complained of. This was relieved by intermittent administration of oxygen.

The temperature remained slightly raised for several days and the evening reading did not return to normal until June 18. Definite auricular fibrillation occurred several times during the first week, the pulse reaching 110 on June 13, and there was a fairly constant reduplication of the second sound.

By June 19 the patient was definitely convalescent, the leucocyte count had fallen to 9,200, and he was discharged from hospital and sent home by ambulance on June 29.

For the first three weeks of this illness the patient was given absolute rest, with special nursing care night and day. After about a month he was allowed to sit up, and was walking in six weeks. He returned to work on September 1, but took things easily for a good long time. Extrasystoles were rather annoying at first but cleared up rapidly under treatment.

The very enlightened medical care and excellent nursing which were available probably carried the patient through what seems to have been a moderately severe attack. Giving up smoking was a hardship, and he still misses it after three years' abstinence. He still takes it easy but this is from inclination rather than from necessity.

The importance of early recognition of the underlying cause in an attack of coronary occlusion is obvious, for if the devitalized area is subjected to strain before repair is complete there will be danger of rupture, or at least bulging of the heart wall. If the heart can be tided over the first shock and given as little work as possible to do until the scar is firmly organized it would seem that recovery is assured provided the area of cardiac wall involved is not too extensive.

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**Travel.**

**TWO MONTHS' LEAVE.**¹

By Major M. B. King, M.C.

Royal Army Medical Corps.

It was an article in the *Field* that convinced me that a small shoot in Africa need not be much more expensive than two months in Kashmir. Agents' advertisements, however, were definitely not encouraging, and I had almost abandoned the idea when a friend said: "Why make any bandobust with an agent? Why not just blow in? You'll have a holiday in a jolly country anyway." I owe that friend a lot.

It was, however, without much confidence in the outcome that I sailed from Bombay in the "Ellora" on July 10, 1935, bound for Mombasa.

¹ Published by permission of the *Hoghunters Journal.*
in the teeth of the south-west Monsoon. The less said of the subsequent week the better. But on the morning of the 17th we anchored in the roadstead off Mahé, the chief island of Seychelles, and our troubles were behind us. Mahé, at any rate in July, is a little bit of Heaven inhabited by the progeny of French corsairs and African slaves, a pleasant, placid race, French speaking and very civil. The island is mountainous and coconut palms grow thickly from the precipitous rocky hills down to the water’s edge, while the coast is indented by little bays of the clearest green water, and occasional lagoons are formed by a reef to seaward. The breadfruit tree may be picked for the asking. Every day is, I understand, Sunday. To-morrow never comes. Living is cheap in Mahé, hotels charging 5 rupees a day, and the sailing and sea-fishing should be excellent in the earlier months of the year. An ideal sport for a quiet month’s leave. I left with regret. Mahé is a holiday resort for Kenya dwellers who find an annual return to sea level beneficial after a prolonged sojourn at

7,000 feet; and it was my very good luck that some of them were returning to Africa in the “Ellora.”

A letter of introduction to a knowledgeable man in Nairobi was one result.

Mombasa on the 20th impressed me with its cleanliness, its perfect weather, the number of shillings to be had for my rupees and the number of things a shilling would buy. I should have liked to stay longer but felt that pleasure might be postponed until after my trip up-country. The train journey to Nairobi was pleasant enough. Production of my leave certificate secured me a half-fare concession, the accommodation, though cramped if judged by Indian standards, was comfortable and the dining car provided good meals. Many of the best people travel second class and use the first dining car. Five minutes after arrival in Nairobi I had begun to learn something of the African character. I gave a newsboy 1/- for a tuppenny paper and he went for change. He has not yet returned. But that was the only unpleasant happening during the three days I spent there. I presented my letter of introduction, got some good advice and was handed on to even more knowledgeable people, all of which resulted in
my leaving on the 24th in a hired box Ford for my base 130 miles farther on. Here I found a really good hotel and some quite pleasant trout fishing, so it was no penance to wait two days while a local business man (and ex-Army officer) fixed up my safari. Acting on his advice I motored a further fifty miles and prepared to pitch my camp. Here the angels intervened in the shape of two officers of the King’s African Rifles who persuaded me, with no difficulty, to pitch my tent with them.

“Shoot that one,” said Hoot. I stepped from the car and did as I was told. The zebra dropped. We dragged it up to a bush, left it as ground bait for lions and drove on. Our path—a neglected track—ran through a vast, yellow, grassy plain dotted with thorn bushes and flat-topped acacia trees. The zebra herd had halted from their panic and away beyond them a family of oryx was grazing untroubled. The inevitable Grant’s gazelles watched us without alarm some distance to the right.

It was seven o’clock in the morning and the air was like wine. But we were bound for a spot some miles on where there was news of lion and the claims of lesser game were postponed. Two spindly gerenuk ran across the track, and then right in front we saw the lovely black and golden neck of a large male giraffe towering out of the undergrowth. One shot each—from our cameras—and he went off to join his wife and child, moving with an incomparable grace which by some strange paradox strikes one as ludicrous.

The Turkana tracker waved me on. I approached the thorn bush.
Two Months' Leave

cautiously and gazed intently into the scrub beyond. Some fifteen yards away and partially hidden by the grass lay an elongated yellow shape. "Certainly not a lion," I thought. But a more careful scrutiny revealed, just beyond the yellow shape a raised, dark and hairy patch. I lifted my .450 and fired. A moment's commotion and then out to the left appeared a magnificent maned lion, head well up and apparently unharmed. He turned and stood facing me some twenty yards away. I had reloaded the right barrel, so, feeling rather pleased that the bush was still between us, I let him have it in the chest. He staggered but collected himself and came cantering round the bush. As he appeared I fired again and stopped him; but he was again trying to close and both my barrels were empty when Hoot's .470 put him down for good.

Nine feet he measured, and a hind foot had been shattered by my first shot as he lay dozing with all four legs in the air.

During the subsequent week oryx, impala, water-buck and Grant's gazelle were added to the bag, and then on the advice of my agent I returned to hilly country to try for a buffalo.

A nine-foot lion.

The end of a perfect day.

The theory of African buffalo-hunting in the hills is that of bison shooting in Burma. You get up before daylight and hope to find your quarry feeding in open patches on the woody hillside. Not an easy game with either bison or buffalo, and often resolves itself into a stern chase through dense jungle; rather a hopeless job, or so I found it. The African trackers I employed, Masai, Kikuyu, and Turkana were excellent and seemed able to deduce the movements of game from surprisingly little evidence. The better ones had no qualms about following buffalo into thick stuff, and many a time a crash and a thunder of hooves a matter of yards away with perhaps the ghost of a disappearing black shape was the first I knew of the presence of buffalo. I cannot say I liked it. I asked my host's advice and he, not being personally interested in shooting, lent me a book, a relevant paragraph of which read: "Hunting buffalo in thick jungle is always an exciting and often a dangerous procedure." It then went on to advocate shooting them in the open. But
there wasn't any open. It was not until after many days of excitement and wasted effort that at last I saw a bull buffalo's neck above my sights—that and his head were all that were to be seen—and he died at the first shot.

The buffalo is much respected in Kenya and my agent had so filled me with tales of his prowess (and hints of my own inefficiency) that it was with more relief than self-congratulation that I returned to less exciting sport. Someone had mentioned pig.

"There he goes," shouted R., as a lumbering black body, overweighted forward by glinting tushes, went off at amazing speed, his tail well up. Rex, the lurcher, had already changed into top. Dodging the gum trees and thorn we made what speed we could, but the hog kept his place in the lead long enough to put the issue in doubt. The nature of the country, however, was against him: not a sizeable bush within a mile and not a hole to be seen, so a rattling gallop finally resulted in Rex connecting with the pig's less dangerous end. I was all but off as my pony shied from a vigorous charge, but Rex's war of attrition in the rear at length enabled me to get in a good spear—R. holding off like a gentleman until blood was drawn.

This was the 793rd pig at whose obsequies he had assisted since 1930. A reserved and modest man is R. For pig he uses a bayonet tied to a stick—he prefers to kill his pig on foot and finds the bayonet handier than a hog spear. For cheetah a riding switch and a rope suffice. Having ridden his cheetah to a standstill (for although very fast they are quickly burst if pressed), R. gets off and seizes a hind leg. The cheetah strains away and is then tapped gently with the whip on each side of the head to prevent him turning over and misbehaving. A noose is passed quietly round the hind leg and made fast to a tree, and R. rides back for assistance in leading his catch home—a second noose round the sharp end sufficing. Two captives in his stables and a pet cub in the house were evidence of his prowess.

The African pig does not always give such a good run as I have described. In some places holes are plentiful and the visitor is surprised to see the pig suddenly back away out of sight. The hole, however, is shallow and one is welcomed when approaching on foot by a hideous black face and large fierce-looking tushes. The hog may come out at once but more often needs the inducement of a spear prick in the face—and then the fun begins. A bayonet is certainly handy but holds a pig much less efficiently than a hog spear. I do not recommend this form of sport to anyone hunting alone.

A few quiet days trout fishing preceded my departure from the highlands. The rainbow trout has been introduced here and does exceptionally well. Occasionally a big fish is netted, but one is pleased to average three-quarter pounds for the day. Rivers are much overgrown and often steep-sided so that not only is accurate casting very difficult but a day's fishing of some rivers may be quite a day's work.
August 25 found me back in Mombasa with leisure to sample the fleshpots. The weather was still delightful though now warming up a little, our hotel was on an arm of the sea, the cuisine and the company were alike excellent. And while we bathed and sailed and fished or basked in the sun or even lay late in bed of a morning it was borne in upon me that much pleasure, in our middle years anyway, lies in the retrospect.

Kenya is a land that welcomes the visitor and goes out of its way to make him return. To anyone of moderate means who contemplates a short leave there I would say: "Go! You won't be disappointed." Should money be no particular consideration, the employment of a well-known agency will doubtless give the best results; but sport may be had without much expense by arranging small local safaris. Besides, the settler, best of fellows, is hospitality itself. I hesitate to speak of my debt to those kind people who put me up and gave up their time to provide me with sport lest they should be swamped by an invasion of other hungry hunters; but I believe their hospitality knows no limits. I look forward to meeting them again.

Echoes of the Past.

WAR EXPERIENCES OF A TERRITORIAL MEDICAL OFFICER.

By Major-General Sir Richard Luce, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.B., F.R.C.S.

(Continued from p. 134.)

CHAPTER XII.—THE IMPERIAL MOUNTED DIVISION.

By the end of January, 1917, a large portion of our Western Force troops had been shifted to the Eastern Frontier and more were soon to follow.

A new Mounted Division called the Imperial Mounted Division was being formed and in the first week of February I was given the post of Assistant Director of Medical Services in it.

The position of affairs on the Eastern Frontier had changed greatly since the beginning of the previous year. Most of the troops brought back from Gallipoli had been stationed along the Suez Canal in case the Turks might use the forces released from Gallipoli to repeat their attack on Egypt across the Sinai Desert.

In 1915, with his small forces and their complete lack of knowledge and equipment for desert warfare, Sir John Maxwell had been obliged to make the Canal itself his line of defence.