

## GUERILLAS IN THE MIST 1999 UGANDA – GERMANY – LONDON

Thursday, February 18, 1999. Having anticipated this trip to see the mountain gorillas of Uganda for almost a year, it all seemed to go wrong at the last minute. I heard yesterday that Rebecca Matthews had chicken pox. Then, this morning I woke up to a splitting headache and clogged sinuses. What am I to do? I wondered if I should cancel the visit with the Matthews and called Susan to ask if she could find a hotel at the Frankfurt Airport, but when she called back to say room rates were like \$300, I was daunted. Then I went to a doctor who told me I had a sinus infection and prescribed a decongestant and an anti-biotic. I felt a little better and at 5:00 PM got in the limousine feeling I might make it to Frankfurt, Germany.

Delta has done away with first class for an 'enhanced' business class. The plane I was on had not been reconfigured so I was in the old first class section. With the conversion coming up, Delta has not maintained this segment very well. My seatmate, an interesting lady from Montgomery, AL who was on her way to Germany to visit relatives, found the footrest on her seat would not go all the way up. Since there was an empty seat behind her, she went to try it and found the back wouldn't recline. The stewardess was called and she called one of the pilots who came and fixed it. I never knew pilots were so versatile.

Fortunately my seat worked just fine. The next disappointment came when dinner was served off of trays, and the food was just passable, nothing special. I settled down for the night but could not get to sleep, turning and tossing all night. By morning my headache was back big time and I felt sick in my stomach. Not an auspicious way to start a trip.

Friday, February 19. When we disembarked at Frankfurt there was no one to show us the way to immigration and after we walked for some distance I wondered if we'd ever find it. After a long line I finally found and cleared customs and was in Germany.

Stephanie Matthews and Rebecca met me, Stephanie is John's oldest grandchild and Rebecca is, of course, my great grandchild. She is 17 months old with big blue eyes and a winsome smile. There is no sign of the chicken pox. Later we came to the conclusion that the spots were a reaction to the mumps shot she had had. So one worry is taken care of.

We drove northwest out of Frankfurt some ten miles through the Taunus Mountains (which are more like rolling hills) to Wallrabenstein where the Matthews have rented a townhouse. Jim is in Germany working under the aegis of our government. He is a computer expert, but it is very hush-hush exactly what he does. At the moment he is away to someplace in the Middle East. Stephanie wanted to be a stay-at-home

Mom so Jim took the overseas assignment so she could. Jim and Stephanie are here under the government's umbrella and they get living subsidies and have access to the PX at the air force base in Wiesbaden, although Jim is not a member of the armed forces.

After being greeted by their exuberant German shepherd, Wolfen, I had a tour of the house. The town house is four stories high, my bedroom is on the entrance floor, above is the living room, dining room and kitchen, and above that is three bedrooms and the only tub shower in the building. The top floor is reserved for the computer and other crafts projects. Typical German construction with each room separately heated so the halls are lined with closed doors. I begged off and went to bed for 4 hours. The nausea gradually subsided and the headache lessened. I felt well enough to go with Stephanie into Idstein, the nearby market town, to go to a big grocery. We had cheese tortellinis and salad for dinner and shortly I was back in bed again.

Saturday, February 20. Woke up feeling 100% better which certainly improved my morale. After breakfast we got in the van for a lovely day of sightseeing. First into Mainz where I took them to the antique ship museum which Martha and I had discovered two years ago. Back when the Huns were threatening, the Romans scuttled their ships to keep them from the enemy. The harbor area through the centuries filled in and the ships were, of course, forgotten. About 20 years ago they started to develop the area and found the remarkably preserved Roman galleys. A museum has been built with two of the ships restored and many other exhibits showing details of other ships. It is a nice excursion for a rainy day with a baby, for the whole museum can be

seen in an hour. We then went into Wiesbaden to the Kurhaus casino (which was closed) and had a leisurely lunch in the Kafel Restaurant.

Then we drove around to see the Kaiser Freidrich Bad springs which come out of a fountain and then the Thermal Bad pool where you can bathe in the water. Bad means Bath and people have been bathing in the

Wiesbaden water since Roman times. A huge park surrounds the casino and many elegant houses overlook it. We drove down to the Rhine and then on through Rudesheim admiring the wonderful castles and grape plantations along the way. This is a very scenic area, even in winter, and the sun has finally started to break through. Beyond Assmanshausen, a charming little town, Rebecca, in no uncertain terms, started screaming at us that she was tired of being in the car seat and we struck out across country for Wallrabenstein getting home about 4:30.

Stephanie produced a delicious jambalaya shrimp dish for dinner and was pleased to hear from Jim who told us he is in Ankara. He will be home on Friday.

Sunday, February 21. A cold rainy day. We decided to explore Alsfeld, which is a wonderful town of restored half-timbered houses, which lean and teeter to show off their great age, among the oldest in Germany.

We drove into the Vogel Mountains, which are higher than the Taunus Mountains. Patches of snow were to be seen and towering trees. It was a lovely drive even in the rain. After getting off the autobahn at the wrong exit, fortunately the rain was down to a drizzle, so we could park the car and walk the cobbled streets of Alsfeld. This was when Stephanie discovered she had left her purse behind. The problem would not have been so serious except that I had not been able to change money and had nothing but dollars and credit cards. We made a try at an ATM but I apparently have the wrong pin number for my cards. We tried a restaurant but they did not take credit cards and of course not dollars. It is Sunday and the banks are closed. At last we walked a way out of the old town and found the Zum Schwalbennest Hotel where the friendly room clerk spoke English and said she could change a small amount of money for us, the problem being to find the rate of exchange.

On her television set she screened various pages and finally found it!

We were so relieved to have some marks in our pocket! Since she knew we wanted lunch she opened the hotel restaurant just for us so some of the marks never left the premises! On the crown of the hill in the old town is the main square with a most picturesque town hall and cathedral.

Behind the cathedral is a fountain with a statue of the Goose Girl, for this is the area where the Grimm brothers got their inspiration. As we left for home the rain started to come down quite hard. We were almost home before Rebecca informed us she had had enough!

After dinner Stephanie and I watched a video of Jack Nicholson's 'As Good As It Gets' on their 40-inch screen.

Monday, February 22, 1999. Woke to a dusting of about one inch of snow and all through the morning it dusted some more intermittently but never stuck. We did my laundry, which takes a while on the slow but thorough German washing machine. Then we set out for Frankfurt for lunch before catching my plane. It's a good thing we had lots of time for there was a multi car accident on the autobahn, which slowed us down a bit. Finally found our way to the old town square which is very picturesque with it's restored buildings and had lunch at a cafe of frankfurters and German potato salad. Then it was on to the airport where I had more than two hours to wait for my plane since it was delayed. British Air from Frankfurt to London Gatwick is more a Commuter flight, no first class and second-class was three seats abreast. They did serve us dinner and drinks in the 1 1/2 hour flight.

Found Scotti and Martha waiting for me and we moved to the first class lounge to wait for Charity who is flying in from Toulouse. We are all so excited to be going to see the gorillas! At 10:30 we boarded the flight for Entebbe. It was a most unique first class section. I had a sort of roomette with a small seat facing me and an area to put my small belongings. When they made up the bed the little seat supported the bed, which slid out from the wall and was flat from head to toe! On top they had a 'sleeve'. a sort of white sleeping bag which was really cozy when I climbed in. The

only problem was that the bed was about 2 feet wide so every time I rolled over I banged myself on the sides and once during the night I had to remake the whole thing!

Tuesday, February 23. It is 7 hours from London to Entebbe and we arrived about 10 in the morning. It is hot and steamy but the Natural Habitat Adventures crew was there and all seem so nice. The drivers are Emanuel and Patrick and our leader is Feraz. We check into the Queen Victoria Hotel for some needed baths and rest.

Before lunch we have our briefing where I learn, among other things, that I haven't brought along enough money. Travcoa pays for just about everything, and all the tips except for the tour escort. Here we are expected to tip everyone, waiters, maids, camp staff and so forth, as well as the guides and Feraz. I don't know what to do but will have to consult with the girls. Wherever I can use a credit card I will, but credit cards aren't used much in Uganda. I went to take a nap with a big headache.

The girls went to the botanical garden and said it was very interesting.

For dinner the whole ten of us were together for the first time. There is Richard and Giovanna from Schenectady, NY, he is a gynecologist; two Houston ladies who are retired travel agents, Alice and Karen; and

Linda, a Canadian, who has had an interesting life working with Care Canada, mostly with refugees, but she smokes like a chimney, even at the table, Feraz, our Tanzanian leader who is of Indian descent, plus the four of us. The service in the dining room was very slow but the food was good. The gnats are terrible but at least they don't bite.

Wednesday, February 24. We are loaded into our two land rovers, and after gassing and laying in a supply of water start off across Uganda for Kibale National Park. The countryside is rolling with tropical growth, small plantations of bananas, pineapple and coffee, and the temperature is hot and humid. There is a different comfort level depending on where you sit, the back seat being very cramped and uncomfortable.

We decide to trade around at each stop. Feraz keeps us entertained with descriptions of everything, even things that are obvious. When he has nothing else to say he expounds on how he would solve the political ills of East Africa. He is very knowledgeable about the flora and fauna. The road is paved and in good shape for perhaps half the way but by the time we stop for our picnic lunch it has turned to unpaved and dusty.

When we get to Fort Portal we can see the Rwenzori Mountains. Some are 17000 feet high and glaciated despite being on the equator! These were known as the mountains of the moon and used to be thought the site of King Solomon's mines.

On the way into the Mantana Luxury tented camp, Martha spots some chimpanzees high in the forest canopy. Kibale Park is known for its primate types. Our Mantana tented camp is very comfortable and even has individual showers and privy. Our houseboy, Howard, stands ready to do anything for us, even the laundry. The staff prepares a wonderful dinner and we went early to bed.

Thursday, February 24. We leave early for our hike in the Kibale Forest. For about an hour it is fairly uninteresting, and reminiscent of the forests at home. Then the trail starts to become steeper, and I am having trouble breathing in the 4200 feet of altitude. Very worrisome, but they tell me I will acclimate. We did see a couple of red tail monkeys, and finally after almost two hours we reached a huge fig tree and high above us were the chimpanzees. We stayed and watched them for about an hour, dodging the rejected figs they threw down and the urine showers. They were so high it was hard to see much of chimps.

Then we hiked back to the land rovers and went back to the camp for lunch.

That afternoon we took a walk in the Magombe Swamp of about 4 1/2 km. Our spotter, Moses, was very good, pointing out 4 or 5 kinds of primates, black and white colobus, grey-cheeked mangabuy, red tailed monkey, and many many birds that live in the swamp. We watched a huge family of olive baboons on the road. They are the enemies of the local farmers whose land adjoins the swamp, stealing the produce. The farmers have built small campsites where they can spend the night and drive off these poachers with sticks. As a result the baboons are very timid about people and run and hide in the brush when they see us coming. Moses also knows the

plants and trees of the area. As a result the 3 hours passed quickly but oh was I tired. I don't think I will ever be able to walk again! I skipped supper and went to bed.

Friday, February 26. We made an early morning departure for the drive to Queen Elizabeth Park. The road was paved from Fort Portal on. Queen Elizabeth Park is at a much lower altitude and it gets hotter as we go down. We stop to take our pictures at the equator crossing and then enter the park about noon. Immediately we start seeing herds of Uganda Kob (an antelope native to Uganda). Near a crater salt lake we find Cape buffalo and later on see water buck, wart hogs, and, bathing in the lake, elephants and hippos. Mweya Safari Lodge sits up above Lake Albert and the smaller Lake George. Lake Albert is the western boundary of Uganda, dividing it from Zaire. The hotel is being renovated into a resort. During lunch a beguiling family of wart hogs came very near the dining terrace; Mama, Papa and four young ones.

During the afternoon game drive we saw lots of warthogs, elephant, waterbuck, Cape buffalo and even a giant forest hog that snorted derisively as he ran off. At last we got into a savannah area where there were herds of kob and went off trail searching for predators. We were thrilled to find two lionesses with four cubs lying in the grass with an older lioness lurking nearby. We watched them until it started getting dark (they watched us carefully too) then went back to the hotel for dinner.

The gnats are unbelievable in the evening, millions of them looking like snow flurries against the lights. They fly in your eyes and mouth and are in general quite obnoxious. We ate in almost darkness using flashlights when necessary for the lights attract the bugs. Our room was sprayed and there was mosquito netting around the beds but you should have seen the dead gnats the next morning that covered everything. Fortunately, during the day they are not to be found.

Saturday, February 27. We were up before dawn for a game drive. As we drove away from the hotel we saw hippos lumbering their way down to the lake. We drove up into a crater region where we found little game but good scenery and many birds. There were Cape buffalo, some with oxpeckers riding them, and we spotted a bushbuck with his big ears sticking out over the grass. Some baboon tracks in the road, herds of waterbuck. The best scene of the morning was of a black-shouldered kite that hovered over some bushes not 20 feet away making for a great photo op. Four wart hogs huddled together on the ground, resting until they heard us, threw up their tails and ran off. However, we never did see the cats, which we had been seeking. Back to the hotel for breakfast, where along with a wart hog a marabou stork poking around for food entertained us.

Next a barge trip on the Kazinga channel between the two lakes. Herds of hippo swam and bellowed around the boat, some surfacing right next to us. Many birds, white ibis, yellow-billed stork, Egyptian geese, blue heron. Herds of Kob and Cape Buffalos came down to the water to drink. We saw a monitor lizard. It was a wonderful trip down the channel past a small fishing village where the men were folding their nets and large malabu storks stalked around in a predatory way. There were a fish eagle and his enormous nest, and a crocodile, pelicans and saddle backed storks. At the end we came upon a large herd of elephants. It was marvelous to see all the many varieties of animals living peacefully together. After lunch we spied the mongooses that we had been warned not to feed. A colony of 15 or 20 invaded the dining area cuddling up under the tables.

We left the hotel and went in search of lions. Soon we found a lion resting under a bush. When he got up and stalked off, we then discovered his mate. We watched a while but nothing happened so we left and drove to the area where we had found lions the evening before, and then returned to find the two lions lying side by side in the bushes. Nearby were two young lions who Feraz felt were also waiting to mate the lioness. It was a thrill to watch them until it was time to go to go on to Ishasha in the southern part of the park. Fortunately the road had been repaired and we made good time for we were behind schedule. Almost to the Ishasha Camp we viewed some hippos in what had been a pool but was now a mud wallow since it hasn't rained. Behind them were sacred ibises, and as we drove into the camp we spotted our first topi.

The camp is much more primitive than the last one and I really panicked when I saw the walk to our latrine was over roots and dodging tent ropes. I was afraid I would break my neck, but they kindly moved it into our screen room, which made me feel much better. It consists of a bucket

with a toilet seat over it, and after use, you flush it by pouring two or three shovel-fulls of sand in. That night at dinner, Feraz invited a young Ugandan researcher, Margaret, to join us. She is a veterinarian by training, doing research on a thesis on population studies of the lions. With her was Vincent who handles the money from the grants. She sounds much under funded, the money coming from a zoo in Holland, and she may have to abandon the project after June if no more money appears. It costs about \$1800 a month to support the project. We slept to the music of the hippos snorting in the river by the camp and the barks of the baboons in the trees over our heads. You really felt like you were in the jungle.

Sunday February 28. An early game drive starting at 6:30. We didn't really see very much except 4 or 5 elephant until the end when we reached the 'flats' and here in an open area we saw herds of buffalo and kob, and nearby some hyenas stalking them. Did not see the kill thank goodness. Some wart hogs ran by and then as we headed back to camp we saw five giant forest hogs run across the road. After lunch they gave us 4 hours off. I slept! The evening drive produced nothing new except one newborn fawn. Alas no lions sleeping in trees for which this park is known.

Monday, March 1. Morning drive through the lovely scenery. We found the entrails from a kill and running off in the distance a leopard. We followed him but lost him when he went over the brow of the cliff to the valley. Leopards don't eat the stomach or intestines but drag the rest of the body away, perhaps into a tree. We looked for the rest of the kill but without success. Ended the drive going down to the river for a closer look at the hippos. We are all learning the names of the many birds. I can even identify the snake eagle! A funny wagtail landed on the cars mirror, spied his reflection and spent some time trying to contact the bird he saw. He would fly up on top and it would disappear.

Back to the camp we prepared for the two-hour drive to Bwindi where we are to make the hike to see the gorillas. Diana Fossey did her research in what is now Rwanda, but the area in which the mountain gorillas live is the whole area where Rwanda, Congo (formerly Zaire) and Uganda come together. About 600 gorillas are still left, 300 in Uganda. They live in what is called the Impenetrable Forest and the hike in to see them can take 4 or more hours. I have been in training for this. To see the gorillas is called the ultimate wildlife adventure.

At lunch a message came to us that there had been 'an incident' and we should not go to Bwindi but go to Lake Mbaru instead. Nothing more.

We were over 2 hours from a telephone! We drove out of there wondering if we were at war or what! In a sort of macabre way we watched a big kill with what seemed like every vulture in the country on it, some 20 or more. Other than that, the drivers drove as fast as possible to get us out of there, keeping a close eye on the rear view mirror to be sure we weren't followed. Finally we got to Istaka, where we found the phones not working. You can't imagine what goes on in your mind during all this. Immanuel, the driver was visibly upset. We went on to the Lake View Hotel in Mbarara and at last Feraz got through to headquarters in Kampala. The news isn't good. Rwandan terrorists swept into Bwindi in the early morning, destroying the park headquarters, killing the park ranger and two others, and abducting 13 foreign nationals staying at the A & K Camp and two other camps within the park. Two of the abductees were found dead and the others were taken up the trail to the Congo. This is a severe blow to Uganda's tourist industry, which brings much needed hard money to the country. Uganda had been sending troupes into the Congo to assist the Congolese in restraining the rebels. Uganda and the United States have also been supporting the Tutsi regime in

Rwanda. It looks like there will be a civil war in the Congo as bad as the one in Rwanda, where a million were massacred. Some predict the conflict could engulf all of Africa.

We drove on to the luxury safari camp at Lake Mbaro, a small game park in center of Uganda. Feraz is trying to plan what we can do with the extra days we now have but most of us just want to leave Uganda.

Tuesday, March 2. Woke to rain and sat under the shelter in front of our tent watching the zebra and impala grazing in the valley below us.

We are all in a state of shock, and realize we are very lucky that the strike was not the next day, and that we were also very lucky that the word got to us to return to Lake Mbaro. By lunchtime, Feraz had made the arrangements to return to Entebbe and we went on the six-hour drive back to the Queen Victoria Hotel. There was a very bad traffic jam in Kampala and when we got to the hotel at 8:00 they had no electricity. The four of us were informed we were leaving that night for London and had one hour to repack and eat before being taken to the airport. Feraz gave us his small single room in which to do all this by candlelight. The others in the group will leave tomorrow, except Linda who opted to remain at Lake Mbarro. At 1100 PM we took off for London! British Air is so nice and civilized!

Wednesday, March 3. We arrive in London in the early am, buy every English newspaper on the stand and make a mistake of taking the hotel bus to the Rochester hotel. It took over 2 hours in commuting traffic and when we got there rooms weren't ready despite being promised. Had lunch (its 9:00am London time but 1200 in Uganda, at a nearby sandwich shop, then check in. My room a miserable single, girls in a triple, but otherwise hotel is a nice small English hotel. In reading the newspapers we are more and more horrified at what we escaped. 31 tourists originally were captured, but only English and Americans were marched up trail to Congo, barefoot, all their belongings having been confiscated. 8 tourists plus 3 park workers were murdered, six were released. This was done by the militant Interhamwe ('those who kill together'), the same Hutus from Rwanda that savagely massacred a million Tutsis in the genocide two years ago. The strike at Bwindi was to strike a blow to Uganda's economy for its support of the Tutsi regime in Rwanda. Uganda is run by President Museveni who has done much to rid the country of the memory of the Idi Amin years (which ended 20 years ago). Uganda's fledgling tourist business is now in shambles since its cornerstone was the park at Bwindi. Uganda needs the hard money brought by the tourists and much of it goes to protect the gorillas. The strike was also done to warn England and US to stay out of Rwandan affairs. The horrifying part is that it is now revealed there was a kidnapping 6 months ago which was kept secret, and also that the Uganda government was warned two weeks ago there would be another strike, and that too was suppressed! They also say there will be another strike! We bought some phone cards and spent most of the day in nearby public phone booths (it is very expensive to call from the hotel room) letting everyone we know that we were safely in London, since this is headline news around the world. Each person called was asked to call others and we just hope that all who care will find out we are all right. I had thought I might go to Ireland to visit my good friend Pete Chambers but when I found she was in the hospital with a concussion, we decided to throw ourselves on Delta's mercy and see if we can change our reservations home to an earlier date. Thus, while Scotti will leave on schedule on Saturday, Martha will go home Monday while I go to Toulouse. Then I will return to Atlanta on the 16th. We had dinner in an Indian restaurant near Victoria Station.

Thursday, March 4. Charity left very early for Toulouse and I moved into the triple with Martha and Scotti. We took a London Walk, The Famous Square Mile, 2000 years of history. It started at the monument of the great fire of 1666, and wound through the old city. The guide, Sue, explained the great plague of 1665. Saw several Christopher Wren Churches, Temple to Mithras, and ended at the Guild Hall where we were lucky enough to see the Lord Mayor of London, arrive in his full regalia in a Rolls, with his mace being carried behind him. Took a taxi to Leicester Square where we bought half-price tickets to 'An Ideal Husband', by Oscar Wilde, had a lunch of kidney stew at a pub, walked through Soho and Carnaby Street to Regent Street. Took the tube home for nap, followed by dinner at a Pizza Parlor near theater. The pizzas looked better than they tasted for they were microwaved. The play was great, pure Oscar Wilde with convoluted plots within plots.

Friday, February 6. We are gradually getting back to normal. I even took the time to reorganize my suitcases, which were a disaster area. Then we caught a bus to the Marble Arch and, at the Odeon Theater, saw the movie 'Shakespeare in Love', which seemed so appropriate to see in London. Dinner at LePont de La Tour, an elegant and pricy restaurant near Tower Bridge on the Thames with wonderful food.

Saturday, February 6. Scotti left at the crack of dawn to go back to the United States, leaving just Martha and me. We took the tube to the Courtauld Gallery where they have a great collection of impressionist paintings. After lunch at a pub where we split a fish and chips and could not eat it all, we then took a cab to Leicester Square to see what theater tickets were available. The best shows were all sold out so we took tickets to 'Starlight Express', which I had seen twice before but not recently. Then we took the tube to Earls Court to play bridge at the Young Chelsea bridge club at 32 Barkston Gardens. A number of clubs share this facility, which is a three-story tall town house, complete with bar. The game this afternoon was the French Club, held under the rules of the French Federation and eligible for French points. Fortunately everyone spoke English! There were several differences from bridge in the states. To begin with it cost 6 pounds to play (almost \$10). Then the convention cards were different. After the first round everyone wrote their hands down on the traveler so that if there was a mix-up later, it could be straightened out. One difference in the play was that they would announce if they were playing 5 card majors and 15-17 no trumps, it being assumed that if they did not announce they were playing ACOL. The players were like bridge players everywhere; we even had a fiery tempered one who almost left when he got into an altercation with another player! The results were not figured out on the spot and we had to call the next morning to find out how we did. It was all great fun and Martha and I were happy with our 51% game even if we didn't get any French points!

We ate at a neighborhood Italian restaurant and then took the underground to Victoria where 'Starlight Express' was playing right across the street. It is the story of 'The Little Engine that Could', written by Lloyd Weber and the entire cast was on roller skates.

Sunday, February 7, 1998. It is cold and rainy. As the British weatherman put it, a really dire day. Checked out of the hotel and headed for Hampton Court. I was last there over 35 years ago! It is a very interesting palace, owned by Cardinal Woolsey, who, when he fell out of favor for not being able to secure the divorce of King Henry VIII from Catharine of Aragon, was forced to give the palace to the monarch. The private apartments from King Henry's time are gone but we saw the great hall, and the hall where Catherine Howard's ghost is still said to cry out for Henry to forgive her for her adultery. The wing which William III and Mary II, built in the late 1700s where Henry VIII's private quarters stood, is on display. A terrible fire about ten years ago destroyed a lot of the wing, but it has been lovingly restored as it was at the time of King William. They even have restored the privy garden, which had long since fallen into disrepair. The Tudor kitchens ended our tour.

A hot chicken stew and hot chocolate warmed us up a bit before we caught the train back into London. Taking a cab, we returned to the Rochester hotel, picked up our luggage, then returned to Victoria for the Gatwick Express, a half-hour train ride from London. Checked into the Meridien Hotel and after a wonderful dinner of mussels hit the hay early.

The next day flew to Toulouse to visit my son Evans who is there on a sabbatical.

The newspapers are now reporting 8 were killed in the massacre: 2 Americans, 4 English and 2 New Zealanders.

The State department is now warning Americans it is not safe to go to Uganda!