February 13: We paid another visit to Thiba, this time fishing water that was very rarely fished as there was some doubt if it held any fish. Ivor and I went down and Ivy went up; we fished some fine pools with never a touch and eventually when we were fishing a long straight stretch I demonstrated the underhand cast to Ivor just as I had done to Ivy the previous day and got a nice 1½ pounder, rather pleasing to do it three times when one considers the hundreds of casts with no result. Ivor went down to a big pool a little farther on and I hope he tried the underhand cast, anyway he got a 2½ pounder in perfect condition. After lunch the rain came down in torrents and we bolted for home and just got sufficiently ahead of the storm to avoid having to put on chains.

February 14: We went out at 6.15 a.m. to the place where we had shot the lion but this time photography was our object; unfortunately we got no chances for whenever the wind was suitable for a stalk the sun was wrong for a photo, the only thing bagged was a lesser bustard for the pot.

February 15: The morning was spent packing up luggage which had to go down to Nairobi ahead of us. In the afternoon Ivor took us out about 15 miles to where we had shot the leopards and seen quantities of game six weeks before, including rhino and buffalo. What a change—the whole of the bush grass had been burned and the country was almost unrecognizable, and not a beast of any sort till we had gone about 15 miles and then only a few kongoni in the distance. I regretted all the chances of photographing kongoni which I had not taken for I never got a chance later.

February 16: Ivor and I set off in the Ford lorry provided by Government for official safaris, complete with tribal police, servants, tents and camp kit to a place on the Tana river; on the border of the district, to hold a tribal meeting. My part in the proceedings was the execution of hippo that had been damaging crops. We had a desperate drive of 20 odd miles from the main road across a plain where there was a track of sorts. The journey took about two hours and certainly was a tribute to the strength of the lorry and the skill of the driver. We saw some eland, zebra and
kongoni, but none near enough for really good pictures. The camp, half a mile from the Tana, was reached with some relief after our exceedingly bumpy trip. There was a large gathering of the local notables to meet Ivor and discuss some matters of local administration. I sat beside him and listened to the proceedings and took photos of chiefs and their followers when they weren't looking. In the evening we went along to deal with the hippo and saw plenty of signs of the damage done to maize crops. We sat over a pool hoping for a shot but saw precious little except an odd tip of a nose in the dusk as they came to the surface and snorted at us. Dinner on the tent veranda in the moonlight and then to bed, rather hoping to hear a lion roar, but again no luck.

February 17: Up at 5.30 to visit the same pool but this time there was not even a nose tip to be seen. I fancy they had got our wind and were running no risks. We couldn't cross the river so there was no chance of getting to a more favourable position. The only incident was a most ferocious attack by a colony of black ants which necessitated the rapid removal of my shorts and undergarments before I could get rid of them. Ivor was most scornful when I admitted that they were black ants as apparently the red variety are much fiercer. I have no ambition to try. We packed up after breakfast and started the return trip, very poor fun, and we were very glad to get on to the main road and back to Embu for lunch. A final game of golf in the evening in which Ivor avenged a couple of lucky victories of mine.

February 18: Ivy and I set off immediately after breakfast for our last day on the Thiba; unfortunately it wasn't a great success. I got two of about 1 pound, lost a very nice one on a spoon through a hook straightening out, and then lost four or five in rapid succession, all nice fish, and it was only when it was time to start for home that I discovered that the barb had broken off my hook; we left the Thiba with regret as we had had some delightful days on it.

February 19: Ivor and I set off after lunch to Karie, about 35 miles away, where we had had such a successful afternoon's shooting before. Birds were plentiful but a combination of bad beaters and bad shooting resulted in a mediocre bag of six francolin and a lesser bustard.

February 20: We set off at 9.30 for Nairobi and after a call on the Cox family at Thika, arrived at 2.30. After picking up my young nephew from his school we set off on a final game photographing trip, as far as Kenya was concerned, and went out about 25 miles to the back of the Ngong Hills when we were fortunate enough to come on two herds of giraffe, of which I got some excellent photos.

February 21: We left at 10 o'clock on the first stage of our journey by rail to Namasagali in Uganda. The first part of the journey was through country we had been through by car, down into the Rift Valley and
through Nakuru and Eldoret, seeing plenty of game quite close to the railway.

February 22: We arrived at Namasagali about noon and embarked on s.s. “Grant” for our next stage, down a section of the Victoria Nile into Lake Kioga to Masindi, all in Uganda. This was an uneventful trip, pushing six barges ahead of our stern wheeler. We passed through a bit of country in Uganda which was being visited by a plague of locusts and every bit of edible greenstuff was stripped from trees and plants, where locusts in millions were feeding. Nature’s method of balancing the plague was provided by thousands of storks who seemed so replete from gorging on locusts that they could hardly move.

We saw a number of storks in Kenya and Uganda taking advantage of bush fires by walking about in the ashes feeding on partly cooked insects.

February 23: Reached Masindi Port at 8 a.m. and got away at 9.15 for Butiaba, about 75 miles off, stopping at Masindi Town en route where we picked up J. L. Somerville, who had been on the “Llandaff Castle” with us; he was bound for Cairo also. The road journey was done in an excellent bus over very good roads, far superior to most of those in Kenya. The country was intensively cultivated with cotton, maize, millet, tapioca and then coffee, rubber being chiefly grown by a combine of Scottish families, one section of the road being locally known as Caledonian Road on this account.

We met the wife of one of these planters on the river steamer and she gave us an interesting account of their activities; buying cotton all over the northern part of Uganda and a good part of southern Sudan. At Butiaba after a drive down a steep escarpment we embarked on s.s. “Robert Coryndon,” a twin screw steamer of over 800 tons, which had been exported from home in sections, railed up from Mombasa and assembled...
at Butiaba for service on Lake Albert, which has an area of over 2,000 square miles. We didn’t stay long on the “Coryndon,” for we were met at the river mouth by a stern wheeler, the s.s. “Lugard,” which was to take

us up the Victoria Nile to the Murchison Falls and then back to Lake Albert and down the Albert Nile to Nimule on the Uganda-Sudan border. The Murchison Falls trip was intensely interesting and we saw any amount
F. S. Gillespie

of game, crocodiles so big that they seemed almost too ungainly to waddle off the bank, in fact many of them didn't bother to do so. Many lay on the banks with their mouths open for birds to pick their teeth of the debris of the last meal. Hippo we saw literally in hundreds with their big rather ridiculous looking pink snouts; they paid us little attention, knowing full well they were in a game reserve and quite safe. We saw several small herds of elephant but unfortunately none was close enough for a photo, and the hippo never seemed to be on the bank except when the light was too poor for photography. The Cox family had been on the previous trip, a fortnight before, and had seen elephant quite close and got within a few yards of a large crocodile on the bank, under the cover of a Game Scout's rifle.

We spent the night anchored a couple of miles below the Falls with hippo snorting and splashing all round us and crocodiles swimming about in the light of our searchlight.

February 24: We set off at 6 a.m. for the rest of the journey to the Falls and disturbed two buffalos drinking and two hippos just returning to the river after a night's feed on shore. They completely lost their heads and instead of plunging into the river, as they usually do, they galloped along the bank through the bushes, and a galloping hippo is a most absurd sight, the buffalo moved off at a very dignified walk. We had a walk of about 1½ miles up to the Falls and were accompanied by a Game Scout armed with a '404 Mauser in case any of the local fauna interfered with us. Parties have occasionally met elephants or buffaloes and twice the Scout has had to shoot. Our trip was quite uneventful and the path was evidently not the same as Major Cheyne's perilous one described recently. The Falls were a most inspiring sight, not very high but the river which is about 200 yards across above the Falls, crashes through a rocky gorge about 35 feet across and 100 yards long and out into a wide cliff-bound pool with rocky islets where crocodiles and hippo were sunning themselves, and in the distance we could see the "Lugard" anchored, awaiting our return. A number of films were exposed and some excellent photos resulted. The sun was well up and the return journey was pretty warm. We rowed over to a bank on which a number of crocodiles lay asleep but they didn't give us the chance of a photo. The only one we got was a clutch of a dozen crocodile eggs which the boatmen dug up out of the sand; one was opened and had a completely formed baby crocodile inside. The trip down river to lake Albert was full of interest—elephant, hippo, water buck, and impala at intervals; we must have seen close on 80 elephants in all. The "Robert Coryndon." met us and took off some of our passengers who were going south and put on a few going north and we set off down the Albert Nile for Nimule.

February 25: Arrived at Rhino Camp at 6 a.m.—a very busy port at
this time of the year when cotton ginning was in full swing; there was a
large ginnery going at full pressure. It was Rhino Camp's market day and
hundreds of people were flocking in with produce from all directions—evil
smelling dried fish, maize, bananas and the like. The women, who seemed
to do all the work, were very lightly clad; Kipling's "Nothing much before
and rather less than half of that behind," would describe it aptly enough,
but still it was a suitable kit for the climate. We made arrangements with
a local native to show us a white rhino; a few of these huge beasts still
exist in this area and we were assured they were quite close by; however,
it was only after one and a quarter hour's hard walking that Dr. and Mrs.
Cole, the Hon. Miss D. Pickford, Ivy and I got into suitable bush for our
escort to start his search in earnest. We weren't very hopeful, but in a
short time he came back and beckoned us on and eventually showed us an
immense rhino lying under a tree. He had an idea we were there, though
we were down wind of him, for he got up and advanced in our direction.
We had been assured that white rhino were quite tame but as I had
nothing except my penknife and a pair of somewhat weary legs to save me,
I didn't run any risks and exposed a couple of films at long range and then
suggested beer on board the "Lugard" and retreated in good order. The
journey back was very hot and the beer was grand. We called at Laropie
and a couple of small ports during the afternoon where hundreds of bales
of cotton were loaded.

(To be continued).

Current Literature.

Burnet, F. M., and Lush, D. Studies of Antibody Content in Human

Clinically herpes falls into two main groups, idiopathic and symptomatic.
After the causal agent had been shown to be a filterable virus present in
the fluid of the vesicles, idiopathic cases were supposed to be due to
infection from without. Two hypotheses were put forward for sympto­
matic cases: first, that these sufferers are carriers of herpetic virus which
is activated by conditions such as pneumonia, malaria, and protein shock; 
secondly, that the primary disease causes the evolution of herpes de novo.
In 1922 Levaditi, Harvier and Nicolau demonstrated the presence of
herpes virus in the saliva of healthy persons, and two years later Busacca
isolated it from the conjunctival sac. The existence of carriers of herpes
virus was thus proved, and it was then found that two-thirds of the
population have herpetic antibody in their serum. Andrews and Carmichael
showed there was a close relation between recurrent herpes and the
possession of herpetic antibody.

Making use of the egg-membrane technique, Burnet and Lush con-