

would have buffalo all over us and I would never have a chance at the big bull. I slowly turned and shouldered my rifle. Phil remained fixed on the cow.

For a brief second the bull stepped forward, leaving me a 10-inch shooting zone. I fired the Blaser and the .375 300-grain Swift A-Frame hit its mark through the lung behind the shoulder. The bull surged, turned and ran 50 yards and stopped. The herd surrounded the bull. We waited. Three minutes passed and I heard the death moan of the bull. I couldn't see it, but I knew it was down. The herd scattered. As we cautiously approached the huge-bodied bull, I fired another round into its spine. But it was already dead.

As we departed with the bull dressed and loaded on our vehicle, we observed a hundred vultures descending on the remains. One thing soon learned is that in the Selous, vultures and hyenas are plentiful and no carcass survives a night in the bush. Between the hyenas and vultures, a large animal's remains will disappear in one night with not a trace of meat, bone or hide remaining to identify the spot where the animal died. After loading the buffalo, we drove for several hours to reach a lion bait that, much to our surprise, had been partially eaten by a leopard the night before. The bait had been hung for lion and was difficult for a leopard to reach from the limb above. It had fed from the ground. Claw marks clearly revealed, however, that the leopard was large and had been in the tree, attempting to reach the bait. I theorized that the leopard would repeat this behavior. I didn't want to confuse him by repositioning the bait. This decision turned out to be an error.

As we reached the site of the bait, we were running out of daylight. Our trackers, Today and Mozelli, hurriedly created a blind on the ground 35 yards from the bait and then covered the bait with leaves. Phil, Tom and I settled into the blind. I positioned coffee and food for a long night's stay, anticipating an early morning shot, when I heard the leaves fall to the ground. I peered over the blind, only to see the shadowy form of a large male leopard on the ground. It disappeared. In the darkness of the surrounding foliage, we sat quietly and listened to the leopard as it walked within feet of our blind. The wind was in our favor. Silence. Suddenly I heard the remainder of the leaves falling to the ground and I rose to my feet, rifle at my shoulder. Instantly I saw the leopard on the ground to the side of the bait,

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facing me in a cold stare. Its head and neck appeared as a shadowy form above the grass.

I took careful aim at its head and lowered the crosshairs to what should be his chest. The rifle fired. Nothing. I could neither hear any sounds nor see any trace of the big cat. My heart sank. I feared I had miscalculated the shot. I grabbed a 12-gauge, three-inch magnum loaded with 00 buckshot and approached the bait cautiously, walking side-by-side with Phil, who was also carrying a shotgun. Without the light-enhancing feature of a scope, it was now impossible to see. As we walked into the grass, we shined a flashlight to our front. Suddenly there it was at my feet, exactly where it had been when I fired. The cat had not moved a foot. The 200-grain caught him dead center through the heart, and because of the angle of its stance, up in front and down in back, the bullet proceeded lengthwise through the cat's body and into the spine. It simply collapsed in place facing me. It was a great trophy being seven feet long from nose to tail, 60 inches from the base of the tail to the nose. It was the largest-bodied leopard taken by Lozano from the Selous to date.

As we returned to camp, we stopped and the tracker decorated the safari vehicle in fresh-cut branches to celebrate the kill. As we entered the encampment several hours after dark, Phil was blowing the horn in rhythm to the Swahili chants of "Whose kill is this? Bwana Wayne or Baboo?" That's Swahili for grandfather, as they often referred to me.

Everyone circled the vehicle, dancing and chanting to a drum beat setting the cadence, as I was lifted from the vehicle and elevated in a chair over the heads of the native staff. I was carried to the fire and sat down facing the Luego River. Lozano brought beer for the entire camp and the party began.

We didn't rise until 5:30 the next morning and we were through with breakfast and on the hunt by 7:30. With the leopard now in the bag, along with the buffalo and zebra, my main goals were to take a lion, sable and elephant. Having seen so many bull elephants without finding any that met stringent criteria for Tanzanian elephants, I felt that my odds of bagging a big tembo were quite low. To date we had not seen a sable and

the only lion encountered had been briefly spotted in an adjoining block with a small pride under a tree. Though the one lion had encountered a leopard on one of our baits, we never had the opportunity to view him.

On day 12 of the safari, we encountered a truly remarkable Record Book Nyasaland wildebeest. It was taken with the .375 Swift A-Frame and fell with one shot at 150 yards. It was the largest ever taken on a Lozano safari. Lion tracks were located to both the north and the south of camp, but none ever came to bait despite our extensive efforts to attract them. Lozano had never failed to show a client a shootable lion while hunting the Selous. Would I be the first to fail to bag a lion?

Every time we hung bait the hyenas found it and ravaged it as high as they could reach. They were in large numbers and appeared everywhere. The younger, smaller ones had very nice spotted fur. Eventually I secured one for my trophy bag.

I was interested in a hippo but only if I could find a very large one and out of the water. I saw over 100 hippos, but the conditions were not right to suit my criteria. I tried to provoke one very large, old hippo to charge me from its shallow water perch, but it would stand and open its mouth and lunge toward me, but never come to dry land. On day 16 Tom Norris decided to stay in camp and relax and perhaps do some exploring and bird watching on his own. The rest of us were back on the hunt for lion, sable and elephant. That day one of our trackers, Mozelli, located a big tusker near one of our former lion baits. It was big-bodied but unfortunately was badly mismatched. It had one long, heavy tusk well over six feet long and one short, stocky tusk. Lozano said it was legal if I wanted it. It was not my idea of what I wanted in tembo and I passed. I wondered if I would regret the decision since my odds of finding a trophy tembo this late in the hunt were slim to none.

We returned to camp two hours after dark and I was anxious to tell Tom about the elephant with the huge tusk. Tom had news of his own. While walking on a jungle trail between the Luego and the sand wash, he heard noise in the bush. On closer inspection he found a huge tembo with long, well-matched tusks stripping bark from a yellow acacia tree. Tom had watched cautiously until he was satisfied that the tusks were longer than any we had observed and would meet the strict Tanzanian specifications.

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