

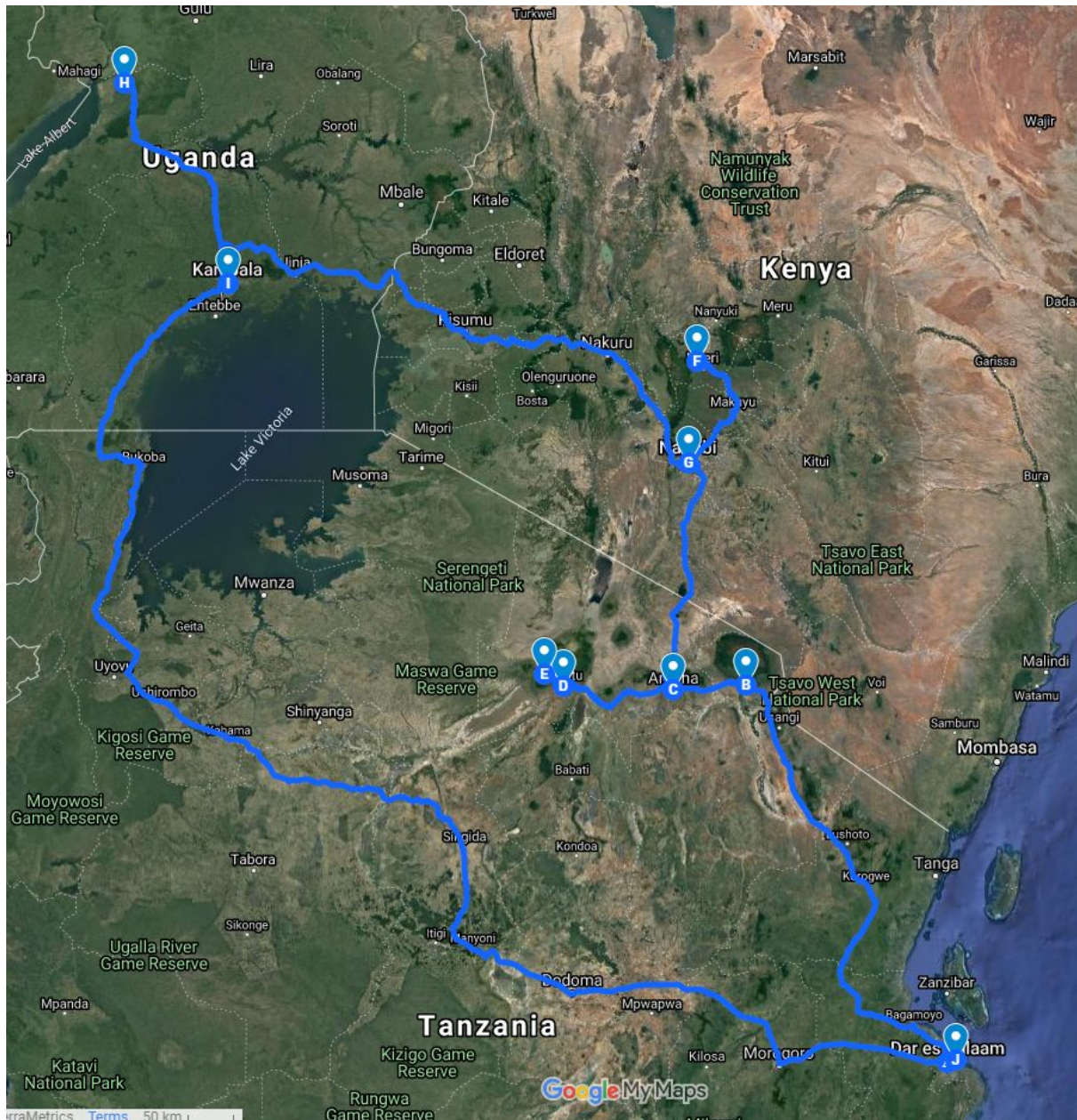
Safari

[Google map of our safari](#)

I was friends with a Canadian man about my age named Jerry Cannon. His father was Visiting Professor of Physics at the University of Tanzania whose publisher had given him a brand new Land Rover four-wheel drive.

So Jerry and I decided to go on a safari in this beautiful vehicle. Another friend, a Swedish man named Soren came along as well.

We set off on about the 7th of October 1965.



We drove to Moshi, a lovely small town near Mount Kilimanjaro. It was dusk as we were getting closer to the town and I was driving when I noticed that my companions seem to have disappeared. For a moment

I was worried that they might have fallen out of the Land Rover but then I realised that they had climbed through the roof hatch and were enjoying the view sitting on the roof rack.



The reason why they were doing this was obvious as in front of us there was a fantastic view of Mount Kilimanjaro in the setting rays of the sun. The mountain is often obscured by clouds but we were lucky and could see the snow-capped mountains rising above the clouds. It was one of the mini magic moments in my life.

We stayed at a Swedish settlement near Moshi home. Thanks to Soren we had wonderful hosts and ate delicious venison for our evening meal.



The next day we drove on to Arusha where we stopped for banking and supplies. Here we met a wiry Englishman who was bumming his way around East Africa. So he joined the crew.

While I was waiting in the car at Arusha an African man approached me and tried to sell a horn decorated with Masai coloured beads. I didn't really want it so I kept refusing to buy it. He kept lowering the price until he reached the point where he just gave it to me for a small amount of money. I still have that horn today although most of the beads have fallen off.

From Arusha, we drove to Lake Manyara which is on the edge of the East African Rift Valley a huge downfaulted series of elongated blocks or graben.



As we drove on to the Ngorongoro crater the views of the salt lake with its flamingos were lovely.

A winding gravel track took us up the outside of the crater. On the way, we encountered a herd of wild buffalo blocking the track. We stopped and let them pass. Later working as a geologist in Tanzania I was told that they are one of the most dangerous animals to encounter as they are unpredictable.

We camped on the edge of a crater. I remember it was cold at night. The next day we drove down into it. It is an amazing place for wildlife and we saw lions, rhinoceros zebra giraffe wildebeest gazelles as it was teeming with animals.





From Ngorongoro, we drove North into Kenya and to the Mount Kenya national park.

Then we went South again to Nairobi. That evening he went to a seedy nightclub. We had a great time and somehow Jerry got hooked up with an attractive black girl. He told us she wanted him to go back to her place.

So we all piled into the land Rover and set off into the dark suburbs of Nairobi. Along the way, we noticed that we were being tailed by a car and everybody became very panicky about the possibility that we were going to be mugged.

So we gave all our valuables to our English companion. We arrived at the place and we drove into a dark entrance surrounded by bushes. We were out of sight of the following car so he jumped out and hid in the bushes. Personally I thought this was all a bit of a joke but some of the guys took it seriously.

We went into a rather bare room with armchairs. Shortly after we arrived a pleasant well dressed African man joined us and sold us beers. We chatted with him while Jerry went into a room with a lady. He emerged about half an hour later, having paid her for services and we left.

After that little adventure, for the rest of the trip, Jerry kept complaining that he needed to see a doctor for some penicillin, so we assumed that he had gained something more than 30 minutes of pleasure.

From Nairobi, we drove along the north side of Lake Victoria. At somewhere near Kisumu we crossed the equator and this photo shows Jerry, Soren, the Englishman and myself at the equator.



Then we turned North up to the Murchison falls national park. As we drove through the park there were huge herds of elephants and we have been told there were so many that they had to be culled.





At one point when I was driving, we came across a very large and intimidating Bull elephant on the road. It moved to one side so I stopped alongside it to take photos. It kept flapping its ears and stamping its feet and for some reason, the other passengers seemed to be concerned. However, I took my time getting a good shot with my camera before we drove on.

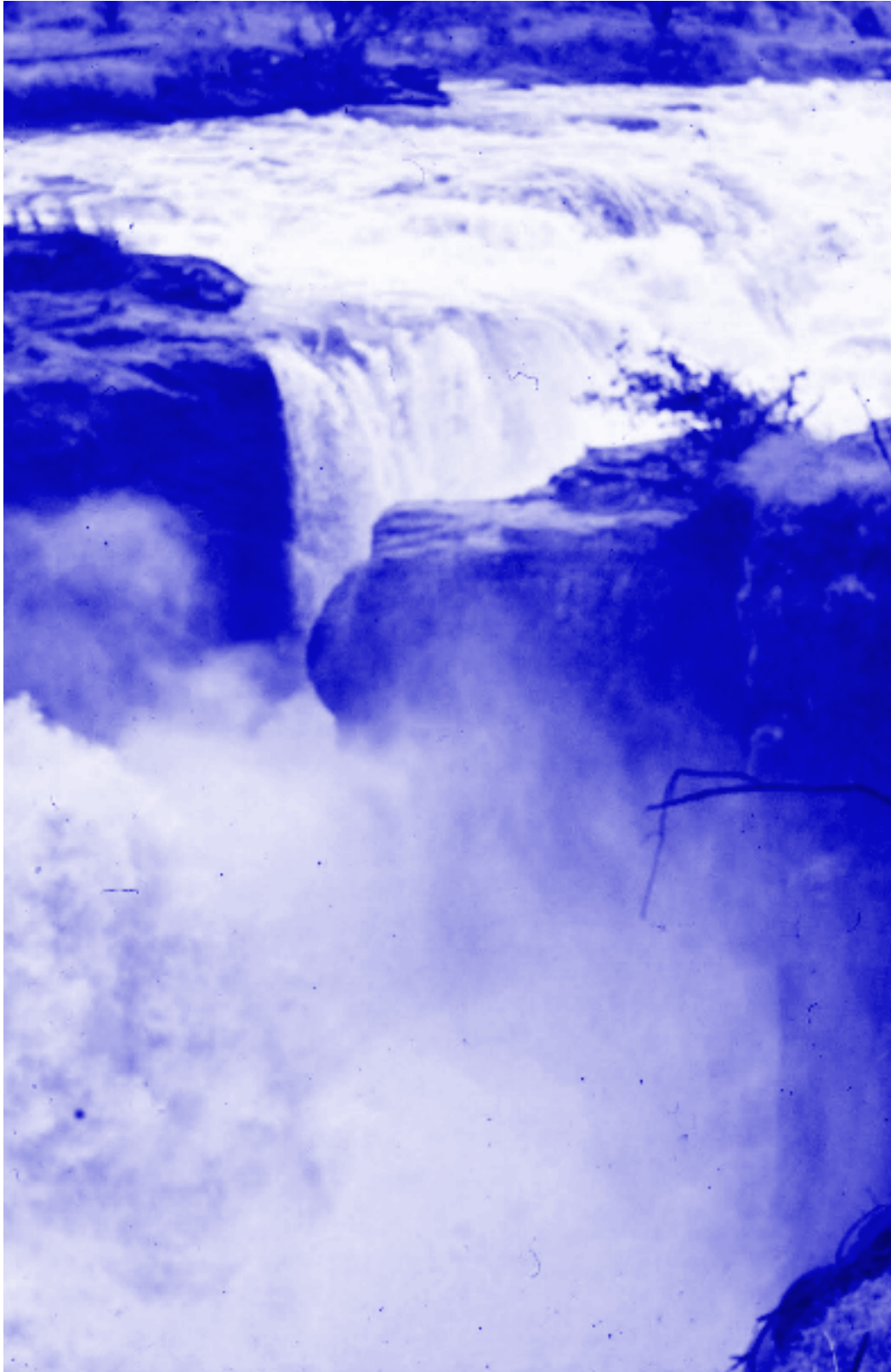




We didn't see any other visitors to the park and we camped for the night alongside the track about 2 to 3 km from the Victoria Nile at Murchison Falls

During the night I was woken by this loud munching sound near the tent. I looked out fearing that one of my friends might be being eaten by a lion. It wasn't a lion but several hippopotamuses. I was surprised to see them grazing on the grass so far from the river. A hippopotamus is extremely dangerous so we kept quiet and waited for them to go away.

The next day we went down to the Falls and they are a truly magnificent sight.



We found a man offering boat tours back along the river and he took us for a wonderful trip along the Victoria Nile. All along the banks, there were crocodiles basking in the sunshine with their mouths wide open and between them, water birds on long legs leisurely walked. The crocodiles looked so harmless and slow so our helmsman took us in very close and revved his engine. They moved like a flash incredibly quickly.



The River was full of hippopotamuses and the banks were teeming with wildlife. Amongst the many animals, we saw some rhinoceroses. Looking back I think we were lucky that at that time few people visited the park.



We drove back to the capital of Uganda Kampala. Here I bought several African musical instruments at a market. I still have these.



From here we embarked on a 1700 km trip down the western side of lake Victoria back to Dar es Salaam. I ended up doing most of the driving and I remember driving through the night. I had some Dexedrine tablets that my American girlfriend Nancy had given me for my exams. I took them and it kept me awake during the long drive in the dark.

A strange thing happened at dawn. I could see that a long way in front of us, there was a thing on the road which I took to be a dead ostrich. As we got closer I realised it was a person who must have been run over during the night. We stopped alongside him and saw a corpse wearing ragged clothes. We knew he was dead because his skull had been broken open and we could see his brain.

We drove on straight away. There were many stores of white people being beaten or killed when local Africans suspected them of killing somebody in a road accident. Further down the road, we saw people just starting to work in the fields who must not have realised that a member of their village had been run over during the night.

Several hours later we saw a police car driving fast in the opposite direction. We assumed that they were answering a report about the death. The distance involved was so great that it would take hours for the police to get there from the nearest town.

Eventually, after a long long drive, we arrived back in Dar es Salaam.