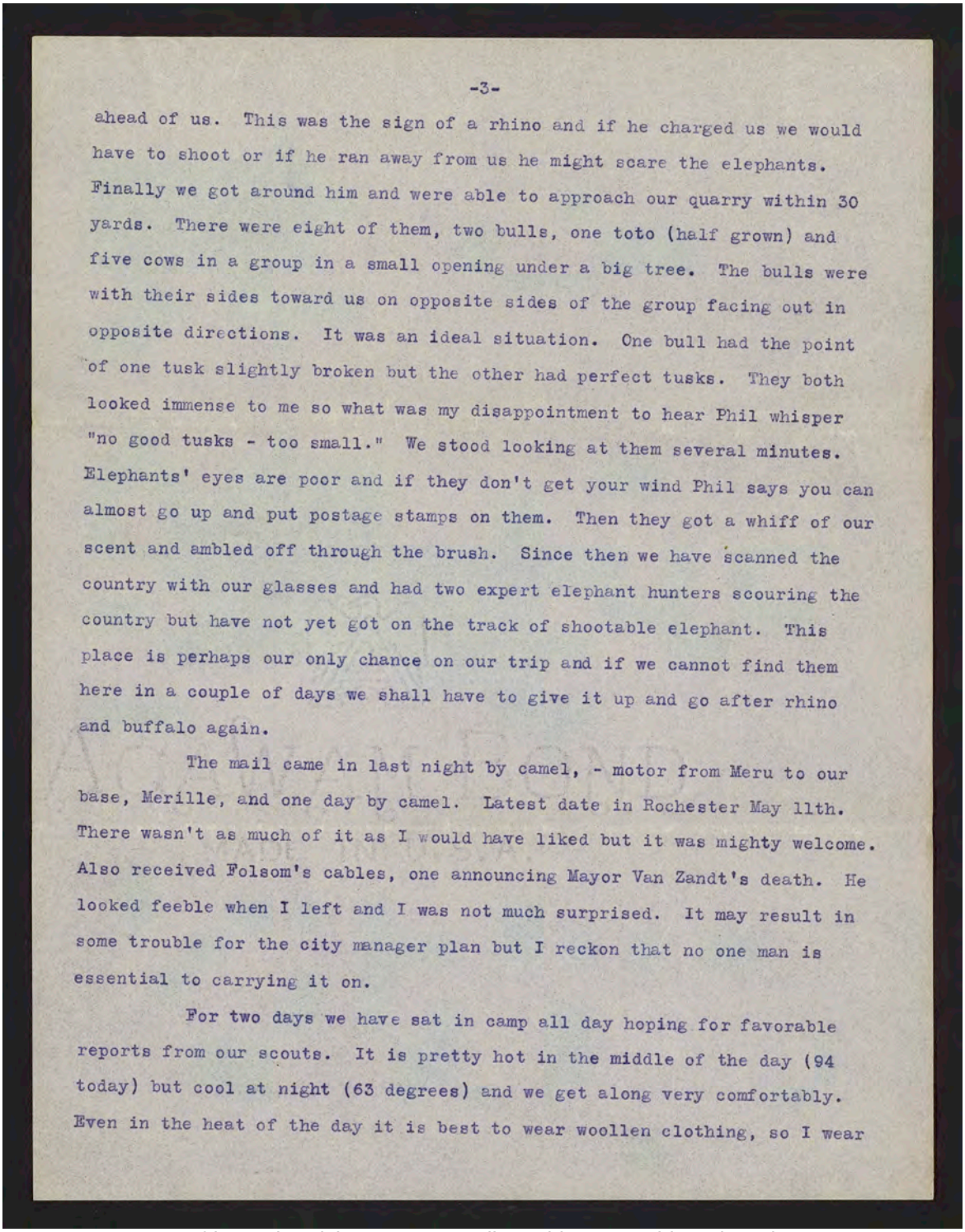

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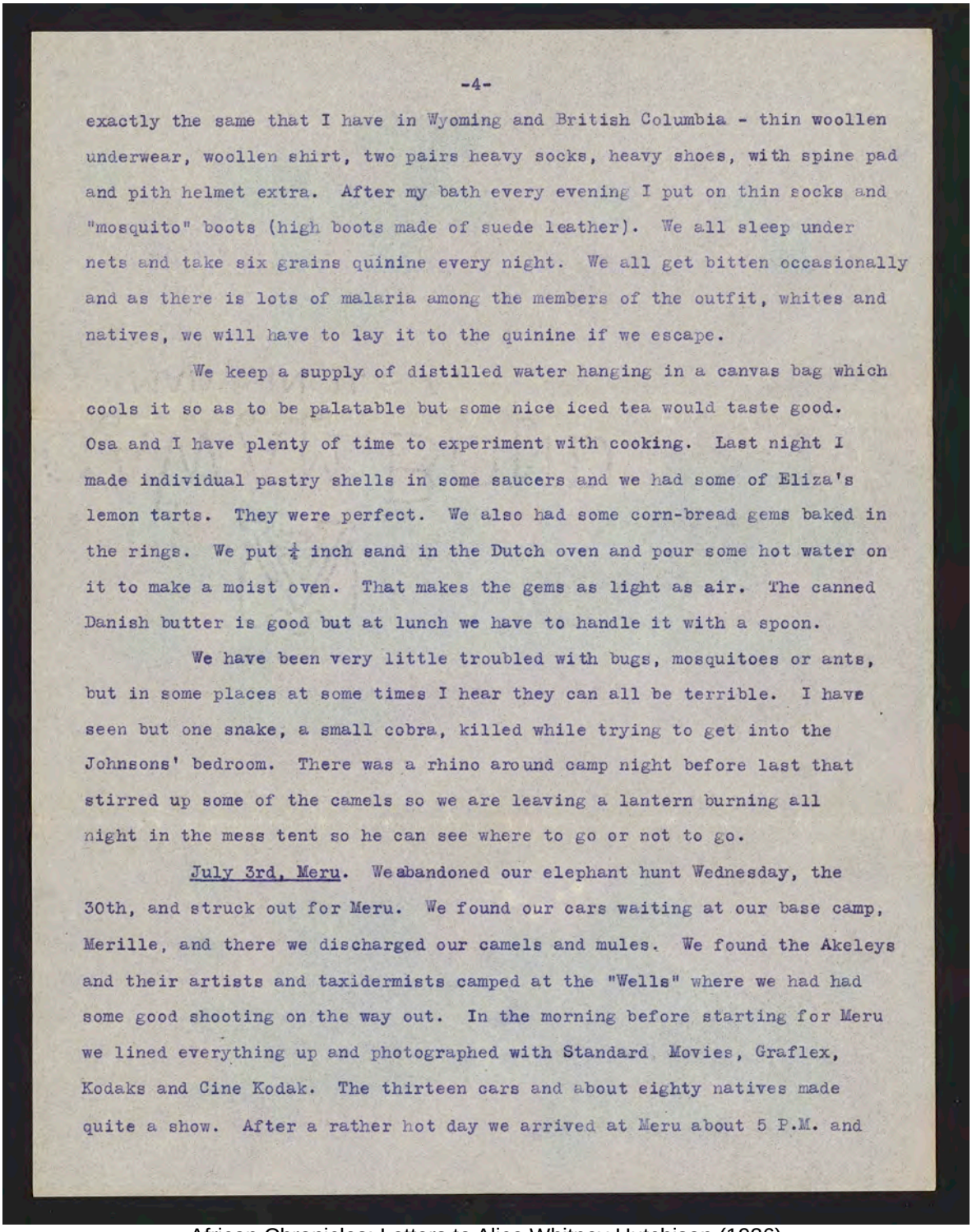

exactly the same that I have in Wyoming and British Columbia - thin woollen underwear, woollen shirt, two pairs heavy socks, heavy shoes, with spine pad and pith helmet extra. After my bath every evening I put on thin socks and "mosquito" boots (high boots made of suede leather). We all sleep under nets and take six grains quinine every night. We all get bitten occasionally and as there is lots of malaria among the members of the outfit, whites and natives, we will have to lay it to the quinine if we escape.

We keep a supply of distilled water hanging in a canvas bag which cools it so as to be palatable but some nice iced tea would taste good. Osa and I have plenty of time to experiment with cooking. Last night I made individual pastry shells in some saucers and we had some of Eliza's lemon tarts. They were perfect. We also had some corn-bread gems baked in the rings. We put ½ inch sand in the Dutch oven and pour some hot water on it to make a moist oven. That makes the gems as light as air. The canned Danish butter is good but at lunch we have to handle it with a spoon.

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

July 3rd, Meru. We abandoned our elephant hunt Wednesday, the 30th, and struck out for Meru. We found our cars waiting at our base camp, Merille, and there we discharged our camels and mules. We found the Akeleys and their artists and taxidermists camped at the "Wells" where we had had some good shooting on the way out. In the morning before starting for Meru we lined everything up and photographed with Standard Movies, Graflex, Kodaks and Cine Kodak. The thirteen cars and about eighty natives made quite a show. After a rather hot day we arrived at Meru about 5 P.M. and

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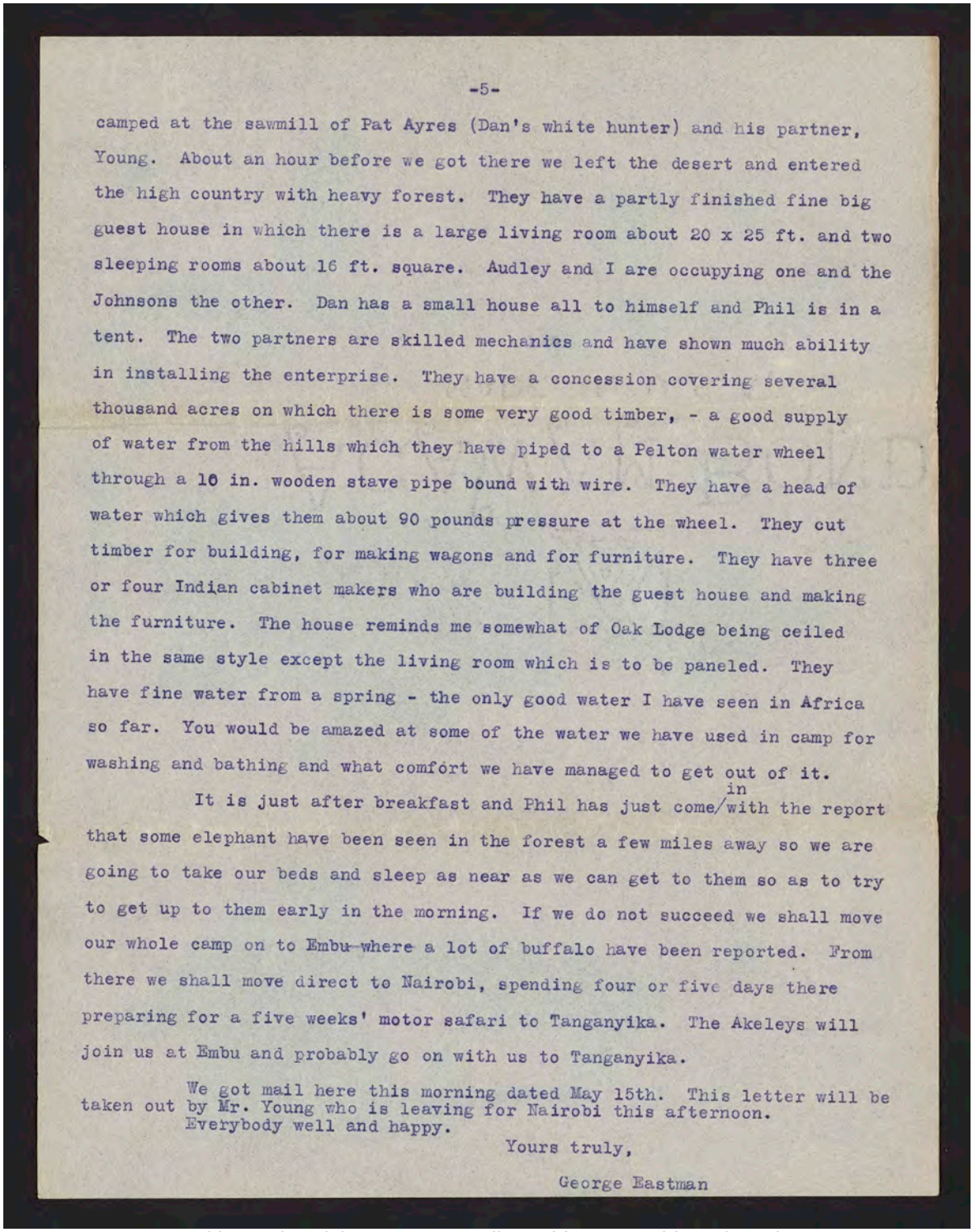

camped at the sawmill of Pat Ayres (Dan's white hunter) and his partner, Young. About an hour before we got there we left the desert and entered the high country with heavy forest. They have a partly finished fine big guest house in which there is a large living room about 20 x 25 ft. and two sleeping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

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

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

Yours truly,

George Eastman

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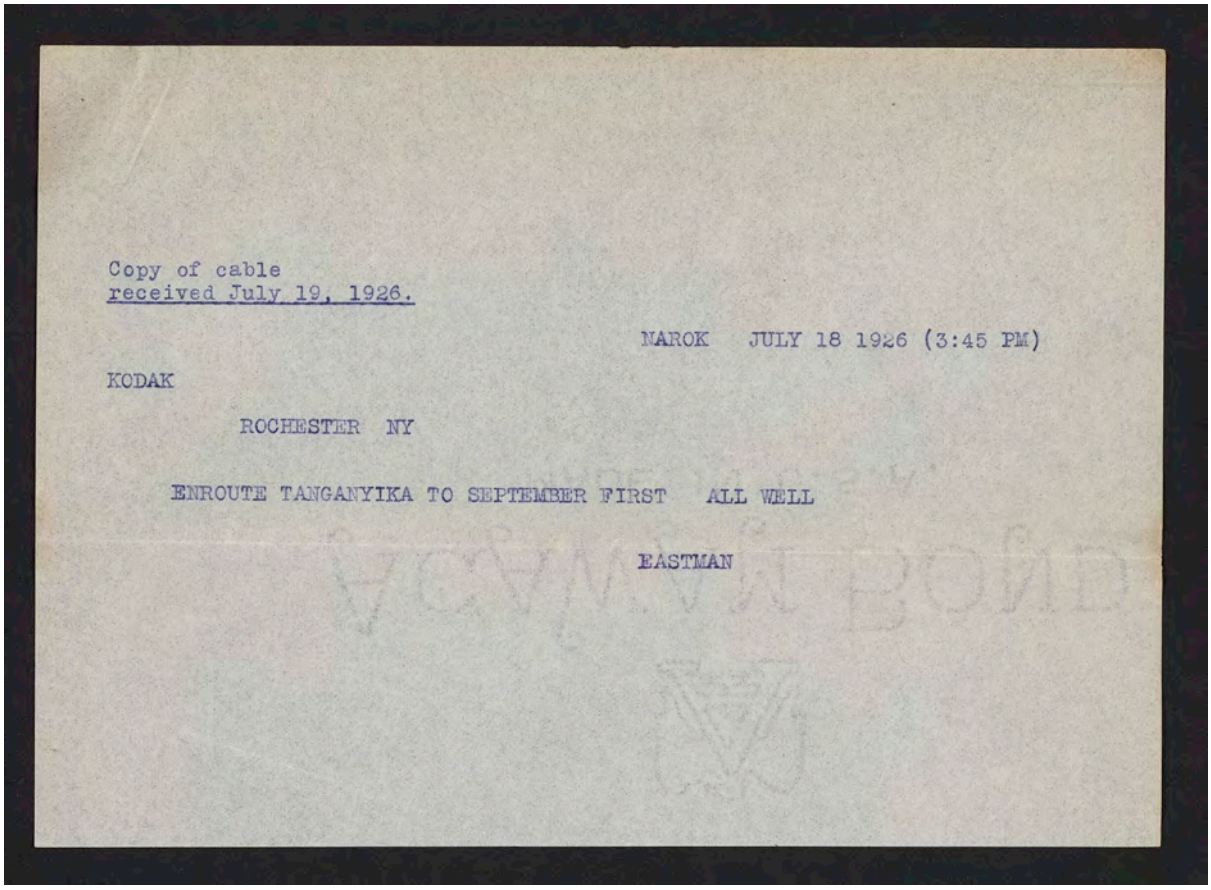

Copy of cable
received July 19, 1926.

NAROK JULY 18 1926 (3:45 PM)

KODAK

ROCHESTER NY

ENROUTE TANGANYIKA TO SEPTEMBER FIRST ALL WELL

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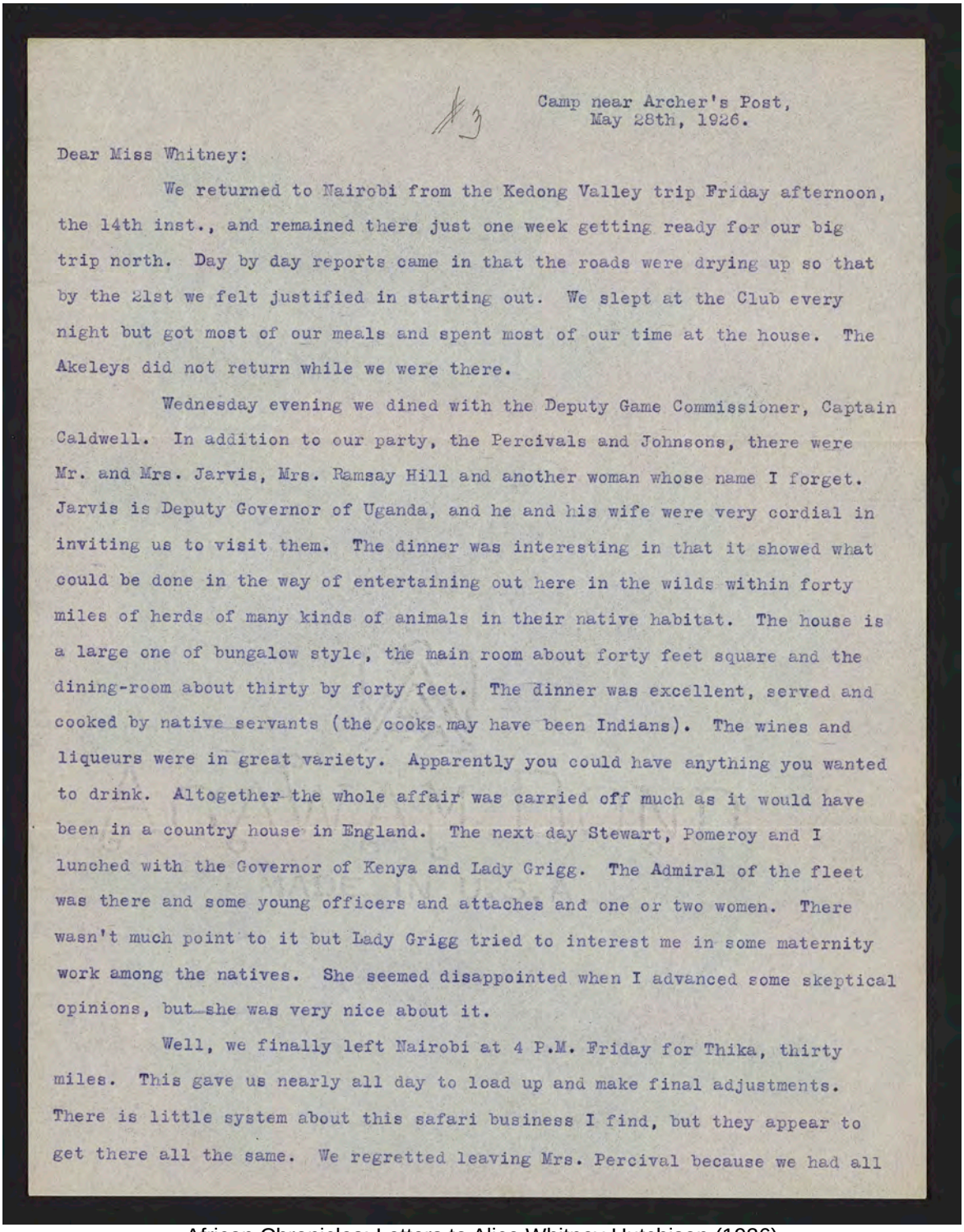

#3

Camp near Archer's Post,
May 28th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

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

Well, we finally left Nairobi at 4 P.M. Friday for Thika, thirty miles. This gave us nearly all day to load up and make final adjustments. There is little system about this safari business I find, but they appear to get there all the same. We regretted leaving Mrs. Percival because we had all

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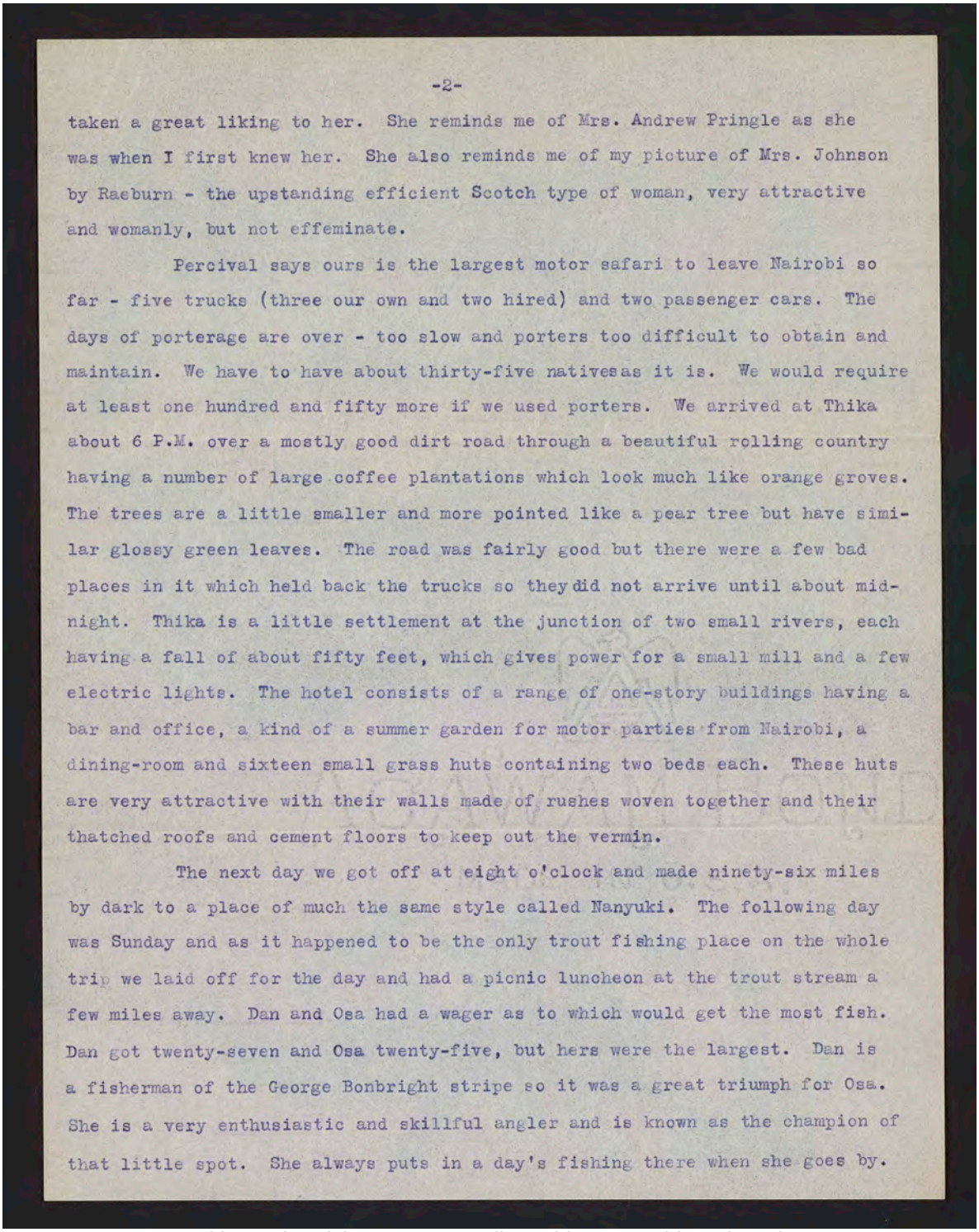

taken a great liking to her. She reminds me of Mrs. Andrew Pringle as she was when I first knew her. She also reminds me of my picture of Mrs. Johnson by Raeburn - the upstanding efficient Scotch type of woman, very attractive and womanly, but not effeminate.

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

The next day we got off at eight o'clock and made ninety-six miles by dark to a place of much the same style called Nanyuki. The following day was Sunday and as it happened to be the only trout fishing place on the whole trip we laid off for the day and had a picnic luncheon at the trout stream a few miles away. Dan and Osa had a wager as to which would get the most fish. Dan got twenty-seven and Osa twenty-five, but hers were the largest. Dan is a fisherman of the George Bonbright stripe so it was a great triumph for Osa. She is a very enthusiastic and skillful angler and is known as the champion of that little spot. She always puts in a day's fishing there when she goes by.

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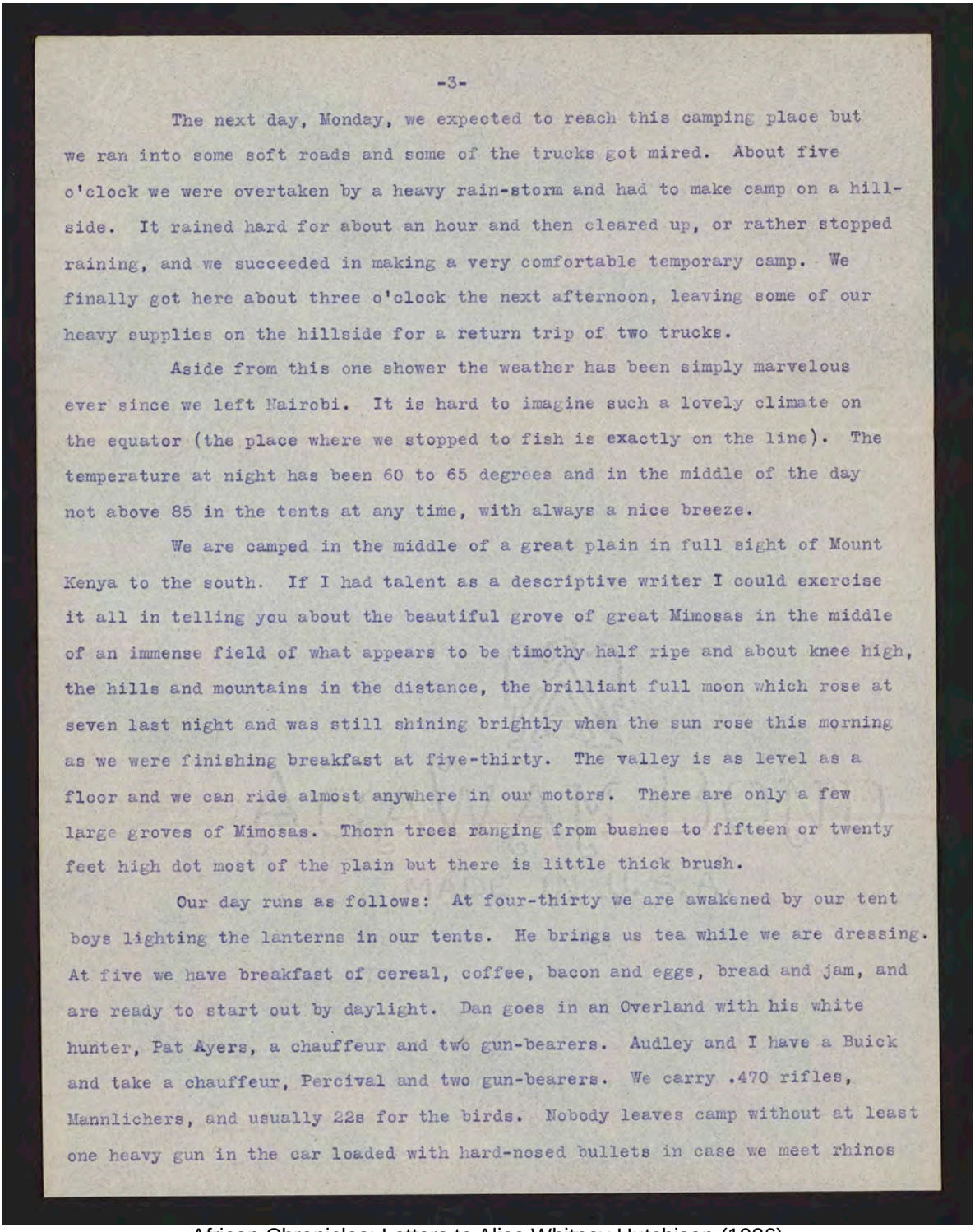

The next day, Monday, we expected to reach this camping place but we ran into some soft roads and some of the trucks got mired. About five o'clock we were overtaken by a heavy rain-storm and had to make camp on a hill-side. It rained hard for about an hour and then cleared up, or rather stopped raining,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

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

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

Our day runs as follows: At four-thirty we are awakened by our tent boys lighting the lanterns in our tents. He brings us tea while we are dressing. At five we have breakfast of cereal, coffee, bacon and eggs, bread and jam, and are ready to start out by daylight. Dan goes in an Overland with his white hunter, Pat Ayers, a chauffeur and two gun-bearers. Audley and I have a Buick and take a chauffeur, Percival and two gun-bearers. We carry .470 rifles, Mannlichers, and usually 22s for the birds. Nobody leaves camp without at least one heavy gun in the car loaded with hard-nosed bullets in case we meet rhinos

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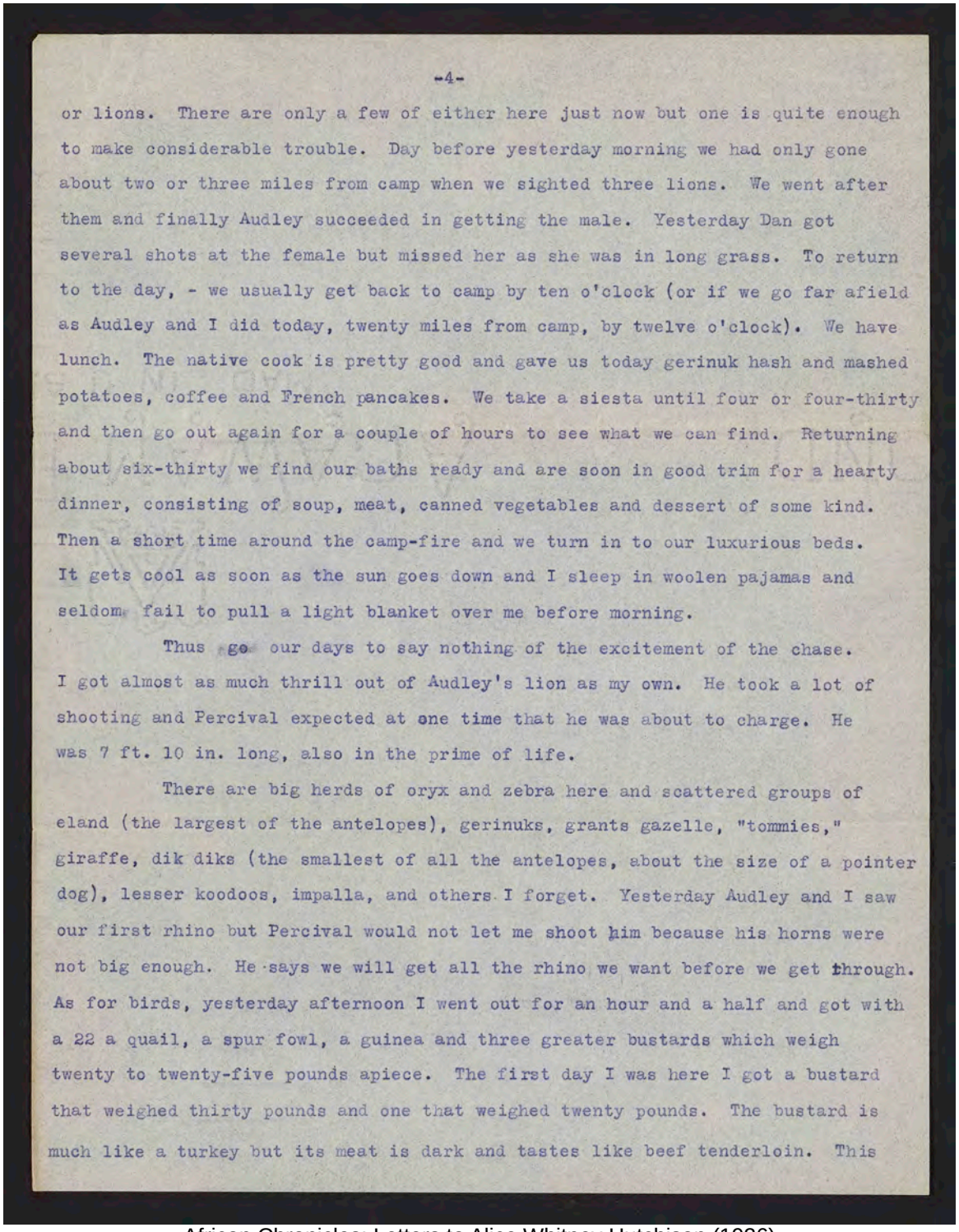

or lions. There are only a few of either here just now but one is quite enough to make considerable trouble. Day before yesterday morning we had only gone about two or three miles from camp when we sighted three lions. We went after them and finally Audley succeeded in getting the male. Yesterday Dan got several shots at the female but missed her as she was in long grass. To return to the day, - we usually get back to camp by ten o'clock (or if we go far afield as Audley and I did today, twenty miles from camp, by twelve o'clock). We have lunch. The native cook is pretty good and gave us today gerinuk hash and mashed potatoes, coffee and French pancakes. We take a siesta until four or four-thirty and then go out again for a couple of hours to see what we can find. Returning about six-thirty we find our baths ready and are soon in good trim for a hearty dinner, consisting of soup, meat, canned vegetables and dessert of some kind. Then a short time around the camp-fire and we turn in to our luxurious beds. It gets cool as soon as the sun goes down and I sleep in woolen pajamas and seldom fail to pull a light blanket over me before morning.

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

There are big herds of oryx and zebra here and scattered groups of eland (the largest of the antelopes), gerinuks, grants gazelle, "tommies," giraffe, dik diks (the smallest of all the antelopes, about the size of a pointer dog), lesser koodoos, impalla, and others I forget. Yesterday Audley and I saw our first rhino but Percival would not let me shoot him because his horns were not big enough. He says we will get all the rhino we want before we get through. As for birds, yesterday afternoon I went out for an hour and a half and got with a 22 a quail, a spur fowl, a guinea and three greater bustards which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds apiece. The first day I was here I got a bustard that weighed thirty pounds and one that weighed twenty pounds. The bustard is much like a turkey but its meat is dark and tastes like beef tenderloin. This

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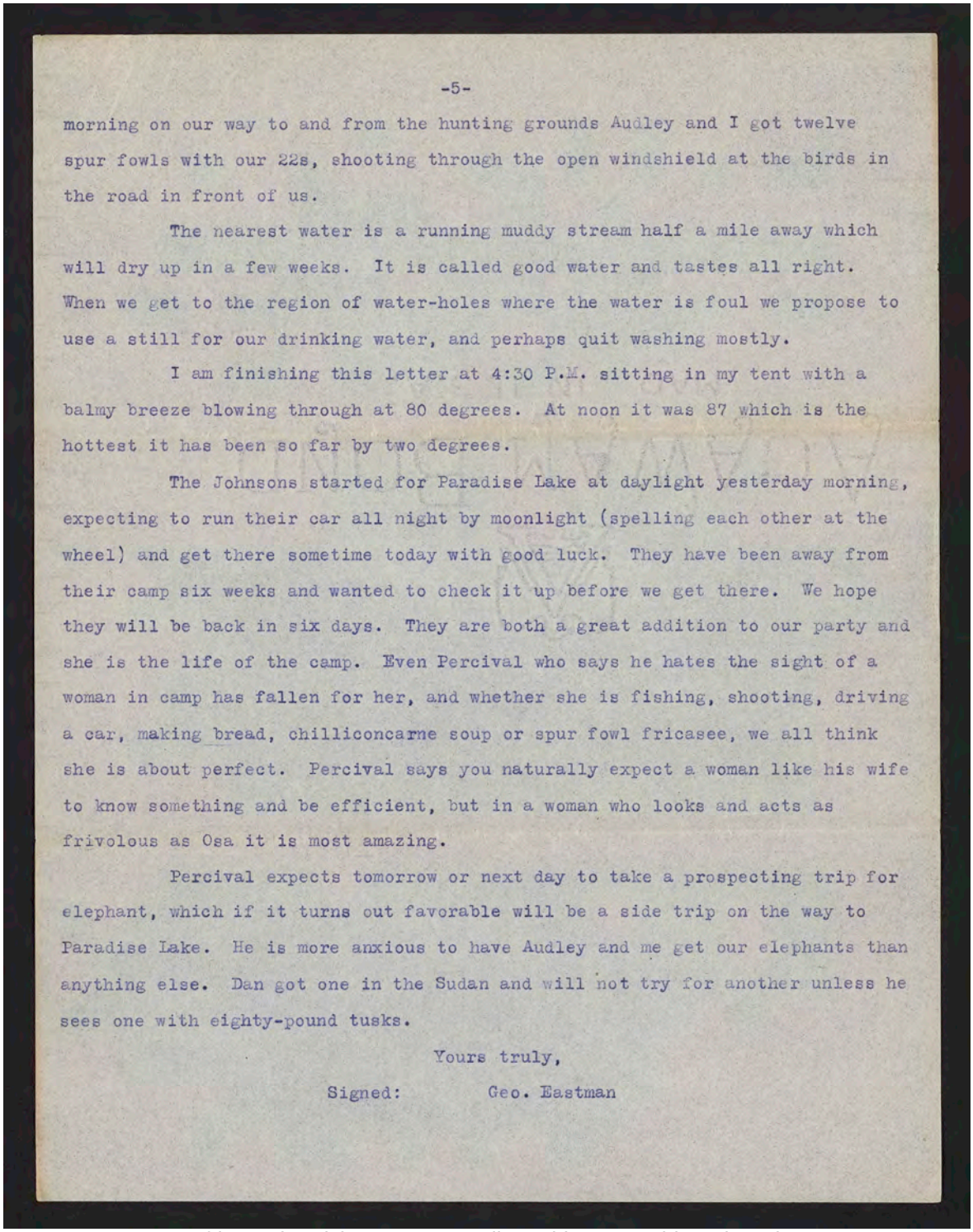

morning on our way to and from the hunting grounds Audley and I got twelve spur fowls with our 22s, shooting through the open windshield at the birds in the road in front of us.

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

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

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

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

Yours truly,

Signed: Geo. Eastman

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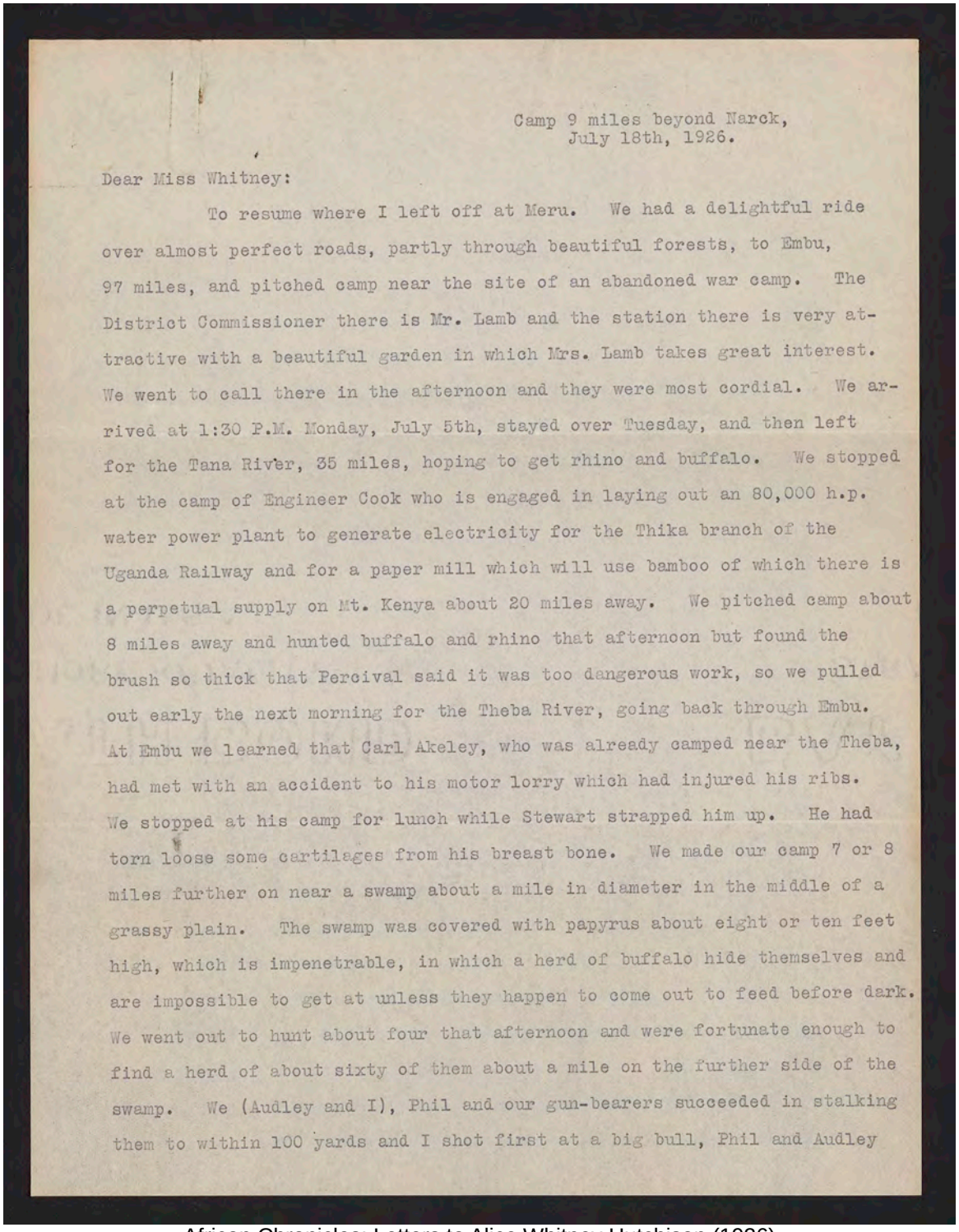

Camp 9 miles beyond Narck,
July 18th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

To resume where I left off at Meru. We had a delightful ride over almost perfect roads, partly through beautiful forests, to Embu, 97 miles, and pitched camp near the site of an abandoned war camp. The District Commissioner there is Mr. Lamb and the station there is very attractive with a beautiful garden in which Mrs. Lamb takes great interest. We went to call there in the afternoon and they were most cordial. We arrived at 1:30 P.M. Monday, July 5th, stayed over Tuesday, and then left for the Tana River, 35 miles, hoping to get rhino and buffalo. We stopped at the camp of Engineer Cook who is engaged in laying out an 80,000 h.p. water power plant to generate electricity for the Thika branch of the Uganda Railway and for a paper mill which will use bamboo of which there is a perpetual supply on Mt. Kenya about 20 miles away. We pitched camp about 8 miles away and hunted buffalo and rhino that afternoon but found the brush so thick that Percival said it was too dangerous work, so we pulled out early the next morning for the Theba River, going back through Embu. At Embu we learned that Carl Akeley, who was already camped near the Theba, had met with an accident to his motor lorry which had injured his ribs. We stopped at his camp for lunch while Stewart strapped him up. He had torn loose some cartilages from his breast bone. We made our camp 7 or 8 miles further on near a swamp about a mile in diameter in the middle of a grassy plain. The swamp was covered with papyrus about eight or ten feet high, which is impenetrable, in which a herd of buffalo hide themselves and are impossible to get at unless they happen to come out to feed before dark. We went out to hunt about four that afternoon and were fortunate enough to find a herd of about sixty of them about a mile on the further side of the swamp. We (Audley and I), Phil and our gun-bearers succeeded in stalking them to within 100 yards and I shot first at a big bull, Phil and Audley

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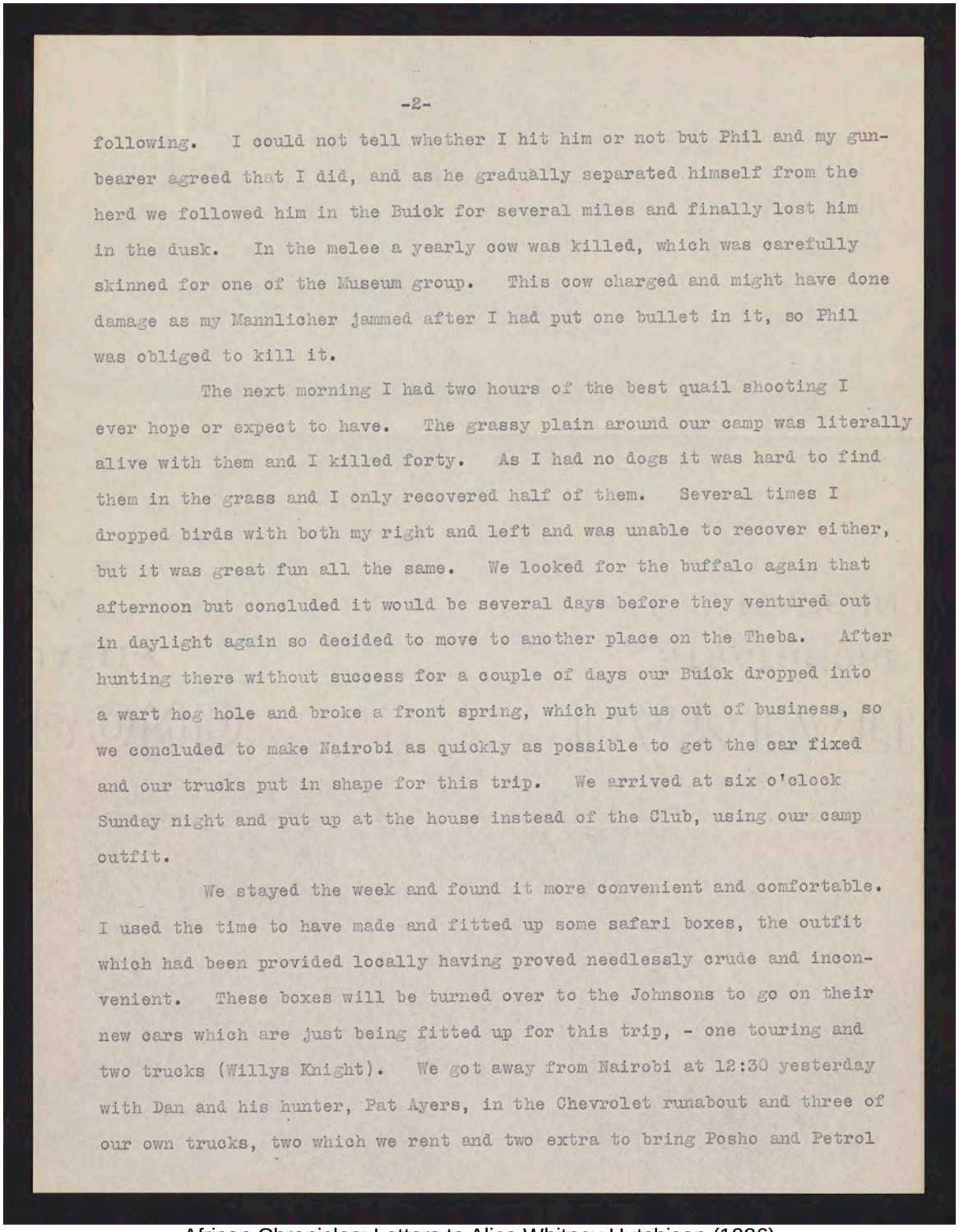

following. I could not tell whether I hit him or not but Phil and my gun-bearer agreed that I did, and as he gradually separated himself from the herd we followed him in the Buick for several miles and finally lost him in the dusk. In the melee a yearly cow was killed, which was carefully skinned for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

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

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

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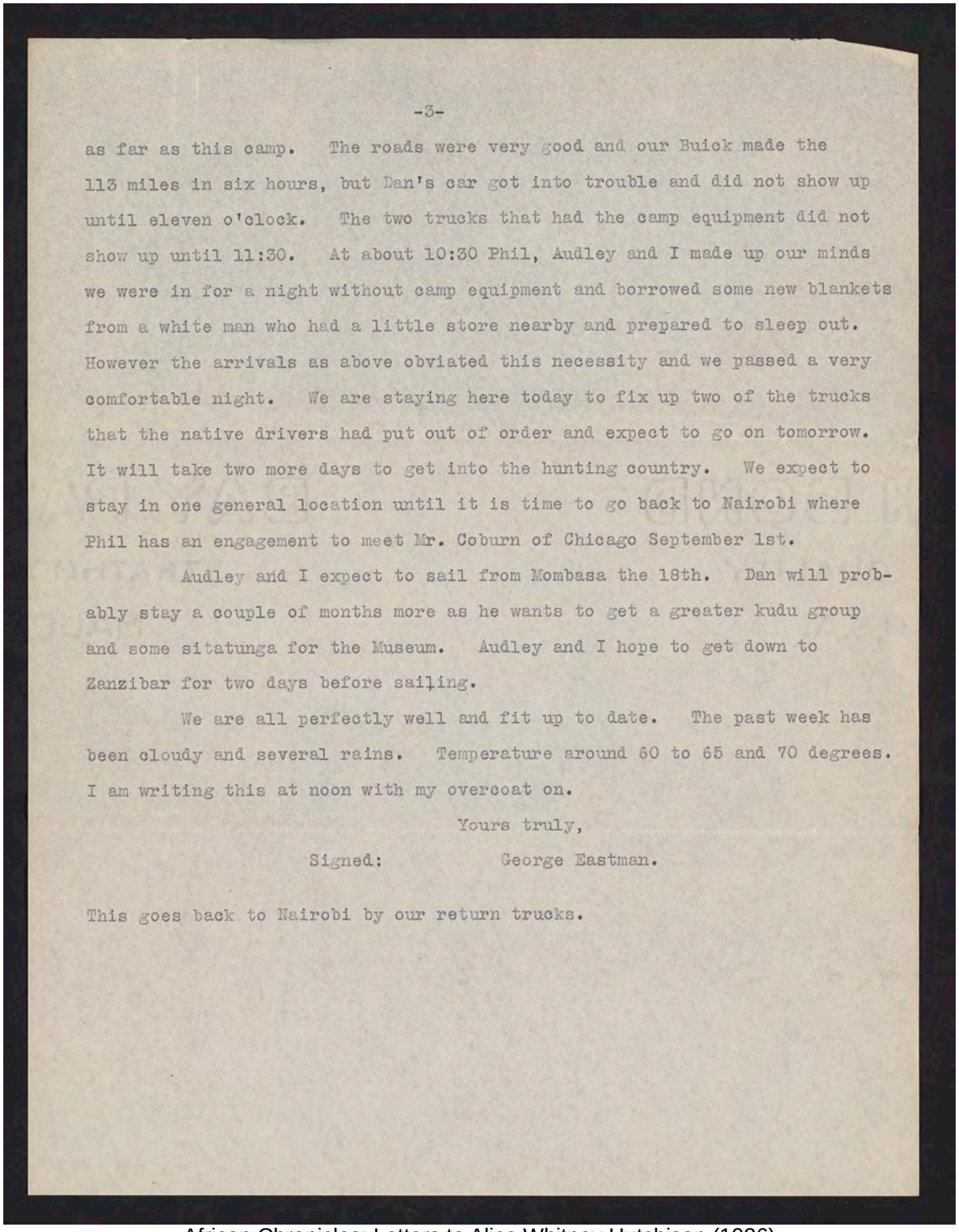

as far as this camp. The roads were very good and our Buick made the 113 miles in six hours, but Dan's car got into trouble and did not show up until eleven o'clock. The two trucks that had the camp equipment did not show up until 11:30. At about 10:30 Phil, Audley and I made up our minds we were in for a night without camp equipment and borrowed some new blankets from a white man who had a little store nearby and prepared to sleep out. However the arrivals as above obviated this necessity and we passed a very comfortable night. We are staying here today to fix up two of the trucks that the native drivers had put out of order and expect to go on tomorrow. It will take two more days to get into the hunting country. We expect to stay in one general location until it is time to go back to Nairobi where Phil has an engagement to meet Mr. Coburn of Chicago September 1st.

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

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

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

This goes back to Nairobi by our return trucks.

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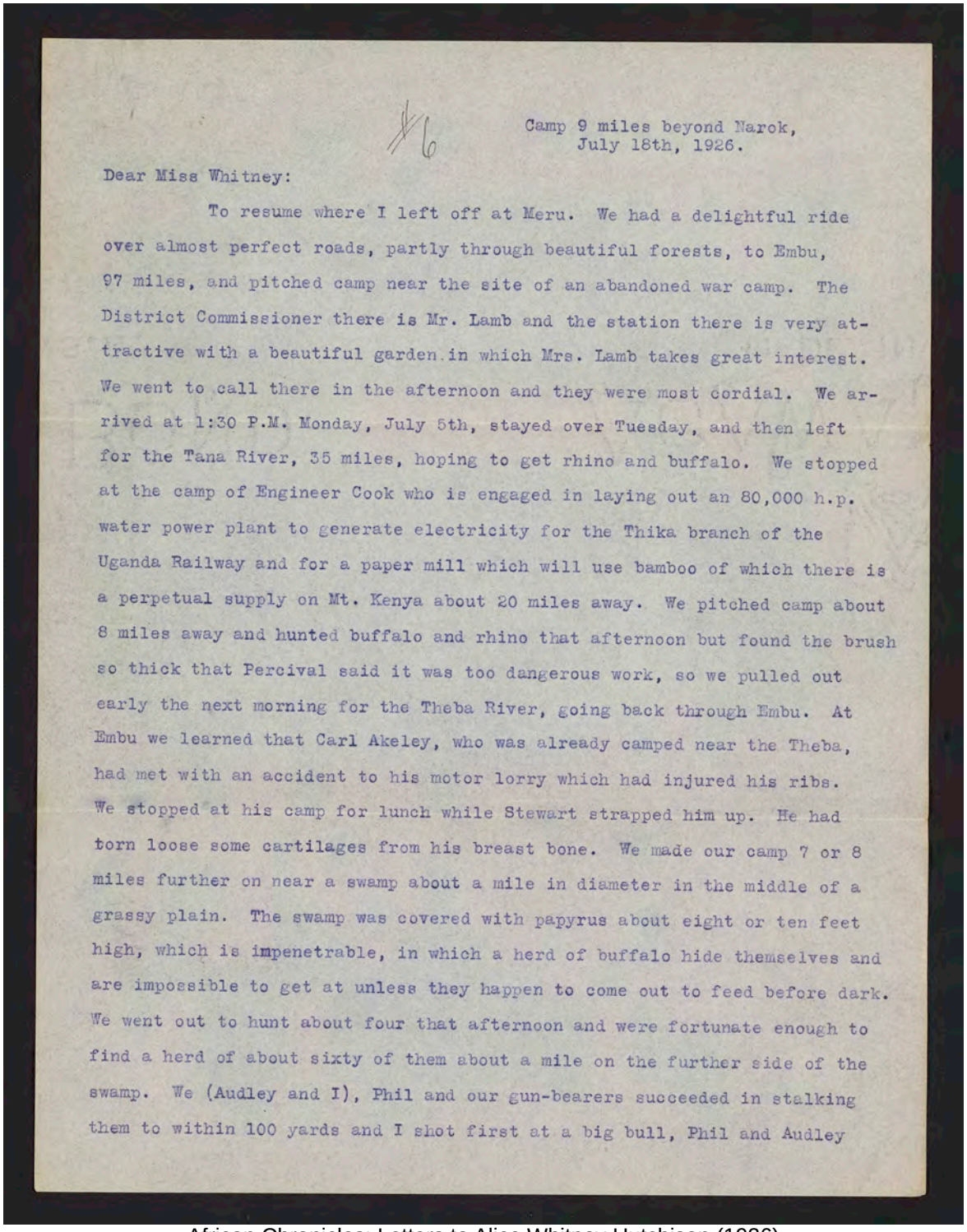

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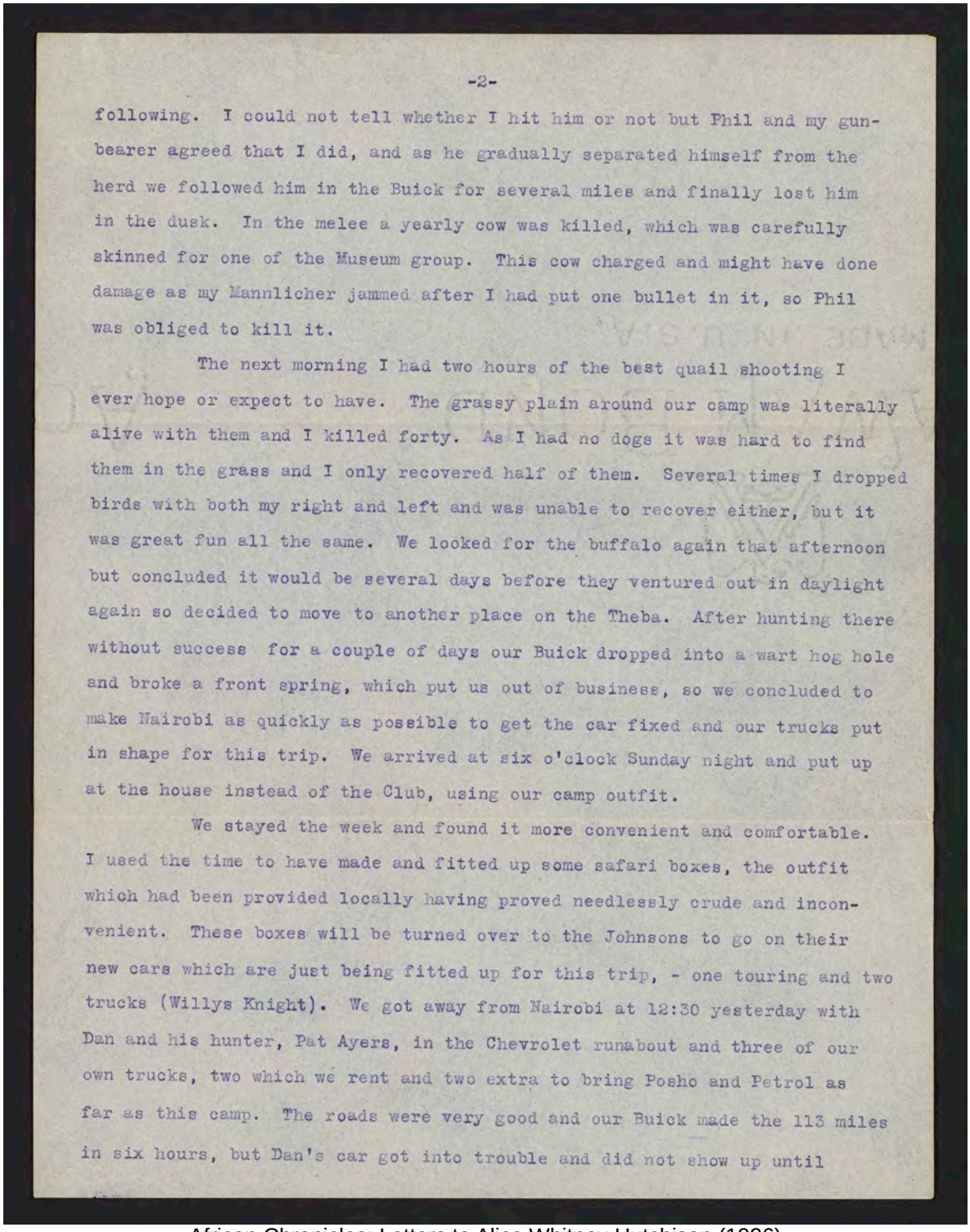

following. I could not tell whether I hit him or not but Phil and my gun-bearer agreed that I did, and as he gradually separated himself from the herd we followed him in the Buick for several miles and finally lost him in the dusk. In the melee a yearly cow was killed, which was carefully skinned for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

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

We stayed the week and found it more convenient and comfortable. I used the time to have made and fitted up some safari boxes, the outfit which had been provided locally having proved needlessly crude and inconvenient. These boxes will be turned over to the Johnsons to go on their new cars which are just being fitted up for this trip, - one touring and two trucks (Willys Knight). We got away from Nairobi at 12:30 yesterday with Dan and his hunter, Pat Ayers, in the Chevrolet runabout and three of our own trucks, two which we rent and two extra to bring Posho and Petrol as far as this camp. The roads were very good and our Buick made the 113 miles in six hours, but Dan's car got into trouble and did not show up until

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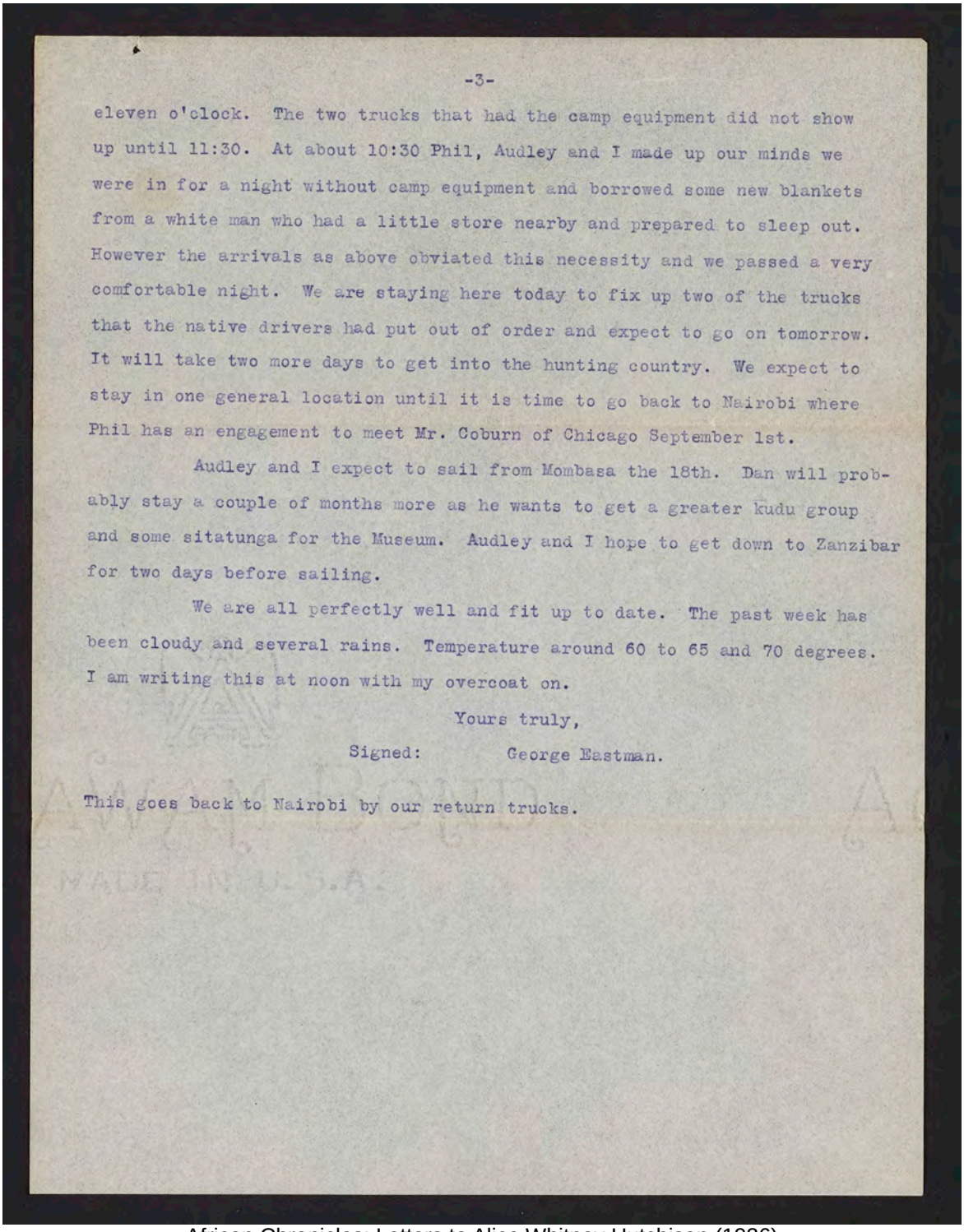

eleven o'clock. The two trucks that had the camp equipment did not show up until 11:30. At about 10:30 Phil, Audley and I made up our minds we were in for a night without camp equipment and borrowed some new blankets from a white man who had a little store nearby and prepared to sleep out. However the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

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

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

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

This goes back to Nairobi by our return trucks.

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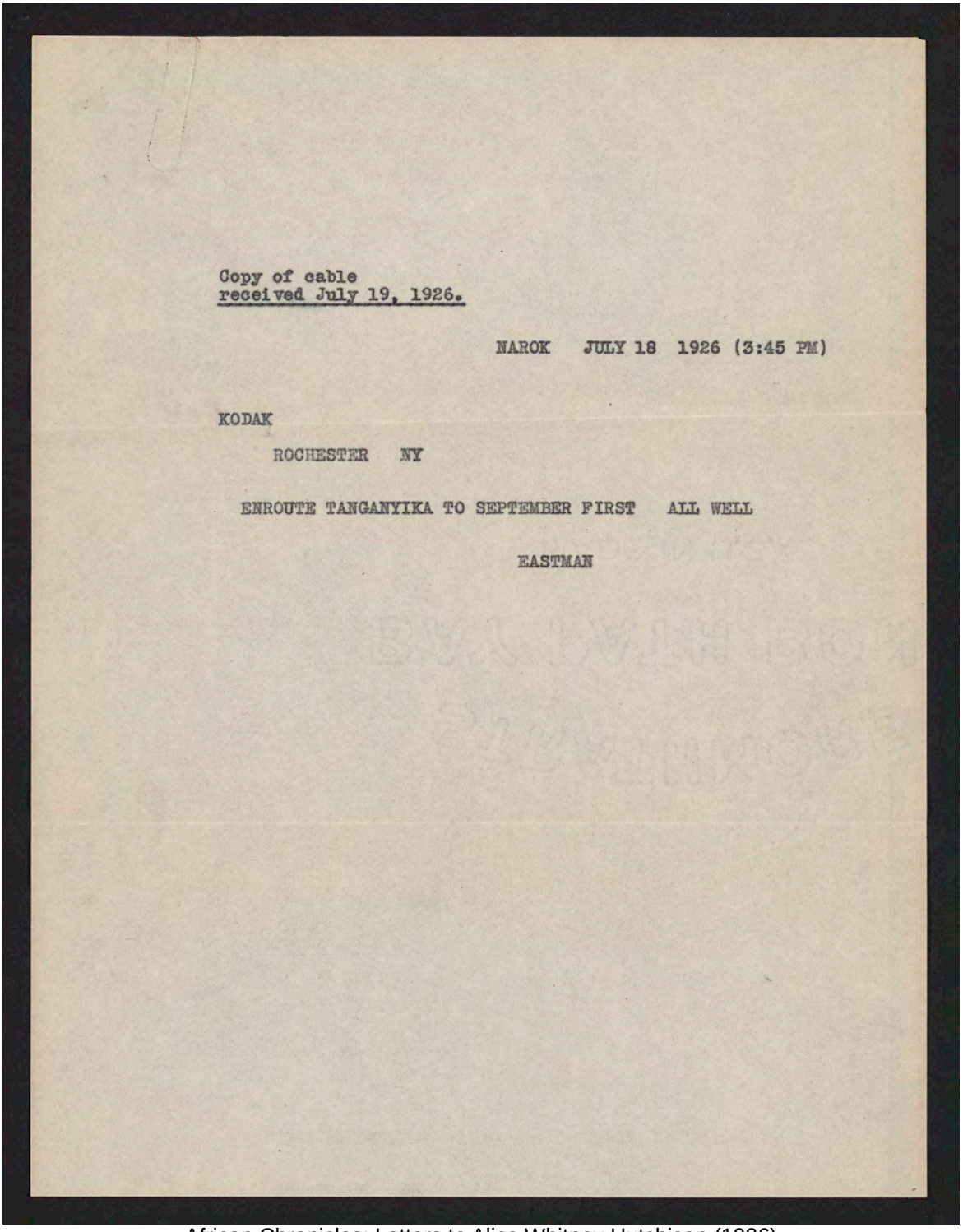

Copy of cable
received July 19, 1926.

NAROK JULY 18 1926 (3:45 PM)

KODAK

ROCHESTER NY

ENROUTE TANGANYIKA TO SEPTEMBER FIRST ALL WELL

EASTMAN

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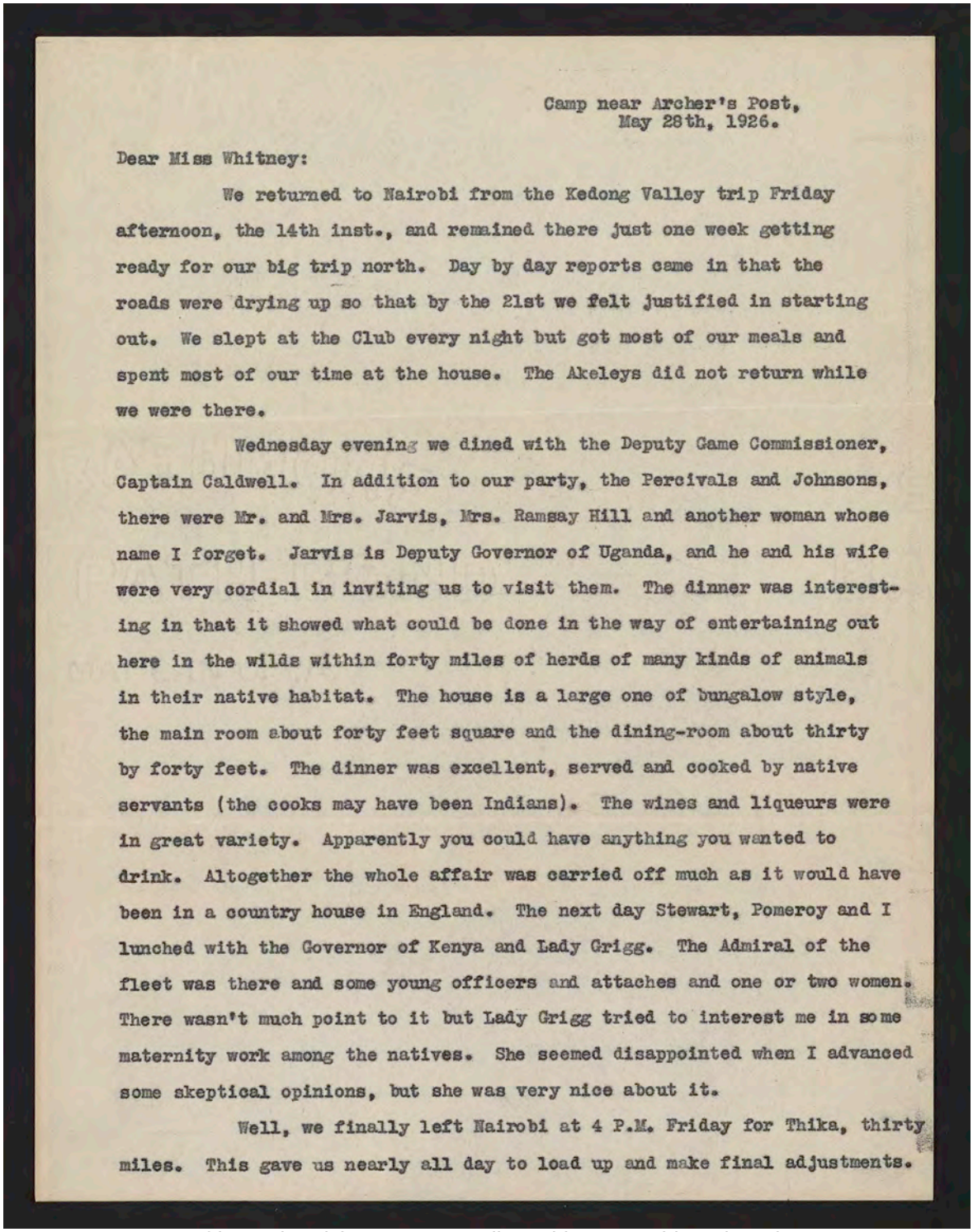

Camp near Archer's Post,
May 28th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

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

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

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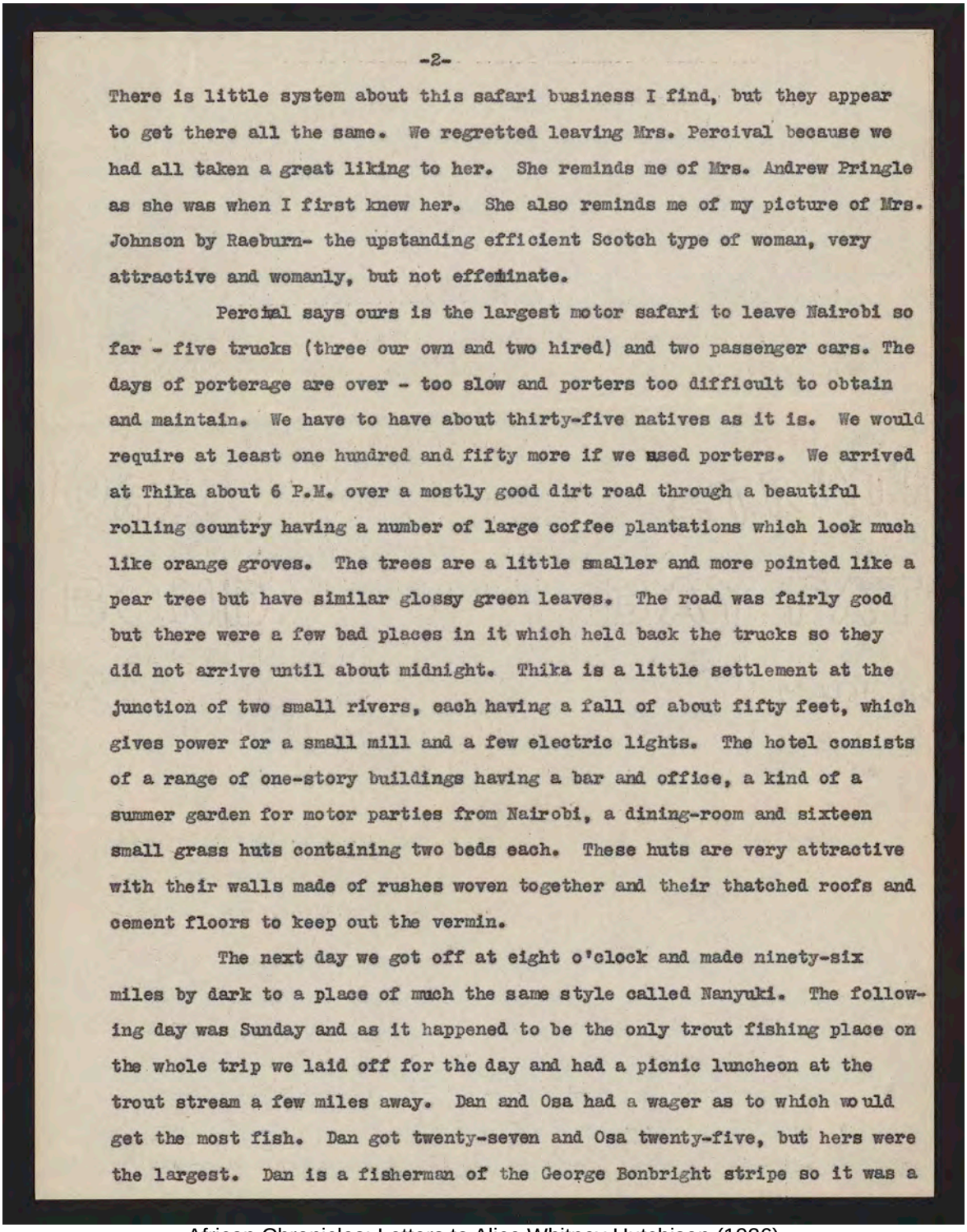

There is little system about this safari business I find, but they appear to get there all the same. We regretted leaving Mrs. Percival because we had all taken a great liking to her. She reminds me of Mrs. Andrew Pringle as she was when I first knew her. She also reminds me of my picture of Mrs. Johnson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

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

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

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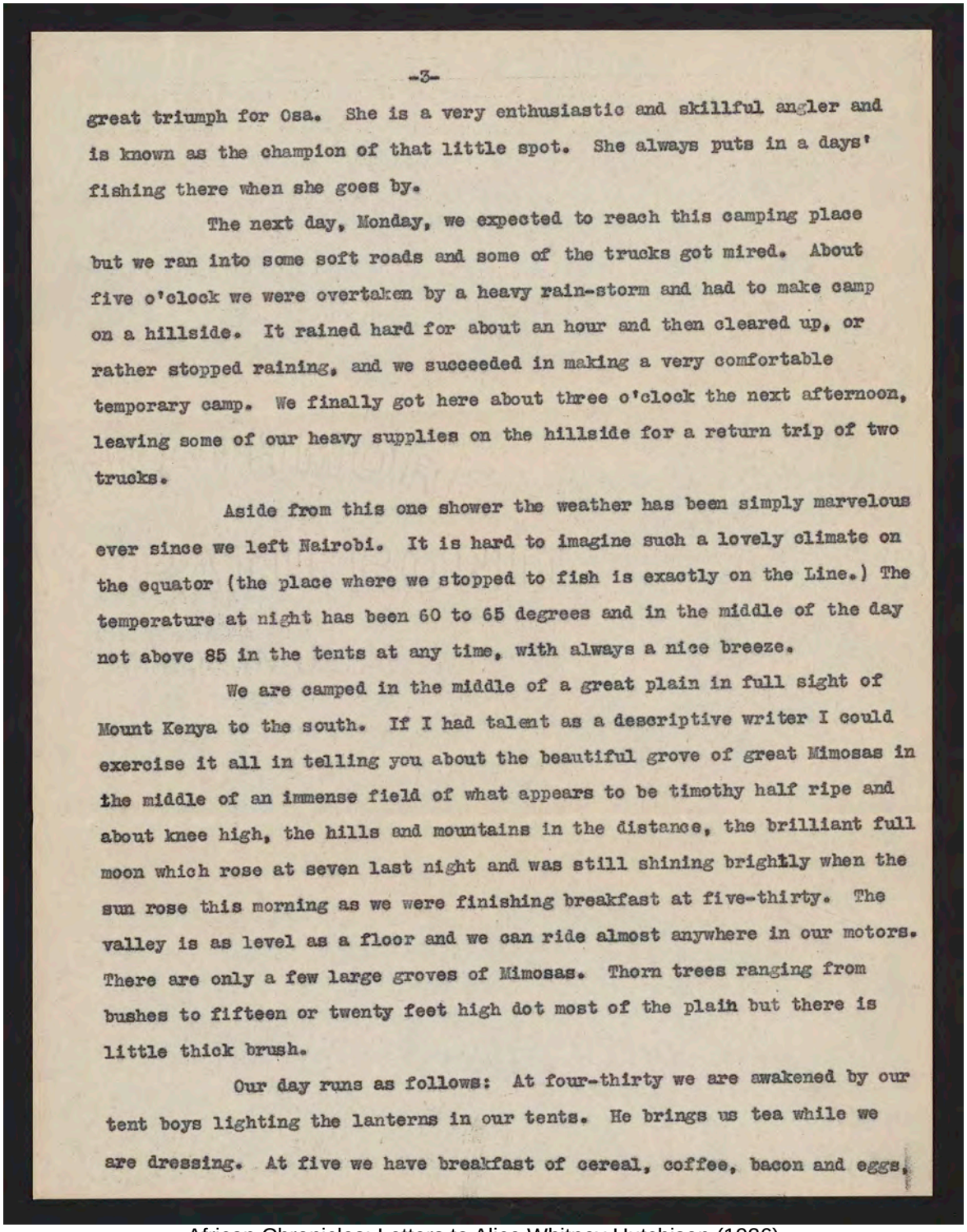

great triumph for Osa. She is a very enthusiastic and skillful angler and is known as the champion of that little spot. She always puts in a days' fishing there when she goes by.

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

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

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

Our day runs as follows: At four-thirty we are awakened by our tent boys lighting the lanterns in our tents. He brings us tea while we are dressing. At five we have breakfast of cereal, coffee, bacon and eggs,

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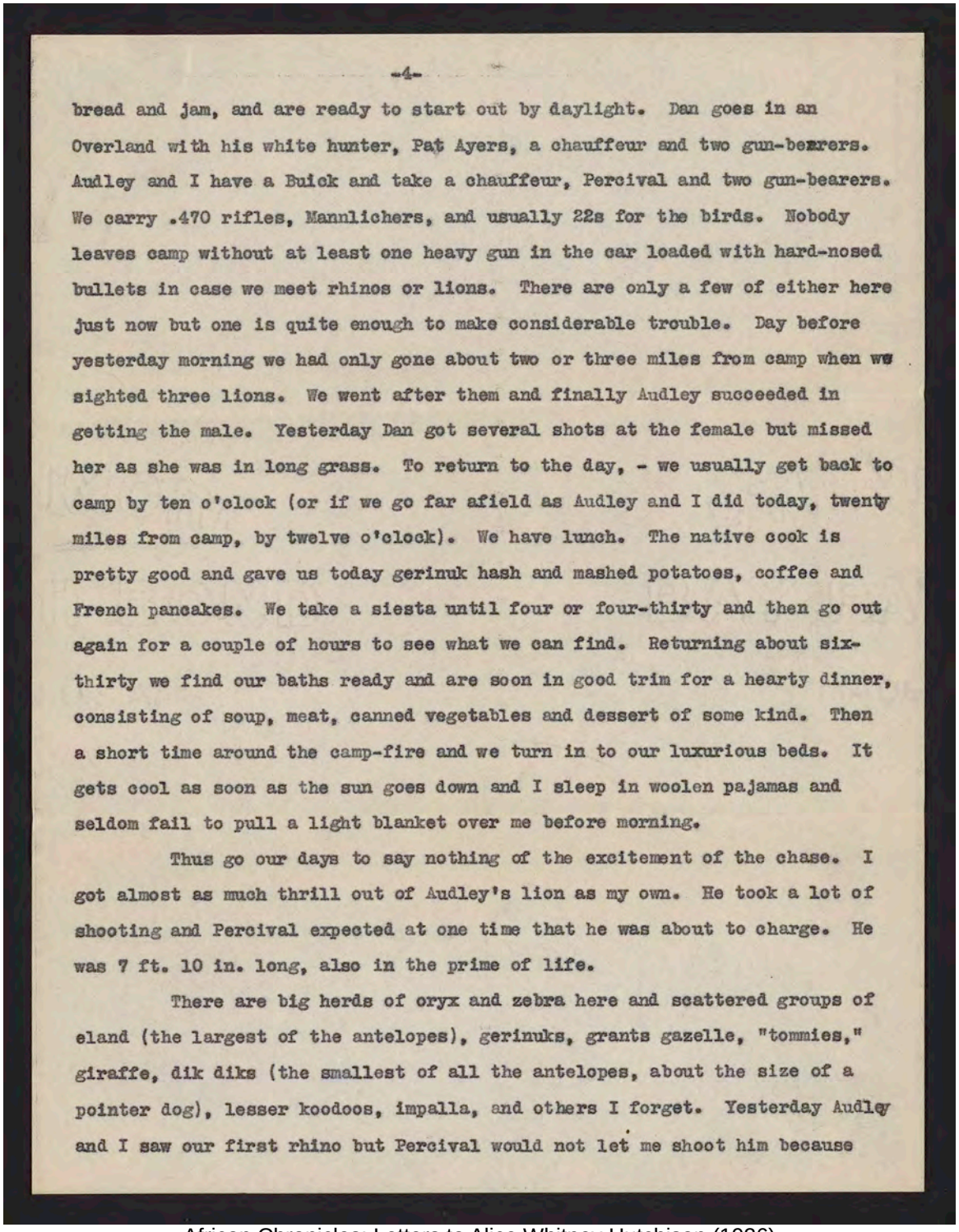

bread and jam, and are ready to start out by daylight. Dan goes in an Overland with his white hunter, Pat Ayers, a chauffeur and two gun-bearers. Audley and I have a Buick and take a chauffeur, Percival and two gun-bearers. We carry .470 rifles, Mannlichers, and usually 22s for the birds. Nobody leaves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

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

There are big herds of oryx and zebra here and scattered groups of eland (the largest of the antelopes), gerinuks, grants gazelle, "tommies," giraffe, dik diks (the smallest of all the antelopes, about the size of a pointer dog), lesser koodoos, impalla, and others I forget. Yesterday Audley and I saw our first rhino but Percival would not let me shoot him because

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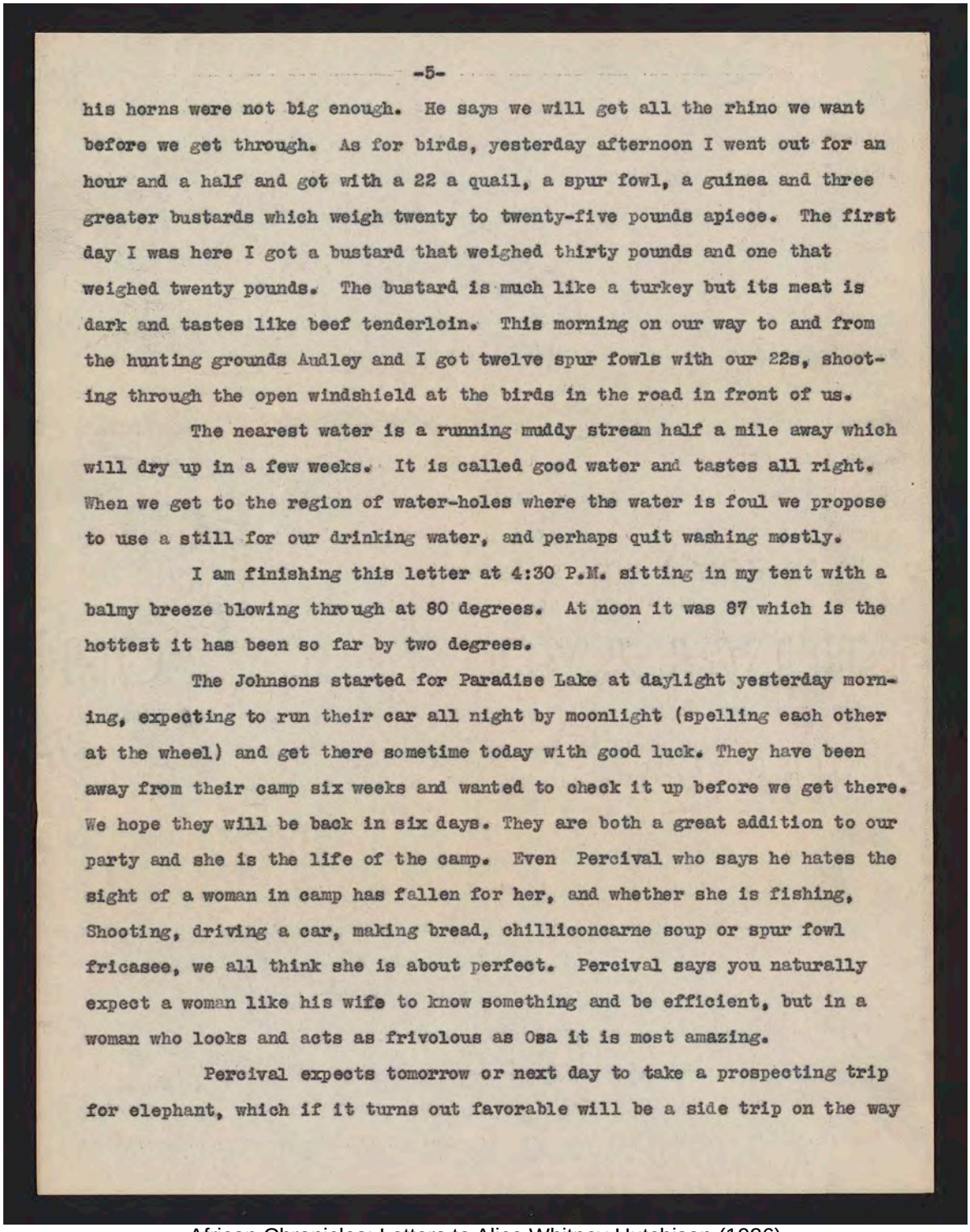

his horns were not big enough. He says we will get all the rhino we want before we get through. As for birds, yesterday afternoon I went out for an hour and a half and got with a 22 a quail, a spur fowl, a guinea and three greater bustards which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds apiece. The first day I was here I got a bustard that weighed thirty pounds and one that weighed twenty pounds. The bustard is much like a turkey but its meat is dark and tastes like beef tenderloin. This morning on our way to and from the hunting grounds Audley and I got twelve spur fowls with our 22s, shooting through the open windshield at the birds in the road in front of us.

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

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

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

Percival expects tomorrow or next day to take a prospecting trip for elephant, which if it turns out favorable will be a side trip on the way

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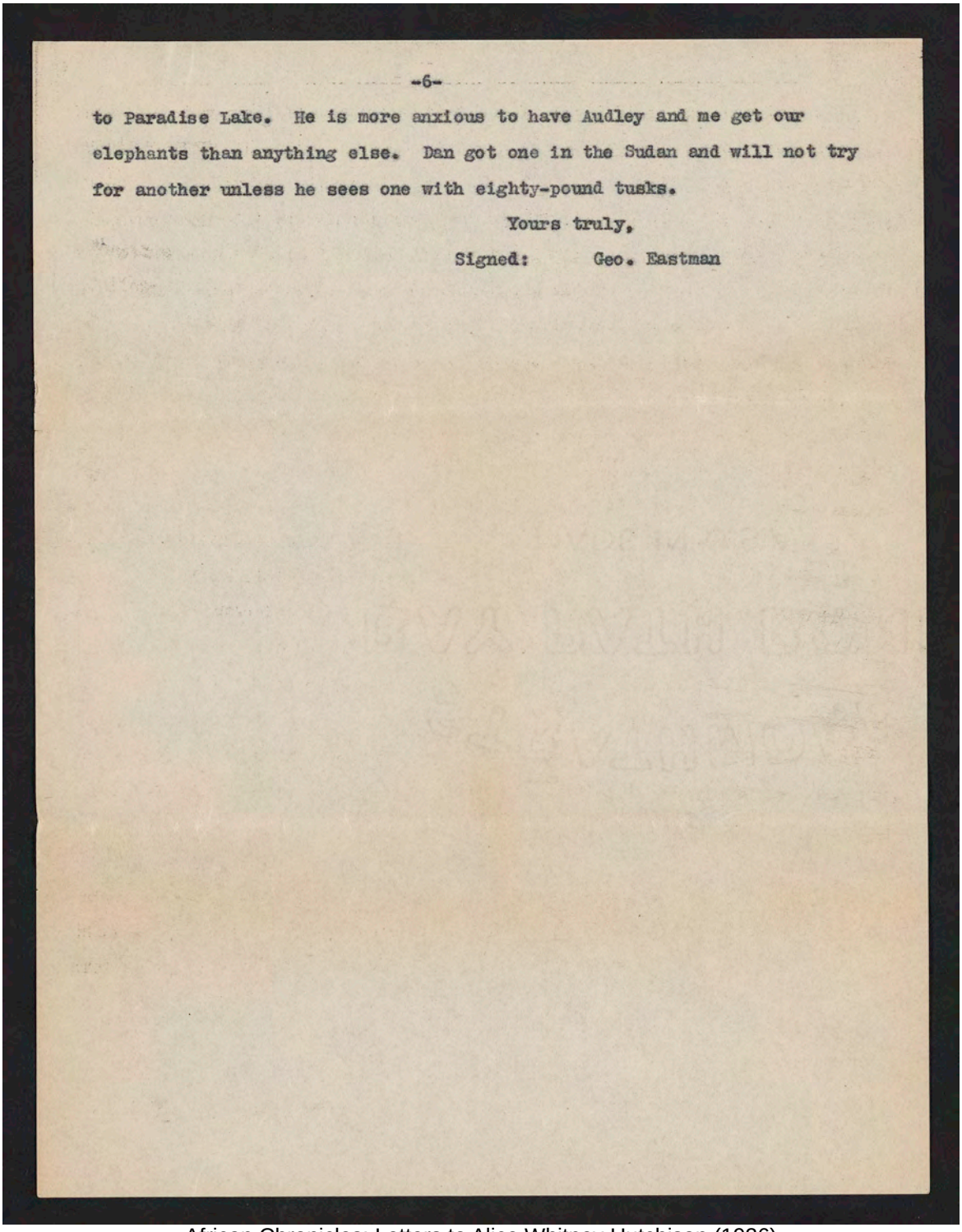

to Paradise Lake. He is more anxious to have Audley and me get our elephants than anything else. Dan got one in the Sudan and will not try for another unless he sees one with eighty-pound tusks.

Yours truly,

Signed: Geo. Eastman

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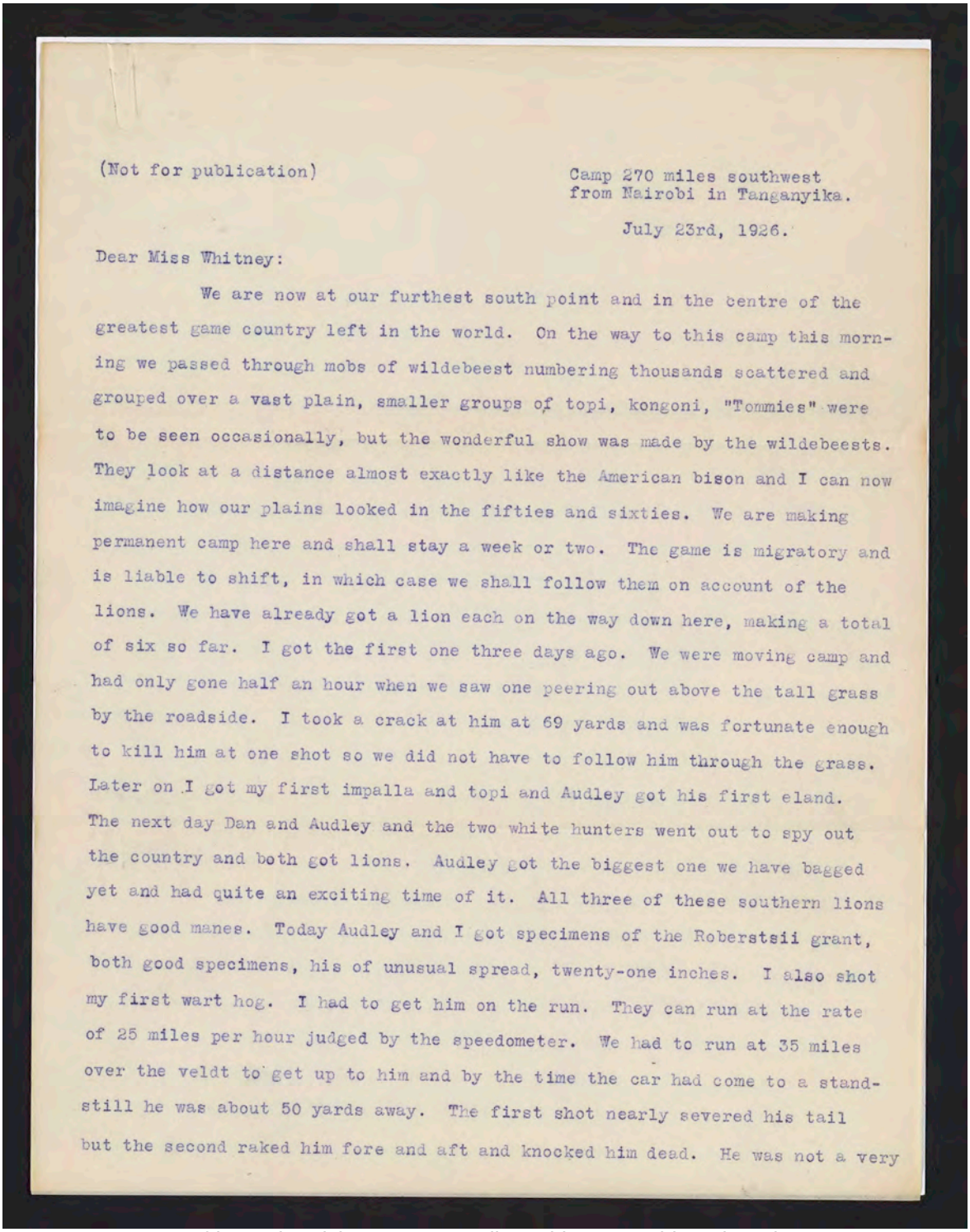

(Not for publication)

Camp 270 miles southwest
from Nairobi in Tanganyika.

July 23rd, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

We are now at our furthest south point and in the centre of the greatest game country left in the world. On the way to this camp this morning we passed through mobs of wildebeest numbering thousands scattered and grouped over a vast plain, smaller groups of topi, kongoni, "Tommies" were to be seen occasionally, but the wonderful show was made by the wildebeests. They look at a distance almost exactly like the American bison and I can now imagine how our plains looked in the fifties and sixties. We are making permanent camp here and shall stay a week or two. The game is migratory and is liable to shift, in which case we shall follow them on account of the lions. We have already got a lion each on the way down here, making a total of six so far. I got the first one three days ago. We were moving camp and had only gone half an hour when we saw one peering out above the tall grass by the roadside. I took a crack at him at 69 yards and was fortunate enough to kill him at one shot so we did not have to follow him through the grass. Later on I got my first impalla and topi and Audley got his first eland. The next day Dan and Audley and the two white hunters went out to spy out the country and both got lions. Audley got the biggest one we have bagged yet and had quite an exciting time of it. All three of these southern lions have good manes. Today Audley and I got specimens of the Roberstsii grant, both good specimens, his of unusual spread, twenty-one inches. I also shot my first wart hog. I had to get him on the run. They can run at the rate of 25 miles per hour judged by the speedometer. We had to run at 35 miles over the veldt to get up to him and by the time the car had come to a standstill he was about 50 yards away. The first shot nearly severed his tail but the second raked him fore and aft and knocked him dead. He was not a very

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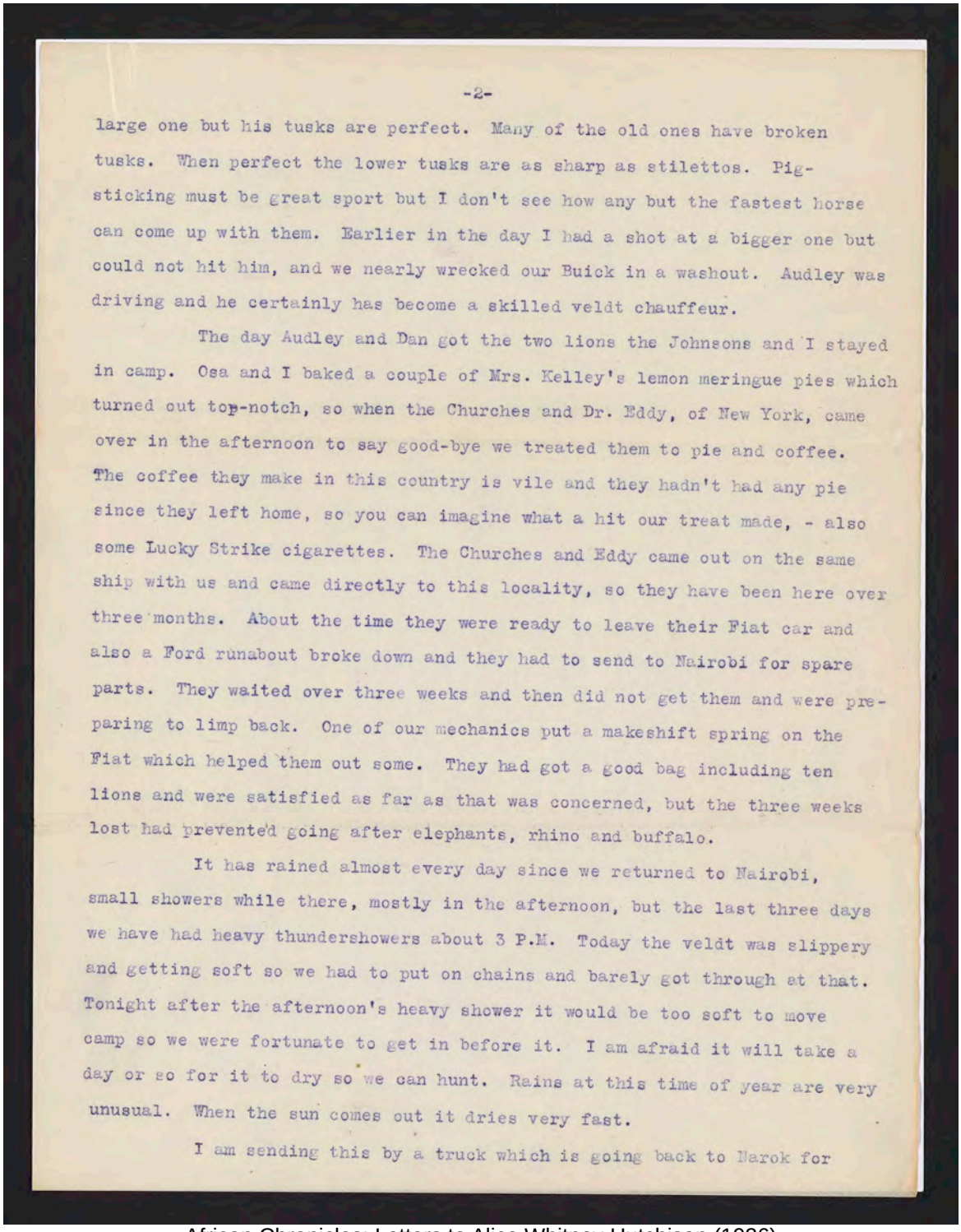

large one but his tusks are perfect. Many of the old ones have broken tusks. When perfect the lower tusks are as sharp as stilettos. Pig-sticking must be great sport but I don't see how any but the fastest horse can come up with them. Earlier in the day I had a shot at a bigger one but could not hit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

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

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

I am sending this by a truck which is going back to Narok for

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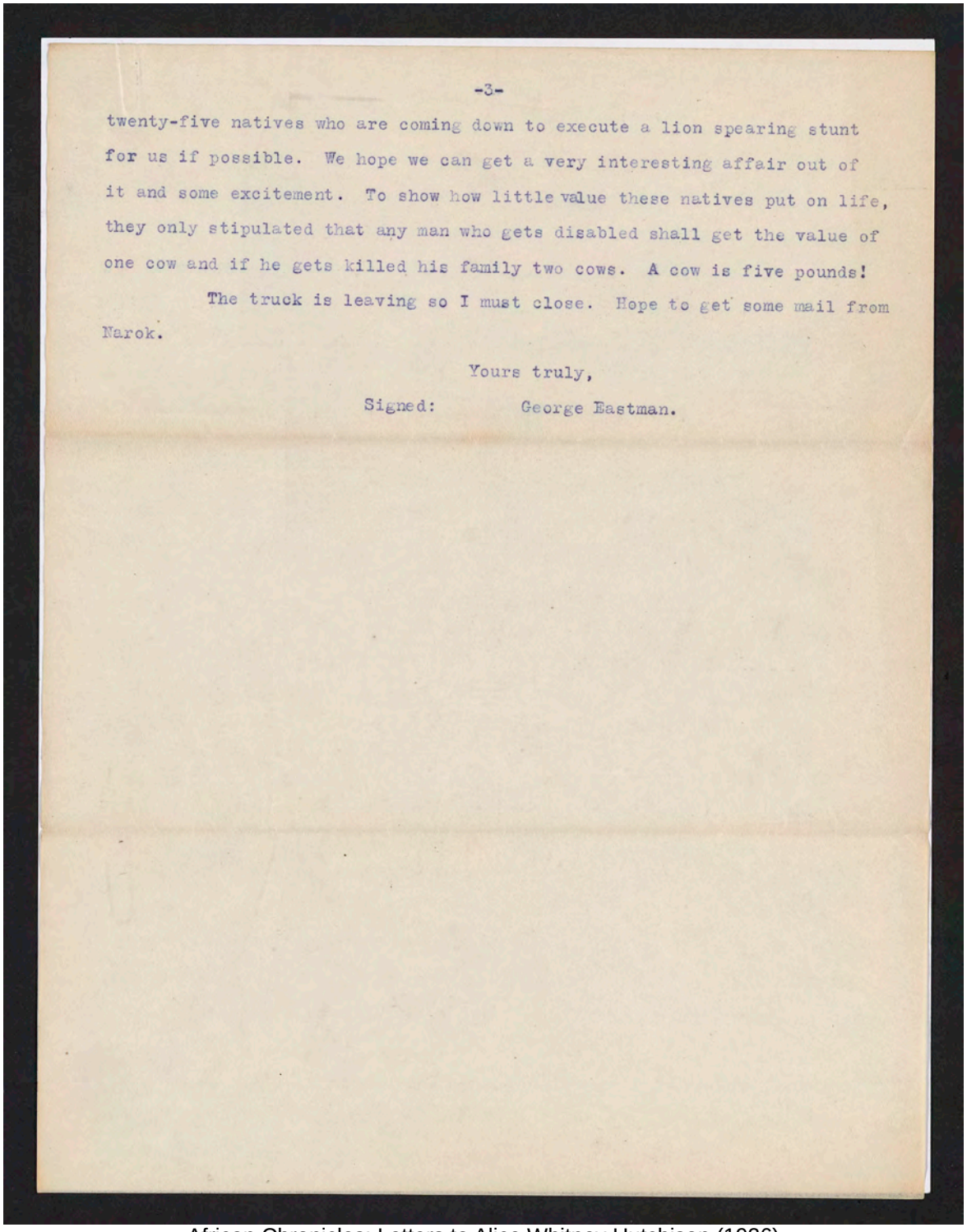

twenty-five natives who are coming down to execute a lion spearing stunt for us if possible. We hope we can get a very interesting affair out of it and some excitement. To show how little value these natives put on life, they only stipulated that any man who gets disabled shall get the value of one cow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

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

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

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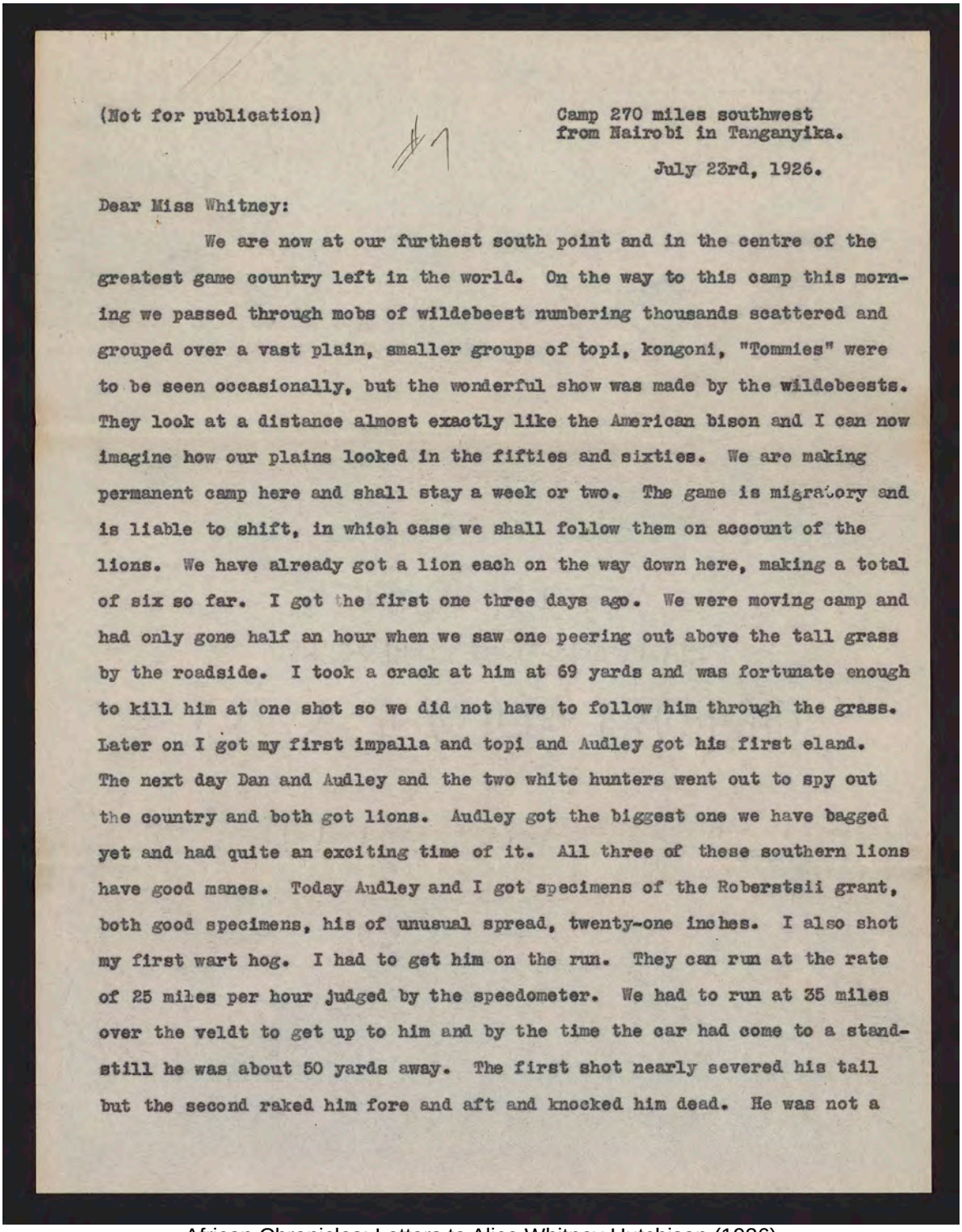

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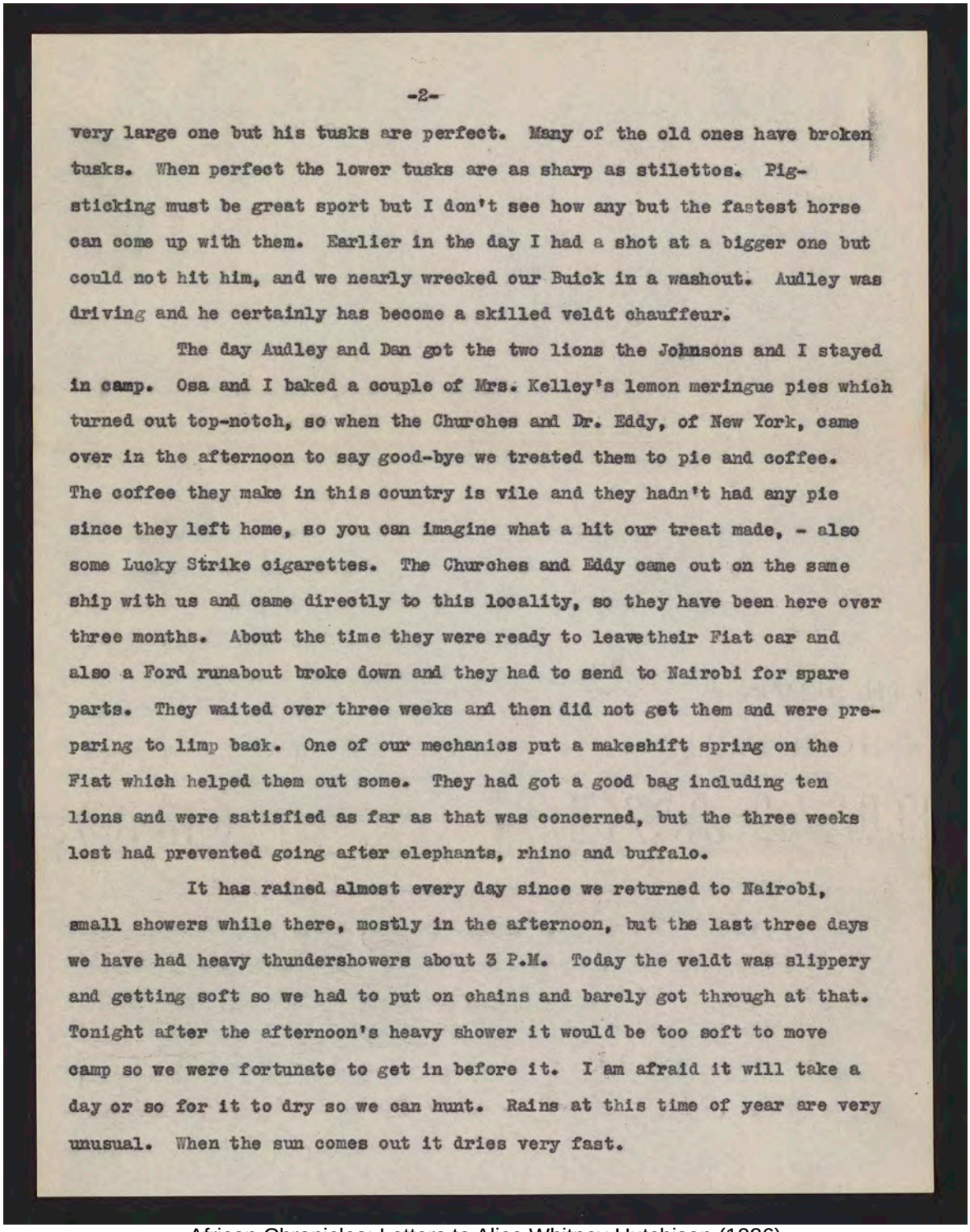

very large one but his tusks are perfect. Many of the old ones have broken tusks. When perfect the lower tusks are as sharp as stilettos. Pig-sticking must be great sport but I don't see how any but the fastest horse can come up with them. Earlier in the day I had a shot at a bigger one but could not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

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

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

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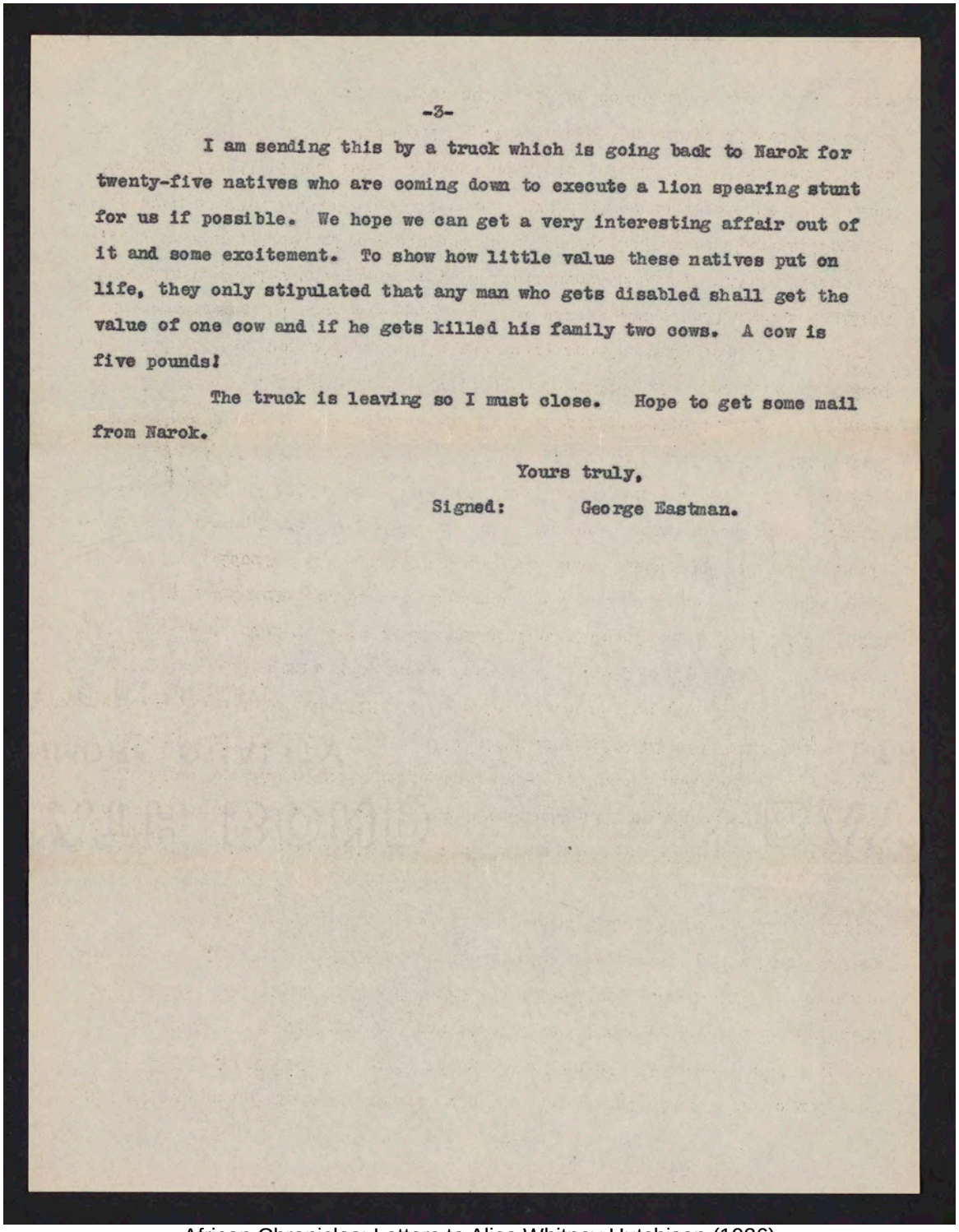

I am sending this by a truck which is going back to Narok for twenty-five natives who are coming down to execute a lion spearing stunt for us if possible. We hope we can get a very interesting affair out of it and some excitement. To show how little value these natives put on life, they only stipulated that any man who gets disabled shall get the value of one cow and if he gets killed his family two cows. A cow is five pounds!

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

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

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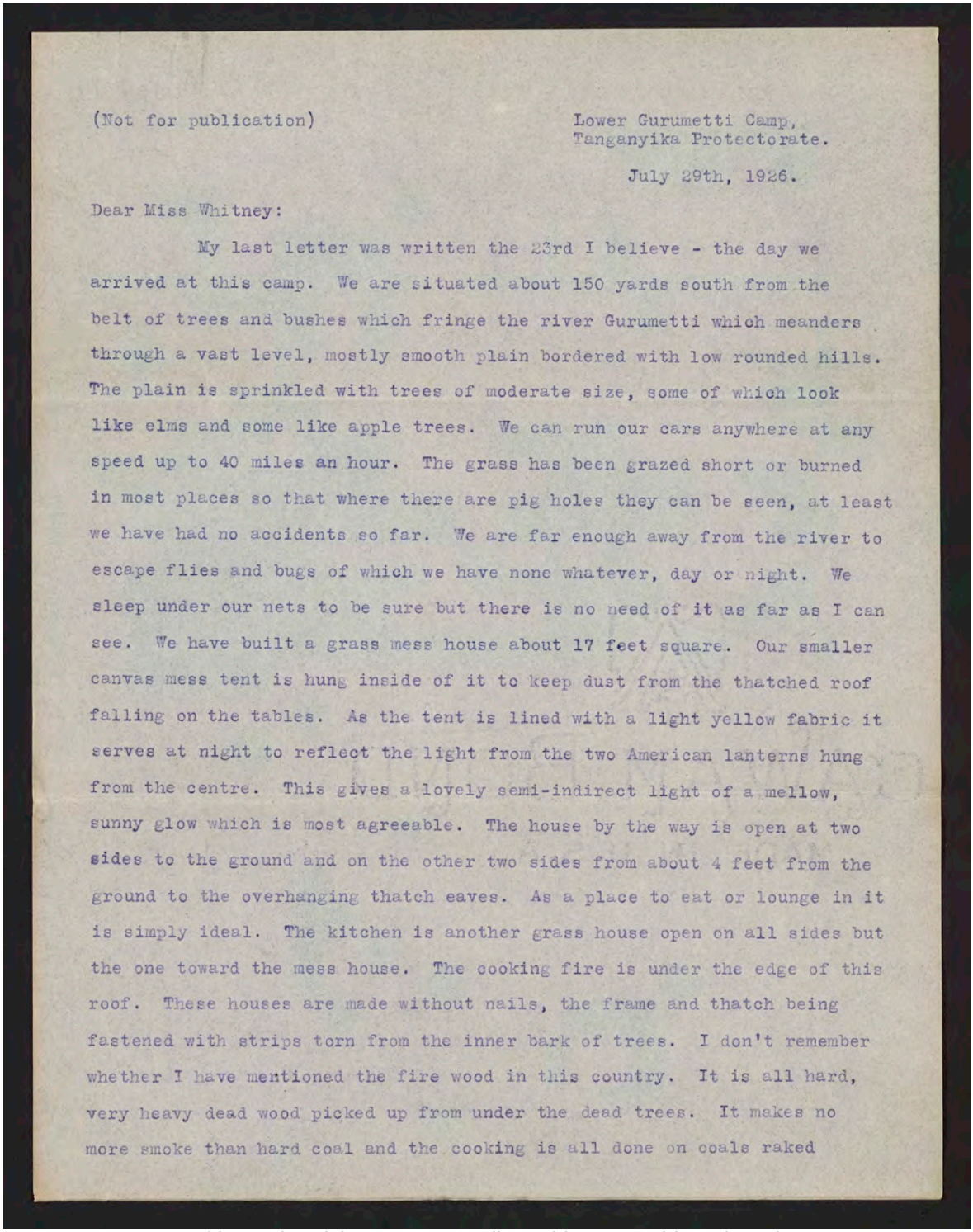

(Not for publication)

Lower Gurumetti Camp,
Tanganyika Protectorate.

July 29th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

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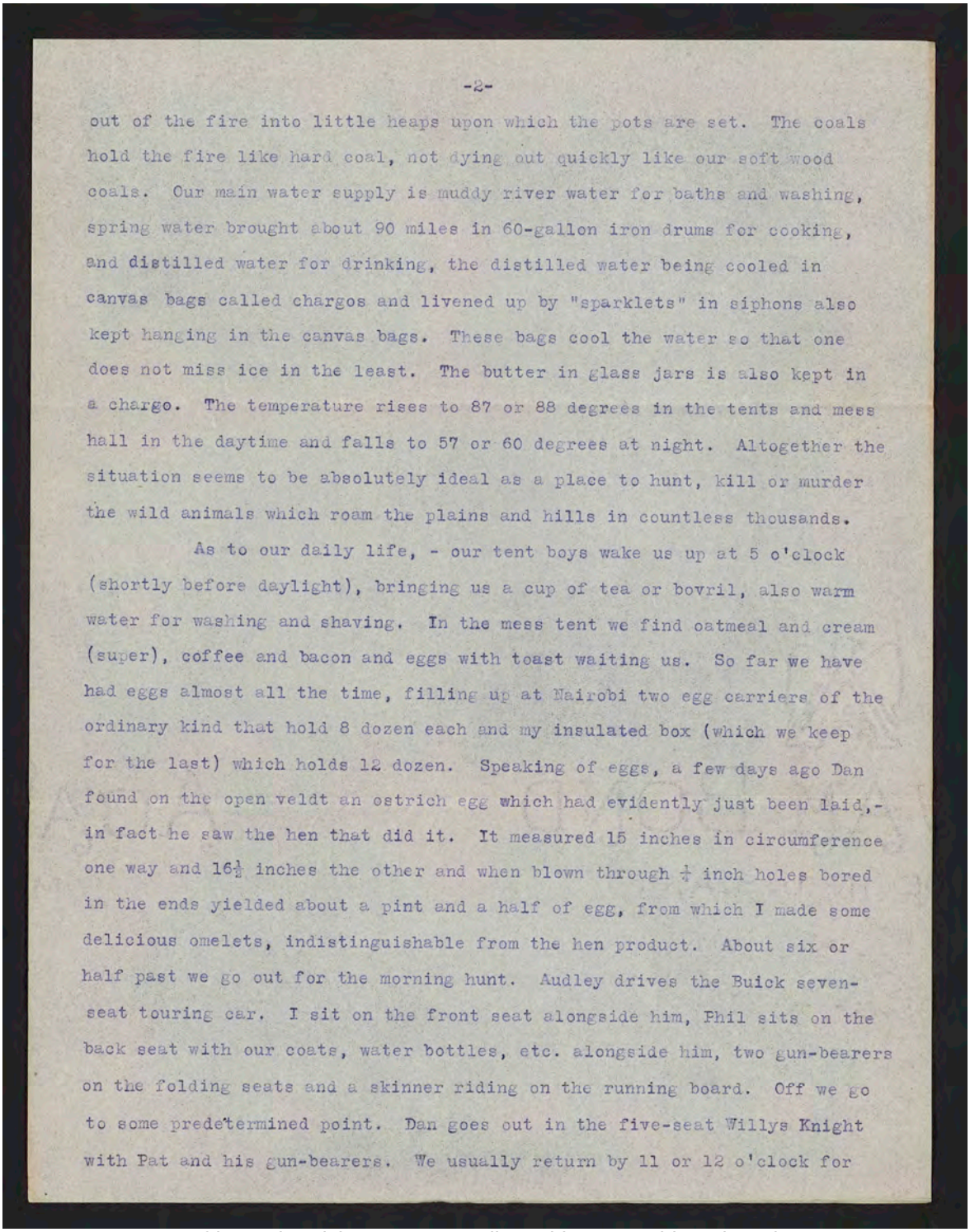

out of the fire into little heaps upon which the pots are set. The coals hold the fire like hard coal, not dying out quickly like our soft wood coals. Our main water supply is muddy river water for baths and washing, spring water brought about 90 miles in 60-gallon iron drums for cooking, and distilled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

As to our daily life, - our tent boys wake us up at 5 o'clock (shortly before daylight), bringing us a cup of tea or bovril, also warm water for washing and shaving. In the mess tent we find oatmeal and cream (super), coffee and bacon and eggs with toast waiting us. So far we have had eggs almost all the time, filling up at Nairobi two egg carriers of the ordinary kind that hold 8 dozen each and my insulated box (which we keep for the last) which holds 12 dozen. Speaking of eggs, a few days ago Dan found on the open veldt an ostrich egg which had evidently just been laid,- in fact he saw the hen that did it. It measured 15 inches in circumference one way and 16½ inches the other and when blown through ¼ inch holes bored in the ends yielded about a pint and a half of egg, from which I made some delicious omelets, indistinguishable from the hen product. About six or half past we go out for the morning hunt. Audley drives the Buick seven-seat touring car. I sit on the front seat alongside him, Phil sits on the back seat with our coats, water bottles, etc. alongside him, two gun-bearers on the folding seats and a skinner riding on the running board. Off we go to some predetermined point. Dan goes out in the five-seat Willys Knight with Pat and his gun-bearers. We usually return by 11 or 12 o'clock for

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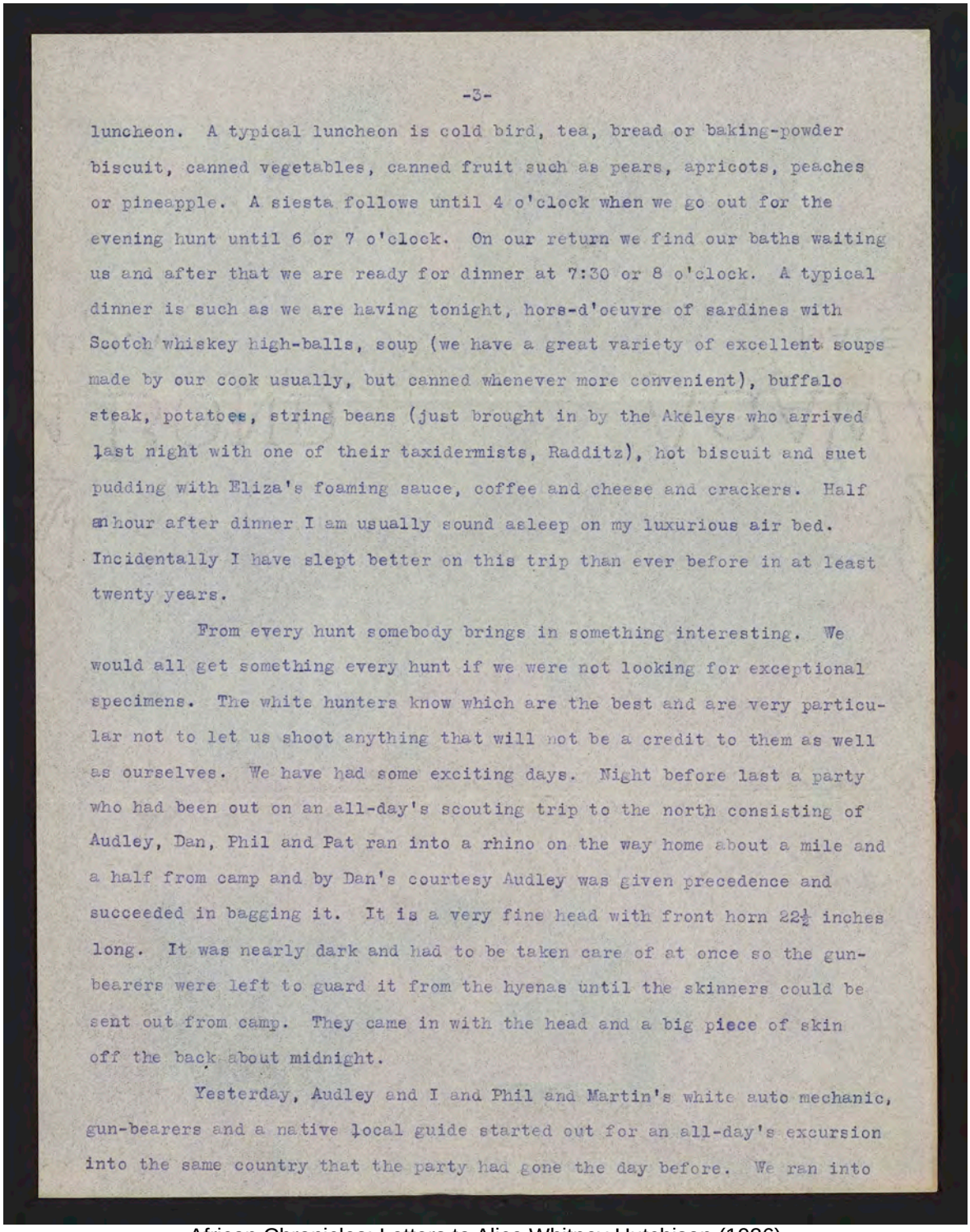

luncheon. A typical luncheon is cold bird, tea, bread or baking-powder biscuit, canned vegetables, canned fruit such as pears, apricots, peaches or pineapple. A siesta follows until 4 o'clock when we go out for the evening hunt until 6 or 7 o'clock. On our return we find our baths waiting us and after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

From every hunt somebody brings in something interesting. We would all get something every hunt if we were not looking for exceptional specimens. The white hunters know which are the best and are very particular not to let us shoot anything that will not be a credit to them as well as ourselves. We have had some exciting days. Night before last a party who had been out on an all-day's scouting trip to the north consisting of Audley, Dan, Phil and Pat ran into a rhino on the way home about a mile and a half from camp and by Dan's courtesy Audley was given precedence and succeeded in bagging it. It is a very fine head with front horn 22½ inches long. It was nearly dark and had to be taken care of at once so the gun-bearers were left to guard it from the hyenas until the skinners could be sent out from camp. They came in with the head and a big piece of skin off the back about midnight.

Yesterday, Audley and I and Phil and Martin's white auto mechanic, gun-bearers and a native local guide started out for an all-day's excursion into the same country that the party had gone the day before. We ran into

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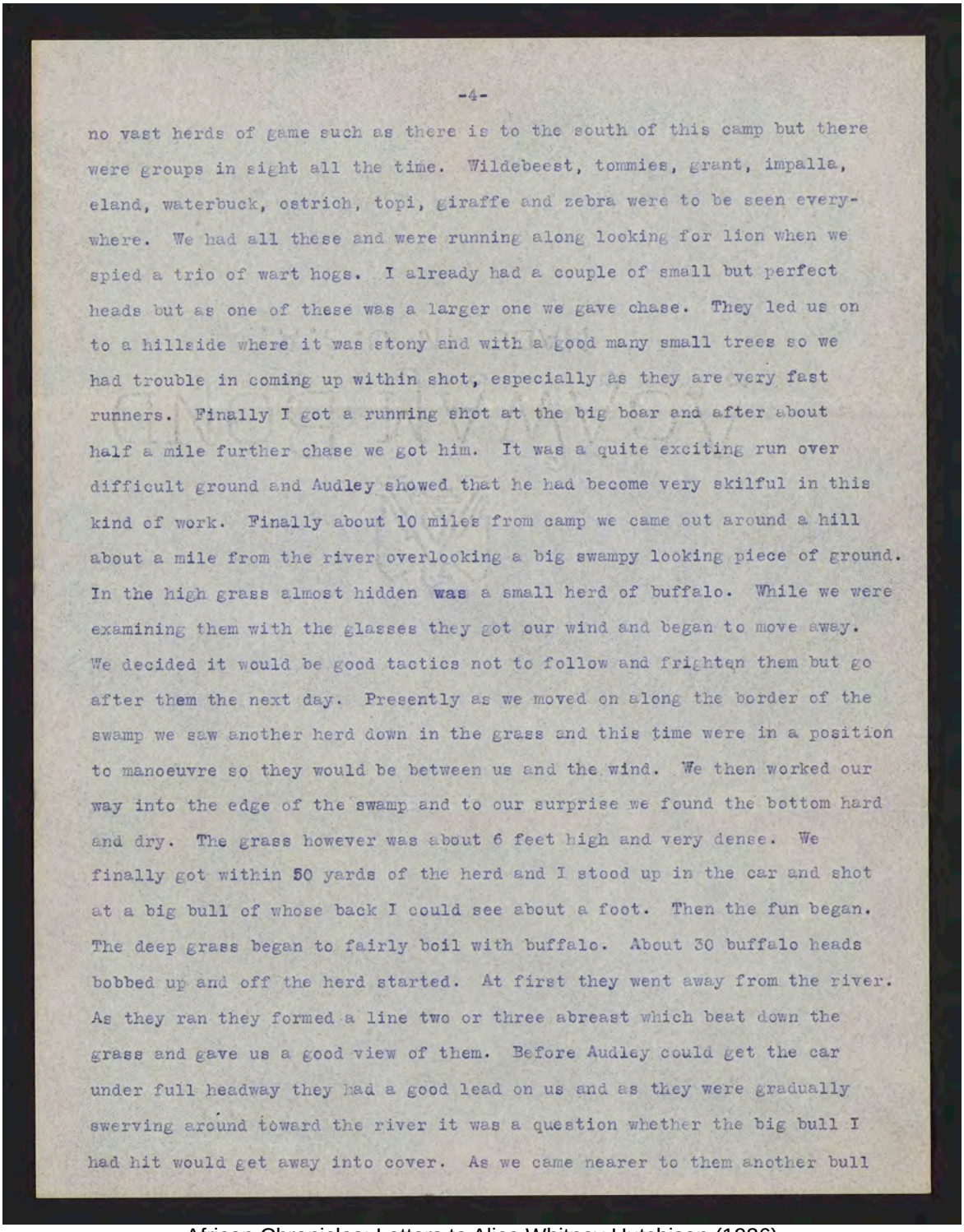

no vast herds of game such as there is to the south of this camp but there were groups in sight all the time. Wildebeest, tommies, grant, impalla, eland, waterbuck, ostrich, topi, giraffe and zebra were to be seen everywhere. We had all these and were running along looking for lion when we spied a trio of wart hogs. I already had a couple of small but perfect heads but as one of these was a larger one we gave chase. They led us on to a hillside where it was stony and with a good many small trees so we had trouble in coming up within shot, especially as they are very fast runners. Finally I got a running shot at the big boar and after about half a mile further chase we got him. It was a quite exciting run over difficult ground and Audley showed that he had become very skilful in this kind of work. Finally about 10 miles from camp we came out around a hill about a mile from the river overlooking a big swampy looking piece of ground. In the high grass almost hidden was a small herd of buffalo. While we were examining them with the glasses they got our wind and began to move away. We decided it would be good tactics not to follow and frighten them but go after them the next day. Presently as we moved on along the border of the swamp we saw another herd down in the grass and this time were in a position to manoeuvre so they would be between us and the wind. We then worked our way into the edge of the swamp and to our surprise we found the bottom hard and dry. The grass however was about 6 feet high and very dense. We finally got within 50 yards of the herd and I stood up in the car and shot at a big bull of whose back I could see about a foot. Then the fun began. The deep grass began to fairly boil with buffalo. About 30 buffalo heads bobbed up and off the herd started. At first they went away from the river. As they ran they formed a line two or three abreast which beat down the grass and gave us a good view of them. Before Audley could get the car under full headway they had a good lead on us and as they were gradually swerving around toward the river it was a question whether the big bull I had hit would get away into cover. As we came nearer to them another bull

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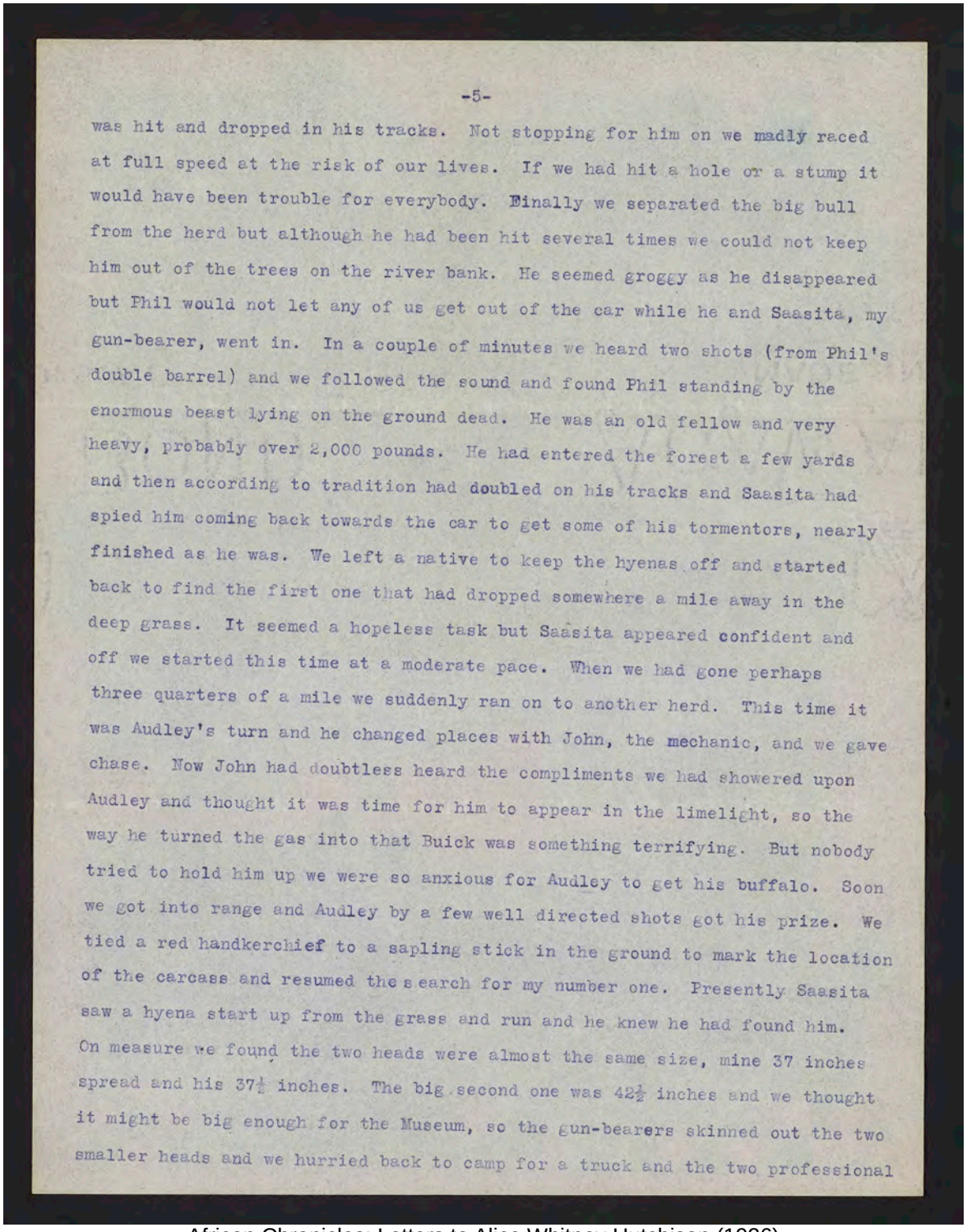

was hit and dropped in his tracks. Not stopping for him on we madly raced at full speed at the risk of our lives. If we had hit a hole or a stump it would have been trouble for everybody. Finally we separated the big bull from the herd but although he had been hit several times we could not keep him out of the trees on the river bank. He seemed groggy as he disappeared but Phil would not let any of us get out of the car while he and Saasita, my gun-bearer, went in. In a couple of minutes we heard two shots (from Phil's double barrel) and we followed the sound and found Phil standing by the enormous beast lying on the ground dead. He was an old fellow and very heavy, probably over 2,000 pounds. He had entered the forest a few yards and then according to tradition had doubled on his tracks and Saasita had spied him coming back towards the car to get some of his tormentors, nearly finished as he was. We left a native to keep the hyenas off and started back to find the first one that had dropped somewhere a mile away in the deep grass. It seemed a hopeless task but Saasita appeared confident and off we started this time at a moderate pace. When we had gone perhaps three quarters of a mile we suddenly ran on to another herd. This time it was Audley's turn and he changed places with John, the mechanic, and we gave chase. Now John had doubtless heard the compliments we had showered upon Audley and thought it was time for him to appear in the limelight, so the way he turned the gas into that Buick was something terrifying. But nobody tried to hold him up we were so anxious for Audley to get his buffalo. Soon we got into range and Audley by a few well directed shots got his prize. We tied a red handkerchief to a sapling stick in the ground to mark the location of the carcass and resumed the search for my number one. Presently Saasita saw a hyena start up from the grass and run and he knew he had found him. On measure we found the two heads were almost the same size, mine 37 inches spread and his 37½ inches. The big second one was 42½ inches and we thought it might be big enough for the Museum, so the gun-bearers skinned out the two smaller heads and we hurried back to camp for a truck and the two professional

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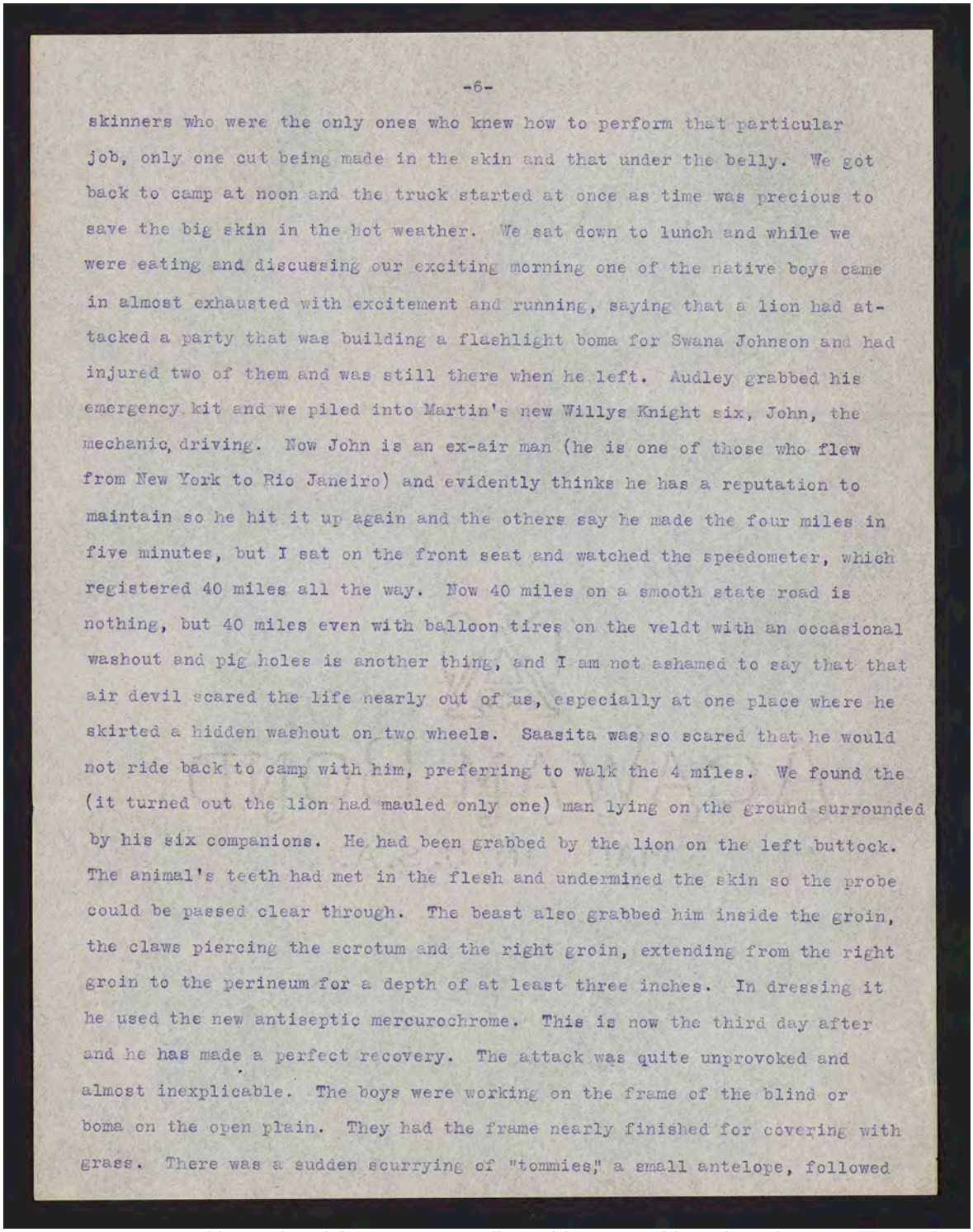

skinners who were the only ones who knew how to perform that particular job, only one cut being made in the skin and that under the belly. We got back to camp at noon and the truck started at once as time was precious to save the big skin in the hot weather. We sat down to lunch and while we were eating and discussing our exciting morning one of the native boys came in almost exhausted with excitement and running, saying that a lion had attacked a party that was building a flashlight boma for Swana Johnson and had injured two of them and was still there when he left. Audley grabbed his emergency kit and we piled into Martin's new Willys Knight six, John, the mechanic, driving. Now John is an ex-air man (he is one of those who flew from New York to Rio Janeiro) and evidently thinks he has a reputation to maintain so he hit it up again and the others say he made the four miles in five minutes, but I sat on the front seat and watched the speedometer, which registered 40 miles all the way. Now 40 miles on a smooth state road is nothing, but 40 miles even with balloon tires on the veldt with an occasional washout and pig holes is another thing, and I am not ashamed to say that that air devil scared the life nearly out of us, especially at one place where he skirted a hidden washout on two wheels. Saasita was so scared that he would not ride back to camp with him, preferring to walk the 4 miles. We found the (it turned out the lion had mauled only one) man lying on the ground surrounded by his six companions. He had been grabbed by the lion on the left buttock. The animal's teeth had met in the flesh and undermined the skin so the probe could be passed clear through. The beast also grabbed him inside the groin, the claws piercing the scrotum and the right groin, extending from the right groin to the perineum for a depth of at least three inches. In dressing it he used the new antiseptic mercurochrome. This is now the third day after and he has made a perfect recovery. The attack was quite unprovoked and almost inexplicable. The boys were working on the frame of the blind or boma on the open plain. They had the frame nearly finished for covering with grass. There was a sudden scurrying of "tommies," a small antelope, followed

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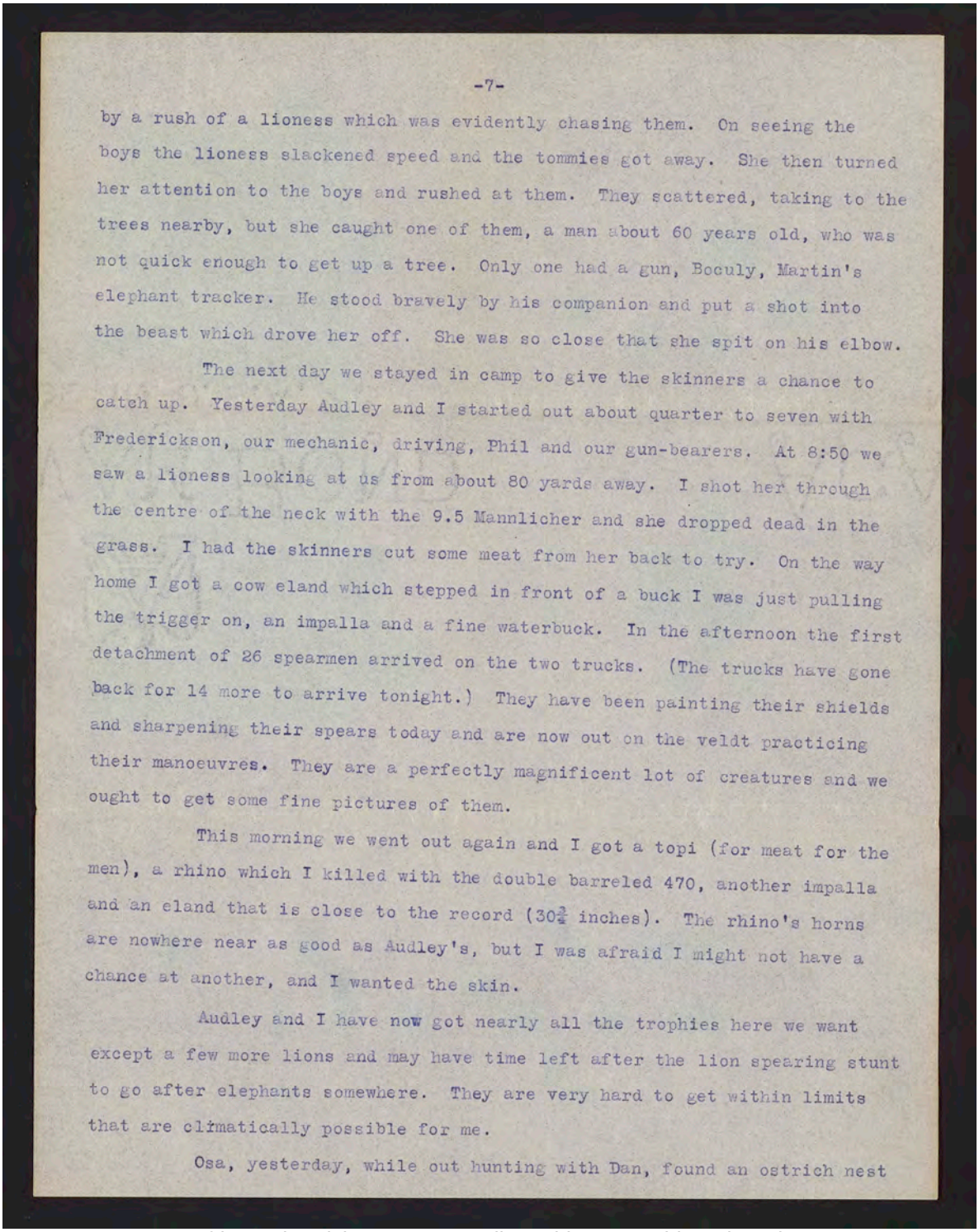

by a rush of a lioness which was evidently chasing them. On seeing the boys the lioness slackened speed and the tommies got away. She then turned her attention to the boys and rushed at them. They scattered, taking to the trees nearby, but she caught one of them, a man about 60 years old, who was not quick enough to get up a tree. Only one had a gun, Boculy, Martin's elephant tracker. He stood bravely by his companion and put a shot into the beast which drove her off. She was so close that she spit on his elbow.

The next day we stayed in camp to give the skinners a chance to catch up. Yesterday Audley and I started out about quarter to seven with Frederickson, our mechanic, driving, Phil and our gun-bearers. At 8:50 we saw a lioness looking at us from about 80 yards away. I shot her through the centre of the neck with the 9.5 Mannlicher and she dropped dead in the grass. I had the skinners cut some meat from her back to try. On the way home I got a cow eland which stepped in front of a buck I was just pulling the trigger on, an impalla and a fine waterbuck. In the afternoon the first detachment of 26 spearmen arrived on the two trucks. (The trucks have gone back for 14 more to arrive tonight.) They have been painting their shields and sharpening their spears today and are now out on the veldt practicing their manoeuvres. They are a perfectly magnificent lot of creatures and we ought to get some fine pictures of them.

This morning we went out again and I got a topi (for meat for the men), a rhino which I killed with the double barreled 470, another impalla and an eland that is close to the record (30¾ inches). The rhino's horns are nowhere near as good as Audley's, but I was afraid I might not have a chance at another, and I wanted the skin.

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

Osa, yesterday, while out hunting with Dan, found an ostrich nest

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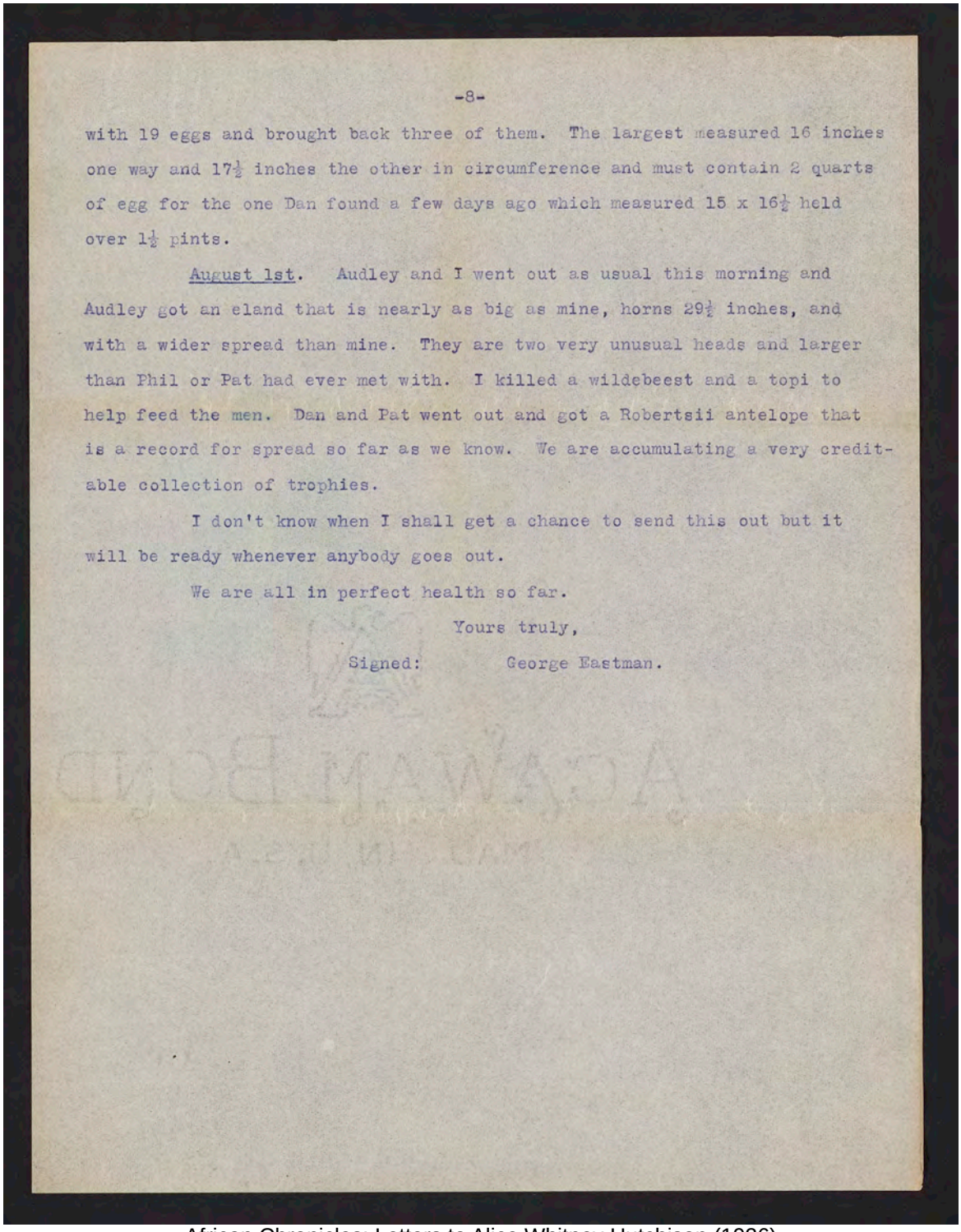

with 19 eggs and brought back three of them. The largest measured 16 inches one way and 17½ inches the other in circumference and must contain 2 quarts of egg for the one Dan found a few days ago which measured 15 x 16½ held over 1½ pints.

August 1st. Audley and I went out as usual this morning and Audley got an eland that is nearly as big as mine, horns 29½ inches, and with a wider spread than mine. They are two very unusual heads and larger than Phil or Pat had ever met with. I killed a wildebeest and a topi to help feed the men. Dan and Pat went out and got a Robertsii antelope that is a record for spread so far as we know. We are accumulating a very creditable collection of trophies.

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

We are all in perfect health so far.

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

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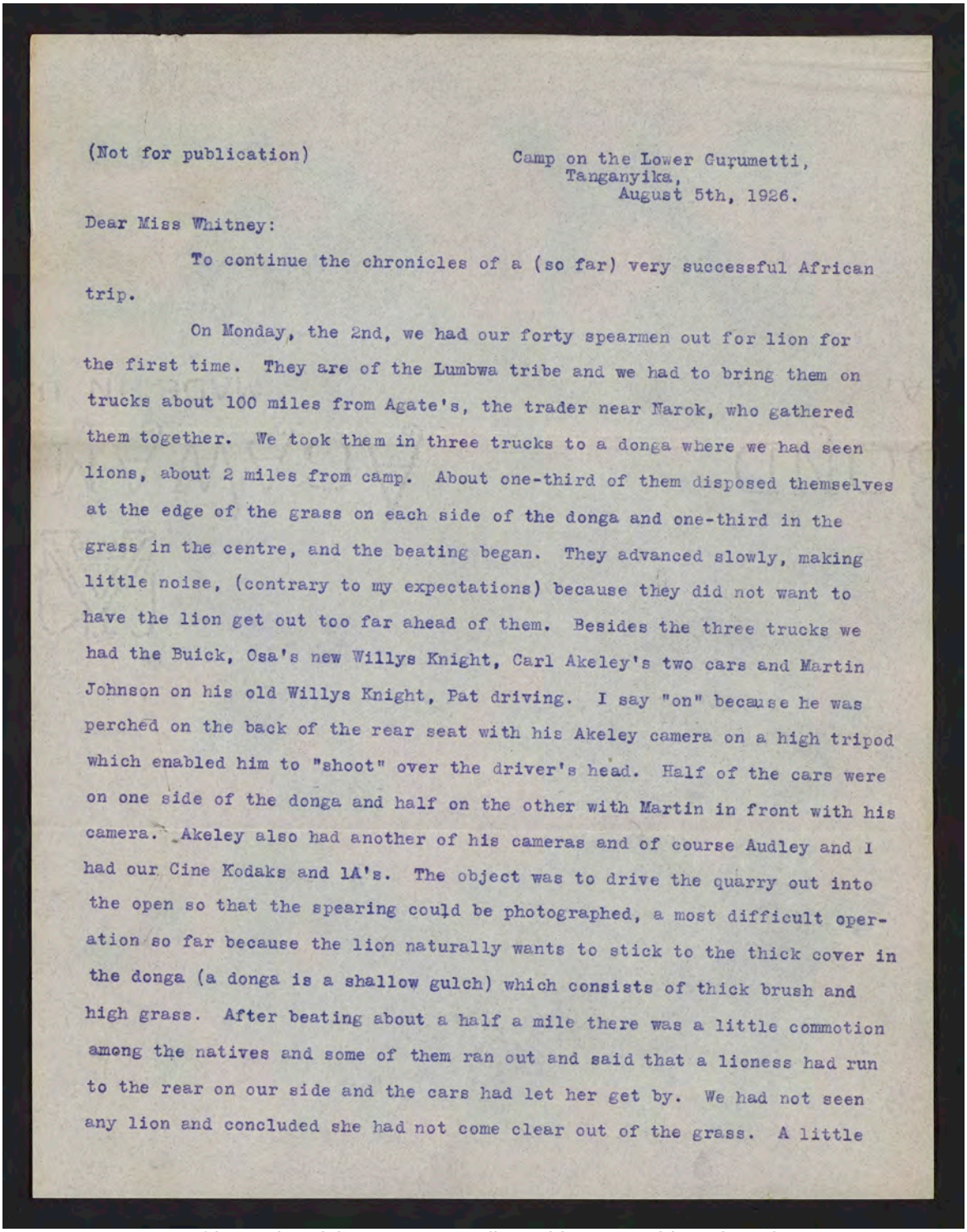

(Not for publication)

Camp on the Lower Gurumetti,
Tanganyika,
August 5th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

To continue the chronicles of a (so far) very successful African trip.

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

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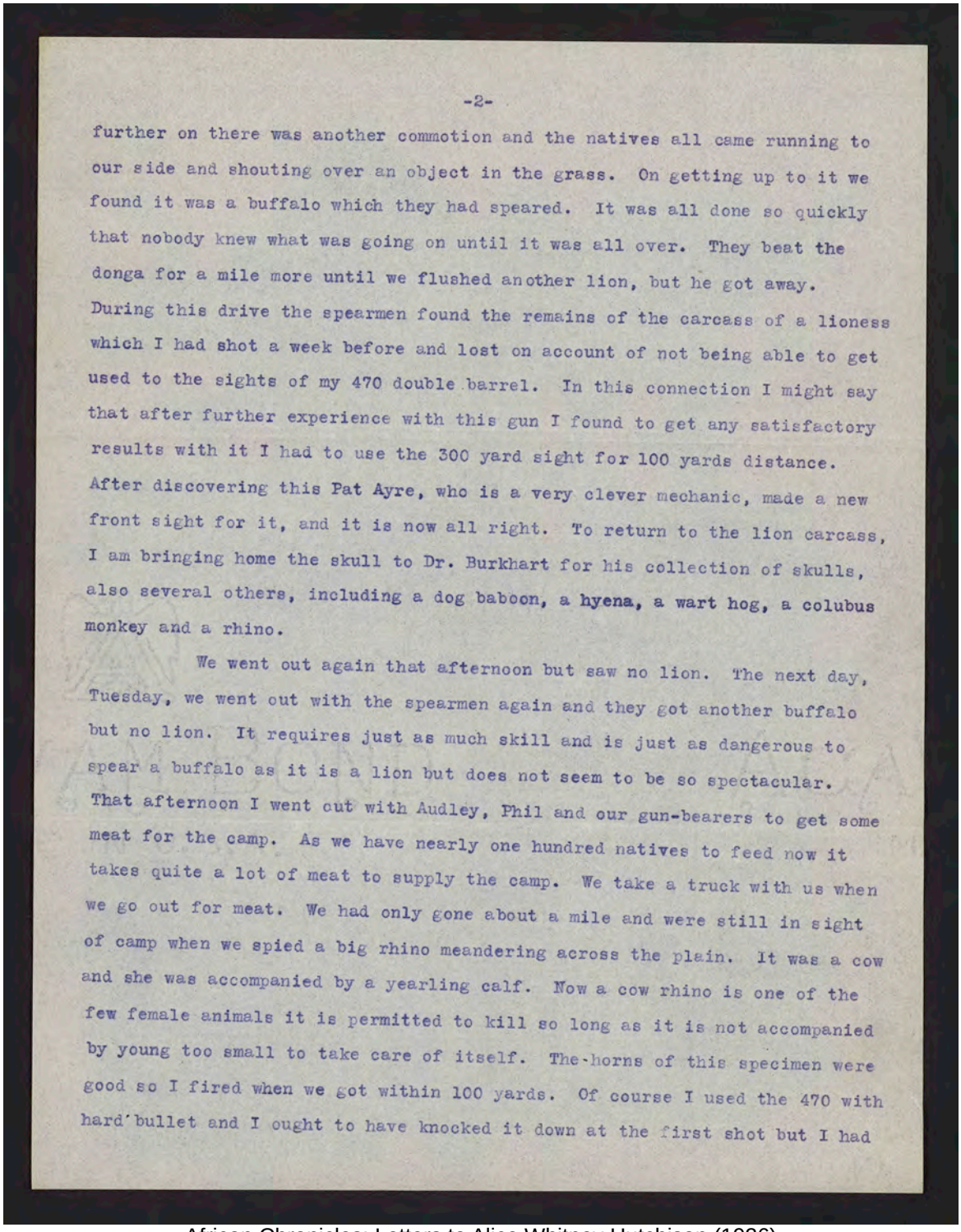

further on there was another commotion and the natives all came running to our side and shouting over an object in the grass. On getting up to it we found it was a buffalo which they had speared. It was all done so quickly that nobody knew what was going on until it was all over. They beat the donga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

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

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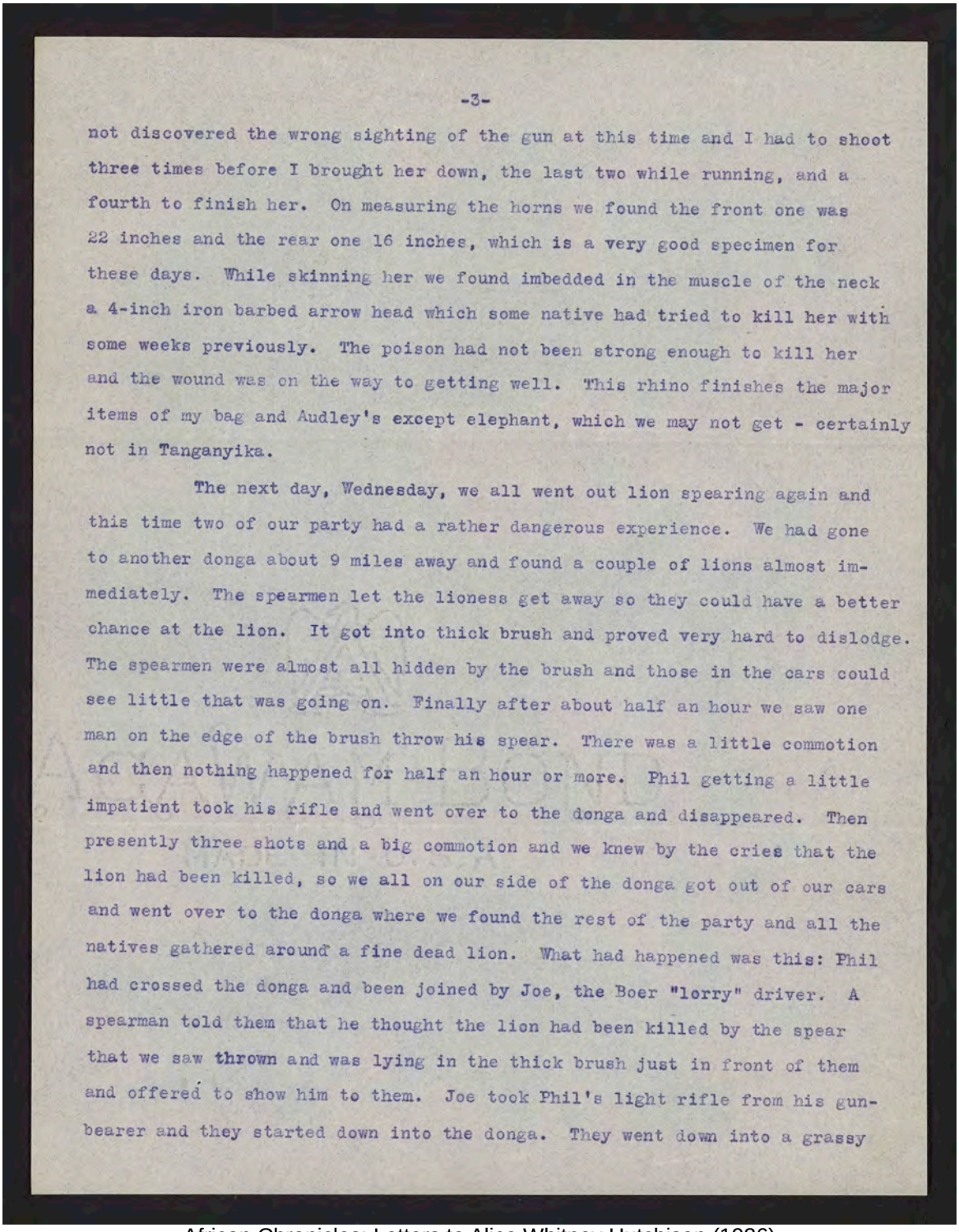

not discovered the wrong sighting of the gun at this time and I had to shoot three times before I brought her down, the last two while running, and a fourth to finish her. On measuring the horns we found the front one was 22 inches and the rear one 16 inches, which is a very good specimen for these days. While skinning her we found imbedded in the muscle of the neck a 4-inch iron barbed arrow head which some native had tried to kill her with some weeks previously. The poison had not been strong enough to kill her and the wound was on the way to getting well. This rhino finishes the major items of my bag and Audley's except elephant, which we may not get - certainly not in Tanganyika.

The next day, Wednesday, we all went out lion spearing again and this time two of our party had a rather dangerous experience. We had gone to another donga about 9 miles away and found a couple of lions almost immediately. The spearmen let the lioness get away so they could have a better chance at the lion. It got into thick brush and proved very hard to dislodge. The spearmen were almost all hidden by the brush and those in the cars could see little that was going on. Finally after about half an hour we saw one man on the edge of the brush throw his spear. There was a little commotion and then nothing happened for half an hour or more. Phil getting a little impatient took his rifle and went over to the donga and disappeared. Then presently three shots and a big commotion and we knew by the cries that the lion had been killed, so we all on our side of the donga got out of our cars and went over to the donga where we found the rest of the party and all the natives gathered around a fine dead lion. What had happened was this: Phil had crossed the donga and been joined by Joe, the Boer "lorry" driver. A spearman told them that he thought the lion had been killed by the spear that we saw thrown and was lying in the thick brush just in front of them and offered to show him to them. Joe took Phil's light rifle from his gun-bearer and they started down into the donga. They went down into a grassy

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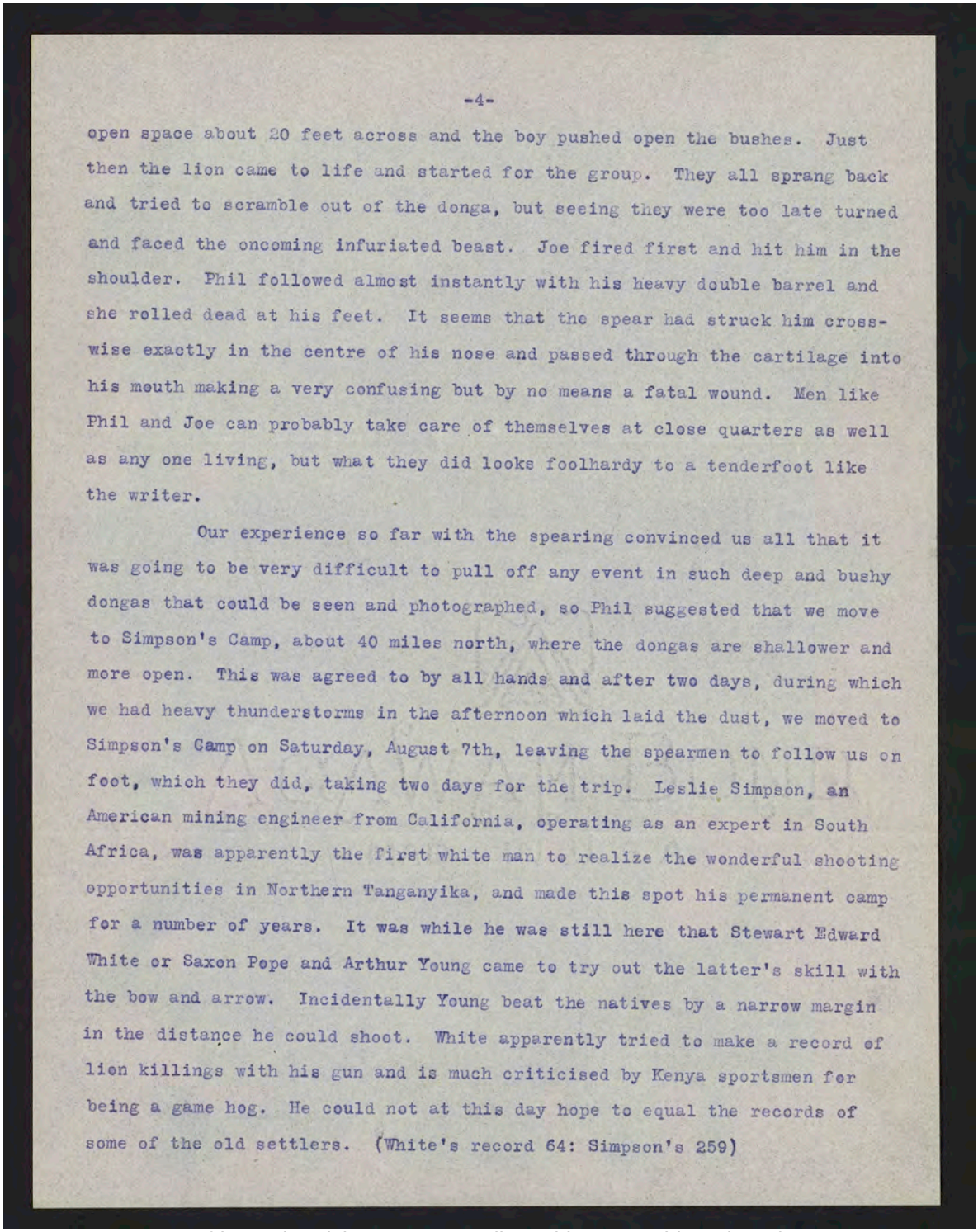

open space about 20 feet across and the boy pushed open the bushes. Just then the lion came to life and started for the group. They all sprang back and tried to scramble out of the donga, but seeing they were too late turned and faced the oncoming infuriated beast. Joe fired first and hit him in the shoulder. Phil followed almost instantly with his heavy double barrel and she rolled dead at his feet. It seems that the spear had struck him cross-wise exactly in the centre of his nose and passed through the cartilage into his mouth making a very confusing but by no means a fatal wound. Men like Phil and Joe can probably take care of themselves at close quarters as well as any one living, but what they did looks foolhardy to a tenderfoot like the writer.

Our experience so far with the spearing convinced us all that it was going to be very difficult to pull off any event in such deep and bushy dongas that could be seen and photographed, so Phil suggested that we move to Simpson's Camp, about 40 miles north, where the dongas are shallower and more open. This was agreed to by all hands and after two days, during which we had heavy thunderstorms in the afternoon which laid the dust, we moved to Simpson's Camp on Saturday, August 7th, leaving the spearmen to follow us on foot, which they did, taking two days for the trip. Leslie Simpson, an American mining engineer from California, operating as an expert in South Africa, was apparently the first white man to realize the wonderful shooting opportunities in Northern Tanganyika, and made this spot his permanent camp for a number of years. It was while he was still here that Stewart Edward White or Saxon Pope and Arthur Young came to try out the latter's skill with the bow and arrow. Incidentally Young beat the natives by a narrow margin in the distance he could shoot. White apparently tried to make a record of lion killings with his gun and is much criticised by Kenya sportsmen for being a game hog. He could not at this day hope to equal the records of some of the old settlers. (White's record 64: Simpson's 259)

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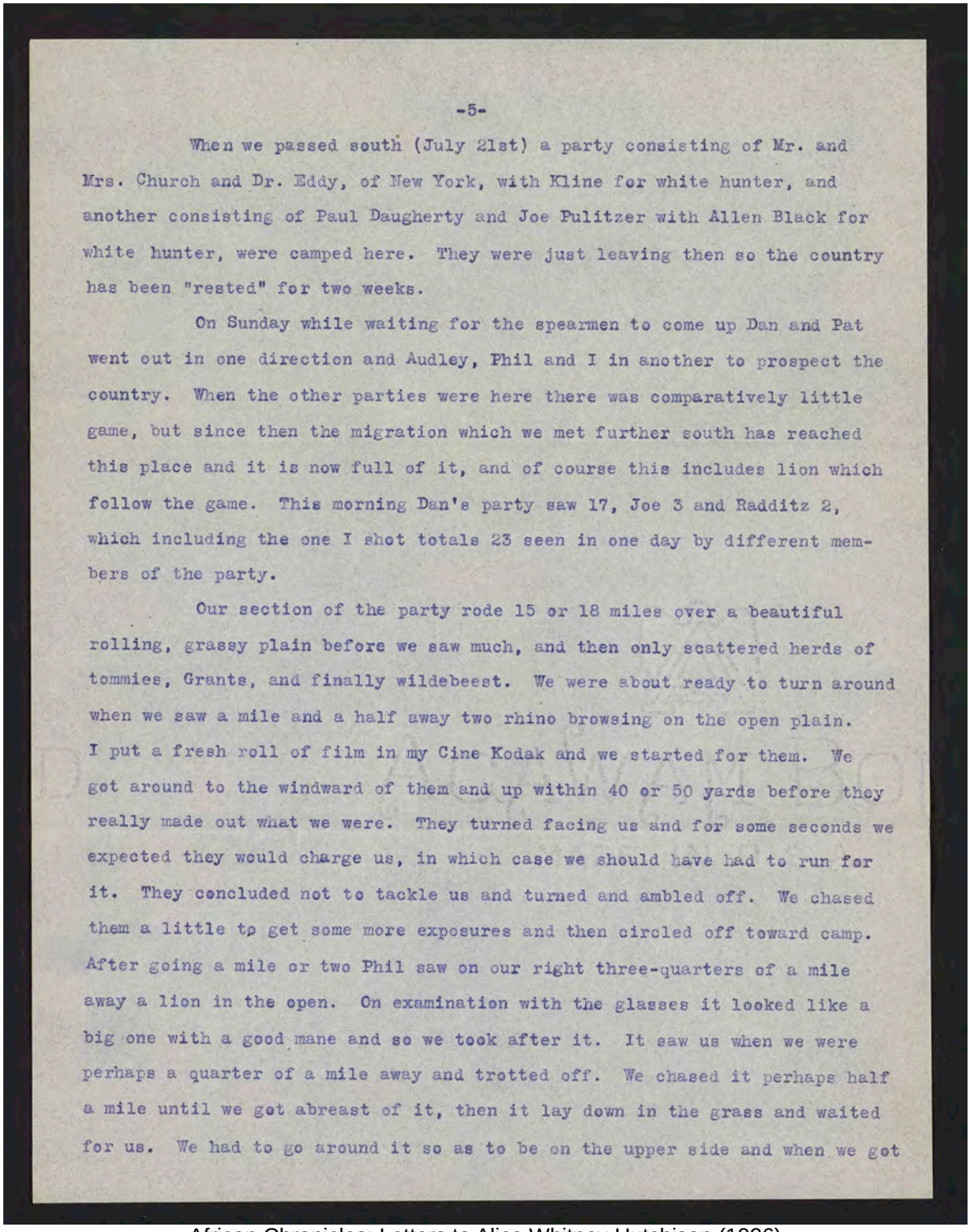

When we passed south (July 21st) a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Church and Dr. Eddy, of New York, with Kline for white hunter, and another consisting of Paul Daugherty and Joe Pulitzer with Allen Black for white hunter, were camped here. They were just leaving then so the country has been "rested"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

On Sunday while waiting for the spearmen to come up Dan and Pat went out in one direction and Audley, Phil and I in another to prospect the country. When the other parties were here there was comparatively little game, but since then the migration which we met further south has reached this place and it is now full of it, and of course this includes lion which follow the game. This morning Dan's party saw 17, Joe 3 and Radditz 2, which including the one I shot totals 23 seen in one day by different members of the party.

Our section of the party rode 15 or 18 miles over a beautiful rolling, grassy plain before we saw much, and then only scattered herds of tommies, Grants, and finally wildebeest. We were about ready to turn around when we saw a mile and a half away two rhino browsing on the open plain. I put a fresh roll of film in my Cine Kodak and we started for them. We got around to the windward of them and up within 40 or 50 yards before they really made out what we were. They turned facing us and for some seconds we expected they would charge us, in which case we should have had to run for it. They concluded not to tackle us and turned and ambled off. We chased them a little to get some more exposures and then circled off toward camp. After going a mile or two Phil saw on our right three-quarters of a mile away a lion in the open. On examination with the glasses it looked like a big one with a good mane and so we took after it. It saw us when we were perhaps a quarter of a mile away and trotted off. We chased it perhaps half a mile until we got abreast of it, then it lay down in the grass and waited for us. We had to go around it so as to be on the upper side and when we got

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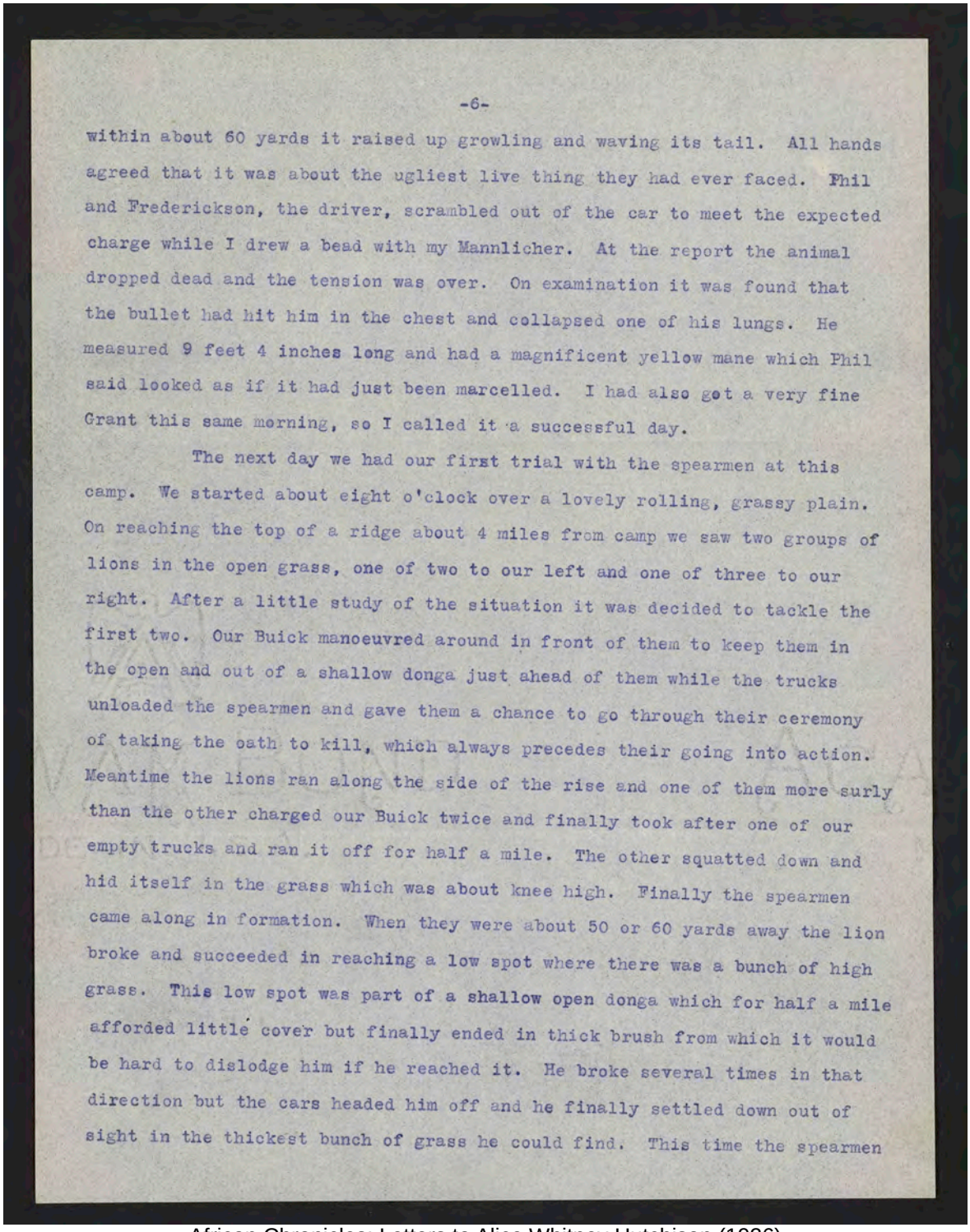

within about 60 yards it raised up growling and waving its tail. All hands agreed that it was about the ugliest live thing they had ever faced. Phil and Frederickson, the driver, scrambled out of the car to meet the expected charge while I drew a bead with my Mannlicher. At the report the animal dropped dead and the tension was over. On examination it was found that the bullet had hit him in the chest and collapsed one of his lungs. He measured 9 feet 4 inches long and had a magnificent yellow mane which Phil said looked as if it had just been marcelled. I had also got a very fine Grant this same morning, so I called it a successful day.

The next day we had our first trial with the spearmen at this camp. We started about eight o'clock over a lovely rolling, grassy plain. On reaching the top of a ridge about 4 miles from camp we saw two groups of lions in the open grass, one of two to our left and one of three to our right. After a little study of the situation it was decided to tackle the first two. Our Buick manoeuvred around in front of them to keep them in the open and out of a shallow donga just ahead of them while the trucks unloaded the spearmen and gave them a chance to go through their ceremony of taking the oath to kill, which always precedes their going into action. Meantime the lions ran along the side of the rise and one of them more surly than the other charged our Buick twice and finally took after one of our empty trucks and ran it off for half a mile. The other squatted down and hid itself in the grass which was about knee high. Finally the spearmen came along in formation. When they were about 50 or 60 yards away the lion broke and succeeded in reaching a low spot where there was a bunch of high grass. This low spot was part of a shallow open donga which for half a mile afforded little cover but finally ended in thick brush from which it would be hard to dislodge him if he reached it. He broke several times in that direction but the cars headed him off and he finally settled down out of sight in the thickest bunch of grass he could find. This time the spearmen

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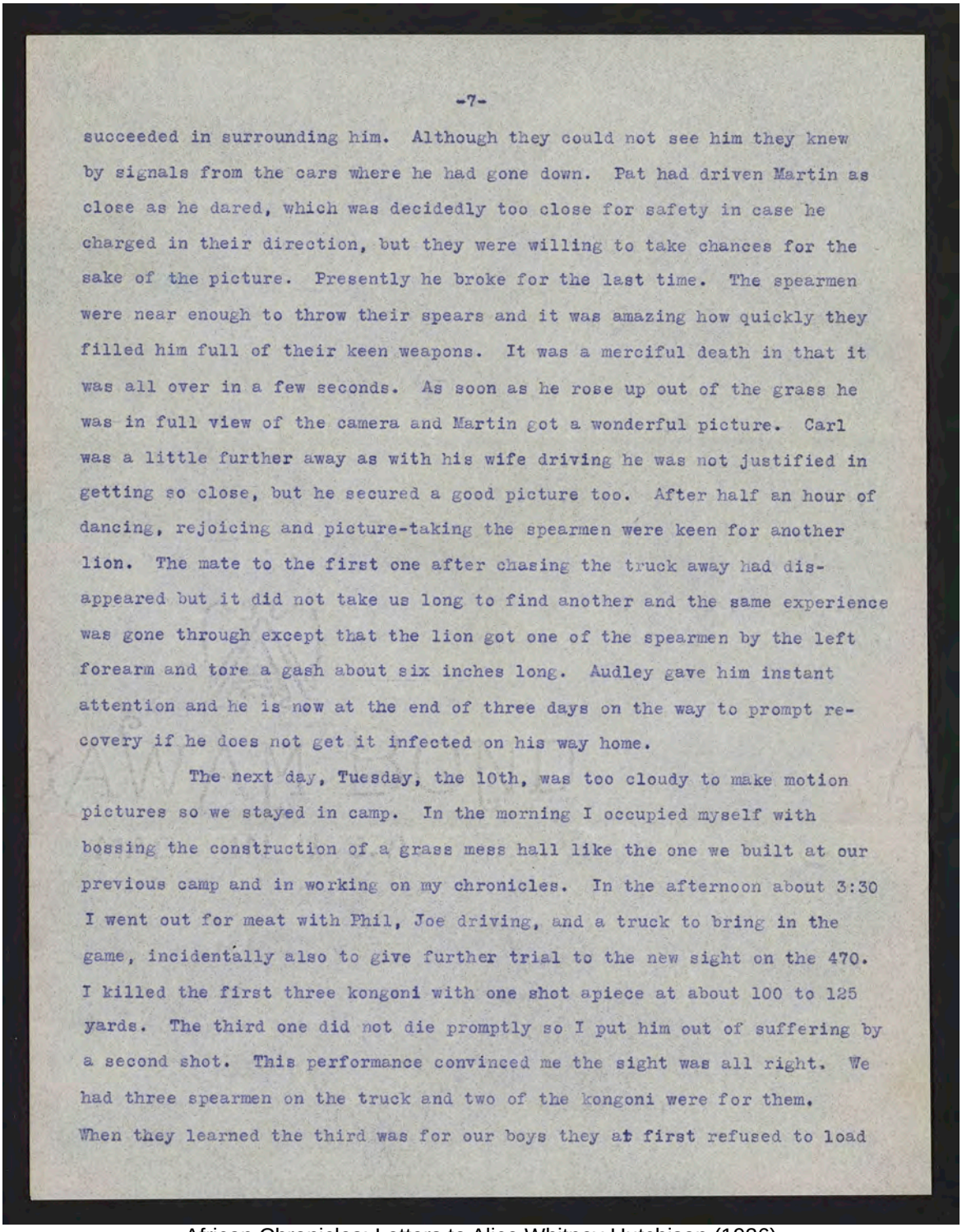

succeeded in surrounding him. Although they could not see him they knew by signals from the cars where he had gone down. Pat had driven Martin as close as he dared, which was decidedly too close for safety in case he charged in their direction, but they were willing to take chances for the sake of the picture. Presently he broke for the last time. The spearmen were near enough to throw their spears and it was amazing how quickly they filled him full of their keen weapons. It was a merciful death in that it was all over in a few seconds. As soon as he rose up out of the grass he was in full view of the camera and Martin got a wonderful picture. Carl was a little further away as with his wife driving he was not justified in getting so close, but he secured a good picture too. After half an hour of dancing, rejoicing and picture-taking the spearmen were keen for another lion. The mate to the first one after chasing the truck away had disappeared but it did not take us long to find another and the same experience was gone through except that the lion got one of the spearmen by the left forearm and tore a gash about six inches long. Audley gave him instant attention and he is now at the end of three days on the way to prompt recovery if he does not get it infected on his way home.

The next day, Tuesday, the 10th, was too cloudy to make motion pictures so we stayed in camp. In the morning I occupied myself with bossing the construction of a grass mess hall like the one we built at our previous camp and in working on my chronicles. In the afternoon about 3:30 I went out for meat with Phil, Joe driving, and a truck to bring in the game, incidentally also to give further trial to the new sight on the 470. I killed the first three kongoni with one shot apiece at about 100 to 125 yards. The third one did not die promptly so I put him out of suffering by a second shot. This performance convinced me the sight was all right. We had three spearmen on the truck and two of the kongoni were for them. When they learned the third was for our boys they at first refused to load

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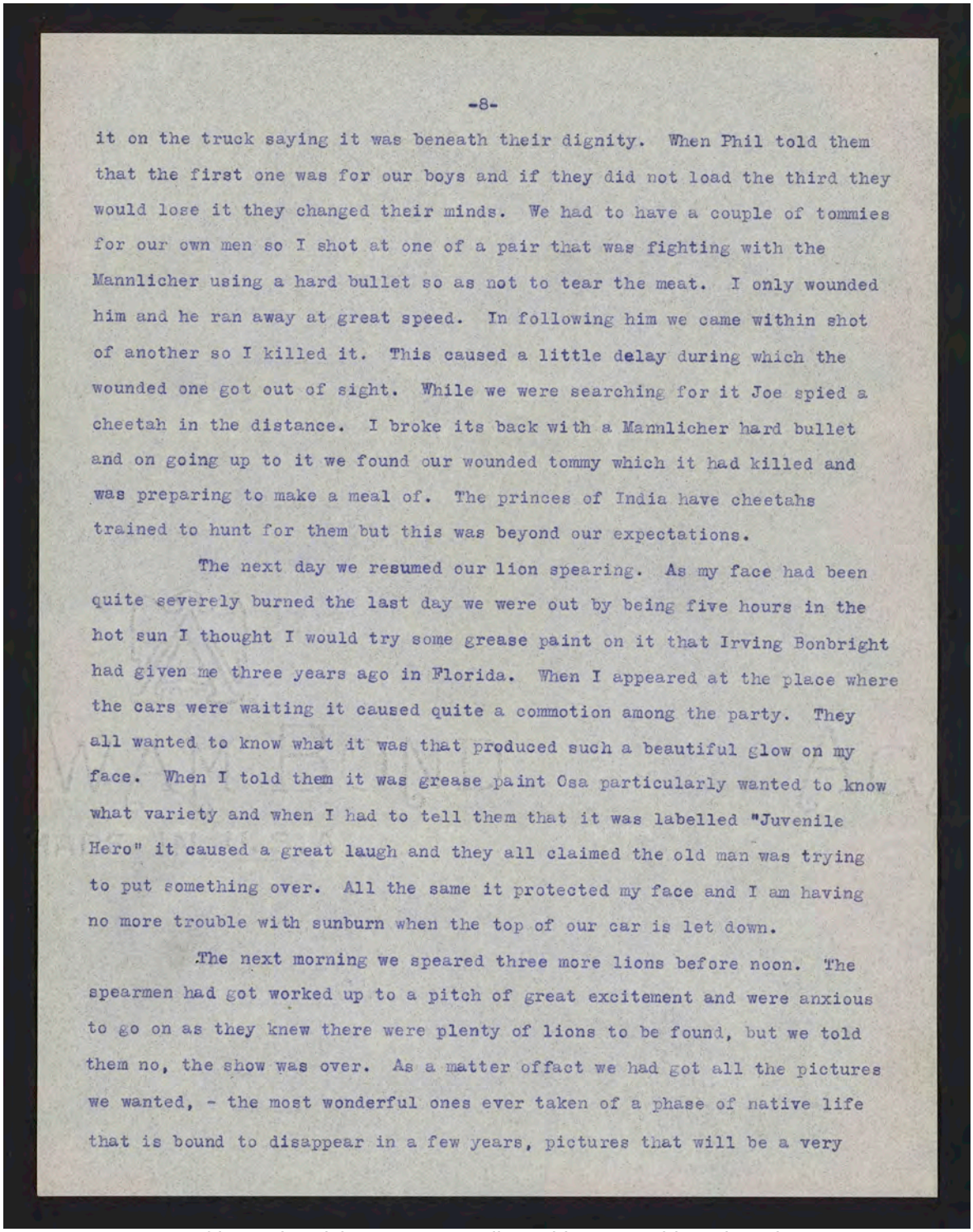

it on the truck saying it was beneath their dignity. When Phil told them that the first one was for our boys and if they did not load the third they would lose it they changed their minds. We had to have a couple of tommies for our own men so I shot at one of a pair that was fighting with the Mannlicher using a hard bullet so as not to tear the meat. I only wounded him and he ran away at great speed. In following him we came within shot of another so I killed it. This caused a little delay during which the wounded one got out of sight. While we were searching for it Joe spied a cheetah in the distance. I broke its back with a Mannlicher hard bullet and on going up to it we found our wounded tommy which it had killed and was preparing to make a meal of. The princes of India have cheetahs trained to hunt for them but this was beyond our expectations.

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

The next morning we speared three more lions before noon. The spearmen had got worked up to a pitch of great excitement and were anxious to go on as they knew there were plenty of lions to be found, but we told them no, the show was over. As a matter offact we had got all the pictures we wanted, - the most wonderful ones ever taken of a phase of native life that is bound to disappear in a few years, pictures that will be a very

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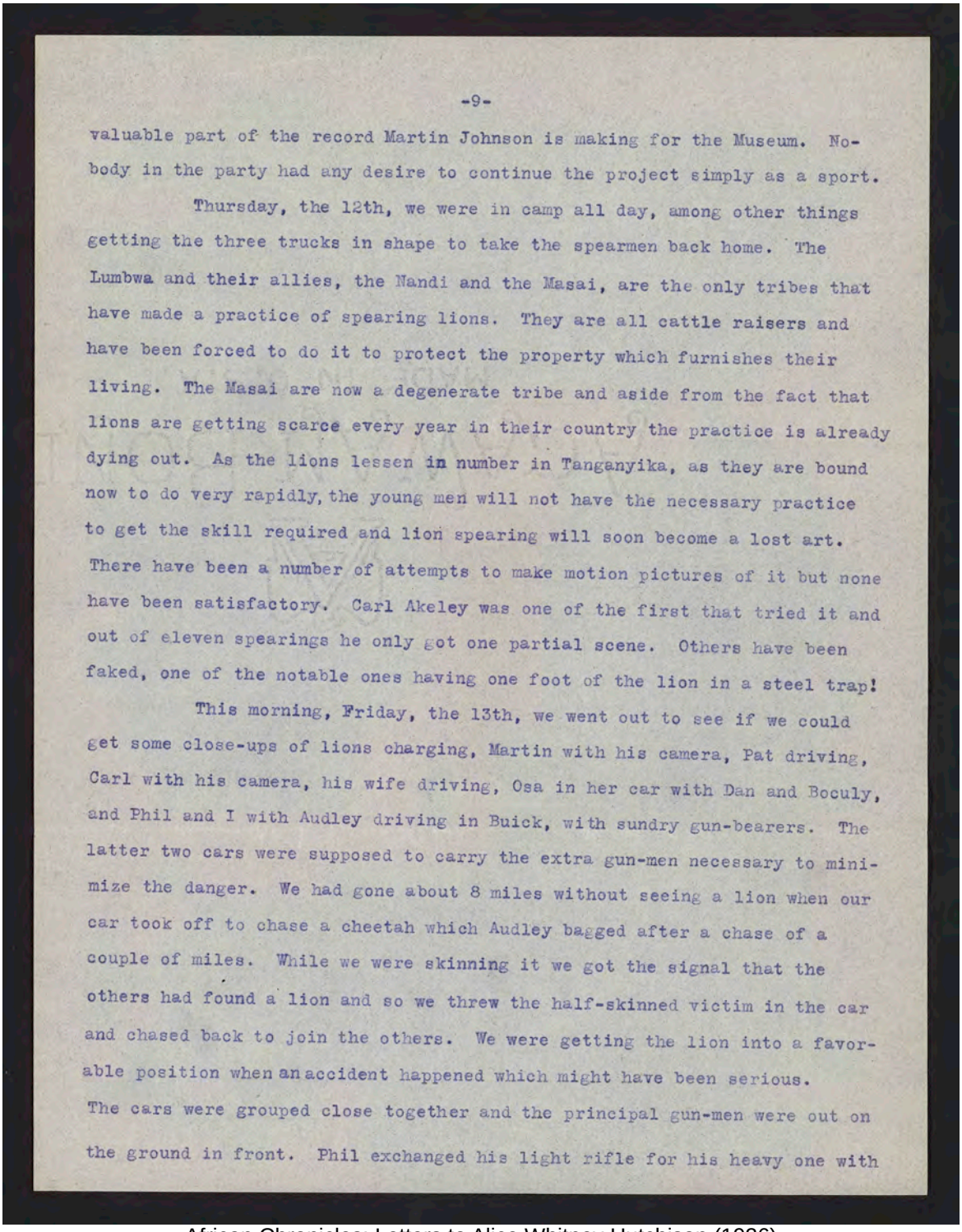

valuable part of the record Martin Johnson is making for the Museum. Nobody in the party had any desire to continue the project simply as a sport.

Thursday, the 12th, we were in camp all day, among other things getting the three trucks in shape to take the spearmen back home. The Lumbwa and their allies, the Nandi and the Masai, are the only tribes that have made a practice of spearing lions. They are all cattle raisers and have been forced to do it to protect the property which furnishes their living. The Masai are now a degenerate tribe and aside from the fact that lions are getting scarce every year in their country the practice is already dying out. As the lions lessen in number in Tanganyika, as they are bound now to do very rapidly, the young men will not have the necessary practice to get the skill required and lion spearing will soon become a lost art. There have been a number of attempts to make motion pictures of it but none have been satisfactory. Carl Akeley was one of the first that tried it and out of eleven spearings he only got one partial scene. Others have been faked, one of the notable ones having one foot of the lion in a steel trap!

This morning, Friday, the 13th, we went out to see if we could get some close-ups of lions charging, Martin with his camera, Pat driving, Carl with his camera, his wife driving, Osa in her car with Dan and Boculy, and Phil and I with Audley driving in Buick, with sundry gun-bearers. The latter two cars were supposed to carry the extra gun-men necessary to minimize the danger. We had gone about 8 miles without seeing a lion when our car took off to chase a cheetah which Audley bagged after a chase of a couple of miles. While we were skinning it we got the signal that the others had found a lion and so we threw the half-skinned victim in the car and chased back to join the others. We were getting the lion into a favorable position when an accident happened which might have been serious. The cars were grouped close together and the principal gun-men were out on the ground in front. Phil exchanged his light rifle for his heavy one with

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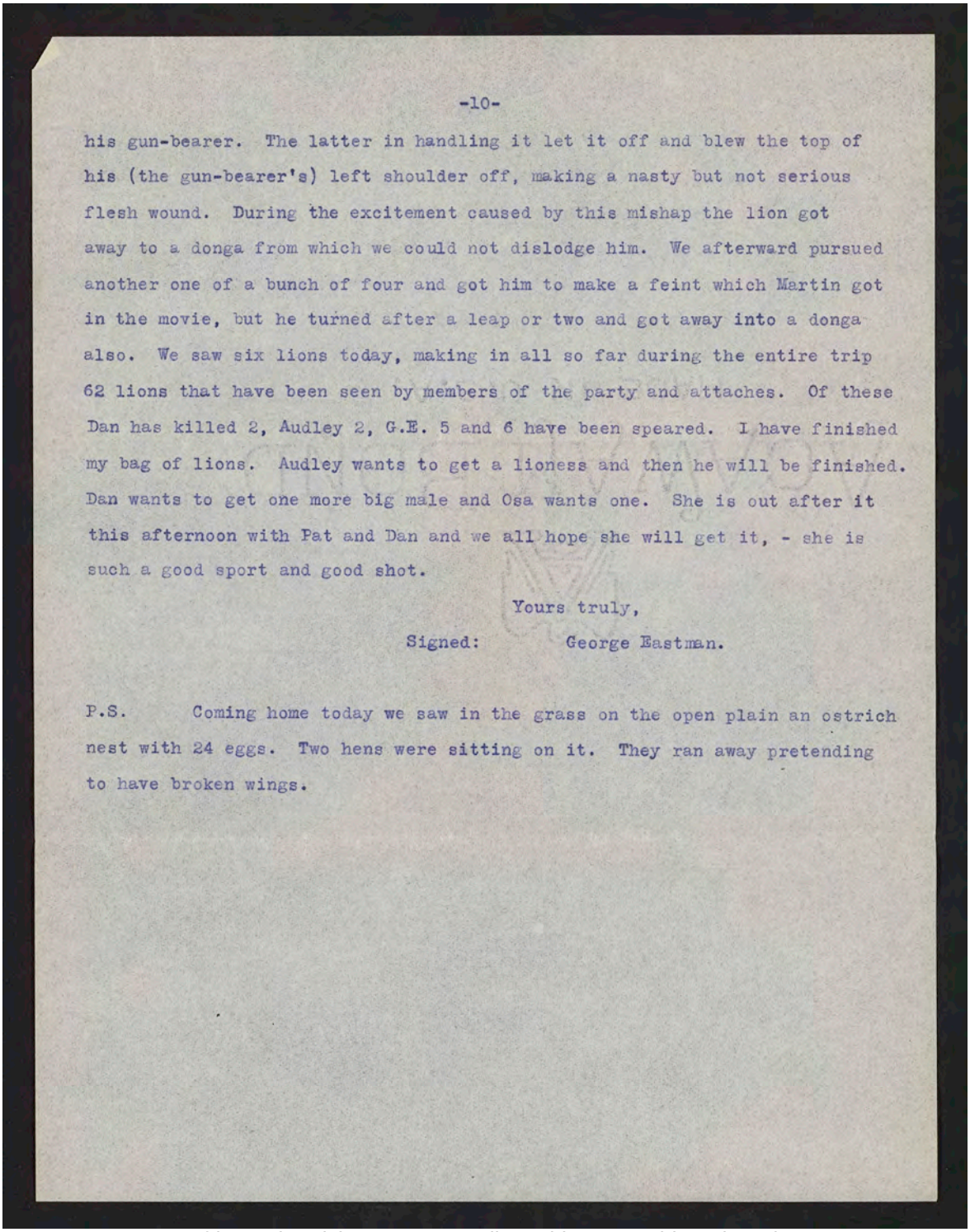

his gun-bearer. The latter in handling it let it off and blew the top of his (the gun-bearer's) left shoulder off, making a nasty but not serious flesh wound. During the excitement caused by this mishap the lion got away to a donga from which we could not dislodge him. We afterward pursued another one of a bunch of four and got him to make a feint which Martin got in the movie, but he turned after a leap or two and got away into a donga also. We saw six lions today, making in all so far during the entire trip 62 lions that have been seen by members of the party and attaches. Of these Dan has killed 2, Audley 2, G.E. 5 and 6 have been speared. I have finished my bag of lions. Audley wants to get a lioness and then he will be finished. Dan wants to get one more big male and Osa wants one. She is out after it this afternoon with Pat and Dan and we all hope she will get it, - she is such a good sport and good shot.

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

P.S. Coming home today we saw in the grass on the open plain an ostrich nest with 24 eggs. Two hens were sitting on it. They ran away pretending to have broken wings.

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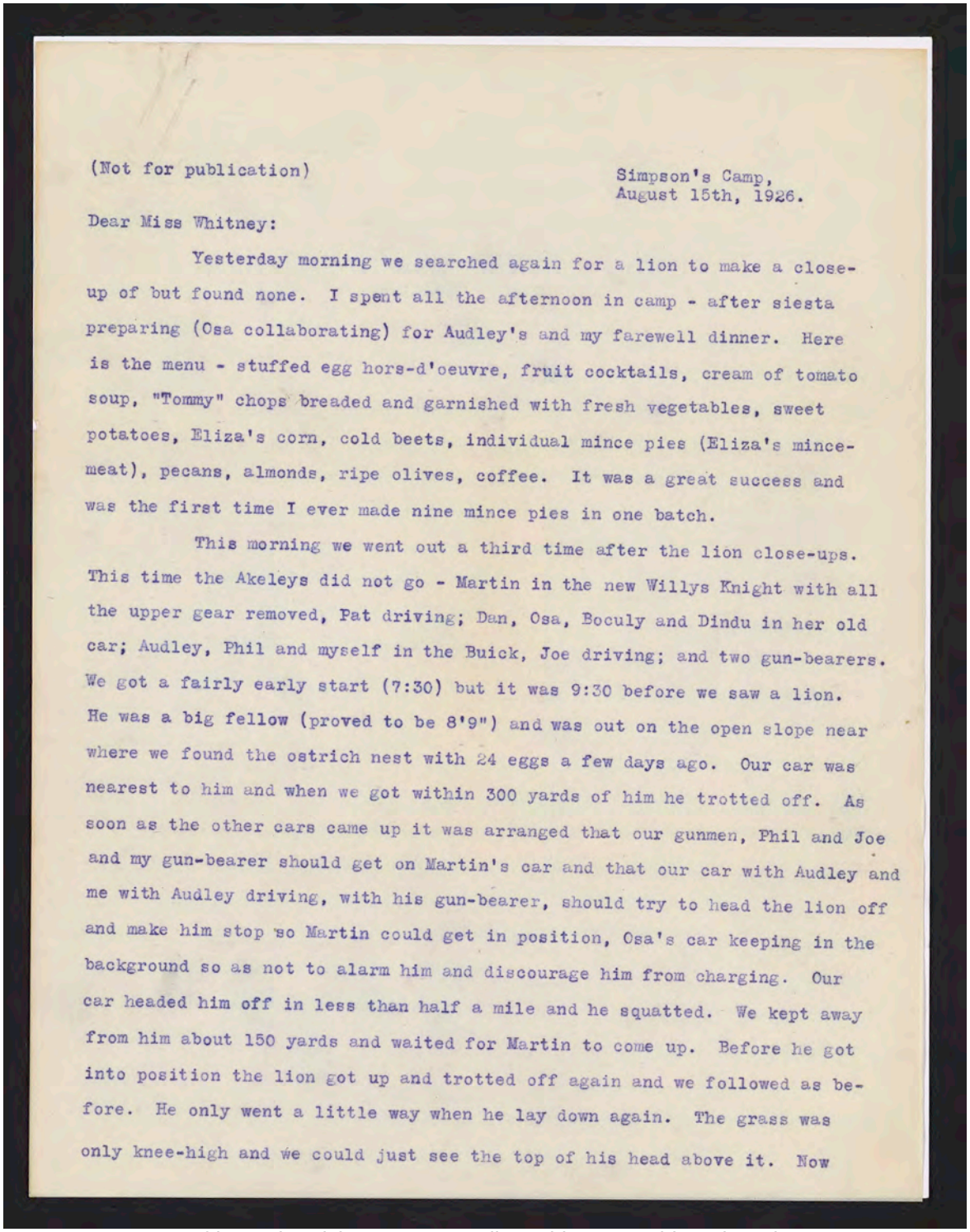

(Not for publication)

Simpson's Camp,
August 15th, 1926.

Dear Miss Whitney:

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

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

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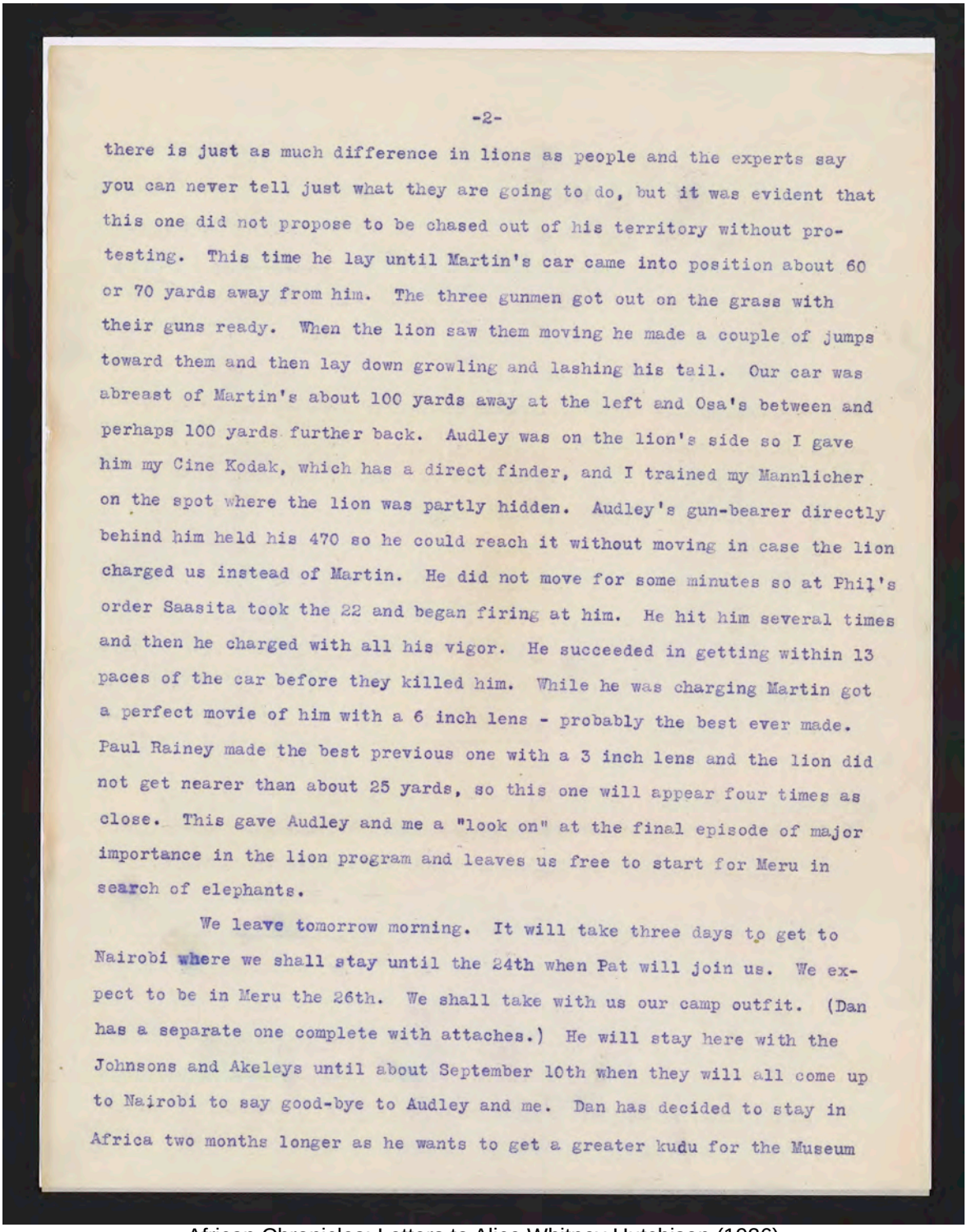

there is just as much difference in lions as people and the experts say you can never tell just what they are going to do, but it was evident that this one did not propose to be chased out of his territory without protesting. This time he lay until Martin's car came into position about 60 or 70 yards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

We leave tomorrow morning. It will take three days to get to Nairobi where we shall stay until the 24th when Pat will join us. We expect to be in Meru the 26th. We shall take with us our camp outfit. (Dan has a separate one complete with attaches.) He will stay here with the Johnsons and Akeleys until about September 10th when they will all come up to Nairobi to say good-bye to Audley and me. Dan has decided to stay in Africa two months longer as he wants to get a greater kudu for the Museum

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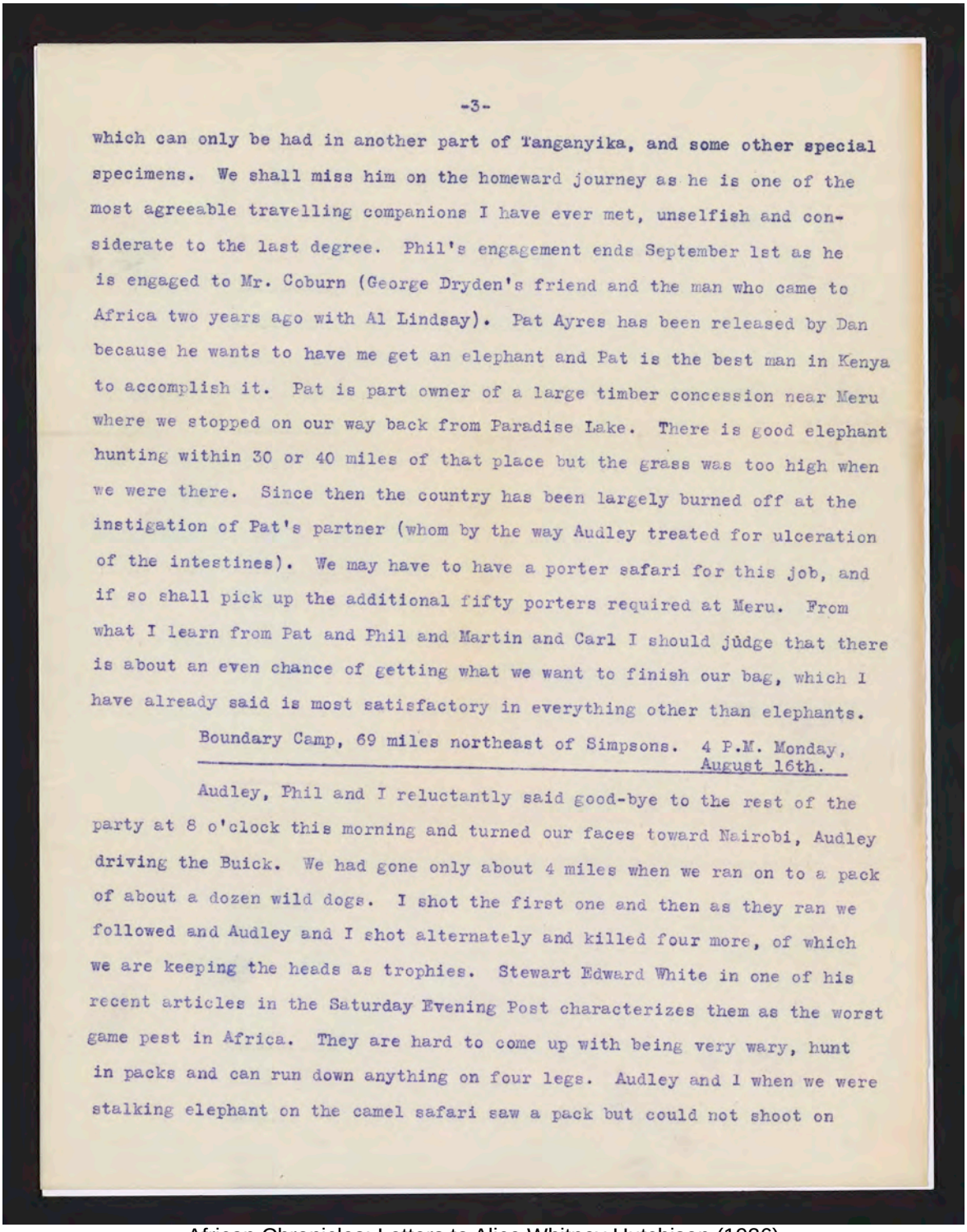

which can only be had in another part of Tanganyika, and some other special specimens. We shall miss him on the homeward journey as he is one of the most agreeable travelling companions I have ever met, unselfish and considerate to the last degree. Phil's engagement ends September 1st as he is engaged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

Boundary Camp, 69 miles northeast of Simpsons. 4 P.M. Monday, August 16th.

Audley, Phil and I reluctantly said good-bye to the rest of the party at 8 o'clock this morning and turned our faces toward Nairobi, Audley driving the Buick. We had gone only about 4 miles when we ran on to a pack of about a dozen wild dogs. I shot the first one and then as they ran we followed and Audley and I shot alternately and killed four more, of which we are keeping the heads as trophies. Stewart Edward White in one of his recent articles in the Saturday Evening Post characterizes them as the worst game pest in Africa. They are hard to come up with being very wary, hunt in packs and can run down anything on four legs. Audley and I when we were stalking elephant on the camel safari saw a pack but could not shoot on

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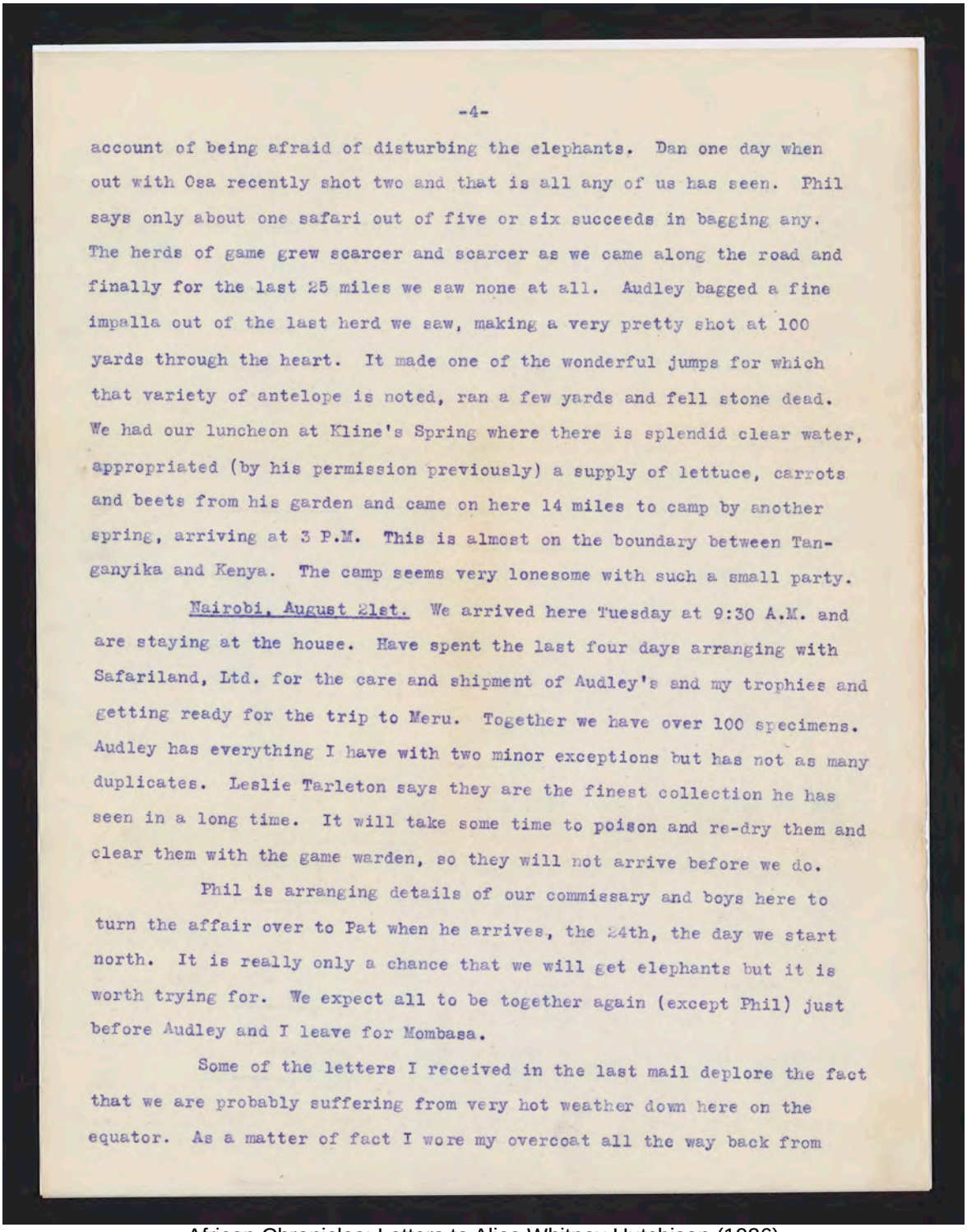

account of being afraid of disturbing the elephants. Dan one day when out with Osa recently shot two and that is all any of us has seen. Phil says only about one safari out of five or six succeeds in bagging any. The herds of game grew scarcer and scarcer as we came along the road and finally for the last 25 miles we saw none at all. Audley bagged a fine impalla out of the last herd we saw, making a very pretty shot at 100 yards through the heart. It made one of the wonderful jumps for which that variety of antelope is noted, ran a few yards and fell stone dead. We had our luncheon at Kline's Spring where there is splendid clear water, appropriated (by his permission previously) a supply of lettuce, carrots and beets from his garden and came on here 14 miles to camp by another spring, arriving at 3 P.M. This is almost on the boundary between Tanganyika and Kenya. The camp seems very lonesome with such a small party.

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

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

Some of the letters I received in the last mail deplore the fact that we are probably suffering from very hot weather down here on the equator. As a matter of fact I wore my overcoat all the way back from

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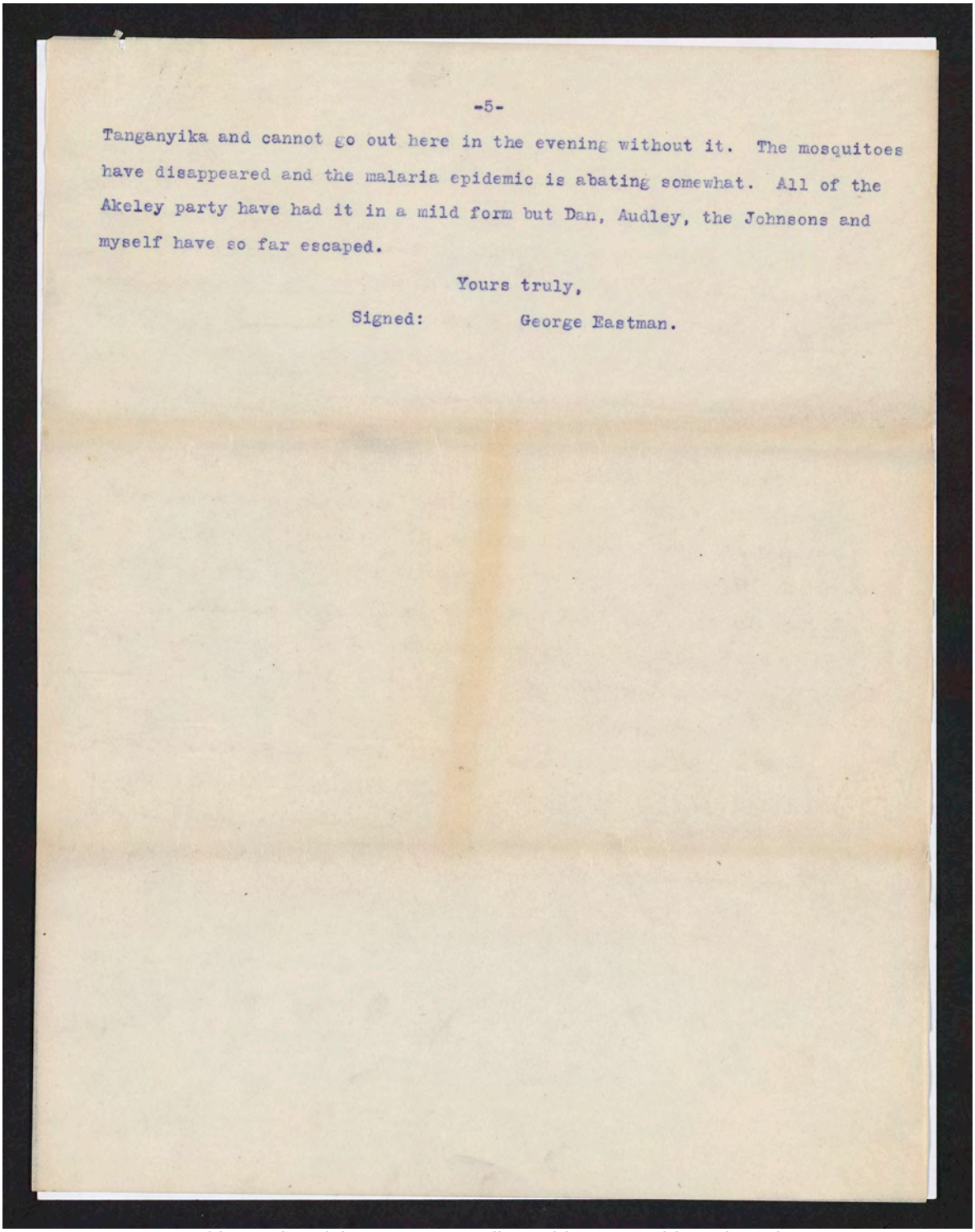

Tanganyika and cannot go out here in the evening without it. The mosquitoes have disappeared and the malaria epidemic is abating somewhat. All of the Akeley party have had it in a mild form but Dan, Audley, the Johnsons and myself have so far escaped.

Yours truly,

Signed: George Eastman.

African Chronicles; Letters to Alice Whitney Hutchison (1926)

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Died Tuesday April 13-1937

Mrs. Alice Hutchison Dies; Former Aide of Eastman

Served Kodak Head as Secretary 42 Years—Rites Tomorrow

MRS. A. W. HUTCHISON

Drawn curtains in the tall windows of a stately East Avenue residence last night signified another page in historic Eastman annals had been turned.

Mrs. Alice Whitney Hutchison, for 42 years secretary to the late George Eastman, died early yesterday at 930 East Avenue, the home where she has lived with her husband, Charles F. Hutchison, since 1927. She had been ill three months.

From Eastman Kodak offices in New York, where she was assistant secretary for many years, from homes of local Kodak officials and employes and from European offices poured expressions of sympathy last night.

William G. Stuber, chairman of the board of directors of Eastman Kodak, wired from California: "The sudden death of Mrs. Hutchison is a great shock to me. I have had the privilege of her friendship for many years. Her passing is a great loss to her many friends."

Rites Set for Tomorrow

Funeral services will be at 4:15 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the home. The Rev. George E. Norton and the Rev. Charles Clare Blauvelt will officiate. Mr. Hutchison is the sole close survivor.

In the spring of 1890, then a slight, attractive young girl, Miss Alice Whitney came to Rochester to visit friends. While here, she was told George Eastman was looking for a secretary. With the confidence that later was to characterize her business dealings, she walked to the unimposing State Street factory and was interviewed by the company head.

June 2 of that year, she was engaged as private secretary to the man destined to become an integral part of Rochester's history. For 42 years, until a few months after his death in 1932, she remained closer to his business affairs than any other living person.

Eastman Wrote Praises

Gracious, yet described by associates as "firmly business-like," Miss Whitney's relationship with Mr. Eastman was of the sort that impelled him to write in a copy of his biography he presented to her:

"To Alice K. Whitney Hutchison, who has been my mainstay for 40 years—with highest regards."

When the famous Kodak magnate returned from his first African hunting expedition, the book he published privately for employes of five years or more was composed mainly of letters he had written to his secretary. Each chapter of the adventure-picture, "Chronicle of an African Trip," began "Dear Miss Whitney."

The business day for Mrs. Hutchison did not end when her employer closed his office doors. Kodak officials from abroad as well as friends of the Eastmans were entertained frequently by Mrs. Hutchison. Among them were the Martin Johnsons who had hunted with Eastman in Africa.

Firm's 1st Woman Officer

Coming to the company while it was in the throes of its first growing pains—only a year after discovery of film and two years after the invention of the kodak—Mrs. Hutchison remained with it to become its first woman officer. In 1900, she was elected assistant secretary of Eastman Kodak Company of New York. When Kodak Company of New Jersey was formed, she became its assistant secretary also. She held the latter position until her retirement in 1934.

Born in Plainwell, Mich., Mrs. Hutchison lived at Niagara Falls and studied at a Buffalo business school. It was while working in a Kalamazoo, Mich., office near her early home, that she came to Rochester for a vacation with the late Maj. and Mrs. I. F. Force and, quite by chance, found the vacancy in the Kodak Company.

In 1927, she was married to Charles F. Hutchison, general superintendent of film and plate emulsions at Kodak Park. Shortly after their marriage, they bought the former Rufus Sibley residence, next to Eastman House, and rebuilt it as their own.

Active Outside Office

In recent years, when her office duties were less arduous, Mrs. Hutchison took part in community activities. She was a member of the Third Twig of General Hospital, of which she served as treasurer. She was a member of the board of the Family Welfare Society, of the Century Club, Deep Spring Garden Club and Cloverdale Garden Club.

With Mr. Hutchison, she was a generous contributor to music in Rochester, particularly to the Civic Music Association. The Community Chest and other local philanthropic organizations frequently benefited by her gifts.

African Chronicles; Letters to Alice Whitney Hutchison (1926)