

“Report of the Journey into Massai-Land, taken under commission for the Geographical Society in Hamburg”

Gustav Adolf Fischer

Transactions of the Geographical Society in Hamburg, 1882-83.

This article originally appeared in German as “Bericht über die im Auftrage der Geographischen Gesellschaft in Hamburg unternommene Reise in das Massai-Land,” published in the geographical journal *Mittheilungen der Geographischen Gesellschaft in Hamburg*, 1882-83, and which formed the basis of Fischer’s 1885 book *Das Masai-Land*. The translated sections here comprise section I. *General Report* (pp. 36-99) and section III. D. *Dr. G.A. Fischer’s ethnographic collection from East Africa* (pp. 275-279).

In cases where the subject of the sentence is obvious, many sentences in the original have been switched from passive voice, which is common in German, to the active voice which is more typical of English. Viz., “in the doorway I was observed like a monster” becomes “[the Massai] observed me in the doorway as if I were a monster.” In some cases, the subject remained unclear or abstract, and the passive construction was left in place. Some cases of the pronoun “one” were also changed to “I” to fit what would more commonly be used in English.

We have broken up some long paragraphs and sentences into shorter ones, and have enforced a more consistent spelling and italicization, including the italicization of vernacular words, informal or tribal placenames, and taxonomic terms. The following are words whose spellings have been changed to a more English orthography:

Original	Here	Description
Aruscha	Arusha	placename
Böeni	Bwemi	placename
dabásch	dabásh	Maasai adjective
daua	dawa	Kiswahili noun
dónjo	dónyo	Maasai noun
Dönjo Ngai	Dönyo Ngai (today Ol Doinyo Lengai)	placename
Elelescho	Elelesho	Maasai noun
Gondja	Gondya	placename
hewa	heva	Maasai greeting
Kikuju	Kikuyu	tribe
Kilima-Ndjaro	Kilima-Njaro (today Kilimanjaro)	placename
kischangóp	kishangóp	Maasai noun
Láschomba	Láshomba	Maasai noun
Leibón	Laibón	Maasai noun
Leukipia	Laikipia	placename
liteijo	liteyo	Maasai noun
Logido	Longido	placename
Maeru	Meru	placename
Manjara	Manyara	placename
Matschame	Machame	placename
Miwansini	Miwanzini	placename
Mkomasi	Mkomazi	placename
Moëta	Mweta	placename
mrischo	mrísho	Maasai noun
Msungu	Mzungu	Swahili noun
Naiwascha	Naivasha	placename

Nanja	Nanya	placename
neiwera	neivera	Maasai noun
ngischu	ngishu	Maasai adjective
Nianza	Nyanza	placename
nijwót	niywót	Maasai noun
Njémisi	Njémisi	placename
Samboja	Samboya	name
schuka	shuka	Maasai noun
Settima	Satima	placename
Sonjo	Sonyo	placename
Sonja	Sonya	placename
Sunja	Sunya	placename
Súsua	Súsua	placename
Tschaga(land)	Chagga(land)	placename
Ugueno	Ugweno	placename
Uniamwesi	Uniamwezi	placename
utschavi	utshavi	Kiswahili noun
Waschensi	Washenzi	tribe
waso njiro	waso nyiro (today Ewaso Nyiro)	placename

Other spellings have been kept in the original, including the following:

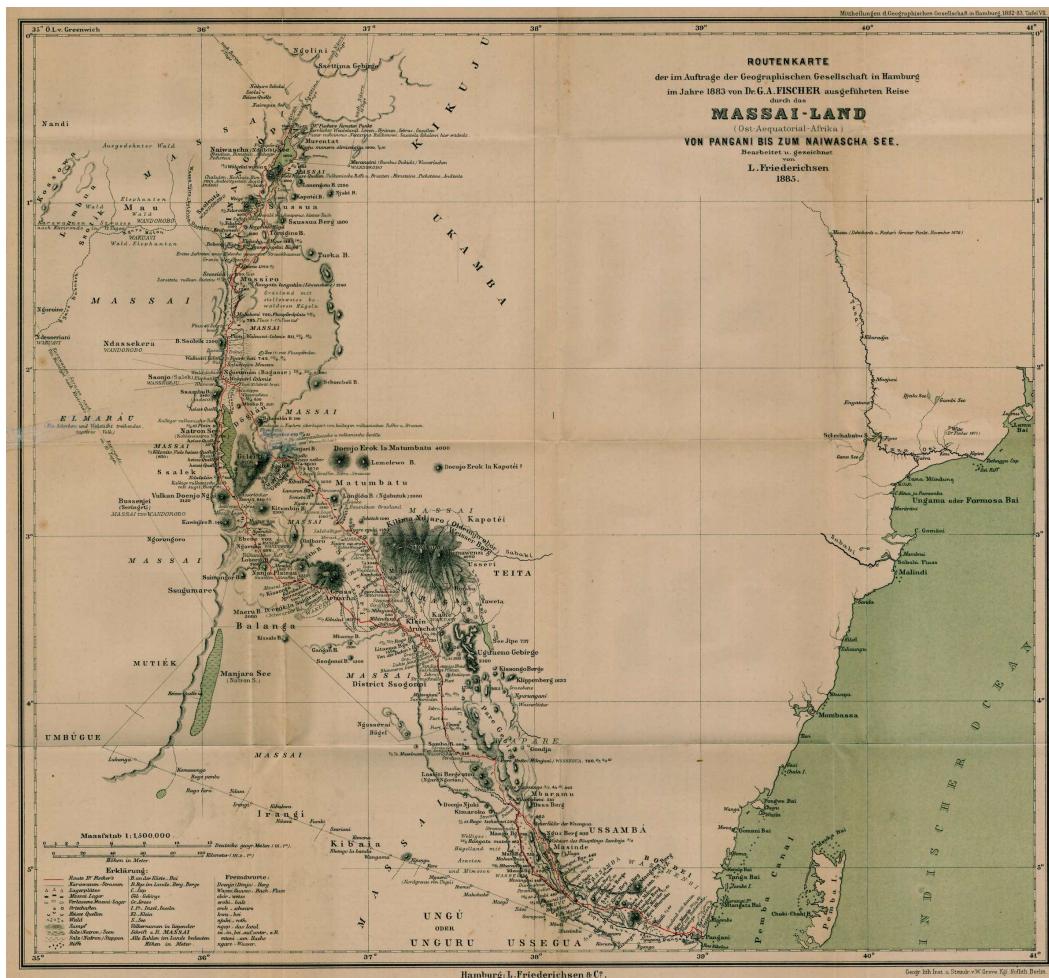
Original	Modern convention	Description
Kenia	Mount Kenya	placename
Massai	Maasai	tribe
Mbaringo	Baringo	placename
Nakuro	Nakuru	placename
Ndoro	Njoro	placename
neirobi	(area of) Nairobi	Maasai adjective, placename
Nairogwa (Neirogwa on map)	Elementaita	placename
Usambá	Usambara	placename

This article was translated by Eckhart and Almut Spalding (the latter is a retired professor of Germanic Languages and Literature, Illinois College). We note that the following sections of the original report are not included:

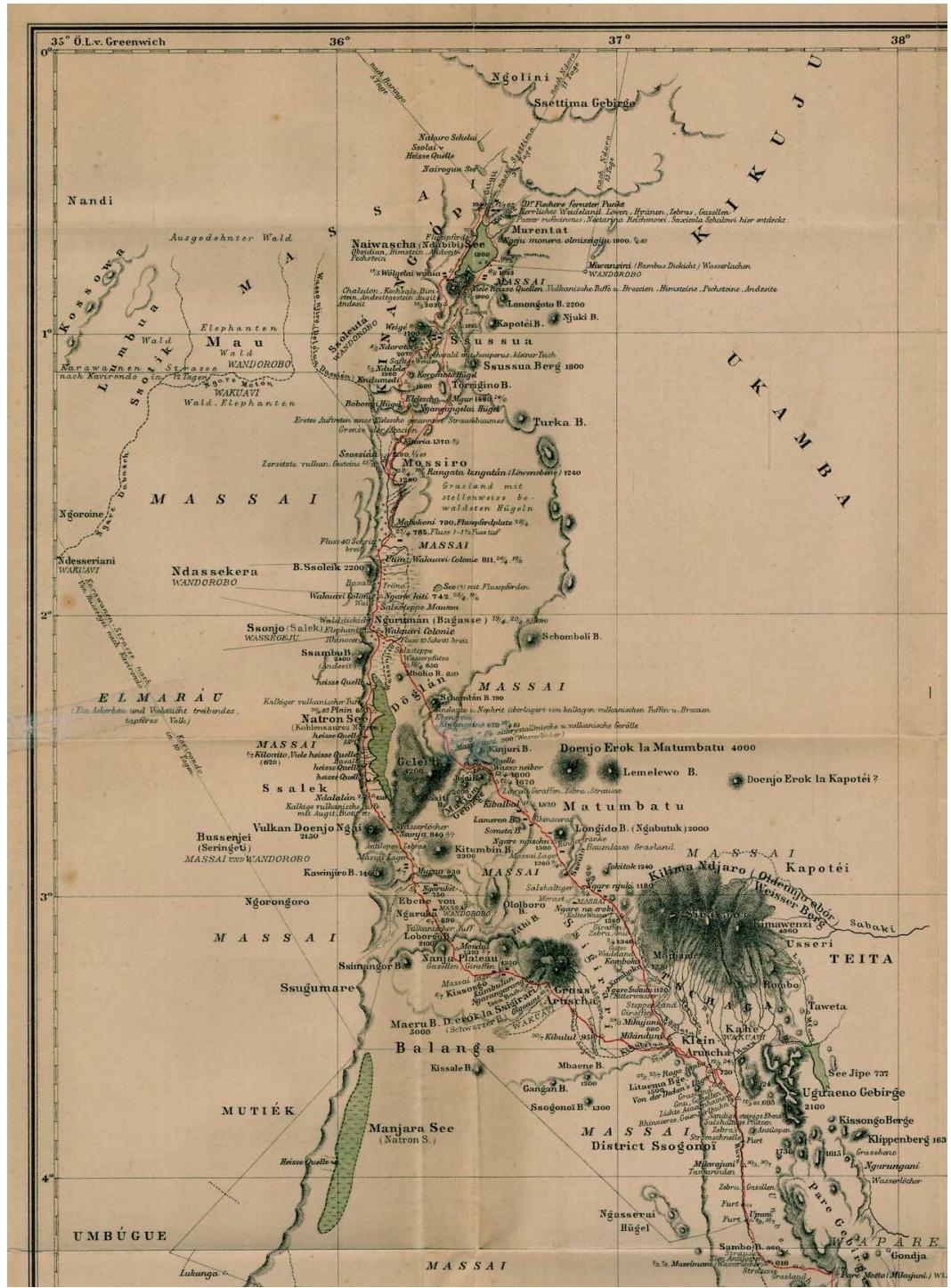
II *Introduction to the original map of the route, Plate VII* (except for the introductory paragraphs, pp. 189-191). This mostly consists of a fairly redundant day-by-day breakdown of the route (pp. 191-214), lists of placenames (pp. 214-7) and vocabulary words (pp. 225-35), and a description of the Massai finger language for counting (pp. 235-6).

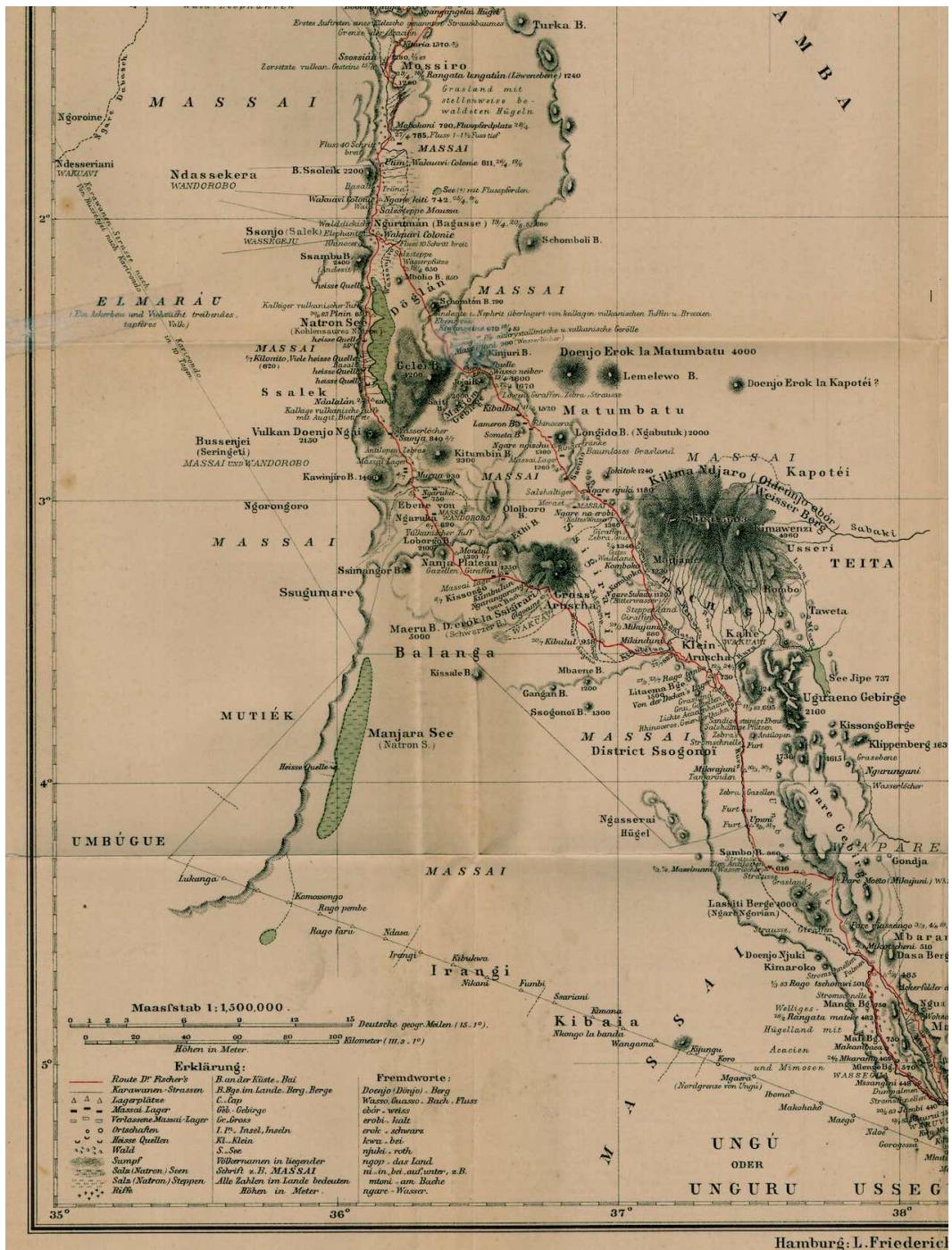
III *Scientific collections*

- A *Examination of the rocks of Massai-Land, collected by Dr. G. A. Fischer, by Dr. O. Mügge* (pp. 238-265)
- B *Preliminary report on the herbarium of Herr Dr. G.A. Fischer, by Prof. Dr. H.G. Reichenbach* (pp. 265-271)
- C *Dr. G.A. Fischer's zoological collections* (pp. 272-274)



Map of the route through Massai-Land (East-equatorial Africa) from Pangani to Lake Naivasha, carried out by Dr. G.A. Fischer in the year 1883 under commission for the Hamburg Geographical Society [Source: University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, map ID afm0001271]





Detail of above



Detail of above

Report of the Journey into Massai-Land, taken under commission for the
Geographical Society in Hamburg
(from Dr. G.A. Fischer)

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I. General Report*

Without question, the region of the snow mountains in equatorial East Africa is one of the most interesting of the entire African continent. When the missionaries Rebmann and Krapf first brought word to Europe of the existence of snow mountains on the Equator, the news fell entirely on disbelieving ears. Though considered a matter of course nowadays, it was considered so improbable by the most prominent intellectuals of the time that no less than Alexander von Humboldt declared up to the end of the [eighteen-]fifties that the existence of eternal snows on the Equator was an impossibility, and concluded that it must be chalk outcroppings or some other white material.

The missionaries Rebmann and Krapf, both of them Germans in English [missionary] service, were the first ones who attempted to advance to the snow mountains. In the late [eighteen-]forties, Rebmann reached the Chaggaland of Machame on the southwestern slope of Kilima-Njaro. He was the first European to whom was granted the sight of the mountain snowfields close at hand, glistening in the tropical sun. Afterwards, during Krapf's travels to Ukamba in the years [18]49 and [18]51, Krapf caught sight of the second snow mountain, Kenia, from an elevated position not far from Kitui, albeit it was only a fleeting glimpse. He describes it as resembling an imposing wall, stretching from e[ast] to n[orth]w[est], surmounted by two snow-covered horns or towers standing close together.

The most important reconnaissance of Kilima-Njaro and its surroundings was carried out during the travels of v[on] d[er] Deckens, who scaled the mountain up to an elevation of 14,000 feet. The 1871 voyage of the English missionary New to Machame revealed nothing substantive beyond what was already known. Hildebrandt attempted in 1877 to follow Krapf's route and penetrate to the Kikuyu land at the foot of [Mt.] Kenia, but had to turn back at the borders of Ukamba because of the Massai, and return to the coast.

Regarding the lands beyond the snow mountains, most recently the English missionary Wakefield, resident in Mombasa, collected accounts from the ivory merchants, as did my former travel companion Denhardt with whom I undertook the exploration of the Tana River. However, the maps which were constructed on the basis of these reconnaissances only give a weak sense of the true [geographical] relations, and betray the most glaring misunderstandings. It is also not rare for [people] to deliberately give false accounts to Europeans traveling into the interior.

The expeditions which have heretofore reached Kilima-Njaro departed from Tanga or Mombasa, with the Usambá landscape and the Pare highlands to the west. I chose Pangani as my point of departure, and followed the course of the Pangani River so that my route was entirely new, except for a stretch of circa 60 engl[ish] miles which had been used by Krapf, Burton, and Speke, and recently by New and most recently by Keith Johnston. The town of Pangani counts circa 5000 inhabitants and lies at the mouth of the Pangani River, where it

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*The elevation values which follow are only preliminary and approximate. The definitive ones will follow later with the publication of the map, which will also include a more exact and strictly geographical report.

forms, together with Bweni lying opposite, the main point of departure for caravans heading into Massailand. Mombasa is more useful [for penetrating] the region of the Wakamba and Kikuyu, especially considering that several years ago a caravan of a Mombasa merchant was completely wiped out by Wakwavi dwelling not far from Lake Naivasha.

The recruiting of porters was, as is generally the case, one of the most distasteful tasks of the traveler. It was particularly difficult for this journey to the Massai. People from Zanzibar, who remain the most reliable and least prejudiced people, applied [for work] only in small numbers, and requested such high wages that I generally had to decline to hire them. They felt it was a very risky undertaking to accompany the first European to the thieving and bloodthirsty Massai, as did people on the coast. In the end I set forth from Zanzibar with only seven men, of whom four had already been in my employ, and whose loyalty I could absolutely count on. Once in Pangani, it took a long time before any porters offered their labor. They hailed not only from the local slaves and free Negroes, but also came from the various Negro tribes of the surrounding coastal areas: the tribes Wangú, Wasegúa, Washenzi, Wadigo, [and] Wasegeyu provided porters to the caravan.

Such a diverse composition understandably leads to the greatest variety of disputes, and one must respect the justifiable peculiarities of each tribe. I needed 120 men for the endeavour, [but] these were not sufficient to meet all possible contingencies. In particular, I had to anticipate the high number of desertions, though resources were not sufficient to enlist a larger number of porters. So I found myself forced to proceed in a way that was different from that of previous explorers. At first I thought I could attach myself with fewer men onto a Mohammedan caravan, but I discovered that this was out of the question. There was hostile sentiment among them against Europeans, obstacles were thrown in my path from all directions, and I would have been extorted. I would also have had to wait longer before a native caravan would have set off for the distant lands of the Massai. I therefore decided to offer wares, and money at low interest, to various ivory merchants under the condition that they attach themselves [to me] and follow my orders. In this way I brought a caravan of 230 men together relatively quickly.

At the same time it became possible to allow the caravan to proceed ahead in the traditional way, which was of the greatest importance to both the porters and the natives. I subjected myself to all the [M]ohammedan customs, as superfluous and burdensome as they are for Europeans. For 5 dollars I bought a holy flag which consists of a white rag entirely covered with Koranic verses, which is carried at the front of the caravan, and I allowed work to cease on so-called inauspicious days. The Mohammedans considered these to be the 3rd, 8th, 13th, 18th, 23rd and 28th of each month. Caravans are disinclined to break [camp] during the 8th month of the Arabic calendar, and not at all before the 9th day. The 28th of each month is considered to be particularly perilous, and afterwards it was a great vindication to the Mohammedans to demonstrate to me, the unbeliever, that every misfortune that befell the caravan happened on the 28th.

The merchants, who travel to the lands of the Massai every year to buy ivory, are partly Swahili from Lamu and other regions of the coast who became resident in Pangani, [and] partly Negroes who are freedmen and mixed-bloods of various types. Arabs almost never travel to these lands, for the danger here is too great and the style of travel is too strenuous. For that reason it is also no wonder that the porters, anticipating the exertions and privations of the journey, frequently try to release themselves from their obligations by taking flight. It is also not uncommon for them to rent themselves out simultaneously [to different parties], or to claim that they are ill just before the departure. Maintaining control over the porters who are already enlisted is almost impossible, as they disappear

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after receiving half of their pay as a down payment when they are hired, and have to be fetched again when the caravan is set to depart. There is one positive aspect, in that one does not have to feed the hired porters until the trek has begun. For [the trip to] the distant lands of the Massai, a porter receives a pay of 30 to 34 doll[ars] for the entire journey, regardless of how long it takes. However, the European cannot enlist porters for prices as low as those of the coastal inhabitants. [They] always have higher expectations from him, especially in terms of food.

After purchasing the various wares needed for the lands of the Massai—where one cannot be too careful, for the European is lied to and deceived—I could depart from Pangani with the majority of my men at the end of December 1882. After one has passed through the circa 2 sea-mile-wide delta valley of the Pangani River, which is bounded by coral rocks 120 m tall in the south, and 50 m tall in the north, one follows the river and passes through the river valley for another circa 20 sea-miles, before one leaves the region of the delta proper. The delta regions near the beach feature plantations on the sand dunes, chiefly coconut trees, mango trees, and banana trees, while the fields of negro corn (sorghum) are mostly to be found on the coral rock formations which are covered with red clay. Attached to this cultivated land is a stretch of mangrove forest with a swampy ground, and here and there ponds and ditches containing brackish water. Beyond that, a slowly rising and mildly hilly grassland frames the mountainous lands of Usambá, [and] the Pangani River must cut its path through its foothills. From here on out, waterfalls and rapids make further navigation of the river impossible. The route leaves the river here, going a distance of approximately 10 sea-miles in a northerly direction, where it climbs and winds through the thickly forested mountainous lands of circa 200-260 m altitude. Some mountains reach an altitude of 800 m.

After three days' march, the path leads back to the river, reaching it near the village of Kwa Mgumi[†], where it flows 260 m above sea level, [and] not far from where the Pangani empties into the Ulengera stream. Up to this point one finds villages of the Washenzi, a Negro tribe which lives along the Pangani. Further along the river are the so-called Waruvu, a branch of the Wasequa, [and] who are distinguished from the others by the fact that they live only along a short stretch on the riverbank or the islands of the Pangani river. They live in perpetual hostility with their fraternal Wasequa tribe, even though there is little distinction in their language, habits, and customs. Since they possess lots of livestock, they are often targeted by Massai raiding parties. For this reason they prefer to locate their villages on the numerous islands carved out by the river, which provides protection from any marauders with its torrents of water that tear around the rocks. They reach [their villages] on what are sometimes very dangerous bridges, which are made of forked stems of dome palm trunks jammed into the river, with tree trunks or timbers laid on top. Goats and sheep walk over these bridges, [and] the cattle swim through the river morning and evening. The Massai hide themselves in the bush bordering the pastures, which are located especially on the left riverbank in a width of 3000-5000 steps towards the mountain ranges of Usambá. The moment the livestock set foot on the pastures, the Massai burst from their hiding place.

The [area inhabited by the] Waruvu stops at the region of Maurui, where a number of villages lie close together. The landscape on this part of the river is the most beautiful. Sycamores and other thick-leaved tall-growth trees festooned with lianas line the water, which rushes over boulders and rock formations. Groups of feather palms (*Phoenix*) and

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[†]The villages here name themselves after the headman.

raffia palms, and thick reed grass proliferate on the smaller islands. Black and white wag-tails (*Motacilla vidua*) scamper on the rocks protruding from the waters or on the fallen tree trunks, swallows (*Hirundo aethiopica* and *puella*) fly over the water warbling birdsong, and from the forest along the riverbank drones the deep voice of the magnificent red-winged helmet bird (*Corythaix porphyreolophus* and *Fischeri*). Even the *Bias musicus*, that interesting flycatcher bird, which unjustly carries the name “musicus,” was not rare here.

The Waruvu are both stockbreeders and farmers. As farmers they plant almost exclusively negro corn, which thrives in the red clay of the surrounding hills and mountains. Some of the corn is traded with the inhabitants of the coast for cotton fabrics and pearls. The young people hire themselves out for transporting cargo from Pangani to Maurui, a job which can also be done with donkeys. To wit, the caravans which proceed into Massailand take a larger or smaller number of donkeys along, which each carry two loads [each of which] a porter can carry. In no other region are donkeys used as pack-animals. Massai donkeys are preferred, for they are stronger and have more stamina than the Uniamwezi donkeys. My caravan took 40 such animals, which provided good service. Granted, many died, but only because they were overloaded, had insufficient cushioning against pressure sores, and often could not be given enough food during the unnecessarily long marches. With a load of 150-180 pounds, with adequate cushioning, and with measured marches, the animals [can] withstand several voyages. The Dondorobo- or tsetse flies are not to be found in these regions we traveled in, though during the rainy season they are common in Taveta, to the point that donkeys often perish from their stings. Taveta is generally said to be an unhealthy place. The smallest wound can develop into a malignancy. According to the locals, the Dondorobo-fly is especially dangerous for the male donkeys, whose genitals they seek out. Soon after the stings they swell enormously and make urination impossible.

From Maurui the traveler has two routes open to him. One leads through the Masinde lands in the mountainous region of Usambá. This is the most comfortable one, because it is less onerous and offers more sustenance, even though the chieftain Samboya and his son Kimeri demand a large tribute. The other route goes along the Pangani river to the Usegúa chieftain Sadenga. Here it is more difficult to feed the caravan, and the path is very taxing on the donkeys. I chose the latter [route] to make swifter progress because I was concerned that the Mohammedans would want to camp at Masinde, which is blessed with vegetables, and also because the porters are more tempted to desert here. I was also unable to provide large gifts to the Wasambá headman.

It took another month before the caravan in Maurui was complete and ready to march. The slowness, the lethargy, and the wickedness of these Mohammedan coastal people knows no bounds. The 19th of February 1883 was a decisive day for this undertaking, for now it would become clear how many of the hired porters would reveal their disloyalty. Despite all the work of the preceding days—the final distribution of loads, the purchasing of grain for six days, and the enlistment of natives for the transport of the same—I could not shut an eye at night for worrying about the coming day. But it turned out better than I feared. On the 19th only ten men were missing (two had already deserted in Pangani), and since I had brought along six donkeys (or twelve porter loads) in reserve, the [acts of] disloyalty did not cause any further delay.

The first days' march of a caravan are always very unpleasant. The porters are not yet broken in, are not yet used to their loads, and many straggle far behind. This one does not want to carry one thing, another that—especially the boxes of the Europeans, which are especially uncomfortable for the porters who are not used to them. Many would rather carry a load of pearls or iron wire of 80-90 pounds, than a box of 60-70 pounds. The setting

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up of camp proceeds awkwardly and slowly. The porters fight and quarrel if they are not already in teams of up-country [men] or friends, and the donkeys which are not accustomed to the loads frequently collapse. In this region this is all cause for little concern, since no Massai disturb the caravans and threaten stragglers.

From Maurui to the Mkomazi River, which comes from the Pare Mountains and is the last tributary emptying into the Pangani five English miles further upstream, the Pangani is free of rapids and flows along calmly. Here are many crocodiles, as is especially the case in the clay-colored waters of the Mkomazi. When fording rivers with many crocodiles, the Mohammedans make use of the natives' help whenever possible. Even though they shout "Allah" for protection against all evils, they seem to place more trust in the magic of the *Kafir*. The Waruvu are particularly renowned in this respect. They are even said to live on very friendly terms with crocodiles, such that at the sound of the Waruvu's calling, [the crocodiles will] let go an animal they have seized. For his services, the native receives several items made of cotton. Then he steps into the water with a magical substance in his left hand, which he spreads out underwater while murmuring something and splashing the water with his right hand. Then the caravan proceeds through, and in this way no [caravan] has suffered a misfortune at this point. It is not impossible that the native knows of a substance that instills dread in the animals and frightens them away. Hippopotamuses are only few in number in this part of the Pangani River, because they become too unsettled.

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Further above the Mkomazi River, there are a number of areas on the left bank [of the Pangani River] and on several islands which are inhabited by the Wasegua, who are subject to the chief Sadenga, who lives in Mkaramo. Before long, there are spots with rapids and smaller waterfalls, especially where the river breaks through the foothills of the Manga and Mafi Mountains, bordered on the west by the lands of Masinde, at an elevation of 320 meters. [Human s]ettlement ceases in the lands of Mkaramo, which lie approximately 450 meters above sea level, and the vast expanse all the way to Arusha is uninhabited.

The coastal region ends with the Mkomazi River. Some coconut trees still thrive at Maurui, but not further on. The lush vegetation of the coastal regions, which remain moist even in the dry season and have sycamores, baobabs, palms, liana [vines], and diverse shrubs, now becomes a bland and unsightly expanse. Mimosas and acacias are the dominant plants from here onwards. Initially they stand fairly thick [together], but later only appear sparingly in the vast flatlands. Especially near mountains and hills they are surrounded by cactus-like euphorbia, aloe growths, and spiky melauthaceae. From time to time chandelier-euphorbia appear, and a peculiar parasitic plant (*Sarcophyte sanguinea*) which spreads on the roots of the acacia trees. Lush plant growth only appears on the thin banks of the river and various streams. Some grass grows high after the rains [but] soon dries out again. Only near the river are there several spots which always remain green. The first tracks of rhinoceroses and elephant appeared in this area, not far from Mkaramo. From the residence of the chief Sadenga, who received a moderately-sized tribute, the path followed along the river for a distance of three more days' march.

The path soon led in the direction of the Pare Mountains, while the river turned northwest to the Lasiti Mountains. The Pare Mountains are inhabited by a tribe that carries out farming and rears livestock, [and] from which the caravan had to buy grains for the already-starving porters. Out of fear of the Massai, the Wapare never take their livestock out to pasture. Rather they feed them in the stable, but they are still not safe. Here at the mountains, caravans usually make two stops—one of them in the areas across from the Gondya, where an encampment of v[on] d[er] Decken was located; the other is a few miles northwest and is called Pare Mwete. In both of them is a small stream, whose water

dissipates in a sandy area.

The Wapare responded to our shots of flintlocks and came down from the heights of that area, bringing maize, peas, and beans to sell. They desired brass wire, pearls, and white cotton materials. [They?] also brought some salt, which is obtained in the flats between the Ugweno hills and the Pangani River. Iron-rich sand is also found here. After the caravan was supplied with six days' worth of provisions, it proceeded once again in the direction of the Pangani River, passing through an expanse that slopes down 2-3,000 feet above sea level from which the Pare hills drop precipitously. Only sparse and scraggly-looking mimosa grow on this expanse, which in some locations is entirely barren or yields only a few succulents. Here there is a notable presence of gazelles (*G. Granti*), common elands, giraffes and zebra. We also encountered the first ostriches here. From our waterless encampment area in the steppe, by sunset we gained a sight of the snow-covered main peak of Kilima-Njaro, which even in the dry, cloudless time of year usually appears to be surrounded by a wreath of clouds.

Early on the following day we reached the river, which exhibits a rocky, shallow bed in an area called Upuni. The Massai use it as a ford, as do caravans which proceed through the Massai district Sogoni. For two days we marched through dull terrain which was rocky at times and led to saltwater ponds in lower spots. We reached an area a little above the delta of the little Ronga river, which gets its water from Kilima-Njaro and the Meru hills. Here the river reaches Arusha at [an elevation of] c. 620 meters above sea level, where there is an island where the river has a width of 120 steps and [depth] of 2 1/2 feet. After crossing over to the right-hand bank, we entered a wide, in spots almost treeless flat, which eventually rises up to Arusha. At the beginning it has a black, fine-grained sand, and later on a gray-yellow lime earth. Here we noticed particularly numerous herds of the striped gnu (*Catoblepas Gorgon*). On March 12 we reached little Arusha, where we set up camp 700 m above sea level, not far from the left bank of the little Ronga river, [and] not far from the area of v[on] d[er] Decken's camp. Here in little Arusha (not to be confused with great Arusha on Mount Meru) we stayed for several days, so as to make several preparations for encounters with the Massai.

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Now I wish to share that which needs to be known about the relations between the peoples of this vast land. In the age of old, as the Mohammedans say, the Pangani inhabitants of the aforementioned town Mkaramo carried out trade with the Wakwavi. At that time, [the Wakwavi] occupied the majority of the interior. Now it is occupied by the Massai, who back then only occupied the southern stripe of the right-hand bank of the Pangani towards Ugogo. Eventually, however, the Massai grew in strength and drove the Wakwavi ever further back. The Wakwavi, who had some of their livestock stolen [in the process], were forced to adjust to a different way of life. That is why we now find several colonies of Wakwavi in Massai areas, who carry out agriculture and have become sedentary.

Up until five years ago, the Wakwavi still occupied the region around Lake Naivasha. At that time they attempted to reclaim their old lost land, and drove south from Laikipia and Nyémzi. The Massai of Lake Naivasha steadfastly resisted the first onslaught, until all the Massai warriors had mustered. They then not only repelled the attack of the Wakwavi splendidly, but also pursued them into the heart of their lands, to Laikipia and to Lake Mbaringo. Some of the Wakwavi were wiped out, others fled to Lake Samburu, and a small portion went over to the Massai and still live among them. I met the latter [Wakwavi] north of Lake Naivasha living among Massai warriors, from whom they are indistinguishable, at least to a foreigner. Nomadic Wakwavi are also still found in the forested districts of Maú and Lúmbua, east of Victoria Nyanza. Otherwise, the Massai are the reigning people of

the wide land between the snow mountains and Lake Victoria, from the Equator up to the borders of Ugongo. Sedentary Wakwavi colonies are found in little Arusha along the Ronga River, in great Arusha on Mount Meru and in Ngurumán, a sweep of land along a mountain range stretching in the southwestern direction through Massai land. Finally, there are also some [Wakwavi] in the land of Nyémzi on Lake Mbaringo.

The surviving Wakwavi live nomadically in the lands that stretch between Lake Mbaringo-Samburu and Kenia, especially in the region called Laikipia, where the tribal homeland of the Wakwavi is said to be. The Wakwavi are also scattered in Kikuyu. Those that live in little Arusha are the most dependent on the Massai and are often forced to oversee their livestock. Those [Wakwavi] have also distanced themselves the most from their ancestors' way of life, [and] are a peace-loving, industrious people. However, they do not put up towns like agricultural Negro tribes, but rather they scatter their huts, or put them up in twos or threes, hidden away in the thicket. Also of note is the construction of the dwellings, which is of a certain nomadic style, flimsy and not really intended to last for long. It so happens that they have not kept themselves [ethnically] pure, but have frequently mixed together with the residents of Chagga. Their customs and clothing, however, remain much the same as of old, and bear similarities with those of the Massai in a number of ways. Their skin color is in general somewhat lighter. This branch of the Wakwavi also stretches through the Kahe lands to Taveta. The Wakwavi of Ngurumán are also somewhat dependent on the Massai, [the Wakwavi] of Nyémzi less so. [The Wakwavi] who reside on Mount Meru have recently made themselves completely independent, as we shall see.

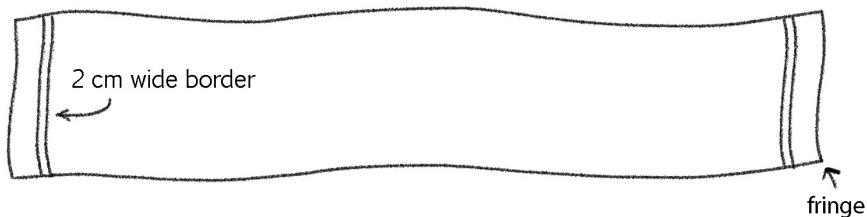
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The caravans can lodge in little Arusha in peace. The land, which is irrigated with the Ronga River via ditches, brings sustenance in full throughout the year: maize, beans, peas, bananas, sweet potatoes, sugarcane. The natives' livestock is limited, and consists mostly of goats, which the Massai are generous enough to permit them. The Wakwavi here are known to be loyal and reliable. The disloyal residents of the coast regard this as completely abnormal, and trust them with their wares and also slaves, which are conscientiously housed and taken care of until the caravans return. Other than the Wakwavi, in the Massai and Wakwavi region there is a scattered tribe closely related to the Massai, the so-called Wandorobo. They have a peculiar language, which is only understandable to them. When interacting with others they always use the Massai language. They live scattered throughout the land, partly as nomads, partly resident in certain regions, but not truly sedentary. The Massai regard their [social] position the same as the Gala do the Waboni.

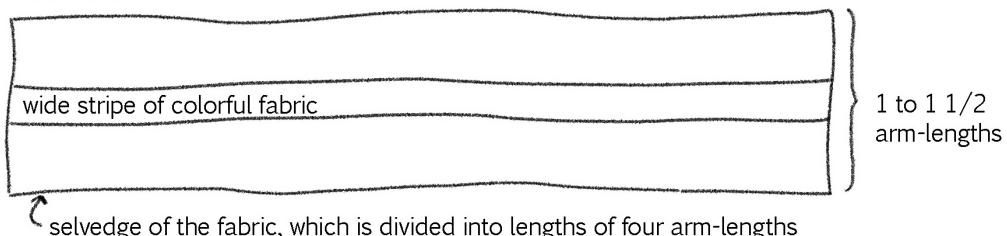
Despised by the Massai and often treated like downright slaves, the only thing left for the Wandorobo to do is to hunt. They often lead the most miserable lives that one imagines humans can have. Their dwellings are hidden away in the woods. Sometimes they attach themselves to the Massai, migrating with them and taking care of their cows. They live from the refuse that the lords of the land disdain, and from sick or perished livestock. I remember one morning, not far from Lake Naivasha, several Wandorobo women came into the camp in driving rain and collected from the ground the bones that had already been gnawed off entirely, apparently by the hungry porters, in order to cook them once more. The Wandorobo deliver ivory to caravans (the Massai is too proud for such a hunt). For this reason one tends to find them in elephant-rich areas, but which are devoid of villages and permanent dwellings. They hunt elephants with poisoned arrows and a rooty plant which is also poisonous and has a thick lower stem. They are often indebted to the Massai, because they borrow livestock from the same during times of scarcity, which they have to pay back with ivory. In contrast to the Massai, they behave fearfully and timidly and conduct their trade with foreigners as discreetly as possible, so as to not be robbed by the Massai.

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Shuka:



Neivera:



Shuka and neivera, based on description [Illustration by A.S.]

Other than the Wakwavi and the Wandorobo, among the Massai there are still two other tribes who are agricultural Negroes. One lives in the regions named Elmaraú, east of Victoria Nyanza on Lat[itude] 2° S. It is said to be strong enough to face off against the Massai, and caravans seek out [its tribesmen] for ivory. The other lives in the regions named Sonyo, which we will describe more precisely later. This sedentary people belongs to the tribe of the Wasegeyu, whose homeland is on the coast at Tanga, and is said to have migrated here many years ago during a great starvation. They have lost their language, [and] now exclusively use the Massai language, but several older people still carry the mark of the Wasegeyu on their temple. The dwarflike people the Wabilikimo—which is indicated on every map, sometimes close to Kilima-Njaro, sometimes further to the west—does not exist in Massailand. However, there is a dwarflike people among the Suku, who live west of Lake Mbaringo. *Wabilikimo* is, by the way, a Swahili word and means dwarves (sing[ular] *mbilikimo*).

Our layover in little Arusha lasted twelve days. Here, certain cloths or war coats were sown for the Massai. One should always have them for trade and for tribute payments. There are two kinds of them: *shuka* and *neivera*. Both consist of four pieces of white cotton an arm's length long and $1-1\frac{1}{2}$ arm lengths wide. To make a *shuka*, the long ends are frayed, each 5 cm deep, and are covered with a 2 cm wide red stripe. For the *neivera*, the [white] cloth is torn lengthwise into halves [i.e., 4 armlengths long, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ armlength wide], and is sewn back together with a wide stripe of bright fabric. These are the only articles of fabric that have currency among the Massai, the rare exception being when a "sorcerer" requests a piece of blue cotton (*Kaniki*).

The main article of trade, which every caravan must carry in large quantities, is thick iron wire. This is mainly used by women for making decorative articles, as I will relate later, rather than making weapons. Brass wire is less sought-after, but this latter is accepted especially by the inhabitants of the Pare region. After iron wire, the material that must

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be brought along in large quantities are beads. Their thickness and color are pretty much subject to the prevailing fashion. During my stay, a small sort of enamel-white pearl (*dudio* in the trade in Zanzibar, *tui la nasi* among the ivory merchants) was the favorite. The red (*samesame*) and most expensive pearls, which had been said to be very favored, were repeatedly rejected. In addition, an especially accepted [pearl] is a dark blue one (*maji bahari*). In general, more distinct varieties are to be found in the districts close to the coast, and in regions further [inland] there is more of a continuum [of types].

The Wasegua and Wasambá also accept the cheap, milkwhite pearls called *hafti*. The women of these tribes sometimes carry 30 pounds of such pearls around their hips. The Massai totally reject this variety. Instead of it, one must not forget to bring along four other varieties: a larger white ovaline one called *Sambaái*, a multicolored one in the shape of an acorn, *boro*, a ringlike blue one called *mtunarók* by the Massai and *balgám asmán* by the merchants; and finally another bright blue or [European-]flesh-colored round [and] thick one called *kuta* in the Zanzibar trade. With the exception of those last four, all pearls intended for trade must be threaded on a 30 cm long doubled string. For this, one requires the supple and fairly strong bast strings, which are made from the membranes under the leaf fronds of a raffia palm. The work of threading, particularly of the finer varieties [of pearls], is a terribly boring one, and which must be supervised by a reliable overseer, so that one is not robbed by the porters. The cords are braided together by 10s, then by 100s, and are packed into a cotton sack, which in turn is sewn into a mat. *Kauri*-shells also serve as an item of trade, and nowadays are more sought after than before. But one must sort them ahead of time, since the desired ones are sometimes the thicker ones, and then the thinner ones.

Little iron chains play a very important role—among the merchants they are called *mikufu*, among the Massai *elbíssia*—which are fabricated in the best quantities in the Chagaland (Machame). The Waruvu also make a larger variety. The Wanika deliver these to the lands of the Gala. Some twenty porters were sent to Machame with fabrics, brass wire, and pearls, so as to buy 150 pounds of such chains. From what I hear, they are so fine that they cannot be manufactured by machine in Europe. Other than these described articles, one must also carry along smaller cleavers, arrows, little bells, lead, and, for the ivory trade, various other varieties of pearls.

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For the collector and hunter, little Arusha is a very pleasant place to stay. One can roam around safely, as long as Massai are not passing through, which is only for a certain time [of year]. In the immediate vicinity of the encampment there are large numbers of big game. In the lightly-forested parts of the flats there is rhinoceros, at the little Ronga river buffalo (*bos cafer*) and waterbuck (*Kobus Ellipsiprymnus*), in the grasslands gazelles (*G. Granti*), the impala (*Aepyceros melampus*), the reedbuck (*Eleotragos reduncus*) and the striped gnu (gorgon). Among the birds which live in the steppe, the ones especially worth mentioning are the sandgrouse (*Pterocles*), the large kori bustard (*Otis Kori*) and the crowned lapwing (*Chettusia coronata*).

On the morning we were to break camp from little Arusha, six of my porters were missing. They had walked away during the night. They were all members of the Washenzi tribe. Despite the dangers and hardships to which they would be exposed until reaching the coast, they preferred this to a journey [through] Massai[land]. Such people do not even fear nighttime marches through regions full of lions, for one or the other will rely on *dawa* (magical substance) against lions and other dangerous animals. It is remarkable, how much these people trust in them. After the loads of these disloyal [porters] were redistributed as best as possible the caravan proceeded slightly downriver over the little Ronga river and immediately established a camp on the right-side embankment—for such crossings will take

time, especially with a larger number of donkeys whose loads must be removed.

The little river has islands here, and had a depth of up to 2 1/2 feet. The plain between the little Ronga river and the Litema mountains, which rise along the Pangani River up to 4000 feet above sea level, exhibits treeless grassland near the little river. Closer to the mountains there is a light forest of short trees, mostly consisting of mimosas on which we found many jewel beetles (of the type *Sternocera*). [We encountered] many pairs of rhinoceroses in this terrain. The vulturine guineafowl also made its appearance here, though it did not have a noticeable presence elsewhere in the regions through which we journeyed. The route, whose end point was the Chagga region of Komboko on the extreme western slope of the Kilima-Njaro, soon diverted away from the little Ronga river towards the Litema mountains. Rising up to an elevation of 880 m, it offered here an impressive view out over the lightly forested land leading up to the snow mountains. Many streams meander though, flanked by thicker woods.

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We established camp on the flatland on the little Kikulétwá river, which comes from Mount Meru and empties into the Ronga. The next day, many herds of gnus and gazelles (*G. Granti*) grazed on the savanna. After we traversed the area, scattering large flocks of sandgrouse (*Pterocles*) into flight, the path rose steeply to 1000 m and led to a lightly hilly and more forested terrain, where only a little natron-rich water flowed in a rocky [river]bed. This reddish-yellow and bland-tasting water offered the thirsty porters little refreshment, and brought on dizziness and lethargy. For this reason, the Massai call this area *ngare sukuta* (bitter water). Then, on March 31, we reached the Chaggaland of Komboko. That is what the natives call it; the Massai call this area *Engibongoto* (linguistically written: *eñiboñoto*), the coastal inhabitants call it in their gibberish *Kibongoto*. This land is no longer a dependency of the Chagga sultan Makindara (who is called Mandara by the merchants, who take all names and twist them around, abbreviate them, or fit them into the Swahili language) like the neighboring Machame, but rather is under a special chief. The inhabitants have yellow-brown to brown-black skin and are good-natured, but they appear to be less intelligent than the subjects of Makindara, who are renowned as smiths.

As a sign of welcome the natives picked grass and handed it to me. All of the beads which are accepted for trade among the Massai can also be utilized here, [and] armbands of lead are especially desired. One can also get rid of the more inferior cottons here [by trading them away]. The huts of the inhabitants stand alone or are hidden away in the forest in small groups, like those of little Arusha. The path which leads to them is hidden and is defended with pitfalls, all out of fear of the raiding Massai and Wakwavi of great Arusha (on Mount Meru). The latter cooperate with the Sultan Makindara and mount raids into the region of Komboko, which Makindara much desires to make subservient to himself. They have little livestock, and no chickens, which do not exist anywhere in Massailand. Massai women trade here in Komboko, and elderly people too. They purchase bananas and grain, which is traded in turn with passing caravans.

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Our encampment was in the middle of thick woods, at 1200 m above sea level. Nearby flowed the stream Sonya, which flows to the Weru-Weru (called the Ronga downstream), and whose water has a temperature of 15 °C at midday. The Kilima-Njaro, situated at 20° E[ast] of N[orth] [or East at 20° North?] of camp, was enveloped in gray clouds. It rained nonstop with a southeastern wind, with a brief interruption during the midday hours. It was especially heavy at night. The wetness of the encampment in the middle of the woods was dreadful. The porters froze terribly in their thin cotton clothing, which never dried. The snowy mountain was only briefly visible a single time during the three-day sojourn. Both peaks were covered in snow. But from a greater distance it becomes more magnificent,

when one sees it rise dramatically over the vast flatland. When I saw it for the first time on March 7, at the end of the dry months when the least amount of snow should have been present, even the smaller peak displayed a small but thick layer of snow. This is also shown in the illustrations in v[on] d[er] Decken's works. Incidentally, the illustrations of New, who stayed for a time at Kilima-Njaro in August, bear little resemblance to reality and show the smaller peak without snow. I saw the mountain in February, March and in late July. Only the easternmost peak exhibited a noticeable change in the amount of snow, which was more spread out in July.

On the dome-like western peak, thick masses of snow, broken up only by narrow, dark stripes, cover the entire summit year round. If one takes the measurements of v[on] d[er] Decken at face value, the boundary of the eternal snow begins at circa 16,000 feet and the snow-covered part of the summit stretches across 2000 feet. New believes that there is snow from about 20,000 feet on up stretching over 2000 feet—but then the smaller peak would have no snow. A snow boundary at 16,000 feet would also be consistent with my observations on Mount Meru, whose highest peak is at least 15,000 feet high, and exhibits several very thin stripes of snow in July. They disappear again, however, when the sun shines. It was likely an optical illusion, perhaps made by the glare of sunshine on bare rocks, which would explain why Rebmann testified that he had seen snowfields on the eastern side of Mount Meru even though the eastern sides of the mountains are the warmer ones. Even the name that the Massai give Mount Meru underscores that it is not a snow mountain: *Dönyo Erók la Sigirari*, that is, the black mountain of Sigirari (a Massai district), while Kilima-Njaro is generally called *Oldonjo*[‡] ebór, the white mountain.

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The term Kilima-Njaro is a Swahili name, but does not mean (as Rebmann and others contend) great mountain. Instead, the Mohammedan inhabitants of the coast [consider] Njaro to be an evil spirit which sometimes frightens children. Thus it is called Njaro Mountain, [and] many superstitions and fairy tales are associated with it. In addition, the inhabitants of Chagga personify it by frequently calling it lord, *mangi*. Their sultan is also called *mangi* and when the great mountain remained shrouded in cloud, they said “*mangi sua*,” that is, the lord refrains to show himself, just like they say of their chieftain, “he forbade the trading of grain before tribute was paid.” Incidentally, the inhabitants of Komboko call the mountain *Sira*. All natives whom I asked said that the white substance on the mountain was “rock.” The word Kibo, which has been known since Rebmann as the Chagga word for snow, does not mean that at all, but is rather a cry of surprise or reluctance, corresponding to the Swahili word *ama*. The Kilima-Njaro, whose quantities of water flow almost entirely into the Pangani River, does not mark the boundary of the greater watersheds between eastern regions and the Nile. Its northerly and northeastern sides are not the source of waters which flow to Victoria-Nyanza and are only of small consequence. They quickly disappear in the flatland, partly to form swamps or ponds.

This region is naturally exceptionally fertile, due to the abundant rains and the innumerable streams which flow through the Chaggaland on the southern and southwestern slopes of Kilima-Njaro. At any time of year, caravans obtain their sustenance in full, and in this way my 230 men could supply themselves within a few hours with grain to last for 8 days. Komboko is the last station for quite a while where vegetative sustenance is to be found. Here is also where the casual [pace] of the caravan ends. From here onward, one is practically on a war footing. While desertions occasionally take place after leaving Chaggaland, such [desertions] are [now] sure to cease—for the Massai would mercilessly slay any fleeing porter

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[‡]*Dönyo*: Mountain; *Oldoinyo* = a very high mountain

whom they encounter, or make him a slave so as to trade him later to another caravan.

On April 2 we left the cold and wet Chaggaland. The morning only reached 15 °C after sunrise, and we soon reached a lush pastureland, almost treeless, where the sun once again shone bright and warmed the freezing porters. Here we encountered a caravan coming from Lake Mbaringo. They had narrowly escaped a skirmish with a band of Massai encamped north of Lake Naivasha. The caravan had proceeded along our route just ahead of us. And, as we learned from them, one day's travel further they lost another two men to the Massai. Once again, I exhorted my porters to stay together, and to only leave the encampment in the company of several others, and with adequate arms.

The following day, during which we knew that we would encounter several Massai encampments, was very unsettling for the porters. It would also be decisive for the future of the caravan. What would the Massai say when they see the white man? Will they abduct him? Soon the cattle of the Massai became visible in the distance over the grassland. The treeless grassland is inhabited by giraffes, zebras, and gnus. It extends from Mount Meru in the form of low prominences and gradually rises toward Kilima-Njaro, exhibiting here conical, almost treeless hills.

Soon several women and older people came up to us. The first thing the Massai ask of a caravan is, “Where is the *Leigwenán*? Where is the *Laibón*?” For the former they are referring to the translator; for the latter, there is no word in German that reflects the full meaning of the word, and must be translated as “sorcerer.” The Swahili says *mganga*—that is, a man who is able to forestall misfortune, to find the best route, to drive out evil spirits, to heal sickness etc. This time, the European was presented as the *Laibón*. As far as the Massai were concerned, he was indeed a most remarkable sorcerer. Soon we were followed by a swarm of children, women, and warriors, who pointed at me sometimes laughing, sometimes with disgust, sometimes with fear.

We moved into an old encampment, 1230 m above sea level, in the narrow forested embankment of a stream flowing from Kilima-Njaro, which is called *ngare nairobi* (*na erobi* in [North Germanic]), cold water. It flows in the direction of Mount Meru, reportedly disappearing in a swamp or ponds. The first thing that a caravan must do after arriving at the location where they will stay overnight is to erect as effective a barricade as possible from acacias and mimosas, which will provide a reliable protection against nighttime attacks. During the day, the Massai move about at will in the encampment to beg and steal, and amuse themselves in various ways. As a result, the camp soon became overcrowded. Three hundred warriors, women, children and elderly persons ambled around like at an annual fair, where my own tent, as it were, was on display and provided the main attraction. It was an indescribable hustle and bustle, with shouting, laughing, singing, and bellowing. From a distance came the rather pleasant song of tribute from warriors, who hailed from far-flung encampments.

The tent had to be surrounded with an armed guard, but it was hardly possible to keep back the crowd. The lively, excited warriors wanted to see the white *Laibón* with his four eyes and his alien feet. I could not help but get out of there, otherwise the tent and everything in it would have been torn apart. Packed groups of warriors, women, and children thronged around me. Some stood on their toes to see through the backside of my glasses. Others looked from below, and still others felt my strange hair. Several, who were too frightened to physically touch me, touched me with [knobkerry] clubs. Finally they seemed to come to the conclusion that I was flesh and blood like they themselves were, but one thing remained unfathomable and suspicious—my feet. “He has hands like us,” they said to my translator, a Mukavi who always had to remain tightly by my side, “but his

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feet are entirely different." They did not want to believe that the shoes were an article of clothing, and the women kept shouting, "He has donkey feet!"

After I distributed a number of rings among the women (which they outright fought over), and after I made the tribute payment (which was rather generous), towards evening everyone pulled back satisfied and in the merriest of moods. The hungry porters could only start preparing their food once night had fallen. They had been completely occupied during the day guarding over their belongings. One can hardly imagine what devious thieves the Massai are. Little sacks of beads disappeared with monkeylike speed, a sidearm was stolen from the tent, [and] the lids of the cooking pots were torn off and spirited away by a laughing thief. They even tried to use the thermometers hanging in front of the tent as earrings.

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After a two-day sojourn at *ngare neirobi*, we pressed on, mostly to the northwest. The route proceeded partly through light mimosa groves, dropping down to 1150 m onto a mostly treeless plain, which stretches between Kilima-Njaro and Mount Longido, in whose lower parts a stream of natron-rich water flows in a ditch, and partly soaking the grasslands. The area is called *ngare njuki*, after this reddish water. The plain is bordered by Mount Meru, the Kilima-Njaro, Mount Longido, and the *Dönyo Erók la Matumbatu*, which has a height similar to that of Mount Meru, but which never has snow. Mirages were visible to the northeast, shimmering over the grassland as if it were on fire. In the distance we would have thought we were seeing an expanse of water, in which the hills stood like islands. Several herds of gnus stood in long rows, and individual giant marabou storks sought out giant beetles in the antelope droppings, for lack of other sustenance.

The following day (7 April) it was forbidden to march, being a Mohammedan day of misfortune (the 28th). Indeed it turned out to be one. Towards midday, gunshots and cries for help suddenly rang out from the acacia groves, on whose fringe we were encamped. Life in the encampment, so peaceful until now, instantly turned into fearful running and flight. Several Massai warriors were bracing themselves on their mighty spears, and vaulting over the [acacia] barrier. There were women in the encampment to trade in animal skins and milk, and they ran screaming to the fortified entryway. Some of the porters rushed over there, and the entrance quickly became jammed [with people]. As is typical among the Mohammedans, the response to the gunshots outside the encampment was to shoot ineffectually, which wounded a Massai woman in the upper thigh, and killed an elderly Massai man.

I sheltered an old man and several women in my tent against possible attacks from the overexcited porters. In the meantime, porters who had gone out to collect wood had come back. They told me that several young Massai warriors had attempted to attack them, but that [the porters] managed to use their weapons just in time to shoot and kill two Massai, and the others fled. After the nervous excitement had died down a bit, I released the Massai who had been in my tent. We immediately strengthened the barricade with thorned acacia branches into an 8-foot tall and 4-foot thick wall. With this we could successfully fight off an attack. But few of the porters partook of their evening meal with appetite, if at all. The night passed uneventfully, however.

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We remained in a state of uncertainty for quite some time. Finally, towards evening the *Laibón* of the district appeared with a number of warriors and elders and explained that, after lengthy consultations, it was decided to maintain a state of peace, and that they were prepared to accept a standard gift of atonement for the dead. After brief discussions, the following was paid: 1 1/2 weights of iron wire, 50 rings of brass wire, 600 strands of beads, and 14 war capes, at the distribution of which there was an outright fight among the young warriors, who did not spare their [knobkerry] clubs.

It had already turned dark, and I shot off a rocket in front of the *Laibón* and the elders present, and said that I would send this fire into their herds and destroy all their livestock, if the young lads were to harass us come tomorrow. Furthermore, I requested two older warriors so that they may guide us on our way. After this was promised, the Massai left in a state of true friendship. Indeed, on the following morning two of the warriors from the older age-set appeared, accompanied by others who offered to sell [us] two oxen. These were quickly purchased and slaughtered for the hungry porters. The going rate for one of them in these parts is 30-40 iron wire rings (of approx. 20 cm. diameter), 10 brass wire rings, and 40-100 strings of beads. These things have a value of about 10 Marks.

With the warriors as our guides, we soon made progress on our cautious march unharassed, and reached a campsite not far from Mount Longido, which is also called *Ngabutúk*. Only a pond of clay-colored water was to be found there. The soil was blanketed with thick, gray-yellow dust, grass, and withered shrubbery. At my request, the two Massai also stayed the night in the encampment. As a sign that nothing was to be feared, they placed their spears in my tent. One of the warriors in particular had, for European aesthetics, very pleasant facial expressions, which hardly resembled those of the Negro-type: a benign gaze which did not betray any of the murder and thievery which doubtlessly even he partook of, or at least had partaken of in the past. He was even so courteous as to haul better water p. 57 for me, from some distance away.

After the two were sent off with gifts the following day, we began the march to Mount Longido, which rises to c. 2500 feet above the plain. The encampment was situated at the foot of the same, at c. 1350 feet elevation. Here too were camps of Massai, who drove their livestock to what was a nearby spring with only a small amount of water. The Massai call the area *ngare ngishu*, that is, drink of livestock. The tribute payments never ended; almost daily we encountered new Massai. Often the young warriors came from far away, so as to obtain presents which you can never refuse if you want to remain relatively safe from harassment during the night. The wavelike grassland gently continued to rise, in places sprinkled with scraggly mimosas. The *Dónyo erók la Matumbatu* was briefly visible to the n[orth]e[ast]. In the flat called Kibalbál, in which there were various ponds with rainwater and lush grass, we reached the mountains of Matioma, which we now had to traverse.

The warriors from this area had just returned from a failed raid against the Kavirondo at Victoria Nyanza, and appeared to want to make up for it vis-à-vis us foreigners. Namely, some of them let loose a raging ox which charged the caravan, in the hope that this would enable them to steal various things in the general confusion. Some of the porters had already begun tossing away their loads, but the raging beast turned away a short distance from them and pursued a tall Massai warrior, who was carrying a large shield colored black, white, and red. It ran him down to the ground and delivered several blows to his ribs. Since *ngare neiobi* we had not had such a tumult. I had not closed the door to my tent due to the heat, and [the Massai] observed me in the doorway as if I were a monster exhibited in a booth.

Very early on the 12th of April we slipped away and reached the mountains of Matioma in a more northerly location, up to a height of 1660 m above sea level, and where the highest mountain peaks reach another 2-300 m higher. A small spring with pleasant-tasting water flowed in an area which the Massai call *waso neibór* (meaning white, clear stream), which already lay on the northern slopes of the mountains. Here the Massai had constructed various ponds and dams to collect water for the dry season. Until now it had rained only little, with southeasterly winds, which dominate in the area surrounding Kilima-Njaro. But in the immediate vicinity of the mountain one finds very thick rain clouds. The main season of rains, which normally begins in Zanzibar in the first days of April, appeared not to have p. 58

begun in this area yet. The fact that there are very heavy rains is attested by the numerous wide and deep runoff channels on the northern mountain slopes. These drain masses of sand and rock to a plain, and the waters mostly reach a basin [to form a lake] at the foot of the beautiful Gelei Mountain (which is close to 8000 feet tall).

The lake lies at 650 m above sea level—which is to say, not much higher than the ford over the Pangani at little Arusha. This area stretches from s[outh]w[est] to n[orth]e[ast] and has the shape of an elongated oval with a width of about 5 English miles, and a length of about 20. This basin, which is presently dry, is named by the Massai *Kiwangaine*. The western and eastern shores, if one may call them that, exhibit almost cleanly-broken-off rock formations which have a height of up to 80 m. The ground consisted of a grey-yellow lime, [and] the deeper spots were covered with thick reed grass. Numerous small, cone-shaped hills dot the gradually-inclined Gelei Mountain, especially at the mountain's foot. The foot [of the mountain] was partly torn up [with fissures], and was partly covered with unusual formations. The stretch of land [we] traversed was littered with flintstones. In various locations rainwater had pushed through the rock formations around the edge of the lake. This water had formed gorges containing ponds which provided drinking water. Here we found ourselves in the Döglan district, which the Massai had departed because of the drought, leaving only a few behind.

After we had traversed through the terrain which rises on the western boundary up to 740 m, we arrived at the salt steppe at Ngurumán, which drops again to 620 m. Here flows the small river called *waso nyiro* (gray river), which empties in the salt lake which begins not far southwest of Nguramán. The surface of the steppe was completely dry, partly covered with a thin salt crust that looked like a white frost. The lime earth, which during heavy rains becomes swampy, peeled up in flakes and crackled under the foot of the traveler, as if he were walking over earth which had been frozen solid. The flatland is almost devoid of vegetation. Only sparse grass grows at spots higher up, as if on islands which remained after rainwater had washed everything else away. Through this flatland stretches a mountain range, beginning perhaps 100 English miles east of Victoria Nyanza, running roughly north to south, beginning below 1° S l[atitude] with some parallel ranges. This mountain range usually rises abruptly up from the plain, up to 3000 feet, and stretches to 4° S l[atitude]. According to merchants, it reaches as far as Umbíwe. The mountain named Mount Sambu is a prodigious peak in this range, not far from Ngurumán.

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The Wakwavi call this country Bagassi, and it had taken us 13 days' march to reach it from Chaggaland. The porters had only lived on meat for several days, and here in the Ngurumán (among the Massai, *nguruma* means negro corn) we held a 7-day rest so as to allow them to access vegetative sustenance. As mentioned before, the narrow land at the base of the mountain range is inhabited by agricultural Wakwavi, who grow almost exclusively negro corn, and a few beans. A small, rocky stream which originates in the Sambu mountains brings good water year-round, and enables the natives to maintain this culture [which requires them] to divert the requisite water to their fields using numerous ditches.

Due to the increased moisture, the foothills of the mountains are festooned here with a lovely acacia forest. They are bounded by thick bush and grass, in which rhinoceroses and elephants are common. The latter in particular cause great damage to the corn fields. The Wakwavi of Ngurumán are a small, peaceful people like their brothers of little Arusha, whom the merchants gave the ivory to keep until the return of the caravan. They are tall, thin figures who dress much like the Massai. They possess [only] a few livestock, mostly just goats. The Massai consider themselves to be their lords, and also compel [Wakwavi] youth



Acacia groves at Ngurumán. (In the background is Mount Sambu.)

to participate in their raiding parties.

Before I continue with the exposition of the journey, I would like to describe the manners and customs of the Massai. The name Massai is not given to them by the surrounding negro peoples and the inhabitants of the coast. Rather, they describe themselves as such. Often I have heard them call themselves *Olmassai*[§] in their speeches. The Wandorobo call them *Loigóp* (plur. *eloigóp*?), meaning "the owners of the land." Among the inhabitants of Umbúgwe, not far from Ugogo, they call them *Wahuma*. The Wakwavi are divided into 2 tribes, the Olgorti and Ilkidóng. The former live, or lived, in the forested districts east of Victoria-Nyanza around the little river *ngare dabásh* (broad water; *dabásh* means wide but thin, shallow). The latter have their homeland in the region of Laikipia; that is why they are said to be called Ilkidóng (which literally means tobacco pouch), because they love snorting tobacco above all else. The latter speak a dialect distinct from that of the Massai and their brothers of *ngare dabásh*, and their bodies are distinct too. They have consistently dark-black skin and are tall and very thin. Their hair is less curly (plain, according to a merchant), the face is lean, the bodily features are sharp and generally resemble those of the Somali. It cannot be doubted that the Somali, Wakwavi, Gala, and Massai have a common lineage. The evidence for this is not only in the bodily structure and way of life, but also the language. It is very different from that of the surrounding negro tribes, which are all more or less related to Swahili.

The Massai generally possess a thin stature, but without appearing emaciated. It is much more common for the youth to have round forms, with prominent muscles. One

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[§]The 'o' is drawn out, [pronounced] like the English 'all.'

rarely sees smaller people. The heads are elongated, with foreheads that sweep back, but there are great differences between their faces and expressions. One notices sympathetic, pleasant expressions next to brutish, animal-like ones; and very noble ones next to the plumpest negro faces. There is particular difference in the shape of the nose, and sometimes it is not in the least reminiscent of the negro type. The hand is smaller and longer than that of the negro. The skin color is dark, from dark brown to deep black. Lighter-colored individuals are very rare. The women are also not lightly-colored. One should be careful with referring to a complexion as being reddish, since the Massai rub themselves with fat and a red decorative [ochre], like many other peoples. The women have a small, clipped nose, moderately fleshy lips, and are more gaunt than well-built. It is not rare for them to have a hint of slanted eyes. But what is most noticeable, especially among the older women, are the forward-protruding upper middle incisor teeth, which is much less common among the men. Sometimes the effect is so pronounced that the lips can hardly close, and I thought it was an artificial modification. There is no gap in the front teeth as is reported by other voyagers.

Married individuals and all females shave the their head. The removal of hair on other parts of the body is common, and the beard hairs are torn out. The young people of warrior status style the hair of their head according to each person's taste, such that one encounters the most varied hairstyles. Soon the hair is braided into small strands which evenly hang around the head, soon pulled together in the back in chignon style, soon in the front lying on the forehead *à la Poni*. Sometimes there is a long braided pigtail in the back, wrapped in raffia. Also very popular are three small arch-shaped, upwards-bent horns which protrude over the forehead. The hair is always competently daubed with red ochre and butter. The same goes for the body, which they apparently never to put in contact with water unless it rains. They often paint red or white makeup thickly onto their faces.

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Even though relations are generally patriarchial, and while there is no overlord and no real chieftains, and everyone is their own master, in a military context there is still a solidarity and a certain order, which one cannot expect in [an environment] of complete individual freedom. The people are split between warriors and non-warriors: *elmurán* (sing. *murán*) and *elmórua* (sing. *mórua*). The *Levelés* constitute a transitional class: people who are already married, but under circumstances may still go off to war. The non-warriors often include very young people who have inherited a large herd of livestock from their father, or are satisfied with little, without the desire for a raiding life. To wit, the only motivation for war is cattle. The need for them is great, and since every man wants to possess a certain number of them before he marries, he must go out on raiding parties against neighboring peoples to obtain them. The *Elmurán* is not permitted to marry, and they even refrain from indulging in alcoholic drinks and tobacco. In response to my questioning, they told me this is so that they do not lose strength and fighting ability.

The warriors order themselves into 4 classes: *mrísho*, *kishangóp*, *ngarebút*, *liteyo*. The first [consists of] the oldest and most experienced, who also serve as leaders to the others. Among the *Elmórua* who no longer go off to war, one distinguishes 3 classes: *wolkidót*, *ondoát*, and *niangús*. Each of these classes has a so-called *leigwenán*, meaning a spokesman who represents the class at assemblies and speaks for it, who negotiates with foreigners, and has a very significant influence at times. These spokesmen, particularly those of the younger warrior classes, are of great use to the caravans, for they protect [the caravans] and speak to its advantage, of course to receive a remuneration afterwards.

In the Kinangóp districts of Nakuro and Ndoro north of Lake Naivasha, there are three well-known and influential spokespersons: Terere, Leiwooss and Lesingo. Other than these

Leigwenán, the so-called *Laibón* have some degree of power. Anyone can become *Laibón* p. 63 who has the wherewithal to perform magic. Foreigners often take on this role. Through his magic, [the *Laibón*] must bring good fortune in war, protect the land from misfortune and evil spirits, and produce rain. There is an arch-*Laibón* for the whole Massai realm. His name is *Mbatián*, who mostly lives in the Kisongo district and from whom the Wakwavi also seek counsel. His task is primarily to determine the right moment for conducting raids, and to bestow upon the warriors victory and good fortune with his secret powers. Before each raiding expedition, a number of warriors will travel to *Mbatián*, who receives a certain number of cattle for his efforts.

The *Mbatián* is the most affluent man of Massailand. He is said to have over 5000 cattle. In return, he must accommodate the warriors who come to him for counsel and sojourn with him. The caravans that come into his territory also receive free accommodation. But the gifts he receives likely add up to more than the cattle he provides. Other than this arch-magician, every district has one or more ordinary magicians who occupy themselves with smaller matters, heal sickness, identify thieves, etc. They are usually followed [around] by a number of warriors and elderly people, one of whom carries a leather pouch with the magic substances. The magic powders are in a number of gourds. All magicians are distinctively corpulent, as a sign that they can afford to rest and enjoy copious nourishment from milk. Some are so fat that they can hardly move.

The most commonly used powder is a very fine one colored light yellow-brown, and has a very pleasant aroma. In addition, every *Laibón* carries a horn of *Gazella Granti* on a strap on his side, which contains a whitish, clayish mass, with which [he] makes a mark on others' foreheads. Even when the power which the *Laibón* exert on the younger people is not of great consequence, and in many cases [the *Laibón*] are even feared, [the *Laibón*] know how to exploit superstition to their own advantage. I very much doubt that the sorcerers themselves actually believe their hocus-pocus. The sorcerers who do not have the favor and the trust of the young warriors cannot hold their own. There are cases where people are killed if they fall under suspicion of exerting dangerous magic on their compatriots. Every male individual enjoys the same rights [and] receives his allocation of the tribute which foreigners must pay. Every class receives its own tribute, which is redistributed amongst its members. It is quite clear that tribute [which is paid out] in this land is enormous, for one encounters new hordes of people almost every day. The spokespersons and sorcerers usually also receive extra presents in order to moderate the shameless requests of the young warriors.

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With the entry into manhood in the 12th year, the cutting (incision, not circumcision) of the young [men] takes place and then they are taken up by the *Elmurán*, among whom they must distinguish themselves in battle. Until the wound is healed, the young [men] carry a peculiar decoration made from the stuffed bodies of small birds. These are strung up on a thread through their beaks, and like a wreath are placed on the head. The girls also undergo cutting. Their faces are then painted white with flour, and they place jewelry made of small chains of iron and cowrie shells on their forehead—the one ethnological artifact which I could not obtain. The camps of the warriors and non-warriors are situated separately, though some of the respected older members of the latter live among the warriors. After the young men tire of the life of banditry, and after they have captured a number of cattle in line with their expectations, they take one wife or many, and are admitted to the *Elmoórua*.

Since there is no servant class nor slaves, polygamy is necessary. Thus we find among the wealthier people, who have livestock consisting of several hundred cattle, 10 wives or more. Together with the children, [they] take care of the livestock and perform the household

tasks. Incidentally, among the Massai there is a more obvious difference between wealthy and poor people, more so than among other uncivilized peoples. Thus poorer people, i.e. those who for whatever reason have not obtained any notable property, attach themselves to the wealthy and perform services for them. There is no selling of women. The son indicates to his father the girl he wishes to marry. [The father] goes to the father of the latter and requests the daughter. Thereupon the groom sends the bride several cattle and donkeys. [The daughter] packs her belongings onto the latter, and moves to her husband, while it is up to her to leave the cattle behind with her father. Each woman has a hut for herself and each has a certain number of cattle and small livestock to maintain.

Owners of several 100 heads of livestock set up their own kraal, while others join together into a single encampment. Such encampments have the form of a circle, on the periphery of which are the huts, and the cattle rest at night in the middle. The whole is surrounded by a wall of thornbrush. The huts are 6 feet long, 5 feet wide and 3 1/2 to 4 feet tall, the ceiling has a soft arch, and the entrance is small. They are constructed from branches stuck into the ground, bowed together at the top, and cattle dung is thrown on top. Before the latter is done, the hut is covered with skins and is surrounded by dense wattle. These huts covered in dung withstand the weather for the short term while the encampment remains at the same spot. If one intends to move out of the encampment and find another place, some of the women and the livestock are sent out. After the new encampment is partially constructed and the necessary cattle dung has been built up, the lords-husband come later with the rest of the household belongings. The urge to migrate is so great that encampments are always changing, even in the absence of a shortage of grass or water. The Massai knows not only his district, but his whole land down to the smallest detail, and the young [men] wander it in every direction, and they enjoy hospitality in the encampments of warriors. From time to time entire districts have died out, while others are overpopulated.

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A moving encampment [caravan] leaves a profound impression, and one is reminded of the migration of Abraham. The caravan marches in a long row. In front are several armed [warriors], then the cattle follow, then goats and sheep, behind them the donkeys and pack-oxen, and the rear is made up of women and children. The women are loaded [with packs] just like the pack animals. [In areas] where the framework of the huts consists of bamboo, such as [is the case] among the Massai who live near Kikuyu, these are carried along on the backs of the oxen or donkeys. [The animals] also have to carry an enormous amount of skins which are stacked up high and held together in frameworks arranged in wing-like fashion on their sides. The women are loaded with small children, milk vessels and other household tools, which they all carry on their backs.

Understandably, they require little of household tools: several larger and smaller vessels made from gourds, a cleaver, little knives, [and] several cooking pots which they trade with the Wandorobo or the neighboring negro tribes. That is all that they need. In the hut they rest on a cattle skin, which lies on branches (made from *Elelesho*-trees, if possible). Clothing is also made exclusively from skins or furs, even though caravans have traveled through their land for decades. The warriors are all naked. Only a small goatskin is draped on the left shoulder or on the breast. Married people have an even larger one which often stretches below the hips. The sorcerers and some wealthy people often wrap themselves in a cape of cowhide that stretches down to the knees, or use smaller furs which are knitted together from monkeys (*Cercopithecus pygerythrus*), rock hyrax (*Hyrax*) or the African wildcat, which they obtain from the Wandorobo. On rare occasion one might see a leopard skin. The women and girls are wrapped in a wide cape of soft-tanned cowhide with red earth and butter rubbed in. This reaches almost down to the feet and usually leaves one

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breast exposed. It is held together with a belt around the waist.

Jewelry has great importance among the Massai. The warriors are quite the dandies, as one can already tell from their fancy hairdos. They wear the most varied earrings made of lead, brass, beads, and almost always with iron links, often dangling down to the shoulders. Sometimes [the earrings] are also made of twisted raffia, up to a length of 20 cm, slathered with red paint and butter. The upper arms are adorned with armbands made of beads or two pieces of ivory or horn [keratin]. The fingers are decorated with rings made of thin brass or iron wire, sometimes with extensions covering the long finger like a shield. Bead bracelets are worn over the wrist, and the hip is surrounded with a bead-studded leather belt from which hang small iron chains. In addition, the warriors wear goatskins attached at the hips, and which hang in the back in the shape of a heart. These serve as cushioning for sitting, and as head covering during rainy weather. During wanderings they wear sandals, especially in thorny terrain.

Beyond that, the warrior possesses special war makeup and places great importance on appearing truly frightening and wild in battle. A generally desired decoration consists of a halo of black ostrich feathers sewn between two strips of leather, placed around the face and additionally decorated at the top with two several white feathers. The area below the knee is covered with protruding pieces of the long-haired, black-and-white fur of the central African colobus monkey (*Colobus gerza*). These warriors also love the rattling [sound] of spurs, which they deceptively generate with tiny bells which they attach around their ankle. Larger bells are bound around the upper thigh. The weaponry consists of mighty spears with long, wide blades, a short double-edged sword, a knobkerry club which is often chiseled out of rhinoceros horn, and a shield made of buffalo or cowhide, painted in the colors black-white-red. The spear is only jabbed, not thrown. Weapons for throwing do not exist. The *Elmórua* carry a bow and arrow in addition to a small spear. Finally, the capes mentioned further above serve as decorations for the warriors in battle. They are fixed around the neck, or sometimes are simply placed over the head with a slit and undulate down the back.

Among the women, the main decoration consists of thick iron wire, which is wound in a spiral around the upper and lower arm and the lower thigh, and which spreads apart like plates at the joints. Of course this causes the body no small hindrance, and the *belles* can only move forward by turning [their entire body] and waddling in a peculiar way. In addition, the neck is surrounded with hoops of iron wires that extend all the way to the shoulders, especially among the southern Massai. All this jewelry remains on the body without ever being taken off, until death. The earlobes are incised, as is the case with all male individuals, and are ultimately stretched out enormously, so that they often reach the shoulders. The married women carry many [pieces] of iron jewelry and beadwork, the latter of which is worn around the neck and hangs down over the breast. They also wear heavy earrings of thick, spiral-wound brass wire, 6 mm in diameter, which must be held in place with a leather strap across the head, and tied to the earlobes with another. They are so heavy that the scalp sustains a deep cut. It is incomprehensible how these women, so handicapped and weighted down with jewelry, can still go about their work, as they especially have to do given constant migrations and the setting-up of new encampments. Among the beadwork, white, red, and dark blue are the most common color combinations. Less common are green, light blue or [European]-flesh-colored beads. [The Massai's] perception of color is no less developed than that of the Swahili, as is shown by the numerous designations of the various colors of their cattle. However, the women always referred to the dark blue beads as *erók* (black).

The diet of the Massai and Wakwavi consists entirely of meat and milk. They do not spurn honey, however, and it is often enjoyed together with meat. The warriors only partake

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of the muscle and cowmilk. The entrails, brain, [and] goat meat and goat milk are rejected as being for older people or for women. The latter also buy bananas and negro corn in Chagga and Kikuyu if there is a dearth of meat or milk. It is considered a crime to consume meat and milk together. They live 10 or 15 days only on milk, and after that only on meat. They even take a vomiting cure before transitioning their sustenance from meat to milk, or vice versa, by drinking fresh blood and milk mixed together, after which vomiting and diarrhea is supposed to happen.[¶]

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Meat is also never brought into contact with a vessel containing milk. I saw a woman angrily refuse to sell a porter milk, because the pot he brought still contained bits of meat. Furthermore, it is not permitted to boil milk. My cook always had to do this secretly, so as to avoid causing a provocation. If insufficient milk is available, the young [men] take a strong heifer from the herd and, after a skilled man has bled the heifer at the neck, they place their mouth on it and drink the blood directly from it. As soon as the heifer becomes weak, they seal the wound and let [the cow] go. The milk is enjoyed three times a day, either fresh or fermented. The foreigner is almost always only given goat milk, usually in a sour state and so spicy that it was often unfit for consumption. The women are usually not allowed to sell cow milk. The meat is either superficially roasted on wooden sticks, or, less commonly, is cooked and is enjoyed with the saltless broth. The broth is often used to cook the wood of a tree called *mrukután*, especially before proceeding into battle. It possesses stimulants so strong that the young [men] often collapse with considerable tremors.

Before the warriors embark on a war campaign, they retreat for a short time to the woods, live only on meat, arrange their war decorations, and prepare themselves for the fight. This is said to be the only time when these heroes are not dangerous, for during this time of consecration they may not steal nor kill. We encountered many smaller such bands of warriors. The cows which provide sustenance are not slaughtered; rather, they are killed by throwing them down on the ground and strangling them. If this takes too long, the beast is given a blow from a knobkerry club to the neck. Sick or lean ones are treated contemptuously by the *Elmurán* and are left to the Wandorbo. The young [men] are almost always on campaign. They meet up either by district, or from across several when it involves a raid on a more powerful people. The younger and less experienced warriors campaign against the weakling negro tribes, especially against the Wadigo living between the Pangani and Tanga.

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The Waruvu, Wasegua and Wanika also cannot hold out against the Massai. Greater resistance is encountered in raids against Umbúgwe, and especially against the Kavirondo, a large, warlike tribe on Victoria Nyanza (at 1° S. lat[itude]). [The Massai] are often driven back by them with losses, as they are by the Wakamba. The Massai from the northern districts undertake raids against the Suku on Lake Mbaringo, to Kikuyu, against the Somal[is], and as far as Lake Samburu. The Massai living in Ndoro District, on the southwestern edge of Kenia, possess camels which they have stolen from the Somal[is]. On war campaigns, cattle are brought along for sustenance. The encampment is set up a day's travel away from the area that will be fought over, and after orienting themselves with scouts to ascertain where the enemy's cattle are, they hide themselves overnight in the surrounding bush. As soon as the livestock go out to pasture the next morning, [the warriors] burst out headlong, with loud cries. Some [of the men] fall upon the livestock herders, [and] the others attempt to separate as many cattle as possible from the herd and drive them away. Sometimes the Massai also attack the settlements of the Negroes themselves, who for the

[¶]The Massai call this cure *niywót*.

most part flee. They usually lose quite a few of their number [when fighting] the Waruvu, who use firearms, which they know more or less how to use, from their secure islands.

Every year the Massai appear on the coast. In the Wanikaland they reach all the way to the English missions near Mombasa, and several years ago they slaughtered many people on plantations along the Pangani. Especially in the months of August, September, [and] October, when they move with their herds to the more abundant grazing near the coast and where there are numerous Massai encampments between the Pangani River and the Pare Mountains, they make the coast so insecure that trade between Pangani and Mombasa is barred. Several older people accompany the warriors on such raids, to exhort them to caution, and to take charge of the distribution of the cattle upon their return. It is said to happen that impetuous, capable and famous warriors are compelled by their comrades to stay away from the fight. Often they have with them captive Negroes from coastal tribes, who must show them the way and indicate the areas where there are livestock.

Every warrior has his special comrade, who remains at his side in combat. If one of them falls, it is the duty of the surviving one to bring an item of his fallen friend's weapons back to his relatives who have remained behind in the homeland. If he does not manage to do this, he will never again have a friend. In the fight over cattle, it is a joy for the Massai to be willing to die. In such a fight he does not fear death. When a man [back in] the homeland feels death is near, he has himself be brought to his cattle, so that he may die among them. It is touching, with what love and care they maintain and wait on their herds, how familiar they are with individual animals, and how the animals listen to the calls and whistles of their masters. The women—who on migrations walk behind the baggage-laden oxen—practically speak with them, coax them, and encourage them to hasten forward with speed, which always elicited great merriment among the Mohammedans. It is not rare to hang a bell-like ornament of ivory around the [cows'] neck, as well as small handmade bells which have the same ring as those of cows in the Alps.

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Castration is also practiced, especially on the donkeys. The cows of the various owners receive certain branded symbols. There is an enormously rich nomenclature for the various ages, colors, and genders of the beasts. Since the cattle are stolen from the most diverse regions, there is no particular type. Many merchants can immediately recognize the country it comes from. It is interesting to see how the cattle behave themselves when a caravan approaches. As soon as they see the long advancing row of alien figures, or catch an unfamiliar or disagreeable scent, they come bellowing—they are often in a group of a thousand—stand immediately in front of the caravan with raised ears, and bellow without end. Others pace back and forth in great agitation and the Massai have difficulty holding them together.

The Massai themselves, especially the women, exude a strong smell of cattle. The smell of people from the coast is also unpleasant for [the Massai], and it is not rare for them to hold sweet-smelling herbs in front of their nose while they stare at a passing caravan. The smell given off by vegetable-based food is most disgusting to them. One time I witnessed a young Massai tell a hungry porter the words, "Your food smells bad," and plunge a spear through the cooking pot. The oxen which are sold to the caravans are often not worth much, and are often so wild that one must hire Massai for several bead necklaces to tame them, or if one wants to taken them along, to drive them along in the rear. It is quite a sight to behold, to see a young naked warrior charge a raging ox, how they grab them by the horns and throw them to the ground.

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As far as religious customs are concerned, they do not appear in any form among the Massai. Even my translator, who, as already mentioned, was born a Mkwavi, explained to me that nothing of the kind exists. They do not have idols. A Mohammedan shared with

me that sometimes before battle they ask "Ngai" to grant them good fortune. Perhaps the preparations for battle are also bound up with religious views. I have heard the word *Ngai* quite often. When it thundered, they called "Ngai." They call the volcano Dönyo Ngai. When I launched rockets, they screamed *ngai*, *ngai*, and many said, when they saw me for the first time: *ngai*, especially whenever I lit matches. If one is so inclined, one can translate this word as "God." In any case the word is an expression for things which are inexplicable to them and appear to be of supernatural power.

As among all uncultivated peoples, they concern themselves only with the principle of evil and try to use magical methods of all kinds to banish that which causes misfortune. All of that superstition of the Middle Ages, some of which is still found at home [in Europe], of witches, the evil eye, auspicious and ominous days, still exists here in full force. It is not rare that people who are suspected of exerting evil magic (called *utshavi* by the Swahili) are killed. People try to protect themselves from evil magic by smearing cow manure on the forehead and cheeks. Many would only enter [our] encampment after performing this protective act. Young girls carry split wooden pieces around the neck to protect against the evil eye. It is interesting to note that even today the Italians often carry similar things to confront the evil eye.

The Massai do not bury their dead. After removing their ornaments they lay them under a tree to be eaten by the birds and hyenas. Among the former is especially the Marabou stork, which boldly approaches first, like the vulture, and commences to peck out the eyes of the cadaver. These otherwise very shy birds are very friendly towards the Massai, are always to be found in their encampments, and even follow raiding parties. At times the Massai do not allow them to be killed. Other travelers have reported that there is some sort of hyena-cult, but I saw no evidence of this. We frequently killed these animals ourselves with gunshots, without the natives raising an objection or doing anything to stop it. They perceive burial of a body as a desecration of the Earth. When one of my porters—the only one of the 230 who did not return to the coast—was killed by a buffalo, his burial had to take place in secret at night. The fact that the blood of the unfortunate [man] had stained a corn field required paying an atonement (at the time we were among the Wakwavi of Ngurumán).

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Spitting on the hand plays a peculiar role among the Massai, and is reinforced by a belief in sorcery. When visiting the *Mbatíán* or any man who is believed to possess magical powers, one holds out the hand so that he can spit on it. It was also expected of me, and as I was not good at it at first, the response was always: "more!" When we arrived after a six hour march in the heat without water in the aforementioned area of Kibalbál, where there were many encampments, the young warriors came in out in such numbers expecting me to spit on their hand, that my spittle ran out. This is also the practice when buying and giving gifts. After bargaining and reaching an agreement, the seller spits on the object being sold, as the giver of a gift does on the gift, as a sign that they will never request it to be returned.

The greatest sign of swearing the truth is to bite on a strand of grass. Bargaining with the Massai is a very extended [process]. One never receives a definitive answer when asking the price of something, and one is never certain that the sale will not be rescinded. One day, after long negotiations, we bought a cow and, after the purchase price was paid out and the cow was slaughtered, the former owner requested an additional payment because of the "unexpectedly large amount of fat" which the animal had. At first [we] refused this to him, but then he called together the men of his age-set and demanded a discussion of the case. There was no end to the speech-making, [and] we were glad to be rid of him by giving

an additional 15 bead necklaces.

Generally, their own assemblies and negotiations with foreigners are very orderly. Everyone must crouch down, [and] only the person whose turn it is to speak has the right to stand. That [person] has a stick or a knobkerry club in the hand with which he makes gestures. Anyone has the right to speak, though the *Liegwenán* of the respective age-set has priority. The Massai love to talk, and are untiring in negotiations. For this reason it is of great importance for a caravan to have a good translator, who is familiar with all the customs and needs of the natives, who understands the nuances of the language, and knows how to impress [them]. There are only very few such people on the coast.

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Holding out a hand for greeting is also generally common among the Massai. Like well-raised boys, the wildest warriors came to me with their arm outstretched, speaking the word *ássak*. Among men the greeting is *sóvai*, equivalent to "good day." The answer is: *heva*. The warrior is addressed by outsiders with *Murán*. The Massai call a Mohammedan *Láshomba*, i.e., "free one," as opposed to *Singa*, slave. Words for counting among the Massai only go up to fifty. Anything more is expressed with the word *ip-hi*. For all numbers there is a curious finger-language which is employed either without accompaniment, or while saying the numbers out loud.

Even though caravans have been visiting Massailand for many years, there still has never been a friendly relationship with the natives, excepting the Wakwavi who live among the Massai. The fault for this lies primarily with the young warriors, as their diet of tiger [*sic*] means that they consequently possess a tigerlike disposition. Even the elders cannot refrain from stealing, but at least they try to prevent physical conflicts as much as possible. It was not rare that they returned goods which had been stolen. An unpleasant strain in the character of the Massai is their great stinginess. Even the poorest negro tribe in East Africa offers a counter-present after having received tribute, even if it is only rice and bananas. The Massai, who contrive to reap tribute on an almost daily basis, never gave anything. Even the *Laibón*, who often also expected special gifts, never gave so much as one goat, from the hundreds they possessed—albeit with the exception of one man, the only Massai I encountered with goodwill, and whom we will get to know later when the topic turns to Lake Naivasha.

The women, by contrast, are very obliging and are a great help to outsiders. They are untiring, despite their burdensome ornaments, as we have discussed. As soon as a caravan has arrived, they [come] carrying wood, leafage and grass, for which they receive several beads. They often carry water for the tired porters, then go to their encampment and bring back milk and skins to sell. (With the latter, the porter builds a hut for himself in Massailand.) They often stay the whole day in the encampment, joking and laughing with the porters. And it often happened that night befell them, and they stayed the night. The women even apprise the foreigners of the young people's hostile intentions, and are prepared to resolve quarrels by any means. They also have, if one may put it this way, an international standing when it comes to migration. They can proceed unharassed to Kikuyu, to Chagga, to great Arusha, while the youth live in constant conflict with the inhabitants of these areas. One day while we were encamped at Lake Naivasha, women from Kikuyu came into the camp bringing flour to sell. They could enter the Massai area without hindrance.

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Incidentally, these [women] were indistinguishable from Massai women—for a foreigner at least—whose language they partially understood. This language is generally the lingua franca up to Mbaringo and Lake Samburu, and it is more or less understood by the tribes living in adjacent lands. In Nyémsi the caravans obtain Wakwavi translators for the tribes living further afield. The Massai woman is a tough negotiator in the bargaining process,

and it is not rare that a sale does not proceed because the woman has some special request which the foreigner cannot fulfill. Apparently, the husband tries to make up for the hard work [she performs] with as much jewelry as possible.

Let us return once more to Ngurumán, the caravan's latest stop. Here the negro corn was mostly unripe, and so a contingent of porters was sent to the area of Sonyo, across from the eastern side of the Ngurumán mountain range. As mentioned above, agricultural Negroes of the Wasegeyu tribe live here. After 4 days [the porters] came back with 200 pounds of flour, beans, and negro corn, a very meager amount given the long time ahead of us when we would no longer be able to obtain vegetables. Iron wire does not have currency in Sonyo [for barter]. Cowrie shells were very sought after, as well as brass wire and larger beads of various colorations. Here in Ngurumán we had northeastern winds, and few clouds in the sky. The temperature, shown by a thermometer hanging in the open under an acacia tree, had a maximum of 37 °C, falling at night to 20 °C. Even though rain had already fallen here—or at least the river from Mount Sambo held a lot of water—and even though the natives claimed that now it would be dry, unrelenting rain followed.

During the rain the Dondorobo fly is said to make its appearance, against whose sting the Massai are said to have an antidote. Mosquitos are also here, though I was not bothered by them in Massai regions. However, the scourge of flies here is terrible. As soon as the women come into the encampment, the camp is covered in flies. The face, the head, and the backs of these women are so covered in flies that one can hardly see any skin anymore. They are also the main spreaders among the Massai of infectious conjunctivitis, which is very common. The [flies] sit tightly packed on the edges of the eyelids, especially on those of the children, and thirstily suck the purulent liquid, which they then carry to healthy eyes. That is why the men use a fly-whisk made from the tail of a gnu. The Wakwavis' corn fields were plagued by large flocks of turtledoves. The natives are always on their guard against numerous Ploceids [weaver birds] including magnificent firefinches and ribbon finches, and they scare them away with cries and [by throwing] clay balls. Everywhere we heard in the morning and evening the sweet song of a thrush-like bird, the *Cichladusa guttata*, the most outstanding singer of East African birds.

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On April 25 we departed Ngurumán and soon headed in a northerly, then northeasterly direction. After a four-hour march we reached the country called *ngare kiti*, where another colony of agricultural Wakwavi live along a small stream. After a similarly long march we reached a third such colony at Utimi, where several streams flow through the rocks. [The streams] send their water to the *waso nyiro*, which we soon crossed upstream where it flows over a bed of rocks close to the foot of the mountain range. Even though the stream is only 12 feet wide here and the water is mostly shallow, at a few deeper areas one can find hippos. Along the stream's left bank [we] soon [reached] wooded hill country which rises up to 1200 m above sea level. On the 29th of April, when I looked out from a hill back at the plain [below] Ngurumán, I noticed a thick cloud of dust, which moved from southeast to northwest on the flatland, and in several places there were dust devils. The dust eventually pervaded the air, and towards evening there was a strong thunderstorm which made the water in the streams rise by 1 m. After that day, there was a southwest wind and unceasing rain.

The hill country soon flattened out into the plateau of the district Mosiro, where there were several Massai settlements. The path then turned more easterly, so that we left the stream and the mountain range. At an altitude of 1400 m the acacias and mimosas suddenly ended, and in their place came a shrub tree called *Elelesho* by the Massai, which furthermore is the archetypal plant [for this region], and is said to be common as far as the Mbaringo

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and Samburu lakes. The leaves, blossoms, and wood have a strongly aromatic smell, and water which is drawn from its vicinity has a corresponding taste. On the 8th day after the departure for Ngurumán we found ourselves in an undulating highland at 1600 m. Individual hills towered above it, and it was very cool from many rains. Here grew trees similar to cassowaries. There were also several strips of high-altitude forest of trees similar to juniper. Otherwise the area was covered with a carpet of short and lush grass. Only at individual locations were there small clumps of *Elelesho*.

It rained every day. It usually desisted from 10 in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, without the Sun ever really piercing through. The rainshowers were especially strong at night, so that the encampment was a morass in the morning. The tent never dried out, and in these days I contracted the pernicious fever which was breaking out in the area of Lake Naivasha. The highest altitude [we] reached was 1020 m above sea level. The district which also contains Lake Naivasha is called *kinangóp*, i.e., "our land" (*ngóp*: land). The path partly went through deep gorges carved by rainwater, wherein flowed a red-brown water, and in the crags of which lived many baboons (*Cynoscephalus babuin*). Our vegetative provisions ran out, and many of the porters, many of whom lived only on meat, suffered from dysentery, which however was soon cured with Ipecacuanha powder.

On May 11 towards 10 o'clock Lake Naivasha came into view, which lies in a cauldron-like depression in the highlands approximately 1900 m above sea level. A magnificent sight opened up: a lush drift stretched before us, delimited toward the lake by several dome-like hills that appeared as if superimposed on the plain. Numerous Massai settlements appeared like large black dots, and numerous herds of cattle grazed. A small forest of *Elelesho* trees bounded [the grassland] and behind it glittered the surface of the water surrounded by a chain of hills. We set up camp close to the lake under numerous acacia trees. It had taken us 82 days to get here from Maurui, including 53 days of march.

Lake Naivasha, which is about half as large as Lake Zurich, has an elongated oval shape and is a highland sea without an outlet. At individual spots stood groups of acacia trees. The western bank is partly overgrown with papyrus brush. A group of mountains 200 m high fronts the lake to the southeast. The water registered a temperature of $17\frac{1}{2}$ °C at sunrise, while at night the minimum air temperature was $10\frac{1}{2}$ °C. It has a very agreeable taste. The Massai also call the lake *Ndabibi*, after a little plant (*Oxalis*?), that grows plentifully in the grass here. The name *Balibál*, which is indicated on the Ravenstein map of equatorial East Africa, means nothing more than "lake" in general. Numerous seahorses inhabit the lake. It does not contain crocodiles; at least we did not see any, and the Massai insisted that there were none. Instead, it swarmed with leeches, for which reason the porters shied away from getting into the water to fish with a net. The use of fishing rods did not yield anything, though of course smaller fish are available, for gulls (*Larus phaeocephalus* or a closely related kind) and terns (*Sterna*) were not rare. We did not encounter any pelicans. Instead, the Egyptian goose (*Chenalopex aegyptiacus*) frequently made its appearance, and inhabits the moist banks in gaggles of 50 or more. We also made out the long-unheard cheering call of the river scree eagles (*Haliaetus vocifer*)— a sign that apparently larger fish are also found in the lake.

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On the 2nd day I attempted to make an excursion to an elevated point nearby in order to gain a full view of the lake, but soon had to pull back because of the Massai. A group of 40 warriors congregated around me, who wanted explanations for everything that I was doing. [They] suspected evil magic, and finally desired a discussion which never seemed to end, and wanted special gifts for reconnoitering their land with such meticulousness. On the 3rd day after arriving at the lake I was seized by a fever associated with jaundice, which in

a few days weakened me so much that I had to be carried to [our next] encampment further to the north.

The path led partly through acacia forest and over rock outcroppings. Large pieces of pumice and black slags lay scattered about. The encampment was located in a small forest of *Elelesho* about 30 m above the lake, where the edge dropped precipitously. From here we had a view over the widest part of the lake. At various points there were banks of waterlogged grass, which presumably lie exposed in the dry season. After a march of a few hours we reached the northern end of the lake, which is densely overgrown here with reeds and papyrus. Here is the mouth of a stream called "Gilgil," which flows from the mountainous land north of the lake. Then the land rose about 30 m. We crossed the Gilgil, which has dug a deep bed in the lime earth here, and set up camp in a highland of low hills sparsely forested with small trees, which stretched out to the Satima Mountains.

In this area, called *Murentát*, the caravan was under the protection of an elderly Massai named Kidaru, the only man with good intentions whom I encountered and who actually offered some degree of service for the presents he received. Here too I still experienced attacks of fever—the tent was continually damp from the almost daily rains. But even after I vanquished the fever, I had such a weakness and anemia that I could not leave the encampment. And all along we were entirely dependent on meat for sustenance, which disgusted me. If I had not had the good fortune to find a Massai who kept back the bands of young warriors who were encamped 1 to 2 days' [travel] away, there would have been nothing left of [my] remaining wares. Among [the warriors] were the same Wakwavi who wiped out the Mombasa caravan mentioned above. Of the 40 bunches of iron wire we had taken along, by the time we reached the lake we had lost everything to 30 tribute payments, and to a lesser extent, for purchases of cattle. Of the 23 bunches of beads we had carried, only 7 remained.

The old Kidaru, who was a respected and wealthy man, had the honorific title of *Leitún*. He was especially feared by the younger people for this because he was said to have very potent magical skills, and even his stare was said to be dangerous. He often sat for hours in front of my tent, so as to prevent an attack. He had one of his wives bring me cow's milk every day, and on two occasions also brought a goat as a gift. He moderated the shameless demands for tribute from approaching warriors, [and] brought back stolen goods. The elders supported him in this, for he was the first-class spokesman of the *Elmórua*. He possessed 200 cattle and 1000 sheep and goats, had participated in 25 raids against the Wakuawi of Laikipia, and had 7 wives (though he said he only loved one), but only 5 children. Two of his sons he assigned as guides to my hunter, whom he permitted to hunt in his land. Otherwise, shooting in proximity to Massai camps is not permitted. I have only him to thank for being able to make a good ornithological reconnaissance at Lake Naivasha. Here I found *Passer rufocinctus*, *Nectarinia Reichenowi*, [and] *Saxicola Schalowi*.

A snow mountain the Massai called *Dónyo Sonai*, presumably Kenia, is not yet visible from Murentát. Only after 3 [days'?] marches, when one reaches the mountain range of Satima, from where the plateau of Laikipia stretches to Lake Samburu, does one get to see it from the Massai district of Ndoro. North of Naivasha lie the Lakes Neirógwa and Nakuro, which one reaches after 4 and 8 hours' march, respectively. According to the old Massai, who had been there himself, one reaches Lake Mbaringo after 27 hours' march on the 5th day from the location of our encampment. Along the way one encounters hot springs similar to, but larger than, those later found southeast of Lake Naivasha. But a volcano does not exist here, allegedly.

The agrarian Wakwavi, who live in the land of Nyémzi and also engage in fishing, are

entirely peaceful, like those of Ngurumán. From here, caravans send out smaller parties into the surrounding areas. Among the Suku, who are an agrarian and livestock-keeping tribe west of Lake Mbaringo, a dwarf people lives in caves where smoke from the fireplaces is funneled to the outside through thick bamboo pipes. Furthermore, there is supposed to be a tribe which raises ostriches. Caravans strive every year to go ever further. The continental divide between the Nile region in the wider sense and the East African region lies in the wooded land which lies east of Victoria-Nyanza. The terrain drops noticeably as one goes west of Lake Naivasha, for Victoria Nyanza lies only circ. 4000 feet above sea level. The *ngare dabásh* flows into the latter; the *waso nyiro*, which originates in the same region, to the salt lake not far from Ngurumán.

Soon after our arrival in Murentát, the Mohammedan merchants sent several parties to the aforementioned smaller lakes Nakuro and Neirogwa, where Wandorobo live, who allegedly possess much ivory. There they encountered many Massai warriors, who not only dared to seize wares with violence, but also abused the porters, striking them with knobkerry clubs, branded them with spears glowing [with heat], among other things. I had sent along one of my dependable servants from Zanzibar, so as to obtain a reliable report. When these parties arrived in Murentát and told of their experiences, having withdrawn in what was to an extent a melee, the porters insisted that they did not want to march further. My old friend Kidaru also advised me against it, claiming that among such a band [of people], I would lose all my wares. Following my insistence, however, he said he was prepared to provide me with two guides who would lead me through the jungle and evade any warriors. But the porters did not want to commit to such a route either, where one does not see the sun for several days, where one must wade through water, especially during the rainy season, and one must anticipate the greatest exertions. Besides, they feared the provisions would no longer be sufficient on the return journey to feed them every day, as they demand of the European. I could do nothing but turn back.

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The wind, which had blown from the southwest quite strongly for some time, became more moderate towards the end of May, and we had thunderstorms almost every day towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon, though with little rain. At night the thermometer usually fell to 12 °C, one time even to 9°. The daily high was 23°. The lowest temperature would be towards 5 o'clock in the morning. Here on Lake Naivasha, which lies between the great forests to the west and the partly densely forested mountains of Kikuyu to the east, rain falls during a large part of the year, and the sky is almost always very overcast.

On June 6, old Kidaru told us that we could stay no longer, for he and the elders were no longer able to keep the warriors from committing violent acts against us. He was right, as was shown the last night we spent in Murentát. Towards midnight we were suddenly pelted with stones which were thrown into the middle of the camp, but without injuring anyone. But a few rockets, which always lay at the ready at night, and which had already provided valuable services in the past, sent these disturbers of the peace into precipitous flight. We had peace from then on.

On the following day the return march commenced along the eastern shore. But I was still so weak that I had to be carried for another 2 days. Soon we crossed a stream called Malewa, which has a deep lime bed and also empties into the lake. Later [we crossed] another small creek, but which only carries water at the current time of year. A luscious pastureland spread out here, where we could see many zebras and gazelles, and also large flocks of turtle doves (*Turtur capicola*) and the guinea dove (*Columba guineensis*), which search the ground for the seeds of a small shrub. The roars of lions could be heard all night. The Massai complained that several of these thieves often burst into their kraals at night in

large numbers, and carried away livestock. Our caravan was only attacked once by such [a lion]. It was in the Pare Mountains. We were camping without a defensive perimeter along a small stream, when towards midnight a lion sprang into the camp and tore away a donkey. It happened so fast that we only heard a growling and rushing, and when the porters jumped to their feet and I burst out of the tent, the lion and donkey had disappeared. Also the hyenas were nowhere more numerous than here on Lake Naivasha. Their nocturnal concerts were indescribable. When in the evenings the Massai returned with their livestock to their encampments, the women raised a dreadful screeching so as to drive out the hyenas (*H. crocuta*) which were combing through the bones and refuse of the camp. Other than these animals and the aforementioned Marabu and vultures, there also lives a raven (*Archicorax albicollis*) that stays near Massai encampments and lives from the leftovers of slaughtered animals.

Before we departed from the lake, we sent a party of 30 men to the border of Kikuyu, to the bamboo forest which the merchants call Miwanzini, so that they could buy grains. This bamboo forest lies along the border of Kikuyu to the northwest and is only inhabited by some Wandorobo families, who live a wretched life in filth, dampness, and cold, in a jungle which the rays of the sun never penetrate, and which even the animals avoid. Here they run a small trade with inhabitants of Kikuyu, whereby they buy up flour and other vegetative sustenance and keep them sown up in animal skins so as to sell them to caravans which do not want to go to Kikuyu themselves. They also carry out elephant hunting in Kikuyu and usually have very nice, large pieces of ivory to sell. The porters reached this place after eleven hours' march. The area is of such bad repute that it is difficult to motivate the porters to go there despite the good prospects for finding vegetative sustenance. Larger caravans, which only stay there a short while, are said to have frequently lost many people. Even two of my men had to be left behind because they had fallen ill, even though they had spent only one night there. But later [they] dragged themselves onward and reached the caravan just as it was about to break camp. According to the Mohammedans, the cold is so great that, especially when a fine rain falls, porters shiver violently and suddenly collapse and soon die. (Surely dangerous miasmas also play a role.)

After the men had returned on the third day and the sorghum flour, beans and millet (*Pennicilaria spicata*) had been distributed, on 12 July we departed from Lake Naivasha and set off on the route back to the Súswa District. It went through a mountain range, which extends for a stretch into the lake, through a large crevasse ca. 300 steps wide. Initially the walls were as if they had been cut through. In the middle of the gorge there remained a tower-like rock formation. There had probably been volcanic disturbances in the past, which were later carved by rain. The water at the location of [our] camp tasted flat with a hint of salt. On the following day the gorge fell off more precipitously and was more carved up here. The deeper [dry river]beds, sometimes of lime, sometimes sandy, led down to the level of Súswa. The walls exhibited variously-colored layers of lime and clay. In places there were reddish masses, and soon a pillar of steam 10 feet high became visible, indicating the location of a hot spring. The main spring lay circ. 1750 m above sea level on the northeastern rock wall, and in places rocks protruded over it. It formed a basin of circ. 80 cm diameter, in which the thick red-brown water boiled. Nearby the soil was loosened, and in places lifted up by the hot water. At one such location it hissed and bubbled like in a cooking pot, and a vigorous pillar of steam was shooting out. The ground in the area had a temperature of 40-45 °C. In various locations, water which was more or less hot trickled from cracks in the rock.

A type of Lycopodium and ferns proliferated here on the warmed earth. Further along

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during the march in the canyon we could see pillars of steam shooting out from the overhangs at varying heights. Rubble and sandmasses, and especially pumice rocks originating from the mountains, had been flushed in abundance far out into the plains of high grasses. Then to the s[outh]e[ast] Mt. Kapotéi became visible, behind which stood a taller peak which appears to lie on the boundary of Ukamba. Then the path continued at a distance of 10 miles from the mountain ranges of Súswa and fell in elevation. Near the path the waters from the mimosa- and acacia-bounded riverbeds, which wind snakelike down the otherwise treeless mountainsides in a s[outh] and s[outh]w[esterly] direction, collected into a small pond. Only one of the riverbeds had water, where we rested at 1670 m elevation. At night several lions prowled around the encampment, and [we] shooed [them] away with the shots of flintlocks and magical incantations. On the following day we had to undertake a strenuous march of 10 hours before reaching a water source, consisting of ponds of yellow water which tasted of *Elelesho*. Now we were back in the Maséro district. When we reached the familiar *waso nyiro* on the following day, we bade farewell to the *Elelesho* trees.

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We once again followed the old path back to Ngurumán. After several days of rest here, where the negro corn had been almost completely harvested, we continued to follow the mountain range in a southerly direction. At first there was a light acacia forest in the vicinity of the mountain range, in which large flocks of guinea fowl (*Numida/ coronata*) offered us welcome game. Soon it faded into a sparse grass inhabited only by a desert lark, and soon became devoid of vegetation entirely. A flat, nauseating smell filled the air, and the dry ground was covered with a thin salt crust. After three hours of marching we approached the salty swamp into which the little river *waso nyiro* empties on the eastern side.

The [river's] water is still recognizable for some distance beyond, since numerous herds of gnu drink from it. The water is circa 50 English miles long and in several places is 10 English miles wide. It is very shallow and has a reddish-yellow color.[¶] In the west the water reaches close to the foot of the mountain range, with a few exceptions where somewhat higher land cuts in to the swamp. [That higher land] is lightly forested and carries more or less fresh water. Springs of varying temperature discharge from the rubble of rock at the foot of the mountain range and provide the swamp's source. Some spots were so hot that the porters' feet hurt, and the temperature registered 50 °[C]. At several locations, the rocks were carpeted with slimy masses of algae and moss, and there were clumps of rush grasses. In some spots the [swamp's] banks were streaked with salt crusts that glistened white, like ice. For a short stretch, the foot of the mountain range was covered with volcanic rocks.

Even though there was almost no vegetation, the landscape still offered a beautiful, appealing impression. The blue, unblemished sky was mirrored in the mirror-flat water, which was bounded in the east by the soaring, black Geléi and Kitumbin mountains. In the south rose the precipitous slope of the volcano Dönyo Ngai, and to the north the landscape of Ngurumán with the Mbolio mountains was still visible. Large flocks of flamingos (*Phoenicopterus minor*) and pelicans (*P/elecanus/ rufescens*) enhanced the scenery, resting together in a thick host under a midday sun, forming pinkish-red and white spots on the blue water. The swampy terrain had begun at an elevation of 620 m, and fell to the s[outh]w[est], close to the volcano, to a height of 500 m above sea level. Nearing the mountain, the land rose again to 730 m, above which the land rises further to circ. 1000 m. This [mountain] called Dönyo Ngai (Mountain of God) is shaped like a pyramid, with flat, precipitous sides. The very visible crater is at the northerly side. As seen from the north, the sides exhibit two distinctive, small pointy triangles, which the coastal natives call *pembe* horns. Grey-white

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[¶]Lake Manyara indicated on the maps can be seen as a continuation of this lake which is interrupted for a stretch of 60-70 English miles.

stripes of varying width extend outward from the crater, and in the sun they stand out, even from a distance, from the otherwise dark-brown-black color of the mountain. Other than the foot of the mountain, which is covered with many mimosa shrubs, the mountain appears to have little vegetation. Only the southern and southwestern areas of the peak appear to have a covering of moss, or at least one perceives a greenish shimmer there.

The volcano soars precipitously from the flatland, and is as if glued to the mountain range on whose eastern edge it lies. Near the volcano, the hillside is noticeably flatter and the crest of the range is ragged. Boulders of varying sizes were scattered on the flats. Some of them stood in the salty swamp and looked like rocks of coral sticking out of the water. It looked as if they had come loose in an earthquake and had been hurled over there. Further on, the mountain range resumes its prior elevation. The swamp salt called magadi is dug out, mostly near the volcano, and is offered as an article of trade both in Massailand and on the coast. The natives, like the Mohammedans, chew small pieces of it together with tobacco, and the latter pack their donkeys with this salt on the return journey. In Pangani it can be sold for 3-5 doll[ars] per frassila (35 £), among other uses.

The land surrounding the volcano is barren and dry, the grass was completely desiccated. In various places there was a little bit of mimosa scrub. Some of the ground was denuded of anything. The volcano discharges small rivulets due to rainfall, wherein the grey masses of lava became visible. In several places there was also a frosting of magadi, and in the blackish earth one frequently saw small glittering bits. In addition, the ground was covered in a thick layer of a fine, grey-yellow dust, which the strong southwestern wind carried aloft. This wind blew against the advancing caravan, and [the dust] pervaded everything. Several hartebeest (*Alcelaphus bubalis*), elands (*oreas*) and ostriches were visible in the distance. Several times we also disturbed rabbits and warthogs (*Phacochoerus africanus*). The most common examples of birds in this desolate place were several lapwings (*Chettusia coronata*), coursers (*Cursorius*) and sandgrouses (*Pterocles*).

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Only one time did I notice some smoke rising out of the crater, but Massai and Mohammedans consistently said that sometimes the tongues of fire were visible at night, and that from time to time roars emerged from the mountain. The latter could be compared to cannon fire, the former with the bellowing of cows. According to the testimony of one of my men, the last great eruptions took place in December 1880, and coincided with a substantial earthquake. This claim is consistent with earthquakes felt in Zanzibar at the time. My informant says that at the time he was in a caravan about four days' travel southwest of the volcano, in the same mountain range. Around 10 o'clock in the morning there was a sound like thunder, thick clouds of smoke rose from the Dönyo-Ngai, and the Earth shook so violently that people fell to the ground. The Massai fled from the area, and a fissure opened up in the mountains at Mutiéki.

After a lengthy search, we finally found a water source on July 3 in a 200-foot deep gorge which had been carved out by rainwater. This was in the region called "Sunya," where the Massai had dug extensive holes in the sand, producing a cloudy water which tasted strongly of cattle. Here we again encountered several Massai encampments. The land rose to 850 m and then fell suddenly to 100 m to the level of Ngaruka, a very dry stretch of land surrounded by mountains and hills. Only a small stream flowed through, originating in the mountains at Mutiekí, which is said to [either] fade into the sand or end in a small pond. Beautiful acacia trees grew thickly on the banks, and the wonderful, delicious water (the first since Ngurumán) would have been truly refreshing for us—if only the Massai, [on seeing] our approach, had not deliberately driven their cattle into it above the encampment.

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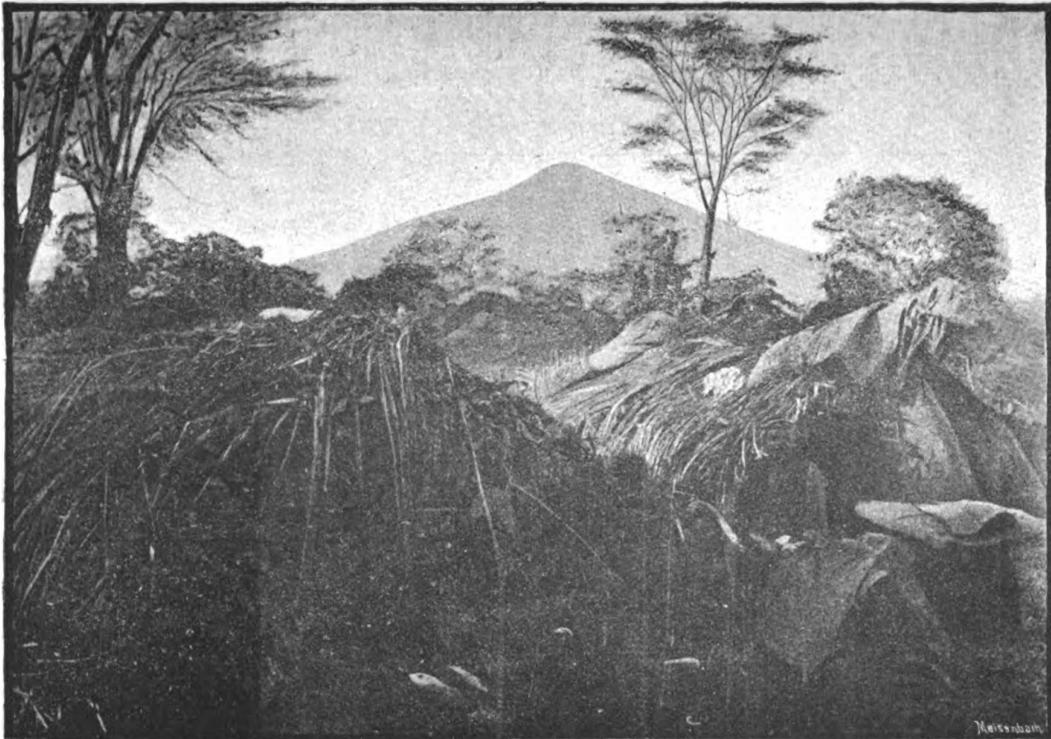
The plain of Ngaruka is bordered to the west by the oft-mentioned mountain range; to



The volcano Dönyo Ngai as seen from the north

the north by the region of Dönyo Ngai; to the east by the mountain of Kitumbín and an adjacent hill country that stretches towards Kisongo; to the south and southeast by the mountains Simangór, Loborgó and Ethí, which rise markedly higher than the mountain range connected to them, to a height of 1450 m. The plain [of Ngaruka] is a very hot stretch of land, for the reason that it is surrounded [by mountains]. Especially at the end of the dry season, when the air is often still, strong dust storms blow through, which come from the colder nearby regions of Kilima-Njaro and penetrate this area of strongly-heated air. At times they can be dangerous for caravans. During the march through the flatland I also noticed dust devils moving around in the vicinity of the mountains. Scraggly mimosas grew here, on ground that exhibited grey-yellow clay. Strange masses of rock suddenly appeared at one spot, sometimes appearing like decayed tree trunks, sometimes like a collapsed wall of an old fortress, rising up to 10 feet in height.

There were several Massai encampments in the deeper parts of the plain. Wandorobo were also residing here with the Massai and found good spoils of ivory in this region. We crossed the mountain range of Mondúl between the mountains Simangór and Loborgó, up to an elevation of 1400 m. Several Wandorobo who came into the encampment carried fresh *Elelesho* branches which they had brought from the heights where a few trees of this type grow. The lightly-hilly highland of Nanya, which borders this mountain range and descends toward the Massai district of Balanga, grows grass and blooming herbs, and many giraffes are to be found there. It has ill repute among the inhabitants of the coast, because of its sopping cold. Whereas there were few clouds above the Ngaruka plain, there were thick clouds of fog, and even at sunrise the thermometer registered 14 °C. There was a cold southwesterly wind, and a fine rain drizzled until about 10 o'clock. The porters were terribly cold.



Mount Meru

We reached Kisongo, the last area where Massai can be encountered at any time of the year. Usually the chief sorcerer *Mbatián* resides here. But at the moment he was at Leitokotók on the western slope of Kilima-Njaro. Kisongo is also referred to as a small, pointy hill which sits in the middle of the plain. Here, too, the grass was still green, and even in the dry season the Massai still find food and water for their herds here. Years ago the *Mbatián* had the Wakwavi dig a stream from Mt. Meru, into which they directed water from one of those other mountains so that the stream always flowed. For this work, the Wakwavi were fed every day with the cattle of the *Mbatián*.

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The warriors of this district were preparing a raid against Umbúgwe (near Ugogo). They had recently suffered a defeat there, had returned without plunder, and they were rather inclined to make me responsible for the failure. We interacted in an uncomfortably irritable atmosphere. Even though we had planned to pay tribute, we did not do so, and for the following reason: they avoided the encampment entirely, because they believed that one of us, who was being carried due to a heavy bullet wound to the hand and had several burns on the head, had the pox. They called this *ngaea*, which had been introduced many times by caravans. They told us that we should leave as quickly as possible, which we did early the following day.

We proceeded through a blooming hill country, which stayed at an elevation of 1300 m and at 8 o'clock in the morning had a temperature of 15 °C. After two short marches we reached the regions of Mount Meru, which has numerous streams. On the 10th of July we reached the Wakwavi colony. In recent days the sky was always overcast, and it usually

drizzled after 5 o'clock [in the afternoon] until morning. Here in great Arusha, the porters could feast and recuperate once again. The fertile land produces bananas, beans, peas, rice, negro corn, sweet potatoes, and manioc at all times of the year. However, the cold dampness spoils the enjoyment of the porters, who are used to the warm climate of the coast. They say that this area is more uncomfortable than anywhere else, and fails to fill the stomach to one's content. It is said that hungry porters have suddenly died shortly after their arrival, after falling upon the vegetative delights and having eaten to their fill. Supposedly this is because of the unhealthy climate, but probably actually due to the over-apportioned food and overfilling of a deprived stomach.

It is astounding what portions of beans one such porter's stomach can hold. One should consider that these people usually only eat once a day on the march, always around evening. In the morning they strike camp with an empty stomach, and [then] carry under the burning sun for the entire day with a load of 80 to 90 pounds of iron wire or beads, in addition to a gun of 8-9 pounds, a bag of ammunition, a powder horn, water bottle, sleeping mat, cooking pot, and often rations for several days and finally also several pounds of personal possessions to trade for some ivory. They march, cheerfully and joking, 100 to 110 steps per minute. He only demands one thing, and one cannot blame him for it: upon arrival at the place to camp, he wants to eat his fill. But even this is not always granted him, especially on a journey through Massailand, and it is not rare that he must go hungry.

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It must be said that at this time of year the climate on Mount Meru left much to be desired. I, too, froze in the morning and at night at a temperature of 15 °C. Mount Meru was persistently wreathed in grey, and at night there usually fell a fine rain on southeastern winds. Only at midday did the Sun briefly break through, but not so as to make Mount Meru visible. Only one time towards evening during my 10-day stay was the mountain fully visible. The thin stripes of snow that were there yesterday, when the summit was briefly visible, had vanished once more. The area to the southwest at the foot of Mount Meru is thickly forested, mostly with acacia trees with yellow bark. There are also tamarinds and sycamores, and the water courses are edged with shrubs and creepers. Large numbers of open areas of grass are scattered in the forest.

The fauna was richer here than any other areas [we] visited. In the thickest part of the forest, near the mountain, lived small families of the white-maned central African colubus monkey (*Colobus gereza*), which the natives would not permit to be shot. Two types of guenon monkeys (*Cercopithecus rufocinereus* and *pygerythrus*) especially sought out the crops. At night [we heard] the bush babies make their almost relentless screeches. Several kinds of squirrels sought their sustenance in the sycamores and tamarinds. Also the suni (*Nesotragus moschatus*), the only true antelope on the island of Zanzibar, was to be found here. The menagerie of birds was very rich, and provided most of the new species in my collection. For example, in these areas I caught a magnificent Hartlaub's Turaco (*Corythaix Hartlaubi*) and a tit species (*Parus fringilloides*), among others.

In days of old the Wakwavi of great Arusha—among the Massai the stretch of land is called “Gigooine;” the Wakwavi themselves say Arusha—through force of circumstances began to engage in agriculture. At one time they were no less dependent on the Massai than [the Wakwavi] of Ngurumán, or even little Arusha. In recent years, however, they have made themselves completely independent [of the Massai], and have become equal adversaries of the same, so that the Massai not only do not allow themselves to be seen in their area, but also cannot even allow their livestock to graze in peace in the vicinity of the mountain. A grim hatred exists between these fraternal tribes, and even when a so-called peace is made, bloody strife quickly follows. Incidentally, it occasionally happens that young Wakwavi warriors

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join the Massai. The Wakwavi living on Mount Meru derive their power primarily from the fact that they have taken up firearms, which they obtained through a small trade in slaves with the Mohammedans. Precisely because of the growth of their power and population — a portion of the Wakwavi from little Arusha has also migrated here — they have partly fallen back into their old raiding life. Only the older ones, viz. the married ones, cultivate the land, for which they also utilize slaves. The younger ones constitute a warriorhood like among the Massai, also despising vegetative sustenance, and whose clothing and customs align almost completely with theirs. This band of warriors undertakes raids against the Chaggaland (Komboko), to Pare and even to Ukamba, and steals animals and humans.

I was just in little Arusha (on the outward journey in March), when Wakwavi warriors returned from a raid against the Wapare and had seized cattle, goats, and around 15 slave specimens, the latter of which were sold immediately to the Mohammedans. For a good slave, one usually pays 1 gun, a powderhorn, an ammunition pouch, and some powder and lead. The Mohammedans make excellent business, for the worth of these items amounts to 6 doll[ars], but of a slave on the coast at least 40. The most dreadful scenes took place here, as they are sufficiently known from descriptions by earlier travelers. The Wakwavi of little Arusha are often prompted by their cousins of Mount Meru to join their raiding parties, but are peaceful people who have a different character from that of their forefathers. Little inclined [to raid], they usually weasel out and quickly return home with the excuse that they have lost their compatriots. This was also the case on this occasion.

Their clothing consists mostly of skins, but the older people also wear cotton. The ornaments are the same as those of the Massai. Foreigners, however, can move around here freely without being murdered, even though there were several occasions when blustering young Wakwavi struck porters with knobkerry clubs. In contrast to the Massai, the young people engage in the hunt, and they enjoy buffalo and antelope meat. They are evidently knowledgeable with snares, and almost daily small antilopes were brought to me alive. The children brought many francolins and guinea fowl which they caught in snares in the millet fields. They are expert at felling birds with rocks or arrows. For this reason, this is an oasis for the collector in the harsh desert of Massailand. The married people arrange their quarters like the Wakwavi of little Arusha and Ngurumán by one, twos, or threes in the forest near their fields. The inhabitants of the coast distinguish the Wakwavi living on the slopes of the mountains from those living at the base, and call the former WaMeru— they are those who especially hunt elephants.

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During my time among the Wakwavi we developed very friendly relations, which was visibly uncomfortable for the Mohammedans, who through all kinds of lies attempted to disrupt the amity. The elders visited me every day without any shyness, including a man who could make himself understood through the Swahili language, which was very important for me. The younger people, meanwhile, scurried away in fright at the sight of me. Those who lived in the area who saw me daily soon developed trust and undertook several hunts with me. In the course of these they showed great interest for the breechloaders and the manufactured cartridges, while the Massai were completely indifferent to such things.

When we arrived, there was a great excitement among the natives. A great number of them surrounded the tent. The most ridiculous rumors had spread, including: the white man sleeps at night in flowing water. This is why we found the creek flowing past the encampment to be fenced off. Only after a deputation of older people assembled in my tent and saw for themselves that I had brought an item along with me for the purpose of sleeping, was the creek made accessible again. At this time the deputation also asked if I consume sustenance, and they were visibly pleased to hear that I did not reject the things

that they themselves enjoyed.

The fear of sorcery was as great here as it was among the Massai, and when purchasing ethnological items, especially of a certain type such as, for example, hand tools and tools for the home, it was necessary to maintain the greatest caution. Little earrings made of glass, which looked like little icicles, were rejected here as evil magic, just like they were among the Massai. Some also regarded play coins the same way, though in general they were favored. Mirrors could not be brought out into the open. The Massai in particular were fearful of them, and when they peered into them, it was delightful to see with what peculiar expressions they displayed of shyness, fear, and astonishment. They did not accept these magical things, because they feared that possession of them would invite suspicion of being an evil sorcerer.

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They make their weapons themselves, like the Massai, though they also highly regard spears and shields made in Machame (Chaggaland). They rarely produce iron themselves; usually they smith iron wire. Smiths, who are called in the Massai language *likonono* (sing. *kononi*), are an especially despised class among the Massai. But I could not establish that they are members of a distinct tribe, as others have reported. Among the Wakwavi, the father has greater authority over the son than among the Massai. The son cannot, like he can among the latter, sell cattle without the approval of the father. The proceeds of the son belong to the father. Several times, sales of slaves were reversed because the son had conducted the sale without the knowledge of his father.

As among all East African agrarian tribes, there are established drinking days among the Massai and Wakwavi. It is only natural, when one considers that alcoholic drinks are not immediately available, but must be prepared first. One day the usual visit of elders [to me] in great Arusha did not happen. On the following day they gave the excuse that it had been a day of drinking, and since I had told them that I do not want to see drunk people, they did not visit me. The intoxicating drink is always hydromel. Honey and water is stirred together, and is placed next to a fire for two days. They also add the root of an agave to speed up the fermentation. As previously mentioned, only people who are not warriors partake in drinking. The women refrain from it.

The inhabitants of great Arusha also seek counsel from the *Mbatián* of the Massai, since they themselves appear not to have a great sorcerer. I did not encounter any *Laibón* among them at all. The most influential man was the spokesperson for the elders and his elderly father, named Lebanga, who had some 100 children. A ruler above the chieftains also does not exist here. Real power lies with the warriors, which can be seen from the fact that the day before our arrival, they killed the spokesperson of the youngest warrior class, a son of the old Lebanga, because in little Arusha he had acquired "evil arts" among the Mohammedans. Among the Wakwavi at Mount Meru, who had already heard of Europeans through the more fluid and free commerce with the inhabitants of the coast, I was often called the Swahili name *Mzungu*. Otherwise, and always among the Massai, I was referred to as *Laibón ebór* (the white sorcerer). The Massai had no idea that I was from a tribe of white people, but they rather considered me to be an especially distinctive *Laibón* from among the multicolored inhabitants of the coast. The Mohammedans did not care to enlighten them on this point, and given [the Massais'] restless and suspicious character, it would not have been of benefit. They were so suspicious that, in spite of our gifts, they only answered our questions pertaining to their land, mores, and customs with reluctance and evasive glances. Their eyes always moved around skittishly, and they sought to evade any questions with some sort of an excuse.

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Due to their pride and boundless thirst for freedom, they are not useful as slaves. For this

reason, to the best of my knowledge one never finds a Massai slave on the coast, whereas the closely-related Galla tribe delivers good and sought-after slaves. Wakwavi girls from the districts Lúmbua and Mau, where the Wakwavi became very impoverished after their defeat, have at times attached themselves to caravans and live as wives of Mohammedans in Pangani. When we finally left great Arusha, the Wakwavi made the request that Europeans, who bring many arms and gunpowder, should soon return to settle among them so as to wipe out the Massai.

Mount Meru sends its waters mostly to the Pangani River. Only several unimportant streams flow to a small lake (or pond?) in the Balanga district.

On the way to little Arusha we passed 3 little rivers, which merge into one not far from the Litema mountain range, and which soon joins with the little Weruweru river (as it is called below Ronga) which comes from Kilima-Njaro. On 24 July we arrived again at little Arusha, where we set up camp closer to the Ronga and outside of the forest, and which granted an open view over the landscape. The area was full of game and every day it delivered meat-based sustenance in plenty, which was desired all the more because the natives' fields had been damaged in flooding, and almost only sugarcane was brought to market. The little reedbuck (*Eleotragus reduncus*) in particular graced [our] kitchen with good-tasting meat, which, because of its curiosity towards the hunter, fell prey to the hunter more easily than the cautious gazelles and pala (*Aepyceros melampus*). Honey was now available in large quantities, and several times Massai came from the Sogóni district to exchange livestock for it. Even though they enjoy honey and need it to prepare hydromel, they are still too proud to manufacture bee cages (hollowed-out pieces of tree trunks) and hang them up. Hence one

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Samboya, chieftain of the Wasambá.

can only find honey among the Wakwavi and Wandorobo.

Many Massai warriors from the Sígirári district also passed through Arusha, and were about to start a raiding expedition against the Waruvu. On our return march to the Pare mountains we also encountered several troops of Massai who were driving away livestock which they had stolen from the Wapare. Hence, upon the caravan's gunshots [to signal that we] needed grain, the Wapare only descended with reluctance from the heights. They also had blocked off access to water because of the Massai. We crossed the little Mkomazi river originating from the Pare mountains higher upriver than on the outward journey, so as to reach the level of Masinde and to acquaint ourselves with the land of the Wasambá. This is a peaceful people which engages in farming and raises livestock, and is closely related to the Wasequa in terms of language and customs. They live exclusively on this land crossed with mountain ranges of granite, which enclose valleys of varying width. In those valleys live several colonies of Wasequa who are subject to the chief of the Wasambá. This man, called Samboya, resides in a settlement at an elevation of 460 m on the Ngua mountain, located on the slopes that fall off to the plain of Masinde. His son Kimeri lives in the mountain redoubt of Vuga, closer to the coast. Father and son are very jealous of each other, and



The landscape at Masinde, in the Usambá mountains.

because a sorcerer had predicted that one of them must die the day they lay eyes on each other, they fearfully avoid any encounter with each other.

Samboya has some Arab blood, as do any chieftain families of the Wasambá and WaChagga. He has yellow-brown skin and dresses very much in the style of the Arabs. And although he is so stuck in his nonbelief, to the point that pork is his favorite food, he loves to say expressions which are so common among the Mohammedans—"as God wills," "praised be to God"—which they resent from such an impure mouth as his, but which they must tolerate as he is the lord of the land. Samboya speaks Swahili as his mother language. He also understands the Massai language, for, as a crusty merchant, he also has relations with them and buys ivory and livestock from them. Recently he came to an agreement with the Massai: during the dry months he permits them to graze their livestock on the green fields of this land, in exchange for which the Massai leave his subjects in peace. In complete contrast to the Usequa peasant chieftain Sodenga, Samboya is a urbane man, who is also aware of the relations on the coast and on Zanzibar, and as the governor of the Sultan he flies a red flag on the Arabic Sundays (Friday). The Wasambá use cotton exclusively for clothing, and firearms are in such general use, that one rarely sees anyone with bow and arrow anymore, such that it was difficult for me to obtain a shield. They carry out an active trade in livestock and grains with the inhabitants of Pangani.

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On the partially thickly-forested mountains there also grows a tree similar to sandalwood. In the plains there are stretches of impressively tall forest. The rocky streams flow from the mountains and merge in the level of Masinde and make up a swamp thickly grown with reed grass and Cyperus grass. The Washambaa live in the most bitter enmity next to the neighboring Washenzi, the inhabitants of the landscape of Bondei, where there is an English

mission station. Samboya has until now attempted to bring them under his rule, to no avail. Every day the chieftain sent hospitable gifts of a cow and two sacks of rice, in addition to butter and honey. But he also had very many wishes of his own, and was not shy in his requests. Now, however, as the trip was nearing its end, I could grant him everything. I could not satisfy only his desire for "spicy European wine" (spirits). Samboya was an expert at producing honey, banana wine and sorghum beer, but preferred the Hamburg brands to his native brews.

After three days' stay, we proceeded along the mountain range to Maurui, leaving the little Mkomazi river to our right at a distance of 5 sea miles. Not far from foot of the Manga and Mafi mountains, that river flows into the Pangani. [We went] along the mountain range to Maurui, where the negro corn had just been harvested, and the natives approached us in great numbers. Thereupon, on 14 August we arrived in Pangani again, after about eight months' absence.

Plate 4

- Fig. 1. Sword from Chaggaland, personally smithed by King Makindara
- Fig. 2. Spear of a Massai warrior
- Fig. 3. Spear of a Massai, who is no longer in the warriorhood.
- Fig. 4. Sword of the Washambaa. The sheaths of the swords and knives are made with thin wooden planks sheathed in leather. The leather is usually colored red with the root of *Lawsonia* (Henna). The handle is of wood, wrapped with leather strips. This is also the case for the swords of the Massai. For objects made of iron, in most cases the iron utilized is brought from Europe through trade.
- Fig. 5, 5a. Sword from Chagga. This style is also typical among the Massai. The weapons of the inhabitants of Chagga are famous, and the Massai often obtain them from there through Kwavi intermediaries.
- Fig. 6. Iron knife ([made] from one piece) from Chagga.
- Fig. 7, 7a. Knife from the Kwavi of great Arusha.
- Fig. 8. Combat cleaver from the inhabitants of the Pare Mountains.
- Fig. 9. Shield of the Massai and also of the Kwavi. These are made of ox- or buffalo skin which is stretched on a wooden frame. The edge is strengthened by folding it over and sewing it with raffia fronds. The shields are painted with white tone, ash, and ochre black-white-red in various patterns depending on the tastes of the owner. A good shield has the value of an ox.
- Fig. 10, 10a, 11. Shields of the Washambaa, made from buffalo skin. 10a. The reverse view. In Figure 11 the front surface of the shield is notched so it appears as if it consisted of strips.
- Fig. 12, 13. Head ornamentations of the Massai warriors. These consist of two circularly-cut raffia fronds with black ostrich feathers sown tightly between them. In Figure 12, at the tip there is a tail of a monkey (*Colobus guereza*) attached. In Figure 13, strips of hairs of it are attached between the ostrich feathers. The decorations are arranged around the face and held in place with a small belt that runs around the back of the head.
- Fig. 14, 15. Ornamentation for the leg of the Massai warriors. These are made from the lightly-tanned black-white fur of the aforementioned monkey. Over the top edge there runs a row of beads. The ornamentation is fastened below the knee, [with] the long knee forwards. Figure 14 shows the same for the left [knee], Figure 15 for the right.
- Fig. 16. Iron bell, made by the Massai. It is fastened with small straps around the thigh.

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Plate 5

- Fig. 1. Wooden female fetish, with strings of beads around the hips. It originates from the Washenzi in the land of Bondéi and was used as *dawa ya wagónjwa*, that is, medicine for someone ill.
- Fig. 2. Wreath from the bodies of birds, from the Kwavi of great Arusha. This is made from smaller birds which are stuffed and strung together through the beaks. Black ostrich feathers are inserted on the sides. The wreath is worn by the small boys of the Massai and Kwavi after circumcision until the wound is fully healed.
- Fig. 3. Decorative ensigns of the Massai warriors. This is fixed around the neck and hangs down over the back. It consists of a strip of thin, soft leather with butter and ochre rubbed in, [and] is bordered with fine white and red beads. The front surface and the top is decorated with small iron chains.

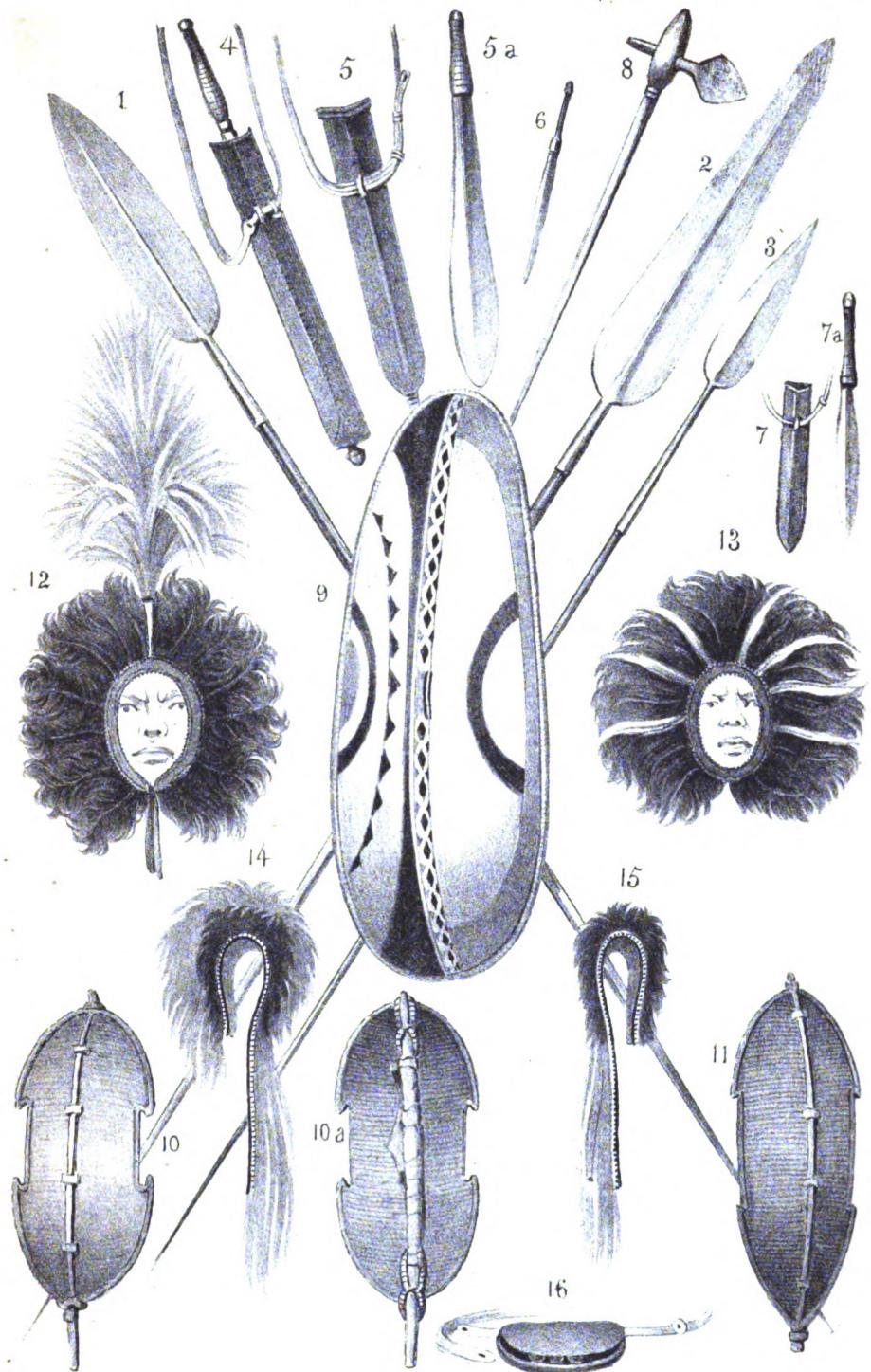
- Fig. 4. Earrings for married women, made from brass wire wound into two slabs of spirals. This is affixed with a small leather strap in the enormously expanded earlobe, and also by a second running over the head. They are used by the Massai and Kwavi. The husbands own similar ones.
- Fig. 5. A piece of beadwork, which is pulled over the lower part of the aforementioned earrings. It consists of a sort of split, sewn-together piece of leather bounded with beads on the upper part, [and] which is studded with cauri shells and from which hang short strings of beads.
- Fig. 6. Ear ornamentation for Massai warriors. This consists of a number of thin, small double strips of leather, which are rubbed in with red powder, and which carry small knots or balls of wood on the corners. The closed upper end is tied up in raffia which also forms an oval ring. The opposite side is bent the other way, and is inserted through the earlobe.
- Fig. 7. Ear ornamentation of the Massai and Kwavi for men. This consists of a fine, spiral-wound iron, brass or copper wire, which is tied directly around the earlobe. Long chains of iron wire are then attached to these rods. The latter generally play a premier role among these peoples. They come almost exclusively through trade from the land of Chagga, where they are manufactured to the highest and finest quality.
- Fig. 8 and 9. Ear ornamentation of the Wapare from ebony. Also serves to expand the earlobe, which runs around these rings in a thin strip of skin. The decorations on the same are made with iron wire inserted through the wood.
- Fig. 10. Earring made of brass, for men. Massai.
- Fig. 11. Earring of fine spiral-wound copper wire with brass buttons. Massai.
- Fig. 12. Earring for men made from a bone plate with beads hanging from it. The same is attached to the earlobe with a fine leather strap.
- Fig. 13. Neck ornamentation of a Massai woman. Blue pearls are lined in rings on a neckband of iron wire. The iron chains attached to it hang over the breast.
- Fig. 14. Hip band of a Massai woman, made from pipelike brass pieces and blue glass beads put together, through which a leather string runs.
- Fig. 15. Neck ornamentation of the Massai, for men. It consists of a strap of iron wire, which is wrapped in a fine iron wire and from which hang two double-chains over the breast, which are reinforced with metal plates.
- Fig. 16. Neck ring from buffalo skin, from a Massai girl.
- Fig. 17. Neck ring of a Massai woman. The beads (mostly white, red and dark blue) are sown onto a small leather hoop. Small brass pieces and iron wires hang in front.
- Fig. 18, 19 and 20. Armbands for girls, consisting of little notched pieces of wood from a special type of tree, which are attached with a string woven from grass, or a leather strap. These are carried by the Massai and Kwavi as protection against diseases and the evil eye.
- Fig. 21. Neck decorations of a Massai woman. On two thick and thin iron rings running in parallel, whiter and smaller blue beads are mounted. Groups of iron chains hang in front here as well.
- Fig. 22. Neck ring made of brass, from a woman of Pare.
- Fig. 23. Neck ornamentation for girls and women of the Massai. Red, white and dark blue beads are sown onto a ring-shaped, sewn-together leather plate fitted with an extension.
- Fig. 24. Neck ornamentation of a Ndorobo woman. A string of beads with wooden pegs.
- Fig. 25. Iron finger ring of the Massai, which covers the finger like a shield. Is worn especially among sorcerers.
- Fig. 26. Finger ring of a young Kwavi from great Arusha, consisting of the skin and the talon of a vulture. Is utilized in fights and disputes.
- Fig. 27. Smaller bell of a Massai warrior for the ankle.

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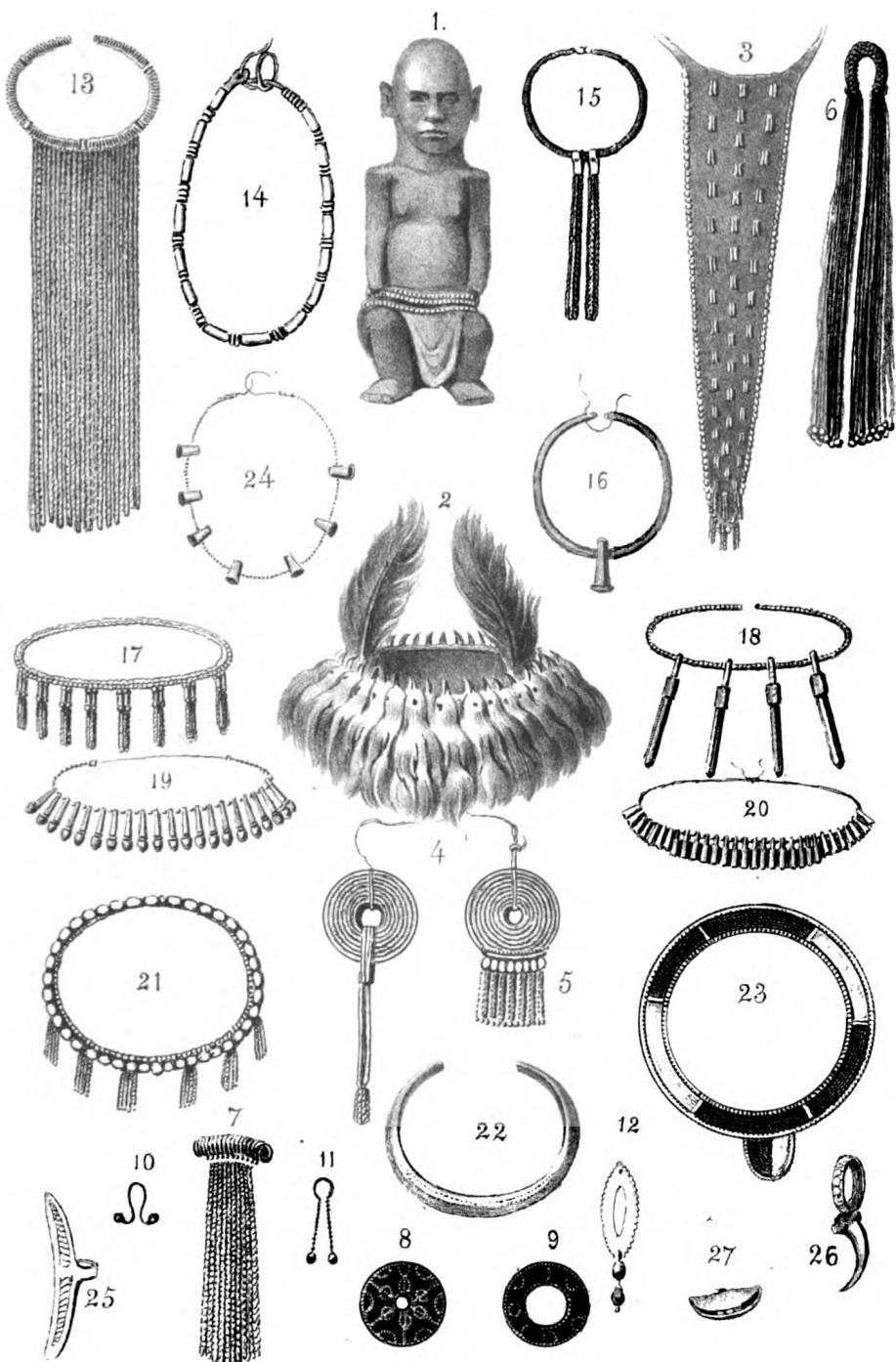
Plate 6

- Fig. 1. Split armband of the Massai made from [rhino] horn, with small iron chains. The tips are wrapped in brass. Are worn by the men on the upper arm.
- Fig. 2. The same, from wood.
- Fig. 3. The same, cut from a piece of ivory.
- Fig. 4. Block of wood used by the Massai to stretch out the earlobes.
- Fig. 5. Ear ornamentation made from ivory, from a Massai. The ear lobe runs through the opposite notches.
- Fig. 6. Cleaver of the Kwavi, from great Arusha.
- Fig. 7. Bent knife for the cutting of grass, etc., from the same location.
- Fig. 8. Spades for agricultural work, from the same location.
- Fig. 9. Long-handled blender for the kitchen, with a spiral from cattle, great Arusha.
- Fig. 10. Containers made from bamboo stems, with leather cover, for the preservation of ostrich feathers. Massai.
- Fig. 11. Tobacco from Kikuyu, packed in hemp made from banana leaves, as it is brought to market by the natives.
- Fig. 12. Bundle of pressed snuff tobacco from Arusha.
- Fig. 13. Tobacco from Pare.
- Fig. 14. Wooden tobacco pipe from Kikuyu.
- Fig. 15. Tobacco bottle cut from ivory. The same is partly surrounded by leather stripes which are studded with small white and red beads. On the sides and below hang small iron chains. This was worn by an old Massai on an iron chain around the neck.
- Fig. 16. Leather pouches with beadwork and an attached knife. From the inhabitants of the Pare mountains.
- Fig. 17. Milk gourd made from a bottle gourd, from the Kwavi in little Arusha. Crossed leather stripes run around it, which are studded with kauri shells. Strings of black, white, and red beads run in between.
- Fig. 18. Simple milk gourd made from a bottle gourd.
- Fig. 19. Wooden container for measuring grain, from the Kwavi in great Arusha.
- Fig. 20. Wooden eating bowl, from the same location.
- Fig. 21. Wooden plate for eating, from the same location. These dishes are made from wood which is very soft and light, but still dense, which comes from trees which are said to only be found on the slopes of Mount Meru and Kilima-Njaro.
- Fig. 22. Milk container of the Washambaa. This is densely woven from grasses, and is made watertight with curdled blood.
- Fig. 23. Stool of the Kwavi from great Arusha.
- Fig. 24. Stool from Kikuyu, custom decorated with inset kauri shells.
- Fig. 25. Container for grain, from the Kwavi of little Arusha. Made with a tree trunk spanned with skins.

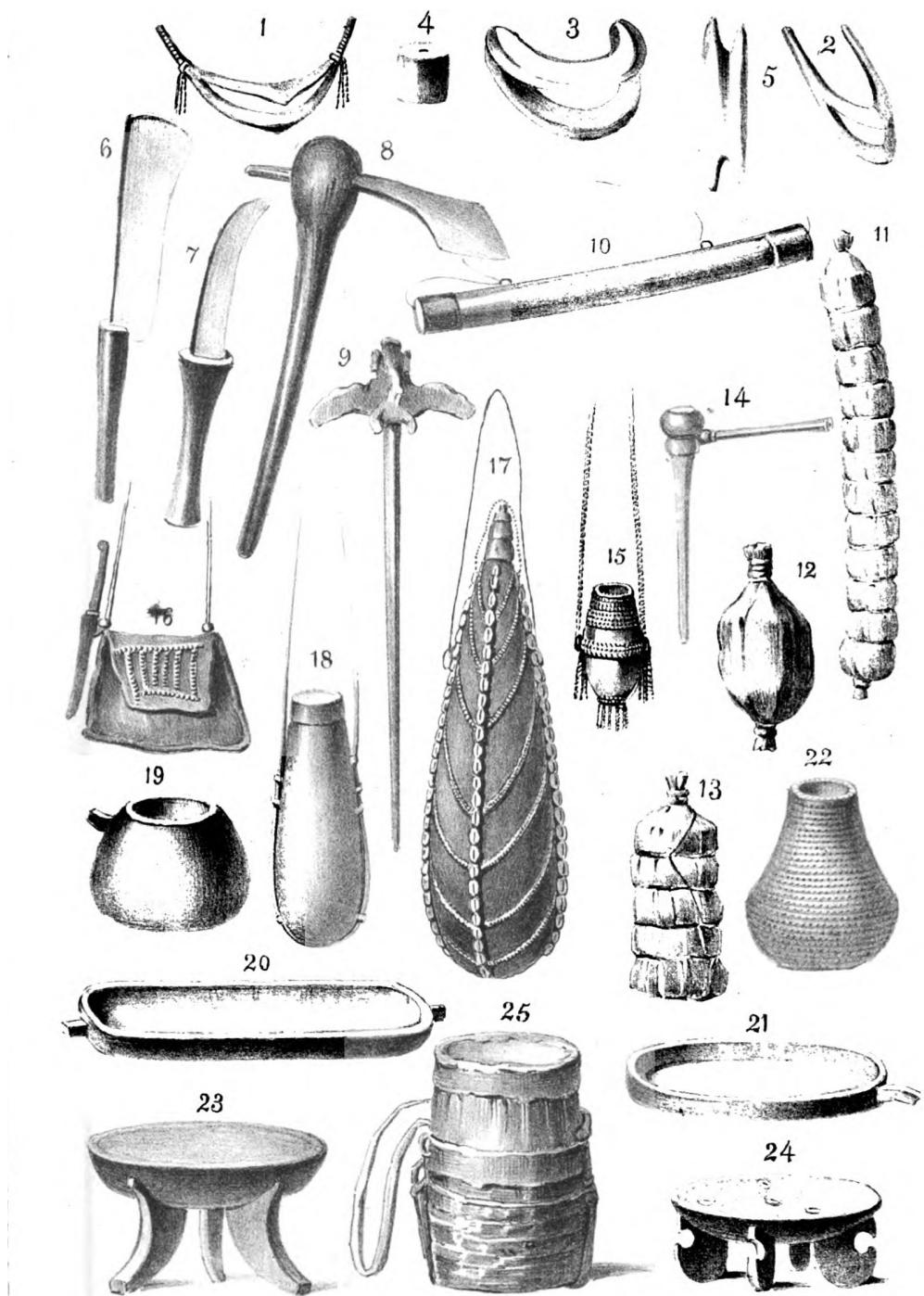
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Ethnographic objects from Massailand (Plate 4)



Ethnographic objects from Massailand (Plate 5)



Ethnographic objects from Massailand (Plate 6)