

Caravans and Cannibals, Mary Hastings Bradley, New York, 1926

An interesting character that we met at Portal was Mrs. Frank Green, an Irishwoman from Dublin, energetic, full of resource and character. She had come out to Africa as a companion for a young English woman travelling with three men; we heard a good deal of this party later. It was not a congenial party as far as poor Mrs. Green was concerned; she said she was set adrift at Stanleyville with only eight hundred francs back of what she had paid to join them. That was about forty dollars and she was supposed to find her way back to Europe on that. As she had come to see her sister, Mrs. Lemon, in Portal, she proceeded to walk east across Africa, not very far behind the other party, helped on in getting porters and supplies by kindly officials, finally selling her camera at Ruchuru, a Belgian post, for funds with which to proceed. She had come from Stanleyville, Wadi-Kali, Kivu; and then Ruchuru to Kabale and up the valley to Portal.

It had been an eventless journey, for the official routes were as tame and peaceful as an English lane. She had not seen a single wild beast except a hippo at which she said she had vainly shot with her light rifle, for the sake of having some experience. She wanted something for material for articles.

Months later, in the Congo, the news of her tragic death reached us. She was gored to death by a rhinoceros near Mount Kenya. She must have encountered the beast by chance, for it was on a motor road and rhinos are infrequent there; she had fired recklessly on him with the eagerness for adventure that had led her to pop away at the hippo, and the rhino had done for her. She must have thought that her chance had come at last when she saw that rhino, and when he crashed down upon her – with what sheer, stark incredulity she must have known that this horror could be happening!

Later a motor had come with Capt. E. D. Atkins and his wife, and the wounded beast had charged the car and killed the man. So poor Mrs. Green, who wouldn't have knowingly have harmed a human creature, caused that man's death and made his wife a widow, when she started to attack that dangerous game with her small gun.

Notes

Mrs. Lemon, first and maiden name unknown, was married to a big game hunter based in Fort Portal. A search of the Irish Newspaper Archive was unsuccessful in finding any definitive information on the two sisters.

However according to *With Rifle and Petticoat, Women as Big Game Hunters, 1880-1940*, K P Czech, 2002

In the 1920s, an Irish woman named Mrs. Frank Green wounded a rhinoceros with her lightweight rifle, only to have the enraged animal later attack a car on a nearby rode (sic) and kill its driver... A woman named Mrs. M Green of Kenya Colony was trampled to death by a rhinoceros she had wounded. Another hunter surmised that had Green "been more skilled in the use of a rifle this terrible tragedy might have been averted".

The first phrase is sourced from the above, p. 33, while the second is also sourced from Bradley, this time from *On the Gorilla Trail*, 1922, p. 80. It therefore seems that it is the same lady, unless Bradley was confused in the four years between the two books.