

*The best of the world's wildlife, climate and happy people in -*

# Uganda

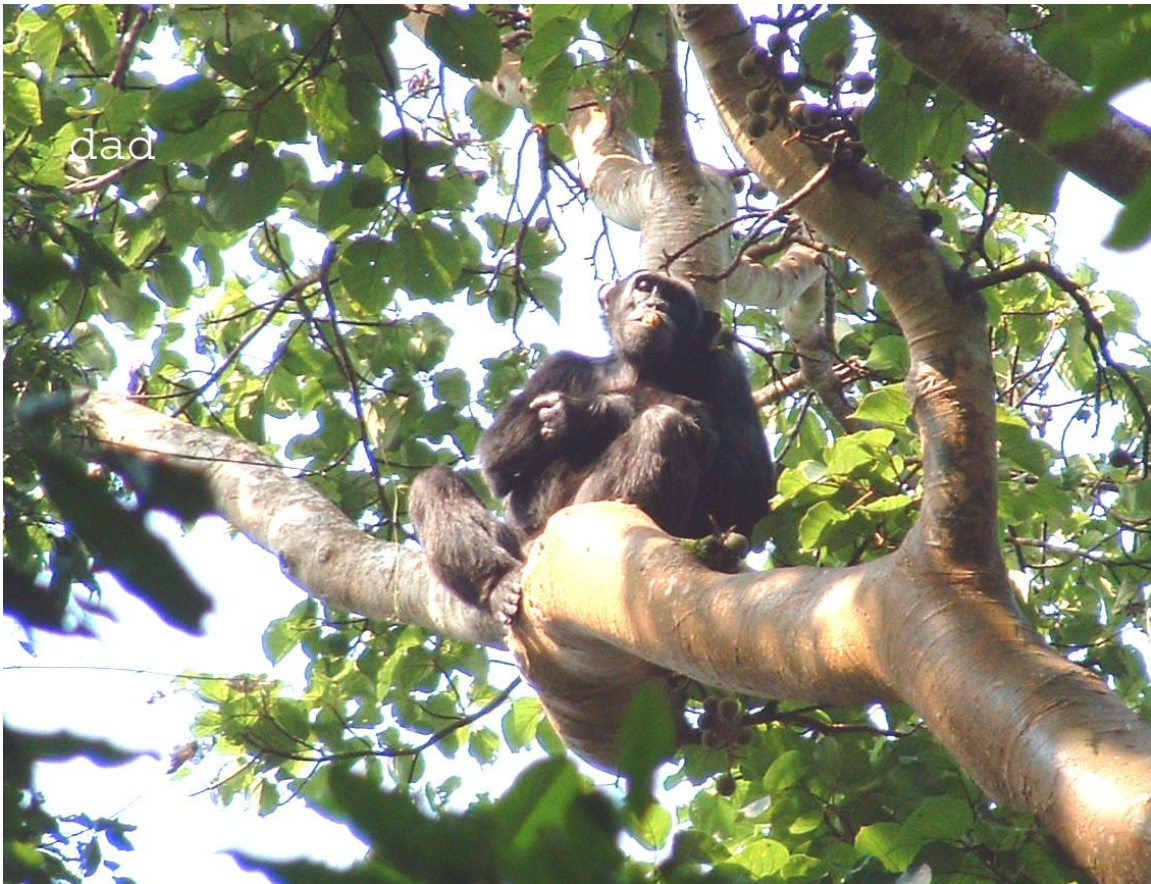
10<sup>th</sup> July to 17<sup>th</sup> August 2003

Allan Richards, Barry-Sean Virtue, Dave Siems and Steve Anyon-Smith

*“Bushed (verb, - to have holiday plans rescheduled by visiting US president”*

---

Idi Amin did not meeting us at the airport on our arrival. As it happened, he fell into a coma instead.



## **Outline of Trip**

We four young chaps from Sydney - average age nearly 60 - travelled to Uganda to frighten as many birds and mammals as we could during a four week period [if you are the leopard from Lake Mburo reading this, you can ignore the word “frighten” and substitute the words “be frightened by”]. More on this later.

We decided to go to Uganda as it is located at the conjunction of most of the important biogeographic zones of Africa and has a wonderful variety of beautiful cisticolas and greenbuls. The list of possible birds and mammals is vast. We engaged the mega-capable services of Herbert Byaruhanga of Uganda Bird Safaris for 28 days (see also the entry on Uganda Bird Safaris below). Barry-Sean and I stayed for an extra week to do a little private exploration and see if the people known as the Karamajong really are as carnivorous as they are reputed to be.

Our expectations were well and truly exceeded. What follows are some general observations, a diary, and a bird and mammal list. Herbert or one of the many local guides, or both, confirmed all bird sightings.

In this report there is also mention of why you should avoid arriving anywhere on the same day as an American president (so called).

## **Sites visited**

Kampala area - 4 days

Mabira Forest – 3 days

Budongo Forest – 3 days

Murchison Falls NP (MFNP) – 4 days

Kibale Forest – 4 days

Queen Elizabeth NP (QENP) – 3 days

Bwindi NP – 5 days

Lake Mburo NP – 2 days

Mt Elgon NP – 3 days

Pian-Upe Game Reserve – 2 days









While the comments above apply to all Ugandans, it should be appreciated just how lucky the shy and gentle Ugandan women are in the greater scheme of things. They achieve a special status. They are so honoured by the men that they get to gaily frolic in their fields and herb gardens, get to work out by carrying heavy loads on their heads and delight in being able to wash and cook for their large families undisturbed by bothersome menfolk. And just for fun they can do all this while being permanently pregnant! What joy!

The men, on the other hand, lead a dreary life of standing around. There are exceptions of course, but these men must have lived in the areas we didn't visit.

## **Accommodation**

We mostly stayed in what are called "bandas". These are detached rooms or cottages, sometimes with attached "bathroom" and generally built out of brick with a grass or iron roof. They were all very clean and normally had firm comfortable beds with good mosquito nets. If you go to Uganda, bring a small inflatable pillow. Some of the pillows that were supplied were shaped and felt like potato sacks before the potatoes had been removed.

You can use your imagination regarding the toilets but they are kept clean.



Without exception the staff that serviced the bandas (ie the lazy Ugandan women) did absolutely anything they could to assist.

outside a banda



## **Roads / transport**

Interesting. Most of the sealed roads are quite well maintained and have little traffic. The others vary as you might expect. Every road marked on a map is trafficable by a 2WD vehicle – when it is dry, although some roads would be a test for some city drivers of my acquaintance. Note that a road that is perfectly good in the morning can be perfectly not good in the afternoon – just add water.

Pretty much all Uganda's drivers are lunatics, especially, all of them come to think of it. If anything bus drivers are the worst. They have schedules that show the arrival time before the departure time. We saw the remains of some interesting driving maneuvers.

Our man Herbert was a rare exception. He seemed to take an interest in seeing a few more birds before he expired, so his driving was, by comparison, exemplary.



## **Personal security**

As travel guide writers always point out - you are never completely safe anywhere. The chances that you will have anything stolen by anyone in Uganda are close to zero. This may sound counter-intuitive in a poor country but that's the way it is. Go there in case it changes.

## **Weather**

Uganda has no weather, aside from raining a bit sometimes. The temperature is wonderful all the time. There was a windy day in 1933. What this all means is - there is either rain or there is smoke, or in the case of Kampala, an unlikely goo that hangs in the air. It is probably not a good idea to breathe in Kampala.

We had the idea to travel in the dry season (dry for most of the country anyway), so it only rained most days. Curiously it never rained when we cared. I didn't use a raincoat or umbrella once. Quite surprisingly it was not very humid or hot.

## **Insects**

Every Ugandan dies of traffic accidents or malaria. It is probably a good idea to take some precautions against both. We saw bugger-all insects. There were a few mozzies at dusk here and there. Now that I come to think of it there was an interesting mass of tsetse flies in



Murchison Falls NP at a couple of spots. They help you sleep I understand. If you want real insects, Australia is the place.

## **Food**

Now here's a surprise. After five weeks only one of us had a "stomach cannot identify incoming as food" experience. That has to be a record. The food was inexpensive, nutritious and well prepared. We ate everything that was put in front of us. The "must eats" are whole fried tilapia fish, fruits that tasted like they used to when you were a kid, and beer (see next item).



Chicken and chips seems to be something of a standard meal. When ordering chicken it would be useful to know just what sort of life it had up to the point of being on your plate. Some were really quite inedible. We strongly suspected that there was a bit of coucal substitution going on. Come to think of it the hadada ibis were uncommon in some areas.

## **Beer**

All beer arrived in 500ml bottles. It ranged in price from A\$0.75 to \$A1.50 per bottle depending on the venue. It tasted okay but some were better than others. We tried to avoid Nile Swamp Water (curiously marketed as Nile Special Lager). Others included Pilsner (a lager), Bell, Club, Citizen and wait for it – "Chairman's Extra Strong Brew (as approved by the office of the chairman)". Remarkable. Best of all, beer was available everywhere.

Ugandan's make a number of other interesting liquids besides beer. Many of these are based on the ubiquitous banana. We weren't impressed by any of them.





## **Wildlife** (see full list in table at end of report)

### **Birds**

During the 28 days we spent with Herbert we saw, collectively, 521 birds. This exceeded our expectations considerably. Of course we missed a few things but we saw the ones we wanted most to see, like shoebills, African grey parrots, a good number of the Albertine Rift endemics and the fabulous turacos. Barry-Sean and I undertook a week's extension to Mt Elgon NP and Pian-Upe Game Reserve and managed a list of 539, including superb starlings, Hartlaub's turaco and Clapperton's francolin.

The bird abundance in forests was patchy. At some sites like Mabira Forest Reserve and Ruhija in Bwindi, birds were everywhere. You didn't know where to look. At others like Budongo Forest and Kibale you could walk for hours without seeing so much as a greenbul.



### **Mammals**

We identified 66 different mammals. The quality of the mammals and the circumstances surrounding their sightings makes this a very impressive number. The mammals in Uganda's national parks are quite secure for the moment. Whilst there is some poaching in some areas

it does not appear to be significant enough to stop a general increase in populations. Impressive massed displays of mammals were seen in all the national parks we visited.

We went spotlighting often and saw good numbers of mammals each time. We generally spent about 90 minutes looking from the vehicle with an old WWII aircraft landing light. It was nothing to see up to 15 or so bushbabies at some sites plus a range of other oblique critters like western tree hyrax, giant Gambian pouched rats, pottos and just about every civet and genet on the country list. At the kitchen behind the office in Kibale NP there were no fewer than four different civets / genets at once.

Nothing compares to seeing mountain gorillas. There is an involuntary intake of breath when you first see a gorilla at close range. Grit your teeth, pay the \$US275 or whatever, and do it. We were lucky to see a group of “wild” gorillas at Ruhija (Bwindi NP) two days before our gorilla permits were to be used. There was no way we were going to sell our permits (and we could have easily done this). The excitement of seeing these “people” at close range is incomparable in my experience looking at wild mammals.



The chimpanzees weren't far behind. We saw them at four different sites. At two of these they were quite unexpected. We were told that after a long decline their population is now increasing at most locations. Other primates, while less spectacular are nevertheless extremely beautiful, particularly so for Uganda red-tailed monkey and L'Hoest's monkey.

### **Reptiles**

The agamids were really spic. There are these ridiculously coloured lizards that change colour scheme dependant (seemingly) on what side of the equator you're on. We saw few snakes but did spotlight a large black mamba in QENP. We had no trouble seeing Nile crocodiles.





**Herbert with chameleon**

## **Bird Uganda Safaris**

Herbert Byaruhanga is the patriarch of organised birdwatching in his country. He proved to be very friendly, professional and skilled at finding his country's birds and mammals. He didn't have to do this all by himself. He has established a network of local birdwatching guides across the nation – both within and outside of the Uganda Wildlife Authority's national parks system.

We travelled in an air-conditioned 4WD Toyota minibus with heaps of legroom, comfortable seats and a large sunroof for game spotting and spotlighting.

Herbert's tour cost us such an embarrassingly small amount compared to conventional tours that I would rather you email Herbert to get a price for your trip rather than paste him to the wall with the tour price he offered us. His email address is: [byaruhanga@hotmail.com](mailto:byaruhanga@hotmail.com).

## **Uganda Wildlife Authority**

"UWA", as it is known, manages all national parks, game reserves and many other significant protected areas. They seem to manage them very well. Often they are assisted by the army in areas where there may be a hint of insecurity like Murchison Falls and Bwindi

NPs. They get to compare AK47s with the army guys. They seem not to get in each other's way and in any event it is a bit hard to tell them apart.

UWA charged fees for just about everything – personal entry to parks, vehicle entry, and accommodation, guides etc, but as far as these things go in Africa, Uganda's parks are not expensive.

UWA is very fond of paperwork. Absolutely everything was receipted in quadruplicate and unless you travel with someone persuasive, like Herbert, activities are restricted to within certain hours. If you travel independently you will not be spotlighting in national parks.





# Diary

## Day 1 - Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> July 2003

We caught a taxi to Sydney Airport for our Qantas 747-400 direct flight to Johannesburg. The plane was chocka and we found ourselves surrounded by babies. The babies started to scream. We hadn't taken off. My crap seat soon had baby screaming in 5.1 surround. We still hadn't taken off.....

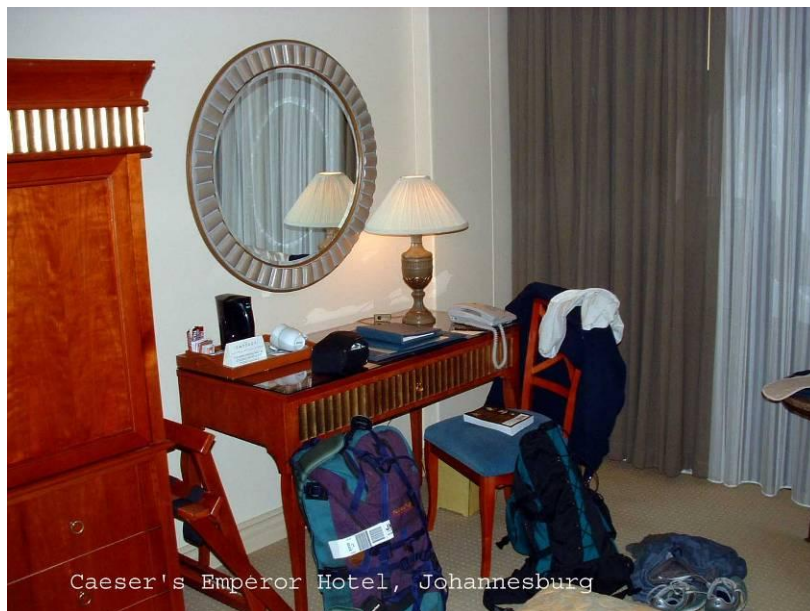
The trip to Jo'burg was only 14 hours something long, and uneventful. Only three babies and two mothers lost their lives, hardly a record.

We travelled close enough to Antarctica to see ice flows. Sleep was very not possible. Sir Les Patterson was sitting in my seat judging by the amount of fluids I'd spilt. The beer was bad enough but the red wine was truly spectacular. Needless to say there was little wingroom for a stick insect like me..... We arrived at Jo'berg six hours after leaving on our 14 hour flight.

Passage through the airport was glacial. A number of surviving babies reached puberty waiting in the immigration queue. The most exciting thing was a queue jumper who made quite a silly mistake in trying to get in front of Dave and I. We calmly explained basic queuing theory to him. He didn't catch on at first, but the learning curve soon ramped up.

We stayed in the Caesar's Emperor Hotel in Jo'berg, an eleven star facility that comprises much of South Africa. South African Airlines paid for our room, which was very nice of them we thought.

Poison pills induced 6 hours sleep.



## Day 2 – Friday 11<sup>th</sup> July 2003

We had a large boxed brekkie prepared by our hotel. They took us to the airport rather earlier than necessary because upon arrival we were the only ones there. This included people that “worked” there. So-called check-in people turned up some time later, and then much later than that, a single immigration person. Three of us boarded the plane with Allan going missing looking in the shops, or so he claims. As it turned out he wasn’t the only thing to go missing.

The 737-800 South African Airways flight left three and a half hours early to beat the Shrub curfew. Entebbe was being closed for the arvo because visiting US so-called presidents can do that sort of thing. As it turned out most of the rest of Uganda was closed as well. We arrived okay, got a visa (much cheaper and easier than getting it in your own country) and then delighted in spending most of the rest of the day in the airport. Now here’s a simple question. Wouldn’t you think that the pilot and his cobbers would know that not a single piece of checked-in luggage had been loaded onto their large aeroplane? Don’t be silly. The other less than grunted people in the lost baggage queue were entertaining.



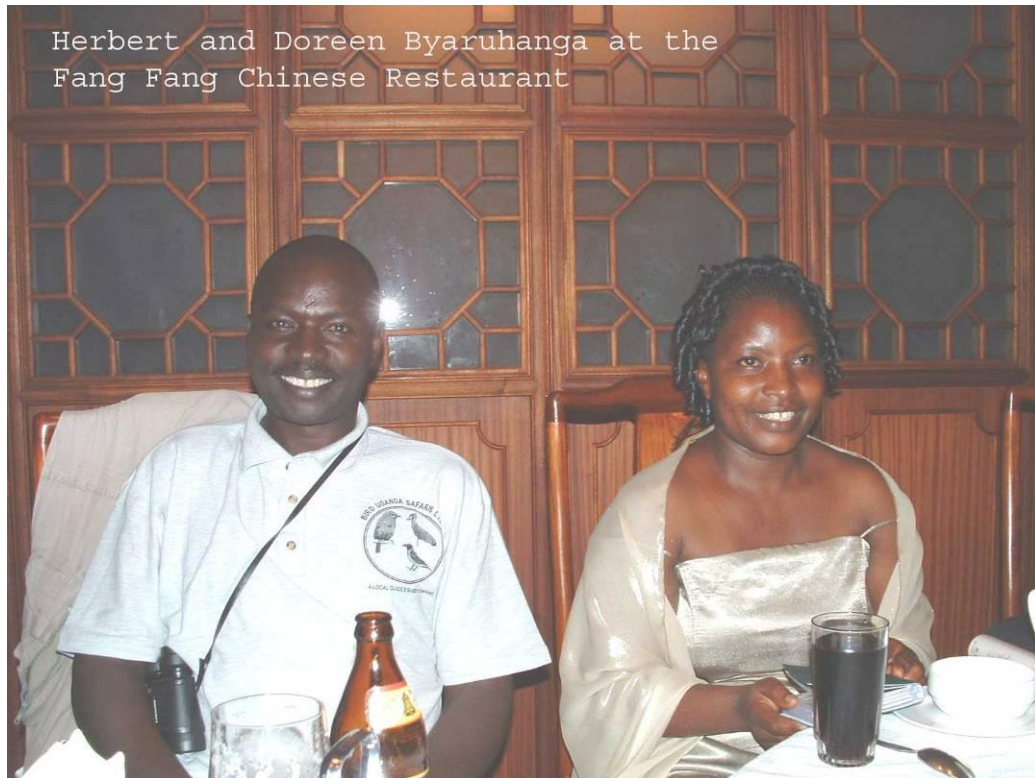
We were somewhat concerned that our man Herbert would think we were in some other country entirely. When we finally escaped we had a lovely time exploring the airport car park – for three hours – as we weren’t allowed out on account of Bush. We actually represented more of a danger to presidents, or anyone else, in being confined. I worked on my suntan and marvelled at the various levels of security for the shrub visit. My list of serving presidents “seen on tour” (while not trying) has now risen to four – with two new ones today – shrub + a proper one in Ugandan President Museveni.



Herbert seemed to be a great guy – always laughing. We toured some sites between the airport and Kampala and ticked off 70 birds. There are abundant good quality birds in urban Kampala.

Herbert held a gala dinner for us at the Fang Fang Chinese Restaurant (!) The boss-lady of Nature Uganda was there but the GM of Uganda Tourism was bushed (see earlier definition). We were resplendent throughout this gala dinner in our dirty plane clothes, having no luggage.

We stayed at the oddly named Havana Hotel in Kampala.



### **Day 3 – Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

I took my slight head cold to Mabira Forest, which is a great spot for wildlife and about an hour's drive north east of Kampala. Lots of birds (picked up 43 lifers), semi-tame Uganda red-tailed monkeys (beautiful!) and a number of delightful squirrels. Local guide Ibrahim and Herbert's colleague Emmy joined us.

We took a side-trip to the source of the Nile at Lake Victoria in the town of Jinja. We had a great lunch there.

In the evening I went spotlighting with Ibrahim, Herbert, Emmy and an Israeli. The latter probably still lives, but there were concerns for his safety as he never shut up. Saw a potto after about 30 seconds, before watching three Thomas's galagos.



#### **Day 4 - Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

Birded for a couple of hours but the law of diminishing returns was starting to take over. Left for Entebbe to see whether we were lucky enough to be reunited with our baggage. Had lunch on the way on the shores of Lake Victoria. Whole fried tilapia fish + chips – yum.

At the airport the process for collecting our stuff was incredibly convoluted. Our bags were the very last off the plane – this to heighten suspense – not for us so much as the charming young lady I threatened to take as a hostage. She thought I was joking. It was unfortunate that our bags did arrive – she would have been an okay hostage.

We adjourned to the Entebbe Botanic Gardens. This was a pleasant surprise. Apparently a Tarzan movie was once filmed there. The surprise was the addition of three mammals to our list – guereza colobus, vervet monkey and striped ground squirrel.

Just when we thought the day couldn't get any better we moved to a site in Kampala where we saw grey parrots (hooray), double-toothed barbets and some dreaded cisticolas. We also learnt just how much some of the locals loved their cows when Barry-Sean was denied



permission to photograph some. We were on guard when near farm animals throughout the trip after this particular incident. Then back to the rather ordinariness of the Havana Hotel.

### **Day 5 - Monday 14<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

We headed off to Mabamba Swamp to search for shoebill and spot-necked otters. Stopped for papyrus gonolek along the way. On arrival we hopped into a canoe that was paddled by two enthusiastic locals. It was pleasing to note that there were no outboard motors in sight. The spot-necked otters were seen, but the serious part of the day's festivities was interrupted by thunderstorms.

We diverted to an island to seek shelter. We witnessed a surreal scene. A truckload of born-again Christians was moving through the swamp. Now this was no ordinary swamp. The truck was on a barely sufficient barge of uncertain seaworthiness and it was propelled by a couple of long sticks. The gospel music did not threaten the shoebills, fortunately, as two were seen, one by the truck people.



truckload of swamp Christians  
one is pointing to where he thinks heaven is



I had a bizarre interview with the christians on the riverbank over lunch. These were to be the most threatening people we were to meet during our holiday.



## **Day 6 - Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

At 0420 there was a knock on the door. Oh no, those bloody christians have tracked me down! But happily that wasn't the case. It was just the hotel burning down. Luckily nobody knew what sort of fire it was so all the various types of fire extinguishers were used just in case. We made very pretty patterns on the floor as we walked in the accumulated gunk.

We left Kampala, its semi-burnt hotels and all its marabou storks (every building has the odd hundred or so sitting on them) and set forth for Budongo Forest. On arrival had great views of olive baboons and blue monkeys. Birds were a bit hard but managed a few. The afternoons didn't seem to produce all that much.

We stayed at the Forestry College, with great open views and the usual assortment of campground bum birds.



## **Day 7 – Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

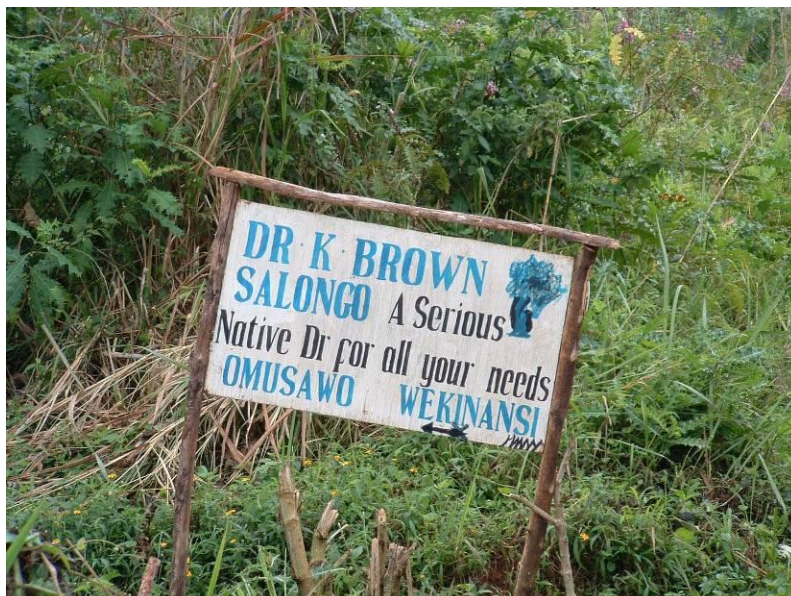
The day was spent birding along the “Royal Mile”. Great forest but the birds for us were a little evasive. We saw some nice things including chocolate-backed kingfishers.

In most of Uganda you don't see much rubbish – the people can't afford it. In this part of the country plastic mineral water bottles were prized!

Of some concern to us were some local women asking our permission to walk past us on the road. What's going on here?



The evening's festivities, apart from consumption of beer, included some spotlighting along the Royal Mile. Very interesting. Disturbed an unidentified cat before jaggging a large family of the ill-adapted western tree hyrax. What a bizarre animal. Screams like an idiot for half the night and clambers about tree braches with a body better designed to live in a hole in ground. Gambian giant pouched rats were also seen. I think these animals eat cats but I'm not certain.



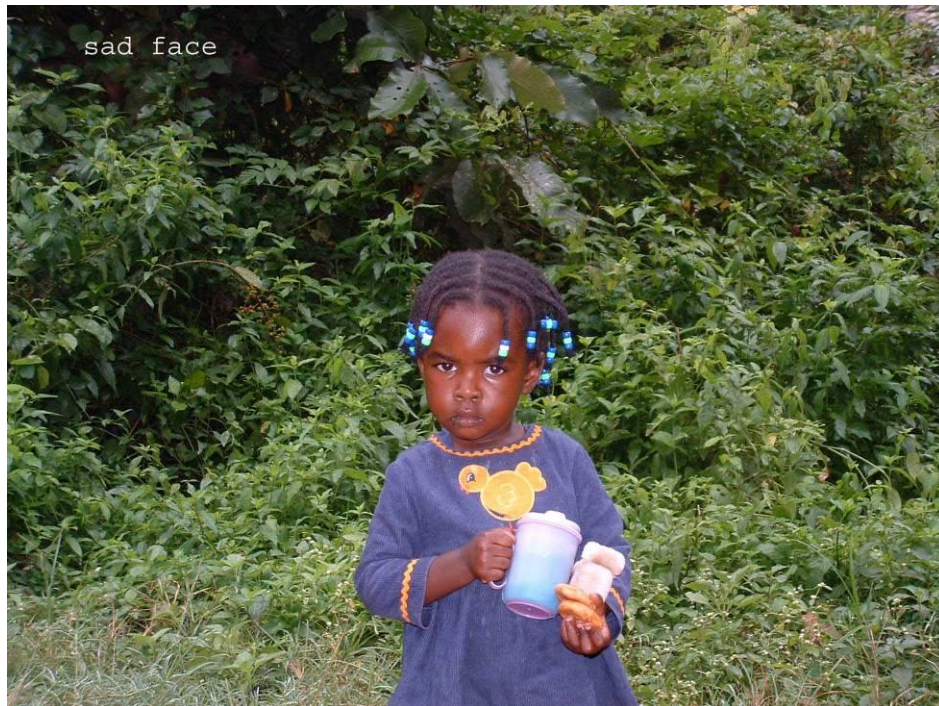


## Day 8 - Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> July 2003

We washed. This is important, as now the accommodation had exhausted its supply of water. It seemed that any place we stayed in could only have electricity or water, and never both.

We went to another section of the forest with Vincent, a local guide. A rather dull chap but he knew his forest. His life has been dulled by having rather too many children. Saw a few birds but not too many. Didn't see any of Vincent's children.

In the afternoon Barry-Sean decided to stay at the lodge, whilst David needed some time to himself (!), so Allan and I went walking with Herbert and Vincent respectively. At one point Vincent announced very matter-of-factly "chimp in tree". I was at that time looking along the trail where Allan was standing. Except when Allan turned around he had turned into a chimpanzee (sorry Allan). We walked up to where she was but she had gone. I suggested to Vincent that we lurk near the fruit that was lying under a large tree and wait. Eventually a group of chimps wandered by. I sat myself amongst five adults and a very young baby for half an hour at distances down to three metres. Vincent had wandered off to fetch the others. It was very exciting as I didn't know how they would react to me. I didn't take photos, as I was a bit reluctant to risk being deconstructed. Many Ugandans don't like their photos being taken.



We walked back to the Royal Mile to see a chequered elephant-shrew bounce past. Nice touch.

Uncle Jack visited.

### **Day 9 - Friday 18<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

Back to the Royal Mile to see spotted flufftail, crested eagle and a number of spinetails. Had lunch and checked out of the Forestry College. We went to the Masindi Hotel, a grand old hotel in the English style. It was built to serve the Ugandan railways in 1927. Some of the original waiters still worked here (don't do the maths, I'm joking). Chatted with a very pleasant Dutch doctor, Bianca, who had started work in the local hospital as a volunteer.

The Masindi Hotel had beer and the best coffee in Uganda, although they didn't have to work hard to achieve the latter.



### **Day 10 – Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

We noticed an interesting sight on the way to Murchison Falls NP. All the schoolchildren walking to one of the local schools were carrying three bricks on their heads. There were a number of possible explanations: they had stolen them from the local brickpits, they were attempting to flatten the tops of their heads, or, more likely, they had no school building – at least not one made of bricks anyway.

Stopped at the Kanio Pabide section of MFNP to look for birdies and chimps. Saw a few of the former including Narina's trogon. The chimps were very noisy, aggressive but ultimately gave only very poor views as they gave chest-thumping mock (or real?) charges through the undergrowth.



Had lunch and got bitten by a vervet monkey for my trouble. Spent much of the afternoon convinced I was coming down with rabies but it turned out to be a lack of alcohol. I was much relieved to find a cure for this condition.



The drive to the very comfortable Red Chili Rest Camp in Murchison Falls National Park near the Victoria Nile was uneventful as the grass was too high to see anything except more grass. A welcoming scrum of warthogs greeted us at the camp and a bushbuck wandered through the restaurant. A large bird perched in a nearby tree and set a world record for the number of things it might have been before it decided to be an Abyssinian ground hornbill. This was before we started drinking.

We picked up the affable and talented Ranger George and in the late afternoon whilst dodging thunderstorms we watched what must be one of the world's more interesting bats - the yellow-winged variety. This is a very sharp and not all that nocturnal critter that must put the fear of God into the local insects; so much that insects fear anything – in fact we sensed no fear whatsoever in the local tsetse fly population.

While dropping George home we spotted a Uganda grass hare – George, to his credit wouldn't have a bar of my identification, but it turned out we were both right as the name had recently been changed. Also saw a couple of blotched genets and a few nightjars.

Dr Daniel's brought some medicine.

slight change in the weather



bushbuck





## Day 11 - Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> July 2003

21 different mammals were seen when we went across the Nile to the areas of shorter grass near Lake Albert. Highlights were: lions on a dead giraffe, lots of elephants, huge herds of buffalo, Uganda kob, Jackson's hartebeest and Rothschild's giraffes. Lots of smaller things included patas monkeys, oribi, jackals and banded mongoose. Vast numbers of birds as well, especially bee-eaters and ground loving things like lapwings. Sadly there were many cisticolas.

The afternoon was no less eventful as we boarded a boat for a trip up the Victoria Nile to Murchison Falls. As luck would have it a couple of eskies came along for the ride. Saw the odd thousand hippo, buffalo, crocodile etc on what must be one of the more spectacular boat trips I've ever done. Rock pratincoles met us at the falls, which are simply stunning. Someone told us that 7000 cubic metres of water pass a 7 metre gap between two walls of rock every second. This is absurd, but anyway.



We walked to the top of the falls to witness the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of microbats emerging at dusk over the falls. They pop out of their roost caves all at the same time to find out which of their number will get eaten by the local population of appropriately named bat hawks. All bat hawks maintained their batting averages (!!) at their first attempts. A pretty easy life for them. We spotlit along the road all the way back to camp from the falls. Didn't see all that much as we were going too fast and the grass was too high. The best thing was a white-tailed mongoose 200m from camp.



### Day 12 - Monday 21<sup>st</sup> July 2003

We were back in another boat and travelled the 28km to Lake Albert. From here you could see the so-called Democratic Republic of Congo. Steve Willis, the friendly and capable manager of the Red Chili advised us that the DRC is rapidly becoming a wildlife free zone. Sad. Anyway on the Ugandan side of the lake it's all happening. We saw the 5000 hippos we missed yesterday (this is not much of an exaggeration) and our man George conjured a shoebill every time he put his mind to it – come on George, no more shoebills. The trip back to our accommodation at Paraa was very Sandra-K style for those that have tasted the delights of time and space dilation aboard the returning Wollongong pelagic boat.

*(Steve Willis was subsequently murdered by the Lords Resistance Army when he went to the aid of some silly white folk attempting to trace the Nile)*





The afternoon offered birds, storms, food, alcohol and the company of the great staff of the Red Chili (hi Joyce!)





### **Day 13 – Tuesday 22<sup>nd</sup> July 2003**

After a leisurely breakfast we “relocated”, using a term of which Herbert was very fond. This time to Fort Portal near Kibale NP. It was a 10 hour drive that included a few good birding stops. Along the way I loved the sign on a building that stated “Ma’s Ordinary Hotel”. I wonder. There was a fascinating open-air in-session courtroom nearby.

We arrived in Fort Portal to find it raining steadily. We stayed in the rapidly decaying Mountains of the Moon Hotel. The name refers to some alleged mountains that you could never see because there is always too much smoke between you and them. Nobody knows whether they are actually still there.





#### **Day 14 – Wednesday 23<sup>rd</sup> July 2003**

We went to a place named Kisingami Swamp (or something like that). Local guide Benson joined us and took us first through a tea plantation and then to the nice wet swamp. Great. Very pretty birds though, including three different robin-chats. Somewhat unexpectedly we saw a couple of chimps sunning themselves on top of an emergent tree.

We had lunch and did a bit of shopping in Fort Portal before heading to Kibale National Park. The park's forest is grand indeed. On arrival we received the typical Ugandan hugs and smiles and settled into our bandas and a few cleansing ales.

The diversity of primates at Kibale is the highest in the world. Happily the area around the restaurant had just about everything – Uganda red-tails, grey-cheeked mangabey, Central African red colobus, guereza colobus, L'Hoest's monkey and olive baboon. There are also about 1400 chimps in the forest.

Spotlighting the main road produced a total of 15 Thomas's and a spectacled galago, three giant servaline genets and an African civet.

white man magic camera



**Day 15 – Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

Chimp day. Off we went with Ranger Ronald and trainee Stella. A real military operation as several groups of “mzungus” (western white monkeys) set off in different directions, all in radio contact. We saw 20 chimps including 17 in one fruiting fig. This tree also had its share of hornbills, barbets, starlings and other birds. I thought I’d died and gone to heaven.





After lunch we split up and did our own thing. I was rapt to get close to L'Hoest's monkeys. These guys are a really attractive and mostly ground-dwelling beast. I finished the day with nine different primates, as well as African giant squirrel and black-fronted duiker.

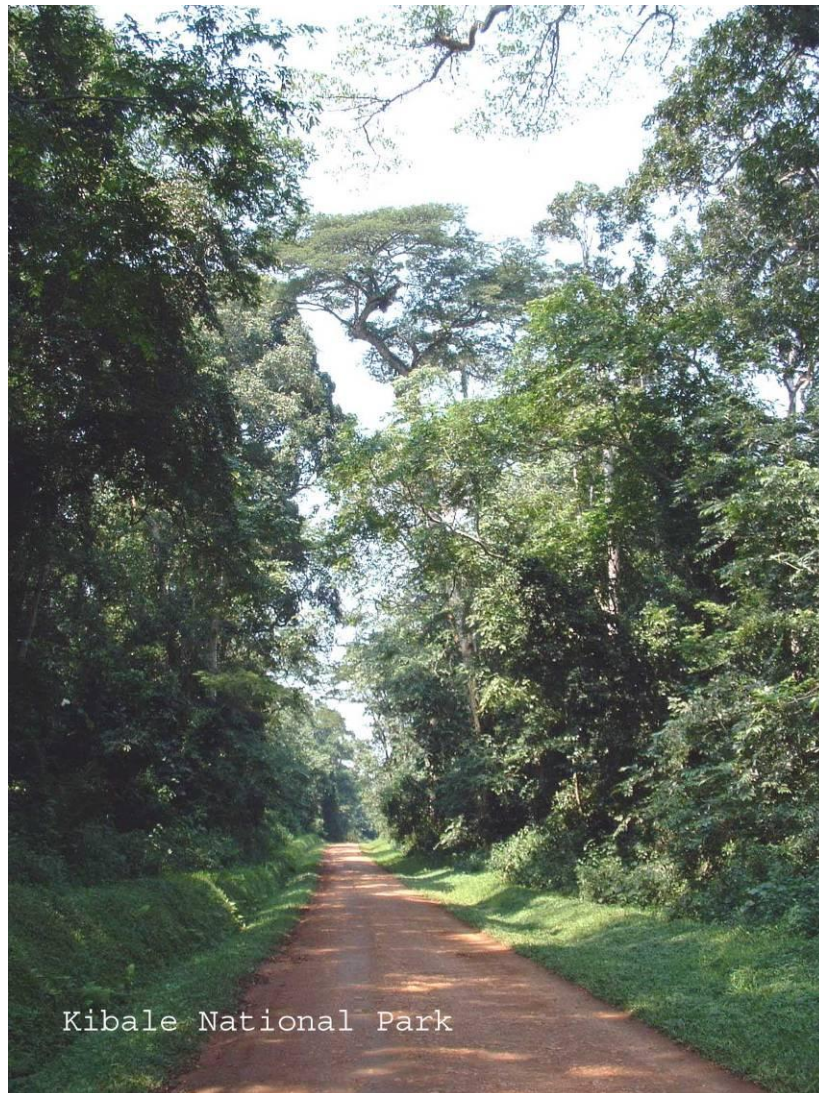
Spotlighting was awesome with two African palm civets, 12 galagos, a flying fox that we didn't identify, servaline and giant servaline genets and giant African civet.

### **Day 16 - Friday 25<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

We hit the wall for birds. We searched for pittas without luck and the rest of the forest critters bunged on one of their "you can't see me" days. Did manage very good close views of blue duiker but that was it.

The food at Kibale was quite good and nothing made us sick. After bathing with our afternoon hot water delivery we dined on chicken curry and rice. We then went to nearby Bigodi to see some freckled nightjars. I spent some time having a spirited conversation with JB, the Kibale boss-man, and another gent on the matter of children, that is, whether they are good things to have or not. We disagreed amicably. Ugandans believe you must have lots of kids to retain relative tribal strength. This belief certainly produces results. You see very few old people (thanks Idi) but there is the odd kid or twenty million.

The kitchen dump produced every kind of local civet / genet all at once, but they eventually got replaced by a very tame but clearly dominant marsh mongoose.



**Day 17 - Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

We walked around the Bigodi Swamp adding a few birds to our list. We then bid farewell to Kibale and to Stella, our mathematically challenged canteen hostess.

The drive to Queen Elizabeth National Park was uneventful. This park is much drier than that at Murchison Falls. Our accommodation was adequate but hardly luxurious. The day's special was a lack of electricity. This was no surprise as it would be a shame to get more than one utility to function at the same time and place.

A banded mongoose plague saved the day with a late charge. Thirty-odd of the little buggers surrounded the camp warthogs and us. The marabou storks didn't get a look in. I like banded mongoose. They are so fearless and methodical.





### **Day 18 - Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

The punch-up between two sisters in the canteen was far more interesting than the morning game drive, which slowly turned into the morning car endurance rally. The only game we sighted was each other. Had to admit, though, the scenery was spectacular in a smoky sort of way.

We had lunch with the usual assortment of mongeese, warthogs, storks and about a hundred university students. Barry-Sean, although being the oldest of us (I mean in all Africa), almost twisted his head off trying to follow some of the girls without getting out of his seat first. Naturally, being happily married, I took photos of the mongeese (stupid spell-checker is trying to tell me that mongoose is the plural of mongoose).

The afternoon fun started with a boat trip up some river or something. There were vast numbers of birds and fat animals. Outside the boat there were vast numbers of birds and fat animals as well. The former were Dutch I think.





We then ventured to the other side of the highway to the Uganda kob mating ground. An awesome amount of meat on the hoof. Some thousands of kob, buffalo, waterbuck + a couple of lions with five small cubs. Also lots of birds – why weren't we here in the morning? Rounded off the daylight part of the day with a pair of ichneumon mongoose. We returned slowly by another route and saw a black mamba, three more lions, a hyaena, umpteen nightjars, a couple of scrub hares and a genet.





### **Day 19 - Monday 28<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

We stopped on the way to Maramagambo Forest to get the front tyre on the vehicle pumped up by hand pump. This involved removing the valve, pumping for half an hour then quickly putting the valve back in as most of the air fell out. This was less interesting than the local police with their foot washing ceremony. They declined to be photographed.

The forest was attractive. We walked around a crater lake noting the relative absence of birds, although we did salvage something with a shining blue kingfisher.

Our boxed lunch was eaten at the Jacana Lodge Resort. We bought nothing there. I doubt we could have afforded it anyway, although it's hard to say, as there was nobody whatsoever staying in the place.

In the afternoon we visited Chambara Gorge, seeing a few nice birds there as well. Then at my request we returned to the Uganda kob mating ground. We had a bit of excitement on the way back as an aged unmarked police Corolla pushed a similar vehicle off the road right behind us. It turned out they were trailing some dastardly fish poachers!! Bastards!! I don't believe they were given a warning and told not to do it again.

### **Day 20 - Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

Hog-man Joel, a ranger, took us on an early morning "nature walk". I couldn't give a rat's bum about the rest of the local nature. I wanted hogs. Of the giant forest variety. Joel was our man. He produced hog. Big ones. Onya Joel.

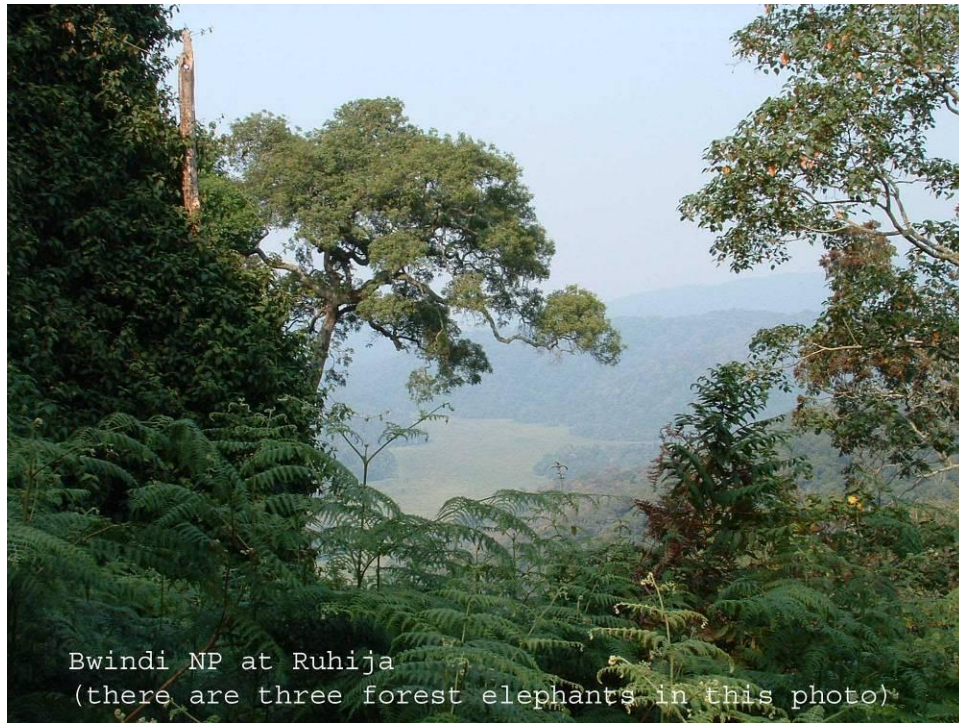




And so we left for Bwindi National Park and the potential highlight of our holiday / life. We stopped about two hundred times along the way, mainly so Herbert could press the flesh with all his rellos, this being his ancestral patch.

However Herbie's day was to plunge downhill. There was one problem – Pommies. For those of you who have not encountered Pommie birders, they come in two varieties – keen and obsessed. Guides from Herbert's company were towing one of each around for a couple of weeks. They were inexplicably married to one another and they were not at all happy. It seems they hadn't seen all the birds they expected and they wanted their money back. Words fail me. Apparently I hadn't helped matters by showing them some pictures of things they missed when we met them during their trip. Take note – beware of Pommie birders.

We picked up local bird expert Emmy in Kabale town (not to be confused with Kibale) and wound our way up the Ruwenzori Mountains to Ruhija. I spotlit the last hour and saw many galagos and nice views of a servaline genet. Our accommodation at the Forest Institute was excellent. A log fire was burning for our arrival and we were served a three course dinner starting with avocado vinaigrette.



### **Day 21 – Wednesday 30<sup>th</sup> July 2003**

I didn't expect too much from the day but the great uncertainty of travel delivered one of the best days of the trip. As we walked down to the swamps below Ruhija to search for Albertine Rift endemic birds we spied three forest elephants quite a long way off, walking across a swamp. We then added 30 birds to our life lists. There were birds everywhere. We didn't know where to look. And just when you thought the day couldn't get any better, a party of

gorillas wandered by. Riddle me this: a tree is shaking twenty feet away. You don't know what is causing it to shake but it isn't a squirrel. What do you do? Walk towards it? Stand still and scratch your head? I walked towards it, stopped, walked back, walked towards it again, then just pointed hoping for someone else to tell me what to do. Then the fine furry black guys walked into view about 50 metres away! Hard not to smile!

The walk back up the mountain was character building.

We tipped our ranger Jehosephat, and local guide Joseph (who showed us the African green broadbill at its nest), and spent some time on the day's post mortem whilst re-learning why it is that beer tasted so good. Now, why was it that I wanted to come to Uganda? Sydney, yes, I remember that place.



## **Day 22 – Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> July 2003**

Herbert had been on the turps. It was interesting to ponder when or if he would get up.

He did. We walked up along a nearby ridge to the “bamboo zone” where the birding was very rewarding. There were also lots of confusing squirrels but my highlight was an obliging Ruwenzori red duiker. We got ticked off by a ranger for opening a gate without permission (I did it) so we all felt rather the same as we did before. He didn't have a gun.

After lunch we travelled down the “road” that goes to Buhoma, the lowland part of Bwindi. On the way we stopped to see black bee-eaters and a few other local treats.



We were greeted at our digs at the Bwindi View Lodge by the charming young Sharon and some bloke with a tray of cool drinks. You may have guessed I took a greater interest in Sharon, a rather shy but nevertheless engaging orphan. Unusual behavior for me.



### **Day 23 – Friday 1<sup>st</sup> August 2003**

Woke up with a runny nose. This little journal has not recorded my state of health to this point because who cares? But this was gorilla day and any sign of a bit of hayfever or whatever is a no-no with gorilla on the menu. Took a handful of Sudafed tablets – that did the trick.

We all marshalled at the visitor center and eyed off potential companions for the “gorilla tracking”. Three groups of gorillas are tracked. A group of tourists is assigned to each gorilla family daily. We hoped to get really old people with us so that they would feel sorry for us and we would get the group of gorillas nearest the road. We got a charming young Canadian couple (good) + Frank the Yank from Florida (not even nearly good as it turned out) + his son. The briefing lasted so long I was exhausted from paying attention. I was also worried that the gorillas may have all died in the meantime.

The expedition set off in a UWA 4WD. We stopped after 10km or so and headed into the forest. Then the two-way crackled into life and we were told the people we wanted to see had wandered off, as gorillas do, in the other direction. So back to the vehicle and drove further down the road. This time we were told the forest guys were walking in our direction. This sounded promising. Frank was heard complaining that he was stuck with the likely slow moving animals of Barry-Sean-Sean and I. He was concerned that we wouldn't be able to

keep up with the rest of the group. Game on. After having a quiet word with the other tourists Barry-Sean and I kept putting pressure on the guides to walk faster so we could make Frank look foolish as he couldn't keep up. Frank fell over. We didn't. A good result all round.

I can't really describe what it is like to be with 21 gorillas at distances down to three metres. Barry-Sean just said "Oh Steve", leading me to think that he had met an old friend. It is one of those experiences where you are torn between trying to take photos and just soaking up the experience.

And then there was Frank. You see, you are not to use camera flash on gorillas. It's not polite plus there was the very real chance of having your head quite easily removed from the rest of your miserable body. The rangers have guns for this sort of thing but they don't use them on the gorillas. So what does Frank do – he repeatedly uses his camera flash ignoring repeated warnings. Now this started to wind me up so I had a little chat with Frank. This kind of ruined his day but had no impact in mine, except for the gratitude from the Ugandan rangers. Frank thought that I believed he was a bit of an idiot. This was because I told him "Frank, you're a bit of an idiot".

We didn't drink alcohol this day. Much.







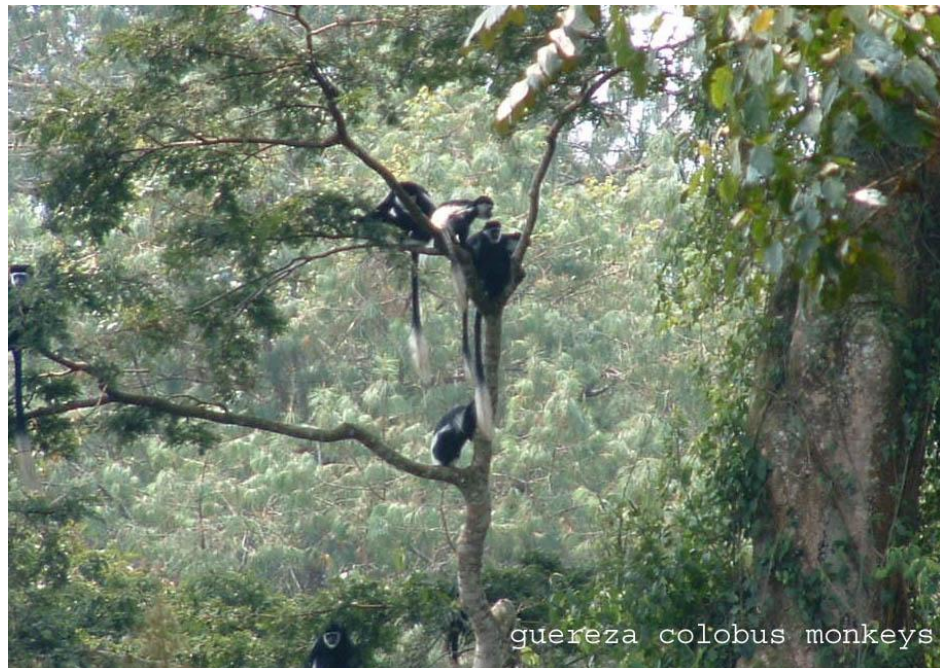
**Day 24 – Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> August 2003**

Nothing compares to yesterday.

**Day 25 – Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2003**

I tried to walk the so-called self-guided walk in the forest behind the park office. I was told in no uncertain terms that it is compulsory to take a guide on the self-guided walk. Not surprisingly I questioned this only to be confronted by a number of rangers / guides who explained very slowly and clearly what “self-guided” meant – you must have a guide! I gave up and drank beer instead.





**Day 26 - Monday 4<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

A very long day. We drove to Lake Mburo NP via Kabale. The highlight was passing a facility signposted as the "Rugerwe Sub-district Maternity Ward and Placenta Pit". Doesn't bear thinking about really does it? "Excuse me, could tell me where the nearest placenta pit is?" "No worries, there's one just down the road, follow the signs."





Lake Mburo is the only one in Uganda with vast herds of southern Africa savannah animals like zebra, eland and impala. It was also a pile of ash. It reminded me of national parks in Australia. There were an amazing number of animals concentrated around the back of a few unburnt swamps.

After dinner at a very nicely sited restaurant at the edge of the lake we went spotlighting for nightjars, a Verreaux's eagle owl and untold numbers of antelope.



## Day 27 – Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> August 2003

The day started with an early morning boat trip on Lake Mburo. We managed to see six African finfoot along with the more common run of shorebirds. We were back at 0930 for brekkie and then a walk with Moses, our guide. After our walk we hitched a ride back to our camp in a taxi (a Corolla). Picture this: seven adults plus packs, AK47s etc in a Corolla. We were shortly afterward intercepted by a returning Herbert + vehicle, so my body had a chance to slowly expand to its original size and shape. We drove across a burnt landscape to the back of a swamp. These mammals were all in view at once: eland, olive baboon, bohor reedbuck, waterbuck, impala, buffalo, warthog, zebra, topi and bushbuck. Incredible!!

After lunch we had a successful walk in search of the rufous-bellied heron (nice). In perhaps the greatest understatement ever made Moses calmly and quietly announced “leopard, don’t point”. I didn’t point at the snarling slaving beast in open view less than five metres away (later estimates put it anywhere between three and seven metres – you had to be there). I managed to “calmly” take my camera out of its bag and take a “walking away” shot. I didn’t much care what it did. It was only after our guide stopped shaking did I realize that we may have been in some danger. Moses said that he had never been so close to an adult leopard on foot. Apparently we had a real chance of staying at Lake Mburo as part of the food chain.



On return to camp we did a bit of tired old male buffalo dodging and generally had an exciting time walking around. It’s not like this at home, except for the odd enraged bandicoot.



## Day 28 – Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> August 2003

Yesterday's New Vision, the Ugandan daily paper, carried a long illustrated story about how masturbation in men reduces the risk of developing prostate cancer. This story changed my life.



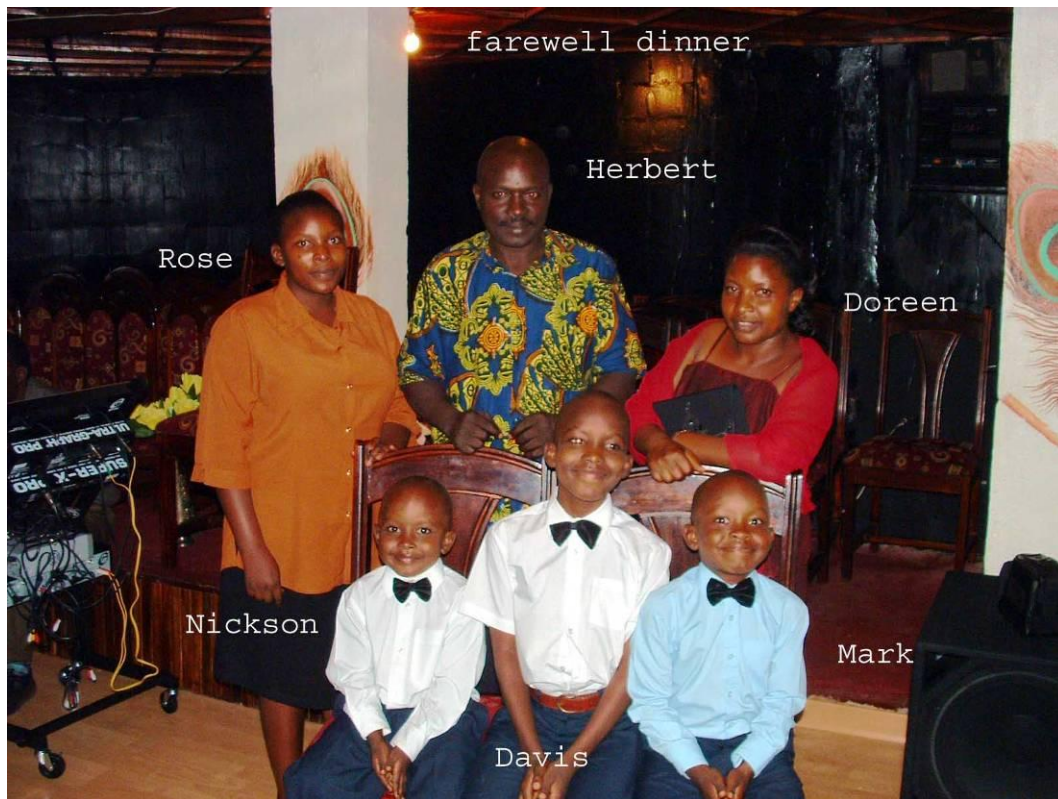
We left for Kampala, thus completing a circuit of much of the country. Along the way we stopped at a swamp that had ~300 southern crowned cranes sitting on it.

We boycotted our first lunch stop as the owner was keeping a caged grey parrot. Not much else happened of note.



Back to the Havana Hotel where we sat in the oddly named street-fronted Grasshopper Bar. Here we watched Kampala go by. Had a few beers as well.

This was our last night together so Herbert bought his family to the very good hotel restaurant for a gala farewell dinner. Good fun! His boys had bow ties and looked really smart. We said our goodbyes. I felt like if I had my way I'd start the same trip all over again!



#### **Day 29 - Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

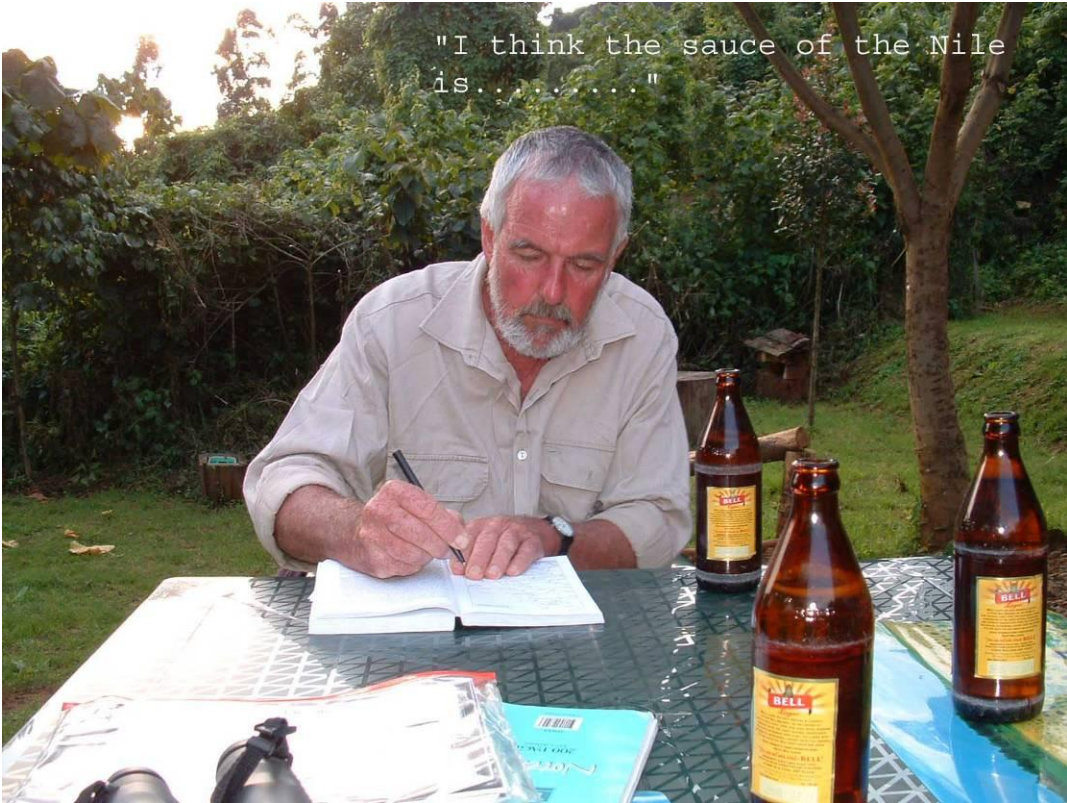
We left Allan and David. Barry-Sean and I now set off with a forgettable driver, Ivan, in a Mitsubishi Pajero for Mt Elgon National Park. We travelled past several hundred thousand straw-headed flying foxes, and the towns of Mbale and Sipi Falls to the Kapkwai Discovery Centre at Mt Elgon. The last 6km was pure slippery mud. It was the rainy season, and raining, so we were forced to drink beer with our new friend Flavia. She made us a lovely chicken stew with rice. We then retired to our luxury banda (40,000 ush / night). A very satisfying day. It felt like a totally different holiday.

#### **Day 30 – Friday 8<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

The forest near the accommodation is mainly regrowth with the odd tall tree in between. The edge of the national park is so well defined that you could cut yourself on it. Quite good for birds but the park is fairly new so not so many animals. The locals used to hunt them quite heavily. It was very pretty though because the rain had cleared the air. I think that insanity in Ugandans, assuming there is any, would be induced by the lack of weather. Every day is the same length and the weather forecast rarely changes.

The evening was spent chatting with the locals about the lot of women in Africa. Not all that surprisingly Barry-Sean and I took the side of Flavia against Ivan, a christian who believes women have no rights at all. I have no idea why he stayed in the discussion. It was brutal. It was enough to drive a man to Jack, or Flavia.....







### **Day 31 – Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

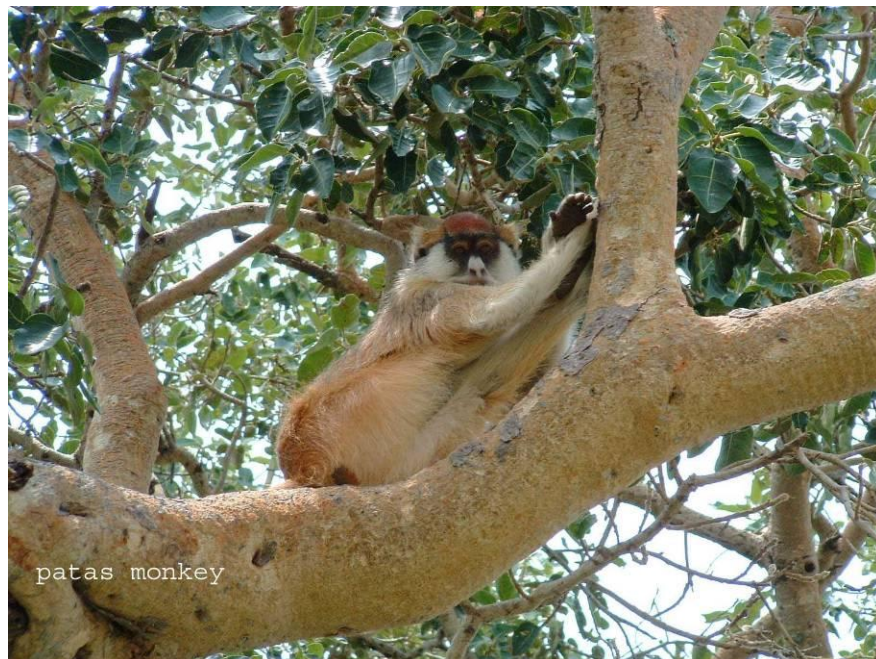
We walked up into the hills seeing lots of great birds with the best being a number of the regionally endemic Hartlaub's turaco, the local specialty. As this was a Saturday the local people were allowed, under permit, to collect firewood or other materials, so there was much disturbance. The women seemed to carry most of the heavy loads with a few notable exceptions. Everyone smiled and said hello, just like they did everywhere else in the country.

For a change of pace we then wandered through the village to the Kapkwai Primary School with Barry-Sean + Peter, a "guide" that followed us around explaining anything and everything.

### **Day 32 - Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

We moved on to the Pian-Upe Game Reserve with high hopes of seeing lots of new things, but there was a high mystery factor as we knew of nobody who had ever been there. I'd changed into an alternative set of dirty clothes for the occasion. We said a sad goodbye to our mate Flavia and set off at no speed whatsoever. Ivan was getting close to the point of becoming a statistic. His driving was slow and abysmal. Mutiny beckoned.

The day turned out to be one of those wonderfully confusing days that only happen when you travel. We arrived at Pian-Upe to discover that they had no food (despite what we were promised). The bandas were very nice, the people very welcoming (they get few visitors), but there appeared to be very little wildlife to be reserved. It had all been eaten or it was hiding. Where it was hiding is another matter. Everyone we spoke with pointed in a different direction. I must admit though, the tame patas monkeys were fantastic.





The highlight of the day by far, and as I type this a month later, one of the most memorable experiences of our holiday, was the shopping excursion to the Karamoja village to the north of the reserve. We were accompanied by Ivan from the reserve, who brought his AK47. He was good at bargaining for live chickens. The afternoon was memorable for a number of things: the incredible scenery – some of the best in the country by all accounts, the poverty of the Karamajong, the colourful clothes they wore, their AK 47-induced friendliness, and the scrum that soon formed so they could see their photos on a digital camera. They belied their reputation as violent cattle rustlers and murderers with gentle handshakes and big, if a little sad, smiles. We noted, to our horror, that the only decent building in town is the catholic church.

We took our rooster and other comestibles back to our camp, enjoyed a late lunch, then walked with Vincent, our new friend and guide, up and down the road looking at birds and chatting about Ugandan life and life in general. Along with Herbert, Vincent was about the most well informed person we met in Uganda and never stopped smiling. We learnt that the salary of a ranger in the UWA is \$US65 per month. This is considered to be a good job in Uganda.

We ate our rooster for dinner, “cooked” by our hostess Teddy. We then enjoyed warm beer, Jack and bed. An amazing day and one I’ll never forget.









### **Day 33 – Monday 11<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

Vincent, Martin, Barry-Sean, Ivan, a couple of big guns and I went for a game drive, or as it turned out, a no game drive. We did see lots of nightjars perched on a rocky hill but otherwise the biggest gig in town was who was going to lose their temper with our driver first. It turned out to be Barry-Sean-Sean.

There are not too many people in Uganda who have a driver's license. Ivan thought it amusing that either of us could drive. Barry-Sean returned us to our camp. I was very happy about this.

We decided to leave the next day for Mabira Forest for a couple of nights.

### **Day 34 - Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

We found out that it is an offence in Uganda not to greet your neighbour in the morning. If there is a crime and you are a neighbour that didn't greet for some reason then you will be arrested as a prime suspect. This explains why Ugandans are so welcoming and happy – it's the law! We also confirmed what I had read – that street criminals are mobbed by bystanders and stripped naked. If this is embarrassing for Ugandans, how would us whiteys feel? Given that we saw a chap having to use both hands to "siphon the python" I wouldn't think they would need to be embarrassed at all!

The afternoon's action included Ivan getting pulled over by the police. He could show no license (after all) so was fined. The officer apologized to Barry-Sean and I for ripping the crap out of "this boy". He needn't have worried.

Mabira felt like home. We lurked around the bus stop on the highway where several dozen food vendors formed a scrum around every stopping vehicle. We drank beers at the local boozier where many large women seemed to be based. Most appeared to be on some sort of medicine not normally available over the counter.



### **Day 35 - Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

A morning walk produced great views of black-bellied seedcrackers, Nahan's francolins and what I suspect was a Thomas's rope squirrel, even though it seemed slightly out of range. Spent most of the rest of the day wandering about enjoying the wildlife on offer and saying goodbye to things.

We were sad that our holiday was coming to an end. Barry-Sean and I agreed that we could just start again and enjoy it just as much.

### **Day 36 - Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

Our last full day in Uganda. We left Mabira after breakfast on the basis that we could go to Kampala and get rid of our "driver". We checked into the Red Chili Hideaway.





I spent most of the day writing, relaxing and enjoying the company of other tourists. The last of our 16 litres of Jack Daniels was consumed, amazing really that it lasted that long. Did I write 16; I meant two.

### **Day 37 – Friday 15<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

Off to the airport for our flight to Johannesburg. Incredibly the number of presidents on offer was zero. I spent all my shillings on gifts at a shop there, breaking the rule that you should never buy anything at airport shops. The things I bought, mainly ebony stuff, was nevertheless about 25% of the prices asked for identical items in Soweto, South Africa.

On arrival in Jo'burg we were convinced by a Nepalese tout that his proffered hotel was good and cheap. He was partly right but he was a poor example of a Nepalese in that he dealt only loosely with the truth. Barry-Sean wanted to perform scientific experiments on him, but my more relaxed attitude prevailed.

### **Day 38 – Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

After a long theological discussion with a Moslem Syrian, Douglas, our Zulu driver, took us on a tour of Soweto and Jo'burg. It was interesting. The most significant thing we noticed was the lack of people. Being a Saturday most of the locals were at funerals. A clear majority of the adults in Soweto had AIDS and Saturday is funeral day. The standard of housing was far and away better in Soweto than in most of Uganda.

Went home.

**Day 39 – Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

Got home. Note to self: never trust what Australian Customs tell you about heat treating wooden items. They lie.

**Monday 18<sup>th</sup> August 2003**

Idi Amin died.

Steve Anyon-Smith  
67 Wattle Road  
Jannali 2226 NSW  
Australia  
steveas@tpg.com.au

7<sup>th</sup> September 2003

**Following are the bird and mammal lists!!**

*NOTE! **Birds** are VERY under-recorded after first sighting – sightings are in order of sites visited - see key below table*

*All mammals are recorded*



		MF	Kam	MS	Bud	MF	Kib	QE	Bu	Ru	LM	MtE	P-U
BIRD		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	Great White Pelican												
2	Pink-backed Pelican												
3	Little Grebe												
4	Great Cormorant												
5	Long-tailed Cormorant												
6	African Darter												
7	African Finfoot												
8	Little Bittern												
9	Cattle Egret												
10	Common Squacco Heron												
11	Striated (Green-backed) Heron												
12	Rufous-bellied Heron												
13	Little Egret												
14	Black Egret (Heron)												
15	Intermediate (Yell-b) Egret												
16	Great Egret												
17	Goliath Heron												
18	Purple Heron												
19	Gray Heron												
20	Black-headed Heron												
21	Hamerkop			c	o	m	m	o	n				
22	Yellow-billed Stork												
23	Woolly-necked Stork												
24	African Openbill												
25	Saddle-billed Stork												
26	Marabou Stork			c	o	m	m	o	n				
27	Shoebill												
28	Sacred Ibis												
29	Hadada Ibis			c	o	m	m	o	n				
30	Glossy Ibis												
31	African Spoonbill												
32	Egyptian Goose												
33	Spur-winged Goose												
34	African Pygmy-goose												
35	White-faced Whistling-Duck												
36	Hottentot Teal												
37	Yellow-billed Duck												
38	Black Kite			c	o	m	m	o	n				
39	Black-shouldered Kite			c	o	m	m	o	n				

[illegible]



[illegible]

		MF	Kam	MS	Bud	MF	Kib	QE	Bu	Ru	LM	MtE	P-U
	<b>BIRD</b>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
125	Ring-necked Dove			c	o	m	m	o	n				
126	Red-eyed Dove			c	o	m	m	o	n				
127	African Mourning Dove												
128	Vinaceous Dove												
129	Laughing Dove												
130	Dusky Turtle-Dove												
131	Lemon Dove												
132	Brown (Meyer's) Parrot												
133	Gray Parrot												
134	Red-headed Lovebird												
135	Great Blue Turaco			c	o	m	m	o	n				
136	Ross' Turaco												
137	White-crested Turaco												
138	Black-billed Turaco												
139	Hartlaub's Turaco												
140	Bare-faced Go-away-bird												
141	Eastern Gray Plantain-eater			c	o	m	m	o	n				
142	Levaillant's Cuckoo												
143	Black and White Cuckoo												
144	African Cuckoo												
145	Red-chested Cuckoo												
146	Black Cuckoo												
147	Dusky Long-tailed Cuckoo												
148	Diederick Cuckoo												
149	Klaas' Cuckoo												
150	African Emerald Cuckoo												
151	Yellowbill												
152	White-browed Coucal			c	o	m	m	o	n				
153	Blue-headed Coucal												
154	Senegal Coucal												
155	Black Coucal												
156	African Wood-Owl												
157	Verreaux's Eagle-Owl												
158	Spotted Eagle-Owl												
159	Square-tailed Nightjar												
160	Slender-tailed Nightjar												
161	Long-tailed Nightjar												
162	Swamp Nightjar												
163	Montane Nightjar												
164	Black-shouldered Nightjar												
165	Freckled Nightjar												
166	Pennant-winged Nightjar			c	o	m	m	o	n				



[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

		MF	Kam	MS	Bud	MF	Kib	QE	Bu	Ru	LM	MtE	P-U
	<b>BIRD</b>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
464	White-naped Raven												
465	Montane (Black-tailed) Oriole												
466	Western Black-headed Oriole												
467	Yellow-billed Oxpecker												
468	Stuhlmann's Starling												
469	Narrow-tailed Starling												
470	Chestnut-winged Starling												
471	Waller's Starling												
472	Slender-billed Starling												
473	Greater Blue-eared Starling												
474	Lesser Blue-eared Starling												
475	Bronze-tailed Starling												
476	Rueppell's Long-tailed S'ling			c	o	m	m	o	n				
477	Purple Starling												
478	Purple-headed Starling												
479	Splendid Starling												
480	Violet-backed Starling												
481	Superb Starling												
482	Wattled Starling												
483	Rufous Sparrow												
484	Speckle-fronted Weaver												
485	Gray-headed Sparrow			c	o	m	m	o	n				
486	Black-headed Weaver												
487	Spectacled Weaver												
488	Black-necked Weaver												
489	Baglafaecht Weaver												
490	Grosbeak Weaver												
491	Little Weaver												
492	Slender-billed Weaver												
493	Golden-backed Weaver												
494	Yellow-backed Weaver												
495	Northern Brown-throated W												
496	Compact Weaver												
497	Holub's Golden-Weaver												
498	Orange Weaver												
499	Weyns' Weaver												
500	Strange Weaver												
501	Brown-capped Weaver												
502	Yellow-mantled Weaver												
503	Black-billed Weaver												
504	Vieillot's Black Weaver												
505	Red-billed Quelea			c	o	m	m	o	n				



[illegible]

		MF	Kam	MS	Bud	MF	Kib	QE	Bu	Ru	LM	MtE	P-U
	<b>BIRD</b>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
548	Black-throated Seedeater												
549	White-rumped Seedeater												
550	Streaky Seedeater												
551	Yellow-rumped Seedeater												
552	African Golden-breasted Bunt												

## Sites

1 Mabira Forest

2 Entebbe / Kampala

3 Mabamba Swamp

4 Budongo Forest

5 Murchison Falls NP

6 Kibale NP

7 QE NP

8 Bwindi NP (Buhoma)

9 Bwindi NP (Ruhija)

10 Lake Mburo NP

11 Mt Elgon NP

12 Pian-Upe GR



Seen by me

Seen by AR but not me!

[illegible]



		MF	Kam	MS	Bud	MF	Kib	QE	Bu	Ru	LM	MtE	P-U
	<b>Mammal</b>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
44	Western Tree Hyrax												
45	Forest Elephant												
46	African Elephant												
47	Zebra												
48	Hippopotamus												
49	Giant Forest Hog												
50	Warthog												
51	Giraffe												
52	African Buffalo												
53	Bushbuck												
54	Eland												
55	Bush Duiker												
56	Blue Duiker												
57	Ruwenzori Red Duiker												
58	Black-fronted Duiker												
59	Oribi												
60	Bohor Reedbuck												
61	Uganda Kob												
62	Waterbuck												
63	Impala												
64	Tsessebe												
65	Kongoni												

## Sites

- 1 Mabira Forest
- 2 Entebbe / Kampala
- 3 Mabamba Swamp
- 4 Budongo Forest
- 5 Murchison Falls NP
- 6 Kibale NP
- 7 QE NP
- 8 Bwindi NP (Buhoma)
- 9 Bwindi NP (Ruhija)
- 10 Lake Mburo NP
- 11 Mt Elgon NP
- 12 Pian-Upe GR

[steveas@tpg.com.au](mailto:steveas@tpg.com.au)

