

**Extracts from the Book
HABARI SAFARI BWANA**

1953 – 1954

A SPELL IN EAST AFRICA

By Robin Auld

Surveyor with the Directorate of Overseas Surveys



MAPPING THE SELOUS

“Of all the remote areas in which the Directorate had to work the Selous Game Sanctuary in Tanganyika was perhaps the most demanding. There were virtually no roads and most hills involved a long march with at least one night on the way. The surveyor’s instruction for reaching Mkunghu Hill was fairly simple: Walk for forty miles from Kiberege on a bearing of 100 degrees.’ The journey took three days and the surveyor added the laconic comment: much big game’. Robin Auld was one of the surveyors who worked there:

Within ten minutes of leaving the hill, we were charged by an old bull buffalo, which the Game Guard despatched with efficiency. In an endeavour to find more water, we made for a river valley and after a nine hour walk came to the village of Kilengwe. En route, we had a real fright from a group of five elephants, including a mother and baby. The whole safari must have passed within 20 yards of them. The bush was extremely thick but, as we emerged into the open riverbed, there was a terrifying trumpeting close by. The porters dropped their loads and scattered, as there were 50 of them, I had to take a roll call afterwards to make sure everyone was safe.

A few days later, he was again in trouble:

“The following morning I broke camp at the hippo pool. The loads were just about to be issued to the porters when I had the misfortune to be stung by a scorpion that had secreted itself in my beret. A rapid perusal of the Fitzimons’ snakebite pamphlet did nothing to inspire confidence, as it only mentioned the rather ghastly symptoms but offered no remedy. I had the sting cut out and rubbed in permanganate. Kilengwe was only five hours walk so I walked there, putting myself only a few hours’ walk from the truck in case matters became worse. However, though feeling rather tired and suffering from a severe headache for 48 hours. I was able to return to the waterhole the following day.”

Extract from “Mapping the World”: A History of the Directorate of Overseas Surveys, 1946 – 1985 by Alastair Macdonald

Morogoro to Kisaki and the Selous Game Reserve

At Morogoro my news was not too good for Chris wanted me to go into the northern part of the Selous Game Sanctuary. I knew it was going to be a rough time and the introduction above gives a flavour of what was to come. Chris allowed us all to go to Dar for the weekend to complete the Luhumbero records and to get in stores and to brief me more fully about the task ahead. I returned to Morogoro met the District Commissioner and Game Warden for their briefing and set off on Wednesday 11th. August for the village called Kisaki. I crossed the watershed driving south after leaving the main Dar - Morogoro road and after passing through a narrow defile we entered the flat land lying at the foothills of the Ulugurus. I remember vividly the colour of the red laterite soil changing to black cotton soil at one point along the road and I earmarked it for a place not to be caught in the rains even though we were in the middle of the dry season. This cotton soil is wonderfully fertile but impossible for vehicles to travel upon for they sink to their axles very quickly when it is wet requiring huge efforts to extricate the vehicle. The vegetation was quite lush and on the road elephants had left their calling cards which were quite fresh. There seemed to me to be no need for the sign telling travellers to "Beware of Elephant".

I had heard that there an old German settler named Jung was living on a *shamba* at a place called Bwakira Juu. I decided to call upon him. Although the foothills of the mountains were well peopled with Africans he was the only European. In any case I was going much further on and it was a good idea to let him know in case I got into any real difficulty and needed help. My diary records that he was a "good German soul". I drove down the drive to house. The farm was really a plantation for growing kapok. A pod like plant with a silky fibrous filling covering the seeds, a sort of coarse cotton wool which was much used for padding things out like pillows in days gone by but with the advent artificial fibres not now of such importance. In a recent map of the area that came into my hands in 1996 there is no evidence of a plantation existing near Bwakira Juu. I entered the house after one of his boys answered my *hodi* and invited me onto the veranda. It was a simple enough square building with the surrounding veranda covered by wire mesh to prevent invasion by insects, particularly at night when *Tilley Lamps* were burning, but the interior was dark and sombre. It was primitively furnished with animal skins and some trophies. We had coffee and chatted. He was quite old, I should think about 70, and I believe a former soldier with von Lettow. He told me that when he first built the house he had to shoot elephant from the front door in order to protect his crops. Quite believable. I am sorry now that I was too full of what I was going to do rather than what he had achieved. There again I had a job and it wasn't journalism.

In a sense I always regret that when given a task to do I want to get on with it and I become very single-minded to the exclusion of really taking note about the interesting people I met. I bade him farewell and arrived at the rest house at Kisaki to set up my base camp for what was to be about three months solid walking. It was a mud and wattle resthouse with a thatched roof. A two roomed building with an open veranda at both sides between the two rooms. It was isolated from the rest of the village with an area of sand around it on which we pitched a tent for storage and caretaker whilst we were away. The village also had a store that had a paraffin fridge so I was able to make arrangements for my beer to be kept cold when I was away. The natives around Kisaki were very poor and many were undernourished and there was not much opportunity to make money. Their huts were poor and the *shambas* grew food at subsistence level. There was not a great deal of health care. I promised quite good money plus food, *posho* and meat when I shot it, for the duration of their *kipande*. The *kipande* you may recall, was a system whereby instead of paying taxes into the local government via the chief, the natives could work off what they owed doing things like road maintenance. I think it was for one month a year and this would be accepted in lieu of money. I required some 80 or so strong young men and these were duly supplied after discussion with the local chief. They were not too keen when they heard what the work entailed but I promised that after one month's work they could leave and I would employ a fresh lot. This was necessary for the work was not going to be easy, there was a lack of water in the area, this being the dry season and we had to walk everywhere. The trouble in hiring the local *watu* was the hierarchical system that prevailed amongst the various tribes and the status of the various workers. For example, Vallanesto as my headboy did not carry anything, Hasanali, my cook and servant did not carry anything except my rifle and he was always close to me. Two local guides did not carry anything except a walking stick cum knobkerrie. They had to have younger men, boys really, carrying their gear. Then there was the theodolite and tripod, field haversack, tent and camping gear. Then cement and the metal cylinders for the triangulation points when required, spades that doubled as shovels. Bits for hammering into solid rock, pangas, *posho* for all the Africans, my own victuals, *debbies* for carrying water, food for the boys carrying water and water for the boys carrying food and so on.

I had been advised by the Game Department to get a couple of the Rangers to accompany me and they had their own boy native servants. It sometimes became very difficult to know when to stop. After all they had a gun to carry and

might be called to action. I had been given to understand that the European Game Ranger had driven across the Mgeta River in a Landrover during the previous dry season as he made his way into the Selous and on towards the Rufiji River. The first thing I did was to visit the Mgeta which was clear and about ankle deep and provided the villagers with their water supply. There was no way I could get my bush bashing three ton Bedford down the banks and up the other side. The workload was heavy. Every point from the Primary triangulation, through Secondary to Tertiary involved foot safaris. Some were quite substantial climbs of 2 - 3000 feet and others pimples. As I said earlier, it was the dry season; in fact it was a very dry season. A better idea of the workload, conditions and environment I was working in can be had by looking at the monthly reports at the end of the section on Tanganyika. The watu started to roll in and I was set to start on Saturday 14th August 1954.

The late Chris Bere had advised me to set off for the centre of the area to be worked and he believed he had identified on the aerial photographs a large pool that contained hippo. I counted 15 later. He suggested that I could set up a base camp there for supplies to be ferried in by porters to help support the large labour force. I had the great advantage of having the aerial photographs to identify positions and estimate distances and walking times. There was a native village called Kilengwe on a well-trodden path two and a half-hours good walking south west of Kisaki. It was easy walking also for it was well known and on the short route to Kidodi where Syd Clarke had set up a base camp for the trip to Luhumbero. The village was on the edge of the Selous Sanctuary and some of the villagers had bicycles. A messenger went out to Mkololo village for Naseno Kaoko who was to act as chief guide and was a well-known local poacher. Three to four hours south of the village lay the hippo poop called Kiguya. Some thirty to forty minutes walk before the pool was Purussi on which a trig point existed. Purussi was just a short climb from the track and I decided to visit it later. It became a beacon for homecoming to Kiguya as time went by.

Base Camp at Kiguya Hippo Pool – west of Mwana Mseta Hill

We established the base camp some distance from the pool because at night it became a great watering hole for all sorts of wild beasts, buffalo, elephant, rhino as well as a variety of antelope and consequently predators. It was also our main water supply. You perhaps can see now why I was advised to have game scouts with me. I could not hope to control such a large bunch in the bush without a hierarchy of command and of course I had to leave a small group to look after the camp whilst we were away from it on safari. I organised my safaris from Kiguya as if from the centre of a bicycle wheel radiating out and making a visit to a hill and returning for fresh supplies. None of the hills was high, probably up to about 3000 feet. Some of the Tertiary points I fixed later by resection were virtually on flat



Kiguya Hippo Pool

land. These would be OK providing I could see enough trigs and I was able to locate the point on the photographs. My safaris became pretty standardised. I would tell the guides such as Naseno and Kamsamia where I wanted to go and ask how long it might take. I would ask about the nearest water supply to the top of the hill. I would estimate the time it would take for me to complete the job. We would get up about 5 a.m. Hasanali would make me a cup of tea. I would have a couple of Ryvita, butter and marmalade. My tent would be struck, the loads made up and Vallanesto would allocate the loads to the porters who were all lined up. The guide would be first followed by a game ranger with rifle and his carrier. I would bring up the rear with Vallanesto. Hasanali usually was near to me and sometimes carried my gun, a 9.5-mm sporting rifle.

The savannah grassland we walked through was sometimes predominantly grass with scattered trees and sometimes wooded grassland. The distinction is made on the density of trees. More often than not we chose to walk by game tracks, often elephant tracks, which could be pretty good for they usually followed the line of least resistance up and over watersheds and were quite wide in the thicker bush. Before setting out on this sort of walking safari I would have a discussion with the local guides frequently drawing and naming places with a twig in the dust. It was up to them to get us there via the best route and keep us informed about the whereabouts of water. Because of all the potentially big and dangerous game about I evolved a procedure which the rather large party had to obey. When the land was more open the safari would wander around any game if it was in line with our path, giving it a reasonably wide berth. In the more densely packed woodland if rhino, elephant or buffalo were met, the safari would halt and all the porters would move if possible to separate trees and put their precious loads at the foot of the tree. The game scout would monitor the animals and someone would come to the rear of the safari to tell me so that I could go up to the front and assess the problem. I brought up the rear to make sure there were no deserters or malingerers. The very first time we met a rhino the plan went without a hitch as follows.

The initial task was to build a pillar at a hill called Ngolwe Mdogo, the smaller of two Mdogo hills. We were walking on the gradual slope of a watershed covered with shortish grass and plenty of trees. It was quite narrow and a detour was not the sort of prospect I would welcome for it would mean going downhill and then back uphill. It was the first of several encounters with *kifaru*, rhinoceros. I remember this one well because I was called to the front of the safari when it had halted. The game scout and I went ahead to assess the problem. Anyway there was this great rhino grubbing away for roots some fifty yards ahead and showing no sign of leaving her lunch. I waited awhile and consulted with the game ranger. A conversation that was carried out in my pidgin Swahili. We agreed to give her ten minutes after this time I decided to fire a shot across her bows to make her move on. Incidentally I had to do this because there was tight control on the amount of ammunition that the ranger carried and he had to account for it, they had much larger calibre rifles, .404s, rather than my lighter rifle. The bullets for the .404 were expensive and when big game was hit they stayed down. Also we were forbidden to shoot big game in the sanctuary except if life and limb were threatened. Anyway we were not there for any other reason but to do our survey. We were close enough to determine the sex and she was not going anywhere as far as she was concerned and continued grubbing around for roots. Firstly we tried shouting and banging on *debbies* (used 4-gallon paraffin cans which we cleaned and used for carrying water) but she would not move. I was a bit fed up but we sent instructions to all the porters to stand next to a climbable tree and put their load down at its base. Time was up and I fired a shot across the stubborn beast's bows. She lifted her head and had a look at us, turned round and let out a jet of urine, some 15 feet or so in our direction and languidly made her way down the side of the hill. The incident caused much amusement to one and all. The practice of porters finding a tree to stand beside became a standard routine when we came across big game which would not oblige us by moving. We went to the top in some six and half-hours built the pillar, camped the night and returned to the hippo pool at Kiguya. We saw a lot of rhino over this period and they often caused bother. Another reason for having a large number of African workers was the need for having helio parties manning some of the points that I had to observe. Usually I left three men to a point. The helio worker and two others, for companionship, to get water and to maintain a round the clock vigil. A rhino had made life unbearable for one such party and they had returned to Kiguya. I decided to go back with them to give them confidence. This sort of thing created problems that I could do well without.

My diary notes Sunday 14th November as being rather exceptional. It was the day I decided to go into an area that was remote, hilly, with no marked outstanding topographical feature. I intended to build a mark in the ground, observe it and get out quickly for it appeared most inhospitable on the aerial photographs and from observations from other hills. The guides didn't like it and knew little about it for it was rarely entered with any profit. It was up the valley of a dried up river called the Rudete. (There is a well-known book called "Sand Rivers" in my library which highlights these rivers). First off we made good time in fairly open grassland and I could see the porters on rises ahead as we crossed the dried up streams. What we didn't reckon on was a rhino charging across the middle of the safari. I think it was disorientated a

bit and down wind and had picked up a whiff of us. The leading group had given it a reasonable berth and was well past it when it turned and charged through the middle. I saw this from less than 200 yards away and there was nothing I could do. Some of the *kitundu* was dropped in the dash for trees but I was most pleased there was no serious damage. The survey instruments and records were always kept near to me. We pressed on into the main dried up valley. Fresh elephant droppings were littering the riverbed and fairly fresh diggings by any manner of beasts showed that they were looking for water. Occasionally the guides put their hands on the droppings to let us know how much time had elapsed since animals such as elephant had been there.

On this safari I made an exception to the rule by deciding to go first with the aerial photographs in my hand to try to find the easiest way to the point I had selected. A hill called Kundi or Kikundi. A guide, Hasanali and Vallanesto went with me plus a gun bearer but on this trip we had no game scout. Eventually we got to a prominent meander in the river near where I expected to leave the riverbed and start climbing the valley sides. We halted at that point in its course where there was a high river cliff on the north side and a flat area directly opposite covered with a few trees and some thick bush. The riverbed was very sandy. The group went into the shade provided by the steep cliff. I went into the middle of the riverbed at a point where it would be some 30 yards across, a bit wider than a cricket pitch. I had two aerial photographs in my hands and I orientated them using the cliff as a marker, hence I had my back to the flat bushy area. I was concentrating hard on the small detail on the prints when there was a tremendous crashing and pounding noise. I was startled, but I recollect vividly the next two or three minutes. I considered my position and without looking behind I decided that if it was an elephant I would run from there to Dar es Salaam. I took three or four paces forward, reconsidered, and decided to have a look. Possibly 10 yards from where I stopped there was this huge rhino, head down and ranging from side to side and snorting madly. I ran sort of half-right and got to the foot of a small tree on the riverbank. I remember even now that I placed carefully the aerial photographs at the foot of the tree and looked up. To my horror the branches were out of my reach - I stand at 6 ft 3 ins - the next thing I knew I had caught the lowest branch and my legs were crossed over it so I was hanging with my bottom down, sloth like. The horn was but inches away as the beast hurtled around the solitary tree in frustration. I could see the individual hairs around her piggy eyes. I looked up and above me hung Hasanali, Vallanesto and the others. She rounded the tree twice and went off into the bush from whence she came. I dropped down and went for my rifle that was lying against the river cliff where the bearer had put it and I followed her into the bush. I soon saw why she was so angry for she was protecting a baby rhino and obviously thought we had wicked intentions. So she made off with her babe, tails in the air and we drew deep breaths of relief.

Ngolwe Mkubwa deserves a special mention. The hill had been visited and a pillar and beacon erected by one of our surveyors earlier in the year. He reported that he had trouble with the porters because on the hill lived an eight headed snake. There was also lots of other niggling trouble so I gathered. The surveyor left the service after he had finished his tour. The photographs show the size of the safari I took to the hill. I did not have a good camera, in truth I was not particularly interested in taking photographs but on this occasion I felt that it was necessary to halt the safari so I could record it for my own memories of what was fast becoming an unforgettable experience. The local guide is in black at the front and carrying a rifle. Hasanali is in a white shirt and shorts and is wearing a trilby, behind him is another guide carrying a rifle. Two game guards are between Hasanali and the front guide with two of the porters who look as though they have the easy load of *posho* to carry. There are about fifty Africans on this print. Vallanesto was further on with the remainder of the 90 strong party. I was always conscious that the Africans should not be overloaded and when I went to this hill I decided not to take the theodolite tripod and umbrella for there was a shortage of water and it was three hours walk there and back to get it according to the field description. I was to regret this decision and it never happened again.

The going was good for it was the main walking track between Kisaki and Kidodi. I intended to visit a Primary point called Malundwe on the way and observe that then cut across country to Ngolwe Mkubwa. It did not lack wild life interest with many buffalo (*mbogo*) and elephant (*tembo*) in the fairly open savannah. I got to the top of Ngolwe which was about 2000 feet above the plain only to discover that the pillar was lying horizontal. Probably pushed down by elephants. I was in a quandary for I was supposed to observe it. This I could have accomplished if I had taken my tripod. I would have to return and build another pillar and then return to observe it. It was a bitter blow. I amused myself by taking a few rounds with the theodolite on the station mark by lying flat on my stomach. They would be of no value but I had travelled a long hard journey for nothing. Chris Bere would not approve.

That night I camped about 30 feet below the summit on a watershed, which was quite a well-worn game track. On one side there was thick forest and on the other grass with a few trees. The porters and my lads built fires and I was soon asleep. I don't know why I woke up in the middle of the night but I sensed that something was wrong. Above my head

and under the pillow I always kept a torch so that I could pick things out immediately. I switched it on. The tent floor was covered in a mass of red ants, millions of them all over each other. One or two had made it onto my bed but they didn't like walking on my blankets that were army issue with a lot of fine hairs. I shouted to Vallanesto warning him about standing in the door of the tent for he would be mighty discomfited. I did not get out of bed but he summoned some of my party to the tent door. They cut themselves large masses of long grass and stood at the door of the tent. The first one started to sweep the creatures out and when they started to climb his leg and bite he ran off to get rid of them, then the next came in and repeated the process until the tent was virtually clear.

Vallanesto asked me for some meths that we used to pre - heat the Tilley lamp also he got some paraffin. He poured the paraffin onto the writhing mass, then some spirit and set fire to it. We all went back to sleep.



On Safari near Malundwe

The following morning we were up early and decided to return to Kilengwe and Kisaki. I was just about to leave the summit after having a last look around when I heard a shot below me but on the hill and nearby. I bounded down and there was the game guard standing over an old bull buffalo that had charged the head of the safari according to all the witnesses. It had a right to be *kali* for its testicles and nether regions were covered in millions of ticks and it had old scars which I took to be metal fired from some of the old blunderbusses I had seen some of the Africans carrying who lived around the Sanctuary. I have my suspicions about the necessity for killing it but the track was narrow with steep sides and there was no room for it and the safari. I allowed them some time to cut up the meat that was an addition to their loads but gladly accepted. With all that had gone wrong I wondered when the eight-headed snake would appear? After five hectic weeks I was given leave to go to Dar es Salaam and due to return early October.

Eventually Chris Bere sent me his headboy, Majoka, who was a superb African. Whilst I was in Dar sitting my examinations Majoka went to Ngolwe Mkubwa and rebuilt the pillar so when I returned I could go straight away and observe. There was no bother the second time. Incidentally I learned that Majoka was still alive and in 1996 and had retired back to Nyasaland.



Porters preparing their loads at base camp

The base camp always seemed like coming home. I left two watchmen, mainly for company for each other and in case things went wrong. On one occasion I returned to see the old tent and groundsheets damaged. The watchmen were all right but had spent the night in a tree because the hippos had become curious and decided to have a wander and investigate these strange two legged animals invading their privacy. It was at Kiguya that I suffered the scorpion sting that is noted in the abstract from "A History of the Directorate of Overseas Surveys". Alastair had taken the abstract from my monthly report.

Triangulation on Hatambula (Mt Johnston)

As I recollect it quite vividly even now. I was standing to one side with my walking stick as Vallanesto issued the loads to the porters. It would be about 5.30 a.m. to 6 am. My diary tells me that we were going to walk towards the East. Probably Hatambula of which more later. I would probably be having a fag before starting. I put my green beret on my head. (I suppose I wore it for sentimental reasons for it was my old Royal Marine beret. Eventually it got lost in the Swaziland bushveld). I felt something crawling down the right side of my neck. I thought it was a tsetse fly and gave my neck a sharp slap. It was not unlike an injection with a hypodermic syringe. Certainly very sharp. I looked down on the ground and there was this brown wriggly thing about three inches long. I killed it. My knees were weak and I called Vallanesto over and showed him the remains and my neck. I remember he said something about it being a fairly frequent occurrence with them. I stupidly replied that they were black and I was white. Why heaven knows, for I knew better even then. Undoubtedly I was worried for I didn't know of anyone who had suffered such a sting (in my diary I recorded it as a bite!). I got out the Fitzimmons anti snakebite kit and its accompanying booklet with which we were issued. I suppose I used to assemble the hypodermic needle and check the sera about once a month. This was in case a snake bit any of the Africans. To my consternation the introductory remarks about scorpion stings did nothing to allay my fears. It talked about nausea, shortage of breath and in cases death but it did not tell you what to do for scorpion stings. Hasanali brought me the mirror from my toilet bag. Despite his dirty hands, none of us could be called clean, I gave Vallanesto the scalpel and told him to make a small incision in my neck where the sting was, enough to draw blood and I rubbed the permanganate crystal into the wound. Much to the chagrin of the surrounding porters I decided to go to Kilengwe which was about five hours walk. There were quite a few locals in the village with bicycles and I reasoned that if I got there and I was grotty they could put me on a bicycle and push me to Kisaki. It was a hot day and I went ahead at a good pace accompanied by a small group of Africans whilst Vallanesto brought up the rear of the safari. I expected to feel poorly but I also felt that a good pace would take things off my mind. I vaguely remember seeing some antelope in the distance and getting my rifle took pot shots at it. They must have been far out of range. By the time I arrived at Kilengwe it would be about midday. I reasoned that if anything really bad was going to happen to me it would have happened by then. The safari caught up and we made camp on the outskirts of the village in some

shade. I was still shaken by the experience and felt awful. I took some aspirin and lay up for the day and a rather broken night.

I make no bones about my drinking habits whilst I was in Tanganyika. I had some pretty hairy sessions and I always paid for them with a massive hangover. This was how I felt the day after the sting but I decided to return to the Lumango Flats and my base camp at the hippo pool. I believe that the physical exercise I generated over the two days helped in my recovery for the following day I went to a small hill called Sawika that was on the way to Hatumbula, cleared it built a mark and observed it. I decided I needed a break and I was due to sit some examinations in Dar in ten days time so the following day we did an eight and a half hour's walk to Kilengwe. Made camp and returned to Kisaki and thence to Dar es Salaam via Morogoro. It was about 230 miles from Kisaki but it took all day. Despite the examinations which I sat alone in the Governmental buildings accompanied by a District Commissioner as invigilator, the break in Dar, did me a power of good and after several days I was getting quite used to the easier way of life. Chris had other ideas and in the middle of the afternoon told me to make tracks. "Now?" I said. Off I went on my disgruntled way towards Kisaki. It was dark when we made camp beside the main Morogoro road though I know not where. The boys were under a groundsheet and my Whymper was erected and I had some food and went to bed for what was quite one of the worst nights ever. The mosquitoes were as big as Comet airliners and as fast. Despite the mosquito netting at the door I spent all night killing them in their hundreds. The back of the tent where my head lay was covered in blood. Mine! I could hear the boys moaning. We were up before dawn and away. The boys moaned like mad. I blamed *Bwana Mkubwa*, Chris Bere.



Hatumbula (Mt. Johnston), this was a Primary Triangulation point
(Photo Mike Shand, 2001)

That day I made a reconnaissance of the hills along the roadside towards Kisaki. A gentle breaking in. Then camped on Bwana Jung's estate before going to Vianzi by a well-known track to the Rufiji River. Easy going and only took six hours walking. We moved further south and the going became rougher but at least there was water. Then we headed east to Hatumbula. This was a Primary Triangulation point and often visited by surveyors from the East but not so often from the West as I did. The map I produced tells future travellers not to go in certain places because it was heavy going when porters were carrying loads. OK I suppose if you are after game. We weren't and it was more like a farmyard with animal droppings all over the place. I suppose a bit romantic really with rhino sheltering under trees as we navigated past them. We were all taking a well earned break in the shade when a herd of elephant came wandering through the bush towards us but we were all blasé by this time and moved away only when they came very close. But it was good going and I found a small pool of water not far from the mountain. It was covered with a slick of oily stuff from, I believe elephant's urine. It was muddy. I used my filter and everything was well boiled before we drank the

stuff, even so it tasted of mud. We were glad to finish the work at the trig. (Mike Shand took some good photos of Hatambula, I have copied one with his permission. Mike also informed me that Hatambula was once named Mt Johnston after the Scottish cartographer who died at nearby Behobeho of dysentery in 1879). I put it to the porters via Vallanesto that to return to the Mgeta River was a two day journey and to the best of our, by now, considerable local knowledge there was no water between us and the river. If we took two days we would have to carry sufficient to tide us over. If we got up early enough and made a good start we could make it in eight hours and a half. I would pay them for two days work. We all agreed that was the thing to do. The one draw back as far as I am concerned is that I would not be able to visit Beo Beo and Selous' grave. It was just too far out of the way.

My experience of safaris of this nature was that they were always slow when going out but the porters would shoot ahead on the homeward journey and who could blame them? It was just as well we employed a small gang of trained helio men who were as good a walker as any and they could be trusted to go ahead and ensure that people did not buzz off elsewhere. Of course the porters were not paid until we were all home and dry. One of the porters had an injured foot and could not be expected to carry a load, certainly not at the speed I envisaged would take place that day. Off they went. We set off in the half-light of dawn. Hasanali remained with me and I gave the safari its head and they were soon strung out over a mile or so. I could see the loads on the heads of the porters as they climbed up the other sides of some of the small river valleys that were on our course. The sun rose and the day became hot, very hot. I had water with me and in those days I smoked cigarettes. This injured African I could not leave and he was travelling slowly. I would stop and have a drink of water and a fag then hurry to catch him up. When I got close to him as the day wore on I could make out a foul smell so I dropped back. The smell still lingered. It was awful. It took me some time to realise that the smell was coming from me and not from the Africans. My clothes of course were sweaty, dusty and generally filthy. When I put my shorts and bush jacket on in the mornings they were stiff with perspiration. I had not had a good wash in clean water for 7 days. We got to the Mgeta River about 4 p.m. Most of the Africans had dumped their loads on the riverbank and gone straight into it as they were. The water was only ankle to knee deep and clear and clean. I did the same as them. We pitched camp there and everyone enjoyed the night. My diary records the journey and asks, "Is this a record?"

REPORT FOR PERIOD AUGUST 1ST – SEPTEMBER 16TH 1954

John R Auld

A period of much movement, vicissitudes and variety. Certainly the hardest, yet one of the most interesting I have spent in Africa. For location of survey points see Robin Auld's map redrawn by Mike Shand at the end.

GENERAL SCHEME Early in the month with Messrs. Clarke and Howells we left Kiberege for Dar es Salaam. From there the intention was to move to the Rufiji River area. These plans were changed and we were to prepare for a trip to the Ruvu River. However after one day in Dar es Salaam it transpired that Mr. Wood had taken sick at Morogoro and Major Bere required me to go there and take Wood's place. Technically the scheme was to observe secondary triangulation and establish photo control in the area south of Kisaki, bounded by the Rufiji and Ruaha rivers. A secondary tie up was to be effected in conjunction with Opie - Smith, who was to approach the area from the South and West. The area which I was to work had been visited before by Wood and Opie-Smith. Both had reported much big game and shortage of water. The whole area required foot safari. One pillar, 218/X/4 had to be built and observed and secondary observation also at 218/X/1, 218/X/5, 219/X/1 and TTP 304 and two tertiary points established by any methods e.g. resection.

I approached the task with some apprehension and on arrival at the roadhead, Kisaki, while waiting for the large labour force to be mustered, I did a great deal of work on the photographs and print laydown. The latter are an excellent and practically indispensable item for a surveyor in the field. Three objects became apparent. The first was to find a pool, frequented by hippopotamus and roughly in the centre of the area. It had been tentatively plotted on the photographs by Major Bere from a bearing (Compass) supplied by Opie - Smith. The next was to build a pillar at 218/X/4 and finally the setting out of helio parties. Owing to the difficulties and nature of the country, communication with Opie - Smith was out of the question except by helios and as we could not plan an observing programme this was very much left to chance.

218/X/4. After finding the hippo pool, with numerous porters carrying water, I set out to erect the pillar on this hill. All materials except sand and water had been left at the point by Wood, who in his previous visit, had emplaced witness marks and jumped the necessary holes into the rock and all that was necessary for me to do was to erect the pillar. I arrived there after six hours walk and completed the pillar in the dark. The following day I returned to the hippo pool but was not at all well and fit. On this safari we had our first encounter with large game (the first of many) in the form of elephant. Some equipment was dropped but only superficial damage was sustained.

218/X1 I had, perforce to take things quietly for several days during which time, by a long circuitous route, I arrived at this trig. The fates were not kind, and on arrival I found that the pillar was horizontal. This may have been due to elephant, of which there was much trace. The pillar was built on rock and there were no tie rods. It was a hill previously visited by RG Cook who erected the mark and was the hill where he had trouble with porters as it supposedly had an eight headed snake on top. I had no tripod on safari but in the hope that what observations I could make from the ground mark and a rather better position that a witness mark afforded for an eccentric station the result could if need, be used for photo control only. The theodolite was centred by eye and the base plate was in contact with the rock in both cases. Within ten minutes of leaving this hill the leading members of my safari were charged by an old bull buffalo. This was despatched by the game scout with efficiency. In an endeavour to find more water and a better route to this hill I told the guides to make for a river valley and, after nine hours walk arrived at the native village of Kilengwe. En route we had a most worrying incident with a group of five elephants, of which two were mother and baby. I think the whole safari must have passed within twenty yards at one stage. The bush was extremely thick and just as we entered the riverbed there was a great trumpeting close by and the porters again dropped some equipment. There were approximately fifty on this safari and a roll call was necessary.

I returned to Kisaki, wrote to Major Bere, visited TTP304 and returned to the hippo pool. On arrival there, a helio, party had returned from its hill after spending the night in trees because of rhinoceros. I decided to go back with them to give them confidence and to observe.

218/X/5 The rhinoceros was not there when I arrived and all observation were complete except the ray to

219/X/2 Visibility was extremely poor due to numerous bush fires. I returned to the hippo pool to find another helio party in, their reason being the presence of large game around the water hole and between there and the hill.

218/X/4 Revisited. I went back to this hill with the aforementioned helio party encountering rhinoceros on the way which was safely circumnavigated. I observed this hill and returned to the hippo pool where again I felt unwell.

219/X/1 This was within easy reach of the hippo pool. I visited, observed and returned the same day. The following morning I broke camp at the hippo pool (Kiguya) with the intention of fixing a photo point. The loads were about to be issued to the porters when I had the misfortune to be stung in the neck by a scorpion which had somehow secreted itself inside my beret. A rapid perusal of Fitzsimmons snakebite pamphlet did nothing to inspire confidence as it only mentioned ghastly symptoms and no remedy. I had the sting cut open and rubbed in permanganate. The village of Kilengwe was only about five hours walk so I walked in there putting myself within a few hours walk of truck in case matters became worse. Except for feeling rather tired and suffering a severe headache for forty - eight hours I was able to return the following day to a water hole not four hours walk from the proposed Y point.

219/Y/1 Contrary to expectation this was quite an easy hill. It was cleared, ground marks and witness marks emplaced a large beacon built and the point resected on the day of arrival. Tentatively another hill was examined on photographs and print laydown but I could only be sure of two rays for resection with a strong possibility of a third, but one of these rays would have been from the resected 219/Y/1. I returned to Kisaki to rest and reconsider my plan. On arrival there, a letter awaited me from Major Bere on the strength of which I decide to contact him myself by phone from Morogoro. This resulted in a visit to Dar es Salaam where I learned that the programme of work on which I had been engaged was extended. I returned to Kisaki with Major Bere where we visited TTP304 and the extended scheme decided. This Major Bere suggested should be carried out after the R.I.C.S Examination that I am due to sit in early October.

LABOUR About eighteen Colonial Survey boys and seventy local boys have been employed during this period. On the day after returning from 218/X/4 my head boy informed me that the local porters of which about fifty were with me at the time, were mal-contented. They had formed a big semi circle around my tent and they said they were walking too much and that not only would they not accompany me on another safari but they threatened and made a move to desert

me in the bush. I managed to assuage them and indeed my task was completed. However as these people were being paid two shillings a day and at any opportunity I shot meat for them, I had every intention of carrying the affair to higher quarters. When I returned to Kisaki, District Officer Denton was paying his first visit there. He and I held the view that punishment must be physically administered to the leaders. A court was held and summary justice dealt. I also refused to pay any of the people involved their full thirty day kipande and only paid them for the days worked; a maximum of twenty seven. Their chief, an excellent man was not present at the time.

TRANSPORT En route to Kisaki from Morogoro DSH 923 Bedford 3 -ton collided with a tree sustaining some damage to the bodywork. It was entirely the driver's fault and he has since been given notice.

HEALTH I suffered early on in this safari from a slight touch of dysentery and influenza that persisted for some days but made any walk of more than four hours uncomfortable.

FUTURE PROGRAMME A party of seventeen Colonial Survey boys and eight local boys and a game scout have been given several jobs e.g. building a pillar, clearing hills and erecting beacons in the Kisaki area. The amount of work given is estimated to last until my return about 10th- 11th October

NOTE ON GAME IN THIS AREA. Most of the area lies in the Selous Game Sanctuary and there is much big and dangerous game and taking porters through thick bush rates as a hazard.

In view of my experience of the territory and the people I feel permission ought to be sought from the highest quarters and granted, to shoot game for meat for the porters. If this were so: -

- (a) the porters would be happy and walk further without causing trouble.
- (b) they would accept less pay, probably a shilling a day.
- (c) we would need less porters
- (d) the water situation, particularly when short in the dry season (e.g. carrying for two days and going without the third) would be forgotten in the joy of having meat.

REPORT FOR THE PERIOD OCT 13TH – NOV 24TH 1954

John R Auld

A period of work carried out in the Selous Game Sanctuary and its fringes with satisfactory results.

GENERAL SCHEME The establishment of photo control by any reasonable trigonometrical method and its connection, if possible, to the control put in by Clarke on the Western Uluguruls. There - observation of the secondary 218/X/1. No fixed scheme was laid down but I felt that some basic series of fully observed figures could be arrived at with little trouble, as the country is a trigonometrical surveyor's delight. To further this aim two hills were visited on a quick recce and both had marks, one German and the other a Tanganyikan survey mark.

201/Y/5 On the recce a survey mark was found here and as visibility was good obs were taken on two zeroes to anything that could be seen. I determined to re - visit if necessary to the scheme I had in mind. Rays observed 10.

219/Y/3 An old German Trig that Majoka had visited cleared and beacons. All obs were completed the day of arrival. Rays observed 8.

219/Y/2 Going was somewhat hard to this hill and took longer than expected. All obs were completed the day of arrival. Visibility excellent. Rays observed 8.

TTP 350 After a night broken by the presence of some large game near the camp at 210/Y/2 some small jobs were completed and over some of the best walking country experienced so far we reached the foot of Hatambula. It was extremely hot and as we had all walked and worked hard I did not go up the hill until the following morning. Some clearing was necessary and observations carried out from the pillar and a satellite before shimmer became too violent

for work. There was some doubt as to the signal observed at TTP 305. whether bush or beacon it was used as R.O. We returned to the Mgeta River in the fast time of 8 hours. Rays observed 6

Old German mark and two Tanganyikan witness marks. Two more were added to conform to our specifications. Object was to recce into the foothills of the Uluguruls and select photos, routes etc. This point is easily accessible and to complete solid figures a re - visit was necessary. Rays observed 9.

201/Y/4 A very pleasant hill to visit. Afforestation had taken place and not wishing to destroy this work and although a little inconvenient a white beacon was erected and a minimum of trees felled. After completing serious, or rather essential observation before sunset visibility was so good that two rays over forty miles were taken. Rays observed 8.

201/Y2 As I had taken the truck over a rather bad road to visit 210/Y/4 and a photo showed this point to be reasonably placed from the road head. I decided to walk across the watershed, the country proved harder than anticipated and we were very tired on arrival. The station was built and observed the following morning but visibility and shimmer made work unpleasant. Rays observed 8.

201/Y/1 Rainforest hill with a lot of clearing. Although all round visibility was possible, only one side was cleared. Economics did not permit line clearing, nevertheless 10 rays observed.

TTP 304 The most important station in my scheme. Altogether including previous secondary obs 14 rays, all of which were observed both ways. Unfortunately on this, my third visit there the beacon was found to be 2 and 3/4 feet eccentric. The weather took a change for the worse, cloud, haze and a near bush fire made both morning and evening observation hard work. Two days were allowed. Most observations showed spread and varied.

218/X/1 Re - visited. Majoka had built a pillar whilst I had been in DSM. It is a good job and compares well with the numerous pillars I have seen. The displacement is not more than .04 foot on three witness marks, one is well out, this is probably a mis - measurement (linear) as the displacement is .5ft. which would be obvious to the eye. Despite rain and cloud Secondary obs were completed to TTP 304, 218/X/4, 218/X/2, 219/X/1, two tertiary points were also observed. An unfortunate misclosure of the secondary triangle 218/X/1, 218/X/2, 219/X/1 came to light approx. 7and1/2 seconds, the observations at the first hill I am sure are good. I suspect that the observation from 218/X/4 to 219/X/1 is at fault as the triangle bounded by these two stations and 218/X/5 had a poor misclosure although within secondary limits. The pointing in this latter triangle from 218/X/5 to 219/X/1 appeared to be suspect. The helio boy at 219/X/1 was a learner and as the observations were consistent within themselves I offer the opinion that the helio was eccentric and not reported to me. The boy has since left our employ.

200/Y/1 This was not the originally planned hill but is adequate for the job in hand. We were involved within two hours with two rhino. The first a minor affair in long grass when we could not see him, nor he us, but we were aware of each other's presence. The second affair was rather more terrifying. I was photo reading along a riverbed and well in front of the safari. I stopped at a meander to decide whether or not to cut thro the thick bush on the other side of the river. A tremendous crashing caused the few (6) boys who were with me to run and as I was standing in the river bed in front of the boys but with my back to the animal I naturally took evasive action. It came at us from approx. thirty yards and I consider myself most fortunate not to have walked right on top of it. We walked on for two hours and as I discovered no water on digging in the riverbed and I was carrying only six debbies - rather the boys were - I decided to fix the first hill that satisfied my requirements. The hill chosen is I think equally as good as my first choice. A pure resection was carried out. Rays observed 10.

201/Y6 A pure resection in the flats. Proved easier than I expected and good cuts were obtained. 7 rays obs.

WEATHER Over such a long period the weather was bound to vary but the first three weeks was very good, particularly late afternoon. Rain fell several times; later and this filled several small pools which eased the water situation slightly.

HEALTH The heat was found to be exhausting on several days when the walking had to be pushed into the afternoon.

LABOUR After my previous experiences in this area I was somewhat sceptical of the local watu. The wasiri proved very helpful and I consider the porters (wapogoro) the best I have had. They were almost casual in their contact with the

great amount of big game and the few boys with me in the affair with the rhino placed their loads on the ground before running. A senior boy, Majoka had been left to clear hills and rebuild the pillar at 218/X/1. This he accomplished extremely well and his work greatly expedited the speed and solidity of the fixes.

TECHNICAL A policy of observe what you can when you can was carried out over the whole scheme. Some of the rays will possibly be at fault e.g. 201/Y/2 to TTP 303 a tree was observed instead of the beacon.

After this report I returned to Dar es Salaam and flew back to England for a spot of well-earned leave.

Extracts from Pocket diary whilst I was in the Selous **August 1954**

Wednesday 11th

Very busy. Left Morogoro 4. Wilson crashed gari. DC good sort. Drove to Dutumi. Slept at rest house.

Thursday 12th

Met Kurt Jung Good German soul. Extremely helpful as was Chief. To Kisasi. With Chief met guides.

Friday 13th Watu rolled in. Prepared for safari.

Saturday 14th Left 7.30 To Kilengwe. Decided to camp. 2 ¾ hours walk. This in view on eventuality of reaching water. Messenger to Mkololo for guide Naseno Kaoko to Ngolwe Mkubwa.

Sunday 15th To Kiguya via Purussi 2 ½ hours Kilengwe – Purussi 1 hr 40 mins Purussi – Kiguya. Very large hippo ran away. Many game.

Monday 16th Left for Ngolwe Mkubwa. Pool 1-½ hours. 5 elephant. Latter half of safari only saw four. Heard the others and didn't we run. Pool bottom of hill 3 ½ hours. Top of hill 1 hr. Rebuilt beacon. Built pillar. Quite the worst job I have done so far. Felt ill. Pool 1-½ hours west of Kiguya.

Tuesday 17th To Kiguya. Kongoni. Extra watu arrived under Abdullah. Quite ill.

Wednesday 18th Decided I couldn't cope. Sent Vallanesto to prospective 219/y/1. He reckons 2 hrs 45 mins. Seems to have made a good job of my instructions. Water found at Lumango 1 hr East of Kiguya.

Thursday 19th

All light parties out except Anderson. Self and safari to Kilengwe. Still sick. Shot buffalo near Kilengwe

Friday 20th Waited for food safari eventually arrived 12. 30. By this time I had re-pitched camp

Saturday 21st Left Kilengwe at 0650 at 0905 veered NW 9.15 – 11.30 the 11 40 – 13. 40 arrived. Water 6 ½ hours. Very sick in afternoon. Better at night. Sunderland won 4 –2 over W Brom

Sunday 22nd From water hole to Ngolwe about 6 hrs. Pillar down. Decided to work from w.mks and g. Mk

Monday 23rd Built beacon

Tuesday 24th Game scout shot a buffalo that charged head of safari not 10 minutes from summit. Narrow ridge. Left at 7.10 – 725 Arrive Kilengwe 15.45. Much trouble with elephant

Wednesday 25th Kilengwe to Kisasi. Self to Kurt Jung.

Thursday 26th Kisasi – Nyamambi Kisasi. Observed two rays Wm.'s.

Friday 27th Kisasi

Saturday 28th Kilengwe

Sunday 29th Kiguya

Monday 30th Likundi

Tuesday 31st Kiguya

September

Wednesday 1st Ngolwe Mdogo Rhino

Thursday 2nd Kiguya sick

Friday 3rd Rested

Saturday 4th Purussi and return

Sunday 5th Stung by a scorpion. To Kilengwe.

Monday 6th Bad head. To Lumango 100 + buffalo

Tuesday 7th To Chawita built and observed.

Wednesday 8th To Kilengwe
Thursday 9th Kisaki. Denton and Roy Agri man.
Friday 10th 2 boys beaten. Kisaki Court held by D.O. Denton. To Morogoro Tel Chris.
Saturday 11th To DSM Broken spring. Met Denton and his wife.
Sunday 12th DSM worried about work against exam. Chris said exam.
Monday 13th Station records etc. Tidying up Iringa trig.
Tuesday 14th With Chris to Kisaki. Lunch Morogoro. Met Allum
Wednesday 15th To Nyamambi. Back to Morogoro
Thursday 16th To Dar Station records (Chris thought I needed some time off safari with the exam pending and I had been on safari for several months without a break)
Friday 17th Iringa trig. Drinks and cinema with Richard.
Saturday 18th Trig
Sunday 19th Trig Tennis with Chris.
Monday 20th Roy to Nairobi
Tuesday 21st Trig.
Wednesday 22nd Syd in Les in.
Thursday 23rd Started work for exam
Friday 24th Les out Roy in.
Saturday 25th Revision. Dinner with Mostens, Sam Brinkworth and Roger
Sunday 26th Swim Syd & Rog
Monday 27th Revision
Tuesday 28th Revision
Wednesday 29th Rev. Tennis with Smith, Chris and Syd.
Thursday 30th Syd out

October

Friday 1st Rev
Saturday 2nd Rev
Sunday 3rd Rev
Monday 4th Col. Humphries arrived
Tuesday 5th Rev
Wednesday 6th Exam easy
Thursday 7th Exam LR hard.
Friday 8th Exam Geodetic hard
Saturday 9th Big party Peter, Sev, Roy Greta Magnolia Valerie Angus Tina Tony Sheila Beatrice
Sunday 10th Met Phil Bonsell.
Monday 11th Swim with Greta & Sam and Peter and Roy
Tuesday 12th Left for Kisaki
Wednesday 13th Arrived Kisaki
Thursday 14th Kisaki
Friday 15th Recce
Saturday 16th Recce and Obs. Boys to Nyamambi, Dakawa and with self.
Sunday 17th Prepared to leave for safari. Left Kisaki by gari 3.30 for Mr. Jung's estate. Camp pitched on riverbank
 Driver ignored instructions and very tight situation.
Monday 18th Left 7. a.m. Arrive Vianzi at 12 10. Shot kongoni. Camped German trig left. Left a point in Wm.'s inserted. Fairish Vis observed and finished.
Tuesday 19th Left 0615 arrive Kikundi 12 30. Obs Vis fair to good. Tired. Boys woke me up rhino in camp and near so they reckoned. Fired a shot and had a look for it in my pyjamas with torch. Heard elephant to pool we were resting at. Leopard en route, didn't see it or rhino that crossed path.
Wednesday 20th Left for Hatambula Excellent going. Herd of elephant at 70 yards. Rhino at 150. Wide berth 3 1/32 hrs – 4 hrs. Found water. Rested.
Thursday 21st Up top Satellite and from pillar Obs. Monkeys and many wild pigs. Allow ¾ hour to top.
Friday 22nd Left at 6.15. Arrived water place at 10.15. 11.15 left for Kasanga arrive Mgeta 2.45. Boot heel feel off. Uncomfortable, very hot. Porters went well.
Saturday 23rd To Jung's ½ - ¾ hr. Left for Kisaki when gari arrived. Took things easy.

Sunday 24th Day off
Monday 25th Worked on results and getting things ready for Majoka to take to DSM. Letter MacBain's.
Tuesday 26th Odd jobs on fieldwork photos. Left to go up Nyehande but did not feel well.
Wednesday 27th Nyehande Obs to some fixes but primarily Recce 201/y/4
Thursday 28th Light parties out. Motored over terrible road to Bwakira Juu.
Friday 29th Left for Mtembe 201/y/4 6.15 arrived at reasonable campsite at 11 about 200 feet below summit.
 Built groundmark and witness Mk. Obs. Horizontal only.
Saturday 30th Built beacon. Verts identified on photos. Left at 1.30. Arrived Bwakira Juu 5.00.
Sunday 31st Bwakira Juu

November

Monday 1st To Ngalamwe
Tuesday 2nd Ngalamwe. Early morn built, Obs returned to Bwakira Juu by River Lumba which was magnificent.
 Pools etc.
Wednesday 3rd Bwakira Juu to Kisasi to 201/y/5. Mr. Jung's
Thursday 4th To Wigu. Road to village. 1 hr to top. Returned.
Friday 5th Photos and other detail
Saturday 6th Nyamambi. Vis very poor indeed.
Sunday 7th Nyamambi Vis good in East Bad in West.
Monday 8th Kisasi
Tuesday 9th Rested
Wednesday 10th To Kilengwe via motor gari. Wouldn't take my own gari across the new bridge
Thursday 11th To Ngolwe Mkubwa. Left 6.30 arrived top 2.30 in rain. Usual buffalo.
Friday 12th Observed cloud in morning rain in evening
Saturday 13th Left for \Kilengwe 6 a.m. arrived 1 p.m.
Sunday 14th Started for Kigosi along hills. Small shauri beautiful black rhino. Neither of us knew where the other was for a time. Over hills to miss bush. Photo reading R. Rudete. Opp. bank squeals and crashing. Rhino charged us. Only seven boys. Climbed tree about 10 yards away from where I was standing. Rhino obliterated footmarks. Never was I more glad to see a big bottom disappearing in bush. Arrived built and Obs by resection Kudi. Time 6 ½ hours.
Monday 15th To Kilengwe different route. Excellent going. 3 ½ hours to Kisasi.
Tuesday 16th King (Tony) Nichol (Doug) called with fresh veg bless em. Went to Dutumi for a meal. Nichol small minded sort of chap. Surveyor type OS. & RE but not a real surveyor as he thinks the only organisation that do any work are the one's he has been with. Actually a topographer (plane tabler by trade) King a geophysicist excellent type.
Wednesday 17th Worked on etches.
Thursday 18th To Dutumi
Friday 19th To Nyehande. No helio from Anderson
Saturday 20th To Kiderengwa 3p.m. – 5 p.m.
Sunday 21st To Flats Good run through. V. lucky to spot a decent place on photos straight away. Conditions for Obs deplorable
 The pocket diary closes abruptly. Probably getting ready to go on leave.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Original text material produced by Robin Auld and edited by Mike Shand with comments from Rolf Baldus.
 Location map produced by Mike Shand from original sketch by Robin Auld.

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NORTHERN SELOUS GAME RESERVE, TANGANYIKA

ROUTES TO HILLS - KISAKI

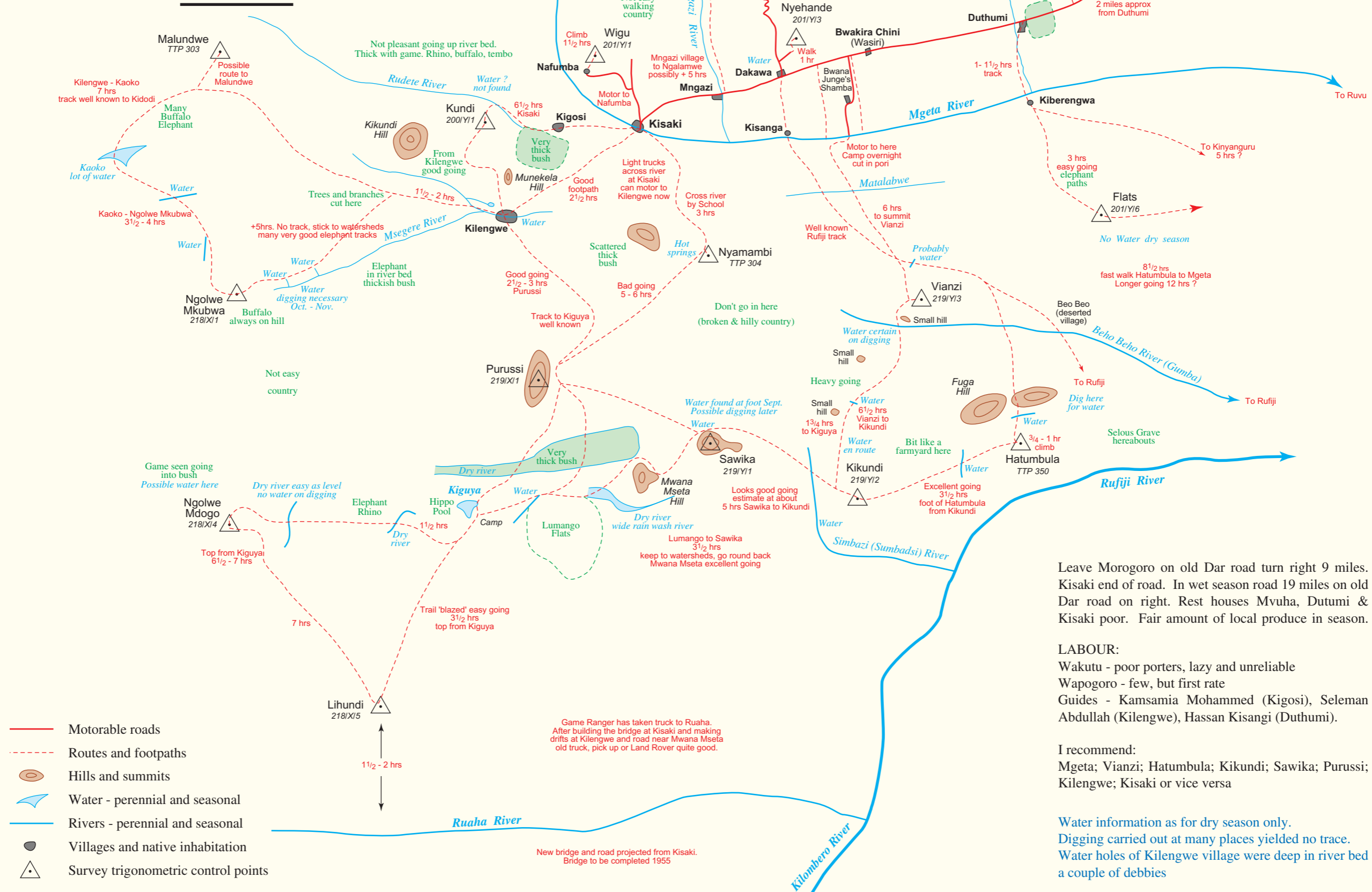
Information as from August - November 1954
- a very dry season of a very dry year

Compiled from an original field sketch by John R. Auld,
Surveyor, Directorate of Colonial Surveys, U.K., 5th December 1954

Cartography by Mike Shand, University of Glasgow, 2004

Scale very approx. 5 miles to 1 inch (between trigonometric points only)

5 miles approx



Leave Morogoro on old Dar road turn right 9 miles. Kisaki end of road. In wet season road 19 miles on old Dar road on right. Rest houses Mvuha, Dutumi & Kisaki poor. Fair amount of local produce in season.

LABOUR:
Wakutu - poor porters, lazy and unreliable
Wapogoro - few, but first rate
Guides - Kamsamia Mohammed (Kigosi), Seleman Abdullah (Kilengwe), Hassan Kisangi (Duthumi).

I recommend:
Mgeta; Vianzi; Hatumbula; Kikundi; Sawika; Purussi; Kilengwe; Kisaki or vice versa

Water information as for dry season only.
Digging carried out at many places yielded no trace.
Water holes of Kilengwe village were deep in river bed a couple of debbies

New bridge and road projected from Kisaki. Bridge to be completed 1955