JOHN DOW MERRITT
BORN AT DAVIS CITY, IOWA
ON OCTOBER 27, 1894

J. D. Merritt

DEDICATION

TO

Dr. George S. Benson

Whose whole-hearted support of the

Mission work in ZAMBIA

Over the past thirty years

Has made it a very

Meaningful Exercise

SCENES AND PICTURES

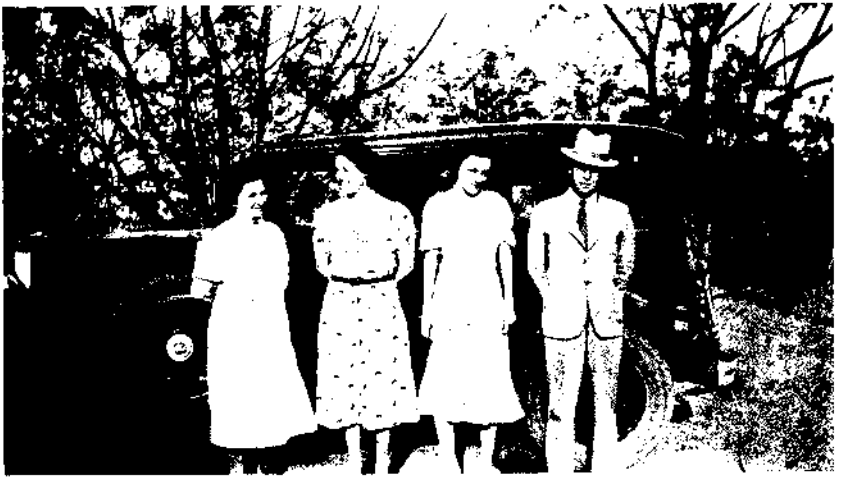
of

Brother Dow Merritt's

CO-WORKERS

and

CONVERTS

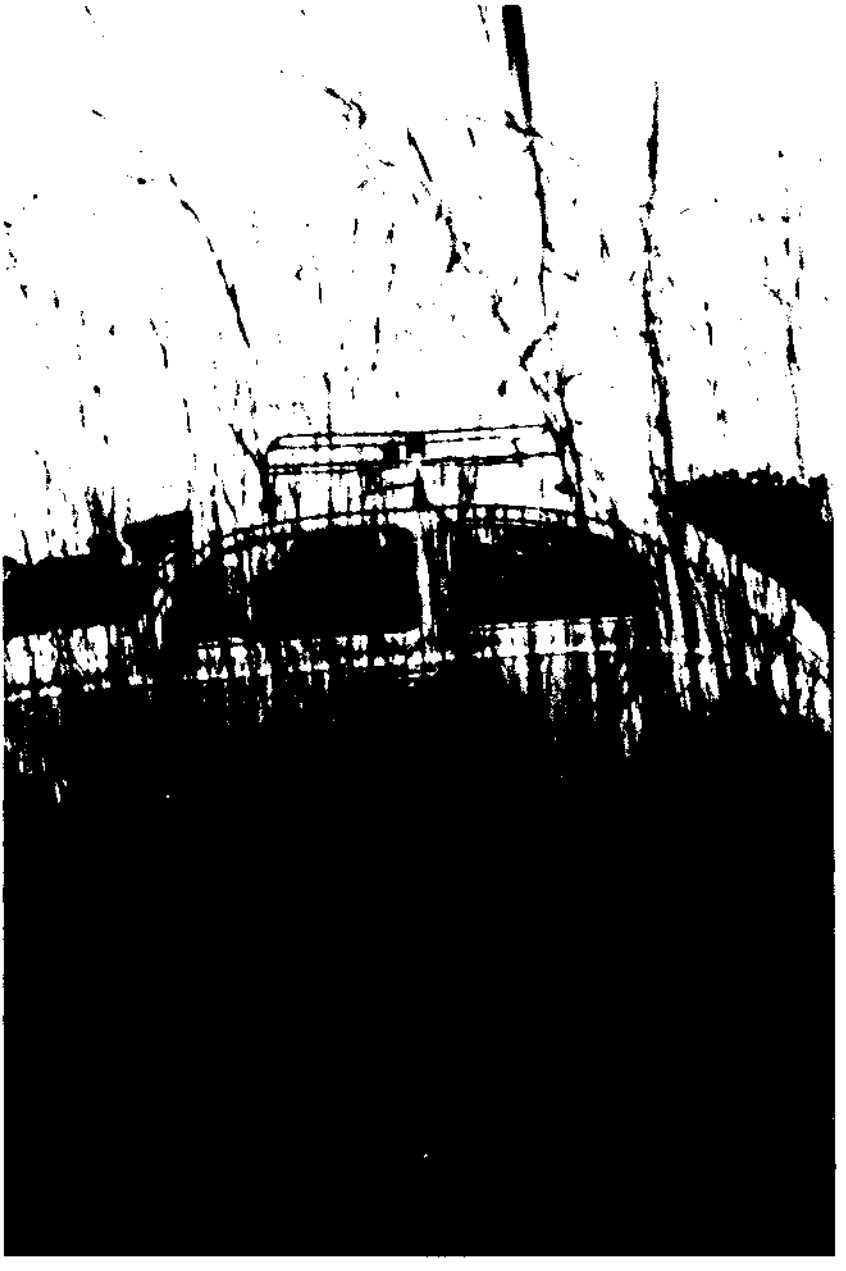


FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MRS. MERRITT, MRS. ROWE, GEORGIA HOBBY AND ALVIN HOBBY. THIS WAS TAKEN THE DAY THAT THE HOBBYS AND MRS. ROWE LANDED AT NAMWIANGA MISSION TO HELP IN THE WORK THERE.

ALICE WITH IRIS AGED 6 YEARS, AND STERLING 3 YEARS OLD. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN AUGUST 1927 JUST OUTSIDE OF OUR GRASS HUT, WHERE WE LIVED WHEN WE FIRST WENT TO KABANGA MISSION.

THE LAWYER AND MERRITT FAMILIES JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT SINDE MISSION TO OPEN A NEW WORK AT KABANGA MISSION.

MR. MOOKA, A FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN OF MANY YEARS SERVICE. HE RECEIVED EARLY TREATMENT FOR LEPROSY AND THE DISEASE WAS ARRESTED.



THE DANGER OF MEETING SOMEONE TRAVELING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION IS UPPERMOST IN MIND WHEN MOTOR TRACTS THROUGH TALL GRASS HAVE TO BE FOLLOWED.

THIS WOMAN, A VERY OLD ACQUAINTANCE, CAME TO TELL US GOOD-BYE. SHE SLIPPED ON HER STORE DRESS FOR THE OCCASION.

THIS IS MISS MARTHA MOOMBA A WELL QUALIFIED CHRISTIAN TEACHER. SHE HAD A SPECIAL COURSE IN SCHOOL MANAGEMENT AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

AFTER THE CHURCH HOUSE WAS DESTROYED BY AN ELEPHANT, THE CHRISTIANS AT MISIKA VILLAGE CLEARED A SPACE FOR MEETING. THE COMMUNION THINGS ARE SET FOR THE SERVICE.

THE WHOLE BIBLE WAS NOT PUBLISHED IN CITONGA UNTIL 1964. WHEN THE CRATES OF THE NEW BIBLES WERE OPENED AT KABANGA I WAS SURPRISED TO HAVE THE FIRST ONE AS A GIFT, THEN I WAS ASKED TO PRESENT THE SAME SORT OF GIFT TO TWO OLD PREACHERS, MR. JIM MUZUMARA AND MR. KAMBOLI.

HELEN PEARL AND GEORGIA POSED UNDER A WILD FIG TREE THAT GROWS IN THE BACK YARD OF OUR HOUSE AT KABANGA.

THIS WOMENS' BIBLE CLASS WAS TAKEN OVER BY MRS. JACOBO WHEN HELEN PEARL LEFT FOR AMERICA IN 1962. MRS. JACOBO IS THE WOMAN IN THE DARK SKIRT, THIRD FROM RIGHT ON THE FRONT ROW.

IT IS A CUSTOM THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN AWAY AND HAVE RETURNED TO LIVE IN THE COMMUNITY BE GREETED WITH A GIFT. THIS OLD COUPLE CAME TO GREET US WITH A CHICKEN WHEN WE RETURNED TO ZAMBIA IN 1963.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER—WE DO NOT TRY TO TEACH THEM TO FOLLOW OUR MANNERS OR WAYS OF DRESS.

THE PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

I was very happy to see *The Dew Breakers* book come from the press in 1971 and I am even happier to have been chosen to publish the second edition. It is not only an honor for me to be able to do it, but it also suggests that more of our brethren than usual have chosen to read this important work.

My knowledge of the cause of Christ in Zambia goes back for some thirty years. When I think of that country, I think of Bro. Merritt, Alvin Hobby, the Brittell family, and many others. I also think of Bro. George Benson who has helped with that work for many years from this side. Then I think of Namwianga and Sinde Missions.

Back in 1970 I passed through Zambia, landing in Lusaka and then flying to Livingstone where I met Sis. Elaine Brittell and others at Sinde Mission. Of course it was during the same year that I published a book about Elaine's Mother and family called *Mother of Eighty.* While on that visit I was also taken to Namwianga Mission where I met Bro. and Sis. Alvin Hobby and others. Because of these experiences, I have never forgotten that country and the ones who work there.

I pray that this book will continue to call attention to Zambia, her people, and her needs. Maybe some who read these lines will be inspired to go, to serve, and to spread the cause of Christ in this land and in other nations of Africa.

I am especially grateful to Bro. B. D. Morehead and World Vision for initially printing this book and for the suggestion to Bro. Merritt that I be the one to do the second printing.

With these few words, I commend *The Dew Breakers* to you with the prayer that we may have even more Dew Breakers in the future, that is, those who are willing to go before and prepare the way, to sow the seed, to lay a foundation, and to preach the gospel of Christ to every creature in every nation under heaven. This is what the world needs more than anything else.

J. C. Choate
Winona, Mississippi
January 26,1980

THE DEW BREAKERS

by

Dow Merritt

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD

The stories in this book are a true account of incidents that took place in the first twenty or so years of our service in the mission work in Zambia. Though these tales are historic they were not put down in the book as history; they were written for you to enjoy.

I have been telling my friends these things for years and have meant all along to write them down someday. Gary Mitchell, a very dear uncle of mine, began thirty-five years ago to urge me to write a book of our experiences. Though he lived to be more than ninety years he did not see any of this in print; nevertheless he was my inspiration, and the audience I addressed.

I am indebted to Dr. L. Cline Sears for reading my script and making valuable suggestions; he encouraged me with kind words when I was ready to give up.

Uncle Barney Morehead has offered to see THE DEW BREAKERS through the press and afterwards, and for this I am indeed grateful.

KABANGA MISSION August 10th 1970.

INTRODUCTION

THE DEW BREAKERS

—But the weakest go to the wall in all of this, and your black carriers push the shivering youngsters ahead to dry off the clammy dew on their bodies. "Human brooms," they are called. Take your stand against an intolerant tradition of this "dew wiping" sort and you will be worsted, for they argue that such is the tribal will, and had they not all been through it? So here we have a literal case in which "a small child shall lead them," mere babies driven on first to brush off the dew.[1]

[1] *By a conceit of entymology the word "pioneer" is coined from this very idea of such an one being a "human broom" or "dew drier," and a fair English equivalent is to call a Burton or a Livingstone "Mr. Waterproof," because he braved the inclement days and got drenched that we might go dry."*

Dan Crawford in *Thinking Black.*

I. PREPARATION OF A DEW BREAKER

"I can't issue a visa on the strength of this cablegram; it is a private communication and is worthless officially," said a secretary as he stood behind the counter in the British Passport Office, New York City. I had presented my valid passport and a message from Will Short, our senior missionary in Northern Rhodesia. The message read, "Chief Secretary's permit to enter Northern Rhodesia will be handed to you when ship reaches Cape Town."

"Your friend, Mr. Short, should have sent this word through official channels; then everything would have been in order," continued the secretary.

"What can I do? Our ship sails tomorrow. There is not time enough to get action by wire."

"Just one moment," he said as he slipped out to another office. He was soon back to say, "The Consul says that you can go on your own recognition, which means that, if you are not allowed to land in South Africa, you'll have to pay your own way back to the United States."

With that he rubber-stamped a visa in my passport, affixed the revenue stamps which I had to pay for, and had it signed by the Consul. That was that!

I was so happy I couldn't contain words. I said, "I knew it was going to be all right!"

John Allen Hudson, a preacher in New York City, who had gone with me to the passport office, asked, "How is that?"

"I prayed about it!" Afterwards I was afraid I might have startled him, and he'd be wondering what kind of a fanatic he had in tow.

Very early that morning Mr. and Mrs. Hudson had met our train at the Pennsylvania Station. From there Mrs. Hudson took Alice and our two children to her home on Long Island, while John

Allen accompanied me to the postoffice, and on down the street to get our travel documents completed.

We spent the night with the Hudsons. The next morning they went with us as far as the City where they put us on the 4th Avenue subway, starting us towards our ship. We surfaced at 36th Street, Brooklyn, found a taxi, and were soon in Bush Terminals looking at the dirty, red-lead-splotched sides of the Eastern Glade, the freighter that was to be our home for the next month or so.

A high tide was in. The ship stood high above the dock. The ship's gangway ran up its side steeply. It was open so that the water far below could be seen between steps. Alice, who had never seen the sea before, mounted the ladder, had one look at the water below and hesitated, but on reflection, realized that up the ladder was the way to Africa; so she looked up and had no trouble getting to the deck of the ship.

The Eastern Glade was one of hundreds of ships just like her, 5,500 ton freighters, called Victory Ships, that had been built to supply the armies in Europe during the 1st World War, and after the war were sold to shipping companies. I had served fifteen months on the West Mount, a ship just like this one, except it was built on the West Coast as the name indicated, so I knew every nook and cranny on the Eastern Glade.

As we stood at the top of the gangway we viewed a deck covered with rubbish and grey dust. Twisting whiffs of wind carried the stuff back and forth and around and around, All holds were open. Fore and aft the steam winches were grinding out power; loaded slings and empty slings were shuttling between dock and ship. Stevedores were shouting. The noise was very unpleasant.

Picking our steps to the saloon we found the Chief Steward who showed us to our cabins, which were in more or less the same condition as the ships deck. All of this would be made right once we got to sea.

It was in the dining room that we met our few fellow-passengers: one, a Swedish woman who had lost her husband in a car-crash; another, the wife of an oil man going to join her husband in Durban; a South African farmer returning to his homeland after an adventure at farming in Canada; and a young missionary, an interdenominationalist, who had been educated at Moody Institute, and on his way to join a mission in the Union of South Africa.

Some time that night our ship cast off. I knew we were at sea only because of the rolling of the ship. At 5:00 a.m. the deck hands began to wash down. The spraying of heavy streams of water against the bulkhead and the deck outside waked all of us; we got up to see the sea; the wind was too cool and brisk to invite us to stay!

At breakfast that morning we found out that we were not yet on our voyage to South Africa, but were going down the coast to Newport News to fill the bunkers with some three hundred tons of soft coal!

I had been through all this before, for that is exactly what our ships did during the war; they would take cargo at New York, coast down to Newport News for coal, and then re-join a convoy and zigzag to Europe.

At the coaling, and for some time after, coal dust was everywhere—on our pillows, crunching under foot, in the soup!

When the coaling was over the sailors were busy making ready for sea; every loose thing was secured, life boats were checked for stores and readiness, all hatches were battened down.

The next week was cold, bleak, and wet! Cape Hatteras with an offshore wind can be a worry to seafarers. We had three days of bad weather when no one worried about the coal dust.

One warm humid morning after the storm we saw seaweed in the sea. There were waterspouts, and spouting whales too. We were in the Gulf Stream.

I had had several talks with our missionary friend. He impressed me as a person dedicated to the Lord's service. We agreed on many points of doctrine; he had been baptized for the remission of sins. He didn't believe undenominational union to be possible, but thought interdenominational cooperation could be achieved.

When the first Lord's Day came around I asked this man to come to our cabin for worship and communion. He came. We read the Scriptures, prayed and sang together and ate the Lord's Supper. He seemed to enjoy and benefit from the service as much as we did.

When the second Sunday came I asked him to come with us again. He was surprised that we should want to commune so soon again. "At that rate," he said, "the Lord's Supper will become common, and meaningless." I didn't insist that he join us, or argue with him. Some time that week he suggested that we have a short service

in the fo'c's'le. I was all for it until he mentioned that a couple of the boys, one with a fiddle and the other with a guitar, had promised to help with the music! That I should object to such an arrangement was beyond his understanding! It seemed to me to be an evil thing that we two concerned Christians had to demonstrate to the small world of that ship that we were not one in Christ.

In time we came to the Equator. The crew had been at work for several days getting ready for the Neptune Party. They were going to put on the whole show: they'd have Neptune and his Queen, the Barber, the Doctor, the soap pills and the quinine mouth wash, the deep tank of sea water: the works!

It had been rumored about the ship that the missionaries were going to "catch it" good and proper. When the Royal Party came aboard, the court came in session, and the first item on the docket was concerning the missionaries. The police were sent to arrest them and bring them before the Court. They had no trouble apprehending my friend, but when they came for me it was a different story, for I had a little private army of my own to defend me! Our daughter Iris, five years old and full of life, had made friends with every one on the ship. She liked them; they liked her. But when she understood that her daddy was about to be arrested, and would be roughed-up she went into battle with the four huskies that came to get me, and won. She was such a fury they couldn't face her. "Thanks! That's my little girl!"

After three weeks of the sea and the ship the passengers were ready to scream from downright boredom. The Dutch farmer contented himself by being the last at table so as to finish off whatever dish might be left over. Alice and the two women played quoits and shuffleboard, and my missionary and I spent a lot of time playing chess in the saloon.

One evening when everyone was keyed up with sheer ennui the Captain met me on deck and asked if I knew how to play whist. When I said I knew how, he took me by the arm and lead me away saying that I was the fellow they had been looking for to make a fourth player, and at his cabin the two women passengers were waiting, ready to play.

Soon my missionary called me to the door and asked me not to play that evil game. I told him that I thought that we'd play no more than three games; and that it was only to break the tension that everybody was feeling. At that he let me go, but was at the

door often, so that when it looked like we were breaking up he got my arm and led me down to the saloon where we sat at the table and played chess. Were those the same Kings and Queens that were on the cards? The evil seemed to be a matter of viewpoint.

I waked with a catchy pain in my right side one morning. The Chief Steward, who was also the medical man on the ship, said that I had appendicitis. The pain was of the right kind and in the right place, but before he had made his diagnosis I had quit taking anything by mouth. The Captain came to see me. He said that we would be passing St. Helena at noon the next day and he could put me and my family off there if I wanted to go to the hospital. This was the second morning of my illness and my temperature was normal. I said I'd stay with the ship. "Remember what happened to Napoleon out there!"

Now in the low latitudes, we began seeing schools of flying fish; a few landed on the ship at night. Here an albatross was always to be seen skimming the waves effortlessly. Another bird, a small black petrel called Mother Carey's Chicken was seen riding the waves. Sailors say that this bird has never seen land, but lives and breeds on the waves!

Our Captain gave me a wonderful opportunity to preach to him when he asked, "What madness drives you to expose such a lovely little family to the dangers of a wild and unhealthy country like Northern Rhodesia?"

Many others who need no sermon have asked me why I became a missionary. They asked, "What were your qualifications?" and, "What special preparations did you make?" "How did the brotherhood learn of your desire to go to a foreign field?" These are all good questions and I shall try to answer them by telling the little story of my life.

I count it first and foremost in my preparation that I was born in a Christian home where the Bible was read and prayers made morning and evening, every day of the year. The date of my birth was October 27, 1894.

In 1900 my family moved by covered wagon to southwestern Oklahoma where my father became a pioneer preacher, supporting himself, in the first place, by operating a store, then later, by farming. He felt very keenly his lack of schooling, and supported better educated men to hold meetings in the country. I remember well two of these men: W. L. Reeves and George Lee.

From these men my father learned that J. N. Armstrong was starting a new Bible school at Odessa, Missouri. He sent an older brother of mine there in 1905, and in 1908, when I was a no-good fourteen-year-old, he sent me too.

After a year at Odessa I enrolled in each of the next two years at Cordell Christian College, an Oklahoma school. My first year ended in the Spring after I had been confined several weeks with smallpox; the next year also ended in the Spring when the smell of newly plowed fields drove men mad with homesickness.

I went back to Odessa in 1912. There I met a handsome girl named Alice Drusilla Cook. This girl corresponded with me through all the years after I had "joined the navy to see the world."

August 17, 1913, was the day I enlisted, and at that time the U. S. Navy needed men in the Engineer's Force, so after I signed the articles I was a "coal passer." Whatever that might mean I had not the least idea, but a few days after, when I went to work on board a ship I found out that it did not mean an "inspector of coal."

It was on my first day aboard a ship, and while I was still in civilian clothes, that I met Leo A. Duncan, an old school mate of the Cordell days. When he learned that I had shipped in the "black gang," he suggested that I make request to be transferred to the hospital corps. He got permission for me to spend that night with him at the hospital where he worked. The visit to the big modern Puget Sound Naval Hospital convinced me that in such a place I might learn things that would be a lot more useful to me than I might learn in the bunkers of a ship. In a week or two, after I had got settled on a ship, I applied to be transferred to the hospital corps. After weeks had passed without an answer to my request; and after I had become the Boiler Maker's helper with a chance to learn that trade, word was passed; i.e., the boatswain's mate blew his pipe and shouted, "Merritt, J. D., report to the Sick Bay for duty!"

At this time big trouble was brewing in Mexico. Law had broken down over much of the country, banditry was rampant. Poncho Villa had made raids across the Rio Grande. America was getting involved. Several ships of the Pacific Reserve Fleet then lying at Bremerton were fitted out to carry hundreds of Marines. I was transferred to one of these ships and there trained in battle-field first-aid, and prepared to go along with the Marines should they land!

We spent several weeks in the Gulf of California, where the only amusement was daily swimming, and the illegal undercover gambling that couldn't be curbed in such a crowded, unhappy ship.

When Uncle Sam changed his mind about Mexico, we were sent to San Francisco where the Marines were put ashore. From there our ship made two cruises to Hawaii, each time towing a submarine, first the F-4, then the F-1. These ships were ill fated. The F-4 failed to surface after a deep dive in Hawaiian waters; the F-1 was sunk with all hands after a collision in San Diego harbor where she was stationed after her Hawaiian service.

After the Hawaiian cruises our ship was returned to the Reserve Fleet with only a skeleton crew aboard. I was transferred to the Puget Sound Naval Hospital for duty and further training.

After thirty months at this place I was transferred to The Pacific Coast Torpedo Station, a lonely, windblown corner of land pinching Dog Fish Bay almost in two. It is eleven miles from Bremerton. Here I was on what was called "independent duty," which means that I had to work without a doctor to give direction. I had to make the decisions myself. This happened in cases of drowning, electric shock, the bends, broken bones, and dog-bite as well as the everyday minor accidents and illnesses.

Beyond duty on the station I was called to help isolated farmers and summer campers. I visited some sick and injured on a nearby Indian Reservation.

In 1917, the last year of my stay at this place, two important things happened to me: Mr. Wilson declared war on Germany and my enlistment expired. There had to be a decision made here too; I could take my discharge and go home and wait to be drafted into the army, or I could re-enlist in the navy. I liked my work at the Torpedo Station where I had a warm dry bed every night, rather better than the idea of one of those cold wet trenches to live (or die) in.

I re-enlisted with an understanding, I thought, that I'd be allowed to stay where I was. I should have known better than that! As it happened, in less than a month I was sent to be the "doc" on one of the new Victory ships, a cargo vessel built to carry supplies to the armies in Europe.

This ship took on a full cargo of flour at Seattle and Tacoma. We went through the Panama Canal to New York where we joined

a convoy and zigzagged to France. After that we shuttled back and forth between Europe and New York several times. On one of these trips out of New York I had the Sick Bay full of men with Spanish 'Flu,' and lost none of them.

We were docked in St. Nazaire when the whole world went crazy. Of the scores of ships, the locomotives, factories, and trucks every whistle, bell and horn was making all the noise it could; every man was shouting and dancing! The armistice had just been signed. There was no work for the rest of that day!

Half of our cargo of steel rails was unloaded and stacked on the sea wall. The day after armistice it was being put back in the ship! Three days later we were on our way back to New York.

At New York we were given a cargo of Near East Relief goods and sent off to the Mediterranean and Black Seas. Most of the goods were discharged at Derinji, a Turkish seaport. Since there was no doctor in that place I was made to do the work of a sanitary inspector and to see that the place was cleaned up—and it needed to be cleaned up. I had to do the work that might have been done by the Port Sanitary Officer.

The balance of our cargo was discharged at Batum, Russia, and there I had to help with the sick on other American cargo ships. We picked up hundreds of tons of licorice root, and stopped at Trebizond and Samsun where we filled the rest of the ship with Turkish tobacco.

Our ship went out of commission at Camden, N. J. Every one of the crew was discharged except me. I was the only person that didn't belong in the Naval Reserve. The Captain felt sorry for me and worked to get me a fifteen-day furlough. I couldn't afford it, but I took the train all the way out to Fort Collins, Colorado to see that girl I just told you about.

When I returned to Philadelphia I was put on a new Torpedo-boat Destroyer and sent back to the Mediterranean and Black Seas, still on independent duty. Our home base was Constantinople, from which we went for two-week periods to do radio work in the Aegean or the Black sea.

In June 1919 I was discharged from the navy at Bay Ridge, New York, and in August of the same year Alice and I were married.

We were determined to have a Christian home. To this end we set out to attend every meeting of the church, to tithe our earnings, to have morning and evening Bible reading and prayer in our home

every day, and to do all we could to promote the preaching of the Word. Alice was a good teacher of children, and was kept busy in Bible classes.

When I am asked embarrassing questions about my qualifications to do mission work I can only answer by telling the story of my life and training, just about as I've told it in this article, and to show that there was a willingness to go to any mission field, and that Alice and I were of one mind in this matter; that we loved and could get along with people. And we loved the Lord.

Several times young people wanting to go to the work but not knowing how to make their willingness known have asked, "How did you go about getting Christians interested in sending you?" Well, we simply submitted ourselves!

Some friends knew about our lives and experiences and when someone who could manage sick folk was needed to go with George and Sally Ellis Benson to the interior of China, we were asked if we'd go, and we said, "We'll go."

But the going wasn't as easy as the telling, for money was hard to come by in those days, for few people were interested in missions. After several months there was enough money collected to send the Bensons; we would follow just as soon as funds were in hand. But civil war broke out in China and the Bensons went to the Philippines for a while. Visas for China were not issued by the U. S. Government. So we gave up going to China.

About then Will Short was calling for my kind of skill in Africa. The Morrilton, Arkansas, church offered to sponsor us for this work. We were ordained and sent from there.

II. ARRIVAL IN AFRICA

The last night out of Cape Town our ship slowed down so as to arrive in port just after daylight, for if it had kept up its usual speed we would have dropped anchor soon after midnight and the ship would have had to pay the dock fees of the day before—about $500 per day.

We steamed in slowly. In the middle of the bay the Pilot's boat hailed us and from it we took onboard a pilot, and officers of the Health, Immigration and Customs departments; also our mail came along. After the doctor, we were interviewed by Immigration. The officer had never heard of the Church of Christ; he suggested that we were Mormons? This we denied; nevertheless, he allowed us to land. The Customs officer had us to fill in Declaration of Imports forms. We had nothing but personal belongings so had to pay no duty.

The Hollis children were waiting on the dock. As soon as they saw us on the ship they telephoned their father who left his work and drove to the docks to take us to his home where we were to stay while we were in Cape Town waiting for the train to take us to the North. Mr. and Mrs. Winfield were at the ship to greet us and to hand us our permits to enter Northern Rhodesia, a paper for which the Immigration officer had not asked.

Mr. Hollis arrived. In ten minutes we would be off with him, but first I had to get an agent to clear our baggage out of the Dock Yard and deliver it to the Cloak Room at the Railway Station.

The Hollis couple had been missionaries in Nyasaland. He was a leader in the Loop Street church that met in an Odd Fellows Hall in downtown Cape Town. Mr. and Mrs. Winfield lived in Wynberg and met with a colored congregation in that township; which is a part of the Municipality of Cape Town.

On Sunday, July 4, 1926, we went to the Loop Street church for worship. The service was after the conservative English form. There was a Chairman in charge of the worship service. The songs were

from a book used by the Church in England. It had several hundred songs and hymns without notes; only the tune or the meter were given.

The meeting began when the Chairman called for songs and all stood up to sing. He called for an opening prayer, and all stood for that prayer too. Then several songs were sung, the Old Testament lesson, and the New Testament lesson were read, after which the leader asked for the Prayers of the Church. Every person got on his knees for this prayer. Every male member was encouraged to take part in this hour of prayer. I had been kneeling for ten minutes I think, when a young brother came and pushed a small cushion under my knees. This annoyed me at the time, but before the prayer was finished I was very glad that I had it. I was not used to praying that way.

After the prayer the contribution was taken. Gifts were not accepted from children, or from persons who were not Immersed Believers. Then the communion was given to the congregation, but only to the known Immersed Believers.

Now several short talks were made, then one made the Main Talk. After this the meeting was closed with a suitable song and a prayer.

The brethren were very careful to see that the songs were suitable for the part of the service in which they were to be sung.

One thing that we appreciated so very much was the quietness; there was no gossiping or unnecessary talking in the Hall before or after the meeting.

Monday I bought tickets to Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. This is the place where Mr. Sheriff lived and worked at Forest Vale Mission. I also bought meal tickets, and bedding tickets. The journey would take four days and three nights. All long-distance trains carried dining cars. The bedding; two or three blankets, two sheets, two pillows and a towel, had to last for the journey. Brother Hollis had warned me that missionaries traveled second class! so, second class it was. I booked seats on Tuesday's train.

Our friends who came to see us off on this Tuesday's train had to buy Platform tickets at three pence each to get to the train. The train was crowded. Every passenger seemed to be pushing a couple of large suitcases, a food box and a bedding-roll through the window to a friend inside. Our family had been booked in a compartment for

six. We were four. I began to luxuriate in thought about all that room! Then in the pursuit of his duty the conductor came to our compartment with his lists of passengers and space and invited me to take a seat in a compartment with five other men. He said that he would put three women in with my wife and babies. My plea that I needed to help the missis with the babies went unheard. I was reseated. Three fat Afrikaan farm women, with all their luggage, and bundles, and boxes, and bedding were also reseated.

Our train, a double-header with a pusher, climbed along the Hex River, which ran alongside the Hex mountains, some with snow on their sides and peaks: and after a few hours we were on the Karoo, a high, dry plain. Here the extra locomotives unhitched from us and left us on our own in this cold, cold wind. It was the middle of winter. I had been thinking of Africa in terms of "burning desert sands"! The steam-pipes in our coach crackled and popped but didn't give off any heat. The three blankets, half under and half over, didn't conserve much heat either.

In the cold, clear dawn of the next morning we stopped at a place called Battlefields to take on coal and water. As the train passed the water tower I saw icicles hanging from it all the way to the ground and one of them was as big as a stovepipe.

Just after six that morning a happy-go-lucky steward came down the corridor shouting Coffee! He was handing it out; who could refuse! I had one, and my! how it warmed a fellow up!

A coach of the African railways has a corridor about thirty inches wide down one side the whole length of it, or it may go down one side to the middle of the car then cross and go down the other side. The space opposite this hall is divided into compartments. The compartments, two of which are coupes, are lettered from A to G. There are two toilets that may be used by any passenger. First class compartments are for four people and a coupe for two. Second class compartments are a bit larger but these are for six and three people. At night a seat for three persons becomes a bed for one; the back of the seat lifts up to become a shelf, and the bed for another; and the shelf at the top where we have been storing luggage will make a third bed after we pile the stuff that was on it in the middle of the floor. The porter comes in after dinner and makes down the beds of those ticket holders. A bedding ticket costs about a dollar. The bedding was used every night of the journey.

There wasn't room to stay in the compartment with every man pulling on his sox and boots, so I got out in the corridor and watched

the countryside go by. That's how I happened to see those icicles. I heard quite an argument in the compartment. The porter was trying to collect three-pence from one of my cabin-mates who was shouting that he'd had none of his bad coffee! He hadn't! It was I who had had that cup of coffee!

As cold as it was there were always Africans at every Station or Siding we stopped at with curios or dressed furs to sell; and blind and maimed people begging, with hands out asking for bread or money.

And then we came to Kimberly, the great diamond city. At this junction our train split-up; half of it going to Johannesburg, and our half continued to the Rhodesias.

At Kimberly we leave the Karoo and take our way over the High Veldt.

The Karoo is sheep country. The average annual rainfall is no more than two and a half inches. There is very little grass of any kind. Sheep live by browsing low shrubs that cover the land thinly. The sheep-farms are very large, as much as 8,000 acres. From the train I saw fences, straight as dies, going up over a rise or out of sight on the level. I wondered whether the land was worth the fence. Here and there were patches of bushes.

From Kimberly on for miles the High Veldt was covered with grass, and we saw herds of cattle, and farmsteads with tall poplar trees waving in the wind; windmills, orchards and row-crops. It was cold, but there were no icicles hanging from the water towers now. The altitude here is marked on the name boards at stations and is well over 3,000 feet. Wayside stations have their Native Merchants and Beggers too.

The third evening of our journey we pulled alongside the platform in Mafeking. This was the site of a besieged British camp during the Boer war. The Relief of Mafeking was one of the deciding English victories of the war. At this place we were to enter Bechuanaland and the Kalahari Desert, the home of the Bushman, one of the oldest peoples on earth. And here too as we traveled along I saw little black boys, with no more clothes than a thin Gee-string, standing with hands out for bread, shivering and shaking in the cold wind, yet they looked to be in good flesh!

The Kalahari I saw was Yellow Sand and Black Thorn Bushes—Black Thorn Bushes and Yellow Sand—except that every twenty or so miles there would be a Water tank, and once a pair of wild

ostriches running away from the train. Then it was night; the train rattled and lurched from side to side as we drove forward through the thick, cold darkness.

At daybreak we were standing at the station platform in Francistown. In a short while we would be in Southern Rhodesia. The women in Alice's compartment had left the train during the night. The conductor kindly allowed me to rejoin my family so that we were together for the rest of the journey.

Once in Southern Rhodesia we went through the Immigration and Customs routine. About 4:30 p.m. we arrived at Bulawayo. Mr. Sheriff met us and took us to his home at Forest Vale Mission in a Model T tourer. There was no room, inside or outside, for our heavy baggage; we would have to come back with the wagon for it the next day. The road was mostly sand and rocks. It was winding with thorn bushes on all sides. There were tall outcroppings of red granite all around. We were told that these small hills of stone were called Kopjies.

Mr. Sheriff's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, and two colored girls that they had raised from childhood. We were introduced all around, then shown to the guest room. We had hot baths, the first in four days. Our Second Class Coach was not very far from the engine that burned very black coal and showered us with cinders. We were quite dark complexioned when we arrived at Forest Vale Mission.

A party of church people came out from Bulawayo to greet us. We had supper together. After supper we all went to the chapel for Evening Prayers and Mr. Hadfield spoke to us in Sindibele. This was the first sermon that I had heard preached in any other language than English.

III. FOREST VALE MISSION

Mr. Sheriff was a businessman. He had a stone yard in the town of Bulawayo, a sand stone quarry at Katapase and a gray-granite quarry near Cement Siding, on the Salisbury Road. Forest Vale Farm was a small place of some 300 acres. This was his home. He was a stone mason by trade, but mission work was his life. He was giving up his business to give his whole time to mission effort.

One of Mr. Sheriff's converts, Jack 'Mzila, was teaching school and preaching in his home community, in Mashonaland, in a native reservation east of Salisbury, over 400 miles from Bulawayo. Brother Sheriff had been planning to drive to Mashonaland to visit Jack for a long time, so when he heard that I was coming in July he put off the trip so that he could invite me to go along. He told me about his plan to take me to see real mission work in the field. I was glad for the chance to go with him.

The day came. Mr. Sheriff asked me to bring out my baggage so he could plan how to load the Model T. I brought out a small suitcase. He asked me where my roll of bedding was? Well, I had no bedding! He said, "What? no bedding?" I explained that what bedding we had was in our freight boxes that were yet to arrive, and that if by not having this I would be a burden on the trip, I had better stay at home, for I could not afford to spend money for blankets that would not be of use to us once our boxes came. Whereupon he and his wife found three or four cotton bedspreads that they thought I could make do on. So it was settled that I was to go, after all.

We got off to a late start so that we made only 100 miles that day, and pulled into Gwello at 6 p.m. Just as we reached the town boundary one of the piston bearings ("big-end" in Rhodesia) went out, so we rattled and banged all the way across the town on our road to find a camping site.

It was very cold. I did not know anything about winter camping and I don't think Mr. Sheriff did either, for we had two canvas

cots that we put side by side. His with his wool blankets, mine with my cotton bed spreads. We stretched a large waterproofed sheet three feet above the beds tying the corners and in between with small ropes to trees. This was to keep off the dew. We made a nice big fire a few feet away.

Now if I had cut a few handfuls of grass for a mattress and had made my bed on the ground I would have been in pretty good shape. I didn't know how to manage, so I spent the greater part of the night by the fire, and the rest of it on the cot, shivering. I was scolded again for not buying a blanket, but I said that I did not have money to spend for a blanket.

We spent half the next day getting the piston rod replaced, but got into Salisbury before the stores closed and Mr. Sheriff bought me a fine woolen blanket. I accepted it with honest pleasure! That night and all the other nights I slept warmly.

The evening of the third day we drove into the village where Jack lived and worked. It was dark and cold, but dozens of people came to greet the "Mufundisi". Mufundisi shook the hands of a few of the elders, he said "Sakabona!" to the rest and went into the guest house. I? Well, I being a greenhorn, shook hands with every one of them, man and woman; young and old. I don't remember that I carried any of their babies around!

The people called this place Wuyu Wuyu; but Mr. Sheriff, who was hard of hearing and couldn't catch every sound, called it Huyu Huyu, and the local Government official who always did everything right called the place Huyuyu! (Nhowe Mission is in this same area and not more than sixteen miles away.)

The next day was Sunday. We went to the church house early to have a look around. The people had built the house themselves using poles and clay and grass. The only things they had to spend money for were nails and bolts for the rafters, and several bags of lime to whitewash the house inside and outside. The room was 20 feet by 60 feet, inside measurement. There were openings for windows and one door. An earthen platform a foot high, ten feet in depth and the width of the building, was at the end opposite the door. There was a clay pulpit built on this platform.

The people began to arrive very early. Some came from a distance. There were happy greetings when old friends met. I was very interested in the manner of the womens' greetings. The older woman would hold both arms out as if bestowing a blessing; the

younger woman would extend her arms, palms up, she would touch the others elbows allowing the older woman's forearm to touch the arm under it, and when the arms touched, the younger woman curtsied. It was a very pleasing sight.

The men came with their little stools. The women carried grass mats. Each person provided his own seat for there were none in the church house. Someone announced that it was time to go inside, so very quietly the worshipers entered the church. The men found a place for their stools on one side of the building; the women spread their mats on the other side. An aisle was left up the middle of the room.

The services were enjoyable. There were some interesting points where they differed from what I was used to. The songs were sung very slowly. The final syllable was held to die out like the last note of a pipe organ. (Only a few of the people had hymnbooks, the others sang well from memory.) And the men who had served the communion to the congregation, afterwards knelt at the table to receive it from the Chairman.

There were about 300 in the congregation. Mr. Sheriff was both surprised and pleased. He reacted by saying, "It is time that we were taking care of these people!" He made up his mind then and there to establish a mission station at Wuyu Wuyu.

Our driver, Fred Stone, was not at the meeting, and after our lunch I asked some of the natives what had become of him. They said that he had walked to the store 14 miles away for some tobacco! —In Africa most congregational churches have nothing to do with beer or tobacco—They had reminded him that he was backsliding; that he ought to go to church. They reported that his answer was,

"I am not ready to return to church today, but when I do get ready then I'll convert the Devil!"

The next morning, Monday, Mr. Sheriff took Jack and me to look the ground over with an eye as to what would make a good mission site. He drew a sketch plan of the plot he had picked out, and in a day or so, when we went by the office of the Government man in charge of that Native Reserve, he presented it with a formal application for a lease for mission purposes.

African names had begun to be very interesting to me, I wondered why? and what they meant. I asked Jack about the name "Wuyu Wuyu". He said that Wuyu Wuyu was the name of the hills, that

in these granite hills there are straight up-and-down cliffs with deep valleys, hollows and caves in the rocks, and that in the time long ago when they were being over-run by spoilers, there was a set of signal drums in one of the caves that would rollout a signal that echoes up and down the country, "Wuyu-wuyu-wuyu!"

Wednesday morning found us loading the car for our return to Bulawayo. The people came to say their farewells. Some brought gifts of chickens, pumpkins, peanuts, beans, rice, etc. These presents were received graciously by Mr. Sheriff. We had no room for the pumpkins and fowl, so these were passed on to Jack.

Our route to Salisbury was through the Marandellas District, and not the way we came to Wuyu Wuyu. This is a farming district but the part of it that we passed through was a World's Wonder in rocks; great granite boulders stood separately and alone in what looked to be pasture land. Some of these boulders were said to be 400 ft. high, and there was one so hard and slick that I was told that no mountaineer had ever made the top of it. Then there were great balancing-rocks.

Once in Salisbury we went directly to Harrari Township where the African preacher for the church lived. His name was Goliath Nchana, a Nyasalander, supported by the church in Bulawayo. This was a mission point. The place of meeting was in a small room in the community dance hall, and in this little room we made our camp, but not till after the regular Wednesday night meeting.

The preacher, Bible in hand, came to me and asked about a passage in I Corinthians. I made room for him to sit beside me on my log by the fire so that we could read and discuss the part he was asking about. Mr. Sheriff came along and asked what we were doing, and when he knew he took the book from us, and opening it to Matthew he handed it to Goliath and said. "You ought to be studying the Gospels!"

After a second day in Salisbury we loaded-up and headed for Bulawayo. On the road we overtook a transport wagon drawn by twenty donkeys. We had to pull out of the rutted road to pass it. I was surprised at how slowly donkeys move; a twelve inch step, step after step. It was late afternoon. We drove on for twenty minutes and made camp. About 9 p.m. we heard the wagon going by, the driver shouting his "Hyak!" The old South African transport riders always traveled at night. They had a saying that went something like this, "Don't let the rising sun find your ox inspanned."

As we traveled and came to water and had not made tea for an hour or so Mr. Sheriff would say, "Stop, and let's boil the billy!" That was my job. We would stop. I would then gather sticks and start a fire, fill the tea-kettle at the stream and put it on to boil. Mr. Sheriff would get his diary books, pen and ink-pot; find himself a likely seat on the side of an anthill and start to write. Fred Stone would look for a spot of sun and stretch out on the ground to rest.

When the teas had brewed I'd pour a cup and take it and the sugar bowl to Mr. Sheriff; he'd dip a couple of spoons of sugar, stir a while, taste, and find the tea too hot and put the cup on the ground for it to cool a bit. He'd then get interested in his writing and after a time taste his tea and find it cold! He'd say, "How about warming my cup a bit, Brother?" I'd warm it up, that is, put some more boiling tea in his half-full cup, and hand it back to him with the sugar bowl. He'd put in a little sugar, stir awhile, test the tea and find it too hot! A vicious circle!

Mr. Sheriff had kept a very detailed diary all his life. After his death some of the brethren asked Mrs. Sheriff to have the African parts of it published, but she would not do this. She said that the diary was intimate.

It was said of Mr. Sheriff that he had never killed or even wounded an animal in all the years he'd been in Rhodesia. That may be true. Nevertheless he had a beautiful gun. It was double-barrelled with a 12-gauge tube on one side and a Martini Henry rifle on the other. It was broken-down and packed in a wonderful all-leather case. He had the guncase packed on the footboard of the Model T on this trip.

On our last day, fifty miles from Bulawayo, as we were passing through mile after mile of grassland, Mr. Sheriff suddenly called out to the driver to stop. He got out of the car and began in nervous haste to unpack his gun. I asked him what was up. He pointed down the road and said, "Can't you see that buck?" Well, I couldn't, but I did see a dead bush the upright limbs of which did look exactly like the antlered head of a deer. I said, "I think it's a bush." He looked again and put his gun away without a word. I doubt if there is a deer in Africa outside a zoo.

We were happy to get back to Forest Vale Mission that evening to be with our families once more. For the next few days I helped to catch up on the work about the Mission.

The African workers had been at brick making while we were away in Mashonaland. I helped to make the brick kiln and learned something that I put to use in my own work soon after.

It was still cold weather and there was a pig to butcher. Mr. Sheriff wanted me to "stick" the pig. I had never done that kind of a job before, but I had been around hog killing all my life and had seen men try pig sticking who didn't know how and had made a botch of it. The blade is supposed to go straight into the chest from the middle of the throat at the bottom of the neck and sever the large artery that comes from the heart at its root, but in a mismanaged job the knife goes into the shoulder. I said, "I can't do it, but why don't we just put it out with a hammer and cut its throat?" Whereupon he became very impatient and picked up the knife and made a mess of the poor pig's shoulder. The wound would not bleed. The pig just lay there batting its eyes and grunting. But that time Mr. Sheriff had come to the point where he didn't know just what to do; so I picked up the hammer and put the poor pig out of its misery, then took the knife and managed to find the right place, and the job was done.

I went with Mr. Sheriff to Katapase where he had his sandstone quarry to get a stone for making a small monument. This was to be a base into which a marble plaque was to be inserted. A couple of hundred yards up the hill a suitable stone was found, and quickly and skillfully cut to a three foot cube. We skidded this heavy block of stone down the hill on poles and rollers to a platform at the foot of the hill, where more unneeded stone, bruised by the trip downhill, was knocked off with hammer and chisel.

This rough stone was moved by hand on to a Model T truck and transported to JOHN SHERIFF'S STONE YARD in Bulawayo. Here it was finished and delivered to the customer. This was the last stone that Mr. Sheriff cut for a profit. After this he gave his full time to mission work.

The work on the mission was well organized; regimented in fact. Mrs. Sheriff was an excellent manager, and directing the daily routine was her job. Each person of the family had his share of the work laid out, and there was a time for him to do each task. Then there were days: Monday for washing, Tuesday for ironing, Friday for washing the windows and scouring the tea pots, and Saturday was for marketing.

Morning prayers were said in the Parlour (the only time this room was used except on other special occasions). On school days

the family went to the chapel service. Evening prayers were held each evening in the school assembly hall and all attended. Lord's Day Services were also held in the school assembly hall.

Mr. Sheriff was very careful about things that pertained to the Lord's service. Mr. Short told about an incident when he was working at Forest Vale that is a good example of this trait of his. Mr. Short had a Bible class that came in the middle of the morning, breaking into any other work he had undertaken in a frustrating way. On this day he had been working on a repair job and was in overalls. Time slipped up on him so that before he realized it his Bible class time had come. He washed his hands and dressed as he hurried to the class room. Mr. Sheriff happened to meet him on the way and advised him to go and change his clothes. He said, "The Lord's service demands the best we've got!"

Sheriff's elder daughter, Molly, was about nineteen years of age, neat, trim and efficient. She had finished high school and was putting in full time working on the mission. She acted as her father's secretary, taught in the school, and also had the responsibility for caring for the sick on the place. She spoke Sindebele, the local language, like a native.

Molly knew that I expected to make caring for the sick my work in Northern Rhodesia, so she asked me to go along with her when she made her visits to the homes of the Africans who lived on the farm, or to the school and workers' hostels. I saw sore eyes, "seven-year" itch, tropical ulcers, boils, carbuncles and malaria, ulcerated gums, abscessed ears, burns, stubbed toes and other things and began to see that the "mission doctor's" practice would be a broad one.

One morning she took me to see one of the workers that was very ill. He had a temperature of over 105°, the left side of his abdomen was swollen so that he looked lopsided; his spleen could be felt to be as hard as a rock. He was in a coma. None of the people claimed him as a brother so no one objected when it was suggested that he go to the hospital. The road, though only three miles long, was very rough, and the man's condition so bad that maybe for once it would have been better if he had not been moved. We heard from the hospital that he had died soon after arrival. This might have been what has been called malignant malaria.

Bulawayo was the closest place where people living in Northern Rhodesia could buy their household needs. At that time Livingstone, though the Capital City, was a very small place, the stores

kept very small stocks, so that outside of staples, goods were bought in Bulawayo and shipped to the North.

I was introduced by Mr. Sheriff to the manager of one of the leading stores, who allowed me to buy what I needed on ninety days credit, with no down payment! I ordered a four-capped wood-stove, four three-dollar chairs, a double bed, springs and mattress, a pine dresser with a good glass, an iron cot and two large mosquito nets. This all amounted to thirty-five South African pounds ($175). My salary was to be Seventy-five Dollars a month, and I had a check for One Hundred Dollars in my pocket. Sure, I could pay the account in ninety days!

Alice was getting ready for our month at Bulawayo to come to an end. She wasn't used to the brisk ways and frank words of Rhodesian folks, and felt that she was in the way. We began to talk of leaving before our time was up. Our plans met with no opposition. I cycled to town and bought railroad tickets, and got reservations for the next day's train to Livingstone. Though my tickets were for Senkobo Siding, twenty miles beyond Livingstone, the booking clerk did not tell me that Wednesday's train went no further than Livingstone! nor did anybody at Forest Vale say a word about it. I suppose that they all supposed that I knew what I was about. (Sometimes Americans get "that way" and need to be taken down a notch or two.) We got on our train and moved out of Bulawayo station for Livingstone on time.

After an hour at Victoria Falls station, we moved on to make the last ten miles of the journey just at daylight. In a few minutes we would be passing over the Zambezi Bridge, the bridge that Rhodes had ordered to be built close enough to the Victoria Falls for its spray to fall on passing trains. We were up and ready, but the spray was so wet, and the early morning air so cold that it wasn't much fun.

At last our train puffed up to the Livingstone station. The platform was the earth under our feet. There were a few benches with their backs against the station house wall, but there was no waiting room. At the far end of the platform, one hundred yards from the station house, there were the restaurant and the always present bar.

The coach we were in stopped about half way between the station house and the bar. The people with their suitcases, bags, bundles, boxes and bedding rolls began to tumble off the train, but we, who were going on to Senkobo, sat tight. One of the stewards from the dining car came in and asked whether we needed any-

thing. We said, "No. We're fine"; he left us like we were. There was a bump. The shunting engine began to push our train off the main track and out into the yards. We stopped a quarter of a mile from the station. Some Africans came by and I asked them when this train would go on to Senkobo. They said that it was going to go to Bulawayo at six o'clock that night!

I had two shillings and six pence in my pocket. I gave two men six pence each to help me carry our luggage back to the station house. We found one bench in the shade and took it over. Then I began to think that it would be a good thing for me to find out when to expect to get a train to Senkobo. The Station Master said that there would be no passenger train until Friday, but that there was a goods train that we could ride that would be going at one o'clock. I asked if the train was fit for women and children to ride. He said, "Yes, it is, if you don't want to wait until Friday." Well, I had every reason I could think of not to want to wait and ride Friday's passenger train!

We sat on our bench waiting, looking glum. The children began to get thirsty. There was a water tap near by drip-drip-dripping. Alice dug a cup out of the lunch box and was just about to give the children a drink when one of the men in the house came out shouting, "No, not that water!" Then he gave her water out of his own water bag. It was a long time till train time. Every few minutes the children had to have a drink.

They said that it would take an hour for the train to get to Senkobo. I could imagine the youngsters crying for a drink on the road, and that there would be no water in the caboose. I walked up the platform to the bar and asked the man if he had bottled soda water. He showed me little eight ounce bottles and said they were nine pence each. I thought that to be a pretty high price, but no matter! I had eighteen pence, and might not get to spend it for a year or so, so I took two bottles. One o'clock did come. We got in the caboose. The children did get thirsty. I opened one of the bottles of soda water. It wasn't pop! It was the kind of raw soda they use to make mixed drinks with and the children wouldn't have it. My wife wouldn't have it. I had to drink it myself; I couldn't throw it away, I'd spent my last penny for it!

The Shorts were at the train to meet us. I was surprised and delighted to see them, for after all the mix-up we'd had there might be other unhappy happenings to follow. But the Shorts knew all about the trains and had expected us on the freighter.

IV. SINDE MISSION

Besides being a water stop for North-bound trains Senkobo was a place where trains met and passed. It had two long passing tracks. There were houses for the pumper and a section foreman, and a number of huts for the African workers. That was all.

When our train pulled in it had to take a siding because a mixed train from the North held the main line by right of way. Mrs. Short had arrived by that train after a short visit with friends at one of the missions of the Brethren in Christ. Mr. Short was meeting both trains. He had come in the mission conveyance, a large, three-seated spring-wagon with a canvas top and a rack in the back for carrying packages, which was pulled by four mules. All this was ready and waiting to take us out to Sinde Mission.

If the Africans had been Comanches it could have been a scene from the early days in Oklahoma.

The wagon could not carry all the passengers and their baggage and freight that had come off the train too, so each of about ten men was given a load to carry on his shoulders (or head) the seven-mile trip to the mission. I felt sorry for these poor people who had to carry heavy loads while we white folks sat in a wagon and travelled in comfort (more or less). I did not know that men still bore burdens for pay, or that these men were very glad to have such work.

When the Shorts first went to Sinde over this road they put their goods and the baby on a sled drawn by a yoke of oxen. Two years later the Lawyers rode to Sinde in an ox cart. And now after another two years the Merritts are making the trip in a fine Western outfit. That's progress!

The road to Sinde was just a rough unkept track. It followed the Sinde River (only a creek) down through a gumbo vlei. It crossed the river several times. This was much easier than taking off through the rocky hills that set the bounds of the valley. The yellow grass on either side of the road was three or four feet tall. In the places where the grass had been burned the stubble was black and the scene bleak.

After an hour and a half in the wagon we came in view of the mission house. It looked to us new ones like a Paradise in the Wilderness. It's a custom in Africa to come in home briskly; so accordingly, though we did not come in at a gallop, we made more noise than necessary, and Mr. Short held the lines like a driver of a stagecoach as we approached the house. The Lawyers came out to greet us.

The mission buildings were as follows: a five-roomed brick dwelling with a screened-in verandah across the front which had canvas curtains that could be let down to keep out dust and rain, and was made into two bedrooms; a brick schoolhouse that was also used for meetings of the church; a stone barn for the mules and wagon; a large storeroom made of poles and plastered with mud; and a half-completed house of unburned bricks, which was called the "Merritt House."

All the mission folk lived together in the "big house" and when we came they made room for us too. The Lawyers had not built a house because they expected to move to a new place up North, and we had to wait a while before we could get into the new house that was being built for us.

Now, so many people cannot live together like that without some discomfort! As soon as we could we moved; and the Lawyers made a pole and mud kitchen near the storeroom and lived in those two buildings.

Short and Lawyer had gone on a trip out into Chief Simwatachella's area, which was about a hundred and fifty miles in a northerly direction from Sinde, to find a location for a hoped for new mission. They had been successful in that the Chief was friendly and the government had promised to give a lease for the site they had picked out. They came back to Sinde the night before we arrived at Senkobo.

On their way home they had killed a big buck, a Sable, and had brought its hind quarters. Somewhere they had picked up about three bushels of green beans. So with all this food the mission folk made a feast for all hands. The pots were put a-cooking in the schoolyard.

I think that while the pots are boiling will be a good time to tell you what I know about the beginnings of Sinde Mission. I remember it like this: Mr. Sheriff, up to this time self-supporting and quite independent of any church except the one in his own house, had had schools in which he taught the Bible and letters to his

workers and all others who would come. When one of his young men showed promise as a Christian teacher he would give him support and send him back to his own country to do mission work. He sent out several. One to Mashonaland, one to Transvaal, one to Nyasaland and two to Northern Rhodesia; these I know about. The one he sent to South Africa he called his "Mustard Seed" because he was the first. No doubt he sent out others that I know nothing about. The English names that the two Northern Rhodesians chose to be called by were Peter for one, and Bulawayo for the other.

Mr. Sheriff got in contact with Mr. F. B. Shepherd and out of their correspondence, in the course of time, Mr. Short arrived at Forest Vale Mission where he stayed a year, learning about Africa, Africans and the way of missionaries.

About this time Mr. Short went with Mr. Sheriff to Livingstone to help him erect a monument and to investigate the possibility of founding a mission station in Northern Rhodesia. The government official suggested that they begin the work at Chief Musokotwani's villages, where the population was dense. So, in time, Mr. Short, with Peter as his helper, opened up Sinde Mission.

Peter had great influence as a Christian and as a preacher. He preached about Heaven, but he also preached about Hell Fire! The congregation built a very large church, a pole and mud one, grass thatched. The people were very discouraged when this was destroyed by wild fire soon after it was completed.

Kamboli, cook for the Chief Medical Officer of Northern Rhodesia, was converted by Peter. He and Peter became great friends. As often as he could he went to Sinde for Lord's Day services in which he took part. He was very interested in mission work and often interpreted the missionary's sermon for he knew English quite well.

Things were going on very well at the mission, when, without warning Peter became very ill, and in three days was dead. This crippled the work, filled the community with sorrow and very nearly broke Mr. Sheriff's heart.

Mr. Short had lost his right hand man. Mr. Kamboli, understanding the position things were in, and that there was no other relief in sight, gave up his good job with Dr. May and began work with Mr. Short at a third of the salary he was getting as a cook to work with the mission as a teacher and man of all trades. He filled

Peter's place well. He was the teacher when we put in our appearance at Sinde. (Mr. Kamboli was my first patient. He had what might have been ptomaine poisoning; the meat we had at the feast was a little gamy!)

I needed to go to Livingstone to do these things: (1) to report to Immigration, (2) to get the Chief Medical Officer's approval of an application for a Governor's License to Practice Medicine, and (3) to open a bank account by depositing my $100 New York draft. Both Mr. Short and Mr. Lawyer (known hereinafter as Will and Ray) had business in the Capital City too. We decided that we would all get the first morning train, as we had done on our arrival at Senkobo.

When the train pulled in at 4:30 a. m. we were there ready for it. The wagon would await our return.

We travelled down in the cold dark dining car, and after we got there had to wait around in the cold morning for two hours for business houses to open their doors. I got all of my business done in good time and had five pounds in cash and a cheque book in my pocket. The others bought groceries and other supplies and had them taken to the railway station in a wheelbarrow. We made the trip back in the caboose of the goods train.

After this I felt that I was one of the partners; I was ready to begin work.

On the morning of our first Sunday at Sinde Mission Will took me to Mr. Twelve's house out in the gardens for the meeting. We walked more than three miles, mostly through old cornfields and over sandy sled roads that had ridges on each side where the ends of the "V" shaped log sled had plowed out the sand as the oxen pulled it along. The service was in Chitonga. We sat on low stools out in front of the hut. There several plantain plants, whose leaves, torn by the winds, now looked like fronds, stood before and behind us. Chickens and dogs were wandering about. Little children were playing in the sand. I knew the tunes of most of the songs. I was glad I got to go to that meeting.

There was a church at Sichiako, a village about sixteen miles away. Some nice people from there had been at the mission when we first came. I liked them very much and was anxious to visit them in their homes. It was arranged that I should take the old gray mule and ride out there for a week-end. When the time came to go, Iris, our five-year old daughter, just had to go along! She rode in

the saddle with me. We had several carriers to go along to carry our camping outfit. We had a fine time.

On the way home the carriers found a bee tree. The nest was that of a very small bee like those we used to call sweat bees in my boyhood days; so after they had made a few cuts with an axe at the tree and found it quite solid and the hole small and deep where the honey was, they gave up and put the axe away again. But Iris hadn't given up. She wouldn't let any of us budge. She wanted that honey. The chopping was resumed, and after a time a half spoonful of clear, thick fluid was produced and handed to her on a leaf. She took it in her hand, touched the honey with her tongue, then handed the leaf to me and said, "Let's go home!" I tasted the honey and found it quite bitter.

One of the ways by which mission work was carried on then, as now, was by a system of schools. The general idea was that primary schools be set up in villages in the mission's neighborhood to become feeders to a higher school at the mission. The mission school would be a boarding school so that the pupils would have the advantage of a Christian environment while they continued their education. The missionaries at Sinde had planned to proceed along this line in order to develop responsible African leadership in the church. They were waiting for staff and some money to get it started.

They had agreed that they would consider only voluntary applications for school and that the applicant must agree (1) to guarantee a reasonable enrollment, (2) to build a schoolhouse and a house for the teacher, (3) furnish the teacher with grain for his bread and (4) the parents supply the pupils with books and slates.

An application had been received from the headman of Simondele Village. This had been accepted and I was to go to the village with Kamboli, who was to be the teacher, to see if the conditions of the contract were being met.

This village was twenty miles away over bush paths. The road crossed the Umgwezi River about twelve miles from home. The journey could be made easily in a day. Kamboli and I got the carriers ready and we were off to an early start, but the river was in flood, so when we got there we made camp and sat to wait until we could cross it.

I decided to walk down the river bank to see if I could shoot a buck, for like most males of the human species I had buck fever. I knew that I must keep in sight of the river and remember which

way it was running, and which bank I was on! so as not to get lost. With all this in mind I set out. A mile or so down the river I did kill a fine male reedbuck. I managed to drag the carcass to the foot of a small tree and to fasten its hind legs in a fork of it so that it could be seen for some distance. Then I hurried back to camp to get help to bring it in before dark. I tried to act as if I was used to killing big game, but the fact was that I was bubbling over with excitement. I asked for a couple of fellows to come along and help me bring in the meat! Whereupon the whole camp stood up to follow me to the kill.

With me in the lead the string of us struck out down the river bank. When we had gone far enough I began to look for the buck's feet that I had fastened in the tree. I supposed that it would be easy to find but—maybe it fell—I think it was at a little draw—it ought to be right here—and then I saw tracks where a whole string of people had just walked by—I knew that they had taken my buck! I said to the men, "Who walked along here?" They answered, "It was we."

We found the animal right where I'd left it. But there is one thing I am mighty glad about, and that is that I did not lose sight of that river bank.

The next morning the river was still up and rushing. About noon Chief Nyawa, a very old man, with many carriers came to cross on his way home. He had been to Livingstone on official business. The men looked at the river, some waded in, then after much talk they stripped off their clothes, put their loads on their heads, and feeling their way with their feet made it across in water elbow deep. I said, "If they can do it so can we." But the people that were with me had another idea; they said that it would be good to wait until the water got below the knees! We waited.

Chief Nyawa and his people lived on the banks of the Sichifuuro River and knew about the ways of rivers, while the men that were with me were from the plains where the only times they saw their rivers running was after a rainstorm when they became raging torrents. The Plateau Batonga are afraid of deep water.

The river fell very fast. We were able to get across in time to finish our journey before nightfall. We camped near the schoolhouse. There was a man there clearing out the scraps of wood and straw that were left about after the work of building was finished. This man was tall and well built with a beautiful brown skin; he was dressed in skins: a catskin cap, catskins hung from his belt fore

and aft to make pants, and he had light leather sandals on his feet. I did not know his name at that time. Later he became Kamboli's friend and shadow; then we called him Kamboli's man Friday.

Simondele school opened a day or so after we arrived. Some of the students who came to enroll were bearded. At the end of the day Kamboli stood at the door holding a tin box for the pupils to drop their slate pencils in as they passed out. One of the bearded men refused at first to give up his slate pencil, but Kamboli was firm, so in the end the pencil dropped in the box. The books and slates belonged to the pupils, but the pencils were the property of the school and Kamboli's responsibility!

Kamboli had moved into the house that the people had made for the teacher. I remained in camp intending to stay over the weekend. I had heard that there was to be a beer-drink on Saturday night. I wondered what that would be like.

It started off about 9:00 p.m. when the drums began uumpheumph-ing, and the crowd singing and dancing. The full moon was bright; everyone was in good voice, so the noise was terrific. I thought that it would stop in a reasonable time, but it kept going on and on. I could not sleep, so I dressed and went over to see the show and watch the dancing. When I got near enough to be seen the women ran away, and that put an end to the dancing. They knew that we did not approve of this sort of thing. I had no intention of asking them to stop; it was their village, I was their guest.

Simondele was our first out-school and we wanted to make a success of it. One way to help do this was to keep the teacher happy. To this end, when the dry season came around, we built a nice unburned-brick house for him. It had two rooms with a verandah between them. The kitchen was in the back yard.

When school vacation time came Will Short and I made a preaching trip through the country and ended up in Simondele. The teacher's house looked fine enough, but there were eight thousand bricks left over that would spoil when the rains came if we couldn't find a use for them now. We needed a guest house, a place where visiting missionaries could stay and be out of sight and open air, so we looked for a site near the schoolhouse where we could build a little twelve foot square, single-roomed house.

The place we picked out to build this house was about half a city block from the stack of bricks, and a quarter of a mile from the water hole in the vlei. The bricks and water for the mortar would

have to be moved by man power, for there were no cattle in the village at that time of year, and when we asked around we found that there were no men in the village available either. We made up our minds that we would do the work ourselves.

To carry the water we would use a ten gallon bucket suspended between us from a strong stick laid across our shoulders. To move the bricks we made a low table somewhat like a stretcher with handles at either end, on which we could stack twenty-four bricks to make a load. To move this stuff was hard work!

Hard work was Will Short's bread and meat. We would carry a bucket of water the whole quarter of a mile without a stop to blow because Will was in the lead; he didn't suffer the aches and pains I suffered. But again if he didn't complain why should I? Then, when we'd dumped the water into a barrel he would lead us right back for another load. My shoulders ached—I wanted to stop and chat a while, but Will wasn't talkative: back we went—back and forth—he wore me out! I was as big and as strong as he was, and about as young. I was ashamed to say that I hurt all over, so I suffered gamely.

In the middle of the afternoon one day a message came from Delia that the baby, Beth, was very sick and might have to be taken to the hospital. We dropped everything and set out for home immediately. We slept at the Umgwezi that night, but were on the road by sunrise the next morning. The last few miles of the road were very sandy and Will set the pace so fast that in trying to keep up with him my feet were "killing" me. With a mile yet to go I spotted a fallen tree, a wonderful place for me to sit and take the sand out of my shoes while I rested my feet. But I found that was a mistake, for when I did make up my mind to go on home I could not get my shoes back on. It took almost an hour for me to walk that last mile on my crippled feet. Once at home I soaked them in a pail of hot water. That was good.

Brother Bulawayo, John Sheriff's remaining teacher-preacher, had his work at Chief Mukuni's village. He was getting along fine. The Mukuni church was beginning to do some mission work on its own. Several mission points in near villages had been set up.

Mukuni village was thirty miles from Sinde. Mr. Sheriff had asked the brethren at Sinde to take the responsibility for and the oversight of Mr. Bulawayo and his work.

The "Cape to Cairo" railway had been built through Bulawayo as far North as the Zambezi River. Cecil Rhodes had told his

engineers to bridge the gorge at Victoria Falls. Mukuni was the Chief in the Falls area. When he heard the news that the white men were working on the bridge he moved his village to the site so as to see the splash when the whole contraption fell four hundred feet down to the water below. When after months of waiting, he saw the last section of steel dropped into place, and a car pushed across to his side of the river, he clapped his hands and ordered the village to be moved back to the old place.

It was now time that Mr. Bulawayo was receiving a visit from us, so Ray and I began to get ready to make the trip. Since there was a road all the way we meant to take the mules and wagon. I don't remember just why, but it happened that I did not make this journey and Ray went alone.

Some fifteen days after his return Ray became ill. His fever started at just over 100° the first day, then up a bit each day until it got past 103°, and was still going up. It looked like, after considering several things that were happening to him, that he'd better go to the hospital; he might have typhoid fever. So early one morning we got him to the train and on to the hospital. The doctor said that he had a mild form of enteric fever. He was in the hospital several weeks and afterwards went to Sheriffs to recuperate.

Zelma Lawyer was a bit apprehensive about going out in the bush, far away from the railway, to set up a new mission without having a car. Their baby George had died of enteritis only a few weeks before Ray came down with typhoid, so she had reason for her fears. While Ray was in Bulawayo he bought a second hand Model T Ford for the new work, and we were all glad of that.

At this time, too, our new missionary family, the Scotts, had arrived at Sheriff's, which had become a sort of clearing house for the work in the North.

We at Sinde had been trying to get the Sheriffs to come to our place for a visit. They wanted to come too, but had no one to take their places at home while they were away, but now they worked it out. The Scotts would look after Forest Vale, and they would drive up with Ray in his new Ford.

Forty years ago there was no such thing as a kitchen refrigerator, and at Sinde there was no icebox. If we had had one there would have been no ice for it. We seldom had meat except chicken. In this area chicken is called by the cook a three-hundred-and-sixty-fiver. You may not believe it but one can get tired of chicken.

I did at any rate; I wanted a change of diet. And that was the excuse for me to take my gun and set off for the hills in search of a buck. It was just after a shower. When I got to the foot of the hill just East of the mission house I saw the fresh track of a Kudu (a large animal weighing about 400 pounds) in the mud and took out tracking it. The spoor went over the hill and across the valley and started up the next hill. Now I could hear him breaking bushes. My heart began thumping as I tensed up and began walking carefully, all nerves trigger-happy. I passed under a little bush. A wasps' nest in the bush brushed my ear. The wasps did not like that very much and attacked both my ears! I yelled and threw my gun away, and began fighting as if my life depended on it. Needless to say, we had chicken for dinner that night too.

Since I have told you this hunting story, I might as well tell you another one, and about my gun. I got the gun from the Short-Lawyer combination. They had bought it at a bargain from the railway pumper at Senkobo. I wanted to try it out, but on a live target, so I set the alarm and was up at break of day to go looking for a little buck. I walked around until sunrise and saw nothing. Then I saw a bush that looked mightily like a buck. I said to myself, "Now just suppose that that is a buck." I took aim and fired, the dust kicked up ten feet to the right of the bush, and believe it or not, the bush walked calmly away!

Ray brought the Sheriffs with him when he came back in his new car. The road from Bulawayo to Livingstone was nothing but a wagon trail, except that one stretch of thirty miles through the hills at Wankie was an abandoned railway-bed, narrow and crooked, there was no sign of a design; it simply tried to follow direction by the line of least resistance. This road ended at Victoria Falls railway station.

Because at that time there was no roadway across the Falls bridge the car had to be shipped by rail to Livingstone, a procedure that could consume a couple of days.

From Sinde to Livingstone by sandy footpath was a long seventeen miles. By the "motor road" it was a good thirty miles.

The first eight miles of the motor road to the North was deeply rutted Kalahari sand. When two cars met in the sandy stretch, one or the other had to get out of the road and get stuck in the sand. The one that kept the track did not speed on his way but stopped and helped the other car back in the track, and be sure that it could move before he was free to continue his journey.

Many an adventurer, set on seeing Northern Rhodesia by car, weakened after that eight miles and turned back at the first possible turning place.

The rest of the road, all the way to the Belgian Congo, followed the railway line, first on one side then on the other, in the "fireguard", a ten foot wide strip scraped free of grass. This fireguard was made with shovels on both sides of the railway line and about thirty feet from it. The road crossed the line to take advantage of the better strip of fireguard. In the ninety miles from Livingstone to Kalomo the motor road crossed the railway line eight times. When the rains had set in, and the vleis were saturated with water, this road was closed to motor traffic. The closed period was from about the first of January to the middle of March. There were no grading machines. Repair work was done with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow.

Ray and his passengers arrived safely. The Sheriffs were to stay at Sinde for a week. While they were there we had a business meeting regarding the work at the new place that we had begun to call "Kabanga Mission." It was already decided that the Lawyers would be one of the families to go to this new location, the question to be answered now was, which would be the second family to go, the Scotts or the Merritts. Since the Scotts were not present the final decision was put off, but it was decided that Merritt would go with Lawyer to get the building work started, and they must set out for Kabanga immediately.

In the meantime, the Scotts were at Forest Vale getting initiated into the mysteries of mission life. They were George Martin Scott, aged 52, Otis Reese Scott, aged 44, and Helen Pearl Scott, aged 17.

Mr. Scott had been a self-supported pioneer preacher in the three West Coast states since he was nineteen years old. To support his family he had been a farmer, storekeeper, sailor, horse-trader and carpenter. He last worked as a fisherman in Alaska.

Mrs. Scott was a schoolteacher. She was for many years in charge of the elementary classes at the Bible school at Odessa, Missouri. She helped to organize, and taught in, the first Christian schools in California. She helped to support the family which often included orphans and widows, and often was able to send her preacher husband a few dollars to help him with his travelling expenses.

Helen Pearl had packed apples, picked up pears and prunes for the driers, and picked hops for the—. She had saved her money and

paid her own fare all the way from California to Sinde. (The Scotts paid the whole of their transportation costs.)

Some folk in America complained that the child was too young to go to a foreign country, away from all her friends.

We were anxious for the Scotts to come on up to Northern Rhodesia, but we did want them to see as much of the country as they could while they were free, for once they were harnessed to the work there would not be time for much else but work.

Ray and I began to collect the things we would need to begin our work; axes, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows; saw, hammer and nails; trowels, level, square, etc. Then we had our camp outfit and a mill to grind meal (by hand). These things we sent to the railway siding, meaning to go over early the next day with our suitcases, guns and the inevitable bedrolls, to take a train with all this stuff and go to Kalomo, our springboard for Kabanga.

When our stuff was ready we sent it to Senkobo by oxcart, meaning to get the train to the North ourselves early the next morning; it would be May 6, 1927.

The mail address of us at Sinde Mission was; Private Bag, Sinde Mission, LIVINGSTONE, N. R. This P. B. was sent by train once a week to Senkobo, where our post carrier picked it up, and left another with our outgoing mail.

On May 5th we had a letter from Bulawayo saying that the Scotts would be arriving at Senkobo on the early morning train, so we put off our departure for a day or two so that we could visit with the newcomers.

It was my pleasure to drive the new car to the railway siding to meet the train. On the way back to the mission as we passed down the vlei with its tall grass and black soil Mr. Scott kept remarking that with this soil that can produce such a wonderful crop of grass, there should be no lack of crops. He was to change his mind about that in time. As for me, I was bragging that I had driven the new car fourteen miles without a puncture or a broken spring.

Two days later we were on our way to Kalomo. Once there, we borrowed oxen to get our wagon the first fifteen miles on the way, to the farm of Ben Cooper, an old timer in the country. He agreed to let us hire four oxen, so we sent the borrowed oxen back to Kalomo with their driver. Mr. Cooper asked us to have supper with them;

"pot luck" he called it. The food was Marrow-bone soup, grits, boiled venison, boiled pumpkin and gravy. We slept under the wagon in the pumpkin patch.

Mr. Cooper and two brothers used to operate safaris under the name of Cooper Brothers. They were well known Big Game Hunters in the pioneer days. Besides taking people on hunting trips they caught animals for circuses and zoos. He told us that they had broken eight zebra to harness, but he said that they were more lazy than donkeys. They broke them to the saddle too. One of them threw his rider and took off to the hills. For weeks Africans would report seeing a saddled zebra on the veldt. After a while the saddle must have come off, but it was not found.

The Cooper Brothers often kept animals in cages or on chains in their back yard, and for months after they had dissolved their partnership, and the two younger brothers had gone North to become farmers, Mr. Cooper kept a pair of fully grown lions on chains at the back door. He had a neighbor, a Mr. Thompson, who lived six miles away. This man sent his gardener to Cooper's house with a note. The boy was back in record time. Mr. Thompson wanted to know why he had not brought a reply to his letter. The answer was, "I didn't wait. The man is a wizard and turned himself into a lion, so I threw the letter toward him and came home!"

When Ray and I left Sinde we brought with us four men: a teacher, for one of the first things we wanted to do was to start a school; a brickmaker, for we would have to make the bricks for our new buildings; a builder and a cook. We had sent the driver with the borrowed oxen back to the lender, so if we were to get away from Mr. Cooper's place we would have to use some of our own company to make up the wagon crew. The cook, lowest in the pecking order, would have to be the lead boy, and since the brickmaker came from a land of no cattle we would have to pass him up for the builder to do the driving.

We were late getting started. After we crossed the river at Hunters' Rest (Cooper's farm), we would find no more water until we reached Mr. Thompson's old homestead. This would mean a seven or eight mile trek.

All that we knew about the road was the direction. We would follow village paths after we left the Thompson farm, and inquire our way as we went along. The driver and the lead boy were not too unhappy for they knew that their new job was a temporary

one. The rest of us were strung out single-file following the wagon in the trail. It was a very warm afternoon.

In the mid-afternoon we passed through a very shady glen where the trees on each side of the road pushed out their limbs to make a roof over it. In here we came across three men, resting. They were carrying heavy loads of goods that they had purchased in Kalomo. Two brothers, whose names were Jokwe and Baboon, were carrying a dismantled plow and other things on a pole between them. The other man was carrying a large bundle on his head. They were going our way. Their village was on our road. We bargained with them; if they would be the wagon crew, we would allow them to put their stuff on our wagon. They agreed to this and we were all beaming. They took over at once and Jim, the builder and Mushoki, the cook fell in behind the wagon. Lined out one behind the other following the wagon we plodded up to the old abandoned farm-house. We made our camp and fixed to sleep in the old house. The cattle were turned loose to graze until dark.

V. KABANGA MISSION

After a breakfast of bacon, eggs and cornmeal mush moistened with condensed milk, we were ready for another day's work. The oxen were brought up and inspanned; the lead boy took a firm hold on the lead reins, the driver cracked his whip and shouted, "Hyaack!" We were off! Destination Kabanga Mission, twenty-five miles away, somewhere in the southwest.

The lead boy walked in the foot path with one or the other of the first two oxen following in his steps, first one in the path then the other. First the wheels of one side of the wagon, then those of the other side, were in the path, for it wasn't very straight. At times the whole outfit would leave the path to go around a clump of trees or a large ant heap. Baboon, the extra man, with axe in hand, walked ahead to clear the way and to show the lead boy where he should walk. Many of the small trees that were in the way could be pushed over to break the taproot so that they would lie down and the wagon could pass over them. In this way we travelled at the rate of about two miles an hour and arrived at a village called Munyama and made camp in a vlei near by just before the sun went down.

We had settled down at the fire after supper and were talking with some of the local people when there was a great hallooing in the hills across the vlei. I heard, "Salto!", "Salto!", "Salto!" Others thought that they heard more. They said that a lion had Salto up a tree, and that he was calling for help. That we must go over and frighten the lion and drive it away. They armed themselves with spears, axes, hoes and anything that would make a weapon. They insisted that we should come along with our guns too. We made quite a company of mixed combatants as we ran out over the slippery dry grass of the vlei in the twilight.

We found Salto at the top of the hill and not up a tree. He was very much alive, shaking hands with everyone and laughing all the while as he tried to explain what had happened, and what all the

noise was about. I could not understand all the talk, and it was some time before I got answers to my questions.

This is how it was: Salto had been to a beer-drink at a village not his own, and had become drunken. The people had sent him home with his little son to lead him, but the little fellow could not manage him. The sun was hot and this made him sleepy, so he lay down to rest a while. When he awakened he could not see, because it was now dark. He thought that he was blind and in his excitement had started shouting his name!

Before we got to Munyama village that afternoon we passed near a village called Blakfasi. A village and its headman always have the same name. Blakfasi is the Tonga way of saying Breakfast; quite a favorite name. One of these new helpers of ours told us this story:

Blakfasi had no wife. His daughter always carried his food out to the place where men ate together at the time when women carried food to their husbands.

It happened one day that all the village women agreed, and said, "Tomorrow we will all go netting fish." Blakfasi's little granddaughter wanted to go along with the women, but the grandfather said, "There are no fish. This is not the season for fish. You may not go."

If you were to see women going on their way to net fish, you would see them strung out single file down the path, each with a five-foot-long, narrow basket-like net on her head and a gallon tin-bucket in her hand. Like as not she would have a baby tied on her back as well.

This little girl watched the village women and girls go gaily on their way. She was unhappy because her grandfather had said that she could not go along. Her mother, who also was included in the refusal, was angry, though she said nothing at the time. In the evening when the women came home they started singing and dancing in the road when they could be seen by the people in the village. They showed their buckets full of little fishes. They indicated by jestures how they would eat them for supper. Then the angry daughter said to her father, "What relish will we have for our supper?" This was too much to take! The old man went to his house, took down his old gun and shot himself.

Setting out again on the morning of the fourth day since leaving Kalomo, we were on what we hoped would be the last leg of our

journey. We passed over the sites of several old villages. There were potsherds scattered about and old black and red patches of earth that seemed to have been fire places. We asked about these places and were told that they belonged to the ancients; that none knew who they were. Then we found some gray-granite grinding-stones; some old, open-pit iron-mines and the remains of an iron smelter. These, they said, belonged to the very ancient ancients.

Regarding the Tonga people and this country we are now in, Miss Colsen, an anthropologist who has spent a considerable time in studying this area says (in a Rhodes-Livingstone Museum Occasional Paper): "Early in the 19th century, the Tonga seem to have been a peaceful agricultural people living in small hamlets scattered across the plateau. They had herds of small Ila cattle and large fields of maize, millet, kaffircorn and ground-nuts. About 1820 they suffered under a raid from the north led by a man known as Pingola. The raiders killed the cattle and scattered the people before they disappeared again into the obscurity from which they came. To-day the Tonga have no tradition of this raid. It was swallowed up in the general misery of the later years of the 19th century. It was soon followed by the invasion of the Makololo about 1832. For a time the Makololo attempted to settle in the Kalomo region, but they were forced on by the pressure of the Matabele. The Tonga were left with their country, the common raiding ground of both Makololo and Matabele. When the Makololo fell, their place was taken by the Lozi who continued to send raiding parties against the Tonga. By the middle of the 19th century they had lost most of their cattle.

"The raids continued almost to the end of the 19th century, ending indeed only with the pacification of the Matabele.—In the years since the raids ended and European administration brought peace, the Tonga have prospered."

As a result of these raids the villagers broke up in small groups and fled to the hills, where they were too difficult to hunt out and too insignificant, as a danger, to be bothered with by the raiders. After peace had come they began to filter back to find pasture for their now increasing flocks and herds.

One of the first leaders to come back to "our" area was the son of a chief family, who settled with about a dozen families in savanah country, a section of the country which the Europeans named after him, calling it Kabanga Flats. About two years later another man, a renegade named Simwatachella, with four separate villages, united

under the power of his personality, settled in the hills that ring Kabanga Flats, and about six miles from Kabanga's village. Simwatachella had as many as three hundred people, and many cattle, sheep and goats. It is thought that he might have done some small raids himself. He was quite "regimented": The houses of his village were set up in straight rows on either side of a street; houses for boys, and a house for girls, who had a matron to look after them. He had the street and other public places cleaned often. There was a place for dumping trash, and another for ashes. Compared to this Kabanga's village was a shambles.

Quoting Colson again: "In choosing the original chiefs the Administration picked prominent men from each area. Some of them had ritual status as officiants at a local rain shrine; others dominated their neighbours through their personal qualities. None of them had the type of prerogatives generally associated with chiefly status. To-day they are referred to by the Tonga as 'Government chiefs'."

The government had for the chief that was appointed a small iron box that contained a roll-book, a writing pad, pen and ink and a rubber stamp with the chief's insignia (usually an animal, i. e., elephant, lion, etc.). He also got a large medal with his insignia on it, to be worn swinging on the chest to show his rank.

One day the Government commissioner showed up at Simwatachella's village to inquire the way to Kabanga Village. He told the headman that he was well impressed by the orderly cleanliness of his place and the cheerfulness of the people. He did not tarry in Simwatachella but hurried on his way to install Kabanga as Chief. But at that village he found only disorder and miserable hovels for dwellings. He did not speak to Kabanga (who was looked upon as their chief by the people) about the chieftainship, but went back to Simwatachella's village and made the headman Chief. He gave him the brass plaque with the picture of a Zebra on it to be hung from his neck with a copper chain, and the Chief's box that contained all the gear he would need to carry out his office.

This was the Chief Simwatachella who received Will and Ray so well, encouraging them to open a school near his village.

The Chief died soon after their visit. His brother, Siajakaza, who was a worthless person, became chief. He also inherited his elder brother's cattle and wives. He had worked in the towns and on the railway trains. Having seen the world he had ambitions to live and act like white men do. One of the first things he did was to

build a jail and lock anyone in it that had displeased him. He had a sled made with a chair fastened on it to ride about in, and when he made a journey to Kalomo he took milk cows along so that he could have milk for his tea.

He told me a story about one of his pranks when he was a cook on the caboose of a freight train. He said he opened one of the boxes that belonged to a white member of the crew and found a bottle of whisky and got drunk. He said that the crew found out what he'd done and that two of them picked him up by the arms and legs and counted: one, two, three as they threw him off the moving train. This happened near Kalomo, so he went home, he said.

The people soon became disgusted with the new Chief who called himself "Kink", and refused to submit to the indignities he was bringing upon them. They complained to the Government and a young cadet by the name of Alexander was sent to settle the matter. After hearing all the words of the people, which took two days, he deposed Siajakaza and commissioned one of the old Chief's sons, James by name, in his place. They accepted James as Government Chief, with reservations; for by matrilineal custom the inheritance goes to the son of the chief's sister. James did not covet the chieftainship. He has tried several times to resign, but because he is the solution to a very difficult problem the people and the Government want him to remain Chief.

Our way from Munyama's village to the mission site led through Simwatachella's village. We would spend the night there and go on to our place the next morning. When we were within two or three miles of the village Ray went on ahead to greet the Chief and to inform him of our arrival to start the work of building and to open a school, and to ask for a camping place for the night. It was dark when I came along with the wagon. Some boys met us and directed us to the camping place where we found that the people had brought wood and water for our use and had kindled a fire. They said that we were to occupy the large house that they had built for the Magistrate's use when he came on his circuit of the Chiefs' courts. There were houses for our people too. They brought several bundles of four foot long thatching grass for us to use to make mattresses for our beds. We spread this grass this way for one layer, and across that the other way for another, and so on until we had a very comfortable, springy bed to spread our blankets on. We got all fixed up for a good night's rest.

We had not counted on having fleas for company! As soon as we began to get warm in our blankets the fleas began to bite. Goats, they said, had been kept in the house, but not recently; so, I suppose that these fleas had a right to be hungry. At any rate they enjoyed a good meal, I feel sure.

We were fortunate that worse than flea-bites was not our lot. No one that knew the country would think of sleeping in a house that might have been occupied by people, goats, dogs or chickens, because of the blood-sucking insects that might stay in the house after them, many of which carry disease. It is very possible that any and every village house has bedbugs. There is an insect that looks like an ordinary dog tick in some ways, and is called simply a tick (Ba-Tonga call it nkuswi). This insect lives in the cracks of the plaster and under the bark of timber in African houses. It carries a disease called African tick fever. The proper thing to do is build one's own camp in a clean place near the village. No one's feelings are going to be hurt. The people are not prepared to receive visitors in their homes; it is not their custom to so receive strangers, though they do receive members of their own family.

One of our missionaries who lived on the same mission as we did became sick with a high fever. I visited him often but did not know what the sickness was. With his fever he had severe pains in his legs. When the fever let up he was paralysed in his right leg. He was on his way to take ship for a holiday in America and stopped at Salisbury to see a doctor. He was told he had African tick fever. The young doctor who was detailed to give him an injection of salvarsin, missed the vein and gave his patient several c.c.s. of the medicine intramuscularly. So my old friend and co-worker boarded his ship for home with an arm as well as a leg, that would need some time to be normal again.

We have been told that we must boil all water used for cooking and drinking, and that all vegetables we eat must be cooked. Milk must be boiled. Butter must be made from cream that has been heat treated. But we say that we don't like boiled milk, and that we like our vegetables raw. The Africans don't bother to cook everything.

We have been told that we must not bathe in streams or pools of water. Again we say that we just must have a swim in the beautiful pool of water. The Africans do!

We have been told that we must sleep under a mosquito net, and take a propylactic for malaria. We say that we haven't seen a single mosquito! The people don't bother about these things.

Then they tell us that the people do have malaria and hookworm; bilharzia and amoebic dysentery; typhoid fever and tick fever; scabies and infectious conjunctivitis, etc. And to all these things they have a natural built-up resistance that we lack.

Then we protest, "But is it Christian to be so offish?" The answer may be, "were you sent here to live or to die?" "Will you do better work if you are well than you might if you are declared to be an invalid?"

It is not the custom of the people to shake hands, but we like it, so we are teaching the people this nice custom of ours. We must remember our hands like a doctor remembers his hands after he has examined a patient, and not touch our faces, our eyes, or mouth, until after we have washed. It's silly isn't it? But it is also silly to be sick if it can be helped.

Yuyi Mupatu, our teacher, had a meeting with the people about starting a school in the village immediately. Twelve teenagers, all boys, volunteered. He set them to cutting and bringing in poles and grass to build a small schoolhouse.

The rest of us and our wagon went over the spruit to the two hundred acre plot that had been leased to us for our mission buildings. Most of it was a flat hilltop that, in the long, long ago had been a village site. Now it was covered with a thick growth of trees and bush. We would need to clear off a ten acre area for our living space.

Our first job was to find the materials to make bricks. The first would be a suitable clay, but water, wood and sand must be very near, for all these things had to be brought together on mens' shoulders. We started our search at the river. Two hundred yards from a good water hole in the river we found an ant heap of good quality clay, and down the river a few yards at a bend we found several hundred square yards of good sharp sand. A few yards up the hill from the ant heap there was a big patch of timber for the fuel to fire the brick kiln. A great deal of all these things would be required if we were to make the sixty-six thousand bricks that we estimated it would take to complete the buildings we had planned.

We made our camp in that grove of trees. We made a low "A" shaped shelter out of poles and covered with grass to keep off the dew. We made a grass matt for a mattress. When we went to bed we put on all the blankets we had and nearly froze. The ends of our shelter were open and the wind whistled through, but the real

trouble was that we were so low, and near the river that we got all the cold air. That camp was a mistake. We didn't have to stay there. We moved to the hilltop and made it through the cold nights more comfortably.

There was a great amount of work to the brick-making. Then there was the clearing of the land, the digging of the foundation trenches and many other smaller jobs. So we let it be known that we would be needing men and that the wages would be ten shillings per month, with free board and shelter.

Ray and I divided our own work. His work was to be the overall responsibility of the mission: to the churches at home and to the local government. His also it was to hire, fire, and pay the hands. His was the commissary. He kept meal on hand and hunted for the meat that was needed each week for the two meals per day they were used to having in their villages. My work was the supervision of all labor and the building work in general.

Men began coming for work, many of them. To say that they "poured in" would not mislead anyone. Poor Ray! He hired too many. When the time came that he must take no more and stopped, those waiting in line said, "How are we going to be able to pay our taxes?" They had a point, for a man paid ten shillings tax for himself and one wife if he had one. If he had more than one he had to pay ten shillings each for the extra ones.

The work went along very well indeed. I began to get bricks made at the rate of two thousand on the ground every day. The brick-field where we laid them out to dry was a rectangle of about an eighth of an acre in size. All brush and grass had been taken off and it had been scraped with hoes. The dust made by the scraping was used to level the ground. Men used thin boards off goods-boxes to spread it around. Taking an end of the board in each hand they got down on their knees and spread the dust around somewhat like a cement finisher trowels a floor.

The freshly made bricks were very carefully dumped out of the moulds, which were about three feet long and held three new bricks —end to end—so that they lay face up in long rows of threes. As soon as the bricks began to be dumped on the ground they were covered with a layer an inch thick of dry grass to keep the sun and wind from drying them too quickly and cracking them in the process.

To get the clay ready for the brick maker was quite a job in itself. Hard dry earth was picked out of the ant heap and beaten

till the pieces were smaller than a walnut. This was well moistened with water and left over night to soften. The first thing, in the cold of the morning, the men would get into this with their bare feet to tramp it, adding a little water now and then. When it was smooth, and of the consistency of putty it was ready for work.

If the moulder worked at a table this clay would have had to be lifted, so to save work a hole was made for the moulder to stand in so that he used the earth to put his moulds on as he filled them. Men were kept working the wet clay, and in spare time were digging away at the ant heap. The last man to handle the clay before the moulder got it cut out just enough to make a brick, made it into a ball and rolled it to the moulder. When the moulds came back from the dumping they had to be washed and sanded or the new work might stick to them. The moulder picks up a freshly washed and sanded mould and places it, one end at his chest, on a plank laid out in front of him. He takes one of the balls of mud in both hands and raises it high over his head, then slams it down in the cell farthest from him, another in the middle, one in the nearest cell. Then he spends two or three seconds to see that all the corners are properly filled before he straitedges the mould and shoves it down the plank and away from him making room for a fresh mould. A man who had been waiting picks up the brick form and trots with it to the field where the man who is the dumper takes the mould and, carefully placing it, turns it over so that the new bricks lie side by side with the last ones, with only the width of the form's side between them. He slowly starts to take the form up, but when he sees that the bricks are free he quickly has it away, and it is off to the washing and sanding again.

The bricks stay on the ground covered with grass for three days, the grass is then removed and used again. On the fourth day the green brick is turned on its side, on the fifth day it is set on its end. On the sixth day it is hard enough to be hauled off to the brick field in a wheelbarrow to a place near where the kiln is to be built. Here they are stacked on edge, three inches apart, tier upon tier, in such a way as to expose as much of the brick's surface as possible to the air. This stack should dry for at least three weeks before being put in the kiln to be fired. The longer they dry in the air the less wood it takes to get the water out of them.

When the thousands of bricks we had set out to make were dry enough we began to stack them so as to make a kiln. It turned out to be twenty-four feet wide with five flues two feet wide, three feet

high, and eighteen feet long going clear through it at the bottom. It was twelve feet high. With the broken bricks and the odd shaped ones we built a single brick wall to encase the whole stack, but leaving the ends of the flues open for firing.

Near the kiln there was a cord of dry wood for starting the fires, and twenty-four cords of green wood for keeping it going. There were five dozen two-foot square slabs of clay for closing the ends of the flues. There was a pool of water for use in plastering up air leaks. Everything was ready to begin but the crew had yet to be chosen. This was a hard job, for the fires had to be charged every four hours, day and night. We offered double pay and a small bonus and soon had a crew.

Though we had a great deal of green wood on hand, the cutting had to go on for we could not afford to run short of fuel around the end of burning. I had one man cutting whose name was Johannesburg (He called himself Jewbigi), and another who had the name of Nine. Jewbigi was a hard worker, but Nine was a lazy loafer. These men worked together as a team.

One day in my rounds of the many jobs going on in many different places, I stopped and heard the axes at work in the woods. In the Jewbigi-Nine area I heard only one axe. I listened several times and there was always only one axe. I thought, "What has become of Nine? I had better go and see what is going on." I went to the cutting and there was Jewbigi, his face dripping sweat. Nine was in a snug place under the brush of a fallen tree, sleeping, I guessed. Somehow he sensed that I was there, waked and rolled up on his knees and began to say, "My comb! I can't find it! I am very sure that I lost it under this tree." Believe me I have seen many examples of such quick thinking.

The first fire we made in the kiln was with dry wood, and to this we added small green sticks. When the fire got hot enough that there were some red-hot bricks showing in the wall we filled the flues with green wood and sealed the doors. Four hours later we would open the doors, push the wood and coals back as far as possible, fill up with green wood and seal it up again. After a while the fire would be so hot that it would burn your face to look at it, then a log of green wood would begin to flame as soon as you threw it in. This reminded me of the three Hebrew children and the fiery furnace.

On cold mornings like the first three of this burning a great tower of steam vapor rolling up twenty feet above the kiln is quite

a sight. But on the fourth morning there was no steam, only shimmering heat waves were seen. All the water, as far as we were concerned, was out of the bricks. We fired on. We did begin to test to see if the top bricks were hot enough to close the kiln. To do this we made small bundles of dry grass and threw them like darts to the top, wanting them to fall near the edge where the heat was least. If they only smoked, we knew that we were not finished, but when the grass burst into flame immediately, then it was that we began our last firing. We sealed every opening. We watched the walls and plastered every glowing crack.

In order to hold as much of the heat as possible the top was covered with six or more inches of soil. It was tossed up by shovel, then a man would mount a ladder and begin to spread it out. By working quickly it would not get so hot that men could not walk on it in bare feet. The kiln stayed sealed for three weeks. When it was opened the bricks were still so hot that they could not be handled bare-handed.

The first payday was coming up and Ray did not have the right money to meet it. He had enough paper money but we had learned that the men were not in favor of paper money being used as legal tender, for if you put it in the thatch of the roof for safe keeping the mice might eat it; if you buried it in a hole in the ground under the bed the white ants would destroy it; fire would burn it. They voted against it and said that they wanted small change; "shilling-shilling."

It was hopeless to try to get change at the small store in Kalomo for they were as badly off for silver coins as we were. Someone would have to go to the bank in Livingstone and get the cash that was needed.

Ray had planned in three weeks to go back to Sinde and bring his family, and the all important Model T Ford. He thought that it would be fine if he stayed and looked after the works while I made this trip. I agreed to go early the next morning.

We had an old bicycle. It was the tallest thing in the way of a bicycle I have ever seen and must have been made for a man seven feet tall. My short legs would just permit me to reach the pedals. It's tires were thin, and the tubes were rotten and well patched. This was to be the vehicle for the fifty mile journey over footpaths that I was to make on the morrow.

It was cold. I wore a heavy navy coat that weighed about five pounds. It was going to take the greater part of the day and I

would get thirsty, so I took a gallon bag of boiled water; an imperial gallon of water weighs about ten pounds. I took my fourteen pound rifle, because—well, who knows! One thing I knew for sure was that I was well loaded.

A few minutes before four o'clock the next morning holding a long three-celled flashlight to show me the way and with a whoop of the ox driver, "Hyaack!", I rolled out into the dark, cold dawn!

I was doing fine. There were no lions or leopards in the way, nor a snake; nor a mouse. But ten or more miles from the camp I had a flat on the rear wheel. The tire must have been low for quite a while, for when I examined it I found that the valve stem had been torn out. It was beyond repair. Now I had to decide whether to go on or turn back home. To turn back was a waste of time! I decided to go on. Most of the water had leaked out. That was in my favor.

I'd walk up steep hills and come down the other side as fast as I could to get a free lift up the next hill. The airless rear tire, the awkward load and the over sized bicycle frame gave me about all I wanted to do in the way of labor for one day. Just as the sun went down, with the bright light blinding me, (that's how I knew I was going West) I coasted down the hill to the railway station house where there was a white sign board that said:

KALOMO Elevation 4051 Feet
Ndola 640 Miles
Beira 1071 Miles

I have tried to remember what I did that night but my memory book is blank. Whether I spent the night at a neighbor's house, or on the train; or where I left my gear, and when I picked it up again; these things have been forgotten. I must say that I was very tired.

Once in Livingstone I went to the bank and got the $120 in silver, then went back to the railway station to see about a northbound train. I was told to be content and wait for the Mail Train that was scheduled to leave Livingstone at 9 o'clock the next morning. This gave me some twenty hours in the Capital City.

I had been in the country a year and had not seen the falls except from a train window and at a time when the river was at its lowest. Now the Zambezi River was running very full; the scene would be different and wonderful. It was six miles from Livingstone railway station to the top of the path that led down

to the Palm Grove and the Boiling Pot, both of which were at the bottom of the falls. There was no transportation except by train, and there was no train at this time. I would walk.

The round trip walk would amount to twelve miles not counting the long walk down into the gorge. I set out down the dirt road, down to Palm Grove where I saw monkeys, baboon and rock rabbits. The Boiling Pot is well named for all the water that comes over the more than one thousand eight-hundred and sixty yards of the width of the falls, after falling three-hundred and four feet, is made to break out at the Boiling Pot through a passage in the rock only one-hundred and fifty-seven feet wide. No wonder it boils.

Just a quick look was all I had, for my Pocket Ben said it would be dark if I didn't watch out. So I got out of there. It had been more than four hours since I had left the railway station and I had not seen another person, but on the walk back a car overtook me and gave me a lift to the Northwestern Hotel, the only hotel in town. For that ride I was mighty thankful.

Now this was a long time ago. Then Northern Rhodesia was still a pioneer country. This hotel was a sort of public place. I registered for DBB, that is, Dinner, Bed and Breakfast. I had to share a room with another man who turned out to be the pharmacist of the local Chemist Shop.

The room had no running water, instead there was a washstand with a jug of cold water. The bedroom servant would bring hot water if required. At six in the morning a pot of hot tea was served by a new African who was getting away with our shoes. I tried to stop him with, "Hey! Where are you going with my shoes?" but that didn't stop him. The pharmacist said "Never mind, he'll bring them back as soon as he cleans and polishes them."

The toilets and bathrooms were cubicles across the back yard along the alley fence. Cold water for the tub was on tap, but you had to shout for the bathroom servant to get hot water. There was no water borne sewerage system in Livingstone at this time. Instead in these toilet cubicles there were large buckets of clean river sand with a small scoop on top of the sand. The rest of the fixtures were pure Nineteenth Century Western.

An African came around beating a cymbal to announce breakfast. The dining room was unheated as was the rest of the place, but the toast that had been made before an open wood fire was a

bit overdone. I got it buttered—then I happened to remember that I had left my bag of silver in the room. The sum of $120 was a fortune to either me or the bedroom boy, whichever one got there first, and that was I!

It is extremely puzzling why I can remember so little that took place at Kalomo on this trip. On my return with money bag I can only remember that I took the bicycle to the local store and got a new tube for the rear wheel, put it on and pumped it up and rejoiced at how sound and solid it seemed to be.

The storekeeper was a young Irishman named O'Bryan, who became a naval gunner in World War II and was killed in a battle off Brazil. He kept the few shelves he had in the store full of staples and the things less often called for stored away in packing cases. When I asked for a bicycle tube he said he had one in one or the other of those cases.

While I was away on my trip to Livingstone Ray was busy building a new camp for his family; he meant to bring his wife and children out to Kabanga on his return from his coming visit to Sinde Mission.

He and I had intended that both of us should go back to Sinde to have a talk with all the others in order to decide whether Merritts or Scotts should work with Lawyers at Kabanga, but by now we knew that we could not both be away from the work at the same time; someone had to be here to get things done properly. A dry season of six months was a very short time in which to do all that had to be done before we could have shelter from the rains that might come as early as mid-October.

I suggested to Ray that I ought to stay with the work while he had the meeting with the Sinde folk; and, I said that I would abide by whatever decision was made about the work at Kabanga.

It the Merritts were to be the ones to work at Kabanga, Ray was to help my wife get the few things we had packed and on the railway for shipment to Kalomo, and he would bring her and the children with him when he returned with his own family. One bright morning Ray was away, riding on the wagon.

At this time I also built a grass shelter for my wife and children, for it seemed to me that the considered decision of the Sinde meeting must be that the Merritts would work at Kabanga and the Scotts remain at Sinde to help the Shorts.

These houses of ours were made of poles, thatching grass, and barkstring. Small poles were set in the ground about every three

feet along the line of wall, other smaller poles were tied crossways to these upright poles to make horizontal rows a foot or so apart, making a sort of lattice work eight feet high to which a three-inch thick matt of thatching grass is bound to make the wall. When the four walls, with spaces left out for door and windows, are finished, bigger and longer poles with a fork at the top of each are set, one in the middle of each end wall. These carry the ridgepole. Rafters are laid from wall to ridgepole, and again lattice work is made to be covered with a grass matt. The dusty floor is soaked with water, and when it is dry again it is carpeted with a layer of the same long grass used in the walls.

There was a large patch of thick, moist sod not far from Ray's house, so to surprise them I made a chimney out of adobe-like bricks cut from the soddy soil. I thought it would please them to see a small fire glowing in their sitting room.

Besides the sitting room the Lawyer house had one bedroom and a kitchen. The kitchen was a fenced-in yard, the walls were built in the same way as the room walls, but the roof was missing. The wood-burning stove was set up in this, its pipe was wired to a convenient tree. Kitchen tables were made of green sticks; four forked ones made the table legs on which a top was built with sticks and barkstring.

About 8:00 o'clock in the evening of the tenth day of Ray's absence our Africans got very excited, saying that they could hear a motor car. I heard it too! The sound came and went. I told them that I thought it might be a "fly", but they insisted that it was a "motokahlo". Then miles away, we saw the lights flashing!

First the noise, then the lights; these kept getting closer until the car came to a halt just across the Tambana River from where we were all standing, a crowd with mixed emotions. Three little children popped out into the light of the car to be recognized; two of them were mine; surely their mother was somewhere back in those shadows. I thought, "So the Merritts were the ones chosen to work at Kabanga!" And I was glad. The Africans dashed over to the car to carry the children and the luggage over the rough, dry river-bed. The car had to stay where it was that night, for there was no road for it to cross by; we made that the next morning.

A few days after this our goods arrived by ox wagon; trunks, stove, beds, chairs, wash tubs, sad irons, grocery box, etc. Lawyers' things had arrived a week earlier.

Our camps were two hundred yards apart with a draw between. The Merritt house was just one simple room, but the Lawyer place was growing: Ray had made a shed for the car, making use of one of the sitting room walls. We had been buying corn in three-bushel gunny sacks for the season's supply of meal for the workers. This was stored, stacked on a pole table by the side of a kitchen wall. A thirty-foot fireguard had been made around each building on the place by scraping the space clean of grass and other combustibles.

It was very pleasant and comforting to have our families with us. For Ray and I had just about exhausted our conversational material and appreciated other voices than our own in the evening after a hard day's work.

The building work was going ahead nicely. The foundation trenches had been filled with stone masonry for we had been able to hire local Africans to haul the stones we needed on their sleds from a nearby outcropping. This was the foundation of what we had already begun to call "the Lawyer House."

The brick kiln had been opened and cooled. We were sorting the fine new bricks for transporting according to color; light brown and dark brown, the dark brown ones being better fired. Ray chose the dark ones for his home; this caused no complaint from me for I liked the light-colored ones best. For our purpose one was just as good as the other.

The real problem was to get the bricks moved.

It was half a mile from the kiln to the buildings. We could not use the wagon to carry the bricks, for it was making weekly trips to Kalomo to bring out the building materials: timber, iron roofing, windows, doors, lime, cement, etc. It was left for the workmen to *carry* the bricks.

The bricks used in Africa are larger than those seen in America. They weigh more than eight pounds each. An African, used to carrying loads on his shoulders, could carry four of these, piled one on top of the other, on his padded shoulder with no great discomfort. He and his friend could saunter along the way, gossiping all the time as Africans must, and make twenty round trips in a nine hour day.

The great hindrance to getting this sort of result was that the nine old men we had put to this work preferred to do their gossiping sitting down. This job, like every other one we had going, called

for supervision. Even our supervisor could dispute better if he had nothing else on his mind.

Ray suggested tasking workers on such jobs as this. He thought that we should give them a certain number of bricks to carry to receive a day's pay. When that task was done we would mark his ticket for the day and he was free to go home.

I was against tasking or any other kind of piecework on principle. I felt that it was one of our duties to teach these people to give an honest day's work so that they could begin to get an honest day's pay, and because it is right that men do the thing they agreed to do when they were hired.

Nevertheless, I gave in; anything for a change, for as things were it was costing us about as much to get the bricks transported that half mile as it did to make them.

The men had each been carrying eighty bricks per day. Ray promised them that if they would carry one hundred and fifty bricks as a task they would receive a day's pay. When that was done they could go home for the day.

This caused a reformation. The men got carrying-sticks and tied six or eight bricks to each end with barkstring, and instead of the usual saunter they made the trip at a trot. Everyone of them completed his task by noon. In this way the men were very pleased; somehow or other, they seemed to think, they had the best of a game.

One thing that is out of the ordinary when building in Central Africa is that the destructive termite is everywhere. The buildings must be protected against white ants. An unprotected house is soon destroyed; its furnishings and goods are in danger of being ruined. Many a trunk in which keepsakes have been stored has been opened with expectation, but closed again in disappointment, for the contents had been ruined by termites. One may have books standing on a shelf where they look just fine—till taken down and found to be riddled and full of fine dry clay and sand. To prevent such destruction metal sheets are put in the walls to stop the ants.

For the ant-course in our buildings we used 24 gauge galvanized iron strips. These came from the dealer in sheets six feet long and three feet wide. To be able to use this we had to cut it (with small tin snips) into strips a foot wide and six feet long. These strips were crimped together end to end to make a strip as much as sixty feet long. Every joint had to be carefully soldered so that there was not

a hole left large enough for an ant to get through. After it was soldered on one side it was turned over and the other side got the treatment.

When the first two courses of bricks were laid over the whole wall foundation, then the ant-course was put on top of it. Again every joint at every corner had to be well soldered. This was often a very difficult job, for it had to be done in the open. Our soldering irons were heated in a homemade furnace, a five gallon tin with holes punched in the sides at the bottom for draft, and to poke the tools in. The fuel was plain old wood-lot chips. It was hard to keep the irons clean. If the wind were blowing, dust and sand could be carried into the melted metal and spoil a joint.

A finished brick wall is ten inches wide, so there is an inch hangover of the ant-course on either side of the wall. The object of this overlap is to expose the clay tubes the termite builds when it tries to bypass the ant-course. The alert housewife watches the exposed edges of this metal strip, sweeping away any clay tubes that may appear. An ant-course is a great help; still a watchful eye is needful. The initiated housekeeper does not place anything right against a wall. If she hangs curtains on the windows, or pictures on the wall, she examines them often to make sure that the termites don't slip by on her blind side.

VI. KABANGA MISSION, CONTINUED

On Saturday morning when the wagon returned from Kalomo two teenage girls from Sinde Mission, Vundu and Mwelazuba, were trailing along in its tracks. They were uneasy in mind for they were not sure what kind of welcome they would have.

These girls had been nurse maids to the Lawyer and Merritt children. Their duty was to keep the children out of doors as much as possible: to see that they did not stray off and get lost, to keep their sunhats on their heads, to watch that they did not pick up some poisonous insect or get in a snake's way, and to settle all small wars. This left the mothers free to do other valuable work.

When Zelma and Alice were packing for the move to Kabanga the question of what to do with these girls was a hard problem which was solved by giving them each a small gift of money and sending them back to their homes; the girls still wanted to go to Kabanga. Our women thought that they should not go so far from their own villages.

Now here they were! their parents had sent them, they had given permission for them to go to Kabanga. This new problem was taken care of for the time being by re-hiring the girls on a day-to-day basis.

When the girls heard the word that they could stay, they danced around hugging one another for a while, then they asked for food. They said that they had had nothing to eat for a day and a half; they insisted that they were hungry, so Ray gave them a measure of meal and some salt and then took them to a tree in which the hind quarters of a freshly killed animal were hanging. In the same tree were the bones of last week's kill, stripped nearly bare of flesh; what was left was full of maggots. These bones should have been thrown away days ago. Ray started to cut off a fine piece of prime meat for them when they protested, saying that they would like that sweet meat, indicating that lot of gamy bones!

Vundu was an orphan and had been brought up by people who were less than distant relatives. Such a one as she was, more or less,

a slave to her benefactors. She had no family status, and could bring no bride price at marriage.

Mwelazuba had lost her right arm to a crocodile. She had gone with some women to the river to get water for the evening meal. They were all on the river bank talking and laughing while they washed their pots and pans, and afterwards their heads and legs. When they were ready to go home they filled their calabash water-bottles. They waded in and pushed their bottles under, filling them from the surface of the water.

Mwelazuba was the first one in. She waded to the center of the pool where she could get clean water and had just submerged her water-bottle when a crocodile grabbed her by the hand and began thrashing her with its tail. A woman nearby saw what was happening and quickly threw her arms around the girl's waist and—held,—and pulled! Together they got away from the beast, but the girl's hand and forearm were mangled, and the bone in her upper arm was shattered; some of the sharp bone splinters pierced the skin from within.

This took place near the mission, so Mr. Short was called. He gave first aid, then got the patient to the hospital in Livingstone where the lower third of her right arm was amputated.

When we arrived at Sinde Mission several weeks after this accident we found the wound in Mwelazuba's upper arm still open and draining. I removed several half absorbed bone fragments before it would heal.

Vundu stayed with Zelma as long as the family remained in Africa, then went back to her village. She died that same year. Mwelazuba worked for Alice until she fell in love with a colored man. They were married, raised a large family. They are prosperous retired-farmers who look after a house full of grandchildren.

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The children had been put to bed and all was quiet in our little grass house; except for the scratching of pen on paper not a sound was heard. Alice and I were trying to get our letters ready for the post boy's weekly trip to the Kalomo post office.

In actual fact Kalomo had no regular post office; the railway stationmaster acted as a postal agent. His office gave space for a set of foot-square pigeon-holed shelving in which letters were sorted and stored according to the alphabet. If the stationmaster were busy one might look through the lot for his own letters.

The stationmaster's wife was an alcoholic. Once when we received an overseas parcel of shoes and other childrens' things that had been opened in route with some of the smaller items missing, some of Kalomo's oldtimers said that perhaps the reason the shoes came through safely was that they did not fit this lady's children!

That's the way things were in this new country. Many of the people who were willing to stay on lonely stations had their shortcomings. Everyone tried to get along with his neighbor; and to make the best he could of what came to hand.

Our post boy would be leaving early in the morning. When our letters were finished I would have to take them over to the Lawyer place and put them in the post bag.

It was now half-past seven. The night was very dark. I was cramped from writing and thought that a little stirring around would refresh me. I went to the door to look at the night and saw Lawyers' camp on fire!

I called to my wife, then went running as hard as I could across the vlei that lay between our camps, trying to get there in time to be of use in getting things out of danger. The bright light of the flames blinded me, and in my excitement I did not watch my step so that when my feet went into a hole I fell so hard that my glasses were knocked off. I lost a couple of minutes feeling around in the dark to find them; when I was on my feet again I saw that the whole camp was a mass of roaring fire. Ammunition began to explode, the cartridge cases went whistling as they tumbled through the air. Some of these that came close to me as I ran sounded like cannon shells!

I saw that the car shed was on fire; the car's tires were burning, throwing off a black smoke. Gasoline drums were very near the burning grass wall and must be very hot, they might explode any moment. The bagging of the sacks the corn was stored in was burning, the corn was spilling out on the ground. Africans were everywhere, they were ready to help, but the fire was so hot one could not get within a dozen feet of it.

The Lawyers saved one trunk of clothing and one double-bed mattress. Everything else they possessed was destroyed. Their Passports were also destroyed.

All combustible parts of the car were burned up except the spokes of the wheels. Aluminum teakettle and saucepans that were left

on the stove were so badly melted out of shape that they were useless. The gasoline drums did not explode, the liquid spilled on the ground and burned in a high red pillar of fire.

This is how it happened: That day had been Ray's day for hunting meat for the pot. He had gone quite a distance away from home before he found game, so that it was after dark when he got back. When he went into the sitting room of the camp, the dogs, that had gorged on offal, followed him in the house and one of them was sick on the grass of the floor. There was a little fire in the chimney. Ray gathered up a double handful of the offending long grass and shoved it into the fireplace. The grass shot instantly into fierce flames which the chimney could not contain. The flames sprang up to the grass roof and in a moment the fire was completely out of control; before you could say Jack Robertson the whole place was ablaze.

We were sorry that more things were not saved, but mighty glad that no one was injured.

We were able to be of some help by dividing our dishes and blankets with them; then, seemingly providential, the next day when the wagon returned from the railway station it brought seven, eleven-pound parcels of clothing and bed linens. All this nearly supplied their needs.

Ray built a new camp near the place where his house was going up. But, as you would imagine, it had no chimney.

We had heard a rumor that the tsetse fly in the Zambezi Valley was moving toward our area. If this proved to be true the cattle in our area would be moved out of harms reach, and we would be left without transportation. This gave us food for thought.

At this time an advertisement appeared in the Livingstone Mail offering four donkeys and a Cape cart for sale. As an added tidbit there were two foals that were thrown in for nothing. All of this and the donkey harness for fifty pounds Sterling.

Ray wanted this outfit for he had an idea, I do not know that it is true, that donkeys are immune to the fly sickness; but he did not have the money required to close the bargain. Wonder of wonders, I happened to have fifty pounds in my bank account. In some un-guarded moment I must have revealed this fact to Ray, for he persuaded me to try to buy the donkeys, so that we might have a way to the railway if other transport failed.

I wrote to the advertiser and got a quick reply in the next week's post; he named a day on which he would meet me in Choma and show the outfit to me.

Taking two men, our blankets and food, and my gun, I went with the wagon to Kalomo; then we took the Mail Train over forty miles of railway between the two towns, arriving in Choma in the middle of the afternoon. There was my man! (I had had a sneaking hope that he would not show up.)

We walked with him to the place where the cart was parked, where the donkeys were tied to trees. The high two-wheeled Cape cart was almost new; the donkeys were of the big Spanish breed and in good condition; there was nothing I could complain about. I asked for a road test!

My men helped inspan the donkeys. That was no trouble. I got in on the driver's side and picked up the lines. The men let go of the lead donkeys' heads. I said, "Get Up!", but the donkeys did not move. I shook the lines to no effect. What a mess!

The man's face showed an odd mixture of disgust and fear. I suspect that he was disgusted because I was more than likely the only white man in the country who did not know how to drive donkeys, and maybe he feared that he was about to lose the only customer in Northern Rhodesia!

He jumped into the cart and sat beside me, took the lines from my hands, grabbed the whip and started lashing and shouting. The donkeys moved; they trotted! After about a mile of this he stopped the donkeys, received his check, and walked on his way back to town, rejoicing.

My men and I moved on from there traveling on a road that ran parallel to the railway line and camped at the first water. The next afternoon we arrived at Tara, a railway siding half-way between Choma and Kalomo, where we left the railway and made a beeline across country to Kabanga. That night we camped at the head waters of the Mwemba River.

I had bagged a small buck. The boys wanted to take time to dress and cook it for their supper. As this would take some time, and I was tired, I rolled out my blankets under the cart to keep off the dew, crawled under three blankets, and was trying to go to sleep.

Some people along the way had told my men that there was a lion about. That worried them a bit. They built a big fire and

gathered up enough firewood to keep it going all night. The fire was within ten feet of me. Because the men put their trust in my gun they were keeping close to me. They did not know that my gun was not accurate beyond a few yards, or that I had not seen a free lion in my life!

Loud talk also keeps lions away, so we had plenty of that too. I could bear the talk, but when the meat was cooked and cooled, the smacking of the lips and the sucking of juicy bones was too much; I got up and sat by the fire. This was not an impolite way to eat; they were doing what came naturally.

Our third night was spent on the bank of the Mufuta River. The next morning we searched for a place to drive the cart across, but the bank on our side of the river had a perpendicular wall three or four feet down to the slant that led to the river bed. There were animal paths but nothing big enough for our cart.

A Cape cart has only two wheels. We reversed the cart by hand, then lowered it, wheels first, holding-on to the tongue to keep it from falling, and got it down. Then we hitched up the donkeys again and managed to get the cart up the other bank. We arrived home at 10 o'clock that night. Neither the boys nor I had a hankering for another night on the veldt.

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There is a limit, it seems, to the time an American missionary spends away from his people and his country; after a time he must make new contacts, and find new support and new workers to enliven and enlarge the work he has undertaken.

The Shorts had by this time been in Africa seven years. They were looking forward to a period of rest from the rigors of the Rhodesian climate, and from the hard work and endless hours that make up a mission day. Then too, they hoped to stir up more interest in the missionary opportunities opening up all over Central Africa, and to encourage more workers to come to this field, not overlooking the need for financial support for Christian schools.

To be better prepared for this work they thought they needed first-hand knowledge of a large area of the country to collect histories, artifacts and photographs of the people. The idea of making a month-long wagon trip through the villages had come creeping into their conversations.

About this time Miss Molly Sheriff's friend, a Mr. Hawkins, had been out of England long enough to have thirty days "short" leave coming to him from his employer. He was a professional photographer and had been telling Molly that he would like to spend some time in the villages to photograph the unspoiled life there before White Commercialism completely destroyed that ancient civilization.

Molly, who was in correspondence with the Shorts, suggested that they try to team up with Mr. Hawkins to the profit of both parties. So it happened that Short and Hawkins began to plan a safari that would take them North to the Kafue River, then circle back towards home through Ballaland.

One Saturday morning at Kabanga a passing African (the Africans are always alert for news and apt at telling and embellishing it) reported that he had spotted a wagon, drawn by four mules, topping the horizon. We reasoned that this could be none other than the Shorts, and sure enough a half-hour later this caravan was outspanning in our camp. They had stopped to spend the week-end with us. The short ninety-mile journey from Sinde to Kabanga was a shakedown to test their equipment.

A country church in Kentucky had sent me $500 to build a house for our temporary living quarters until we could get a house of our own, but eventually to be used for a hospital. After my return from Choma with the donkeys I began to spend all of my daytime working to get this hospital building erected.

It was to be a long three-roomed house, two large rooms with a smaller room between them. The inside measurements would be 16′ x 16′ for the smaller one and 16′ x 24′ for the large rooms. We planned that if we lived in this house, one end room would be the sitting room, the other a bedroom, and the small room serve as the kitchen. For the hospital the large rooms would be wards, one for men and the other for women. The small room would be used for an office, medicine, and dressing room. The cooking would be done outside on an open fire.

By the time of the arrival of the Short-Hawkins expedition I was well along with the beginnings of the building. The stone foundation was down, and on this I had laid two courses of bricks on every wall, then cut and soldered the ant-course, and on top of this at every corner I had set up six courses of bricks. Now I was busy trying to set the homemade door frames, trying to keep them

square, and plumb two ways, all at the same time. As soon as Will Short got the mules outspanned and the greetings over he came over to help me put those door frames in properly.

Sunday services were held in the open-air, in the scanty shade of new spring foliage. I must explain here that our seasons are not identical to those of the Northern Hemisphere. When the trees begin to bud and to put on leaves in the hot weather weeks before the rains begin it is Spring here. Then there is the Rainy Season, and after that it is Winter: three seasons only. It was the beginning of September, and Springtime, but there was a small chance of rain at the end of the next six weeks. The travelers were safe from rain for one and a half months. They set out on the trail that David Livingstone traveled some ninety years before.

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Soon after Ray brought the Model T to Kabanga he marked out, by making blazes on trees with an axe, a watershed route for a motor road. The road we had been using for the wagon could not be used for the car because of the wet weather streams it crossed, but this new route had only one narrow vlei that would give the car trouble, and this could be riprapped. To riprap a road we lay a floor of small poles across the road bed, then cover them with clay or gravel to keep them from bouncing all over the place.

There was some official business I had to see about at the Boma (Government offices) at Kalomo. I decided to go by donkey cart though by bicycle would have been quicker. Three school boys were invited to go along. Ray asked me to drive over the route he had blazed out to see what I thought of it.

We set out through the woods following blaze after blaze. By-passing ant heaps and clumps of bushes made it slow going for there was not enough room to flog the donkeys into a trot. We did get to Kalomo by suppertime the second night and camped on the commons.

Mr. Cooper had arrived in Kalomo that day and had gone away by train, but had left his mule cart with two of his hands who were also camped on the commons not two hundred yards from us. One of my donkeys was a stallion who did not take too kindly to the smell of his mule brothers. He was quite upset. He tried to break his halter and finally succeeded; then he struck out on a run for the mules with my three boys at his heels. The donkey got one of the mules by the back of the neck meaning to tear him to pieces, and

he might have made a pretty good job of it if five Africans had not been against him. They beat him off and stopped the fight. Then they began to quarrel themselves; then to curse one another, real curses, not just "cuss words". Long after the animals had forgotten their fight the Africans kept up their quarreling; lifting their voices they shouted obscenities back and forth in falsetto, a voice that carries well. At last there was quiet and I slept.

The Government houses were about three miles North of Kalomo. When this country was first occupied by the British South African Company, these houses were the Capitol Buildings. The Governor's house was now used for the Magistrate's quarters. The Capitol was moved to Livingstone.

I had to go out to these offices to complete my task. When I got out of my blankets it was such a fine morning that I decided not to spoil it whipping donkeys. I would walk. As I passed the Magistrate's house he came out and walked along with me to his office; as we walked we exchanged news.

The experience we had had at Sinde when we were all trying to live in one small house, and even after we had moved into separate houses that were less than fifty yards apart and shared a common front yard, had made me think that it would be a good thing if we built our new living quarters quite a distance apart, say an eighth of a mile; we had plenty of room. This man I was now talking to had had a lot of experience living with a family or two on lonely stations. I'd ask him:

"Our women want to build our new houses very close together because they are afraid when they are left alone at night. Do you think this would be the right thing to do?"

"Ah," he said, "you don't want to try to live in one another's pockets."

There is a story that is told that shows the true feelings that can develop where two or three families are thrown together, day after day, month after month:

A man from the Government Works Department was sent to an isolated Boma to build a house for the Assistant Magistrate. Upon arrival he went to the Magistrate and asked him where he wanted his assistant's house built. The reported answer was, "I don't care, so long as it is out of sight!"

Back at Kalomo I made a last check at the Post Office, then we began our two day jog to get home again. As we went along one of

the boys reported that after I had gone to the Boma they had found a dead toad in their cooking pot! They knew that those people that had given them trouble last night, those Balubali, men and women, practiced witchcraft. Tom said, "They sharpen their teeth to make them look like crocodile's teeth, and when they fight they bite like a crocodile too."

When we stopped in the early afternoon to let the donkeys graze and to cook for ourselves I noticed that they had two fires going—one small one for my teakettle, and a large one, made of fine brush, that was blazing high: and this was a bed of coals before I had boiling water for my tea. Something was going on!

Tom made a trench a foot long and as wide as my hand in the ashes, and lined this pit with the large green leaves of Masuku sprouts. Into this they patted wet corn meal, covered this with more leaves, then shoveled a heap of coals and hot ashes on this. I asked why they had not used the pot to cook their bread. They said, "It was defiled!"

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Home again after my visit to the Boma, I earnestly hoped that I might not be disturbed in my building work again before the project was completed. Now, after a week of hard labor, I had the brickwork on a level above the window tops.

My responsibility did not end with the brick laying. Several other works had to be going on at the same time in order to get ready for the pole and thatch roof.

The timbers had to be cut in the woods and carried to a pool in the river where they were to soak in the water for a month before use. It seemed that this soaking changed the chemical composition of the sap in the green timbers so that the wood-beetles would not bore them full of holes; this soaking also made the poles harden quicker.

Tons of long grass had to be cut. This had to be stacked on pole platforms away from the termites. This was piece-work for the women; we gave them six-pence for each well tied up, foot-thick bundle. All of this long grass had to be cleaned of its leaves; only the stem of the grass is wanted for a permanent thatch.

Imagine a large garden rake having teeth twice as long as usual, and the row of teeth thrice as long as usual, then imagine this very large rake with its long teeth being nailed at its ends between two

posts four feet high. This instrument would be about like the contraption used to clean the thatching grass. Small handfuls of grass are pulled through these teeth, top end first, until all the leaves are off. The clean stems are tied in bundles about four inches thick; the ends are evened by stamping the thick end of the little bundle down on a plank then squaring the end with a sharp axe. These bundles are thrown, like darts, to the thatcher on the roof as he needs them.

Hundreds of bundles of the inner bark of certain kinds of trees were being brought and put into the pool to soak there with the poles. This was for tying the thatch to the purlin, among dozens of other uses in the local economy. When wet this bark is very pliable; when it has dried it is as hard as iron. It takes a mighty good blade to cut dry barkstring without losing its edge.

All of this cutting, carrying, cleaning and soaking was going on under the watchfulness of the corner of my eye while I carried on my building work.

To try to get finished as soon as possible I was working a ten hour day. In this time I had been laying a thousand bricks, which wasn't too bad for an amateur. It would help a lot if I could improve that rate, say to fifteen hundred per day. One way to do it was to start earlier, take a shorter noon break and quit later. I kept telling myself that I must use all the daylight there was: it would take a month to do the roof: the rains might come by the fifteenth of October: the family had to have better shelter, etc. In this way I was spurred on. I began to work longer hours. That day I began work very early, took only thirty minutes for lunch; at five o'clock in the afternoon I was very tired, and wondered whether I had the grit to stick to the work until sundown.

Just then I saw Ray and his hunter, Siamabwe, walking along a path two-hundred yards from where I was working. Ray had his gun and Siamabwe carried his spear as usual. Ray whistled to get my attention then pointed to the hills across the river where I saw a herd of Hartebeest grazing. I knew then that he was going to try to get one of those animals for the crew. I waved my trowel, as much as to say, "Good Hunting!" and went back to my work.

In less than twenty minutes Siamabwe came running back to me. He was so excited and so out of breath from running that he could hardly talk.

"Mr. Lawyer said for you to come quickly to help him for he has cut himself."

"Is it bad?"

"Yes, it is very bad."

"In what part of the body is the wound?"

"It is in the thigh."

I jumped off the scaffold and ran by my house which was directly on the path to where Ray lay, to wash my hands and pick up a first-aid kit. Going on, on the run I soon came to the place. Ray was lying in the path with his trousers' belt loosened and his shirt-tails pulled over the wound in his groin. When I came up to help him he said, "Now don't get excited!" Then uncovered the wound. I saw a loop of several inches of intestine laying on his naked belly!

I sent Siamabwe right off for carriers and an iron cot. While I put a dressing on him he told me what had happened. While they were walking along he noticed that his little white dog was following. He thought that would not do, for the animals would see him and run away. He shouted at the dog and it stopped, he went back to it and it simply lay over on its back. He looked for a stick to give it a whipping but could find none. He took the spear from Siamabwe to use instead of a stick; he didn't want to hit the dog with the blade of the spear, so he took that in his right hand, meaning to thrash the dog with the staff end of the spear. When the dog saw that Ray meant business he ran, and to keep him on the go Ray took after him, hitting the ground with the spear whenever the dog looked like stopping. Then Ray stumbled and the end of the spear caught on a tuft of grass—! Ray said that without thinking he had pulled the spear out of his body and added to the injury.

The spear had entered at the groin, went across to the spine where the point had come out an inch or so below the kidney.

Certainly the injury was just about as bad as it could be. No guessing what had happened inside. The spear was dirty, rank poison; we had no medicine to ease the pain he was bound to suffer; it was one hundred and forty slow weary miles to the hospital in Livingstone. These and many other thoughts went through my mind. I had not the slightest hope that Ray would recover. We could do nothing of value, but we had to try. I sent two runners to Kalomo with letters. One to the Boma to report the accident, another to the stationmaster asking for quick transportation, one to Mr. Webster, a neighbor, asking him to meet us at Thompson's farm with a car for faster transportation. I also sent messages to the Medical Officer in Charge at Livingstone, and the folks at Sinde Mission.

In the meantime the carpenter was busy making a stretcher out of light poles and sacking. A dozen men had been rounded up to be carriers. Ray was heavy; they would have to take short shifts. The ox-wagon was readied. Zelma and the children would ride in that with the luggage.

At ten p.m. our sad caravan left the mission. I was in the lead, pushing the old bicycle with a lantern hooked on its handlebars for the night was dark and cold. Then came the stretcher with the spare carriers following, then the wagon. We did not rest until we arrived at Munyama's village at two a.m. where we stopped for an hour.

At eight a.m. we were met on the road by our neighbors in two Model T Fords. They put Ray in the back seat of one of the cars and Zelma in front to look after him. A lady took the children in the second car.

I turned back for home. I thought that I ought to be with my family since they were alone. I rode the bicycle as fast as I could. On the way I had a good cry. When I got home I went to bed with a hard chill. The next morning Alice asked me why I had not gone on with Ray. I have also asked myself that question. Why didn't I go along? Perhaps it was because I was tired to the bone; maybe it was because I was not prepared to hear the worst too soon. I have wished that I had not turned back that day.

At home we waited for news. We did not expect to hear any word for at least two days.

On the afternoon of the third day we saw the runners that I had sent to Kalomo coming up the hill. They were not walking together. One was a hundred yards nearer to us. When he came near where we stood he looked straight ahead; when we greeted him he did not answer but kept walking straight ahead; This was to prepare us for the bad news the second man brought. He said that Mr. Lawyer had died the morning after we had left him at the Thompson farm. He had a letter from Mrs. Lawyer for us. She wrote:

"Ray died this morning. I was with him at the end. The ride from Ruyala (Thompson's farm) was rough and at every jog of the car Ray screamed. Mr. Webster drove very slowly and carefully; nevertheless, the whole journey was terrible. The Veterinary officer's wife, who is a nursing sister, was at Kalomo and gave Ray some morphia. This helped a great deal. We could not get a train until

late in the afternoon and that would be a freighter. The hospital sent a Doctor on a motor-car on the rails. He met us at Zimba (thirty miles from Kalomo on the road to Livingstone) and came on to our train and went with us the rest of the way in. We arrived about midnight. Ray was carried directly to the hospital and I was sent to the hotel. Dr. May came to see me and told me as gently as he could that Ray could not recover. He was conscious to the end which came about six o'clock this morning."

Mr. Lawyer was buried that afternoon at Sinde Mission. Mr. Roulet, of the French Mission in Livingstone, accompanied the body on the train to Sinkobo.

Ray was very popular with the village people because he was friendly and took time to listen to their talk and always to inquire of their health. For days after his death men (and women too) would come by to tell us how sorry they were that he had passed away.

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The Shorts were still on their tour of the North Country when Ray was hurt. The day that they received the news of his death they were thirty miles out in the bush country. The wagon had left them there and would not return for several days. They felt that in this urgency they could not wait for transportation, so they set out on foot for the railway station. They had sent a runner to turn the wagon back and hoped to be picked up by it on the second day. Once at the railway they took a train for Senkobo, and Sinde Mission. Delia and Zelma had been close friends for years; they had comforted one another through many trials, so Delia traveled now with what speed she could muster to be with and comfort her friend.

Zelma had in mind staying at Sinde Mission. She had been afraid to be left alone at Kabanga, and now, after all the trouble they had had there she could not face going back.

At Kabanga we were feeling the loss of the Lawyers very much. The work that Ray had planned to do would have to be left undone. His bank account had been sequestered by the Administrator General until such time as the Probate Court took action to release it. I had no free funds, so the work on the Lawyer house must be stopped and the men laid off. I was trying hard to keep up the general work as well as to get our "hospital" finished. We had our worries, but there was no thought of giving up and going back to Sinde.

The day after we got word of Ray's death a Government Messenger came with a letter to me from the local Magistrate whose office was at the Kalomo Boma, asking me to meet him at Thompson's farm, which was at the end of the motor road, on a day and hour convenient to me, as he had to make an official inquiry into the accident that brought about the death of Mr. Lawyer.

Early on the morning of the appointed day I was off on the old long-legged bicycle again, but you may be sure that by that time I had learned to carry a proper repair kit and to keep my tires pumped up.

The Magistrate and I arrived at about the same time. His messenger built a fire and boiled the kettle; not a court procedure, but a helpful custom in a land where drinking water must be boiled; and I, who was tired and thirsty, welcomed a cup of tea.

Then the inquiry began. I was surprised at the penetrating questions, and at how little I actually knew about what had taken place at the time of the accident. I began to realize that I had assumed that this and that was true.

"Was there foul play?"

"Did Mr. Lawyer tell you how the accident happened?"

Many other questions were asked, and I could not answer them for I knew that my answers must be based on fact. I had affirmed that I would speak the truth; what I thought had happened would not do. I could not remember whether Ray had actually told me what had happened, or if I had fabricated the scene from a few bits of information. I am afraid that I was a very poor witness. My concern was not how it happened, but how to take care of the wounded man, and how to get him to the hospital. But this experience did teach me that I had a duty, in cases like this, to get the facts while things were fresh, and before fabrication set in.

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A few days after all of this, when Alice and I were feeling most discouraged, Will Short drove up in the mule cart. Will had not had to be told what our situation was; he knew. As soon as he stepped down from the cart he told us that he had come to take over Ray's work and would stay here until the roof was on the Lawyer house. What a relief; what a day of rejoicing!

The building supplies were on the ground at the Lawyer place. We had on hand twenty-four 3″ x 9″ x 12′ timbers, that had been

ordered by mistake, to be used to make door and window frames. But the door frames were made in skeleton style from 2″ x 3″ strips, and the window frames had been made out of 2″ x 6″ pieces. So the big timbers were waiting to be sent back to the lumber yard.

The roof was to be made out of galvanized iron on a pole frame, but when Will looked at the poles and saw them to be a little(?) crooked, he decided that he would rather rip the big planks into 3″ x 3″ pieces than to try to build a pole frame. He set out to rip each of those large timbers into three smaller pieces; all day long, and by lantern far into the night, he ripped away. He said that before he had finished that job he knew just how many strokes of the rip saw it took to cut an inch, or a foot!

Finally the roof began to take shape. When the last sheet of iron was on the roof, and cement floors down in two rooms and the kitchen, Will announced that he was leaving with the ox wagon the next morning for Kalomo, to go on to Sinde and Livingstone. He said that if it were possible he would return with his fanily to live at Kabanga until the time when they would start on their journey to America on their first leave from the mission field.

I had waited nearly a year for some word regarding the medical supplies that had been shipped to me: the how, when or where of it I did not know as the Bill of Landing had not been sent to me. Since Will had mentioned that he was going to Livingstone I asked him if he would contact a shipping agent and have a search made for the goods. He promised that he would do just that.

VII. LOST ON THE VELDT

The day was October 22, 1927. My wife, two small children and I were living in a grass and pole structure, a shelter from the sun and wind. The roof was not made to shed water and the rains were upon us. I was building a house that we called "the hospital". The brickwork, and the timber-work had been done. The roof was to be of grass, the thatcher was working on it, but he was so slow! It would rain any day now! Something had to be done to speed the completion of that roof! We intended to use this building for our living quarters until we could build something more suitable for our needs at a later date. So I got up on the roof to learn to thatch. I found that it wasn't too hard to do. I was catching on!

Along about six o'clock that afternoon a stranger came to where I was working. He stood in the road and called up to me and asked me to come to the village to help his sick wife. He said that she had given birth to one of twins two days ago, but the second one had refused to be born. I knew that there was very little chance that I could be of help; but maybe I could get the people to carry her to Kalomo where she might get taken care of, so I told him that I would go with him.

I made ready to go. I had the saddle put on Old Jake, the old gray mule we had brought up from Sinde. I intended to ride him for it was going to be a long night and I had had a long day and was tired. The man, Siapwinuuka by name, walked ahead carrying my rifle and bag. Old Jake, with me on his back, followed after.

Kabanga Mission was a new place. It was off the main foot-paths. African paths go straight to the target. The people believe that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. So all the paths from the different villages to Kabanga were direct and new.

The grass on the veldt was tall, yellow and dry. When this grass was crushed down in the making of a new path it became almost white underfoot. We took one of these new paths on this journey, and had about eight miles to go to get to Mukalanga's village. It was a moonlight night, but when we arrived at the village

at about nine o'clock it was quite dark, for a misty cloud had formed; yet enough moonlight was getting through that the ground could be seen.

I tied Old Jake to a tree by the bridle reins, then went into the house where the sick woman lay. The midwife told me what the difficulty was, and I knew that I could be of no use. I tried, but was unable to persuade the men to carry her to Kalomo. So there was nothing to do but go home. I was not looking forward to the long ride home in a drizzle. There is no such thing as a warm rain in this part of Africa. I went out where the mule had been tethered. I found the Bridle! Old Jake had wanted to go home too and hadn't waited for me.

My guide and I started on the long walk home; he walking ahead carrying the bridle and my flashlight and I trailed with the rifle and bag. The grass that had marked the pathway by its whiteness had been turned brown by the rain, and it was now very hard to tell which was, or which was not, the path. We used the flashlight to find it at places. Then the flashlight, dim at best, began to give only a tiny red glow, then died out completely. Still we could see a bit. We'd lose the path, then wander around and around and pick it up again. But there came a time when the man gave up and said, "Muluti, we're lost!"

Remember that in those days this was a really wild country: there were lions, leopards, hyenas, wild dogs, and other animals about, and Siapwinuuka thought there might be a few evil-spirits about too. So he and I were really lost and not very happy about it either.

"What will we do?" I said,

"We'll walk! We're lost!" said he.

We walked on, Siapwinuuka leading (He'll find the way by instinct I hoped). We didn't talk. This fact must have worried him some; I think he would have been much happier if we had made lively talk, for Africans on a night journey like this would shout back and forth to one another, keeping up quite a loud chatter for protective purposes.

We had been walking along this way for about an hour when we came across an old, eroded path that cut our line of travel at right angles. We examined it in the gloom and decided that it had not been walked on for many months.

"What shall we do about this path? Where does it go?" I asked,

"We are going to follow it; it leads somewhere," was his answer, and follow it we did. Footstep after footstep after footstep in that cold, wet mist. After some time we came to a spruit. I knew that crossing! We were within a mile of home.

"Whoopee!" I shouted, "This is the Tambana, we are home!"

"No! Muluti, we are lost!"

I suppose that he had crossed at this very place a hundred times in his life, but now, because he was lost—that is what being lost is like—he could not recognize it. I could not convince him that this was indeed the Tambana River. He insisted that we were lost. Whether I won my point wasn't the question; what did matter was that now I knew that we were safe.

After a three minute walk we came to the spot where Mr. Lawyer was injured. A pole with the bark peeled off of it lay by the side of the path. This long slender pole had been cut and brought there with the idea of swinging a hammock onto it and using it to carry the patient in, but we had a better plan that did not call for the pole so we just left it on the ground where it had been thrown by the men who brought it.

"See," I said, "here is the pole we cut to make a machella to carry Mr. Lawyer to Kalomo."

"Muluti! We are lost!" He was getting impatient with me.

We hurried on. I was wet and cold. Siapwinuuka was miserable for he was clad only in a thin cotton shirt and loin cloth. Fast walking helped.

"See these trees that the men have peeled to make barkstring for thatching my new house. Cheer up, man, we're home."

"Muluti, you hear? I say we are lost!"

"All right, all right."

After another five minute walk over a path I knew—I was in the lead now—we came to the woodpile in front of my house.

"See, this is my woodpile!" I said.

"I have spoken many times to say that we are lost," he replied.

We walked on another twenty steps farther and this time I put my hand on the grass wall of my hut and said,

"It is true that we are safe, this is my house!"

"Ma! Ma! Ma!" he cried, clapping his hand over his mouth. It all came clear to him now. We were not lost any more.

We were two very cold and hungry men! My wife had been expecting us back for some time and had kept the fire in the little cook stove roaring and had a pot of soup-meat simmering on the back plate. The table had an oilcloth on it so she had put the children and the things that had to be kept dry under it, and had covered the bed and trunks with a tarpaulin. She was up keeping dry by the fire, just waiting. I brought Siapwinuuka in the house, took his wet shirt and hung it over the back of a chair near the stove, and gave him a warm dry coat to wear; then with a few swallows of nice hot soup he soon stopped his chattering.

As soon as the poor man's spirit revived, I took him over to a house where the workers were sleeping. It was about midnight. From inside the house came the sound of peaceful snoring. Mushoki was the straw boss in charge, sort of.

"Mushoki!" I called. No answer; but the snoring stopped, all was quiet.

"Mushoki!" I called again. Still no answer, but inside so, so quiet.

"Mushoki, open up!" I was getting quite tired of this foolishness by now. It was still raining and the cold water was running down my neck. After all the fuss I was making I still got no sign of life from within. The door opening was closed by a dozen or more poles set in a trench at the threshold and secured between two cross bars at the top of the opening. To get into the house one had to remove these poles one by one. I began to take the poles out. Mushoki got up and came to help me.

"Why didn't you answer me when I called?" I asked.

"You never know!" he said, "This is an old village site, and there are spirits about."

The next morning Siapwinuuka waked in good health and struck out for home. We waited anxiously for the word he had promised to send back, and that afternoon three men came and reported that the woman had died after giving birth to the dead baby.

My wife asked what they would do with the remaining baby and was told that it would be buried with the mother. She thought that the man had misunderstood her so she asked again what they planned to do with the living baby. He answered that it would be given to the mother, that she would be crying for it. My wife then told them that if they would bring the baby to her that she would take care of it.

Much to our surprise the baby was brought the next day. We named her Martha.

VIII. SOME NATIVE CUSTOMS

One day the boy who was herding the donkeys reported that every one of them, except the mama and her foal, were sick. Sure enough they were very sick. They were down, and when we got them up on their feet they could not stand. When we lifted their heads they would drink from a bucket but they would not eat. They seemed to have a high fever and their breath smelled bad.

I was afraid that they might have some sort of contagious disease. I had heard of East Coast Fever, (infectious) Pleural Pneumonia and other animal sicknesses. As far as I knew these animals might have one of these reportable diseases and I might get into trouble if I did not report it. So I sent a runner to the Veterinary Officer at Kalomo, telling him, as best I knew how, the condition of the donkeys.

The officer's wife wrote by return to say that her husband was away on duty, but as soon as he returned he would attend to my letter.

In the meantime my donkeys grew worse and worse. The hair began to slip off in the places where the skin was folded; the flies were around in great swarms, and the raw places on the skin became covered with maggots! It was a pitiful sight.

I did not think that the veterinarian would drive fifty miles through the bush to see a few sick donkeys. Three days had passed since my letter had been received, the animals were in misery and would die anyway—so I gave them the *coup de grace.*

The Veterinary Officer did come that very day! He was quite upset too, when he learned that I had shot the donkeys. He went ahead with his investigation anyway and came up with the idea that they had had cyanide poisoning. The herd boy had turned the donkeys out on an old kaffir corn field where green sprouts were coming up at the old roots. This man said that second growth sorghums were loaded with prussic acid. The bad breath, he said, was not from the lungs, but from the stomach.

I sold the remaining female and her foal to Headman Zhangali, and threw in her bridle and pack-saddle, for five golden sovereigns.

It was the end of October before we could move into the hospital building which was to be our home until such time as we could build a proper house for ourselves. Even then it was not completed. The bedroom and kitchen had cement floors but the front room still had nothing but an earth floor. The doors and windows were not in; the openings were covered by curtains made from opened-out gunny sacks.

One thing that we did have that we had not counted on was fleas! Without doors we could not keep our two dogs out of the house, and soon the earth in the front room was infested with fleas, and it stayed that way until we got some cattle-dip and saturated the floor with a strong solution of it. However, we did get doors in due time so that the dogs, cats, roosters, toads, mice and the snakes that came in after the toads and mice, could be excluded.

The partition walls in this house were the same height as the outside walls. There were no ceilings in any of the rooms; we could see all the principals, purlins, the bare grass and the strings that held the thatch in place, anytime we looked up.

The stove in the kitchen was a small No. 8 Dover, made to burn wood only. It had four caps and a little oven. There was a long table under the kitchen window where preparation of meals and the dishwashing were done; which was also used with the four old-fashioned sad irons that had to be heated on the stove, to do the ironing. We had two large galvanized washtubs for the weekly washing.

All of this indicates hard work for the housewife, and I suppose that that is what it would amount to if it were not for the fact that low cost labor would allow us to hire someone who needed a job to do this work, so that the lady of the house could spend her time in ways of more value, such as caring for her children, study and teaching. So a "house boy" was in order at our house.

We hired Million. For several weeks he worked perfectly. He came at six a.m. to build the fire and put the kettle on to boil, he kept the water-bags full of boiled drinking water, he did the laundry and kept the house clean and the floors waxed and polished. Then one morning he did not show up until 8 a.m. He had a good excuse so this tardiness was overlooked. But the next morning he was as late. I told him that I thought, if I were to dock him six-pence, that maybe he would do better at remembering to come to work. He agreed. But the third morning he did not arrive before nine

o'clock! I told him that since he had such a very hard time getting up in the morning I thought it would be good if he just stayed at home. He said, "Yes, since I am losing all of my money I think I had better stay at home." The youngsters in those days felt that the simplest way to leave a job was to be fired; that way there was no persuasion to resist. They could not say, "I want to quit!"

There was no other trained person on the place who could fill Million's place; some likely fellow would have to be taught. At noon I went to the place where the workers were eating and asked if there were any of them that would like to learn to be a "kitchen boy." A young fellow by the name of Broundi said that he would like to try. I took him to the house and showed him all the things he would have to learn to do, and especially the stove. I showed him how to start the fire and where it should be placed. I said, "At cockcrow in the morning you come make the fire and put water in the kettles." I gave him soap and told him to take the afternoon off, wash his clothes and blankets, get his hair cut and bathe his body. I said it was important that he bathe every day, and that he wash his hands every time he comes into the kitchen. I gave him an overall apron and a cap made out of white drill—the kitchen uniform.

The next morning my wife waked me because the house was full of smoke; it had rolled over the partition and was choking her. She asked me to go to the kitchen and see what was going on. I went in, holding my breath and rubbing my eyes, to see Broundi blowing a smoking place in a big load of wood in the oven, trying to get it to blaze! Broundi learned quickly, and became a very useful worker in the house.

A new schoolhouse to accommodate forty pupils, and a teacher's house had been built. The school term was to start immediately.

Since all the children in this school would be boarders who would have to work for their keep, we were going to have to find work for them to do to help supply the cooking pots. Farming would furnish the work and also produce most of the food needed. To start this sort of thing would mean that we must buy two plows and a harrow and at least four yoke of trained oxen.

I applied for, and received, a permit to purchase fifty cattle. (The cost of the permit was as much for one as for a hundred.) Afterward I sent word to the villages that I wanted to buy eight trained oxen.

The cattle began to arrive—old cows, calves, heifers, old bulls and what not; one in a dozen might be a trained ox. The people were so badly in need of money, they put up such likely hard luck stories, and they begged so hard that I over-bought! I did get the eight needed oxen, but ended up with a herd of twenty-two mixed oxen.

At that time there was not a trading store closer than Kalomo, which was fifty miles away. We sent a postman there every week for our mail and such small things as we might need. He could not bring much for he went on foot. Nevertheless, the people bothered him with their orders so much that he was often very well loaded indeed. It was the same when we sent the wagon to town; the people ordered hoes, cloth, blankets, shirts, salt, singlets, etc.

I thought that it might be a good thing all around if I got a license and operated a trading store; handling only such things as the people needed every day, and making no more profit than enough to cover the costs and hauling expenses.

The next time I went to Kalomo I walked out to the Boma and inquired about this. I was given some advice. The officer said that he did not believe it was a good thing for a mission to get involved in business, but, he said, "If you make application for license I shall issue it to you." I did not explain that we had not thought of exploiting the people, but I told him that I would think some more about it, and went away. I am afraid that I had not changed my mind, for I had no sooner got home again than I had filled out an application form for a Trader's License and had it ready to post.

The store was started with a limited stock of the things the people had been sending for, except that I had ordered ten small plows. Two were for our own use, the other eight I hoped to sell to some of the wealthier old men, and see if the community could not learn to produce all the food they needed, which had not been the case with their hoe culture. Before that season was over I had brought more than thirty plows into the country.

About this time Will Short returned to Kabanga with his family to stay until the time their trip to America would begin. They took up their residence in the Lawyer house. Will wanted to spend a great deal of time in the villages studying the needs of the field and gathering information so as to be better able to tell of the mission prospects and persuade some young people to volunteer to come to work here. In his plans was the idea of making a long walking tour of little-visited parts of the Zembezi Valley.

Will gave me a letter from Fisher and Shelmerdine, a shipping agency in Livingstone. This stated that they had looked into the business regarding my medical supplies' shipment and had found out that after it had lain in the customs warehouse at Beira for six months, unclaimed, it had been sold for storage charges. My friends in America had not known that they should have sent me a copy of the Bill of Lading, so that I could claim the goods I was expecting.

The wagon that brought the Shorts' goods also brought bundles of fruit trees (citrus) that Ray and I had ordered from Salisbury months before. It seems that this was the right time to set them out according to the nurseryman's timetable. Will set out the ones that had been sent to Ray. They grew and flourished. Over the years they have supplied citrus fruit of all sorts for the whole mission. But the trees I planted died. Whether these were not kept moist while on the railway, or not properly lifted at the nursery, or I did not plant them properly we did not know. It was just one of those things that happen sometimes.

I was very anxious to learn all I could from the African people, and to this end I spent a great deal of my evening time with the workers, just sitting with them around the open fire listening to the conversations and sometimes having a part in them too.

One night when several village people on their way from place to place had stopped for a chat with our boys, their four or five dogs got into a free for all fight and were kicking up the fire, knocking the pots and kettles around, making a general nuisance out of themselves, and no one was doing a thing about stopping it! I got up to put a stop to all that fuss.

In those days, even as now, travelers carried several light spears. When they sat to talk they first leaned their spears up against a tree or at the side of a house. And here, as usual, there were some spears standing against the wall. I helped myself to one. I took the blade in my hand to use the staff for a stick, thinking I could separate the fighting dogs. But an African took hold of the shaft first then loosened my hand from the blade of the spear. I did not see his face; he did not speak—but I remembered that this was the very mistake Ray had made, we white folks are apt to give the spear too little respect.

In the winter, which is part of the dry season, the open country around Kabanga had many antelopes of many different kinds, on

which several kinds of predatory animals, cats and dogs, preyed. But after the rains had been on for some time, so that the vleis and low ground became wet and heavy the antelopes moved to the hills.

The lions, which have things pretty well their own way on the plains, do not have much luck with their hunting in the hills, and often go hungry. Then it is that they dare go to the villages to kill the animals of the people. They make their attacks usually at night, but sometimes in their desperation they will lay wait and attack herds even in broad daylight, as the herd boys take them out to graze.

The village cattle owners put all their cattle together in one herd, and make their little boys look after them. Any little boy big enough to follow cattle is called "Simpongo", i. e., goat herd. At night the herd boys bring the cattle to the kraal, a stockade, which is in the middle of the village, and fasten them in. The people always put the kraal in the village because they believed that the odor of people would keep away all but the very hungry lion.

A properly made cattle kraal is almost lion proof. Not that the lion has an idea that he wants to crawl or jump into any such trap as that; he bends his efforts towards getting the cattle so excited that they will rush from side to side in the stockade and by their sheer weight break down one of the walls so that they can stampede. When this happens, and the cattle are running full tilt, the lion leaps on the back of one, fastens its jaws on the neck of the beast just back of the ears, grabs its nostrils in the claws of one of its paws and throws the ox so that it falls forward and breaks its neck.

Killing the prey is the work of the lioness. The King of Beasts limits his labor to strutting around making faces to frighten the cattle, and busies himself spraying out a kind of a musk that drives the cattle mad. After he has had a fine meal of fat meat he might amuse himself by roaring a bit.

I was learning more and more of the native language as time went by, and as soon as I could understand a few of the fine points of an African conversation, I began to perceive that there were some things that were not talked about openly, such as that certain people were practicing witchcraft. They talked in subdued voices about an older man by the name of Zambali. They said that he had been observed chastising a grove of trees for disobeying him, and he had badly frightened some women when he had asked them, "Where are the snakes grazing today?"

Zambali had a son named Ndoli. The hint was that this young man was learning the art of the wizard. Ndoli was involved in a quarrel over a girl. He was in love with the girl, but she had been given to a man who had wives already. He tried to get into her house by threatening her with wizard's charms, but the husband had stronger medicine, and Ndoli's evil plan was thwarted. This defeat moved Zambali to send his son to the snake charmer at Senkobo to get real strong medicine.

One day Zambali and his family turned up at the mission bringing Ndoli for treatment of a great sore on the back of his right hand; the flesh was rotting away. Zambali said that it was caused by the bite of a puff adder.

I am amazed when I remember some of the things that I was told in those early days! The people today are more careful about what sort of things they tell white people. Zambali told me that his son needed strong medicine to protect himself and to gain his rights; that was why he had sent him to Senkobo to learn to carry a tame puff adder about as medicine.

Because Ndoli got into trouble with the puff adder, Zambali and his family were accusing the Snake Man of carelessness. They brought him along to the Chief intending to make a big case out of it.

I talked to the Snake Man and asked him what had happened. He said, "Ndoli came to me and asked for a big puff adder. He picked out a big female and asked to begin his training right away. I broke out the snakes fangs for him, and he played around with it for a day. The teeth of these animals grow back after a few hours, so the second day I broke them out again. After another day or two it would be time to break them out for the third and last time, for after that the fangs are so short and weak they are harmless."

He went on, "Before I had had time to get to the snake on this last day to do my work with it, I saw Ndoli putting out his hand to pick it up by the back of its neck. I shouted to him that he must leave the snake alone until I had removed its teeth again, but he would not listen; he said that he had learned all about that snake. As his hand came near the puff adder's head, it struck quick as a flash and bit him hard on the web of the hand, between the thumb and forefinger. I warned him, but he would not listen. This is not my fault!"

It seems that the venom of the puff adder destroys the small blood vessels so that there is no circulation of the blood where the

poison has managed to reach, and that part of the flesh dies and sluffs away. In the dozen or so such bites that I have had to take care of (always in the hand or foot) great patches of flesh have come off right down to the bone. The healing process is very slow, requiring a long fight against "proud flesh". The last bite of this kind that I had to deal with was such a bite as Ndoli's, but it came to me on the first day. After first aid treatment I got him off to the hospital where they patched him up with his own skin. In the old days it wasn't like that!

Ndoli's hand healed, but he had lost movement in his fingers because the tendons had become deformed. An operation could make that right again.

While Ndoli was on the mission getting his hand dressed every day he was given work as a swine herd to keep him busy, and out of mischief. When his hand was healed he remained on that job because he liked the little bit of cash he received as wages.

Then, one day, he got into trouble with a couple of workers. They argued, then they quarreled, then began cursing one another, back and forth. Then, true to form, Ndoli threatened them. He said to one of them, "You will die in December!" and to the other, "You! You'll die in January."

Most Africans keep a calabash in their house in which they put leftover bits of cornmeal porridge in sweetened water to leave to ferment a bit so as to make a refreshing drink called Meheyo, a sweet beer.

Africans use this like we use, or used to use, ginger beer in haying time.

When these men who had been threatened came in from their work, tired and thirsty, the first thing they did was to have long cool drinks out of their calabashes. After they had had their big drinks they discovered strange roots in the dregs in their cups. They remembered Ndoli's threats and were afraid. They came and asked for an emetic. I gave them something and one of them was sick in a tiny pool of water in the road. Afterward he came to me showing me two little fishworms he had raked out of the pool of water. He was very frightened, thinking that these animals had started growing in his body!

Well, these men did not die. I sent Ndoli away, but that did not put an end to his career. He was well on his way to becoming a full-fledged wizard.

Some time after this Ndoli got very sick. Of course he thought that he was bewitched, so he sent to the witch doctor to find out who was the cause of this and what the cure might be. This man told him that in order to recover he would have to kill his sisters child, but that he must not weep at the funeral, for if he did cry he would surely die. He did all the things the witch doctor told him to do, except about the crying; he was afraid not to cry. And so he died.

The night that Ndoli died there was also an eclipse of the moon. His mother said to me, "You see! My son was a great man!"

A mission school must have some kind of a bell! If nothing else is at hand a bit of iron bar will do; an old plow shear with a long bolt to hammer it, makes a pretty good bell. But the school was special at Sinde Mission, for some one or other had sent an old-fashioned farm dinner-bell to the Shorts. That was something! It was used to start and stop the day workers, as well as to call the class changes in the school.

The village people thought that it was great. They called it their clock. The village poet and song-maker thought up a song about it. The song went like this, (as used in the dance)

"The Ancients had no Clock, (DC)

We had no Clock Yes-ter-day!

But our Mister Shortie came, (DC)

And now—We—have—a—Clock!

Aye, Aye, Aye,—Aye, Aye, Aye, (DC)

Oh Shortie is our Clock,

Oh Shortie is our Clock,

Aye, Aye, Aye,—Aye, Aye, Aye, (DC)

Now Short-ie—is—our—Clock!"

There is not much in the villages for the young people to do for entertainment but dance. Most children's dances are harmless, though many are rough, down-to-earth sorts of play. However, most of the village dances indulged in by adults are far-out sensual. One is called, "The custom of the house." In this all the action of animals and people are imitated. Though these are far from nice as we see it, the African sees it as extremely funny. The youngsters used the Shortie Song in their very nicest games.

Naturally, we had to have a bell at Kabanga! However, we managed to wait, and by and by John Sheriff was able to send us a faulty, four-foot long, acetylene-gas cylinder that he had bought at a sale for five shillings. And this made a fine bell. We quit the village drum we had been using, and fastened this new thing to a limb of a tree by a heavy wire twisted around its brass nozzle. A school boy was elected bell-ringer, given a clock and an old worn-out pickaxe for a hammer, and told to beat out the timetable. His was a responsible job.

There had been a few very light showers, enough to start the grass growing, but too little for plowing, nevertheless the talk around the fires at night in the workers' quarters hinted that it was time for the buck to be going to the hills, and for the lions to start making raids on the village cattle herds. I was warned that it just might happen that our herd would be attacked, so we told the bell-ringer that if this should happen he was to lay-to that old bell; to try to frighten the lions away, and to wake up the rest of us.

Our cattle kraal was, for the purpose of its protection, built next to the African quarters, as is done in the villages. When lions are about, the cattle become restless, pushing about and cracking their horns against one another and lowing. We told the bell-ringer that if he heard this kind of noise he was to hit that drum long and hard. Of course we did not really think that such a thing would happen to us, seeing that we were many, and we had several dogs.

For the sake of our boarding students we were about to go into the farming business, and now that the rains were very near we had prepared and were ready to plow and plant. We had tested our newly bought oxen to see that they were properly trained, and we matched them in yoke for gait. We had collected spare plow-parts, yokes, skeys and straps. Plenty of good old Hickory King seed corn was on hand. The drivers, the leaders, the plow-holders and the seed-droppers had been selected. I said to the boys, "After the first good soaking rain we are going to jump right out there and get to plowing!" But they told me that the people did not do it that way. They said, "When it rains we wait for all the water to go away, otherwise we shall cut God."

We did not have a corn planter. We would drop the seed behind the plow. We found that if we dropped in every third furrow the rows of corn would be too far apart, but if every other row was used the rows would be too close together. What we settled on was to plant every second furrow thinly. We had no kind of fertilizer. The

ground was an old village site and had not been planted for many years; it was like virgin soil and would take care of itself for a couple of years; after that we would have to give it a lot of help. Our gardens would have to be cultivated with hoes until we got rich enough to buy cultivators.

In the country around us the Africans were getting ready to dig their gardens too. They had cleared new ground by cutting the trees off at waist-height, piling the brush around the stumps, adding any loose rubbish to the brush heap, and burning the lot. This part of farming was men's work; women did the stooping down to dig and cultivate.

After we had all our ground planted and were waiting to see what would come of it, I went out to see how the African women were going about their work in the village gardens. I saw them using bit, long-bladed, and heavy short-handled-hoes. A woman would drive the blade into the ground, then lift up on the handle to turn out a lump of soil which she would then pulverize by striking it with the side of the hoe. All the grass and weeds or roots were picked out and piled in a heap. The ground that had been gone over was smooth and clean.

I watched women planting corn too. As they walked along they made holes with their big toes. The seeds were dropped in and then covered by a side-swipe of the foot; the same foot stepped on it to press it down.

African farm women believe in putting more than one kind of eggs in their basket. They plant corn six feet apart, and in between they sow millet, cowpeas, kaffir corn, pumpkins, and any other kind of seed they may have on hand. The idea is that if one crop fails the other is sure to make. In hoeing time nothing edible is removed, weed or not.

The first season of ours was a very wet one, and a grass, very much like crab grass, grew and grew, until it was all but choking out the corn. The ground seemed to be too wet to work. However, there was no drying it up, for every day there was a little shower, just enough to make up for the evaporation! We had to get the grass cleaned out or lose the crop.

I turned out every man we had to the hoeing. After an hour I went to the field to see how the work was progressing and found that they were digging out great clumps of sod, then putting it under their great big feet and replanting them very firmly! I was

disgusted and said to them, "What is the matter with you fellows, why don't you work sensibly like your mothers?" And I greatly offended every last one of them! They said that it was wrong to say anything about their mothers. They said that the name Mother should never be spoken to them.

The weather finally cleared and we were making headway against the grass; everything was fine and we were all quite happy. One morning strangers went to the corn field, and I, from my place, saw that they were all sitting down having a good old-fashioned gossip. So, as a good boss-man should, I walked out to see if I couldn't get some action. My presence did make a difference; the visitors left. When they were gone I said, "It is expected that people who are hired to work, do that very thing." But they said, "These people are our friends! Is it not permitted that we visit with our friends?" Well now, of course, there are different ways of looking at the same thing!

Our wives exchanged recipes and flower cuttings. Alice had a long row of flags that a neighbor farm lady had given her. Two African men passing by these strange blooming plants spoke of them. One asked the other, "What are these things called?" The other said, "Fwawase." The first man then said, "Are they for food?" "No, just to put in the hat."

Some industrious Africans made gardens near pools of water where they irrigated small patches of corn by hand so as to have green corn to sell before the regular crops came on. When the corn was ripe enough for market they got it ready by first cutting down the whole stalk, then cutting the top off a foot above the ear, and the bottom a foot below the ear. This left the ear attached to a two foot section of corn stalk. These ears were bound in bundles of twelve, three of which were tied on each end of a five-foot long carrying-stick.

They had to carry these to Kalomo, which was fifty miles away. The residents there may buy, or the ears may be roasted and sold to hungry passengers when the trains stop for water. At Kabanga or Kalomo, whether roasted or raw, the price is the same: A penny each, a shilling a bundle, or six shillings for the lot.

One of these salesmen came by to tempt me and went away with my shilling. My mouth watered when I saw those ears and kept it up till I got to the kitchen and broke the husks open on the first ear and found it hard! The second was hard, and the third—and

the lot! I told the kitchen boy that I had been cheated, but he said that I had not been cheated, that that was the way to eat green corn. I said I liked corn soft enough that when I pressed my fingernail against a grain white juice would pop out; but he said that that would be a great waste, for there was not very much food in immature corn.

We did learn to eat, and like, hard roasting ears. The taste is in the cooking! Just leave the husks on the ear, the more the better, and cover it with hot coals and ashes of a campfire. The steam cooks the corn, and the scorched husks furnish the flavor. Just shell the corn in your hand, a few grains at a time, shake it around a while to cool it a bit before you toss it into your mouth to chew like peanuts.

It seems that corn is sweeter in Central Africa than it is in America. When the stalks are yellow-ripe their pith is chewed with relish, like sugar cane.

Regarding our corn-farming venture we soon found that there were thieves ready to spoil it for us. As soon as the sprouting corn put on two or three leaves the pheasants went right down each row digging for the grain, and if it were an inch or less under the surface he soon had it out for breakfast. These birds were out at daybreak; their crowing mocking us, for there wasn't a thing we could do about this, except to remember to plant deeper next year.

Later when the cobs began to fill out, and here and there an ear looked like it might have grains ready to eat within a week or so, I saw where someone had been opening the husks of several ears, testing their ripeness. The African who had gone with me to the field pointed out the tracks of a large baboon and said, "This is a spy that has been sent out to get information about when the crop will be ready to eat; when the time comes the whole tribe will be here!"

When I remembered the large troops of baboons I had seen on the veldt from time to time, I began to wonder whether we could harvest any corn from our few acres!

The Africans tell some weird stories about the antics of baboons while raiding a village corn field. They say that they will carry away great armfuls of ears, and if they drop one they never pick it up, but pull a fresh one instead. Some swear that they have seen old baboons with ears of corn tied to the long hair of their chest and back. To top it all I heard one say that he saw an old baboon

carrying several ears of corn on each end of a carrying stick! It is true that they always set watchmen in trees, or on a kopji, while they raid a garden.

One Saturday night, at the time of the year when the corn begins to ripen I had gone to bed hoping to sleep late the next morning. I was tired; and I had no great worries, so I went to sleep immediately, and almost as soon, it seemed to me, I was awakened by the most terrorizing noise I had ever heard—the school bell ringing, the dogs barking, the cattle bawling and whacking their horns on other horns, and the Africans shouting. All this mixed together made a frightening din. What could it mean? Suddenly it dawned on me; the lions were attacking the cattle kraal!

I jumped up and began fumbling around trying to get my clothes on right side up, and my shoes on the right foot. Alice was up and lighted the lantern for me. I took my gun and went towards the kraal at a trot. Then I heard the cattle break out of the kraal and the rumble of their hoofs as they sped away through the bush.

I came to the men at the compound and several of us followed the tracks of the running herd. A hundred yards from the kraal we found a dead ox, and a few yards beyond this we found two dead cows. Each of these animals had been disemboweled and the stomach content had been licked up; on one flesh had been torn from between the hind legs.

There was a wet mist. The night was very dark. We agreed that we were taking foolish chances with hungry lions hanging around just out of our reach. We left things just as they were and went back to bed.

Early the next morning school boys were at the house to tell me that the lions had come back and had consumed the three carcases. Several of the men were sent to gather up the stray cattle.

A man was there waiting for me who said his name was Jam. He said the cattle that had stampeded had ruined his corn patch. I asked what damage they had done and he rubbed one palm across the other and blew with his mouth and said, "Maanii!" Which means that it was completely finished! I asked him how much money he wanted and he said he thought ten shillings would do. I said that I would give him the money, but first I wanted to see for myself what the damage looked like. We went together, following the tracks the cattle had made when they ran away.

When we neared his garden I noticed that he was hanging back. I called him to me and when he came up we walked into his garden still following two cows footsteps. They had crossed the corner of his garden and had not done more than to push two stalks of corn a little out of the perpendicular. I looked at him in disgust. He said, "Sorry, Muluti!" I asked him if he still wanted ten shillings and he said, "No, Muluti!"

IX. DISEASES

On one of Will's business trips to Livingstone he met a representative of the British Mission to Lepers who had come to Northern Rhodesia to try to persuade missions to undertake the treatment of lepers in their communities. The medicine was to be Chaulmoogra Oil, a product of India. He also wanted to find people who would undertake growing the Chaulmoogra trees, and had seeds to distribute. Will came home with a pound of these seeds and an application form for the medicine. The seeds were planted according to directions but did not germinate. The application form was completed and sent to London, and in time several pint bottles of Chaulmoogra Oil arrived by post.

Word was sent out to the villages to say that if there were people who thought that they might have the first signs of leprosy, and wished to have medicine for it, that they should come to the mission right away to talk about the treatment. In order not to build up false hopes, the people were also told that it would be very doubtful that people who had had the disease a long time, and had lost fingers or toes, could be helped at this time, but that they were welcome to come and talk about their trouble if they wished.

Several people came the first week. Most of these had no disfiguration, and only one or two had more than two yellow spots on the forearm or cheek.

The Chaulmoogra Oil was given hypodermically. The oil was heavy and was charged with phenol, to reduce the pain I suppose. The needle was also thick and one and a half inches long. The initial dose was to be one mil twice weekly, given in a different limb each time. The needle was to be inserted full length, then as it was being withdrawn two or three drops of the oil was to be pressed out along the way until the point of the needle came near to the skin; then, without removing the needle it was pushed in full length again, but at a different angle. This was repeated until the dose was scattered over a large area. The reaction was severe. Most of those who were treated came back, for Africans appreciate strong medicine.

These people came on Wednesday and Sundays. Left arm first, left leg next; and the next week it was the right side limbs.

Malukwa, one of the patients who came from his home about eight miles back in the hills, couldn't see why he couldn't have all four doses on the same day so that he wouldn't have to come back for two weeks. This man had some other troubles too. He was about sixty years old with a wife younger than twenty. The people said that he was very jealous of this lady and when he was to leave the village for a while he would put her in the house and take a broom and sweep all around the door so that he could know if she had gone out. He had not remembered that she could sweep too!

I first saw this man the year before when someone wanted to take his picture. He refused to be photographed. He said he did not want his spirit caught up in a little box. I do have a picture of him; he didn't know all the tricks that little box had up its sleeve!

Another patient was Shilling, the Chief's father-in-law. This man was so emaciated that there was little flesh on his arms and legs. His skin was as hard as leather. It took a very sharp needle to pierce that rhinoceros hide of his. This man came up from the Zambezi Valley, too far away to make the trip twice each week, so we built a house for him and fed him. After a year of decent food he got quite fat, and his voice that had almost left him, was restored.

When Spring came he made a little garden by the side of his hut. He said that this was for greens. One day I looked at his greens and found several plants of lubangi. It was a crime to grow "pot" or to possess it. He said, "Please, I need a few shillings. To sell this will make me independent." I told him that he must not be angry with me when I pulled the plants up for when he was at my home he was my child, and my child must obey the law. He was sorry for the shillings he said, but I think he was sorry that he had lost the chance for a free puff. Not long after this Shilling went back to his home and I never saw him again.

One day Headman Mukalanga came to see me. When I asked him what I could do for him he said that he was sick; then he explained this by saying, "I am dead already." In other words he way saying that he had leprosy.

While we were still talking another man walked up to us and said that he was a leper too. This man's name was Mooka. Mr. Scott made regular preaching visits to his village and had told him that there was medicine for his disease at Kabanga. He had come

to see if we would help him, and if so, to see if he could find a village that would receive him. Mukalanga who was taking part in the conversation said that he would be glad to have him live in his village. So it came about that Mooka left his home in Chief Musokatwani's country and came to live in Mukalanga village in Chief Simwatachello's area. He built huts in the village and put his cattle with the village herd.

Mooka was very happy in his new home. It was six miles from Kabanga Mission where he went with his family every Lord's Day for the services. He had two little girls, and to each he gave a sixpenny bit for the collection. This was very generous, for six pence was a day's wages for a man at that time and place.

Mooka got along very well in the village until the year of the drought. In a normal year the rainy season begins before the middle of November, but this year there was no rain or sign of rain on the first of December, and the people were getting very worried. Mukalanga told his people that each house must make beer so that they could have a feast and pour the beer out to the spirits of the ancesters. Mooka stood up and said, "I am sorry that I cannot please you, my brothers, but I am a Christian and cannot worship our ancestors." He was told that in that case he would have to leave the village.

On a hill two miles away Mooka put up a shelter for his family, and made a temporary kraal for his cattle, then sat to wait for the rains which seemed as far away as ever.

When December the fifteenth had passed and there had been no rain the people were sure that Mooka was the cause of their trouble and that he had to be punished and driven away. To do this they put oxen to their plows and dragged them around Mooka's new plot and dropped some corn in the scratches. Then they said to Mooka, "This is our garden which you must not cross with your oxen." So poor Mooka had to move again when the rain might fall any day.

Mooka moved to a place far removed from any village, out in an area where there were elephants, lions, and other fierce animals.

Though Mooka continued to travel to Kabanga for his medicine, he did not take his family there for Sunday worship, but began to have regular worship in his new village. And now, after many years, he still lives in that very same place. His family grew up and married there; some of his grandchildren were born there. His

leprosy is arrested; he lost none of his fingers or toes. If you were to look closely at his hands you might see a slight tapering of the finger ends, the only sign of leprosy I have observed on his body.

With the coming of World War II, Chaulmoogra Oil, as we knew it, became unobtainable; instead we were given a powdered compound of it, called Leprol. This had to be dissolved in sterile water and used as the oil had been used. It was so painful that the people would not have it, so we quit offering to give the treatment.

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Jope, one of our workers, had not checked in to work for two days; then he sent word that he was very sick, and asked that we send the cart to bring him to the mission.

It is the custom on mission stations to drop whatever is being done at the moment and to take care of any sick that might have called for help. So, right away, I began to get ready to go to Jope's home in the village to fetch him in the cart.

Some few weeks before this time the government had sent out a circular letter to every employer of more than ten people that he was required to keep on hand a certain specified amount of medical and first-aid supplies. One of the things listed as required was a stretcher. We had laid in these things.

I could have sent four men with the stretcher to get Jope, and that would have been better for him, but I did not do that, because I had tried to use the stretcher before this and had failed. Once I sent a stretcher team to bring a very sick man from a village five miles away. When he arrived he was not on the stretcher but walking in front of the carriers! He had said, "No, thank you, I'll walk!"

Many of these country men in this area have worked in the cities of the South, or in the coal, gold, and diamond mines and have seen the grim work that a stretcher has to do, and they want no part of it. (This stretcher of ours cost thirty good dollars and was never used! After many years the canvas rotted away and the termites ruined the wooden parts.)

When I arrived at Jope's house with the cart I found a great congregation of women assembled. Jope's wife came to meet me and told me that I could not take her husband away for he was dying. While we were talking Jope himself came out at the door and before he had taken more than three steps toward me he fainted. His wife cried out and fell weeping beside him. Someone brought a

calabash of cold water and poured it over him and he revived. The wife, crying bitterly kept saying, "He cannot go! He cannot go!" But Jope stood up, wobbly, and said, "Let us go!"

When I saw Jope, as he first came out of the house, and again while he lay fainted on the ground, I did not recognize him, for his face was so distorted; his cheeks were very swollen and his eyes were bloodshot.

I knew that before I took him for a rough ride in the cart I ought to find out something of his condition. His nose was bleeding. It had been plugged up with strips of rag, and from the ends of these strips, under each nostril there hung a quarter-inch long clot of blood, and from these the blood kept drip-dripping. His gums were bleeding; there were blood blisters on the tongue, in the throat, on the roof of the mouth. The same sort of blisters were between his fingers and between his toes. He said that the urine and faeces were red with blood.

Scurvy! But how could it be when the whole countryside has been green for weeks, and the African women know how to feed their families.

When the cart got back to the mission we found that the old women, who were gathered at the village, had taken short cuts and had arrived before us. As soon as the cart came up they surrounded it to see whether Jope was still alive.

I put Jope to bed in a house, and in a minute the room was full of people sitting on the floor and standing against the walls, so that I had to watch my step as I moved about. These women kept quiet while I was in the room but as soon as I went out for a few minutes, their work began.

Jope, a Christian, was disgusted with the way the people were carrying on. I think that he also was afraid of the incantations of the old women.

Why did I not shoo that flock away? Well, in Africa there are times when you can, and sometimes must, clear the people out of the way, and keep them away from a sick person, but it is easy to offend the mothers. One must use good judgment, and have a reasonable explanation why you want them to go. Patience is the watchword. After all, it may be that the presence of all these people is the very medicine the sick person needs.

It is said that the old grandmothers make up the backbone of Africa. To get their confidence one should not start by offending

them. The grandmother's permission must be had before an obedient child can leave home or be sent to a hospital.

I was casting about in my mind to find a way to send these people away without offending any of them, when suddenly relief came, for word came from the village that Simadulu's baby had just died. When this message was understood, the crowd rose together, like a flock of birds, and flew off to the village.

I left the sick man in his wife's charge telling her to call me if she needed help. Jope told me the next day that four of the grandmothers came back after dark and danced around the house singing all night long. They were not praying that he get well, but that he would die soon!

What was done for Jope? In the first place I was not sure that Jope's trouble was scurvy. I had heard Africans and some District Officers talk about a bleeding disease, always fatal, that was seen in the Congo and in the Northern Province of our own country. This ailment had a name, but after all these years I am not able to recall what it was.

We had had eight people, all men, with the same symptoms as those Jope had. Two of these recovered, and each of these had a history of the same trouble in childhood. I was on the lookout for information that might be of help to such sick people.

One day three British medical doctors came by our place on their way to visit some of the villages to see how the "raw" native in the back country lived. I went with them to the village of the Chief, and while there I saw one of the men who had recovered from this illness. I took him to the doctors and explained as well as I could what had happened, and I did not fail to mention this Congo business. The leader of the party, Dr. BuBois, a public health specialist, said, "Scurvy!" And that was that.

Later I had occasion to write to the Chief Medical Officer at Livingstone. I added a note to my letter to tell him about this trouble, and about the rumors I had heard regarding this Congo disease. In his answer he said that he had heard of this sickness and suggested that if another should turn up and I could not get him to the hospital to try giving him ten mils of blood injected deep in the buttocks. If I could not find a donor, then use his own blood.

Of course, the place for a very sick person is the hospital, and in the care of qualified people, but it does not always work out that way on the mission field in a backward country. The people in such

places know that the hospital is the place where people go to die, overlooking the fact that many of the very sick people who had to go there came back well! As with our own old-time people, so with the African at this time; at best the hospital was simply the last hope.

A woman had brought her son, an epileptic who had fallen into the fire, to have his burns dressed. All, or almost all, of the skin on his left arm was destroyed. I tried to persuade this woman to let me send her child to the hospital for treatment, but she refused. To explain why she would not let him go she said,

"Do you know about the train at Kalomo?"

"Yes, I know about that."

"Have you seen a man get down out of the 'chetemah' and put fat on the mahveele?"

"Yes, I have seen that too."

"Do you not know where that fat comes from?"

"Yes, I do not know where that fat comes from. Perhaps you will tell me."

"Yes, I will tell you. It comes from the people who die in the hospital; that's where it comes from!" The mystery of the autopsy is revealed! The African servant sees everything, and as no one takes the trouble to explain anything to him, he finds his own explanation. This makes fine talk when he is back home sitting with his friends at the fire at night.

Then she said, "No, thank you, my son will die at home."

So what did I do for Jope? I gave him all the lemonade he would take. I also gave him a few drops of spirits of turpentine on a spoonful of sugar; making a great play at counting the drops. I gave him a few drops of Fowler's Solution in a glass of water, counting to show the patient that I was giving him a stronger dose each day. In Africa a *musiliki* gives strong medicine! With all the homemade psychology I thought I was giving good medicine.

There is one thing I did not do! I did not give him an injection of blood. That would have ruined both of us. The people then were quite fussy about such things.

After ten days of fever of over 100° Jope went home, and was soon back at work. He is the father of four very useful citizens of Zambia; one son is especially helpful in the church as an educated leader.

Malaria

In the early days of our missions in Northern Rhodesia malaria was, without doubt, our greatest hazard to health. It was said that any person who had been in the country for a few weeks certainly had the disease. They said too, that everyone of the native people had it. It was routine at the hospitals to treat any and all patients for malaria whether he had symptoms of it or not.

On a visit to any village, any time of the year, one was sure to see one or more blanketed sick persons lying in the sunshine, and, if one were to ask them what ailed them the answer nine out of ten times would be "Intuntumanze," that is, "Chills and sweating."

Over the years the African has built up a certain amount of resistance to malaria so that if he does get sick with the fever a few days rest in the warm sunshine restores him to his usual ambulatory state of health. Medicine does it better. It takes medicine to rid him of the parasites.

In those early days quinine was the only specific medicine known for the disease. It could be bought at any postoffice at wholesale prices, which was half the retail price. Anyone who wanted it could buy it. Most people knew how to use it.

The misuse of quinine was extremely dangerous. Over-dosing, accumulation, and dosing a patient when in a high fever were the dangers. The famed "blackwater fever" was nothing but poisoning in the misuse of quinine.

If a patient suspected of having malaria had a high temperature he was not given quinine right off, but was given aspirin and a big drink of hot tea, then covered with much too many blankets to produce sweating and so to reduce the fever. When the temperature was on the way down then quinine was given. If the fever were very high, say above 104°, a cold bath might be given, or the patient might be packed in cold, wet sheets for quick results. Sometimes a man on each end of a blanket, fanning it up and down over the patient would cool his fever.

An initial dose of quinine grs X, followed by two V grs doses given four-hourly, usually put an African on his feet again.

There is a disease called Cerebral Malaria (*Malignant Malaria*). It is said that persons sick like this must not be moved, and that they always die! I have seen three sick persons that might have had such a complication of malaria. Each was unconscious and had

a body temperature of over 106°, and each of them died. I had no way of knowing whether they had malaria.

Dysentery:

Amoebic dysentery is common. It is chronic with a great many of the people.

Enteritis is the number one killer of African babies. The women gather at the water hole in the evening. They sit on its rim to gossip while they wash their pots and pans. Before they go home they bathe the babies. Water poured over the little bodies runs down on to the ground, and eventually drains back into the water hole. If it happens that one of these babies has green diarrhoea it may also come about that nearly every baby in the village has the same complaint in a few days.

The bright sunshine of Central Africa disposes of human excreta in a few hours, even so some of this works its way back into the old water hole. Infested waste also gets into every man's garden so that any garden vegetable can carry these organisms.

The uneducated local person may be excused somewhat for carrying on as his ancestors did, but the sophisticated American missionary cannot be excused simply because he likes to eat raw vegetables, or he drinks unboiled water or milk because he dislikes it after it has been cooked. There is a myth being circulated that says that if vegetables have been soaked in salt water or in a solution of potassium permanganate they are safe to use. They are not safe to use! The rule is: "What you cannot peel, you must boil."

Bilharzia:

Tests have shown that fifty percent of the Zambian school children have a blood fluke, a parasite that causes the Bilharzia disease. This worm goes through a complicated life cycle which involves a still pool of water, a snail, an ox and a man.

The man comes to the pool and decides to bathe. A little worm gets on his skin and finds its way into the blood stream and coasts to the bladder. In the bladder it finds a mate; the female wraps herself about the male like a blanket as they cling to the wall of the bladder by special hooks and there they stay for the rest of their lives. They suck blood for food. To have food available at all times they inject a fluid, that keeps the blood from clotting, into the tissues, If they move to a new place, or die, the wound keeps on

bleeding for a while. While they live the female produces eggs which pass out with the urine and somehow get back in the pool of water where the life cycle starts all over again.

When these worms die they fall to the floor of the bladder where in time their remains with that of others gets limed-up to form bladder stones, or they may work their way to other parts of the body. Such calculi have been found in every passage and organ of the body, even in the heart and brain.

I have had men and boys show me great clots of blood that they had passed. I caught one little fellow inserting a smooth stem of grass into the urinary passage, trying to dislodge whatever was blocking it, which in this case proved to be one of these bladder stones. There are many men, black and white, in Central Africa, whose health has been forever ruined by the complications of this disease.

Water that has been drawn and allowed to stand three days is safe for bathing. The disease is not contracted by drinking water. Stay out of water holes! Throw those bathing trunks away!

Worms:

Round, pin, tape, hook, and what have you? It is a great wonder that poor little black children grow up!

Hook-worm is the most devastating of the lot. In the tests of school children sixty percent were found to be infested with it. The best preventatives are shoes and latrines. Teach the children to wash their hands before eating. If you should have a servant in the kitchen see that he washes his hands every time he comes from a walk. Curb the desire to walk barefoot to feel the sand between your toes!

Scabies:

Itch on the hands is a common trouble. If you just must greet your friends by a handclasp, then it is in order to remember your hands; to keep them away from your face and out of your pockets until you can give them a good dose of soap and hot water.

Yaws:

Frambesia, a kind of non-venerial syphilis. Highly infectious. Quickly cured by one dose of salvarsan. Some folks do get this. Watch out! Whose stool is that you're sitting on?

Ringworm:

There are several kinds of fungus growth that look like ringworm. These yield to treatment when painted with a tincture of iodine solution. An alcohol solution of salycilic acid when dobbed on will soften it up. But watch it!

Sand Flea:

This is a worm that gets into the skin of the foot. As it travels in the skin it leaves a red streak (in white persons). This thin red line makes fancy patterns on top of the foot. It ends abruptly. The worm is not at the end of this line, but an inch or so beyond on a path that will show red in a fancy design in a few hours. It is useless to probe for him. To kill this fellow freeze the area within the radius of an inch from the end of the red line. Do you still want to go barefoot and feel the dust ooze around your toes?

Veldt Sores:

These sores appear when very small cuts and scratches have been neglected. The infection *seems* to take place when the dew is on flowering grass. This looks like and spreads like impetigo.

Tropical Ulcers:

These are nothing more than untreated, or mistreated wounds. The sloughing may continue until the bone is exposed and infected, then it is a hospital case.

Country people often dress a wound with fresh cow dung or a batch of leaves grandmother has chewed into a poultice.

African Tick Fever:

There is a tick, a big thick fellow when he is full, that hides in the wood and plaster of old village houses. The Batonga call this one "inkuswi." This tick can live in old wood for an extremely long time with very little food. Its bite can give a very painful, but seldom fatal disease called Tick Fever. Salvarsan is the treatment. Motto: Never sleep in an old house, or a new house in a village. Make your own camp in a clean place under a tree!

Dental Trouble:

Zambians are meat eaters. The country people do not take care of their teeth. Their teeth decay and they suffer greatly from toothache. Many of the older people have their mouths full of tooth-roots dangling from puss-filled, bleeding gums. Pyorrhea is

a way of life with many. The pain is so great that they sit with bowed head and open mouth, letting the saliva drip on the ground, so that great cakes of lime form on the lower front teeth.

Once in a long while you may see a person who has an open odoriferous running sore on his jaw. Part of the bone seems to be dead. This started from an infected tooth.

If you are thinking of going to Zambia to work for a while be sure to see your dentist first. Have him do every bit of work he says you need, for dental surgeons are in short supply in Zambia. You may have to wait as long as six weeks for an appointment.

Sore Eyes:

Pink Eye is with the village people in every place and on every day. From this follows granulated eyelids, and then ingrowing eyelashes.

Verruca:

This is a wort-like fungus growth on the sole of the foot. It can be very painful, and crippling too. There are many cures, but the safe and sure way is to have a surgeon cut *all of it* out. However, the wise cure is *prevention*. Wear shoes at all times, outdoors and indoors. Don't go paddling about the house in bare feet; other barefooted folk, who just might have a verruca on the bottom of a foot, are walking over your floors every day too.

Grubs:

In Central Africa there is a brownish fly that is a little larger than, but looks a lot like, a common housefly. This fly does not lay eggs as flys ordinarily do, but deposits a string of living larvae in rubbish or on some bright object that is apt to keep warm for a few hours. When a larva comes in contact with living flesh it immediately and painlessly digs in to feed as a grub until it emerges a few days later as a mature fly.

Pets like dogs, cats, monkeys, small antelope, etc., often have their feet disfigured because they have been kept in dirty cages that encourage these flies to use the rubbish as a breeding place.

To keep from getting these things in my own skin I have to have all my clothes gone over with a hot iron, for when these things were drying on the line the fly might have taken a notion to start a population explosion. Do not neglect to have everything ironed; the bedsheets, and especially the baby's things.

If you should be so unfortunate as to become host to several of these grubs it is best to let them develop until you can see their wiggling tail-piece, then you can run a needle through that and pull it out. This will leave a round, hard, sterile hole that will be slow to heal, but this is far better than digging inexpertly for the immature grub and having a much worse hurt that could be a bad infection.

There are a lot of hazards to joy that I haven't remembered. These may be enough to discourage carelessness where Mother Nature is concerned.

X. KABANGA AGAIN

Will Short continued working on the house that Ray Lawyer had started building. When he had three rooms livable, that is with windows, doors and cement floors, but without ceilings, he went to Sinde Mission to fetch his family. They arrived at Kabanga in the very hottest weather, in the days just before the rains began in November. Mrs. Short wore a pith helmet in her new house. She also spread an open umbrella over a baby sleeping on the bed because, she said, the heat of the sun poured down through the bare galvanized roofing. We, who had a six inch thick grass roof over our heads thought that was funny.

Some of Short's household goods were at the Kalomo railway station waiting to be carted out to Kabanga. It happened that at this time we had no work oxen on hand and that Will had made arrangement for an old African to bring his oxen and take our Scotch-cart to Kalomo to bring back a load of goods.

This man came and managed to get his four oxen inspanned to our two-wheeled cart without mishap, but when the oxen were started forward and saw that strange looking thing following along behind them making all sorts of strange noises they moved a little faster to get away from it, then got frightened and began to run. The poor little lead boy did the best he could to keep the team in the road but had to give up; he threw the lead straps from him and jumped out of the way. Away flew cart and oxen, through the woods and over bushes until finally the cart bounced over on its back and the oxen wrapped their chains around a tree.

The rest of us soon arrived on the scene, untangled the oxen and righted the cart. Nothing was badly damaged. The cattle had had their fling and now would probably settle down. We got the oxen untangled and all ready to go again by the time the old man caught up with the scene. When he arrived he surprised all of us by beginning to outspan the oxen!

"What's wrong?" we asked, "Aren't you going to Kalomo?"

"Not me!" he said, "I am being bewitched!"

And he could not be persuaded to go.

December came and Christmas boxes from the folks at home began to arrive. In those days our mail was carried by men on foot, and at this holiday time we often had to send two men because of the weight of several parcels. The distance between Kalomo and Kabanga is fifty miles, a good four-day trip. We always tried to get the men off Tuesday morning so that they could get the Thursday's mail train and be back home on Saturday morning. If it should rain and the rivers come up we would expect the post to be late, for Batonga men are afraid of rushing water.

We had a middle-aged man by the name of Gorgie acting as post runner, and now as it was Christmas time and the mail was heavy we gave him another old fellow by the name of Siabanana as a helper. They were making the last trip to town before Christmas. They came home with two large mail bags loaded with parcels. It had been raining and they were late, arriving Sunday morning while we were at meeting. They went by the schoolhouse where we were and up to my house where they put down their burdens on the verandah in front of the door and returned to the schoolhouse to wait until the meeting was over to tell us about their journey.

After we came out of the meeting Gorgie began to tell about the rain and what a bad trip they had had, but he said that what really bothered them so much and made them feel very bad was that there was a person in one of the post bags!

We all walked together to where the bags were piled in front of the door of my house. I rolled one of the bags over with my foot then set it upright on its end, and as I did this we all heard, as plain as anything, a little voice cry, "Maa-aa-ma!"

"Ah-Kah!" said Gorgie and Siabanana together.

Will quickly opened the bag and the women found and opened up the offending package to show the men that it was nothing but a child's doll. They believed, but they lost a good story. Can you imagine the feelings of these men as they carried these things through storm and dark forest thinking all the time that they had a white child locked up in one of the bags!

Sometime after this Gorgie, who lived in a village about six miles away came to get me to see his headman who was said to be very sick. I went with him, and we walked. He went ahead in the footpath carrying my rifle and a gallon water bag while I brought up the rear with the medicine bag. As we went along we talked

about this and that. I was practicing my Citonga. Far ahead on the path I saw a woman sitting beside a tree. Gorgie saw her too and took off through the bush to get around her and back to the path again. I asked him why he went to such a lot of trouble to avoid coming face to face with the woman. He said that it was because she was his mother-in-law. It was taboo for a man to speak directly to, or even to come face-to-face with his mother-in-law.

Here is another case of mother-in-law shyness: Duncan was a man who worked in our house, doing the washing and ironing, sweeping and mopping, the cooking and the dishes. The kitchen was a separate building about fifteen yards from the dining-room door. Duncan would cook or wash dishes in the kitchen then carry the things to the dining-room. One day I saw him coming out of the kitchen window to go to the main house. When I asked him why he did such a queer thing he told me that the woman who sat at the kitchen door was his mother-in-law, and that he could not go so near her as to go out of the door.

The Batonga are matriarchal in custom. A man's own blood children belong to his sister, but his own heirs are his sister's offspring.

Since the women were the heads of the families it seemed very important that we make every effort to get the young girls in school, but this was the very thing that the old grandmothers were determined that we should not do. They wanted their girls to learn the traditions of the ancestors and how to please a husband and feed a family. This would take all of a girl's time.

In our first schools we had no girls, but as time went on two were enrolled, then year by year their number increased, but has never been more than half the number of boys enrolled.

The building program was halted because the supply of materials had been exhausted and the building fund had run dry. Even so, we now had shelter.

At this time the Short family had been in Africa just about seven years, and that period was considered by our missionary neighbours to be the maximum length of a single tour in these tropics, so now, by all the *rules*, it was time for them to go home for a rest, and to visit churches with an aim to build up interest in this mission field.

In order to carry out this deputation work Will now felt that he needed to spend several weeks visiting our villages, and from here to go down over the escarpment into the Zambezi Valley to see the

Gwimbe people in their villages. The object was to learn as much as he could about the people and their customs, to observe the flora and fauna, and, of course, to preach in the villages at every opportunity.

He planned each trip so that by making it in a sort of circular route he could be home for most week-ends. On half of these jaunts he took his eight year old son, Foy, with him. Then they rode the old grey mule. But when he went alone he used the old, worn-out mission bicycle.

To begin these journeys Will didn't simply mount and fly away! A great deal of careful preparation had to be made. Food and lodging, such as we would expect to find in America, is non-existent in the villages of this part of Africa. So one making village trips must take along his food, bedding and water.

Besides the roll of bedding, the box of food, and two large canvas water-bags, there was also to be carried a box of cooking utensils, a smaller box containing medicines and dressings, a suitcase, and a heavy rifle.

The question to be answered after seeing all this gear stacked and ready to go is, how many carriers will be needed. Well, at fifty pounds per man, five men could do it, with an extra man to carry the carrier's food. With the interpreter this would make a troupe of seven men.

I mentioned water-bags. These things are very important. In the Dry Season much of this country, and especially the Zambezi Valley, has very little surface water. The sand-filled streams show very little water. It is said that if one were to dig down through the sand three or four feet to the bedrock of the river he would find a little water.

One of the local Dutch farmers who had been out in the Kabanga area trading with the people got caught on our side of the river after a heavy rain and had to wait for the water to go down. He spent the night with us. While we were at supper telling tales back and forth, he told this one:

"Once when I was on trek in the Valley we ran out of water. My two carriers and I were on the verge of collapse when we came across a stream which contained a deep and wide sand-bed. We began frantically to dig with our hands. After a while, when our arms could reach no deeper we struck the rock and a little water began to seep in the hole. My men wanted to drink first to test the

water, but I, being the boss and dying for a drink, insisted that, since we had nothing to dip the water with, they take me by the heels and lower me headfirst into the hole and I would test the water myself! I had just managed a swallow of water when the walls of the well caved-in and, though the boys did their best to get me out in a hurry, I was almost suffocated. After that we took more time and scooped out a place big enough to crawl into and drink our fill."

As Will made his tours week after week, Delia was packing, separating the things they would want when they came back from the things they needed to take with them. Then there were some things that they would never use again, some to be sold to the local people, and what was left to be given away to needy folk.

Then came the day that they were to leave Kabanga. It was July 4, 1928. It was a very cold and windy day. Mr. Webster, a pioneer farmer, who lived near Kalomo came out in his Model T Ford to fetch them. They were to spend a few days at Sinde before going on to the coast to take a ship for home.

We had often talked about buying a car so that we could get to the railway quickly if necessary, and we might have had one too, for all we lacked was money. On the way to Kalomo that day Mr. Webster revealed that he would sell his car for one hundred pounds, at twenty-five pounds down and the balance at five pounds per month. Will sent me word of this offer and said that he would give five pounds toward the purchase. So I scraped together enough with that to make the down payment, and we had transportation.

As I remember it this car stood tall. The clearance under the differential housing was more than eleven inches. The wheels had replacable wire spokes a few of which were broken after every trip. The roof was like a buggy-top and was easily convertable. The car had a battery but no other accessories. Several times I had to demonstrate that it was light enough for me to lift by backing up to a rear wheel so that I could take hold of the rim, and by straining a lot raise it high enough for my wife to push sticks under the tire so that we could get out of a mud hole.

It was a job to keep those high pressure tires pumped up to 55 lbs. and when one of them blew out it made a noise like an elephant gun exploding. These tires were old and full of boots. The tubes were full of patches. We had to carry a good supply of patches, and the sandpaper, talc, blue, and a soapstone pencil that went to

make up a repair kit. We carried at least a half-dozen valve cores. Several extra valve caps were a must.

The springs were of the leaf type and ran parallel to the axle. After every trip the front spring had to be rebuilt. I had a new front spring installed so that I could use the old leaves for replacements.

The registration number of our car was B-3, which meant that it was the third one ever to be registered in the Batoka District, an area as large as half-dozen Arkansas counties.

Now that we had our transportation all that we lacked was a road. As things were cars could go nowhere except on ox-wagon roads. The wagon trail from Kalomo to Livingstone followed the railway line, in the 10 ft. wide strip scraped clear of grass, made to keep the coals and sparks from the engines from setting the whole country alight. These fireguards ran on both sides of the track. The wagon road went along one of these as long as the going was good, but if the going was bad, and the other side looked better, the road crossed over the line without the slightest scruple. The Kalomo-Livingstone road had eight level crossings in its ninety mile length.

When the going was a little rough for our car because of sand, mud, or hills, the engine would get hot and the steam would spray a little water on the windshield, then we would stop and let it cool down. When it quit boiling we could safely remove the radiator cap and refill the cavity with cool water and try it again. We always carried five or ten gallons of water in tins on the off-side running board for such emergencies.

So you see that motoring in those days was a sort of sporting adventure.

One of the first things that Ray Lawyer did after we arrived at Kabanga was to blaze out an all-weather, watershed route for a motor road to Ruyala Ranch, an abandoned farm twenty-five miles from us on the way to Kalomo. At that place our road would join an established wagon road. Since then Ray's car was burned out, and he had been killed in a hunting accident. Then there was so much other work to be done that the building of a road had not come to mind. No more had been done about it.

When Mrs. Lawyer heard that we had purchased a car she thought of the unfinished road and sent twenty pounds ($100) to pay for having the brush and trees removed from the right-of-way so that cars could move over it. We began to work on it at once and soon had it in use.

The Lawyers had lost their only son with enteritis in 1926. Then Ray died the next year. It seemed to us that Zelma came through her ordeal of suffering calmly and with courage.

The mails from America traveled very slowly in those days, for it took no less than six weeks for a letter to reach us. So weeks after Ray's death letters of sympathy came in every mail and these seemed to keep her trouble always in mind until her nervous state became such that her doctor advised her to go home. She now planned to return to America with the Shorts.

The Short family and Mrs. Lawyer and her two children took the train together for the seaport where they were to embark for home, but not before Will had received treatment in the Salisbury Hospital for the African Tick Fever he had picked up on his village trips in the Zambezi Valley.

XI. A LONELY MISSION STATION

Now that the Shorts were gone we were on our own again. This was not an ideal situation, for even with the best of neighbors there are times when the solitary European family feels very much alone. The wife and mother suffers this loneliness more than the man of the house. When the head of the family has to be away night after night she may become very depressed.

We were happy in the work and quite willing to carry on as we were, yet at the same time we would have rejoiced to know that a replacement for the Shorts was being sent on its way to Africa.

To get another family at Kabanga was, to our way of thinking, an urgent need, so we began to shower our friends with letters of information about our work and the country, along with requests for more workers. In order to hasten a possible response we gave out the news that Alice was to have her third child in April, seven months away. This meant that for a number of weeks even our place would be vacant; our new fellow workers should arrive here in the early part of March.

At this same time the Scotts at Sinde were crying to their friends for helpers. Our combined pleas had response when the Alva Reese and Leslie Brown families in Morrilton, Arkansas, made preparation to travel together to our field; the Reeses for Sinde, the Browns for Kabanga. They proposed to arrive here in June.

We wrote our plea for the first of March as a more suitable time, and were heard; the Browns made a change in their plans so as to arrive in March.

The prospects of having another family on the place brought up the matter of housing. The building that Will had worked so hard to make livable was complete except for concrete floors on the verandas. We would leave that for the Browns and stay where we were, in what we called "the hospital" until we could build a regular dwelling for ourselves.

Friends were raising funds for the house for us, that were being sent to us as they were collected so that we could begin bringing the materials we would need to the site and start making bricks.

At this time we were cutting poles for the scaffolding, and sledding in large white quartz stones for the foundation. Trench digging had begun. Building would not start until May, after the rainy season was over.

The "new" Model T Ford was on the place and almost paid for; the local people were very curious about this and would walk out of their way to come by our place to see it. It was fun entertaining them; when I honked the horn or started the engine they pretended to be frightened; turned their backs, covered their ears, closed their eyes, and then looked back again laughing loud and long at the joke. To sit on the driver's seat with the wheel in his hand and sing out, "Ndundundudududundu!" gave a lad quite a thrill.

How to get a free ride to Kalomo was a problem that brought forth many schemes: One person became ill and had to go to the hospital, another's brother was sick and needed to be visited, yet another had to collect a debt owed by a friend and needed to go today, which was payday, for if he waited the man's money would all be spent, etc. In time we came to know that it was not a good policy to announce the day and hour that we would be departing for Kalomo or Livingstone.

Even so, be as secretive as we may, when we were ready to get off, there would be our prospective passengers, blankets around their shoulders, baskets and babies sitting beside them. If we had room for one we would say so, and try to select the one that we thought really needed to go, then he was likely to put up a big fight to take his grandmother along too. They could not understand load limits; as long as there was a place where one could hang on, to their way of thinking, there was still room.

It has always been a mystery how these people came to know when we planned to leave home. Be it noon or cockcrow they had the correct time! I suppose it was because they were very clever observers.

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The car was our proudest possession. We loved to show it off. On our day for visiting the Chief's village we went in the car. The people heard us arrive and came hurrying out of their huts to have a look at it, at this *first* wonder of the world.

While we were still sitting in the car chatting to the people nearest to us, Mother Mono, a very old, old woman, dressed in goat skin loin cloths and mantle, and with her long staff, shining

from where her old hands had rubbed it over the years, walked all around the car to view it from every angle. When she stopped her walk everyone kept still to hear what she would say, which was this,

"So this is the thing we have been hearing so much about, is it!" she went on, "Where are the oxen that pull?" I honked the horn, then she said, "Oh, they are in there!"

★ ★ ★

It had been a very dry year and as early as the beginning of the rainy season food was getting scarce in the villages.

One Sunday after attending the church service, old Mother Mono came to our house to beg for food. I filled a calabash with about seven pounds of cornmeal for her and told her that if she would come back in a week I would fill the calabash for her again. I did this for a few weeks, then it occurred to me that this was a work that the local congregation ought to be doing. I got several of the older men together after the meeting one Sunday and told them that I thought that the feeding of Mother Mono would be a good way to show the people one of the uses contribution money was to be put to. They listened to me attentively and I thought that I was making my point. When I had finished my speech one of the men said, "It is true that we need to practice these things, but as to giving food to Mother Mono I say that it should not be done," he continued. "This is my reason: this woman has many children, it is our custom that the children have to feed their old parents, but these people send their mother to beg food of you so that they will have more of their own for beer making."

I began to see a little light shining through. Perhaps it would be wise to have the advice of the African brothers before stepping out where we might cross lines of custom to no profit.

★ ★ ★

George Scott of Sinde Mission was building a meeting house in Muramba Location at Livingstone, and had written to the Kabanga church asking for the names of boys and girls who were Christians and had moved to Livingstone for work so that they could be invited to attend worship at the new place.

This building was not to be an expensive one; the walls to be made of hardwood poles set upright in a trench, then plastered on both sides with mud made of earth taken from a nearby ant heap. The roof would be made of galvanized corrugated steel sheets and sawn timber. The roof would be fixed to poles that were eighteen inches higher than the walls to leave a space all around, something like the imaginary pictures we sometimes see of Noah's ark. There would be door openings but no doors to close them. It would be white-washed inside and outside. This would be a simple building, very practicable and serviceable. There was a lot of hard work to be done to get the building completed but the outlay in cash would be less than $100.

Kabanga had a few pounds in the treasury, and I on my part thought that it would be good for us to help with the expenses as we had a number of people that would be attending the meetings there. I made up my mind to suggest to the church that we give a good big amount to this work.

On a Sunday after the morning worship service had been dismissed, I called the people together again and told them about this new building, and its purpose. I said that I thought that we ought to contribute $50 to that cause, but that it was for them to make the decision. They could think about it through the afternoon then at the night meeting we would settle the matter.

As the day advanced I noticed people standing around in groups and imagined that they were discussing the proposition that I had put before them, and was pleased. After the regular meeting of the evening was over I stood up and was waiting to get their full attention when I noticed a very odd thing: the boarding school boys were all together in a group at the back of the room. Usually they sat with their village friends all over the house; I wondered what was up. I was not left long in doubt as to the reason for the grouping, for when I stated the proposition, and asked for a show of hands of all who were in favor of sending $50 to Mr. Scott, the leader first and then all the school boys stood up.

This made me feel very good, and I said so; I said it was fine that young Christians were willing to give for such a good work. But the leader put me right, he said: "Sir, it is not like that, what we want is that this money be used to buy each of us a shirt." Now, of course I was disappointed, and began with a great deal of vigor to tell them what I thought of such a selfish suggestion. I even said that this reminded me somewhat of the story of Simon the sorcerer!

Then the leader again stood up and said, "We simply made a suggestion. Don't take what we said so hard, and don't be so angry." I said, "I am not angry!" Then he had the last word, he said, "If you are not angry, why is your face so red?"

After a few more words from us who were hotheads, some of the older men spoke and we calmed down to business. We sent Mr. Scott $50. The house was built and served for many years. During the war years it was replaced by a larger Kimberly brick house that had both windows and doors.

In those days every Christian was encouraged to "lay by him in store on the first day of the week." Some gave money, a penny, three pennies, or even a six penny piece, but many of the younger boys and girls of the village had no money. These brought ears of corn, handfuls of peanuts, a pumpkin, some sweet potatoes or a chicken! These things were turned into cash; usually the missionary bought them for the school boarding or for his own use.

Though the giving was small in time it amounted to quite a few shillings which ought to be used. We bought song books, and cases of communion wine, we gave for the Livingstone building, and put a cement floor down in the meeting house, and still had a balance; this should be at work!

Then one Sunday Lazaras came along. This man was from Munyama church and was a good speaker. I was in charge that day and asked Lazaras to speak. He made a fine talk and I told him that I liked it. He said that he would like to spend his full time preaching, and that if the Kabanga church could give him ten shillings a month to help him along he would be glad to work under its supervision.

This seemed to me to be quite a "find" so I talked to the older men about it. They suggested that we send a letter to his village church and see what they thought about his character. I told Lazaras that we would let him know what we could do, and sent him away.

After a time we had a letter from the Munyama church. It read like this:

"We received your inquiry. Here is our answer. Lazaras is a very good speaker, but he beats his wife. We think that he is not suited to be a Gospel preacher."

Well! live and learn.

We always have the feeling that there is more that could be done: and urge to spread our work. We are ever probing here and there to find an opening. So when we heard a rumor that Chief Sipatunyana would like to have a school in his village we began to think about visiting him to see if he really did want a school.

Schools are very useful tools for doing mission work; by giving backward people an education we give them the best economic help they could have, and the basis for leadership in the church. A chief or headman wants a school to build up his prestige, but this helps us to further our cause.

Chief Sipatunyana's area lies northwest of our Chief Simwatachella's country. The Kalomo River is the boundary between them. To get to Sipatunyana's village by road we would have to go to Kalomo, then turn back and travel fifteen miles southeast over foot paths. This is a total distance of sixty-five miles. Whereas by making a beeline from Kabanga the distance would be only twenty-three miles.

Alice and I decided to go see Chief Sipatunyana, and to go by the short route. Twenty-three miles is not a great journey in Africa, even over bush paths. We would start from home at noon Saturday; no one works on Saturday afternoon in central Africa, so we had no work to see after until Monday morning. We would return home Sunday night before dark.

When Saturday came we made a start by making the car ready, loading into it a grub-box, some bedding, a couple of extra tires, and a five gallon tin of gasoline, for you never know how things will turn out! At noon we bundled our two children and Maila, a Christian schoolboy who was going along to help with the preaching, into the Model T and at 12:01 p. m. we were off!

The first fifteen miles of our way was over our new motor road which we left at Siamamywa's village and took foot paths to cross the country toward a wagon crossing on the Kalomo River. We found the crossing to be a bed of loose sand up to a foot in depth, laid over boulders, and at least a hundred yards wide. No doubt but that it was a first class road for a wagon with eighteen hugh oxen pulling it!

The feeble Model T hadn't gone many feet forward until it was stuck in the sand. The small high-pressure tires of that time were not effective on such ground. We scraped the sand from in front of the wheels for a few feet, using our hands for we had brought no

shovel, so as to have room for the car to pick up some momentum, enough to carry it a few feet before it stuck and we had to do our job all over again.

When we finally got across the dry river bed it was nearly sundown. There is no twilight in this part of Africa. Very soon after the last of the sun is seen it is dark. As we could not travel over the bush country at night we would have to make camp and try to find a road the next day. There was movement in some wild plum bushes. This turned out to be a young man, a leper who had no feet, gathering wild fruit. He had made a sort of toboggan by using the inner bark of a log eighteen inches thick to make two equal sized troughs. He strapped himself into this shell and traveled by pushing on the ground with his hands to lift his weight so that he could lean backward and move his craft forward a few inches; he managed it.

This was a very cheerful person! He told us that his village, its name was Siambelele, was very near. We hurriedly followed his directions and found the place just as darkness set in.

I had not brought food for Maila because the village people in Simwatachella's country always took care of the people we might bring along. Usually these youngsters run off to the village to gossip with their age group as soon as camp is made, so I was surprised to see Maila still hanging around long after all the chores had been done. I said, "If you don't hurry and get to the village you will be too late for supper!" He said the people of Chief Sipatunyana were different from the people at our home, for these people want a shilling to give supper to a visitor. Well now, that was different. I gave him a shilling for his supper and he ambled away toward the cook fires. When he came back he carried two bowls; one of stewed meat, the other contained a lump of thick cornmeal porridge about the size of a cantaloupe. He ate the mush but left the meat strictly alone. I asked him if the meat was bad. He said that he thought that it was all right, but it had been offered to the spirits at a funeral, and of course, as a Christian he could not eat it. I offered some of our corned beef hash to him, but he refused to take it, saying that he was satisfied.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear and we attempted to continue our journey to the Chief's village but had to give it up because we found that the path we would have to follow went through the village gardens. These gardens were new and had been made in what had been a very thick woods. These trees were cut off leaving stumps a little less than waist high; low enough that the ox yokes

can pass over them, yet high enough that the cutters do not have to stoop when they wield their short handled axes. These stumps were too close together in many places to allow the car to pass through. We gave up after a couple of shaggy detours and returned to Siambelele and stopped under a fine clump of trees where we purposed to have our Sunday service. Maila went to the village to tell the people about our meeting which was to be at noon.

While we waited out the time in the shade of our grove many men and women came by to talk with us. There was one clean-looking, middle-aged man who showed me a primer that he had been carrying in his hand. I saw that it was ci-Lozi—our language is ci-Tonga—I told him that I could not read that, whereupon he looked at a page and began to pronounce syllables: Ba, Be, Bo, Bu, -Ma, Me, Mi, Mo, Mu." When I saw that he held his book upside down I doubted his scholarship.

A fair sized group of people stayed for the services. Maila said a short prayer, read a scripture lesson, and then spoke briefly. I asked those who wished to take the Communion to come up nearer the front of the crowd and sit in a group. We sang several songs together, had a few short prayers, then I took charge of the Communion Service.

The man who had read from his primer for me came to the front and said that he was a Christian and sat down with the others. When the bread was passed to him he acted so queerly that I was sure that he did not know what he was doing, and when the wine came to him he held up his hand to ask a question. He said, "Does it mean that if I taste this wine I must quit drinking beer?" I told him that I thought that most Christians did not drink beer. Then he said, "Well, I think I had better not take of the wine." That seemed to be a good solution to his problem, so I passed him by.

As soon as possible after this service we got on our way for home. We were able to follow our old tracks over the river crossing. We arrived at the mission in mid-afternoon. We could not say, "Mission accomplished," but we did have recreation and exercise.

It took thought, foresight, physical energy, and a little cash to have food on hand, and meals on time for eighty boarding school boys.

Corn for the year was bought at harvest time and safely stored. This meant that it was protected against termites, rats and mice, and hungry people. We could not keep the weavils out; by spring

they had the best of it. At this time we bought beans, peanuts, sweet potatoes, small grain for the chickens, and every pumpkin that was brought to us. We stored the hard stuff and the best of the pumpkins; the sweet potatoes had to be used right away. The pumpkins that were left over were first barked by hacking the shells off with butcher knives. They were cut in halves, and each half was cut into a ribbon of circles and dried in the sun for winter use.

We got our meat by hunting for it on the veldt in the dry season—in the rainy season the animals leave the plains and go to the hills, where they are quite safe from hunters. When we did bring home a carcass the insides were cleaned and put in the pot for supper. This makes a choice dish! The flesh was stripped, not too closely, from the bones, cut in long strips and hung up to dry in the sun. The bones were hooked over limbs of a tree to be used for several days soup. There was no objection if these bones stayed in the tree for several days, as the school boys liked their meat aged a bit.

We had a hand mill for grinding corn. It was operated by two men. They could turn out more than two hundred pounds of meal in a day. After each week of grinding we could feed the crew and had some meal left over in case we had a breakdown. Men were hired at less than five dollars a month and their food, to do this work! This was a long time ago; the people needed the work, and we did not have very much money.

In those days there were always hungry people in the villages. The people were poor farmers by our standards, so that unless it was a fine year, it was a famine year. It did not pay to tempt people to take things that could be eaten. We measured the corn we sent to the mill, and were careful to weigh the meal that they turned in; meal was weighed to the cook. Two pounds per man was the standard daily ration.

Our stores were completed when we had, added to all of the other things, laid in a ton of course salt. Our people used a pound of this per day, and we used it to buy chickens, eggs, honey, and other things that came along from time to time.

★ ★ ★

Jimmy and Gladys Claassen lived and worked for several years at Intini, a mission operated by the New Zealand brethren. When times got bad, money-wise, and their support fell to very little, they had to leave the mission and find employment in order to live and pay their debts.

In time Jimmy got work as an accountant in Livingstone. He left his wife and family in Bulawayo for a time and boarded in a hotel. While he was separated from his family he used to go out to Sinde Mission to spend the week-end. We would meet his train at Senkobo Saturday afternoon, and put him back on the "down mail" Sunday evening.

After a time they could afford to bring the family together again and started housekeeping in Livingstone; but not for long, for Gladys got work in Kalomo as the teacher in a small school for white children. She took her children with her and they lived in a small teacher's cottage near the school.

Then Jimmy made his week-end visits to Kalomo, and when such a thing as a four day week-end holiday came along we had them out to Kabanga for a visit.

Gladys' job came to an end when the government closed the school because the pupils were too few. The school furniture was put up for sale. Out of the kindness of their hearts the Claassens bought the desks and presented them to Kabanga. Gladys wrote and asked that we send the wagon for them right away, for the premises had to be cleared within a limited time.

These desks were wooden, made of heavy teak. The writing table and seat were built together so that the whole thing was bulky. These were not so very heavy but I knew that they would make an awkward load for the wagon. So for that reason I told Towel, the driver, to wait in Kalomo till I came to help with the loading.

The wagon was loaded. The desks were securely tied in place, but the load was quite high, so high that I was afraid that overhead limbs spreading out from the trees along the road would damage the valuable load. I was especially concerned about the last ten wooded miles of the road.

Just before arriving in this woods the returning wagon would come to a place where our new motor road crossed the wagon road. I told Towel that when he came to this crossing he must leave the wagon road and finish his journey on the motor road. I noticed that this change of road did not please him, and wondered whether he would do as he had been told.

I drove home, spent a good part of the night worrying, afraid that Towel would disobey me. He was not due at the crossing before nine o'clock in the morning, so I went to meet him at the crossing, to make sure that he did take the right road.

When I got to the crossing I saw that the wagon had already passed; the tracks showed that he had passed some hours before. He had overdriven the oxen, passing up the usual camping place in order to sleep at Munyama's three miles down the tree-lined wagon road!

I followed the wagon tracks and found him still in camp. When I asked him why he had disobeyed and had not gone on the motor road, he said,

"How do you expect me to camp in the wilds there; and without water?"

I saw that the top four desks had been smashed badly. I said, "Why are the wooden things broken? Do you remember that was why I wanted you to take the upper road?" At this he became very indignant and said,

"I drive on the level, right and left, surely you cannot expect me to drive on the up-and-down also!"

Well that was what I was afraid of!

The desks were repaired, their beauty was spoiled but their usefulness was restored.

A three-week, between-term holiday had started on the Mission. Josiah, one of the teachers had gone on a preaching tour of the nearby villages. After half of the time had passed he showed up where I was at work making window frames for the house we were at last able to start building, He greeted me with,

"Mwabuka Muluti."

"Hello Josiah; you back O. K.?"

"Yes, Sir, O. K."

"How was the work? Did you eat too much?"

"The people were very kind. They listened well. Nineteen men and women of Polu's village are asking to be baptized."

"Nineteen! Did you not baptize them?"

"I would like for you to go and baptize them."

"Why did you not do that?"

"I do not know how. I have never baptized anyone and am afraid I would not do it properly."

I agreed to go, but asked him to go first and get them together. I said that I would be at the village at about mid-day.

The place was about six miles out on the motor road, but I could not go in the car because we did not have the gasoline to spare, so I got a set of old clothes to go into the water with, tied on the handlebars of the old bicycle and, by noon I came to the village of Polu. Josiah had the people ready.

The crowd walked along a path for a mile or so to a small water hole where the service was to take place. I looked around for a place to change my clothes and found a nook on the side of a large ant hill; the limbs of the bushes swept the ground all around leaving a perfect little room under them. In that place I exchanged the clothes I was wearing to the not so new ones I had brought along on the bicycle. I folded the clothes, broke off some branches of green leaves and made a place to put them off the ground, then I went out where the people were waiting for me.

After the baptizing I returned to my nook to change back into dry things. I took off the wet clothes, dried myself, and started to reach for the change when I noticed an army of angry wasps diving here and there. Then I saw a wasp's nest as big as my hat just above the ever-so-nicely folded heap of my clothes. The wasps meant business! Ho! I sure couldn't run out with that crowd of people around!

I held my breath—they say that if one holds one's breath one cannot be stung by a wasp—and found a long stick for pulling my things within reach. I was very fortunate not to have been badly stung.

Safely out in the open once more I resolved to look for wasp's nests before entering a cozy bower, or a long-empty African hut.

XII. ARRIVAL OF THE BROWNS

The Browns had written that they planned to arrive in Northern Rhodesia around the middle of March. It was nearly that time so we were sending for the post twice a week, expecting a telegram any day.

Eventually the message did come. It read, "Landed safely Cape Town arriving Kalomo next Friday 5 o'clock p. m., Leslie."

And this was Wednesday. Two days! This meant that I must start the wagon toward Kalomo this very hour so that it would be there to pick up the heavy luggage when the train arrived. Oxen can do fifty miles in two long days. It was just fifty miles to Kalomo.

I could wait until Friday morning to go for the family in the Ford. I would have to leave home early for I needed to put brush and sticks in holes in the road so that we would not get stuck on our way home and have to spend the night on the veldt.

The day came at last. Towel with the wagon, and I with the Model-T both arrived an hour before train time. I went to the track—there was no platform—to wait for "16 UP." I think all the people in the village were there waiting for that mail train too.

After a while we saw black smoke in the hills across the Kalomo River, and the cry went up, "There he comes!" He roared across the bridge and struggled, puffing, up the steep grade over a mile-long stretch of curved track to go slowly by me and stop. There were thirteen wooden carriages in all with waving people head and shoulders out of every window. I watched as they went by, looking for the Browns; we saw each other and I moved up to their windows

"Hello Leslie, Addie! Have a good trip?"

"Hello Dow! Wonderful!

"Pass your baggage out of the window, you can't carry it down the crowded corridor."

In five minutes they were on the ground, bag and baggage, and I began to tell them how I thought we ought to manage to load the car for the trip out to Kabanga.

"The old Ford can carry the family and four suitcases. The wagon is here to carry your trunks and it will have to bring most of the bags you had in the train. I suggest that you take what you will need for four or five days in the bags we take on the car."

They began to sort the stuff in the bags, while I took their luggage tickets and cleared the trunks that were in the Guards Van, loading the wagon with them.

The children wanted to take the phonograph so it came along with only three bags. Everything else was loaded onto the wagon and secured under a canvas.

The Brown children were, as I guessed at their ages, Robert 13, Ardath 9, William, Jr. 4, and Betti Lee 1. We loaded the car with Addie, the two older children and the baby in the back seat with a suitcase and the phonograph at their feet. Leslie, with Junior on his lap, sat in front with me. The remaining suitcases were packed on the running boards with the tool-box and two five gallon cans, one of gasoline and the other of water—it was a long lonely road; you never know what might happen.

We left Kalomo, crossed the railway and followed the train on up the hill for four miles where we turned right and looked toward the Southeast and Kabanga.

Within the first sixteen miles we crossed three streams. At two of these the passengers had to get out and walk up to level ground, but at the other one the baggage had to come off too and be carried to the top of the bank. The old jitney had some power but I had not learned all the tricks, like slipping the clutch and such, so sometimes the passengers had to push a little bit.

We had a little trouble when the right front wheel dropped into a soft place. The car was backed out of this, and managed to get by without finding another soft place. Twelve miles from home we came to the mud holes that I had filled with brush on the way to the train. It is always better to be safe than sorry, so the passengers once more got down—and I think that they were grateful to have a chance to stretch their legs—until this last obstacle was passed over. Then it was dark!

Jolting along merrily at fifteen miles an hour in about thirty minutes we began to see the light of the cooking fires on a hill in front of us. I said that that was Kabanga, and that we would be home in a matter of minutes seeing we were only four miles away. But I was mistaken about the time it would take for us to travel that last few miles, for at that moment the left front tire blew out!

Well, if a fellow can't take care of a little thing like that he doesn't have much business going far from home. We got the tire changed in half an hour and drove thirty feet before that one also went out! There was still another hanging on the tire rack on the back of the car. We got it on the wheel and found that it would not hold air!

In the meantime, Jim Muzamara, the builder-foreman at the mission saw that our lights were not moving, so he brought ten men to meet us. These people carried the cases and other goods on their shoulders; we left off trying to mend the tire and "went in on the rim."

One mile from the mission we had to cross another river, the Tambana, and from there the road was all uphill. Again everyone had to get out of the car until it was on top of the bank. The long hill had to be made with the car in low. About half-way the engine began to boil and lose power. We stopped and waited for the thing to quit steaming. Then with a radiator full of cool water the engine agreed to take us the rest of the way home.

Alice had been told that our lights were in sight and had supper ready for us. She had a twenty gallon iron kettle of bath water on the fire in the yard for the children's baths, but our children wanted to put the bathing off until they had heard the phonograph play. It was set on a side table and a record put on that had "These Bones 'gwine to Rise Again" on one side, and "Six Feet of Earth Makes Them All of One Size" on the other. These pieces fascinated the children; for days they played them over and over. I learned them by heart!

The Lawyer house now became the Brown house. Beds had been made for them there, but there was nothing in the kitchen; they would have to come to our place for their meals until the time that their furniture would come from Bulawayo.

It happened that several acres of corn were planted late, because the rains came late, and the ears were just now getting ready to eat; we would have corn for a while! We had chicken and eggs, plenty of milk and butter, sweet potatoes were ready to eat. There were many kinds of vegetables in the garden. Wild meat could be had for the hunting. It was not likely that anyone would go hungry. A breakfast of cornmeal porridge, fried eggs and bacon, hot biscuits, butter, honey and guava jelly is pretty hard to beat anywhere.

Understandably, the Browns were anxious to get right into the work. He took over the classroom work leaving me with the board-

ing and the farm work to look after. This gave me some time to oversee the building of our house.

Leslie and I often went together in the car to visit one of the villages. Once when we were on our way to Sianjina's village and I was driving, I saw what seemed to be an unnecessary curve in the path and tried to go straight across through the grass where I hit a small tough stump of a bush. Leslie was thrown into the wind screen to get a broken nose, and the radius rod of the car was bent beyond repair. It was entirely my fault; I should have known that there is always a very good reason for a road to be like it is. In Africa it is a point of wisdom to keep to the used paths.

African school boys like to give their teachers names, and these are always descriptive of some outstanding characteristic of the teacher or some happening in his life. Because Leslie was always reading his Bible they named him "SiBible." But when he had gone to get meat and had hit the first two animals he'd killed in the eye they changed his name to "Siasamuliso," which means, "The one who hits in the eye." Then after a while it came to be his duty to send some bad boys away. Then his name became "Sitandabantu," and this means, "The one who drives people away!"

I know that I have plenty of names, and not one of them flattering, but everyone is based on truth.

It was getting near the time that Alice was due to have her baby. We had made arrangements to stay with the Claassens, who were living in Livingstone, until Alice had been discharged from the hospital and could travel home. We were to pay half of all the expenses, food, service and rent; this was very fair for us, considering the poverty of all of us.

On the morning of the 19th of April Leslie took us to the Kalomo railway station to catch the train. We arrived at Livingstone in the afternoon and were soon installed in the Claassen home which was near the railway station.

That night, about bedtime, there was a lot of banter back and forth about what we should do in case of an "emergency." Jimmy said that if I would give him two 3d bits he'd be happy to run over to the telephone booth at the railway station and call a taxi and also notify the hospital that we were on the way!

"You've made yourself a deal!" I said, and gave him the two coins. He took them and said,

"I'll put them right here over the door on the door frame so that I can grab them as I run out."

"It's no joke! Alice can get in quite a hurry if she takes a notion."

And sure enough I had to wake Jimmy at 2 a.m.

"Hey Jimmy! Do you remember where you put those tickies?"

"Sure I know."

"You had better get them and be on your way."

"Is it time?"

"It's way past time!"

"I'm on my way!"

Time passed and no Jimmy! Another half-hour passed and I began to get worried. Then a private car, not a taxi!, came to the house with Jimmy. He explained that he could not raise the telephone operator so ran a half-mile up the street to a man's house, got him out of bed, and persuaded him to be a good fellow and take us to the hospital. We lost no time; it was a mile to the hospital and we were in a hurry! Ten minutes after Alice got on the couch in the emergency room our newest daughter began to protest and to demonstrate!

When I got home at daylight Jimmy had all kinds of questions to ask. I was too tired to say anything but,

"Thank you, Jimmy, but where are my tickies?"

Some weeks before the Browns arrived we had started Lord's Day worship service in Munyama's village, our first village church in the Kabanga area. After the Browns came we took week about going to the meetings there to encourage and teach the villagers.

Jockwe Simono was the leader. He was intelligent and I believed him to be a very sincere Christian. He had worked for me as a house servant, and as ox driver over several months. I thought I knew him very well indeed.

For this reason I was very surprised when I was told that the village headman and the village church had him to task for adultry with his wife's sister. We were asked to attend the trial. It happened that Mr. Scott was at Kabanga at the time, so the three of us went to see that Jockwe got a fair trial.

At the trial the vice-headman made the charges, for Jockwe's father was headman; it was unseemly that he should accuse his own son.

Jockwe answered the charges by saying:

"I have always been very careful to do what is right and not to do that which is wrong, therefore, I am innocent of adultry."

The girl was asked to tell her story. She began,

"I came to live with my sister because our mother had died and I was left without a home. My sister's husband was very kind to me at first, but in time he began to make suggestive advances, then one day he asked me right out to go to bed with him. I didn't want to do this, but a woman can't say 'no!' to a man, but I did protest, saying that I did not want to be the mother of a child who had no father. He then told me that he was a very wise person and had medicine that would keep me from having a child. I was inticed. I slept with him many times. Then there came the day that I knew I was with child. I spoke to my sister's husband about that and how ashamed I would be when all the people knew how bad I had been. He spoke to me and said, 'Don't be fearful. Sianzala loves you. In a few minutes he will be going home from his work. He will pass through the garden of his mother. Go to that garden and hide yourself. When he comes along call him to you.' I did this. Sianzala came to me. We stayed in the garden a long time.

Afterwards I went to my sister's husband and told him these things. When he heard my words he said,

'Wait two weeks then go to the house of the mother of Sianzala; sit on the doorstep and cry your heart out. When the mother comes to you tell her how Sianzala forced you in the garden, and that now you are pregnant. She will see that he marries you!'

That is what I did. The mother believed me and permitted the marriage.

Now the mother knows the true story of my life and wants my sister's husband to admit that the child is his so that the bride price paid by Sianzala may be returned. These are my words."

Jokwe answered, "This is quite a tale! This whole story is a pack of lies put together to make a poor man of me (he would have to pay damages to Sianzala) my conduct toward my sister-in-law has been perfect."

I believed Jockwe! I had always found him to be faithful. I was also fond of him and could not believe that he would tell such bald-faced lies as had been witnessed against him. Besides that it would be heartbreaking to find that Jockwe Simono was such a conniving villain.

Leslie said, "He's as guilty as sin!" Mr. Scott said nothing.

The people saw that we were divided in our opinion. They were too polite to tell me that I was without any understanding of what was going on. The chairman dismissed the meeting and sent us away. We were not told how the affair ended. Jockwe quit attending the meetings and left the village to start one of his own.

Two years after this the child got very sick. Jockwe was called to wash the child. It is the custom that in such a case the real father must bathe the child so that it will recover. Jockwe performed this rite!

I think that this taught me that it is mighty fine for European people to let the Africans who understand one another settle troubles that may come up in their congregations.

★ ★ ★

Not very long after Jockwe Simono set up his new village he came to the mission to ask our help in killing a lion that had broken the neck of his best ox that very morning. The cattle had been let out of the kraal at sunrise. They were still in sight of the village when they were attacked and chased down the veldt for half a mile before the ox was downed.

"How many lions were there?" I asked.

"Only one hugh one! His spoor was as big as my two hands."

I went to the school and asked Leslie what he thought about us going out that night and trying to get a shot at the lion. He agreed that we ought to try.

I told Jockwe to leave the carcass where it was and build a platform big enough to hold two men and high enough that the lion couldn't jump up on to it, and that we would be over on the road to be guided to the spot before sundown.

When we were shown to the place where the platform had been built we found that the people had skinned the ox and had cut the body in pieces and had these tied on carrying sticks, just ready to take everything to the village!

"Do you think the lion will come back if you take the meat away?"

"Perhaps not,"

"Should Mr. Brown and I fish all night without bait?"

"Perhaps the lion will kill another ox tomorrow to satisfy his hunger."

The men saw what we were talking about. They pulled some green branches off bushes to put on the ground and piled the meat on these, piece on piece; the skin, rolled up like a blanket and tied securely with bark-string was put down on the top of the heap.

The men went away.

After we had inspected and tested the platform, we decided to boil the billy and have some tea. As the sun was still showing in the West we would have plenty of time, for we believed the lion would not return before it was dark. Leslie kindled a fire of twigs and the pot was soon boiling. We talked, laughed, and sang a little. We drank our tea—and still it was quite light, so we had another look around and found that the ox skin was gone! It had to be that the lion took it. We waded around in the tall grass looking for that bundle of skin, but gave up hope of finding it and went back to the platform and it was suddenly dark.

We climbed up the stick ladder to the platform. We set two hour watches all night. There was not a stir all night. We were glad when daylight came. It is not easy to lie on a thin pad of grass over rough poles, or to spend a cool African night with just one blanket wrapped around you. We were stiff and sore when we came off our platform.

Of course the first thing we wanted to find out was whether the lion had come and carried off half the meat without our knowing anything about it. We looked and found that the meat had not been touched.

There was still the worry about what had become of the skin, so we waded around some more, and where we had waded the night before Leslie shouted out, "Lookee here!" and held up the ox tail.

It looked mighty like the lion had been in some part of that grass patch holding the bundle of skin under his paw, while we walked in and out and around him!

★ ★ ★

When the new radius rod, a wishbone-shaped part, came we got the front end of the Model T straightened out and were mobile once more. Then we undertook to go to Sianjina's village, across country this time.

Rumor had it that this village was moving; we could not find out to what new location. We hoped that when we got to the old place we would find someone to give us directions.

Thirty minutes after we left home we came across a large herd of cattle with some sheep and goats in charge of five or six almost naked little boys. Just at that place I shot a guinea fowl. The .303 bullet didn't leave much of the bird. I gave it to the boys who received it thankfully.

Two or three miles further on we came to the old village of Sianjina. The houses were already in ruins. There was not a person around to give us the directions we needed to get to the new village. Once again we had failed. There was nothing to do but go home.

When we had gone a short way we saw a large herd of Impala that had wandered our way. These animals are not very large, they may weigh as much as fifty pounds on the average. This small body is on top of long thin legs. Their markings are such that it is very difficult to tell just what distance they are away; i.e., to judge the range is not easy. Taking all this into consideration along with the knowledge that this animal is very wary and hard to stalk, we passed them up. We were in a hurry anyway.

When we got back to the cattle, there was a dead goat in our way. It had a wound as big around as a lead pencil in the neck just behind the left ear; such a hole as a rifle bullet might make! Always fearful after any shot with one of these high-powered rifles, I was convinced that—although I had shot from the car at the birds on the ground—I had killed the goat. I looked for a herdboy to ask who owned the goat so that I could pay for it. There were no little boys in sight! I called to them and they came sliding down out of trees where they had gone, they said, for safety.

They told us that the herd had been attacked by a pride of lions just as we drove up in the motor car. The noise we made had frightened the lions away. One of them had killed the goat and another had badly mauled an ox.

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The Reeses had left America in March and had just arrived at Sinde and were getting their bearings to settle down in this new country.

We had been expecting a visit from J. M. McCaleb, an old-time missionary to Japan. He was making a world tour of our missions,

and had written to us to give us an approximate date of his arrival in Northern Rhodesia.

Mr. McCaleb was 70 years old and had lived alone in the city of Tokyo for many years. We felt that we ought to give him a room to himself when he came to visit us, but our houses were too small for that, and besides we had our houses full of children. We decided to build a house especially for him.

Our houses were two hundred yards apart. Somewhere near halfway there was a spreading evergreen tree. Under the shade of that tree, which is called *The McCaleb Tree* to this very day, we built the small 10′ x 10′ house. The walls were of cleaned grass stems. The roof was grass. The floor was covered with a mat of cleaned grass stems. It was ready waiting for the day he should arrive. We had no doubt that he would be very pleased with it.

In the course of ten days Mr. McCaleb arrived at Sinde Mission, and because it was more convenient all around they brought him right on up to Kabanga. He was to stay with us two weeks, then return to Sinde for as long a visit.

They were late getting started and got to our place well after dark. On the way they had seen a lion standing in the middle of the road, flashing its torchie eyes at them. Since this was a new experience for all of our visitors—all of the Sinde folks had come along, both Scotts and Reeses—the conversation related to the wild beasts of Africa.

Talk went on for a long time that night. Everyone was tired so it had to break up before midnight! I lighted a lantern for McCaleb's hut. Because the night was cold I filled a large hot-water bottle to warm his blankets. Mr. McCaleb followed me to the hut and was installed. I bid him good-night and pulled the heavy grass and stick mat in place for a door.

Scotts and Reeses stayed two days at Kabanga. One of these days was a time when Leslie was supposed to go to hunt meat for the pot. He took the men with him. Reese wanted to see the animals; Scott and McCaleb were more interested in the country.

They went out on a grassy plain called the Kabanga Flats. There they saw a couple of kudu bulls in the distance and were able to stalk them. Brown picked one of them off with a single shot. When McCaleb saw such a beautiful animal dead he was moved to condemn all such killing. He did not believe in killing God's creatures.

The work on our new house—the Merritt House—was progressing very well, but I had to be with the workers all the day long. Leslie was in school all morning. The women had their work to do, so Mr. McCaleb was left to himself all morning long. He used to come to the building site and talk to me while I worked. He noticed that the bricklayers were dropping a great deal of mud on the ground, and this irked him, for he had been brought up to hate waste. His life in Japan had confirmed him in his habit of frugality. He suggested that I give each bricklayer a box to slide along the wall as he progressed to catch the mortar that dropped so that it could be used again. I didn't tell him that the mortar we used was simply wet soil.

Mr. McCaleb liked to sun-bathe. It seems that in Japan there isn't too much sunshine. Here we had it all the day long! In the morning he would sit in the bright sunlight, barechested, for an hour.

The winter nights were cold and clear. Sounds traveled far. Every night we heard jackals yelping, the drums in the surrounding villages thumping away. One night while McCaleb was there we heard lions roaring. At day break every morning the drumming of the hornbills was regular music to our ears. A pair of duiker played near the McCaleb tree every day.

We should have guessed that Mr. McCaleb was not very happy with all these dangerous sounds going on while he was so open to attack!

For some reason or other I went to his house before breakfast one morning and found him pouring warm water out of the hot-water bottle for his shaving. That's how he had learned to get along on a few dollars a month in his first years in mission work, by making good use of what he had at hand.

At this time he told me that he had heard the lions, and that all these terrible noises frightened him.

Mr. McCaleb spoke to our school boys every night at prayers. At first one of the young teachers, Njabe, undertook to interpret for him, but McCaleb's vocabulary was too much for him. I undertook it then and got between two vocabularies! Anyway I said things that did no harm! That could be called an interpretation.

The time came for Mr. McCaleb to return to Sinde. In getting the Model T ready for the trip to Kalomo we discovered that there was just not enough gas on the place to make the trip. Brown, who

knew a great deal more about Model Ts than I did, said that we'd use kerosene. He was to do the driving, so I trusted his judgment.

He had to leave very early in the morning to meet the train that was to take our guest to Sinde. Several minutes before "take-off" he started the engine and let it idle on gasoline until it was hot, then added enough kerosene to the gasoline to make the dilution about 50%. It worked fine.

At Sinde Mission Mr. McCaleb had a private room. Just above his bed, on the top side of the sheet-iron ceiling a pair of owls had their home. They fed their family all through the night. The periods of quiet were of odd length and far between. The man could not sleep. He insisted that the owls should be destroyed.

A sheet of corrugated iron roofing was removed and a school boy sent in over the ceiling to catch the owls. The parent birds escaped, but the boy brought out a pair of fledgings just ready to learn to fly, a pair of new laid eggs, and a pair of downy puff balls a week or so old. (It seems that owls go about their home making that way.) Helen Pearl begged for the lives of the "cute little things," but Mr. McCaleb was firm! they must be destroyed!

One blustery winter morning our post runner brought a letter from Mr. Alva Reese of Sinde Mission. In it he said that he had been asked by Chief Nwawa to come to his village to talk with the people about starting a school there, and, since he had a school to inspect in that area it would be convenient for him to visit Nwawa at the same time.

"Now," he wrote, "since Nwawa's village is on the Sichifuro River, which is the border of the tsetse fly land where the big game hangs out, why don't I take a couple of days off and go over there to see some of those big fellows? O. K., but I don't want to go alone!"

Then he said, "How about one of you fellows coming along with me? My wife doesn't want to go with me, but wants me to take her to Kabanga to visit with the women there while I am away. I will be bringing her to you in a few days, and will go from there to Nwawa's village. One of you oldtimers be ready to go with me!"

This letter took us by surprise. We were quite unprepared to make up our minds about the trip. Brown said that he could not go because he was in the middle of the school term; and I thought that I ought not to go on account of the school work program, the boarding and the building work. Of course we were both "dying"

to go, and we could have done with a few days holiday, but there was so much to be done! However, we had time to think about it and to make up our minds later, so we wrote in answer, "Fine! You come along as you've planned and one of us will go with you, for we'd like to see the big game too!"

But when Reeses arrived at Kabanga we had not yet decided which one of us was to go. We were like Alfonso and Gaston of the Happy Hooligan cartoons, we kept bowing to each other and saying "You first, Alfonso!" I think the trouble was that our hearts weren't in it! The women folk figured it out and said that since we were both so anxious to go they would take over and manage things so that we could all three go. That sounded reasonable!

We set out early the next morning. At Kalomo store we bought a supply of groceries, filled the car's tank with petrol, and to be sure that we'd have enough fuel to get us home again we took in four 5-gallon tins extra. All of this with our food boxes, bedding, spare tires, tools, guns and ammunition made quite a load, but somewhere along the line we would have to take on a couple of guides and their gear besides.

Leaving Kalomo we followed the railway line toward Livingstone for twenty miles to Bowwood, where we left the road and went out into "The Blue" in a northwesterly direction, pointing to where lay Nwawa's village.

On the way we passed through several villages where we asked for old friends, then called the people together and preached to them. That night we camped at Siamandele, where we had a school to be inspected.

Leaving Siamandele at sunrise we arrived at Nwawa's in midmorning. The chief immediately sent for the village elders to make an "indaba" about the school.

Nwawa had been chief for a very short time. He was a Christian, and unassuming; even timid. When the men began to arrive, he sat on the ground with them and chatted. This didn't satisfy the elders; two of them came carrying the chief's chair for him to sit on, reminding him of his dignity, that he was a chief and should act like one. Even so, he could not move toward the big chair. Two old men got him by the arms and led him to it and made him sit down. (Now we outsiders never know about such things. Was Nwawa timid? Or was it simply a custom that a new chief should not presume that he's somebody special?)

Now, sitting in his chair he was the Chief. He called the meeting to order and said, "I have asked you all to come here to talk about a school for our children, and to hear from Mr. Reese what we need to do to have a place here where our young people can get an education." He then turned to Reese and said, "Mr. Reese, would you explain the school to us and tell us what you will require of us in the way of help to get the school started?"

"To have a school, one of the first things needed is an enrollment. We shall need no less than twenty boys and girls for the start. Secondly, you must build a good house for the classes. Thirdly, yours is to build a house also for the teacher, Fourthly, it is yours to clear a garden for the teacher, and to give him corn for his bread for the first year. Fifthly, you will need to buy books for the school children.

"On my part, I will send you a well qualified married teacher. I will pay his wages. I will furnish slates and slate pencils. I will visit the school often to see that the work goes on well."

The elders mumbled and grumbled, then said that they would have to think about these words. There happened to be a visitor, a Barotse, who held up his hand and asked to say a few words and was given leave to speak.

"Friends, I've been around, and let me tell you this, if you allow these people to start a school in your village, that will be the beginning of trouble. For they will send a preacher-teacher, a man who will be very meddlesome. He will do what he calls 'preaching the word' but it is no more than interfering in private business, trying to tell one what to do and what not to do."

We had known Chief Nwawa for a number of years. He was a great hunter, and knew the country we wished to see like "the palm of his hand." We asked him to come with us as a guide. He agreed to help us and to bring with him his friend and fellow hunter, Wilson. They would join us at our camp at daylight the next morning.

After the meeting we went to the river crossing where we meant to make camp for the night.

The river was not flowing, but the water was standing in pools, some of which were quite large, up and down the river bed as far as we could see. At the only place where we could get up and down the banks we'd have to cross the river over a bed of fine dry sand. The car could not be driven over the sand, and it could not be pushed over the loose footing. We had men cut reeds and weave a

pad to lay down for the track. We pushed the car along this and got safely to the other side and up and out to make our camp.

Reese had seen fish jumping in one of the pools and got the fisherman's urge. As soon as camp was in order he took fishing gear to the river and soon had several nice fish on his string. We had fish for supper!

Word had gotten around that there were lions in the neighborhood. We didn't want their company so we collected lots of dry wood, enough to keep our big fire going all night, for we thought that a big light would keep the lions away. To help a secure feeling we made our beds near the fires.

We sat around after supper eating roasted cassava roots. These are good. They taste like roasted chestnuts. At this time the lions saw fit to begin their introduction! They started off with grunts which developed into what seemed to be extremely large roars. I, for one, imagined that the old fellows put their mouths toward the earth to bellow, otherwise how could the sound make the earth shake so?

After the lions had amused themselves for a while they left us. Going in opposite directions they roared back and forth to one another for a few times, then changed the roars to grunts, then the grunts faded away; over and out! After that we went to sleep.

As he had promised, Chief Nwawa, with Wilson in tow, joined us at daybreak. Soon we were off on what to us was a great adventure.

We were headed for a large pool of water out in the "blue" called by the local people Siamatanga—The One with Herds—a good name for the place, for in the Dry Season animals from miles around go there for their drinks. At this locality there are four or five of these ponds that seem to be connected by an underground stream. The water is always fresh.

The country that we were to travel through was made up of low ridges of wooded land with wide valleys, called vleis, in between. No trees grow in the vlei. The foot path we followed took the line where the timber left off and the vlei began. There came the time when we had to cross this mile-wide vlei, where, sprinkled sparcely, were scrubby, shaggy bushes. Here the grass that had been five foot tall was mowed by wild-fire to foot-long charred stubble. The black gumbo soil had been baked in the winter sun, and was cracked like lava. But while it was still soft a herd of elephants had walked over it to browse on the bushes they found there.

When Reese, the driver, saw what we had before us he stopped the car and said, "Now, I want you fellows to watch where we're going, and if you see that a wheel is about to drop in one of these holes you shout 'Hole right' or 'Hole left' so's I'll know what to do." As we bumped along one of us might call out, 'Hole right!' but Reese had already seen it and avoided it; then he'd say, "Where's that hole!" But a time or two none of us saw the hole and we dropped into it hard. Then the driver gave us "what for!" plus.

I must explain here, I think, that the three of us and our wives had gone to school together, and were like a big family of brothers and sisters. Out here in the veldt we were having the time of our lives and found it unnecessary to be polite to one another.

Some time after we had crossed this veldt we came up to a big boabab tree. This tree was six feet thick at the base and as much as thirty feet tall; in the high branches that pointed skyward were dozens of seed pods.

The boabab is one of the oddest of trees. To the best of my knowledge there is no usable wood in it. It is a thick mass of course fiber strings built around a hollow place in the middle, and covered with a thick rubber like skin. Its seed pods the size of a cantaloupe are filled with black pea-sized seeds that are covered with a chalky-white substance called "cream of Tartar" (Cream of Tartar Tree) by the Afrikaners. It has very few small branches, and so few leaves that at a distance it looks bare and dead. The Batonga say that when God had created the earth and planted trees, he was displeased with the boabab and planted it upside-down!

Brown and I wanted some of those seeds, (for it was pleasant to take a few in your mouth and roll them around till the acidy, chalky substance dissolved. Better still, a poppie drink resulted when they were put in a cup and covered with water). But we could not climb the tree; sticks and rocks didn't bring the pods down. Maybe we could shoot the stems and drop them! To hit the pod itself would not do for high velocity bullets would blow them to smithereens.

Reese protested. He said that he was fed-up with little boys who wanted to play. He said, "You boys go on with your play while I cross this spruit; I'll see you on the other bank." The Africans stayed with us to watch the fun; Reese drove on alone.

After we had shot down five pods—one for each of us—we ambled toward the spruit. There, we saw the car, engine dead, half-way up the steep bank, and Reese holding it there by the foot

brake—the hand break was out of order—afraid to let it go crashing back down the hill. He had worked himself up into a great heat, and this time he gave us his "double whammy" redoubled! "Here I go doing a man's part while you kids hang back playing and leave me hanging on this steep river bank. Get rocks behind the wheels and crank this thing up. My foot's given out!"

Oh! We were having a real good time!

Some little distance from the spruit—it was hard to tell how many miles it might be for there was no speedometer, and bumping at a low speed could lead to exaggeration—we dropped into an area where there were wart hogs in abundance. Here we came across a hunting camp where African men were killing these animals to dry the meat for home use. There was a carcass on the ground waiting for the strippers' knife.

The best description I could give of the wart hog could be bettered in your own mind if you know what the traditional "razorback" was supposed to look like. This one's body was half head. His lower tusks measured 10 inches along the outside curve. There was no fat to be seen in the flesh.

It was time for lunch and we had it here. The hunters gave us some pig meat to try. It was good; very much like pork.

These hunters were afraid of night attacks from lions and hyenas so they made huts of long straight poles, putting them up so that they resembled Indian teepees in shape. Just before sundown they took the drying meat down from the racks and put it under cover, where they slept too.

All this time we'd traveled from the Sichifulo River we had been in 'fly' country, but at this camp we saw our first tsetse fly. These insects are built like a fighter plane; they have short wings and are fast. They are too quick to be slapped! Their bite is like being stuck with a great big pin! They light only on trees or animals. Their range is short, not much more than 100 yards. In these traits lies the secret of their control: the fly district is ringed around by a mile wide belt of cleared land, and hunters are hired and placed at stations to shoot down any animal that cannot be turned back. Game is immune to the 'fly struck' disease. Domestic animals have no such immunity.

As we pulled away, our friends were busy on a new carcass, squatting around it as they worked. Tidbits were tossed on hot

coals from time to time, to be snatched out, rolled in the hands and blowed on to cool. That was their dinner, we left them at it.

Time had passed. The sun, now treetop high, was made a red disk because out there somewhere a great roaring grass fire was piling great columns of black smoke sky high. The car wheeled around a patch of brush and there we were! Our destination.

Siamatanga! The herds, that paid very little attention to us, were already gathered for their evening drink. Many kinds were there: Hartebeeste, Wildebeeste, Sable, Roan, Kudu, and Water Buck, to name the big ones. Then there were pigs, baboons and monkeys too.

Since it was near sundown, and in Central Africa there is very little twilight time, remember, we needed to get our camp made for in a few minutes it would be quite dark. Across this pond of water was a fine clump of thorn trees that looked promising as a camp-site. The car rolled around the water-hole, to the place—where people had camped before us! These folk, to whoever they were we had no clue, left several bedsteads made of poles and sticks lashed together with barkstring. We were glad to find these for after we had lashed long dry grass to them for mattresses we had some fine beds. But before all of this bedmaking a fire was started and water put on to boil for tea.

Baboons, a very large troop of them, had halted a good stone's throw from us and were watching our movements. After a time we understood that they were waiting for us to clear out so that they could sleep the night in our trees. When they saw that we were settling for the night they left us for a nearby clump of trees, where, one by one, they climbed up to the branches. The young ones were not happy in this new home and cried out often through the night, and the old man, like most old men, became angry at being awakened and seemed to scold, "Shut up! I know you're miserable, but so am I. Go back to sleep!"

Some time after we had retired we were awakened by strange sounds at the lake; across on the other side. After a time we realized that what we heard was elephants taking a bath; showering water on themselves and one another.

Our guides were up at daybreak; we could hear them puffing and blowing in the cold dawn as they scraped about in the ashes of the campfire to find coals to get it going again. The baboons dropped, one by one, from their perches in the trees and started on their bug

hunt. But we pulled our blankets up to our chins and waited for the fire to get crackling before venturing out.

Breakfast over, we all went to the other side of the lake to inspect the place where we had heard the elephants playing. When Chief Nwawa saw the tracks he pointed to one and said, "See this one with only three toes on his left front foot! That is Siamutema." That name means, "The one who cuts them down." After a little reflection we were made to think that we were fortunate that the wind was blowing from the elephant to us; if it had been the other way around, this tale might never have been told, for this elephant was a killer with two white hunters and several Africans as his victims over several years of recent history.

Writing about these things brings back memories of great experiences. One of these is an African night. To really describe the starlit sky! How I wish I could; and the sounds! The flutter and swirl of the night birds' flight just beyond one's face. The cries of the hawk and the owl; the "ktwirp" of a thousand holed-up underground insects that somehow manage their noise at the same instant and about every five seconds between volleys; the distant roar of satiated lions, and the screams of the hyenas that have taken over the bones that were left from the feast; the faraway trumpeting of a bull elephant. Then just at day break there's the Wah-wa-wa! of the hippo, and the foolish drumming of the Ground Hornbill. Beautiful!

All of our tortuous road was traveled to see buffalo. New Chief Nwawa said he thought we would find them in the mitemu, which is a thicket of small straight trees, no thicker at the base than a man's wrist, nine or ten feet high and set very close together. If we could push our way into this jungle we would soon become hopelessly lost. We followed elephant paths through this maze. It was an intricate tangle for all over the ground as far as we could see into the mass, there was a confusion of green briers' long clinging arms extending out into the paths we were to walk in, clutching our clothes, tripping our feet.

The Chief took up the van, then we three followed like sheep, while Wilson brought up the rear. I thought of the line "Into the Jaws of Death———." Several times we heard animals running, crashing through the bush. Nwawa said they were buffalo; we saw nothing. I did notice this, every time we heard this crashing our guides made for an ant heap. This made me think that they were not banking too much on the power of our guns to control the situa-

tion! After an hour of wandering around in elephant paths I had had enough. The briers had taken their toll; my trousers were ripped to tatters; my legs were scratched and bleeding. Reese and Brown had fared as badly. We were all black to the knees from the char that had been left by the wild fire that had smoldered through the place.

It turned out that we were all thinking the same thing and waiting for the face-saving word to be spoken. We all agreed that buffalo hunting was not our cup of tea if it had to be done in this manner!

For the next two days we treked out from the camp, morning and afternoon, taking a different direction every time, looking for big game. We saw enough small stuff, and often came very near seeing what we were looking for, for we saw very fresh tracks, Five hunters made quite a troop; stalking was impossible.

Returning to camp from one of these expeditions we raised a family of Wart Hogs. How they could run! There they went, single file, Papa and Mama in the lead; six little fellows trailing close behind. All heads held high, long tails straight up like poles on the ends of which the white hairy switches waved in the wind like flags. The runt of the family on the very end of the line began to tire and lag behind. It was very weak. Reese handed me his gun, "Here, hold this. I'm gonna catch me a pig!" and took off full tilt. He brought it back and said, "I'll take this to my boy, he likes pets."

We found a big Sable bull near enough to the camp that transportation would be no trouble. Some one of us shot it. This was to be dried for our guides to take home. We ate the liver, roasting it over the coals, and saved a hind leg, 'just in case.' But the meat of an ancient Sable bull is not the choicest on the veldt.

All too soon it came time for us to pack-up for the trip, over the same twisting, bumping, banging road, back to Chief Nwawa's village, by the way of the crossing on the Sichifulo River, where we meant to spend the night.

We took our time breaking up camp. We waited till the sun had warmed things up before packing; there was plenty of time to make the trip before sundown, no need to hurry.

The first thing on the car floor was the buck's leg tied up in grass with several bags of dried strips of meat beside it, then our suitcases and rolls of bedding on that. The axes, shovels, pots, and pans were shoved in along the sides of the load with handles out where they could be gotten at easily. The Chief and Wilson found a place to sit or lie on top of all of that!

The rest of the passengers sat with the driver; Brown in the middle, I next to the left hand half-door of the old-fashioned car; right-hand drive to boot.

Brown had his gun standing upright between his knees, I had dropped mine on top of the load, between the two men in the back, but Reese had made a deep bucket and fastened it to the running-board. He stood his rifle in this and clipped the barrel to the windshield so that he had it handy if he should need it in a hurry.

Good humor prevailed. We went bouncing along at 12 mph teasing, joshing, reminiscing, having fun, when just ahead in a little green valley we saw a pair of fat Reed buck grazing. Someone suggested that since we had nothing but that tough old Sable bull's hind leg to eat off of for supper it would be a charity for some sportsman to give us one of those prime beasts for steaks. I volunteered. The car stopped well out of range so that I had to stalk up behind bushes for a hundred yards or so to be sure to get one on the first shot.

I singled-out the bull, fired and missed! I missed five easy shots, and was very disgusted with myself. Back at the car I got the standard treatment. "They might have known better than to send a small boy!" they agreed. It had just come to my mind how it was that I had missed so many shots. I tried to tell them, "It was because my rifle is sighted for soft-nosed bullets, but we had loaded with hard-nose for the buffalo. Hard-nose is heavier and has a higher trajectory than soft-nose. I've tried it out. There is a six inch difference on a target at 100 yards. That's why I missed." But they'd have none of it. "You're getting old, feeble and blind!" was the best they'd do for me. I didn't mind. It was part of the game.

Without re-loading the magazine I tossed the gun back where it had rested before, slammed the car door several times until it stayed shut. The car sped up—into second—into first, and we were on our way again.

It may be that we had gone a quarter of a mile or more when Brown said, "Look at those two pine stumps! What are pine stumps doing out here in this wilderness?"

"Yes, that's a good question."

"Pine stumps, my foot!" said Reese, "Them's lions!"

And so they were. The mane looked very much like the bruised bark of a rotting pine stump, take it or leave it!

My buddies! In much less time than I take to tell about it they had the windshield opened out, (perhaps you remember the old type made of two flat pieces of plate glass, one above the other, and hinged to uprights on each side of the car) and their guns pointed at the lions, while I was trying my best to get my rifle loaded to join them. I too wanted to kill a lion.

I did a lot of bouncing around it seems, for they were not firing. One said, "Sit still! You're shaking the car so that we can't shoot!" That seemed to be a pretty good idea; I kept the car rocking until I too was on the battle line.

The firing started at about 100 yards range. Under normal pressure any one of us could have hit them both the first two shots. As it was, after the first volley one of the lions walked a dozen yards to the right to a little bush and dropped to the ground and lay still. The remaining one charged the car; flat on his belly he attacked first one wheel then the other, while the three guns above him were firing at random. Then be broke off the attack, ran past the downed animal, and headed west into the bright light of the setting sun.

By this time Brown and I were out on the ground, he on the right side of the car and I on the left. Reese was driving slowly toward the still carcass, and halved the distance when I stopped him with, "Wait! We have all heard about the dead lion coming to life and killing the innocent hunter. Let me shoot him again." The car stopped. I knelt down and took careful aim. When the bullet hit the carcass there was no muscular reaction; it was as if one had kicked a bag of straw, the power of the shot moved it a bit. Without re-loading I stood the gun on the ground and shouted out, "He's dead all right!"

Just then, to the back of me I heard the old familiar grunting, Haunk, Unk, Huuunk!" I turned and saw, coming from under a bush on an ant heap thirty yards to the east of us, the lion that five minutes before had been running west! This time he was charging me! Head high, mane standing straight up, eyes as big as saucers; though he was limping on his left front leg he was making speed with great cat leaps, right toward me. He looked as tall as a horse. When I took all of this in I had the funniest feeling in my spine. This moved upwards and when it got to my scalp my hair stood straight up too! And there I was, caught with an empty gun again.

I thought what a mess it would be to be mauled, or maybe killed out here on the bundu; I thought about what pain and trouble

this would cause my wife. I thought about trying to crawl under the car! I had been taught never to run from a lion, and I didn't—maybe I couldn't—. All of this while I was raising and re-loading my gun.

The old-timers say, "Don't try to shoot a charging lion between the eyes, if you do you'll likely hit nothing but his mane. Aim for the tip of his nose and you'll hit the brain." This was good advice (?), but a small moving target like a nose! I fired when the enemy was eight steps away (we measured this distance after the excitement was all over). The shot, aimed at the chest, stopped him for a split second—then on he came! But when he was within three yards of me he circled around to the front of the car and tried to tear off, first the bumper, then the fender. He missed me; because I didn't (couldn't) move, he couldn't distinguish me from a part of the car.

And then I saw out of the corner of my eye a tawny shape bending over the half-door on the right side of the car. I was sure it was the lion. I thought he had put an end to Brown and was now busily finishing off Reese. If I could get around the back of the car in time and shoot—.

But it was Brown sitting on the car door; his khaki clothes deceived me. He was aiming through the open windshield at the lion still busy with the bumper. Reese was ready to get into the fight too, but Brown was in his way. "You're in my way! I can't get my gun!" he shouted.

"You'd better get it! You'd better get it!" said Brown. Brown fired, hitting the lion downwardly in the top of the shoulder. He stepped off the runningboard, walking backwards to the end of the car where he and I unexpectedly met. Each of us thought the other was the lion! But now the lion, having finished off the bumper, was retiring from the battle when Reese shot and brought him down. There within ten feet of each other lay two dead beauties, victims of man's ambition. What a pity!

For a minute or two no one said a word. We were all catching our breath. Then Reese said, "Wasn't that a big'un I killed!" The only answer he got was a couple of scowling brows. Then he asked me, "How many times did you shoot?"

"Oh, four or five."

"How many times did you shoot, Leslie?"

"Oh, four or five."

"That's about what I did," said Reese.

Out of curiosity we counted the bullet holes in the dead animals and found nine in one and eleven in the other! Then we picked up the empty cartridges and counted forty-four! What a battle!

All of this time the guides sat quiet and secure on the heap of blanket rolls in the back of the car. They got down and had a look at the lions. They said that they should start skinning them while the bodies were still warm. They went to work, and we made camp.

In our opinion the woods was full of lions and this was no time to sleep unprotected on the ground. We'd sleep in the car. Everything was unloaded and our beds were made down. The three of us would lie like sardines in a can. The Africans grinned. When they were ready to turn in they rolled up in a single blanket and lay down with their feet to the fire.

I had fastened one of the livers and a leg to the limb of a tree. The liver for fish bait, and the ham? Well, I thought we might like to find out what a steak off of it would taste like!

Sometime in the night Brown and I were awakened by noise over where our goods were stacked; then little squeals. Reese's pig had left his box and was looking for its mammy, it was stealing away from the car. We got out of our warm fuzzy blankets to search for it with a flashlight, hoping to find it before the night chill sent us scurrying back to bed. This wasn't easy for as soon as the pig heard us it lay perfectly still; with brownish-gray background it was hard to locate. We did find it and as we were bringing it back to the car Reese waked and knew what we were doing. He called out, "You fellows crazy? Let that pig go. Do you want to be chewed up by a lion?"

We might as well have let the pig go, for by morning light we saw that it was dead—cold and stiff. Used to sleeping snuggly with its family in an antbear hole, it could not survive being alone and exposed to almost freezing weather.

Morning light brought another problem to me, for I suppose my companions hadn't yet thought of it: there were three hunters and but two trophies!

According to the unwritten law of the bush the trophy belongs to the gun that hit the animal first, not, as might be supposed, to the gun that brought the animal down. Not one of us knew that he was first to wound either one of the lions.

I looked at the naked carcasses; red all over they looked much smaller than before skinning. The bellies were distended. I opened one and found a great fold of fat covering the intestines. (The Africans had told me that lion fat was ointment for rheumatism.) The fore paws, denuded of skin and claws, looked like the fists of a giant.

Still worried about the trophy division I said to the other two, "If you'll give me the skulls and the fat of both these fellows I'll give up any claim I think I have to one of the skins."

There was certainly no objection to that arrangement.

We cooked and ate breakfast, loaded and were ready for the road again in a matter of minutes. We were not sure how far we were from the river crossing. Our own guess was as good as any information we could get from our guides. They said, "It's near."

And it was! We hadn't been on the road half an hour when suddenly, rounding an anthill we were there.

The village lads heard the car and came to help us cross the sandbar. Hunters have meat; they would like some meat for pushing the car across the river bed! They pushed. We gave them sixpenny bits instead of meat. One of them saw the liver I'd saved for fish bait and wanted it. I handed it to him, for we were not going to stay to fish; it was so early we'd go on to Simandele.

I thought I had better tell him about the liver for fear that it was taboo to him and he might think I had tricked him. I said, "That's a lion's liver."

He didn't look around or slacken speed, but the meat slid from his hands into the dust at his feet; he did not seem to notice it again.

We off-loaded the Chief and Wilson at the village. Then after we had cut three big thick steaks from the old buck's leg we'd brought along, we pleased the boys who had helped us at the river with the balance in one piece; they could divide it.

Relieved of several hundred pounds weight the car got along better. The six miles between the two villages slipped by in a halfhour.

Reese had a school to inspect in a nearby village. He wanted to get at that job, and immediately took all the freight out of the car and went on his way, leaving Brown and me to de-flesh the skins and skulls of the lions. I borrowed a pot from a villager and rendered the lion fat (it was just like lard) to take home to use in my "hospital" work.

Suppertime came. Reese was to be back before supper but had been delayed; we went ahead anyway, peeling the potatoes and trimming the steaks, and as Reese still did not show up we decided to go ahead and cook the food; he'd have a cold supper.

The frying pan we had was the biggest thing like it I have ever seen, but just the thing for a big campfire. It was at least 14 inches across. After the steaks were in it, and seared, there was still lots of room, even though the three slices of meat were not small.

It's a little surprising that we thought it would be a good time to add three slices off the lion's leg and have a taste of that too.

Supper was spoiling; we couldn't wait longer for Reese. We ate, and had sat talking for a few minutes when Reese drove in. He was hungry. While he washed we got the stewpans and the skillet where he could reach them. When he sat down we explained very carefully that, "This is the buck meat, and this other is lion meat."

He didn't believe a word we told him. He looked at the pan and said, "Which did you say was the buck meat?"

We pointed it out to him again; he deliberately forked the lion meat into his plate. I said, "Man, that's lion's meat."

"So what?" he said, stabbing another piece!

It was the funniest thing I had ever seen. I rolled on the ground in uncontrollable laughter. He ate every piece of tender lion meat and left the tough old buck. He claimed he knew exactly what he was doing.

Dawn found us breakfasted, packed and ready to go. It was 150 miles back to Kabanga and our families. The trip home was like sliding down hill; we had had our fun and, a little bit ashamed, maybe, were glad to be getting back to work.

Our ladies listened to our story with one ear cocked to windward, but when they saw the trophies they relented and accepted us as Nimrods.

We were now entitled to decorate the point of our spear with a yellow Bull-nettle berry.

XIII. ABOUT A HOUSE AND MONEY

For several years we had been living in a three-roomed house that had been built for a hospital, but since we had a new daughter we'd been anxious to have a house made to be lived in. Four hundred dollars had been sent and with this 45,000 bricks had been made, timbers for the roof had been cut and put to season in the river, grass for the thatch had been collected, cleaned and bunched, and a solid stone foundation had been laid. But we had gone no farther, for we were out of money, and we were not ready to go into debt.

But one happy day a New York draft for eight hundred dollars came in the mail. This was the amount we had estimated it would take to complete the building. I sat right down and ordered doors, windows, sawn timber, ceiling plates, cement, lime, nails, paint, putty, galvanized sheet-iron for ant-course and guttering, solder, putty, glass, etc.; enough to use up the eight hundred dollars when freight and haulage was considered. I sent the draft right off to the bank in Livingstone and received credit for it.

The goods arrived. The house was taking form quickly. As soon as bills came to hand I paid them by check. Then Mr. Roosevelt became president and gave the banks a holiday. My draft was unpaid! I had thought a New York draft was as good as gold, but I found that this one was only as good as the bank that drew it. The Bank Manager at Livingstone asked me to come to see him. All I could give him was a statement of assets and liabilities! I felt pretty low to force the man to give me an overdraft at 8% interest. The American bank did pay off over a year of time and in installments, but there was never any mention of the interest they owed me, nor an expression of regret for my sleepless hours.

But that was not all that Mr. Roosevelt did to me! The people who had been sending monthly gifts to us found that they could not get money. We found that we had one donor, a church in Toronto, that continued. For a while this source dried up, for the church treasurer had been keeping the church bank account in his own name, and when he died suddenly the account was closed until his estate could be settled. "And then there was none!" But we actually faired quite well.

In 1907 when no money was in circulation they called it a Money Panic. That was a frightening name that was softened to "depression" first, and to "recession" later. Every American money difficulty was echoed in Northern Rhodesian business three or four months after things had leveled off in the United States. The first recession we experienced was that of 1929.

For many years the Rhodesian Colonies had used South African money. When the American government raised the price of silver the speculators began to pick up and hoard our coins so that nothing but notes and copper coins were left.

About this time Southern Rhodesia put out her own money. What coins had been nearly pure silver were now a mixture of copper and nickel, mere tokens. This new money became our legal tender too.

In the middle months of 1933 we were hit hard. All sorts of businesses and Public Works retrenched or closed out altogether. The mines in the northern part of the country that had spent millions on development, and were beginning to produce, had to shut down and sent train loads of miners and their families back to their homes in South Africa.

In such a time I ventured to ask the bookkeeper of our local mercantile firm to cash a cheque for £1:0:0 (or $5.00). He took me to the board room where the partners were in conference, where I was told the truth in a joke: "This is not our day to cash cheques!" They simply had no specie in the box.

Relief in the form of monthly rations was given to town people, black and white, who were out of work. Fortunately the country people had had good crops and plenty to eat, but did not have money for taxes or to buy from the stores. Some trading went on with corn at 25¢ per bushel, and a fat 1,000 pound ox at $10—in trade.

In every town there were many foreign Africans who were not provided for. These fanned out through the country to beg food. Many offered to work for their food and a shilling. Women prostituted themselves for bread.

One daring auctioneer advertised a cattle sale in Kalomo, and some of us foolishly drove cattle there to see what would come of it. We found out right away; not one buyer turned up! Over a thousand cattle had to be driven home again. Creditors would have to wait for better times.

XIV. ON OUR OWN AGAIN

A Magistrate, the head of the government in the large Kalomo District, used to come to Kabanga to visit the Browns. He'd drive over our fifty miles of bad roads and wonder why missionaries choose to go far out into the bush to do their work; and when he crossed the Tambana River and his car began to labor up the long hill to Browns' house he thought, "Why do missionaries cross rivers to build their houses and risk being stranded weeks on end during the wet season?"

This man wanted Leslie to move to Kalomo. He said, "There are a number of farms for sale near Kalomo. The prices are low and the terms easy. Why don't you find one of these that is suitable and open your mission there. You'd be near the railway, the stores and the Boma. As for the school he said, "You'd have no trouble getting students." As for places to preach, he said they were plentiful. He kept urging. His argument was sound.

Leslie and I had different opinions about methods. I liked to think I was old-school; he had other ideas, and would like a free hand to develop them. So I was not very surprised when one day after the school term had expired he announced that he had bought a farm, and they were moving to it to start a new mission.

Brown and George Scott of Sinde Mission had bought adjoining farms less than three miles from Kalomo. Scott, who had always wanted to be as self-supporting as possible, would leave Sinde Mission to the Reeses, then try to make the new farm pay for his village work and help on the expenses of the new mission. That seemed to be a good arrangement.

In this country every farm has a name. Brown's farm was Shamrock and Scott's was Eureka. The average size of a farm big enough to support a family was 4,000 acres. These farms were below the average acreage Eureka being 3,200 and Shamrock 1,300 acres in extent. I know that in some parts of the world that's a lot of land, but in many parts of Africa it takes from 5 to 10 acres to feed a cow through the year.

The Scotts moved to Eureka in March, before the end of the 1932 rainy season and fall-plowed more than a 100 acres of grass-

land, and repaired a small two-roomed Kimberly brick farmhouse to live in until they could get around to making bricks in the dry season. The Browns did not arrive on their new place till the end of the winter, July 1932.

Missions are often named for a landmark; a hill or a river. The nearest river to the new mission was the Namwianga, so the new place became Namwianga Mission.

If we were to ask an African what Namwianga means he would likely say, "It doesn't mean anything, it's just a name." But the name when applied to a woman means, "The Mother of Twins."

One Sunday morning my family and I drove to Kalomo to visit these new farmers. It was in early August and they were still unorganized. We were late for the church meeting had already begun in the open under a grove of wild fig trees. We took seats on planks supported by pillars of bricks. The noon-day shade was lacy-gray thin. Gusts of dust ladened hot air were bothersome. Nevertheless, the service was meaningful and everyone was happy.

The Scott family of seven didn't complain about the crowded condition of two small rooms, since there was plenty of outside! The Browns were putting up in grass huts until their house was completed.

Everywhere there were signs of progress, brick fields, brick kilns, heaps of foundation stones, poles and grass for out house roofs, etc.

Mrs. Scott, a long time teacher in Christian schools, had had a school for missionary children, which was attended by some farm children too, at Sinde Mission. So when she got to the new place at Kalomo she had no rest in her spirit until she planned and opened a boarding school for white children in her home. Before the year was out a ten-roomed dwelling and a neat little schoolhouse were on the farm. The new school was called Eureka School after the name of the farm.

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It was a few months before we made our second visit to Namwianga Mission. The dwellings were all up and occupied. There were a new schoolhouse, a dispensary, a dozen large huts for boarding students and a teacher's house. We arrived on Saturday to stay until Sunday afternoon.

School was in session. On Saturday night the boys had a sort of old-fashioned literary program. I was invited and attended with Brown.

It happened that Brown's magistrate friend had recently had a witch doctor up for trial, for it was illegal for such a fellow to practice his art. The magistrate had confiscated his gear and shut him up in jail for a time. The man's chief medicine was a perfectly shaped cruet like calabash, decorated to represent a doll. Brass thumb tacks had been pushed into the bottom half of the bowl to form intricate patterns, but the upper half had been smeared with bee's wax in which the designs had been made with different colored beads. The stopper in the neck of this bottle was covered with strings of small beads meant to represent hair. The medicine inside this thing was said to contain, among other rare things, a child's little finger and a piece of a man's liver. (Witch doctors are thought to rob graves for their most powerful medicines.)

When the magistrate showed this thing to Brown he showed such interest in it that the man just up and gave it to him! He took it home, shook the contents out into the fire, filled the bottle with disinfectant and let it sit. It was out in the dispensary. The boys who went there looked at it and Ummed and Ahed! for they didn't have to be told what it was.

Well, this literary society night, Brown, without telling me what he was up to, took the witch doctor doll to the schoolhouse with him.

The walls of the schoolhouse were very dark gray, for the plaster was plain earth, and had not yet been whitewashed. The room was lighted by three old-fashioned kerosene lanterns hung from overhead beams. At an end of the room was a raised platform on which at most times stood a small table with a long bench against the wall behind it. But that night the table had been taken away. Brown and I sat at one end of the bench and with a great deal of show he slapped the calabash down on the other end.

The program for the night was a kind of "mock faculty" affair, but it went further than that for it was a series of imitations of the white people in the community. The boys were having a great time "getting their own back," but they kept a watchful eye on the witch doctor's doll, just in case.

Then it happened! Right in the middle of the show, when everyone was having such a good time, the calabash began slowly but surely sliding toward Brown. The crowd rose in a body and

made for the doors! Brown got them quiet and back in their seats, and told them to go on with the show. He put the calabash back on the end of the bench and told it to behave!

The last Act was finished. The doll, displeased or something, gave a little scream and hastened to Brown's side and snuggled there! This time the boys made a determined rush for the exits, but again Brown quieted them, then showed them the strings he had used to make the thing walk, and explained that in such ways these men of magic deceived them.

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The story of the Witch Doctor's Doll reminds me of the afternoon at Kabanga when six drunken old men came to our back door shouting, "Muluti! Muluti!"

It happened that it was Christmas and we had just opened some parcels from the USA in which there was, among many other things, a new, very-red sweater and a Santa Claus mask. Just to amuse the men whom I knew very well indeed, I donned the sweater, the false-face and a cap and slowly eased out of the door and stood silently before them. Well, I don't know what they thought; perhaps it was that I was a strange old Dutchman. Whatever it was made them straighten up sober, line up and salute me with, "Sakabona, Bass!", which meant a very respectful "Good Afternoon, Sir!" It was so funny I had to laugh before the joke was half through. Then they knew me and gave me a hearty good-natured beating up; back now as drunk as when they first arrived.

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After services one Sunday morning we were walking the two or three hundred yards to our house, going slowly and greeting friends along the path. We had no worries, and were in no hurry. But had we known what awaited us just beyond the garden fence we would have hurried, for there, there was plenty to worry about! When we came to the place where our path intersected one from the villages we saw a crowd of people, mostly old women, standing around a sled from which the oxen had just been outspanned. On the sled sat a young man whose left arm was bound up in dirty, blood-soaked rags.

This young man, whose name was Josefa, had been brought from Siamafumba village, which was an eight mile journey from us. Josefa was known to us as an honest and industrious person. These

people who had brought him for help were his kinsmen and neighbors. Their actions and the grave looks on their faces made it easy to be seen that they believed their friend was in serious trouble. They told me that he was suffering—their word—from a gunshot wound.

The job of removing the first-aid dressing was long and tedious, for much of the blood had hardened and had to be soaked and removed very carefully to keep from causing bleeding or doing more damage to the wound. With the dressing out of the way we could see the large holes in the middle of the arm where the ounce ball of lead had gone into the arm and where it had come out. There were also several smaller cuts made by bone fragments, for the arm bone had been shattered.

In those days we did not have any of the so-called wonder drugs that are available today; the best I could do was to drain the wounds and dress the arm antiseptically, and splint it well so that movement might not cause some of those pieces of bone to pierce the artery.

While I was busy at this work I listened to several people tell the story of what had taken place to cause all this terrible trouble and pain.

It seems that Josefa and a friend had gone out hunting early that morning with their guns and dogs. The friend had wounded a small buck and had set the dogs to run it down. The buck was only slightly injured and gave the dogs a hard time, dodging here and there. While the chase was going on back and forth across the field, the men mounted a granite outcrop to watch the fun. Josefa stood his long, muzzle-loading musket beside his left leg and rested his arm on the top of the loaded barrel. In his excitement he shifted pressure on the gun in such a way that the stock slipped into a crevice deep enough that the shock caused the cocked gun to explode.

With the dressing done I had another immediate and very difficult task. I had to convince all these people that it was right and proper that Josefa should go to the hospital for treatment. Of course, as expected, they said, "If he goes there he'll die." I had to tell them that if he did not go to the hospital he would certainly die. Finally I had to say that his arm would have to be amputated, "For you know yourselves," I said, "that the bone has been destroyed and cannot be replaced." Then they said, "If that is the case, then you cut the arm off." I told them that I was not qualified

to do that kind of work, but I was willing to take the patient to Livingstone where there was a surgeon specialist who would do whatever was necessary so that Josefa could come home well and strong again. After three hours of argument, time that could have been very useful in speeding the patient to the hospital, everyone, including Josefa, gave reluctant consent to the hospital trip.

It was important that we get on the road and out of sight as soon as possible before one of the grandmothers changed her mind and withdrew her consent and the talks would have to start all over again.

We got off right away and were over the river and up the hills and out of sight in ten minutes. But the road was rough and the car had the characteristics of a truck, so for the patient's sake we could not travel more than 20 mph. About half-way to Kalomo the engine began to misfire! and Josefa, who by this time was very tired and sore, begged to go back home and die!

Tinkering around with the spark plug connections soon restored smooth action from the engine and strengthened my confidence so that in spite of Josefa's pleadings we kept on our way. We had no more trouble until we were within four miles of Kalomo, where we turned on to the main road after coasting down a long hill. There I heard the sound of breaking iron! The engine ran well but could deliver no power to the wheels.

We were a mile from the farmhouse of Mr. Webster, a man who had been of help to us on many occasions, and I knew that he would help me now. Josefa's friend had come along with him to look after him at the hospital. This man volunteered to run to tell Mr. Webster about the trouble we were in, so in less than an hour we were being towed to the farm, arriving there at exactly 10:00 p.m. Sunday night.

At 3:00 Monday morning, with Mr. Webster's help, I saw Josefa and his friend safely aboard the southbound Mail Trail for Livingstone. They carried my letter to the Medical Officer in which I had written the particulars. I also sent off a telegram asking the hospital to send an ambulance to meet the train.

As soon as it was time for business to start in our little town I was at the garage door to welcome the mechanic when he came to open shop. It happened that he had a spare 'propeller shaft' and pinion gear. He took me back to my car, put in the new parts on the spot, and charged me a total of about fifteen dollars for labor, spares and mileage. I was home for supper that night.

Our next mail brought a letter from the hospital that Josefa was doing well after his arm had been amputated at what they called the first third. A few weeks after this I was in Livingstone on business and went to the hospital to see Josefa. I found him well and ready to go home. But I noted that his arm had been disarticulated at shoulder joint.

The doctor said that there had been a secondary infection that had made the later operation necessary. He also said that on the first operation they found a sharp-pointed bit of bone pressing against the brachial artery. He said that it was remarkable that Josefa arrived alive at the hospital.

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Quite content to be the only white people within thirty miles around, we were surprised one day when a man arrived at our house for tea and announced that he was going to open a store at Seremoni village, six miles north of us. We didn't expect that we would be very good neighbors, for the local whites resented us because they said that we spoiled the natives.

After a few days I went to see this store. There was quite a stock in the house. Besides the few things the people could afford to buy, like blankets, shirts, blue print, knives, spoons, salt, soap, beads and bangles; there were saws, hammers, planes, 30-gallon iron pots, and bolt after bolt of bright red print!

I knew that he would not sell his hardware, and the red print would rot on the shelves, for red color draws lightning!

The owners' initials were GD. He used these letters as a trademark and had them stamped on the hoes and axes he'd had forged for this trade. The people pronounced these letters "cheedee", which became the name of the store, and eventually the name of the village too: Chede.

A young Englishman was left to manage the store. His name was James, but the people called him "Mankangoli" because he rattled off so much nonsense, for a nkangoli is a large iron bucket hammered with a club to make a loud noise so as to keep the birds out of the ripening millet.

The store had operated a year or more when one day, it was a Sunday, an excited man came to the schoolhouse after our meeting and said that Mankangoli was dead. This lad had been sent by the headman, because he didn't know what to do in a case that involved a white man.

It was an unwritten law that any white man was bound to do what he could to see that, in cases like this, the proper advice and help was given. So I went to the store to get the facts and tell the headman what I thought he ought to do.

I was told that the white man had known that he was going to die. He had written the names of people he'd owed money on separate sheets of paper, spread them out on the counter and put the correct amount of cash to pay the debt on each sheet, then he went out and sat with the men at the fire until he collapsed. The men carried him to his bed in a hut where he died.

I went in to see the body. An African woman sat on the floor, guarding it.

Going outside I told the headman that he must leave the body just as it was until I had reported the matter to the authorities at Kalomo. I didn't know myself what was expected of me, but I supposed the officials would make an investigation. After traveling thirty miles I stopped at Ben Cooper's house to tell them what had happened. Mrs. Cooper said that she knew Mr. James' mother and was sure that she would want her son buried in the cemetery and not in the lonely bush country. Ben went with me to Namwianga where we roused out Scott and Brown and went to the post-office to telephone the report to the magistrate. When I told him what had happened he asked, "Do you think there was foul play?" When I said that I didn't think so, he told me to go ahead and bury him!

The white community was of the opinion that the body should be buried at Kalomo. Mr. Scott and John Horton offered to make the coffin, others brought the planks for it, and the store donated the black cloth to cover it.

Brown and Mr. Ben Cooper went back with me to fetch the body. It was the hottest of weather. The man had been dead more than a whole day. We found the body in quite a state. I know of no stench to match what we had to endure to get it securely wrapped in a tarpaulin. We put the body on the man's own truck which Brown and Cooper drove to Kalomo; I went back to Kabanga.

Scott and Horton worked most of the night building the coffin. When the truck arrived with the body the magistrate, who had had second thoughts about having the body examined, had the doctor on hand. The body was uncovered and identified, then put back in its canvas shroud and buried like that; none had the stomach to do more.

The coffin was put away in the local general store's stockroom for many months, for who knew when it would be needed again. After a while there came some ladies to work in the store who couldn't bear to look at the thing and had it dismantled.

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One of the men caught in these hard times was Mr. Arnot. Everyone called him Casey. Slightly built, Irish, bearded and gray, yet it was easy to overlook him when one met him in the town. He was an excellent sheet-metal worker and tinner, but he was an alcoholic. Along with this he had a mania for prospecting for which he had no aptitude. As sure as one started a conversation with him, just that sure he was to bring an ore specimen out of his pocket and start talking about riches!

Finding himself penniless and stranded, Arnot applied for government relief and got an order on a local grocer for various staple foods. Each week he managed to trade beans, rice or some other food for cigarettes, and was not getting what he needed to eat. The town butcher, a kind-hearted drunkard himself, felt sorry for the man and took him to his house to feed him for a few days, and found that stopping a good deed was not as simple as starting it. He didn't have the heart to come right out and say, "We've got tired of having you around." So he hit upon another way of getting rid of the man. He began to play on Arnot's prospecting know-how.

Some years before this a Dutch trader had died on a farm near Kalomo. In his wagon was found a huge piece of cassiterite, and since the trader had just come off a tour in the neighborhood of Kabanga it was supposed that that fine specimen of tin ore had been picked up out there. At that time Arnot had found some tourmaline, which has the appearance of cassiterite, and pegged out acres of useless rock piles. It didn't take a lot of skill to get Arnot to see that the right place to look for tin was the Kabanga area.

The butcher and his wife happened to be coming out Kabanga way on an outing so they brought Mr. Arnot and his few goods with them. They all had lunch with us. After that they loaded up and struck off for the hills, we supposed, to put the prospector down where tin might be found.

I really got the shock of the day when making my last rounds I found Mr. Arnot on the edge of the mission property boiling a billy can. He looked as innocent and forlorn as an Australian "Waltz-

ing Matilda." His covering was a small piece of canvas for a dog tent. He had a pair of blankets, an overcoat, a change of clothes, one pair of worn shoes, enough kitchen tools to make do on and that was about all except a few prospecting things.

Of course, I took him in. There was a good hut with a fireplace. I got an iron cot and coir mattress for him. Had wood and water brought for his use. From there on out we let him manage his own affairs, meaning to see that he didn't suffer. We had him to dinner on Sundays. Alice gave him a loaf of bread every other day. Once in a great while we could get him to go to church. He said he was a member of the Church of Ireland, and well satisfied.

Mr. Arnot was a skilled workman and did a number of things to help us out. He taught me how to solder and to do what metal work I needed to do around the place. He had a bad attitude toward the African that was common, but out of place.

After having been several weeks at our place Arnot came down with a severe bout of asthma. I thought he would die, but he shook it off. It did frighten him enough that he agreed to go back to Kalomo where medical attention could be had if need be. There, his trouble did return. He got bad again and was sent to the hospital in Livingstone. I went to see him two days later and was told he had died soon after arrival and had been buried. I was very sorry for I had grown fond of him.

★ ★ ★

The old Model T was worn out and unreliable. We needed something just a little better. There was a new motor dealer in Livingstone anxious for business. I went to see him. He very generously allowed me $62.50 on the trade for an old Chevrolet for which I very generously agreed to pay $250 more.

A few days later I took the Scotts to the same place where he "dickered" for an old Model T truck. He bought it for $40. Scott was an oldtime horsetrader and wore the dealer down. I have always admired a man who could buy.

On the way home in the dark Mr. Scott took the lead in his truck to set the pace, for we didn't want to get separated. Half way home the right front wheel of the truck came off and went rolling down a hill.

But that wasn't all that happened that night. When we got near the Kalomo river we had the choice of two roads, we could

choose to go four miles out of the way on the Bridges Road, or we could go direct and ford the river. We tried the ford, dropped in a hole and flooded the engine with water!

★ ★ ★

The fourth child of our family was expected to arrive in two weeks. Alice had been making a trip to see the doctor every month. The last time she saw him he told her to find a place to stay in Livingstone and go down there and wait for the baby. Arrangements were made to stay at the Paris Mission. We stayed home until we had only two weeks' grace left then set out for the Capital City in the car, going by Sinde Mission, where we planned to spend the night. The baby decided that it had had enough rough car riding, and Sinde was just as good as any other place, so it happened there that very night.

Mr. Reese drove the seventeen miles to get the doctor, who was kind enough to make the rough sandy drive in his new Ford to help us.

Mrs. Reese likes to tell how nervous I got; she said I filled every vessel she had with boiling water! The doctor arrived five minutes after the baby was born. We named the new girl Margaret Ruth. Margaret to honor Mrs. Reese, and after Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, for she too went to live in a strange land.

★ ★ ★

Now that our family was rounded out, and we had nearly ten years of service away from home we began to think of a furlough. Other reasons for wanting to go back home for a while were that Iris was ready for high school and our parents were getting very old and we wanted to see them again.

Kabanga couldn't be left unsupervised. New people from America were not coming forward to take our place; it seemed we'd have to stay a while longer. But Mr. Scott volunteered to tend to things at the mission while we were away. He said that Mrs. Scott could manage the farm and her "white" school while he did his village work from headquarters at Kabanga.

One thing more that had been causing me some worry was that when I got home I would be expected to travel and make speeches to promote mission work in these parts. This was going to be a sore trial, for to stand before a great host of people and try to talk did strange things to me; my knees got weak, my hands trembled,

and great blank gaps appeared in my thought processes. I could make a short talk of five or ten minutes, but to occupy the "whole time"; to undertake a three-point sermon was beyond me. I knew I ought to work on that and see if I could make some improvement.

Worrying about this till bedtime one night caused me to dream. I was on the platform of a great auditorium. In my dream I saw before me a great sea of faces. I was to speak, but I was not behind a speaker's stand; I was sitting on a heap of cushions! I began to say-off my studied piece, but would fall asleep now and then. The people began by the threes and fours to leave the place until only I was left. That wasn't very encouraging, was it?

After that experience I gave up the idea of ever trying to preach missions. I meant only to tell about the people: their way of living, their customs and religion. And to tell what great changes faith in Jesus and the Bible had brought about. To help prepare for this I made long tours of the villages. I sat at the fires at night just listening to the men talk; sometimes I would hear strange old stories.

XV. AFRICAN HUMOR

During our first few years at Kabanga I found that many rather odd things amused an African native; for example, the contortions of a wounded and dying antelope and the maneuveres of a rabbit fleeing before a pack of dogs are, he thinks, very funny.

He is amused by caricature. A tall, thin-legged, pot-bellied man, described as a fat potato with straw legs, gives him a mental picture that is rolling-on-the-ground funny. The antics of animals at play or in the serious business of life, are imitated in his dances, for they are often funny.

But do these people have humor in their stories? I spent long evenings by the village fire listening to tales. All were in a serious vein with tragic endings. Then, out of the blue Mesikoko came up with a yarn I though was very funny.

Mesikoko stood tall and thin. Barefooted, wearing a loincloth, a cap on his head and covered with a great, army overcoat he had a certain dignity. He sat on a low stool facing the fire, the great coat tenting about him, and began to tell this story:

"Njebe was a big boy. The herd boys were too small for him now, but the men gave him no notice. He had learned to carve stools, throwing-sticks, hoehandles: to bray a skin, fall a tree, thatch a roof. He had trained a pair of oxen to work. He was expert at hunting rabbits with dogs or chasing them on his feet (once he had killed one with the first throw of his knobkerrie), or snaring birds, or smoking rats out of their nests but he had never gone on a hunt for big game. That was his trouble. He needed to blood his spear!

"His uncle, Zhangali, his mother's eldest brother, was a great hunter. Soon he'd ask him to take him hunting.

"When next he saw his old uncle he began teasing. Looking wistful, big-eyed and polite he dropped to his knees before the old man's stool and said, 'My father, I am a big boy now, but I am not accepted by my fellows because I have not yet fired a gun. Won't you please take me hunting?'

" 'You are very young,' said the old man, holding his grizzled chin in his hand and wagging his head from side to side, 'and this is not the time for hunting. When winter comes the animals will drift down from the hills to graze in our valleys. That will be the time. Ask me then.'

"In the days that followed the boy kept a keen eye and ear out for anything that might help his cause. One morning he found frost in the valley. He ran to his uncle with the good news. The old man said, 'That's fine; that's really good! But are you sure you saw frost?'

" 'Yes, my father, it was real frost.'

" 'Yet I have only one gun. It is folly for two men to go hunting when one of them has no weapon,' said the old man, stroking his beard while he wagged his head from side to side.

" 'I talked to my young uncle who had two guns. He said that if he were asked to go along I could use his old gun. You see, there is no further problem about having only one gun.' As he said this he put his hand on his uncle's knee.

" 'Good!' said the old man, smiling and nodding his head up and down as if he were very pleased. 'We had best be off at cockcrow. Your young uncle knows where there is a herd of hartebeest. Tell him we go at cockcrow.'

"The boy, puffed with importance, was a very busy 'man' that day. He sat with the men at supper, and waited after to hear the talk. Tiredness sent him to the hut where he slept naked under a thin cotton blanket.

"Long before dawn his uncle called him. He awoke instantly and began to dress. From a strap about his waist he draped a rag from an old blanket for a loincloth; his arms went into sleeves of an old khaki army shirt; he slipped his feet into the thongs of cowhide sandals, and ran, shivering in every muscle, to the village fire. There was not time for him to get warmed through, for his uncles were ready to go. He was given a charged musket to carry. Cold as he was, he was game and ready for business. The men struck out at a brisk walk, in single file, the boy bringing up the rear, never faltering.

"The morning was clear and very cold. As the day dawned it seemed to get colder. The uncles, taking notice of the boy and seeing that he was really suffering, relented and struck a quick fire to

warm him, and, to tell the whole truth, to warm themselves as well. They were near the hunting grounds so stayed by the fire until the sun warmed the ground a bit before they started the hunt.

"The bright sunshine made the morning glorious; the wind rolled the tall grass in bright yellow waves like a golden sea. Now the hunters stood up and walked smoothly, searching the veldt before them for signs of animals. Suddenly the leader gave a low whistle. They all crouched low so that the rolling grass hid them. The leader motioned the others to him 'Animals!' he whispered.

"The men sat dead still for a minute or two, then the leader slowly raised his head for a quick peek; very slowly settling back in his place he reported: 'Six cows are disappearing over the rise, but the bull is standing rear guard; he is a hundred paces from the crest of the hill.' Then he said, 'You stay here, brother, while I station the lad a little way up the path. I, myself, will go a few paces farther. When you men hear the signal go at right angles straight into the grass.' In three minutes the signal came. Each hunter turned and crept forward, hoping that the bull would not sense them before they were within range.

"The boy was being very careful. He stopped every minute to check the ground before and on either side of him. Once he thought he saw the grass moving near his right side. The movement might be caused by the wind, he thought. But it moved ahead as he moved! That wasn't wind! And it wasn't one of his uncles, for their clothes were black; what he saw now was tawny. He was afraid. Forgetting the buck he stood up to see whatever it was that had startled him.

"For reasons known only to the young lion that had made the boy afraid, he too raised his head and sat on his haunches within five steps of his new found friend.

"The two faced each other for a moment; one full of fear; the other curious. The boy, remembering not to run from a lion, stood his ground as the lion moved slowly to within three feet of him, then sat on his haunches and looked at him with friendliness.

"The boy, slowly casting around, located a small tree a few feet back of him and thought if he could just climb that tree he'd be safe. He tried taking a few steps backward; the lion rose and moved toward him; the boy stopped and the lion sat down again.

"Again the boy stepped back; again the lion advanced, then sat, watching. These movements were repeated until the boy got near the sapling. Now! he thought, I can make it.

"He dropped his gun to climb the tree. The lion made a little leap, took a swift smell along the length of the gun, then sat again and watched the boy.

"As the boy climbed higher in the tree his weight began to bend it over, and as it came down near the ground he stood on a limb and no more than a foot off the ground right in front of the lion's nose.

"This was a very inexperienced lion, and playful to boot. As he sat there he touched the boy again and again with his paw, making the tree swing up and down. It amused him to keep the boy bobbing.

"In the meantime the uncles reached the top of the hill and found the bull gone. They saw the boy jumping up and down. One of them cried out, 'Come on, let's go!' but the lad stayed, bobbing.

" 'What's wrong with you?' an uncle asked.

"In answer the lad raised his hand high over his head, and circled it down, indicating the lion. Then the men saw what was the matter! They fired their guns and the lion ran away, but the boy remained where he was! He couldn't move. 'Come on!' the men shouted, but the boy didn't move. They went down to him, took him by the arms, one on this side, one on that, and taught him to walk again!"

That was Mesikoko's story. I liked it. I asked him if I might use it. He gave permission, for after all, he said, it was just a story.

Soon after this I went home on leave where I told this story many times to friends and it went over well.

After some months I returned to Africa and happened to meet Mesikoko in Livingstone. In our talk I said, "I want to thank you for the good story you let me use. I told it to my friends in America. They liked it very much."

"What story?" he asked.

"The one about the lion and the boy who got so scared he had to be taught to walk again."

"Tell it to me, I don't remember."

I repeated the story to him from beginning to end just like I'd been telling it. When I had finished he looked me straight in the eye and said, "Humph! I didn't tell you *that* story. I never heard it before in my life."

Well now! Did I or did I not have a humorous African story? Or did the thing just grow with the telling!

XVI. ON FURLOUGH

Our ship, the Kennelworth Castle, was of the intermediate class, and quite slow. There were fewer than 300 passengers aboard and these got pretty well acquainted with one another before the long journey from Cape Town to Southampton was completed.

Most of the travelers were Rhodesian farmers going back to their homes in Scotland for a short holiday. The speedy change from Colonial English to Scottish dialect that took place after three days of cold rough weather had passed was amazing.

A single man, a single woman, and a family were the missionaries on board, not counting our family. There was also a Commander of the Salvation Army, an old man, on his way home and retirement. The missionaries were of the Brethren. The man of the family was named Arnot, the son of a pioneer missionary to the land that later became Belgian Congo and Angola. I talked quite a lot to all of these people. We had devotionals in the saloon each evening. I remember telling the Salvation Army man that I didn't like to solicit gifts of money from people that were not Christians, and he answered, "I'd take money from the Devil himself!"

On this ship I came across the first Communist I'd ever seen. He was a Jew by birth and a printer by trade, yet he was a communist first. Most of his day was spent in preaching his politics. I heard him say of missionaries, "They're professionals, you know." I had believed that I was a simple Christian, doing what every follower of Jesus ought to be doing wherever he is. This remark of the printer made me realize that some people thought mission work was a special position assumed by professionals. It could be!

The Purser's department thought up all sorts of things to try to keep the passengers occupied and happy. After the first rough days, and the landlubbers got their sea-legs, a Sports Committee was appointed and the competitions at deck games were organized.

It seemed that there were three great treats in store for us; The Darby, The Fancy Dress Parade and the Captain's Dinner. I had a good idea what the last two events would be like, but I didn't know what a Darby could be, and as all the other passengers appeared to know what it was I was ashamed to ask.

Darby day came and one of the committee asked me to be an *owner*. When I asked to be excused he said, "Don't be a Killsport!" I didn't want to be that or a "professional" either, so I agreed to be an owner. I was told to go to the barbershop and buy my kit. I wondered what that might be, but obediently ran down the ladder and asked the barber for an owner's kit. He made me pay fifteen shillings. On deck again I found it contained a jockey's cap, a rosette, and several half-yard pieces of ribbon of various colors. It looked like I had won a prize at the county fair! A kind man explained to me the meaning of these things. "The rosette," he said, "was for the owner to pin on his left lapel, the cap was for the jockey, and the ribbons were for the horse."

"The lady you choose will be both the horse and the jockey."

I asked him what it was all about. "Oh, it's a race you know. The women line up at the starting post with the end of a narrow white tailor's binding tape in the left hand and a pair of curved fingernail scissors in the right hand. At the sound of the gun they start to see which can split her ten yard bit of tape first without cutting off one side of the tape."

That sounded like fun. But when I was made to know that it was just another betting game, (No sport unless you've a penny on it, you know.) I found a Scotsman who would take over my owner's position, kit and all, free and for nothing.

I doubt if what I learned was worth fifteen shillings, but I now know that the English pronounce "derby" like "darby."

After the Captain's Dinner we docked at Southampton; the voyage had taken nineteen days and we'd all had enough sea for the present.

While at sea we passed within sight of St. Helena and Ascension Islands. Somewhere in the Canary Islands we stopped to exchange mail bags. At Madeira the ship dropped anchor. The passengers were allowed to go ashore. Traders came aboard to spread their wares, linens, laces, embroidered tablecloths and bedspreads, trinkets and wines. Passengers had to bargain or get cheated. There was a story circulated about one of the passengers who thought he'd made an exceptionally good buy and later found a very small sticker on his lacy shawl that said, "Made in Manchester."

A communist family came aboard ship at Madeira. The man was an American lawyer, the woman was said to be a Russian authoress, and with them were six little boys under twelve years of age. At mealtime they filled all the seats at one mess table.

Among the ship's passengers were two colored young men, an African and an Indian. These men had been placed at a table by themselves. I used to go and sit with them at tea time. They made very good company and made no complaint about being segregated. But when the American lawyer came into the picture, he stirred them up to demand their rights. He went with them to the Purser, who found places for them at other tables.

It is wonderful how "professionally missionary" these people can be. This man kept at his business until all the passengers were angry and signed a petition asking that he not be allowed to land in England. I suppose a note was made of it by the Immigration Officers, but he went ashore just the same.

Our ship to New York was to be the S. S. Majestic which would not sail for four days, so we had to check in at an hotel which charged us thirty-five shillings ($7.50) for bed and breakfast for the whole family. A South African couple, who were also going to New York on the ship with us, booked at the same hotel, found the price too high, and went looking for a cheaper place. They found one at half the price, and suggested that we come along with them. Of course we did.

At this place we had to climb three flights of steep, narrow stairs to a small room filled with two double beds, yet they managed to squeeze in a cot for our boy. At that it was not much worse than the ship. We could suffer it for the sake of $3.75 a day.

When it came time for settling our account the landlady wanted 35/-a day. "You've misunderstood," she said, "It was fifteen shillings for two people!" Well, it wasn't, but I wasn't going to argue with her. Our friend came in at that time and he was upset. He felt that it was his fault that we'd got into this predicament. He argued, but she wouldn't listen to him. She was an old hand at games played on travelers in seaport towns.

Up until this time I had thought well of all English people. I thought they were strictly honest and trustworthy, but maybe I was a little too liberal.

While waiting at Southampton I took our two older children, Iris and Sterling, to London sight-seeing. It was September and the mornings were quite cool. The bus that we traveled in was not heated; instead each passenger was given a thick, woolen blanket to wrap himself up in. We were put down at Charing Cross bus station, and from there by foot, tram, and underground we made it around

the city, managing to visit Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. We were especially interested in all the curious old armour and the fabulous Crown Jewels.

At the end of the day we returned to our seats in the bus for the 70 mile ride back to Southampton; tired, but content. One of the passengers, an old farmer I think, gave the children some small, sweet apples which they devoured hungrily; we had been so busy looking at things we'd forgotten to get something to eat.

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The Majestic at one time was the proud possessor of the Blue Ribbon, but now she was old; ready to be scrapped. This was to be her last voyage.

A taxi took us to the cold, covered dock. All we could see of the ship was her broad side. After passing before the Immigration, Customs, and Health officials we were sent onto the ship over a canvas covered gangway. There we followed rows of colored arrows that led us to our Tourist Class quarters. From there our steward took us down, down, down to F deck, below the water line, with no porthole to look out of; not a happy place at all. As soon as we could we got out of there and up on the deck; our section turned out to be the Quarter Deck. Right off this deck was our Dining Saloon. We stayed on deck and watched the land pass out of sight; then the bugle called us to lunch.

We went to our table which was loaded with several kinds of cheese, pickles, sausages, and cold meats. My! After all of the stews and boiled vegetables we'd had for the last three weeks this was going to be great. But it was odd that there were more than a dozen unoccupied tables in this section of the saloon.

After lunch the children found the playroom. It had doll houses, hobby horses and things. They settled for that; and it looked like they meant to stay there for good!

In the late afternoon the ship dropped anchor in the stream off Cherbourg, France, where passengers and their baggage were waiting for us on two large tugboats. We watched them embark; most of them were for our section; at least two hundred of them stood out on the quarter deck waiting to be shown to their cabins.

Soon we were at sea again, and then the welcome signal for dinner was sounded. Our dining room section was now full of Jewish looking people. They were eating with their hats on! Rumor had

it that these people were Zionist who had just come from a world conference in Switzerland. They were trying to get a country of their own in Palestine.

After dinner the Chief Steward gave me a card for a change of tables. We had to leave the kosher table and go back to the stew and curry of the gentiles.

The children had to give up their playroom too, for the Jews took it over as a prayer room. They bandaged their arms and entoned their prayers, reading them from a book, rocking from side to side the while.

Bath time was rationed. Each person was allowed ten minutes, but he had to book with the bathroom steward. When his time came the Steward drew a quarter tub of tepid sea water, gave him a gallon of fresh water in a basin for rinsing the salt water away, and a slice of salt-water soap to try to do the best he could with. This sort of business was very discouraging. Some of my immigrant shipmates had to be invited to take part in this exercise; the shipping company didn't want any rejects on their hands.

It was the night of the fifth day of our voyage. There was a thick warm fog off Sandy Hook, where at dead slow speed we eased through a fleet of small fishing boats. Some had hand-cranked foghorns, but others made an effective noise by beating a tattoo on a large sounding board.

The next morning, off Bay Ridge, the yellow flag was broken out at the masthead, and we were in quarantine. By 2:00 p.m. we were disembarking at a dock somewhere near 51st Street.

While the tired mother did the best she could to quiet tired crying children, I scouted for a Customs official to inspect our goods. He watched me unrope trunks and open up suitcases, and when I'd quite finished he said, "Now you can tie them all up again. I've got six youngsters myself, and I know you can't have anything dutiable!"

Railway travel agents were there to supply travelers with tickets to wherever they wanted to go. There was also an aggressive, fast talking man who was selling bus tickets. He offered us tickets to St. Louis for a little over half what chair car railway tickets would cost.

"What about our heap of baggage; will you take that?"

"We'll take care of all that free, once you get it to the bus station."

"Does the bus have a toilet?"

"No, but we make frequent rest stops."

I believed his sales talk; "twenty dollars saved is twenty dollars earned."

It was Sunday night! The children were hungry and there was no lunch counter in sight. One of the Red Caps said that he could buy something for me at a grocery store around the corner. I sent him for bread, cheese and bologna. The bus had been delayed twice. It was called for sure just as my Red Cap showed up with the groceries.

The seats were all taken by the time we got on board so we had to occupy the circular bench in the bumpy back of the bus. At last, worn out and tired and ready for lots of food, the children settled down and I began to unwrap the groceries. I got out my pocket knife to cut the bread, and low and behold it was sliced! I thought that the Red Cap was one of the most thoughtful people! Imagine! I wished I'd given him a bigger tip.

At Indianapolis we were to change buses. The Bus Station as it is known today had not been developed. The change was made in a yard behind some hotel. Our bus parked beside one already in place. The drivers told the passengers what to do, and it was the drivers who had to shift the baggage from one car top to the other. When they got to our stuff I heard one of them tell his fellow, "This man seems to be moving West."

★ ★ ★

We were on our way to Fort Collins, Colorado, where my family were to spend the winter with Alice's mother (her sisters lived there too) while I went back East to take some Bible courses.

The two older children, Iris, thirteen years old, and Sterling eight, had never "seen the inside of a schoolroom," having done their school work by correspondence. Iris was accepted in freshman High School; Sterling went to Third Grade.

While waiting in Colorado I tried my hand at visiting churches in that state. I went to Denver, Greeley, Colorado Springs, and over the Continental Divide to Hayden.

My first appointment was at a Denver church located on Logan street. I arrived in the city by train and undertook to walk, although it was night and I had a suitcase to carry, for it wasn't very

far to my destination. When I came to Logan Street, which was a boulevard with heavy two-way non-stop traffic, I stopped to ponder the situation, for I had to get on the other side of that stream of fast traveling motor cars. I watched for my chance to cross and finally an open space came up, and I made a run for it. I was doing pretty well when, smack in the middle of the street my old suitcase popped open spilling all my small things onto the cold, dark, wind-swept pavement! There they were; shaving outfit, toothbrush outfit, comb and brush, and several rolled up pairs of socks, wiggling in the wind! I picked up most of my property before I gave up. When I'd stoop to take hold of an item a car would roar past behind me. If I'd turn and try the other direction the same thing would happen, and I'd spring up and try to be small. This was most unnerving for a man who'd just come from Africa where he'd spent the last ten years quietly. I dare say it was a bit dangerous too.

The next Spring, after I had finished my Bible school work, I had a letter from a young man named Knepper, who lived in Toledo, Ohio. He wrote that if I was wanting to buy a new car, he could help me. He said he'd crashed his Packard, and the dealer had offered him $250 on a trade; I could have the trade-in he said, but I'd have to go to Toledo to make the deal. We had saved $640 towards the price of a car to take back to Africa, so I wrote that I'd be happy to accept his offer. The dealer took me to the Studebaker factory in South Bend, Indiana, where he got a car right off the assembly line, and gave it to me in exchange for Mr. Knepper's Packard, a $600 draft and my personal note for $90. (I kept back $40 of our car money for operating expense.)

From South Bend I headed out for Davis City, Iowa, my birthplace, where my mother, a sister, and many other relatives lived: but first, on the road I had to learn to operate the four-wheel hydraulic brakes on my new car. This was quite a change from the worn-out, rear-wheel, mechanical brakes of our old mission car!

My mother, who was 83 years old, made the trip to Colorado with me. We visited two of her brothers in Kansas and a sister in Denver on the way. By this time it was Summer when we had traveled from appointment to appointment, to try to collect money for our passage back to Africa, and get our work before the people in the hope that some would become regular supporters of it.

After that Summer we went to Searcy, Arkansas, to put our children in the elementary school at Harding College, and to have for all of us the inspiring experience of associations that are to be had at a Christian school. This we needed to build up our courage.

We soon learned that Harding College was "mission minded." Several people were interested in joining us in Northern Rhodesia, among whom were Alvin Hobby and his bride-to-be, Miss Georgia Pruett, and Mrs. Myrtle Rowe. Dr. George Benson, who was the new President of Harding College, had come fresh off the mission field in China to relieve Dr. J. N. Armstrong, the retiring head of the college, and was strong for missions too.

At the traditional Thanksgiving lectureship I met Barney Morehead who invited me to spend a month in his Nashville, Tennessee, home. He introduced me to the churches in West Tennessee, finding appointments for me to speak nearly every day. More than that he took me on a tour of the West: Texas and California, and his suggestion that I be one of the speakers at the Abilene Christian College lectureship of 1937 was accepted. I owe much to "Uncle Barney."

These contacts, at Christian colleges and across the country, gave a large new field of acquaintance with, and interest in, our African mission.

The months were passing quickly. We were needed back at our work. For while we lingered here in America, both the Browns and the Reeses had gone on leave, leaving the care of the three missions to the Scotts.

We made arrangements to leave Iris, who was almost sixteen years old, at Harding College. Then, after a visit to our mothers, we went to New Orleans to take a freight ship to Cape Town.

It was hard to leave the family, especially Iris.

The voyage to Africa was uneventful and boring; the motor trip on up to Bulawayo and Livingstone was very tiring.

Mr. Scott met us at Kalomo. We spent the night with him and Mrs. Scott at Eureka Farm, then the next day he went with us to Kabanga; then we were back home! Mr. Scott turned the responsibility of the mission back to us. Everything was in fine shape. We thanked him, but thought that very small pay for the eighteen months he had been separated from his family.

The village people came to welcome us home. Every one brought some sort of gift "to help us get settled," they said. We received chickens, eggs, peanuts, beans, meal, pumpkins, and what amounted to twenty dollars in cash. One friendly headman brought a very large, prime fat-tailed sheep.

The Kabanga workmen and students were great meat eaters. Mr. Scott was not a young man, and unwell a great deal of the time besides, so he was prepared to buy an old cow for the meat ration rather than undertake the arduous work of hunting. There came a time when all the local cattlemen thought that the rest of their old cows would pull through until the new grass began to show, so no old animals were put up for sale; then the mission people asked Mr. Scott to go hunt some meat for them. He had an excuse ready. "I don't have any ammunition on hand."

"Oh, yes, you do. You have a brand-new box of 20 shells!" said Nyawa his house servant and "valet."

"Where is this hidden box of cartridges?"

"It's in the bedroom cupboard."

"Show it to me!"

He went with Nyawa to the wardrobe where the young fellow pulled out suitcases and shoe boxes, and sure enough down in the corner he found and brought to light a box of rifle cartridges! Extraordinary! Well, not quite. Besides being full of curiosity, Africans are keen observers, and in this instance, Nyawa as valet felt that he had a right to know about everything in the house.

After we had taken over from Mr. Scott and he had gone, there was a big need for meat, hanging fire. On the second afternoon Joppe came to the house to tell me that there was a herd of Kudu at the river. "Get your gun and come along," he said.

I followed him to a woods on the riverbank a mile or so from the house and there we saw a group of 7 very beautiful Kudus. I picked out a fat young bull and brought it down. The rest of the herd ran a few yards and stood, looking at us. Joppe shouted, "Shoot! Shoot!"

Why?"

"Because they are standing!"

"We can't eat more than one before the meat spoils in this hot weather. Why can't we have the others another day?"

Joppe couldn't understand that sort of reasoning. His thinking was, and he kept shaking his head, "Why leave a bird in a bush when you had it in your hand!"

That philosophy has destroyed good land by erosion, wasted timber: a big mahogany tree cut down for the sake of a foot length of the trunk to carve a stool, and the grass for grazing cattle burned out for the sake of a single rabbit.

XVII. RETURN TO AFRICA

Ours were three mission stations, each doing what seemed right in its own eyes; we were not coordinated, and were very thinly spread out. There was no plan for development.

The missionaries on leave had had long talks about these things with Dr. Benson and others who were deeply interested in the mission efforts in Central Africa. The Scott's had talked with us about what we could do to improve things.

Our schools were classified as Lower Primary; that is, the top class was about grade six. One school should immediately add two more grades to keep our students in our own community as long as possible. Up until this time we had had only half a dozen girls in day classes. Since the women are the backbone of African society, we ought to make an effort to reach the girls through a special school for them. Plans for the future should envision a boarding high school for both boys and girls.

The logical place for central development was Namwianga Mission. It was on the railroad and about the center of the Kalomo District.

Real estate and leases were held in the names of private individuals. This wasn't good. When we had to do business with the government agents it was hard for them to understand that our "headquarters" were in heaven.

It is very well to be independent, but it doesn't make for solidity, progress, or permanence. We thought we ought to be self-sufficient but we know now that that is just not practical.

The Scott's invited us to come to Kalomo and take over the management of Namwianga Mission. In the course of a few weeks, that is what we did. The school at Kabanga was turned over to an African teacher to be operated as a day school. The boarders were sent to Namwianga.

In the meantime our group at home, lead by Dr. Benson had been busy. Alvin and Georgia Hobby, who had just been married, were to come to work in the school, with Myrtle Rowe, who looked

forward to the day she could open a school for girls. It would be several months before they could arrive.

Along with the news that these new people would arrive with the Brown's in September (1938) there came a check for $3,500 for the new buildings that were to be built: two small dwellings for Hobby's and Mrs. Rowe, a new schoolhouse, twelve houses, each to shelter six students; and a dining hall. Separate accommodations for girls were to be built as soon as we were assured of a few girl students.

Brick making and the collection of materials started just as soon as our move from Kabanga was completed.

I brought workers from the Kabanga area: Siamwatachella's people. We knew how to work together; we hired oxen and sleds to pull in the stones for foundations and the poles to be used for the roofs in the new boys' compound as well as the wood to be used for burning bricks. Men cut great sheaves of long grass to be used for thatching.

Sawn timber, doors, windows, hardware, roofing and cement had to be ordered from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. One item, lime: white wash, blue, and Roman, came from a kiln on the Kafue River.

Times were hard. Recovery from the depression was very, very slow. Wages were down to subsistence level. No one was able to provide much work. Many people were hungry. One day a builder from Livingstone found his way to our place and begged for work. He showed me papers of recommendation and records of work he had done for the government from away back in 1912 when he had received a wage of twelve shillings and six pence per day. I told him that I had no need for an extra workman, but if I did I couldn't pay wages like that. "But I am desperate; I am hungry, and my family are hungry!" he said.

"I'll tell you what I can do," I said, "my builder has just completed the brick and cement work in a small house. The cost of his labour was £18:0:0. I have to build another one exactly like it. To help you out I'll let you build that house if you will agree to do the work for £20."

He said he would like to have a look at the house. When he saw it, he agreed that if I would give him four helpers he would undertake the work for £20. He began the next day; of course he had to have an advance of £2 for food.

He managed to keep himself in debt to me as the work progressed, but I, almost as cunning as he, didn't let him go quite as far in this direction as he desired. I kept my eye pretty well on the work and knew about what labor he had in it.

One day I found a stranger getting ready to lay the cement floors. He said the old man had given him a contract to do it. This was a new wrinkle. I put a stop to it. "I am too old to get down on my knees and do the trowelling," the builder complained.

"If you do not want to do the cement work it may be you would like for my builder to do it and you lay bricks in his place, day for day," I said.

"Yes, I'll do that."

After one day of this exchange labor he came to me saying, "That man Daka is too slow, one day of mine is worth two of his!"

"Right, he is slow. We'll make it two for one."

This seemed to satisfy him; but the next morning when I was in the car ready to make my weekly journey to Kabanga, he stopped me with a shout and came running to the car. "I have worked 35 days and I want you to pay me twelve shillings and six pence for each and every one of them for that is what the government paid me and that is what my labor is worth."

"I don't have time to talk to you now, but when I get back from Kabanga tonight we'll talk. In the meantime you must do no more work. Just go to your house and wait for me."

That night I got all the chits out that he'd signed for money advanced to him and found that they amounted to £22:0:0. There was still three or four days of work to be done before the first contract was completed. That contract had been broken and a couple more had been made and broken. This wasn't a happy business!

"I don't want you to work for me anymore. I want to settle with you for good. You see you have overdrawn your £20. You owe me several days work and £2, I would like to call everything square, and for you to go away. But to make it easier for you I'd like for you to take this £5 note for good measure."

"No, I want 12/6 a day for 35 days."

"That you will not get."

"That's what you owe me!"

"You can pick up the five pounds as my good will gift, and be done; or we can get in the car and we'll go to the Magistrate's office and let him settle it."

He took the money and went away. Two months later I got a summons to appear in court on such and such a date. The man was suing me for £54:0:0! He brought his case in the civil court. If he had gone to the local magistrate he might have got more sympathy.

In court the judge found for the defendant, with costs. Then he turned to me and said, "You don't have any costs I suppose." As much as to say, "It will cost him enough as it is."

In talking to a local official I expressed surprise that an African should try such a shenanigan, but he said, "You don't know anything about these semi-sophisticated people."

"The safe way to make a contract with this kind of person is in the presence of a labor officer," he added.

All the buildings were completed in good time and within the estimated costs.

At the same time the building was in progress the reorganized school was in operation. Two qualified teachers had been added to the staff so that the classes, from Standard I through IV as well as the beginning classes, were looked after. The school was in fine shape. With the Hobbys and Mrs. Rowe to come soon we were feeling pretty good.

The students were boarders who were to work six half-days for their tuition and keep. Two primer classes and Standards I and II had classes in the morning and worked in the afternoon: Standards III and IV worked mornings, and went to school in the afternoon, reversing the order. Saturday afternoon was free; a half-holiday by tradition.

The student labor was used on the farm to grow as much of the food they used as possible. When they worked for it they appreciated the fact that education wasn't altogether a free gift.

Six weeks after our move to Namwianga an Education Officer accompanied by the local Magistrate came to visit the mission, not to inspect the school as he was supposed to do, but to tell us to find places for all of our pupils in Standards III and IV in other mission schools and transfer them!

I was sick with disappointment; but what could be expected after word had got around that our school system had "cracked-up?" I knew the work now being done was sound, so I was not going to submit to the transfer order without a struggle. I insisted that the classes now in session be inspected, and the Education Officer condescended to "have a quick look" at them. He was a fair-minded man. His quick look took up the whole morning, then he came back and inspected the afternoon classes. There was no more talk about transferring pupils. Then I was bold to tell him that we hoped to have a few boarding girls soon, and were planning to add Standards V and VI within a year or two.

XVIII. NAMWIANGA MISSION

The Hobby couple and Mrs. Rowe landed at Cape Town where they bought a second hand car to make the overland trip, crossing the Karoo, the Kalahari Desert, and Southern Rhodesia. They arrived at Namwianga Mission in the late afternoon of September 18, 1938.

They began their work immediately. In a few days they were in their new houses using their spare time to build furniture and cupboards out of goods boxes. Mr. Scott gave each of the newcomers a cow so that they could have milk for their tea. Just as soon as it rained in November (the first rain of the season) they were ready to spend most of the spare time in a kitchen garden. Language study was a daily routine for them. In a very short time they were able to carry on a conversation of sorts. After a few months Mr. Hobby made his first public talk in the Tonga language.

From the beginning of our work with the BaTonga we were handicapped by the lack of printed material in the language of the people. In our preaching and teaching we translated directly from the English Bible. Some of our African teachers could do a better piece of work by using the Zulu or Sikalola Bibles. Our beginner's primer was in Ci-Ila, a language quite similar to, but certainly not Ci-Tonga. Just recently the Methodist mission had printed Genesis and Mark, a 1st and 2nd primer, and a collection of ancient folk tales, in Ci-Tonga. That was it.

All of the missionaries of the different denominations in the country were anxious to have a Ci-Tonga Bible and other printed material in the native language. It would have to be a united effort, so there was a movement on foot to get every mission interested in working together on this project.

A meeting was called at the town of Choma in the winter of 1938. Mrs. Scott and I attended. A young linguist, a Mr. Cecil Hopgood of the English Methodist mission, who was just ready to publish a Ci-Tonga grammar, was on hand to give expert advice.

One problem was the unification of three dialects into something readable by all the people. Another was getting the Bible Society

to publish the new Bible. As to translators, a third difficulty, it was suggested that each missionary should be given a book to translate and Mr. Hopgood do the unifying.

Nothing was settled except the matter was to be studied by all, and that a meeting would be arranged, which it was hoped a noted professor of Bantu languages at the University of South Africa, and a representative of the British Bible Society could attend.

The Brown family didn't come with the Hobbys and Mrs. Rowe but visited with old friends in Cape Town and Johannesburg. When they did arrive a week later, the whole group of us had a business meeting for the purpose of setting out rules to guide us as we endeavored to work together.

In this meeting we adopted a constitution for a Board of Trustees to hold property, and another for a Board of Education to direct the school work. We proposed to have a business meeting every quarter to hear reports and to approve expenditures. The church work was not involved: each congregation was free to manage its own affairs; every individual was at liberty to do as he saw fit. We knew that, both here and in America, it was necessary that no misunderstanding arise as to the limits of this organization.

The Brown's didn't stay with us but went down to Southern Rhodesia to undertake to revive the work in the Wuyu Wuyu area. This work had been closed out during the depression for lack of financial support.

Country roads were maintained by a government-sponsored Road Board. Mr. Brown had been a member, but when he had not stayed in this territory I was asked to fill the vacancy on the Board. We had an interest in good roads. I was glad to serve as a member, but was not suddenly willing to become the Secretary just because I had a typewriter. I did accept the appointment for there was no one else who would do the work. I soon found out that this job amounted to more than writing up the minutes of meetings. The Secretary had to keep up and supply a crew of a dozen men, and to set out their work and see that it was properly done. To do the road work I had to give up our own best worker to become Road Board Foreman. The reward was that we got better roads: the bad places were made safe, and in time, all unbridged river crossings were spanned by concrete causeways. There was no salary involved, though £2 per month was allowed for office expense and 6*d* per mile was paid for necessary travel.

The Scotts now moved from their farm to begin working with the Christians in Livingstone, and the Reeses took over their house at Namwianga Home, their farm. O. D. Brittell, who had been living with the Scotts went to Sinde to take the place Reese had left, and to work with J. C. Shewmaker. This was quite a change about, but it was good for our school, for both the Reeses were experienced teachers.

The end of the school year was near. There was a class of nearly forty ready to graduate from our highest grade. Most of these boys wanted to go on to Standard VI to get School Leaving Certificates. We had the teachers needed to handle two more grades. It didn't take us long to decide to add Standards V and VI and offer Upper Primary School work to our boys and girls.

BICYCLE SIANJINA

The old tribal customs required that a baby be not named until it was at least a year old, for it might die and a name be wasted. When naming time came the old grandmother selected a name from the list of its ancestors, but when the child grew he had the privilege of choosing a name to his own liking; an English or Dutch name would do, or such names as Rice, Spoon, Fork, Salt, Flour, Pound, Shilling, Sixpence, Ticky, Soap, Thousand, Million, Nine, One and Jobegi, or Bulawayo, all were good names. Of late, African boys have been adding their father's name to their own, thus: Bicycle Sianjina, the name of one of our Kabanga school boys.

Bicycle Sianjina was a bright youngster who enrolled in the first class of 12 beginners when we started the mission at Kabanga. Because he was quick with his lessons he had a lot of spare time for the fun he loved. He was always in some harmless trouble; jolly, carefree, he seemed to be without a serious thought. He finished Standard IV with good marks and went to his village to start farming on his own account. After that we saw him grow to be a tall, lanky man, who when he talked moved both hands with every word; when he argued he'd look his opponent straight in the eye and wag his head as well.

Imagine our surprise when he showed up at Namwianga asking to go to school again. He said he wanted to study nothing but the Bible. He was given Bible work, and for his keep he herded cattle half a day every day. He'd take the cattle out to a good feeding

place, and while they grazed, he'd study his Bible and notes. At noon another lad would take over and he would get into school uniform. He worked at this for a number of months and went home to preach. The church at Namwianga saw that he was doing a good work and sent $5 a month to him to help him along. When he got well re-established in farming he asked the church to leave off their gifts. "I want this to be my work," he said.

Bicycle is an effective preacher. His manner of speaking reminds me of the patent-medicine man who used to come to our town in Oklahoma when I was a lad. Bicycle speaks loud and fast until he sees that he has complete attention, then he speaks confidently; low, slow, or even whispers!

He has established six churches, and visits them regularly. He has been selected by the government as a Model Farmer, and is used to demonstrate modern farming methods and to introduce new crops into the area. Put like that I'd say he is a Model Christian. May his tribe increase!

THE TONGA BIBLE

The group of missionaries of many denominations who were interested in getting a Tonga Bible had had another meeting and had sent out assignments to people who had put their names down as being willing to undertake to translate a portion. I am not sure what book they asked Mr. Hobby to do, but I think it was Romans. They gave me First John. I took it to my Std. VI Bible class where we wrestled with it for a month. We translated from the English, I knew no more Greek than my pupils did—the coordinators expected nothing much more than a sample of what words our local people would use to express the ideas found in the text.

After several months' work the New Testament in Tonga was ready for the printer, but by that time England was well along in the war with Hitler. The Bible Society couldn't get the book printed in England, but in time it was printed in the Union of South Africa.*

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*Twenty years after this the complete Bible was published. Alvin Hobby was one of the translators, and did much of the proofreading. He received an award from the British Bible Society for his work.

The following is what Helen Pearl wrote on a fly-leaf of the copy of the Tonga Bible she received on the day it was first published, May 20, 1964:

"The Tonga Bible—In 1911 Dr. Fell translated and published Mark, and in the same year he published Genesis. In the same year Mr. J. T. Lyon made another translation of Mark.

In 1935 Mr. Hopgood came to Northern Rhodesia. He learned Ci-Tonga and Ci-Ila. Two years later he called a meeting in Choma to discuss the translation of the New Testament.

He got the British and Foreign Bible Society to agree to publish it when it was ready. Miss A. Engles, helped by Mudenda, Cannon Rock, J. F. Matthews, Alvin Hobby and Nathan Mudenda, assisted Mr. Hopgood in the translation. The Society was behind with its work because of the war, so Mr. Bevins the local Secretary of the BFB Society got a Cape Town press to publish it. Five-thousand copies were ready for sale in 1949. By 1960 there had been five more editions.

By 1953 Mr. Hopgood started work on translating the Old Testament in unified Tonga. He was assisted by Major Ryve (sp), Miss Lemon and Alvin Hobby, who spent long hours proof-reading and making ready the MS. I & II Sam. and some of the Prophets were first published to see how the people took to the unified language. The MS for the whole Bible was ready by 1959, but it was the 20th of June 1964 before the new book was published.

A dedication service was held in Choma. Ps. 119; 81, 100 were the first verses read from it.

At Kabanga Mission on June 21 at a special service three elderly Christians with over 37 years each in service were presented with Bibles. They were: Jim Muzimara, Kamboli and J. D. Merritt."

XIX. DREAD DISEASE STRIKES

Very early one morning Alice awakened me to tell me that she had just found a lump in her right breast; she had felt a sharp flashing pain and wondered what had caused it, then discovered the lump.

It happened that this was the day when the doctor made his weekly visit to Kalomo. We were his first callers that morning. The doctor examined Alice closely and told her that she must have a surgeon's opinion. He made an appointment for her at the Lusaka hospital. We had just time to drive, so went up by car.

After the examination the surgeon said that it was his opinion that the tumor was benign and she ought to have it out forthwith. But after the operation he said he was very afraid that it was bad. He said he was sending a section off to the laboratory at Johannesburg, and as soon as he had the report he'd let us know what the results were. There was no airmail in those days, and trains were slow.

It was nearly two weeks after that we got a telegram from the hospital Matron to tell Alice that she must go to the hospital immediately prepared to have the breast amputated. The specimen showed sarcoma.

It was a shock. Alice had a long cry; she worried about the children, "What will become of my children?" she sobbed.

The operation was extensive, involving the glands in the armpit, and down the side on the ribcase. Alice was in such deep shock that the nurses feared for her life and asked me to spend the night at the hospital. She rallied nicely and in due time was ready to go home. The doctor wanted her to have deep X-ray therapy, for which he made arrangements at the Government hospital in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, which was 700 miles from home. The DeWitt Garretts lived there. They wrote that we could stay with them.

We meant to make the trip by car. The usual route was via Bulawayo, but we had heard that there was a shorter way over a

new bridge over the Zambezi at Chirundu, up near Lusaka; we might try that. When I went to Livingstone to get visa I inquired at the Travel Bureau about the new road. The man told me that it was passable but precipitous. I wondered how those two words could describe a road, but with the first venture over the escarpment hills I found out. The car went down the first short steep hill to hit the bottom of the ravine and turn up so sharply that the bumper hit the foot of the hill we'd just come down. At the top of the hill the road might go straight ahead, or veer to the right or left, but we were coming up at such a steep angle we couldn't see the road ahead! It was this way, hill after hill, for four miles.

After that we were in the great Zambezi Valley, and on flat roads until we came to the Chirundu Bridge. After crossing that we were soon at the counter showing our passports to the Immigration Officers of Southern Rhodesia.

Instead of traveling over a series of hills to get out of the valley on the southern side we had to climb a long, long winding hill in second gear, and sometimes in low gear. Halfway the car went dead! I was out with the hood raised testing here and there to see if I could find the trouble when a Good Samaritan came along and took charge. Right away he said it was in the flex that leads from the gas pump to the carburetor; he'd take if off and blow it out. In his manipulations he twisted the flex so hard that the rubber was broken, and it was ruined. When he saw what a fix he'd got me in, he said he was in a very big hurry and would have to go, but he'd have a garage to send me a spare flex by a passing car!

Suddenly it was dark. I couldn't see to work any longer so we made camp. On such trips as these we always carried food, cooking utensils, and our bedding rolls, and a few bags of water. Camping was no problem. Our problem was the country, which was as wild as it was in the days of David Livingstone.

We left the car on the side of the road then crossed the road to a nice clear place where we made a large fire to keep the animals away, and after we knew which way the smoke was going we made our beds beside it. Siapambuleke, an African school boy who went with us, put his bed alongside ours; he felt safer there.

In the night the lions (there must have been as many as half a dozen of them in the chorus) made such a noise, and kept getting nearer and nearer to us that we all got scared and went back to the car to spend the balance of the night shivering from the cold.

The next morning when it was light enough I had a look at the damage, found a piece of rubber tubing to take the place of the flex. While I was working an Indian trader came by in a truck. He kindly loaned me a 4 gallon tin of gasoline, which I was to return to him at the next town on the road.

Alice's X-ray treatments started the day after we arrived. These were supposed to last 21 days, but on the 18th day the doctor said she had had all she could take, and we were free to go home.

We appreciated the Garrett's having us for so long. It was an imposition, really; but we missionaries often impose on one another.

You may be sure that when we set out for home we took the long way via Bulawayo, for we now knew that there was too much danger of getting stuck on that other lonely road.

For the next several months Alice seemed well and she was happy in her home and teaching the children their correspondence courses. We had high hopes that she was cured, but hope was just about gone when another swelling appeared just below the scar line. The surgeon took that too, but the wound would not stay closed. More X-ray therapy was tried. Then what she called rheumatism set in and she had to give up working. I took over her work, put her to bed and became her nurse. I had the District Doctor out to see her. He measured her legs to satisfy her that she had not, somehow or other broken the one that hurt so badly, (Such is hope!) but he ordered no treatment.

Day by day she grew worse. Once I thought she was dying. When she rallied she wanted to try the hospital once more; she hated so badly to go and leave the children who needed her so much. She hoped the doctors could do something that would give her a new lease on life.

After I had arranged to take her by train she became very calm, almost happy. At the hospital the doctor came to see her, but all he said was, "She's better off in hospital." There hope died. She wanted to go home, and the doctor said she might.

It was Sunday. We were put in a compartment next to the engine on a long fast train. The trip was noisy and rough; cinders from the coal burning engine swept into our little compartment. After four hours of this Alice went into a coma. We were nearly home.

The mission folk met us at the station at 1:00 p.m. Alice died that evening. All the children but Iris were home.

The next day the neighbors came to comfort us. The stores closed so that the workers could go to the funeral service which Alva Reese, an old schoolmate, conducted in a tender way. We buried her under the spreading wild fig tree that stood in front of her house.

She was a lovely, faithful wife who loved her family and her Lord very, very much.

XX. FOLLOWING ON

I awoke at dawn thinking, "Why is it so quiet?" Then I saw the empty bed and remembered that Alice had gone and I was alone. Loneliness overwhelmed me! Yet I realized that an attitude of self-pity wouldn't do; I'd have to think about my work and the children.

Iris, our first born, was a Junior at Harding College. She was having to work the year around to help pay her way, but she was happy and safe.

Because of the funeral fifteen-year-old John Sterling was two days overdue at Milton School in Bulawayo. Elizabeth and Ruth, eleven and seven years of age, would be with me; their correspondence must start at once.

These little girls could help with the housework, but I would have to be the manager. Part of my work was the oversight of the farm and school work program. The boarding and dormitories, the night activities such as vespers and entertainments were my responsibilities too. I had daily Bible classes, a weekly trip to Kabanga, and the management of the community Road Board to fill out the week.

Enrollment at our girls' school had so increased that three new buildings were required and must be built as soon as possible. Alva Reese had become the head of the building department and was busy getting this work done. The Hobbys, Mrs. Rowe, and Mrs. Reese were full time teachers; Mr. Reese also taught two or three classes.

We were all too busy to worry about our troubles.

When Reese took over the building work he inherited Andrew Miela, a conscientious Christian, a well trained builder and a hard worker. Miela was the head of those men working on the buildings at the girls' school.

One day Reese noticed that a window which had just been set was out of plumb. He told Miela to take the wall down and reset

the window properly. But the next day the window was found to be as much out of plumb as it had been before.

Miela couldn't see the fault, so Reese took a level and demonstrated the fact. The wall was taken down the second time and the window reset exactly as it had been before!

Reese lost his patience and said angrily, "Stupid!"

That night after work Miela came to me to give notice. He said, "I want to leave at the end of the week."

"Why, what is the matter? I thought you were happy in the work."

"I was happy until Mr. Reese cursed me."

"Cursed you? Tell me about it."

"I displeased him about a window and he called me stupid."

"I am sure Mr. Reese had no wish to curse you," I said. "I'll talk to him. There must be a misunderstanding."

I talked to Reese who explained what had happened and said he'd go apologize to Miela.

The next day Miela still wanted to go. I told him that since Mr. Reese had said he was sorry for his hasty words he ought to be forgiven, so that now you can continue in your work. But he said, "I can't stay!"

"It is very hard to find work in your line right now, so I wonder what you mean to do."

"I have been offered work in Livingstone with the Public Works Department."

"How much will that pay you?"

"Three shillings, nine pence per day."

"But you are getting three times that amount here!"

"Yes, I know, but there are some things one can't endure; then it is better to starve than to be humiliated."

It is surprising how easily African feelings can be hurt by things that seem of little importance in our thinking. Miela left us. Three years later he came by to see me and to give me a tea-tray he had made of rare wood. I asked him to stay a bit, but he was in a hurry and wouldn't tarry.

I still had my little general store at Kabanga. I kept it up to help people who couldn't always get the things they needed at other places. Jim Muzamara was in charge of it. I couldn't spend more than a few minutes there each Saturday, but then people who had to have a little credit were always waiting for me.

When goods got scarce because of the war my wholesaler sent a letter with my last order which said, "This is the last of my stocks, so don't give it away!"

Traders had been raising prices as supplies lessened until the government set price controls. An order was given out that each item put up for sale must have the price plainly marked on it. My Jim forgot that plow bolts were items! I had to pay a little fine. This was the last straw! I gave the store to Jim. He was to pay me the cost price of the goods on hand as he sold it.

A woman, whose husband was away to the wars, was living at the Kalomo hotel with nothing to do, and very kindly offered to teach a few of the local white children for a modest fee. This pleased a few of the town families who sent a delegation to me to ask that I send my two girls too, and help with the teacher's salary. I was very glad to join in this for I hadn't been able to give enough time to their school work. In a class they would have companionship, guidance in games, and other projects they missed at home. I'd have to spare the time to make two six-mile trips to Kalomo daily.

The school didn't last but a year, for when three of the pupils reached high school level and were sent away to boarding school, the remaining parents couldn't pay the teacher's salary.

I sent Elizabeth to Eveline School, a girls' high school in Bulawayo. Once again I undertook Ruth's correspondence work.

About this time Will Short, who was supporting his mission work in Southern Rhodesia by farming, wrote me a very interesting letter in which he said, "There is an American lady staying with us who is stranded because her South African visa has expired and can't be renewed. She's sort of a refugee in Southern Rhodesia. She has no friends to support her and needs help. She is a good woman who would be able to keep your house, and would accept whatever you are willing to pay. If you see your way to help her, you'll be doing yourself a favor too."

This was what I needed; it suited me fine. The trouble was I had very little money. I wrote back, "I would like very much for Mrs. Privitt to come and take over the management of my house,

but I have very little to offer. The best I can do is to pay her transportation and $20 per month."

Mrs. Privitt accepted my offer and came to us right away. She was a small woman, very active for her more than seventy years. Her birthplace was a small town of unprouncable name in Wales. Her parents immigrated to Kiowa, Kansas, when she was a child. As a young bride she rode in a fast spring wagon outfit with her husband to stake out a quarter section of Oklahoma prairie land, in a race for land. She had no children of her own, but had raised a nephew, the son of a sister who had married a South African. The nephew had gone back to his South African people. When Mrs. Privitt went to live with him she had not the proper papers to stay in the country, and her foster son couldn't, or wouldn't help her.

This woman soon had our ramshackle house in order. She was a good cook and enjoyed having the mission young folk in for a meal. These meals interested her so much that she would miss Sunday morning church services to see that all went well. I didn't like this, for she too was a Christian.

The flour we had to buy had more and more cornmeal added to it as the war aged, and good cooking fat was hard to find. Mrs. Privitt liked to have baked things on the table at every meal. One day she had pumpkin pie. Ruth ate two pieces but left both the crusts. Auntie asked her why she hadn't finished her pie; then Ruth hurt her feelings by answering, "Do I have to eat the bones?"

Auntie took over the supervision of Ruth's school work, but I can't say it was a great success, for Ruth was a little more stubborn than her teacher and won most of the battles.

One night after I had returned from one of my trips to Kabanga I stopped at Reese's house to deliver some oranges I had brought from the Kabanga orchard. Their son Boyd, who had just returned after graduating at Abilene Christian College, came out to meet me. I went in the house to see Helen Pearl Scott, his cousin. They had arrived together after weeks of wartime sea travel, most of it on a Canadian troopship from Vancouver, B. C., via Fiji Islands and New Zealand to Australia, from where, after a few weeks' wait, they found a ship to Durban, South Africa.

I had known Helen Pearl all of her life. The last time I'd seen her she was just a rosy cheeked teenager, the champion tenniquoit player of the mission. But now she was a mature young woman, poised and interesting.

I learned that Boyd was staying to begin work at the mission, but Helen Pearl was returning to Livingstone to live with her parents and work with the women and children at the church there. It was good to see them again.

For sometime now the British had been sending airmen to Rhodesia for training, and war-weary soldiers for rest. Because Victoria Falls was an attraction, the city of Livingstone always had several hundred visiting servicemen to look after over the week-ends. Patriotic women volunteered to help entertain these men. One of our neighbor women joined in this work; her husband being one of the bomber pilots stationed at Malta, where the bombers got more than their share of being bombed.

The Zambezi River is over a mile wide where it tumbles over the side of a narrow, 400-foot-deep gorge to make the falls. All of this water is squeezed through a passage no more than a hundred yards wide, to broaden a little to make forty miles of zigzagging gorge leading the way to the great Lake Kariba.

Just below the squeezed-in passage the water jets out to make a whirlpool called the "Boiling Pot." A slab of basalt called "The Old Man's Chair" extends out a few feet over the whirling water. Every few minutes, as regular as clockwork, the surging water swirls up over The Old Man's Chair.

It happened one day that this neighbor lady of ours was guide to a group of airman that went down into the gorge to view the Boiling Pot. As they stood around enjoying the scenery, one of the young men who had a camera in his hand, asked the lady to pose for him. She stepped out on The Old Man's Chair just a second before the surge came. She was swept off into the roaring, foamy current to her death.

The young man had to be restrained by his fellows to keep him from jumping into the water to attempt a hopeless rescue. After three days search the police found the body tucked under a ledge. It was well preserved because so much spray and evaporation keeps the water at a very low temperature.

The dead woman was to be buried on the family farm near Kalomo. Since we were neighbors some of the mission folk ought to go to the funeral. I could get away, and Helen Pearl, who was visiting the Reeses, wanted to go, so we went together. It was fifteen miles to the farm. In the hours it took to make this trip we had a good visit.

When Helen Pearl's mother heard about this long trip she had had with me, she warned, "You had better watch out! These old widowers get ideas in their heads."

Helen Pearl told me about this years later. She said such a thought had not entered her head up till then, but after a little reminiscing she said to herself, "Well, why not?"

But it wasn't as easy as all that! I had to go all the way. I had to make a conquest just the same.

We were married at Sinde Mission on May 14, 1942. J. C. Shewmaker officiated. Alva Reese gave the bride away, and Mrs. Rowe sang the solos.

As I was walking to the church house with Mr. Shewmaker he said to me, "Now, don't worry! When Alva brings Helen Pearl in, just as soon as they're opposite where you'll be sitting, I'll raise my thumbs for you to stand and advance with them." But he forgot to raise his thumbs! I sat for a second or two then hurried to the front—I didn't want to miss anything.

In *his* excitement Shewmaker asked me, "Do you, John Dow Merritt, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded husband." I refused, point blank, to agree to that!

To make the wedding as homelike as possible the mission women had used a paper punch to punch out a basket full of confetti from funny papers. After a feast, when we were about to drive away, they showered us with this stuff. I had it in my pockets, down my neck, on my tie! While this farewell was going on, little seven year old Ruth went to Helen Pearl's side of the car and said, "Now you're a lady!"

We had reservations for that night at the Northwestern Hotel in Livingstone. When we stood at the desk, waiting to register I tried to act like we were old-timers just coming to town trading. Finally the lady came to attend to our wants, and to be polite I doffed my hat, and spilled confetti all over the place. And the tale was out!

The next day, Sunday, we went to church in the Maramba Location, the part of town given over to African residence.

After church we crossed the bridge into Southern Rhodesia and spent four days at a tourist camp. From there we went to Kabanga to camp for a week.

While we were out for a walk one afternoon we met an old friend of mine in the path. This was a jolly, fat, old fellow, clad in the usual khaki army overcoat, a loincloth and sandals. He was bareheaded. His woolly hair and beard were white as snow. He talked long and loudly with me, but would not speak to, nor look at, my new wife! Africa has funny ways.

The week passed and we returned to a deserted Namwianga; all the mission folk had gone on vacation and we had the whole place to ourselves; but not for long, for a lady, a single worker with the Pilgrim Holiness people, decided that she would have a quiet vacation at Namwianga. She walked out from the Kalomo railway station, went from house to house and found no one at home until she came to the last house and found us. We made her stay, for she was a good woman and lots of fun. She is an old woman now who enjoys telling how she helped spend our honeymoon.

Even a honeymoon has to come to an end, and it was soon time for us to get back into the work routine. Helen Pearl took over the house and Ruth's school work, and Auntie Privitt, who had been prepared for the change, received a gift of money and went back to Southern Rhodesia to live with the Browns at Nhowe Mission.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Scott, my wife's parents, had been warned by their doctor that they must move to a lower altitude. They went to South Africa and bought a house in a colored section of the city of Cape Town. They began their mission work there by having worship services in their house. Mrs. Scott was grieved to see many children out of school, and, true to character, she started having classes for them, turning their garage into a classroom.

After two years the Scotts returned to Northern Rhodesia for a visit and on business. He wanted to get rid of the land he had in this country so as to have some cash for his new work, and for peace of mind.

Namwianga Mission was built on land that was private property. It belonged to Helen Pearl and me. Mr. Scott told us that if we would deed our 950 acres of land to the mission, he would give us his 3,200 acre farm. This way he could kill two birds with one stone; make gifts to the mission and Helen Pearl, and make the mission property independent.

He sold a 640 acre farm he had near Livingstone, for £1,500, but couldn't collect the money for several months. When the buyer finally got ready to pay, Mr. Scott asked me to receive the check.

He gave me instructions as to how the money was to be given away. No old time preacher was forgotten; three young men who were doing evangelistic work on their own account were given new bicycles.

There is a very unfair bank charge in this country. It's called "Poundage" and amounts to ½ of 1% of the face value of out-of-town checks cashed. The Kalomo bank wanted 7½, ($35) to cash Mr. Scott's check as it was drawn on a Livingstone bank! I wasn't about to stand for that! I kept the check until my next trip to Livingstone where I cashed the check and brought back 150 £10 notes. I felt like that was a pretty good day's work.

I failed to tell in the right place in this narrative about the wedding present Mr. Scott gave to Helen Pearl. It was ten work oxen and four milch cows. The Africans couldn't believe it; it is the groom who gives the presents and pays the bride price!

Iris graduated at Harding in wartime and got employment at a munitions factory at Jacksonville, Arkansas. She boarded in Little Rock and commuted to work. At that time she met a young army officer named Kenneth Elder. In December, 1942 they were married in the auditorium at Harding College, at her home, with her friends. After they had traveled from post to post as Ken was getting special training, there came the day that he was ordered overseas. Iris then enlisted in the Coast Guard where she was rated as a cook.

In the process of building up a herd of breeding cattle on the mission farm I bought cattle from the Africans, and to keep the trade coming I had to buy everything that was brought for sale, and this I did if the price was sensible. I could sell the scrub to the local butcher. We used the "sub-scrub" to feed our boarders. The matter of quality was no problem. With the African meat is meat!

I had a middle-aged man, of the Zambezi Tonga people, as herdsman. He was tall and thin, with uncut hair curled in balls all over his head, and these had a few flags of lint blowing from them. His only clothing was a lioncloth and a pair of cowhide sandals. He had a reed flute tucked away under the belt of his loincloth, and played its four notes when he was lonely.

Late one afternoon he came to the house to tell me that one of the cattle, a three-year-old runt I had bought two days earlier, was sick, and he said I ought to go see it.

I picked up an old wooden-shafted golf club, a No. 7 iron, that I carried around with me when I was working with the cattle. I thought I could stop any sensible animal with that club! I followed the herdsman who led me to where the animal lay in the shade of a tree in a field of very rough, newly-plowed sod. The stunted animal was small for its age, and didn't weigh five hundred pounds.

Because I didn't know that a beast suffering from a very high fever can be crazed, and a great danger, I walked toward it without the least bit of fear. He saw me coming, staggered to his feet, and charged, and I with the confidence of a Goliath, hammered his horns with my club, but to no effect. He knocked me down and ran over me, but missed me with his horns. Supposing that the steer had kept on going about his business, I got to my feet to see how badly I was hurt. But he had stopped his run, and turned looking for me, wondering where I had gone. When he saw me stand up he charged again, and because the ground was so rough I could not get footing to avoid him, so he ran me down the second time!

This time I had sense enough to stay on the ground, out of the crazed animal's line of sight. I called the herdsman whose name was Whistle, "Whistle, listen to me. Come near and let the ox chase you, and you lead him away from me so that I can get up."

"No! No, Bass!"

"You can outrun him, and when he gets away a little he'll forget all about us."

"No! No, Bass!"

"Do you want me to be killed?"

"No, Bass."

"Well, then wave your arms so that he can see you, then run like a rabbit."

He did as I said and got the steer away, then came and helped me to my feet. I was bruised, and skinned up a bit where I'd been stepped on. One hoof had grazed the side of my head and torn away at an ear. My chest had been stepped on. And that seemed to be the list of injuries.

That night after we had gone to bed and before we got sleepy, we'd been talking and when something funny had been said I laughed big and—the broken rib, the injury I hadn't counted—something in my chest popped and made me change my tune. For the next few days I dared not laugh, or cough or "Oh my!—I'm going to s-n-ee-ze!"

Many of the local farmers were away in the war, and crops of the year before had been cut short by a poor season. Corn was getting scarce, so that the government had brought in potatoes as a substitute food. The people's main article of food is a thick porridge made from cornmeal. They found it hard to learn potatoes in place of bread, though they liked them well enough as a side dish. We had to give our students potatoes one meal a day for several weeks. When importations of yellow corn from Argentina were received we were rationed yellow meal.

At first our cooks didn't know how to make good porridge with this yellow meal; they stirred it into boiling water as they had always done with white meal and got a gummy mass. Serving this in the dining hall caused a real big rumble. However, in time the proper method of cooking this new meal was discovered; then the students learned to prefer it.

The set-in rains were late again. We saw that if we were to get enough corn planted for the year to come we would have to get the seed in the ground immediately. We didn't have the equipment to do a big job quickly. I asked the Kabanga people to come and help us plow; I'd give each plow two new shears; one to use in our fields, and one for them to take home with them, and also pay them daily wages. Twenty small plow outfits came the fifty-mile journey and worked five days. We planted a hundred acres of corn for bread, two acres of velvet beans for the milch cows, and an acre of sunhemp for seed.

Two years had passed since our marriage. Recently Helen Pearl had been having to go to see the doctor once each month, and on her last visit he had told her that she had better find a place to stay in Livingstone so as to be near the hospital for she would no doubt have her baby in two weeks time.

The Paris Mission kept an apartment for the use of any missionary who needed accommodations. They kindly allowed us to use these rooms while we waited in Livingstone.

At 2:00 a.m. on the coldest day of the winter—why it must always be at 2:00 o'clock is a mystery—Helen Pearl wakened me, and was trying to tell me that it was time to go to the hospital. She was having a giggling spell, while I didn't think it was anything very funny! We rushed up the hill to the hospital, hurried up to the Night Nurse's desk, she wrote down my wife's name then asked, "What's your trouble"?

"I am going to have a b-a-b-y!" my wife giggled.

"Are you jue?" asked the Scottish girl.

"N-o-o" surprised at the question.

"When are you jue?"

Then Helen Pearl caught on and said, "Right now!"

Ruth and I sat in the car the rest of the night and until morning tea before we learned that Ruth had a little brother. I went in to see him. He was a nice looking little fellow. I said to his mother, "My, he is a beauty!" She wasn't to be deceived, she'd seen his head all pushed up to a point! I said, "That will come out all right."

She was downhearted, thinking still that her son would grow up to look like one of the pin-head people she had seen in Fiji.

We called the boy John Roy Martin after his father and great-grandfathers.

My older son, Sterling, had finished high school and was helping in the work at Namwianga when the United States government called him to serve in the army. After the war he attended Harding College for a short time, but didn't return to the mission field.

The number of school-aged mission children was growing; talk about reopening Mrs. Scott's Eureka School was on the increase. It came about that J. C. Shewmaker became the head of a revived school on the old Scott farm. Applications came by the dozens from far and near from people who wanted their children brought up in a Christian atmosphere. The sponsors of this project felt that this was a great opportunity to reach the European community, and it must not be missed, but to take on more people more room and equipment was needed.

The group bought and paid for our Eureka farm so that the new buildings could be built on school property. The school grew. The Education Department took notice of the work being done and gave grants for teachers and pupils, the money from these were used from year to year to add new buildings and to pay the fees of needy children.

XXI. BACK TO KABANGA

Since several new workers had arrived at Namwianga and Sinde our group decided in a business meeting that it was time that Kabanga should be re-opened as a mission station, and some of us work in that part of the country. Helen Pearl and I volunteered for the job.

To re-establish residence there would be quite an undertaking, for the place was shamefully run down; the two dwelling houses had been unoccupied for the war years, and now, because of the work of termites, and some vandalism, one of them was in ruins, and the other in extremely bad condition.

This house would have to have a thorough cleaning. The old plaster must be scraped off the walls and new plaster put on. The ceilings had to have a new coat of paint, the inside and outside of the house had to be whitewashed, and the floors needed to be scrubbed with lye and be rewaxed. All window frames and sashes, and door frames that the termites had managed to get to had to be replaced. Most of the window glass had been used successfully as catapult targets. This had to be replaced too.

The yard, garden and orchard were overgrown with wild grass, weeds and thorn bush. Erosion ditches had to be stopped and filled.

As soon as the school at Namwianga, where we were living, was out of session I loaded our old Plymouth pick-up with tools, materials, my bedroll and rations for a week and set out for Kabanga.

At Kabanga I hired a builder and a dozen school boys, some of these boys to help the builder remodel the house and the rest to work with me in cleaning out the orchard and garden, and to help re-landscape the yard.

This crew was hard at work one afternoon when Boyd Reese and Eldred Echols, who were on a preaching tour in the villages,

drove up in their truck to spend the night with us. They asked me to go along with them to visit the Chief's village that night, an invitation I gladly accepted.

It is useless to try to have an evening meeting with village people before the evening meal has been consumed. The men do not start to eat until the evening star shines brightly some fifteen or twenty degrees above the western horizon. (The Evening Star is called a name which means, "The one that watches the people eat supper.")

When the proper time for supper comes each wife takes a dish of thick cornmeal mush and another one of some kind of *relish.* This second dish may be meat and broth, greens, beans, vegetables, mixed nuts, or stewed dried fruits. The more wives a man has the more food he has to divide with his fellows, for all the food is placed before all the men and older boys. Any stranger who might be in the village at mealtime is welcome to sit down and eat.

Before anyone puts a hand into a dish to take food a calabash of water is passed around the circle for everyone to wash his eating hand, then, heathen or not, at every village supper I have witnessed, they all bow their heads and someone says a word of thanks.

The eating goes on with a lot of noise: smacking of the lips, loud supping of liquids, and grunts. They accept that it is unmannerly to close the mouth when eating. Food is never chewed by the teeth as we do, it is dealth with by the tongue.

Eight of the Christian school boys working for me were to go with us to the Chief's village to help with the singing. When the time came for us to go we all loaded onto the truck and set out. There were no motor roads in that part of the country at that time so we simply took out across the country, following a footpath if one were handy. That night we followed the footpath until we came to a gully over which we could not find a crossing, so we left the truck and walked the mile or so to the village.

As we walked we each picked up as many long sticks of wood as we could carry. We had to get the wood at the beginning of our walk, for the woods near the village had already been picked clean of dry firewood by the villagers themselves. The night was cold. We wanted a fire for warmth and firelight, for the meeting would be in open air.

It is the custom of the people that the men and women sit in separate groups; this made us have to make two fires, and that re-

quired quite a lot of wood which the people might have helped us gather had they known that we planned to visit them.

The dogs announced our arrival, and when the owners came to quiet them we asked one of the men to tell the Chief of our presence. When the Chief heard who we were that caused all the row he came right out to greet us, and readily gave permission for the service; he said he was glad that we had come to sing in his village. He shouted out that everyone should come to hear the preaching, then sent a messenger to tell every house the good news.

In a few minutes our boys had two fires going, one on the embers of the men's supper fire, and the other twenty feet away in a clear space.

Eldred and Boyd had decided that I was to do the speaking, for they said, "The people here know you as 'The old man' and that makes us just a couple of small boys."

The people came with their low stools and began to choose places to sit, the men at their fire and the women at the new one; their backs to the cold south wind. We three and our singers were sitting to the north between the fires and in the smoke much of the time, with the crowd of people in front of us.

There are always dogs about in an African village. Every man and boy wants a dog to follow him about and to catch a rabbit for his lunch now and then. These men believe that a dog hunts better if he is hungry, so they feed him very little; if he catches a rabbit they give him the skin to eat! There were several dogs sniffing around in the crowd, trying to find a few bits of food that might have been dropped at supper. People kept shouting words that meant "get out of here" but the dogs paid no heed until an elderly man threw a rock that sent one of the dogs running away yelping in pain with the rest of the pack at his heels.

The songs had been sung and the prayers had been said. I stood up to speak and saw all sorts of black people out there on the other side of the fires; old men in their second-hand army overcoats and hats, old women, naked to the waist except for the blankets they had thrown over their shoulders, clean young men and clean young women. A dozen little boys with unwashed, chalky-grey skin sat directly in front of me, watching a drunken old man, resplendent in a worn-out scarlet Royal Horse Guardsman's tunic, sitting, eyes sparkling with mischief, to my feet.

All these people around the fires were sitting on stools no more than eight inches high which made them look from where I stood, all shins and face.

The full moon was shining brightly in a clear sky. To introduce my lesson I pointed to the moon and asked,

"What is that?"

"What ignorance!" exclaimed an old woman, "anyone knows that that is the moon."

"What are those?" I asked again, pointing to the group of stars called the Southern Cross.

"Those are stars," said one of the men.

"Who made those things?"

"God made them."

And now since I thought I had their attention and interest I was ready to go ahead with my talk.

Let me say here that these people believe in God the Creator. They believe that he is very far away and that he has left the people in the hands of spirits of the open spaces, and the spirits of their ancestors. These little gods must be appeased. Their name for God is Leza. They believe that Leza is demonstrated in rain, lightning, thunder, wind and earthquake.

It was my endeavor to show the people that since God made all things he had made us, and was, therefore, Our Father. He loves us, and has shown His love for us in many ways. He has words to tell us how to live to please Him.

In the meantime the old red-coated drunk was doing tricks for the little boys, but he had not forgotten me! After one of my statements he might say, "That's the truth!" or just as likely, "Now, that's a lie!"

After a time the Chief got tired of this nonsense and came to the front and said to the offender, "I'll put you in jail for being drunk (the Chief was to say the least 'under the influence' himself) and disorderly!" Then this man whose name was Siamataba, and the uncle of the Chief, said,

"Your mother!" which is Africa's most obscene and abusive phrase.

This made the Chief furiously angry. He pulled a burning piece of wood the size of a baseball bat out of the fire, intending to put

it to immediate use, but the wiry old man saw what was coming; he rolled to his feet and was out of the crowd in an instant.

The meeting was dismissed. The old people were pleased to go back to their warm huts and the young folk to return to their drums and their play. And we? We trudged our way back to the truck to bump and jolt our way back to our beds of straw.

HAWKING

As the repair work at Kabanga went ahead we found that many of the materials, such as glass and mosquito netting, were in short supply at the local stores. We needed a great deal of glass for the house. I was able to buy enough 8" x 10" panes of single strength glass at a hardware store in Livingstone for the kitchen windows, but could find nothing for the bigger windows in the other rooms.

At this time my family was still at Namwianga. After working all week at Kabanga I would drive back to Namwianga to be with my wife and children over Sunday, then on Monday morning, bright and early, I would set out for my work with a load of building supplies, or perhaps, some of our household goods.

On arriving back on the job one Monday morning I found that one of the new glasses in a kitchen window had a large, round hole, five inches across, in the middle of it, and supposed that someone had thrown a clod through it. To see what it was that broke the glass I opened the door and looked around. Instead of a clod or a rock I saw a hawk with his wings raised in defense and heard him hissing at me.

He had been wallowing in a mess on the floor, and from the looks of it he had been lying there for more than a day, unable, but trying, to get on his feet. He had had quite a bump when he hit that glass! It may be that he had been used to coming in at that open space to hunt mice and did not see the glass: or it may be that he was chasing a sparrow and it thought to escape by flying into the house, then at the last moment remembered the new glass and turned sharply away, letting the less maneuverable hawk crash through the invisible wall!

As I inspected the defiant bird I noted that for a medium-sized hawk he had extremely long legs, twice as long as I had seen in other hawks we had got hold of. This was a new species for me.

This brave fellow had suffered a lot! I began to feel sorry for him, and had decided to let him go. I began talking to him in a low, sympathetic tone. We had not established communications, not really, but I meant to free him in a grand way.

By moving around carefully I managed to get the ends of both his uplifted wings in my left hand in such a way that he could not bite me, then went to open the door. When I put my hand on the knob this mean old murderer sank the talons of both his feet into the back of my fist; I had not remembered those long legs! I was surprised, but he wouldn't let go. After he was dead, I had to pry those long claws out of my flesh.

CHIEFLY ABOUT BATS

The family's move to join me at Kabanga had been delayed because of the lack of glass to repair the windows of our house. Now, at last, one of the hardware dealers in Livingstone said that he had supplies of glass due in any day, and promised to reserve our order. Though the delivery date was uncertain, still we felt that the promise would be kept; there seemed to be no real reason why the move should be delayed any longer. The weather was so cool that there were no mosquitoes about; besides that, we had good mosquito nets for our beds. So under these acceptable conditions we moved into the house while it had no glass or mosquito gauze for the windows.

Helen Pearl arrived with the children and a truck load of trunks and things for the house early one morning and by nightfall all this was arranged in the house: the beds were made-up, the long, white mosquito nets were tied to hooks fastened in the ceiling eleven feet above the concrete floor.

When bedtime came and the lights were put out the sound of the fluttering of many wings filled the room. A look around by flashlight (an instrument no sojourner in Africa should be without) revealed that the noise was made by numerous bats! The room was filled with bats power-diving, loop-the-looping, and doing every other sort of acrobatics.

In this part of Africa there are two kinds of bats: the common grey one, not much larger than a mouse, that makes its home in caves, houses or other sheltered places, and the larger fox-faced, fruit-eating bat that sleeps through the day swinging from a twig of a tree.

The ceilings of our rooms were made up of sheets of iron in two-foot-square patterns. Each plate was two by four feet in size. When these were nailed to the wood above, it was not possible to make the joints smooth. Right along each line of plates there was a little shelf, perhaps only a very small fraction of an inch wide, yet big enough for one of these bats to find room to hook his claws and swing upside-down to rest. By the light of our torch we counted more than sixty there at one time, swinging from the ceiling in rows. They were continually leaving the roost to fly around the rooms, letting go their droppings as they flew; their water would sift through the netting over our heads. They had mites too, and some of these would be scratched off to land on the bare skin of the face or arms of a person moving about in the room. It was plain that these little fellows didn't like us: they spread an especially foul odor to drive us out.

Our children, Roy and Roseland, were babies just beginning to recover from whooping cough and had to have watchful care all night. When Helen Pearl would get up in the night to attend to them the bats would swoop down at her head and fly by her ears. She was terrified by the thought that one of them might get tangled in her hair.

"What can we do to keep the house clear of these pests?" we asked the Africans, thinking that they might know some way of smoking them out. But they had no solution to our problem. Our people at Namwianga and Sinde did not know anything that could be done. I asked a South African pioneer farmer and he had an answer that seemed reasonable and worth trying.

He said that the old Dutch people used to tie bundles of thorn bushes in the window openings. This would not prevent good ventilation and would keep the bats out, for they were very careful not to get the web of their wings torn. We decided to try this trick.

The thorn bush that I had been clearing out from the yard, garden and orchard was waiting to be burned as soon as it was dry enough. There were great piles of it. So we had no lack of material, and it was good material too, for most of it was of the kind the Dutch call a name that means, "Wait-a-bit!" It has thin, thickly-matted branches covered with thorns curved like tiny fish hooks. If a person got caught in one of these bushes he had to unhook each thorn individually; and while getting one loose he was apt to get caught by half a dozen more! If he were in a hurry he was sure to be delayed. The Dutch named that bush well.

Our "curtain of death to bats" had got past the planning stage. We put strings of thorn bush across the windows, and up-and-down, and that night went to bed confident that not one bat could enter our room. We could have shouted Eureka! We were quite sure that the end of the plague of bats had come. But we were wrong; the battle had not been won, for as soon as the lights were out and we were in bed, there was that familiar noise of fluttering wings and that unpleasant smell. In the torch light we saw rows of bats, hanging head downwards, their ears twinkling! How could they have breached our thorny-barricade? We went about to find out.

The flashlight was focused on the wall of thorns. As we watched we saw bats fly at speed through slits, perpendicular spaces, left in that terrible curtain of thorns; they came through with their wing tips pointing up and down. What could we do about that? In the days to come we tried and thought that we had repaired every breach, but every night they were back hanging there laughing at us! We simply were not clever enough to arrange our screen so that there were no holes they could find.

The mosquito nets were always put in place before sundown. The netting was pulled taut, the skirts were tucked tightly under the mattress. The bats in their night flights never touched the nets. So one morning we were very surprised to find a mama bat clinging to the net. It turned out that she was dead. There was not a sign that she had been hurt by the thorns. After that the bats left us.

Had they found out that the thorns were dangerous? or were they superstitious like mortal man?

SIANJINA

Times were hard in Northern Rhodesia in the twenties. There was a depression. Ex-service men had taken up land and stocked it only to find that there was no market for their produce. Many of these people went back to their homes in Britain, relinquishing their farms and, in many cases losing all that they had. But some few of the toughest stayed on, going back to their trades, or maybe, opening a store or starting to hawk goods to the Africans in the villages. A handful stayed on the land, living from it.

Traders went to the remote villages with goods that Africans could and would buy: Blankets, cotton prints, army overcoats,

cotton undershirts, needles, thread, safety pins, razor blades, knives, spoons, pots, beads, sea-shells, brass and copper wire, celluloid bracelets, wire combs, etc. (Kaffir Truck)

These goods were carried in huge eighteen-foot-long ox wagons drawn by eight yoke of oxen. The trader had his home on the wagon too. His Hawker's license allowed him to stay two days in a camp, but his camps must be at least three miles apart. He could not return to any one camp for six months. Traders were reputed to be sharp dealers.

The Africans would buy his goods and sell him cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, corn, kaffir corn, millet, peanuts, hides and many other things. So, as the wagon was unloaded of goods it was re-loaded with bags of grain and crates of chickens. When the wagon took to the trail again it was followed by a small herd of cattle and bleating sheep and goats.

Northern Rhodesia was divided into five provinces, and for administrative purposes each province was again divided into districts. Our Southern Province was divided into five districts, and our Kalomo District, was as big as half a dozen of our United States counties thrown together. Kalomo District was administered by an Assistant, a Native Commissioner, Police Sergeant, a dozen or so African Messengers and a squad of African police. The Magistrate made the rounds of the villages once a year to hold court and to instruct the Chiefs and Headmen. The Commissioner collected the taxes and held on-the-spot court. The Messengers and police were used as occasion dictated.

We were honored when a Native Commissioner on tour stopped at our house for lunch. It was his duty to find out how we were getting along at the new mission, and in the course of our talk he asked if we had any complaints. We had none. (To complain to the "Fomendi" is taboo if you have hopes of getting along with your African neighbors.)

One of these peddler traders had just made a round through the local villages, and maybe there had been some complaints to this officer about the trader. He asked me if I had any reason to think that these traders cheated the Africans in their cattle deals. I told him that I thought that a trader would have to get up very early in the morning to get the better of an African in a cattle trade. Then I told him of a very recent experience of mine. The story ran about like this:

A village headman by the name of Sianjina came by the house two days ago and asked me to come out and look at an ox he was very anxious to sell. We walked out to where the animal was standing in long dry grass halfway up its sides. It was fat, black and sleek; it looked like a good buy at $20. Se we closed the deal.

The beast was sent to the herd and the driver was told to try this ox under the yoke to see if he would make a good worker. In a few minutes the ox driver was at the house and told me that the animal was unfit for work, for one leg had been broken when it was a calf and had not healed properly, so that this hind leg was very short and gave him a bad limp.

"Long grass. Ha?" said I.

I did not tell this story in the way of complaint, but to illustrate the fact that the sharp trader would find a worthy adversary in an African seller.

The Commissioner, whose name was Bloomfield, left us after our meal to go to Sianjina's Village, the next stop on his tour. My wife and I were very grateful that he had visited us.

"We get lonely away out here in the blue," we said to one another.

Two days later, just about sunup, I looked out to see Headman Sianjina out in the yard. I went out and spoke to him. He was very angry and asked me why I had complained to the government that he had sold me a crippled for a whole one. I told him that I had not complained, but that I spoke to him to show what a clever trader you are!

"Well," he said, "however that may be, the 'Natave' told me to take a good ox to you and bring away the bad ox."

I told him that we had made a trade and I was quite willing to stand by the deal. I said that if I had been outwitted it was my fault, and it would be best for him to keep his good ox. But he would have none of that. He took away the black ox and left me a fine red one.

In the course of time Sianjina and I did become friends. He used to come to see me for a visit and to change his silver coins for gold sovereigns. I would visit him when I went to his village to preach or to visit the sick.

Though he was a very rich man Sianjina lived in a little mud-and-wattle hut. It was a bad dwelling, even according to African

standards. One day I asked him why he did not have a house of burned bricks and an iron roof, with doors and windows, made for him.

"How much?" he asked.

"Oh, about $500, I think," I answered.

"Too much!" was his final, topic-ending word.

He told me that a man in his position had to be very careful not to act as if he were better than others; as if, for instance, he made a fine house for himself. If he did something like that, he thought that he was sure to be bewitched.

Some twenty-five years after this Sianjina sent for me to come to see him on a matter of great urgency. I set out immediately to cycle the six miles to the village. When I arrived at the edge of his place I dismounted, leaned my bicycle against a tree and sat down to wait to be received.

To be in a rush, to charge into a village and shout or act in a "Come on, can't you see I am a busy man, and you're wasting my valuable time!" is very, very rude. So I sat and waited.

A hundred yards away Sianjina could be seen sitting on a stool in the space in front of his little hut. His wife was doing something to his head. He saw me and after about fifteen minutes he sent a child to ask me to please come and speak to him. I walked over to be greeted, then I saw that what Maggie was doing was picking scabs off of the old gentlemen's head. He was just up from chicken-pox. I have never seen so many sores so close together since! We made talk for a while, then he spoke about the urgency.

"I am going to die," he said, "and I am too big (outstanding) a man to be buried in blankets, so I send for you to have you get a coffin for me. What will a good coffin cost?"

He looked like a man who was recovering from an illness to me, not like a dying person. I felt of his pulse and found it full and strong, with a normal beat. I told him that I didn't think he would die just yet. But he said that he had seen the signs and knew that he would die soon, so we talked some more about the box.

After all these years I knew my man pretty well. I knew that it would be easier to give money back to him than it would be to get him to give me money if I took less or more than the cost of the merchandise. I had no idea what a coffin would cost. I thought I

would be safe and do him no harm if I said we might need thirty pounds. He tried to talk the price down, but I stood firm; "Thirty pounds". I said again.

He called his "second", sort of a confidential secretary, I guess, and they went together into the little hut and closed the door. I could hear them digging away! In a few minutes he came out with a bag of two-shilling pieces. We counted them and found that they amounted to twenty pounds exactly. He held out this bag of silver to me, but again I stood firm, I told him that it must be thirty pounds or nothing.

So back to their digging they went and came out with five pounds more. He offered me the twenty-five pounds in two bags.

"No, it must be thirty pounds," I said.

"Thirty pounds is too much!"

"All right, leave it. Forget it!"

But back they went to their digging and came with another five pounds of silver coins. I was handed the lot.

We said our good-byes. I got on my bicycle and road away home.

I knew that that old scalawag had thousands of pounds of gold and silver hidden in holes in the ground and that by no means all of it would be found when he did die. He didn't die just then.

Mr. Reese made a beautiful casket out of mukwa wood, Mrs. Reese padded it and lined it with brocade. The cost was fifteen pounds. Boyd Reese made a special journey to bring it out to Kabanga, a hundred mile trip, and asked five pounds to cover the expense. So I had ten pounds to return to Sianjina. I took the money to him and asked him what to do with the box. He said that we could please keep it in our house. So for the next two years Helen Pearl had a beautifully polished coffin decorating the spare bedroom.

Sianjina's eyesight began to fail, and for once he went to see a doctor. The doctor made arrangement for him to be treated in Johannesburg. The cataracts were removed and he came back to Kalomo. His health was really failing; he felt really bad, and he looked very ill. On the way home by ox cart he got the notion that his own village was bewitched, so he stopped at his son Kettle's place. Now he sent for me again to tell me that he was going to die, and it surely seemed that he was right this time. He said that when he was dead he wanted me to put him in the box and screw the lid down. "After that," he said, "you can go away."

The old man had been baptized, but he had not been converted. He never mentioned that he was a Christian. He had never understood the Gospel and was completely satisfied with the ways of his ancestors. When I spoke to him in Christian words I had no feeling that I was getting through to him.

(Preachers sometimes get very anxious about the indecision of their listeners, so undertake to "high pressure" individuals. The individual finds that it is less trouble to be baptized than to be scolded; so he submits, and is thenceforth troubled no more. He has been reported as saved.)

Two days after my last visit to Sianjina he got very ill. In the middle of the night he demanded to be taken immediately to his village so that he might die in his own house. The sons inspanned the oxen and got the old man on a sled. He died on the road.

The next morning I was called to perform my part of the burial preparation. This time I drove over to the village in our old red Chevy pick-up and carried the coffin with me. I stopped at the door of the little hut where the body lay. Hundreds of people had gathered though the morning was very young. The people crowded around to see the box!

With one eye I could see that we could never get the coffin through the narrow door. It would not do to bring the body out to put it in the box. The body must not be exposed to the people. An axe was brought, and the doorpost was cut, some of the wall poles were removed, and the coffin was carried into the hut and placed on one of the two iron beds. The corpse was dressed in khaki shirt and short trousers, a belt with whistle and knife hung from it. Red stockings and white tennis shoes were on his legs and feet. The first clothes that body had ever worn now adorned it. A red bandana handkerchief covered his face.

Two young men helped me put their father's body into the coffin, then they brought six fine woolen blankets to go in too. I could find room for only one. Then I screwed the coffin lid down, but I did not go home right away. I went outside to see how things would go, and what would happen.

Since Sianjina was a very rich man, having many more than 1000 cattle, and money buried on this and that kopje, people expected that there would be some trouble, and maybe bloodshed as the results of drunken arguments over the division of property. It was a fiercely wild heathen celebration, but there was no violence.

I was interested in the laying-out of the grave and stood to watch the proceedings. One of the nephews placed a large calabash of water on his shoulder and walked to a spot that had been picked-out as the grave site. He stood and dropped the calabash from his shoulder so that it broke on the ground. It seemed that the way the water splashed on the ground would show the length and width of the grave. They marked it out with the pick on the butt-end of a spear shaft. It looked to be about 10 feet long and 6 feet wide. Three men started the digging. They worked with great haste. When they were tired others took their places, so that before very long the hole was as much as seven feet deep. They leveled off the floor, throwing out all the loose earth then started digging a room in one of the side walls. It was the full length of the grave and just under 4 feet high and extended 4 feet into the wall.

When the cave like room was finished and the rubble all cleared out they dug a trench just along the line where the grave wall had been. This was about a foot deep and 6 inches wide. They were now ready for the internment.

An iron bed and mattress were set back in the cave. The coffin was brought and placed on the bed. The remaining five beautiful woolen blankets were stacked up at the foot of the bed. Two big white, enamelware buckets full of beer were put under the bed. A half dozen bolts of cloth were put in with the rest of the goods. Guns were put in and slipped out again. (I am sure he couldn't see that.) When everything was in, hardwood posts were set up in the trench to seal off the room, and they began to fill the grave with earth.

While all this was going on the multitude of the people, many with their bodies painted red with ochre, or white with clay, were dancing and singing to the beat of many drums and to the tune of many goat-horn whistles blown to the rhythm of the drums. Fires were glowing, meat was cooking, cattle were being slaughtered. This sort of thing might go on for three days. But I had seen enough and took off for home.

THE FIRE MAKER

I was stooped down watching a small boy dig a thorn out of his foot with a safety pin when someone behind me gave a polite little cough. I stood up and turned to see two strange men. Both of them

were tall and gaunt. They were dressed very much alike: each wore an old grey hat, an old khaki army overcoat and had sandals made from thick zebra hide on his feet. Under their overcoats they wore simple calico breech clouts.

These were men from the Zambezi Valley on a visit to friends on the Plateau. They carried the things a man usually carries when he is making a walking tour of the villages: a couple of spears, a small hand axe and a bag made of a small monkey's skin in which he keeps his pipe, tobacco, knife, a couple of old razor blades, a small piece of well rubbed blue soap, a little money well wrapped up in a dirty rag, and then, one or two safety pins for picking thorns out of tough-skinned feet.

One of these men had a larger kid's skin bag swinging from his shoulder. I was curious and wanted to know what was in that big bag. In this part of Africa it is not impolite to pursue your curiosity, so I asked him what he had in his shoulder bag. He unslung it and showed me two pieces of wood about sixteen inches long and several little pads of a strange kind of grass or moss. One of the sticks was of very soft wood and looked like a sawed off piece of a broom stick, the other piece was a slat-shaped strip of the very hardest wood, in size, say, about a half inch thick and two inches broad. The grass pads where about the size of a lady's powder puff. The man said that this was a fire-making outfit.

I had read, of course, that Stone Age people made fire by rubbing pieces of wood together, but this was the first time I had actually seen things that were used to make fire in that way. I wanted very much to see a demonstration of fire making by a man right out of the Stone Age, so I asked him to make fire for me.

He spread out his hands to show me how they were calloused. I had never seen hands like that before; they were calloused from the thumbs clean across the palms.

He said, "It is very hard work."

I told him that if he would let me see him make a blaze that I would give him a penny box of matches with which he could make six times ten blazes without any hard labor. So be began to get ready to oblige me.

Before I say anything more about what happened I must try to tell more about the apparatus. In about the middle of the hardwood piece was a bowl-shaped depression large enough to receive the end of the round stick. From the center of this depression to the edge of

the slat a sharp-edged cut had been made through the wood. When the soft-wood bit was rotated with pressure against this sharp edge snuff-like powder was spilled onto the pad of grass underneath, through the slit, where it stayed and accumulated.

Sitting on the ground with his feet on either end of the slat the operator placed the rounded end of the wooden bit in the indentation in the lower piece of wood and began to rotate it back and forth between his calloused palms. But he had to exert great downward pressure too, and as he did this his hands descended until they could go no farther, then, as quickly as possible he would bring his hands to the top again and continue his grinding, with a grunt and a groan now and then.

After a minute of this I noticed that the fine dust in the groove where it had been pushed out on the pad of grass was beginning to send up a curl of blue smoke. As the work continued the curl of smoke grew. Suddenly, and just at the right moment I suppose, the Fire Maker swept the grass pad from beneath the slat and began to fan it about in the air. It burst into flame! He handed the fire to me and cooled his palms on his bare thighs. He laughed as I thanked him and gave him his matches.

I was surprised that it took less than two minutes to make fire in this manner. But of course my man was an expert.

NAUGHTY BOY BLUE

A group of people, a dozen or more, was coming up the road to the house. There were men, women, boys and girls in the crowd. By their dress we knew that they were Zambezi Valley folk, and because they were walking quickly, almost running, I thought, "There must be some kind of trouble! What can the matter be?"

The man leading the party was carrying a four-year-old boy pickaback. Without a word he stopped, untied the blue cloth that held the boy to his back, and let the lad slip to the ground. Then all the people sat flat on the ground and began to clap their hands in greeting. Then the leader, a middle-aged man, told what the trouble was.

He said the little son had pushed a grain of corn into his nose three days ago. They had tried everything they knew to get it out; they picked at it with a sharp stick, they blew in his mouth, and

any other thing that was suggested they had done, but if I would look I could see that the corn was still in the child's nose. They hoped that Muluti could get it out.

I looked in the nose, and sure enough there was something in it that looked like the small end of a grain of corn. I asked my wife for one of her finest hairpins. She produced a very thin one. I opened the loop out to about what I thought would go around a swollen grain of corn. The man held the boy and I passed the hairpin past the grain of corn then turned it so that the bend would come behind the obstacle. I pulled very gently and—out it came! The man said, "Naughty grain of corn!" But I said, "Naughty Little Boy Blue." The women patted their lips, trilling their voices in appreciation.

The people all clapped hands in thanks and went happily home again.

YOUNG MAN WITH OX TO SELL

Sometimes a young fellow in love and wanting to get married before the family thinks he is quite old enough will, nevertheless, start begging his father for dowry money which the father is never quite ready to part with. In the course of time he has had to say "No, not yet!" so often that it gets to be embarrassing, so he says something like this, "OK, If you will take Old Jobugi to the market and can get $30 for him, then bring the money back home and I will give you the Bride Price you are asking for." The snag is that the ox called Jobugi is not worth half the price the old man is asking for him. The father knows quite well that there will be no sale. And sure enough the son comes back from the market and says,

"They would not buy Jobugi."

"You see!" says the father with a disappointed drop of the hands. When I have been on the buyers end of a deal like this I have been tempted to pay the price he has asked just to shock the sandals off the father's horny old feet, and I would have done it too except for the fact that I did not like to spare the money any more than the old man did.

But here is another case. A lad came to the house to say that he had an ox for sale and would I please come out and see it. He had brought several animals but the one he wanted to sell was a stunted bull with a very small body and long, long horns.

I asked, "How much do you want for your bull?"

He said, "My father said for me to ask Ten Pounds, and if you refused that to say Seven pounds Ten, and if you refused that to say Three Pounds Ten, and if you refused that to say Three Pounds."

Well, I could not be that easily taken in. I offered him what it was worth, Two Pounds Ten, and he took it.

XXII. TIME SPEEDS UP

The month had passed very quickly. Our Roy was well over a year old, and we were expecting a baby sister to be arriving for him soon. The doctors in these "wide" countries like for expectant mother patients to do the last two weeks of waiting near the hospital, for a doctor can't be expected to answer a call, say in our case, a hundred and thirty miles away. Then after the child is born the hospital keeps mother and baby at least two weeks, just in case.

We were going about the necessary arrangements: We'd found a place to stay on a small farm near town, and we'd enrolled Ruth in the girls' school at Choma, a town forty miles north of Kalomo. She would go up alone by train. A new complete uniform outfit had been bought for her. This had been packed in a big brand new suitcase, and she'd been sent away with it.

The next week Helen Pearl was upset by a letter she'd received from the hostel matron, the woman who looked after the children's clothes. She wrote, "Do you think I have nothing to do that you send a lot of rags for me to mend"?

In time we had the explanation from Ruth. For two years she had been the only child in our house and had to amuse herself as best she could and did it by dressing up in old clothes and play-acting. When she was getting ready to be sent away to school she tucked these things in her suitcase when no one was looking; she might need them!

★ ★ ★

Orville Brittell had made a gas-producer for his car and was having such good success with it that he offered to come to the camp where we were staying in Livingstone and make one for our pick-up. He said it would save lots of gasoline.

The fuel used in a tank full of furnace and cleaners was charcoal. This tank was carried in the pick-up bed. Pipes went to the intake line beyond the carburetor of the car. To get the gas-producer going a live coal or two was placed in a small air intake pipe at the base of the furnace filled with a bushel of charcoal; the engine was

started on gasoline, and this caused a draft that soon had the furnace humming; then the gasoline feed could be cut off and the engine would operate on the charcoal gas. It worked!

There were some drawbacks. If you had been running fast, say twenty miles per hour, and slowed down, or stopped, the abundance of gas would heat and explode, blowing white hot coals out of the fresh-air intake; spewing a stream of white fire six feet beyond the side of the car, and this could set fire to the veldt. In order to stop this stream of fire a trap had been placed on the end of the intake pipe to close it when the draft let up. Well, I took the trap off, for it seemed to me that if it were on, and the gas caught fire it would blow the whole thing up! The other difficulty was that when the going was hard and you needed lots of gas there wasn't enough draft to produce it. I finally learned to use gasoline before the pulling got hard, and then use the charcoal gas on more or less level ground.

★ ★ ★

Our new little girl came to us on November 13, 1945. We decided to call her Helen Rosaland. I didn't like the spelling of the second name; I'd much rather it had been spelled with an *e* instead of the *a*, like this: *Roseland*, but I gave in. The law required that a new-born baby be registered within ten days; so while mother and daughter were still in the hospital I went to the registration office and filled out the proper forms and paid the ten shilling fee. In the process of time we got the Birth Certificate by mail, and the name was Helen Roseland! I didn't do this on purpose. Perhaps a psychologist could tell how it came about.

★ ★ ★

The war had been over for some months but recovery was very, very slow. Some of our people wanted to go home, and had tried to get passage, but troops were still being moved from all over the world to be disbanded and sent home.

The Shorts were the first to make up their minds to try for passage, and as we wanted to send Elizabeth with them we had her to leave school and wait the word at home. While waiting she taught in the mission school.

When sailing day finally came our little group had grown, for Rona Claassen and the Scotts had joined it. They sailed from Cape Town to England, where they had to wait for vacancies on a ship bound for New York.

The Scotts were staying in a missionary rest house in London while waiting, but had to give up going home for a long time, for Mrs. Scott fell and broke a hip bone and had to be put in a hospital.

Mrs. Scott's accident caused us to advance the date of our own intended visit home; Helen Pearl was anxious about her mother, for she and Mr. Scott were old and frail.

Boyd Reese and Eldred Echols came to Kabanga to relieve us, so that we were able to catch a transport ship (not yet re-converted to passenger condition) out of Cape Town to follow our friends to England.

On this ship the men were separated from their wives and children. We men went down into the hold where the small canvas-bottomed bunks were four deep to do our sleeping; we ate cafeteria style, after standing a while in long lines for it. The women and children had the better things; they had the officers' quarters and ate at tables.

One of the passengers, a police officer from Northern Rhodesia came down with a sickness and broke out in little blisters as thick as ticks all over his body. The doctors were not sure that it was chickenpox and not smallpox. Everyone on board had to produce a valid vaccination certificate or be vaccinated. We had neglected having Roy, aged 4, and Roseland, aged 2, vaccinated. When the old ship's doctor knew this it made him angry. He scratched three large wounds on their left arms. In a few days they were very sore. Roseland's shoulders on both sides up to her neck were black and blue. It turned out that the man had a very unusual case of chicken-pox.

We visited Mrs. Scott in the London hospital. We had to have ration cards for the ten days we waited for a ship to New York. We felt like we were robbing someone of every bite we took of that food.

We were given passage from London to New York on an American transport named Marine Falcon. Most of the people on board were going to Canada to settle: they were Scots, Irishmen, French and some English. The ship was crowded. Like the first the men and women were separated too.

The men had better bunks; real beds, and only two high. I selected a nice lower birth, and was ever after sorry that I was so clever. The lad above me had never been to sea, and this trip the old Atlantic really outdid herself. The bunks were away from the

bulkhead, set eight in a square; that is, four lowers and four uppers, in a block. The man opposite me was a middle-aged Scotsman. He'd come in late at night, take his false teeth out and put them under his pillow so he could snore well, and drop off to sleep instantly! He was awake at 5 a.m. trying to tell me the jokes he'd heard the night before, but without his teeth and with his accent, I could understand nothing he said.

This man had a bagpipe and would get up on the deck, walk back and forth and make it whistle. He made out to me that he was a great teacher, but when he showed me some of his sheet-music I saw it was beginner stuff and he was a learner; or is all bagpipe music as simple as that?

Before I left London I cashed a draft to get dollars, and in the odd lot of U. S. notes the cashier gave me there were 15 two-dollar bills. I knew they were genuine and thought nothing of it. It would go fast enough when we got home.

We docked at the French line pier in New York eleven days after leaving Southampton. We were through customs and walking to the street, following the porter who was carting our luggage when some one from the crowd of waiting people called out, "Merritts?" We were very surprised for we expected no one to meet us. It was people from the church at Bernardsville, New Jersey, who had come to take us home with them.

We met Mr. Clinton Davidson there for the first time. He asked about our plans to travel to the Middle States. When I told him we'd planned to take chair-car tickets, he said that if we'd go to New York and get clergy permits we could use them to travel first class at less cost than by chair-car, and he would pay for the Pullman ticket to Chicago. That was generous of him.

While in New York I thought I'd send a wire to my Mother to tell her when we'd arrive. The girl cashier would not take my 2 dollar bill! She'd never seen one and thought I was a crook of some kind.

Our Pullman compartment had three beds and all sorts of easy chairs. It had a bathroom to boot. But what our little boy saw, and was fascinated by, was so many light buttons! He was busy, "turning off the darkness!"

I heard the Porter's bell zip-zipping and said to my wife, "Someone is in a great huff for a slow porter." Just then the porter came

to the door and asked if we wanted anything, and when I said that we didn't, he said, "I think the baby is playing with the bell."

Right after that I went investigating our compartment's little bathroom. It was dark in there; I pressed a button to turn on the light, and was horrified to hear the Porter's bell ring again!

We left Chicago's Union Station on a CB&Q train for Osceola, Iowa. The time was July. The coach we were put in was closed tight for air-conditioning, but the machine didn't work properly; a mechanic labored for an hour on the machine while the passengers suffered. On our part we were wishing we were back in Africa where we could have opened the windows wide and complained of the cinders.

An uncle, Gary Mitchell, met us and took us to my mother's home at Davis City. Mother was ninety that year. One Sunday evening she went with us to a country church, where the young people made over her a lot. One girl said, "Oh! I hope I live as long as you have!"

"I hope you don't," was Mother's reply, "One can't hear or see; one can't taste his food, and his feet won't go where he wants them to go."

Mother had had thirteen children: five daughters and eight sons. She had lost two baby girls and a boy.

We spent that school year at Harding where Elizabeth was a freshman in college, and Ruth in the Academy. The next spring Elizabeth was married to Forest Moyer and went away with him to live in Georgia.

It is hard what to decide about a child's education when the choice has to be one of two undesirable things. We had a problem regarding Ruth's schooling; we could leave her here with Iris to go to a Christian school and be out of our influence, or we could take her with us and send her away to a state school where she'd be out of our influence as well. She had just turned fourteen. We decided to leave her. Miss Zelma Bell became her sponsor, and looked after her when, the next year, Ken and Iris themselves went to Africa.

We sailed from New Orleans on Thanksgiving Day, 1948. A month later, when we arrived by car at Kabanga, we found a message telling us of Mother's death. She had fallen and injured a hip. Shocked into unconsciousness she never knew what had happened to her. I couldn't weep for her, for I knew how she longed for rest. She died the day we sailed away.

I began to make ready for the Elders to come live at Kabanga and help us, as they intended to do as soon as Ken had graduated. I made 40,000 brick, had them stacked in a likely place, where Ken could choose the site and build his own house, but I also made a two-roomed Kimberly brick house with outside kitchen, as a temporary living place.

The Elders arrived in Northern Rhodesia the day before Christmas, 1949. We met them at the Police Barrier at the Eastern Cataract of the Victoria Falls and went with them to the Customs House. They had a new car, stove, fridge, etc. The customs people were full of good Christmas cheer and getting fuller. They told Ken to come back sometime when he happened to be in town and pay the duty on the car, the rest of the stuff was baggage. Ken protested that the stove and fridge were new and hadn't been used. The official said, "You could've used it, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Ken.

"It's just as good as used!"

"Well," I said, "that has to be it."

Our Danny, Louis Daniel, was born August 7, 1950. He was a beautiful child. He learned to blow on a French harp, and loved to peck away on a toy piano. I taught him to do all sorts of tricks. He and I loved to play together.

Then Danny got ill. We treated him for malaria, but he continued to have a low fever, starting just above normal in the morning it would reach 101° by evening. It increased each day a little, so that I feared it was typhoid and we took him to the hospital. The doctors there were indifferent. Helen Pearl worried, then asked the doctor who was supposed to attend to him to examine him closely, for he was not getting better. The doctor said, "Is this your first baby?" which meant that he thought she was overanxious.

Danny got no better. Then one day he fell out of his cot and landed on his head; after that his fever went very high; then he became unconscious. The doctor took notice then and sent him and the mother by air to Bulawayo. There they found his temperature was 108° and thought it might be typhoid. At consultation it was decided that he had a brain tumor. The high fever had left the baby blind and deaf; so paralyzed that he couldn't move and had to be fed by tube. The hospital kept him alive for nearly a month. It broke my heart to give him up. I was so hurt that two years later when Georgia came I was afraid to love without restraint for a time; she had to win me over, which she did right well.

The Union of South Africa had taken independence and became the Republic of South Africa. Other territories were clamoring for political freedom. Britain tried to satisfy the African people by creating the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, but none of the African people were happy about it. This state lived for ten years before it was broken up; Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were given independence and became the republics of Zambia and Mawali.

Before the federation the government went about trying to convert the Africans to the idea. They sent out officers to the villages to explain how it would benefit everyone. When the local District Commissioner came by on his way to Siamwatachella, the Chief's Village, to meet all the men of the area when they came to hear him read the letter of explanation, he asked Ken and me to go along with him.

It took a long time to read the letter and have it interpreted. At last it was finished and he asked if anyone had a question. An old headman, who had been listening with his mouth wide open, so seemingly intent, had a question, "Can we have more dogs in our villages?" he asked.

I think the least that could be said about Federation is that it was imposed on the people; the politicians and the white civil servants didn't want it. Most of the common folk didn't know their right hand from the left in politics.

About the dogs; only a few were allowed in each village, and if a man wanted another dog he had to apply for a license for it, and was often denied a permit. This didn't mean that a village was lacking dogs; there were many dogs without owners!

We had a dog called Trixie. The male pup we saved out of her litter for Georgia, she named Spottie.

One Sunday we came home from church to find the three little kittens that Roseland had in a nest on the front veranda, killed; chewed to death. And then we soon came to know that the country was full of rabid dogs. It looked like a mad dog attracted other dogs for some strange reason. We saw groups of six and eight well dogs following a sick one. I tied our dog. I was not much afraid she'd get infected for she'd been innoculated, but I didn't want her roaming the country. I had overlooked Spottie.

The little dog had howled all night. In the morning I asked one of the school boys, "What makes Georgia's puppy howl like that?"

"They do like that sometimes when they are mad."

I put the pup in a big box to see what would happen to it, because when I was putting the baby's shoes on her feet that morning I asked her what had caused a scratch on her leg. She said, "Spottie."

Spottie died on the third day. Before the little fellow died he'd try to bite anything; he'd go after his own tail, ferociously. The veterinarian sent the body to the laboratory for examination. The microscopic tests were negative, but in a few days we received a telegram to say that the biological tests were positive. Georgia and I had to take the treatment: fourteen daily injections of 1 mil each of serum. These were given in the flesh of the abdomen so that the serum would reach one of the big nerves quickly. By the time we were two-thirds through the course I had nine big blue welts in a half-circle on my belly, with plenty room left for more; but the poor baby had little room left. We had to hold her down to have the last few shots administered: ever after she has had a horror of a needle.

Ken went elephant hunting for the ivory. He killed one large bull within ten miles of the mission, and the other one fifteen miles away. We took the children to see the near one. The people had already arrived with their ox-sleds to haul the meat away. The meat of the trunk belongs to the Chief; no one would touch the animal till he came to get his choice bit. To keep the meat fresh Ken opened the belly and let the intestines gush out; they were distended and as big as stovepipes. He accidentally punctured one and it exploded, spraying the lot of us with an ugly smelling mixture of leaves, sticks, pods and a sticky, semi-fluid muck that held the mass together.

Next to Donors, Missionaries are the oddest sort of people. Ken and Iris had not told us that they were on starvation rations, that their support had dropped so that in order to live Ken hunted ivory, a dangerous task. If they'd asked us we could have helped them, but no—!

I give a dime to nearly every begger that asks for it and think no more about him or his welfare. They come and they go. Is it fair for me to think like that about the man I help to preach the gospel and drop him at the first convenient excuse?

A STATUS SYMBOL

There were no fences in the African reservations. The gardens were unprotected, but the range was free. Cattle, sheep and goats were herded through the farming season, for their owners were liable for any damages done to gardens. But just as soon as the crops were harvested the cattle were turned loose to clean up the fodder in the fields, and after that to roam where they would on the range until the rains came when they would be rounded up and put in herds again. Each owner had earmarks to identify his animals. Usually both ears were notched, cropped or punctured.

Frank, one of our more ambitious neighbors, had a herd of good cattle which he took great pains to keep intact and healthy. He kept them in herds the year around, and when the country was burned off, he searched out grazing places and sent his herd from place to place as the condition of the grass indicated. He counted, and otherwise checked the cattle at each of his visits.

One bright day he missed a fine young heifer and went out looking for it, and found it in the herd of Siamabwe, the headman of Gumbwe's village, and a rascal.

Frank went to the headman's house and was well received. He was given a low stool. After the men were seated on the verandah the greetings and conversation began, both men clapping hands throughout the greetings.

"You have risen?" said Frank in solemn salutation.

"Yes, I have risen."

"Are you well?"

"Yes, I am well."

"And the chief's wife, is she well?"

"Yes, she is well."

"And your children, are they well?"

"Yes, they are well, except they are suffering from sore eyes and fever."

"What do you eat?"

"I am so very sorry, we have only hunger here." (What this last means is, "Yes, we have no beer.")

This friendly exchange was continued when Siamabwe began to ask Frank a similar pattern of questions. Finally he asked,

"What are you doing away from your home?"

"I have lost a heifer and am looking for it. I found footprints pointing this way. I also inquired and some people told me that a red cow with my earmarks had been seen in this area. I have come to you to ask permission to search for this animal among your herds."

The request could hardly be refused, so the men went together to inspect the herd that was just at that time being driven into the corral. Frank pointed to a cow calling out the different earmarks that identified the beast as his, but Siamabwe would not listen. He refused to allow Frank to take the cow away, claiming that it had been born in his herd. When Frank mentioned the earmarks to him again, he replied, "Anyone can cut a cow's ears!"

Frank went back home and persuaded his neighbor, Towell, to go with him to get Siamabwe to listen to reason and allow the cow to be driven home, but another witness had no softening effect on his stand; he still refused to let the cow go.

One of the functions of the Chief's Court is to settle such property disputes, so Frank brought suit against Siamabwe to regain possession of his heifer.

The people of the community were stirred up because of this thing that involved three of the leading young men and the validity of the tradition of earmarking. So when the day of the court hearing came the little courthouse was full of people, and overflowing.

After much time-consuming formality the Court quickly came to its decision: Siamabwe was ordered to deliver "said cow" to Frank, "forthwith," and to pay 65¢ costs.

Siamabwe was furiously angry! He left the courtroom shouting curses on his opponents, the Chief and the courthouse itself. The people went away shaking their heads at such behavior.

That very night a terrible thunderstorm blew up. The courthouse was struck by lightning and burned out. I went to see the ruins. On three walls I saw where the white hot bolts had torn the plaster from the brick walls in streaks two or three inches wide as they shot on their way to earth.

You can imagine what an effect all this had on the minds of a superstitious people. Siamabwe could have had the cow! What a man of power was he.

But Siamabwe was not present to enjoy such notability, for he was by this time half way through his one-hundred-and-thirty mile

journey to the office of the Provencal Commissioner to report that his enemies, Frank and Towell, were the owners of illicit .303 high-powered rifles; to have revenge for the humiliation he suffered when he lost the court case.

The sale and possession of firearms was strictly controlled. Heads of families could, upon the Chief's recommendation, possess an old muzzle-loading musket. The Chief could own a single-shot, breech loading Henry Martini rifle. Single-barrelled, single-shot shotguns could be bought by anyone who could get a responsible European to recommend that such a person was reliable. Any firearm held in possession of any African except under license was an offense. Some reasons for these restrictions were, (1) the danger of misguided rebellion, and (2) ignorance of the dangerous long-range of modern high-powered rifles.

As a result of Siamabwe's report a pair of police detectives were sent to Siamwatachella's area to set up a search for these alleged illicit rifles. They soon found Towell's rifle buried down in the ears of corn in the crib, but it took several days for them to discover Frank's under his scotscart, nailed to the floor boards above the axle. They also found a large supply of .303 ammunition. These men were questioned by the police as to how, when and where they were able to get these things, and from whom. They admitted that they bought the rifles from a cattle buyer, and that the ammunition was purchased from Siamabwe!

About this time there was unrest all over Central and East Africa. Mau Mau was getting under way in Kenya. Troublemakers from England and Europe were busy stirring up discontent, and, it was held by some, they were quietly supplying the native people with arms.

Considering all the evidences, the minority as well as the police, could not be blamed for being jittery, not knowing how far some of these new ideas might have penetrated the political thinking of the local people. It turned out that the police undertook to sift out every illegal gun, and to discover the sources of supply.

About this time I wrote a news item to the Livingstone Mail telling about the discovery of rifles and ammunition, and how I saw, day after day, truck loads of worried men from village after village, being taken to the District Office for questioning.

How foolish I had been in making note of what was going on was brought home to me when a few days later I was called to the District Office myself. I was told that the newspaper had received

my report and had referred it to the government to check on the facts. The police asked them not to publish the article before they had had time to try to persuade me to withdraw it!

Needless to say, I made haste to the post office and rushed a wire to the Mail asking them to refrain from putting my news in print. Since that time I have been very careful to keep clear of any police action.

In this investigation the answers came thick and fast: brother told on brother, neighbor reported neighbor. More than 100 illegally held weapons were discovered, and heaps of ammunition were surrendered.

It was found that two white farmers had given old worn out guns to faithful old servants that they wanted to please. A gun-running cattle-buyer admitted to eleven counts of firearms law violations. The farmers had their cases heard in camera, but the cattle-buyer came to open trial. He was fined $5,000. If there was also a prison sentence it was suspended.

This whole thing was a great shock to me. The thing that troubled me most, I think, was the fact that, against all I had come to believe about these people, they gave evidence against one another. I thought I knew the African. I believed that if I had sold or given a firearm to one of them that he would have suffered a very great deal indeed before turning me in to the law.

After the people had paid all their fines, which amounted to $5 for each offense, and the collection of guns had been tossed, one by one, into the furnace at the iron foundry, things quieted down and we were soon back to normal. Then I asked a friend of mine why he infomred on his best friend. He said that the African police strapped his wrists together loosely, then put a stick through the straps to make a kind of tourniquet, "And," he said, "when they twisted it I could not bear the pain!"

One of the policemen told me, very privately, that if they hadn't used a little third degree they had got no information.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

SWOLLEN STREAMS

We had no telephone at Kabanga. When the mission folk at Kalomo had word that my wife's father (Mr. George Scott) had died, the Reeses drove out to our place to tell us the sad news. They

arrived about suppertime. After hearing what had happened we decided that we would go back to Kalomo with the Reeses, following them in our Chevy pick-up. The Reeses would take our two older children and get started right away, but we had some things to do, and the Head Teacher had to know what had taken place and that he would be in charge. We hoped to get to Kalomo in time to catch the 2:00 a.m. train for the South. We knew that we could not get to Cape Town in time for the funeral; but Helen Pearl wanted to be with her mother for a few days.

The time was January, the wettest month of the rainy season. On our road to Kalomo there were three rivers that had to be crossed over low level concrete causeways. When it rained hard these streams came up high very quickly. So, if it rained hard while we were on the way we just might not make it.

We loaded the car with our suitcases and "the essentials," the essentials being a couple of blankets, an axe, a shovel, an extra spare tire, a box containing a Primus stove, a bottle of spirits to use as a primer, a small teakettle, a teapot, matches, a tin of milk, a tin of sugar, some tea leaves, bread, butter, peanut butter, cheese, jam, a sharp knife, a fork and a spoon. There was also a gallon canvas water bag full of boiled water, and a tarpaulin to cover the lot.

The sun had set pretty; the sky was not now completely overcast; the Reeses were twenty minutes ahead of us; and now we were off! Twenty miles out, and it began to sprinkle. A few minutes more and the rain came down by bucketfulls. It was still eight miles to our first river crossing, Ben's Drift we called it.

"Would Reeses be stopped at the drift?" asked Helen Pearl.

"Will we be able to make it across?" I answered.

Reeses were not there, but the river was coming up very fast. The water was not so high that we could not cross, so over we went; but one minute only had passed, and now there was no going back. Mr. Ben Cooper's house was less than a mile on the Kalomo side of this drift. It was named for him because the spruit crossed his farm. Two miles farther ahead was our second obstacle, the Mwimba River crossing. We were hurrying to get there. If it had rained to the north of us the river might be coming up, we might not get over.

After five minutes driving we could hear the Mwimba roaring. Reeses were not at this crossing either, but we could see by car lights at the Cooper farmhouse that they had gone up there for the

night. In a few minutes Mr. Reese drove down to tell us that Coopers said that they could make beds for us too, but we decided to stay on the river bank. The water was only seven feet above the cement causeway and might go down before day.

No traveler ventures on a journey in Africa without food and boiled water. We were trapped all right, but we were prepared to manage. We got out the mosquito net and the blankets and fixed for the baby in the cab. The net was too small for all of us and the mosquitos were really biting. Smoke from a fire would drive them away. I would have to make smoke.

I began, with the aid of a flashlight, to gather dead twigs from the trunks of small trees in the neighborhood. I heaped up a couple of armfulls of this brush in a place where the smoke would drift over the car, doused the heap well with mentholated spirits, struck a match and soon had a blaze. With the axe I chopped some dead limbs and we soon had a fine fire. But the whole project was a failure. The wind changed.

At day break the water was still sixteen inches above the road. Mr. Reese came down to see the river then went back to Coopers for breakfast. We were asked too, but, well the water would maybe go down while we were away!

When the water got to ten inches we ventured in; if you remember how easily an old Chevy pick-up could drown out you know what a venture it was. We went ever so slowly; the water was swift, heaping up on the side of the car and pushing—the engine coughed once—it caught again, and we made it across. We got to Kalomo in fine shape and in pretty good humor.

Another One:

Georgia was just twelve days old when I went to Livingstone to bring her and her mother home. The road passed right by Namwianga. It would not do for us to go by and not let the folk see what a fine girl Georgia was. So we stopped there and spent the night. Early the next morning we were on our way to Kabanga. Twelve miles out we came to the Kanyameza, one of the three river crossings on the Kabanga Road, and found it a roaring torrent. It would not be passable for hours, so back we went to Namwianga where we spent two more nights before we were able to make the three crossings: Kanyameza, Mwimba and Ben's Drift.

There had been no rain for three weeks. Everyone said that the rains were over; even the old people said that the rains were over;

and now we had made the three crossings on the main road we were as good as at home. We had forgotten the little spruit at Kabanga, the Tambana, that floods when it rains.

It is a strange way of the early settlers and missionaries; when they went to find a farm or mission site they always looked for a place near a river, but they always built on the other side! That is what we did at Kabanga too, we crossed the Tambana and built the Mission houses there. Thinking of it now I know that the bank nearer Kalomo had better sites than the one we chose after crossing the river.

The sun was shining brightly, the wind was gently swaying the tall ripe grass to and fro; we were happy as we drove along. There was not a cloud in our sky. Two miles from the Tambana we met some cyclists who said that we had better hurry up and get across the river as there had been a big shower and the river was bound to be up in five minutes!

We hurried. The river was coming up. I took off my shoes and and waded in and found it to be knee-deep already. I carried the suitcases across, then took the baby across and put her down on the suitcases and went back for Helen Pearl. I was going to carry her across too. By this time the water was waist high.

I took my burden pic-a-back and went into the water. With the extra weight on my back the stones in the river bottom hurt my feet so that I was walking gingerly. When the cold water began to wet Helen Pearl she moved violently so that I was thrown off balance and I dropped her in the river.

Roy and Roseland, who were up at the house with Ken and Iris, saw our car come to the river and stop and told Ken that we had stopped; so they got in the truck and drove down to where we were, arriving just in time to see Mother coming out of the water soaking wet, all but her Sunday hat.

XXIII. TIME FLIES!

Mr. Scott was buried in January 1955, and Mrs. Scott died in December of the same year. They were aged 80, and 73. As the custom is in that part of the world husband and wife were buried in the same grave. The grave was opened up and the second casket placed above the one that had been buried as deep as seven feet, earlier.

They had worked in Africa thirty years. They made one trip home after the first twenty years of service. Both had been active in Christian education, and he had been a pioneer preacher on the West Coast before going to Africa.

Back home again, the daily struggle in the classroom was relieved by Sunday, and sometimes week-end visits to village churches. A great many unusual things came to notice on such trips. At Seven's village we went to the meeting in a vacant hut; not quite vacant though for an old hen was sitting on eggs in the southeast corner. This meeting was conducted by a young man who had attended our school; about 25 people came and with our little family we were so crowded that there was hardly room for the little box that served as the communion table. The setting hen felt the pinch too for she would fluff her feathers and scold occasionally.

After a few words at the table a brother lifted the cover off of the table, and, on a saucer where the bread should have been, was a peeled hard-boiled egg! I whispered to the speaker that I had some bread in the car; if he'd just wait I'd get it.

When we made these trips we always carried communion supplies with us, for sometimes we found that the group was without these things; or the wine had soured and was full of mold. But as a rule we let the people themselves request that we supply the table. Ignorance is widespread, intentions are good.

The church in Misika was built up and kept going by the energy and push of one man. He built the little church house that was used on rainy days.

This place was twelve miles from Kabanga in the hills along the Zambezi escarpment. The motor-road to it was climbing and tortuous.

We arrived for worship too early one cold Sunday morning and were parked in the warm sunshine absorbing a little heat when my wife said, "Look! The church house has been torn down." From some little boys we learned than an elephant had wrecked it. "He brushed against it and it fell down," they said.

Before the meeting there were Bible classes in the open air, the two teachers vying with one another for the woods' echo! We have a picture of at least forty young people seated on logs, apparently listening intently. There were two albino boys shown in the picture, with their mother, a black woman, carrying an albino child.

The father of these children sent his first wife away for having white babies, but when this second wife had them too he began to think that maybe he was their father after all!

At this place the communion things were spread on a towel laid out on the ground.

After my little talk that day six young people stood up to request baptism. We all walked more than a mile, winding around through the hills, to find a water hole large enough and deep enough to immerse the youngsters.

★ ★ ★

The classes at Kabanga were growing bigger each year. The enrollment of both boys and girls had increased.

I had to teach my 46 member Standard IV arithmetic class in a small square room full of desks; the front of four rows was right up against the blackboard.

The boarding boys were still living in the 10′ x 10′ huts I had built when we first returned to Kabanga seven years before. A move had to be made to get better buildings and equipment. We proposed making our third trip home—these three trips were ten years apart—to undertake while there the raising of $12,000 for: two two-room school buildings, a dormitory, dining room and storerooms, bathrooms and kitchen for forty boys; and a bored-well with pumping machinery, also an electric light plant.

The Elders had just arrived back on the field to take up the work at Kabanga again after they had lived and worked in Michigan,

where Iris had given birth to a son. They hadn't been back to Africa three months before the little boy sickened with enteritis and died. This was hard for them to bear; they had waited long for a child. They were discouraged. Nevertheless, they set themselves to relieve us while we were away on the Lord's business.

Going home this time we traveled on the M. V. Endeavor, a "luxury" cruiser of the Farrell Line and sailed directly to the Port of New York.

Since our children were old enough to appreciate the sights of their home country, we spent the morning of our first day on a tour of the City: China Town, Skid Row, the Statue of Liberty, etc. Afterwards we went with them to the top of the Empire State Building.

That night, instead of going to a hotel to sleep, we crossed over to Hoboken where we boarded a train that was to pull out sometime in the early morning for Washington, D. C. and slept in our seats there.

In the Capitol we visited the houses of Congress, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the monuments, and the museum at the Smithsonian Institute, then took a train that was to travel through the night to Cincinnati.

Poor Roy! He took his shoes off to rest his tired feet and in the morning when he first tried he couldn't get them on again.

We went from there to Nashville where "Uncle Barney" Morehead met us and conveyed us to a motel, where we were to stay as his guests. We were told to get our meals in a cafe across the street. Mrs. Morehead was away and the man of the house didn't feel up to having a house full of visitors.

There was a television receiving set in our motel room, the first we'd ever seen. We were anxious to get it working. Roy found out how to turn it on. The picture cleared in time for us to see a man stick a dagger in the breast of a woman!

That was a disgusting sight, I turned the thing off and said to the family, "Let's go right back to Africa where the people are civilized!"

After staying a week in Nashville we went down south to Searcy, Arkansas to put the children in school. A little house just off the Harding College campus had been reserved for us. It was a nice place. The church people had furnished it with everything we needed; even thick steaks in the refrigerator.

We were soon settled in. Roy and Roseland were accepted in the Academy, and their mother, who needed to freshen her teaching experience, enrolled in a postgraduate Education course. Georgia, who was then four years old, spent the school days with Mrs. Pierce in the Kindergarten.

Abilene Christian College invited me to have a part in the 1958 Lectureship program. There I was able to present our needs, and tell of our hopes for the mission at Kabanga. The College Church at Abilene let me speak to them one Wednesday night a few weeks later; there I was given a donation of $1,050.00 for the building program. But a great deal more was needed.

Money raising was a new thing in my life; I didn't know how to go about it, and I knew very few people. I needed help. I felt sure that Dr. Benson, who was deeply interested in our work in Northern Rhodesia, and had helped us for years, would help in this if I could screw up the courage to tell him my story. He was a busy man. I didn't want to disturb him. But though I was fearful of intruding into his time schedule, he was the man I had to see to get action. He gave me time to tell my story. He listened, saw the picture and said he'd help. It was as simple as that!

As soon as the school-year ended we went on a tour of the country—the returned missionary's routine—visiting relatives, donors, prospective new workers, and friends. In the Fall of 1958 our ship landed us at Capetown. As soon as we could get our car from the Customs people we began to load it for the 2,000 mile trip to Kalomo, Northern Rhodesia.

The journey to Biet Bridge, on the Limpopo River, took three days of hard driving. Iris and Ken, who had been in Bulawayo for her confinement, came to the Customs barrier on the Southern Rhodesian side of the river and were waiting to meet us when we crossed the bridge from The Republic of South Africa. They were proud of their new babies, twins: Shelly and Mike.

We had to drive another 600 miles before we'd be home. We and the Elders made the drive together.

Back home at Kabanga Ken and I went over the building plans and decided to use prefabricated steel frames for the buildings, and build the walls with burned bricks. The floors were to be cement. This construction would free us from the fear of termites.

Buildings! Always and forever to have to make bricks! and every school-year hear the cry, "More room, more room!"

Though it was six months before the dry season when we might start building, we ordered the steel immediately, for there was a boom on in the country and delivery was mighty slow. The dealer said it might be six months before they could fill the order.

It was the same with the well. The drilling machines were government owned and under the control of the Water Development Department. We made our application for a drilled well. A water geologist made a survey and picked likely spots for a "borehole." If, when the drilling stopped, the flow of water was less than 100 gallons per hour, we were to pay only 25% of the footage, otherwise, it was to cost us about $5 per foot for the first 100 feet, and twice that for the second 100 feet. We were away down on the drillers list and might have to wait six months for him to get to us.

At last the driller came. The first well was a dry hole 155 feet deep in solid granite. The second well produced 640 gallons of cool, sweet water every hour. We were thankful to the Lord who made this wonderful world of ours for it.

Time passed so very quickly. The Kabanga buildings were up and in use; the light plant was operating; water was laid on and we were modernized. Iris, Ken and children (three now) were away on home leave. Roy and Roseland were away in a boarding high school in Lusaka. Mother was busy with Georgia's correspondence school work, and Daddy had the responsibility of the mission work all to himself.

Things were fast changing in the political sphere too. The Federation wasn't going to work out. It had been imposed on an unwilling people for eight years, and now the British were preparing Africans to take over the Governments of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. These two countries were administered by the Colonial Service of the United Kingdom, but Southern Rhodesia had been a self-governing state for many years. There was to be a two year preparation period for the two new states.

No one, black or white, knew what to expect. The apple cart had been suddenly upset.

The two main political parties began vying for power. "One man, one vote" was the rule. At the polls, to make sure that the right to vote was exercised only once each voter had to stick his right thumb in a pot of red ink. Party strong men often saw to it that the old women, who had the right to vote of course, went to the polls. It is unlikely that such persons knew the issues; they voted the party ticket straight.

At last the General Election came and when the votes were counted the National Independence party were in majority. Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, a good man, became prime minister. Later, when the country was declared to be The Republic of Zambia Mr. Kaunda was named President.

It was the policy of the new Government to place Zambians in every position then held by foreigners, as soon as they were qualified. But very few Zambians had as much as a high school education; a thing that was needed to qualify for most good positions. To remedy this the Education Department opened a high school in every important center, and set up the University of Zambia in Lusaka.

This opened a door of opportunity for our mission. For if we had a high school, staffed with Christian teachers, what a power it could be in this country! Christian men and women graduates of our school could carry the Gospel into every corner of the land, while supporting themselves amidst the more progressive people.

A great deal of thought was given to this idea before we began to have hope that we might possibly be able to make a plan of action and carry it out.

We realized that it would cost a lot of money to set up a school and require a large number of dedicated, efficient teachers to operate it. The project would have to have the backing of several good men and congregations in America. Everyone connected with the project would have to understand that this was a long-term scheme, a lifetime plan.

The day came when we had the courage to begin this new venture in a small way. Old buildings at Namwianga were renovated and equipped with school furnishings. Forty-five boys and girls were enrolled. Mr. J. C. Shewmaker began as the Principal, with Keith and Lois Beeson as fellow teachers. I taught two Bible classes, and led a class in the local language. This was a start.

But how about growth? How could we cope with the requirements to come? Who would help us?

You have guessed it. The answer was Dr. Benson, who else? We invited him to come to Zambia and appraise the situation. He came to stay a week. He saw our present layout, inspected the plans and the site for future buildings, and talked with each of us and a number of African people individually. Then he called a meeting to find out how nearly we were all of one mind in this matter; and at this

meeting each of us promised that we would work together for the completion of the project, to glorify the Lord. We cried together, and shook hands all around.

Dr. Benson went home and began immediately to do what was necessary to get his part of the work on a sound basis, then he sent for me to travel with him in an effort to raise funds for the work from individuals. I worked with him four months, living in his home the while.

That year two new couples, the Kledzeks and the Pinegars, came from the States to teach in the school, the George Triplett and Dennis Mitchill left the Kabanga area to join the teaching staff of the high school.

A year after his first visit Dr. Benson came back to see how the school was progressing. He was there in time for the Ground Breaking ceremonies when the foundation for the first new building was started.

Houston Ezell and Doug Sanders, builders from Nashville, Tennessee, had volunteered to spend several weeks supervising the beginning of the construction work.

We started well! The Dew Breakers' tasks for Christ are finished. His impi that follows may be slightly dampened but never drenched.