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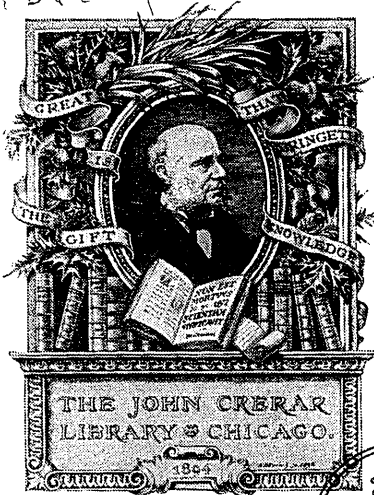
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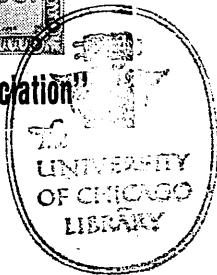
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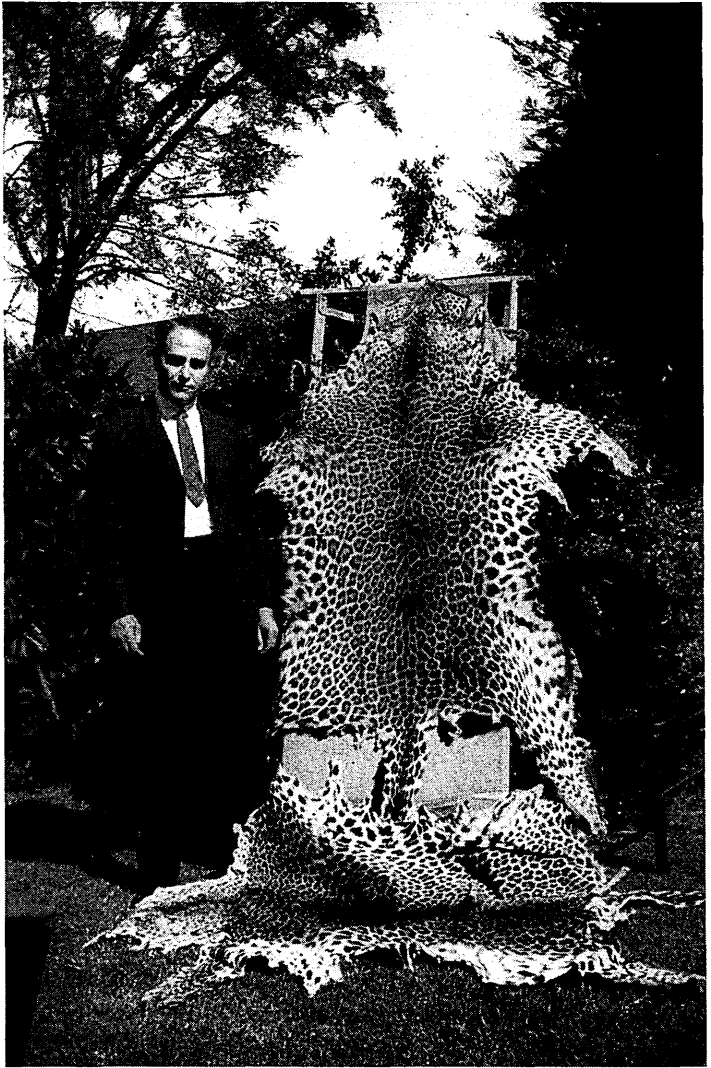


"American Medical Association"



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FIGHTING AFRICA'S
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MISSIONARY E. G. MARCUS, M. D.

"Here is a man that walks like Livingstone," said a onetime leper.

Fighting Africa's
BLACK MAGIC

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THE FIGHT OF E. G. MARCUS, M. D.
AGAINST DISEASE AND SUPERSTI-
TION IN EAST AFRICA

By
MADGE HAINES MORRILL

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
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Foreword

DR. MARCUS stood on the platform before us one evening. His tanned skin spoke of a life that was filled with the flavor and zest that pioneers find in the open spaces.

We were proud of him, our home-town boy, and our hearts thrilled when we heard directly from his lips the story of his jungle hospital.

After the lecture we suggested that he write a book. But he pleaded lack of time, suggesting that if someone would do the writing, he would be glad to tell some more stories.

"Tell us, Doctor," we asked, "how you happened to go to Africa."

"Well, my father often read to me about Livingstone. I spent many happy evenings listening to him. Sometimes after he had closed the book he would talk with me about Africa and the people who were in great need of a doctor.

"One day I said to him, 'Father, when I am a man, I'm going to Africa as Livingstone did.' I can remember yet the tears that came to his eyes as he placed his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Never forget that, son. I want you to go, and I will help you get an education.'

"Father did help me as long as he could; but, just as I was to start high school, he was killed in an accident. That left mother alone with two small children and me. What should I do? Did it mean that I was to give up my education and help support the family? I asked several

friends for their advice, and each one said that it was my duty to give up my schooling. However, one friend said: 'George, I think you can do both. You could work before and after school hours.'

"That advice I followed.

"Then, it seemed, I forgot about Africa, and my next ambition was to be a civil engineer. For two years I worked and saved. Then one of my former teachers from the high school secured a job for me in the home of a university teacher in the East. With this job, and with the money I had saved, I knew I should be able to begin my engineering course.

"I packed my trunk eagerly, with daydreams of happy times to come. On the day I was to leave, I took my trunk to the station early, and, while I was waiting for the train, one of my father's old friends happened to walk past. He inquired where I was going. When I told him, he seemed surprised, and asked why I was not going to take the medical course as I had planned. That brought to my mind the memory of the happy evenings father and I had spent reading and talking about Africa. Again I recalled my promise to him, that I would go to Africa. I heard his words as distinctly as the day they were spoken, 'Never forget that, son. I want you to go.'

"Slowly the picture of sleek polished puttees and a trim military hat faded, and there came in its place the picture of a white sun helmet bending over black people.

"The whistle of the train, and the rattling of the baggage truck brought me out of my dream.

"'Take it off! Take it off!' I called to the man by the truck. 'Don't put my trunk on! I'm not going!'"

Dr. Marcus had finished his story. He sat looking at the floor. When he glanced up to see us still waiting, he remarked: "That's about all there is. Of course," he smiled, "after I finished my medical course, there was an application blank to fill out, and on it I noticed three blank spaces for choice of countries. I wrote:

“First choice Africa
Second choice Africa
Third choice Africa’

“I don't know what the Board thought when they saw that; but, anyway, they sent me to Africa.”

M. H. M.

The Witch Doctor Declares War

ONE evening around the low fire inside the paramount chief's hut sat the tribe's leading men, each swaying to the rhythmic tom-tom of the tribal drum. The wrinkled witch doctor squatted near the chief. His cunning, birdlike eyes restlessly sought the attention of each man, while his hands deftly arranged tigers' teeth, chickens' bones, wild feathers, and a cow horn. "Now listen," he droned in a religious monotone, "and watch carefully, for the spirits will tell their wishes in this matter."

The chief men murmured: "Yes, yes, we are listening. We even fear to breathe loudly, O witch doctor."

The wrinkled old man drew his basket of charms close to his crossed legs. He threw in certain bones and teeth, covered the basket with his red magic cloth, and mumbled a monotonous formula, only snatches of which could be translated. All the while his hands were manipulating the charms under the magic cloth.

All at once he stopped. "Yo-ho!" he cried, making a grimace at the men, "the spirits have told us about the white Bwana. He is going to build a big hut, which the white man calls a hospital. It is a 'house of death,' for the Bwana will beg us to come there so he can cut off our legs and arms; he wants to send our flesh and our skins back to his country. Anyone who goes to his hospital will die."

The old corrugated face of the "doctor" looked into the basket again as an excited stillness settled down upon the listening men.

The paramount chief leaned forward and whispered aloud: "O witch doctor, look in your basket again! What do the spirits want us to do?"

A deathlike quietness ensued while the old man rattled the bones in the basket. Then he droned solemnly: "If anyone from our tribe goes to the white Doctor's camp, a curse will come upon our whole tribe. Let no man go near."

The head chief stood and announced, "We must give this message to our village."

The village square was deserted, save for the procession that moved from the chief's hut. The long legs of the men formed themselves into a circle around the low fire. A short command was spoken by the chief. The drummer immediately began to thump out a low, dull rhythm. Instantly the *bwalo* (the village gathering place) was alive with men, women, and children. They crowded so fast to the circle of men that the air became murky with dust.

The drummer tapped a new pattern of notes. Quickly the young men, the women, and the children squatted on the ground. Flickers of the fire, which had grown bright with the addition of grass sheaves, shone on oiled bodies, and threw grotesque shadows on the shiny faces.

The drum ceased to speak. There was a moment of silence; then the chief began: "The Bwana seeks to kill our people. He wants to cut off our arms and legs, and sell our flesh. Let no man go near his camp to help him. We must cause him to leave our tribe."

Out beyond the circle two boys moved about quietly. It was a strange message they heard about a cruel Doctor

who had come to their jungle. Their eyes were all curiosity, and their hearts began to beat with the excitement of a new adventure. They whispered in excited syllables. They were not cowards. They could go close to danger. Had they not once stood at the opening of a lions' den? Before the village should awaken in the morning, they would be on their way.

The sound of a sharp instrument striking on hard wood told the boys that they were nearing the Bwana's place. For a long while they lingered in the deep shadows of the heavy forest and watched the white man who was felling trees.

Finally they dared to venture into the clearing. The white man did not see them until they were within a stone's throw of him; then he brought his ax to rest on the ground, and gave them a broad, warm smile. The boys crept closer. His face continued to smile. They sat down to watch.

By the second day they were helping the Bwana cut down trees.

Days lengthened into weeks. Gradually the two boys and the Bwana came to understand each other's language. The boys found out that the Bwana wanted to build a hut because his wife and baby were coming to live in the jungle, and they could not live in a grass hut as the jungle women do. The Bwana slept right out under the stars, but his wife and baby would need a hut with walls and a roof. And so the boys helped him to mix mud and mold it into bricks. They did not care to return to their village.

One evening as the three sat around the fire eating their porridge, the Doctor noticed the boys suddenly lift

their heads. He, too, raised his head, but heard nothing unusual. The boys were silent for several minutes; then they announced: "We have heard our drum speaking. It said that our brother has died. Tomorrow we go back to our village."

The next morning as the Doctor watched the boys trot off into the dense jungle, he felt as if his only friends had left him. Would they ever come back to help him?

Five days later the boys came running down the path. They were quick to explain that a witch had cast a spell over their brother, causing his death. The Doctor inquired as to the symptoms of such a sickness, but the boys' only answer was: "He just died. The witch cast a spell on him." Then their lips parted into a satisfied grin, and they added: "But the witch doctor pointed his divining stick at her, and she got her punishment. She won't bother anyone any more."

Their small bonfire was sending slender fingers of light out into the dark night as the Doctor and the two boys sat by its cheery blaze. The silence was restful. Soon the Doctor saw the boys lift their heads in a listening attitude, then exchange glances. "Do you hear the drums?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What are they talking about?"

"About you, Bwana."

"What do they say about me?"

A troubled expression rested like a cloud upon the boys' faces. "We fear to speak, Bwana. We fear the witch doctor."

A hollow feeling arose in the Doctor's heart. He seemed to be affected as one who has just received bad news from home. Conflicting and oppressive thoughts bore down upon him in rapid succession like the painful and changing mirages of a high fever. He looked past the bonfire and its small circle of light into the jungle. It seemed very dark indeed.

The Jungle Takes Up Arms

IT WAS late in the afternoon when the Doctor left his pile of unfinished bricks to follow a narrow trail that made its irregular way through tall grass. He sauntered along in a meditative mood, admitting to himself that he was actually discouraged. Perhaps a walk would help to cheer his spirits. But his thoughts were with his wife and baby, who were in Cape Town waiting until he could build a house for them. It might be months before they could come; only two boys to help him, and the mud bricks that they had so carefully made were crumbling to pieces.

And the people of the jungle! Why should they be so unfriendly? He had come thousands of miles to bring them medical help.

Yesterday he had walked five miles to a village, only to find it empty. As he had walked past the huts, there had been the constant feeling that eyes were watching him.

But, somehow, the tall grass by the path seemed friendly today; he did not have the feeling of being watched.

Suddenly something seemed to say, "Look up!"

He obeyed, and there, not more than sixty feet in front of him, stood a lion. The Doctor blinked his eyes several times; there were no bars between him and the lion.

He felt dizzy and weak. He could see the lion's mouth twitching—that was the way their old house cat always acted when she watched a bird. He noticed the lion begin to switch its tail. He recalled that the house cat always did that just before she pounced.

His knees grew weak, and he could feel himself sinking.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the lion jumped aside into the grass, and was gone.

The Doctor gave a nervous little laugh, "Even the animals don't like me here."

One morning the Doctor looked up from his hammering to see a group of men coming from the jungle into the clearing. They were carrying a boy. "You make him well, white Bwana," they said as they laid the boy on the ground.

The Doctor saw that the boy was burned from head to foot on one side of his body. Practically half of his body surface was burned. "When did this happen?" he asked.

"Two nights ago. While he was asleep in the hut, he rolled into the fire."

"Why didn't you bring him before?"

Uneasy silence.

One of his boys called him aside and explained: "Bwana, this is the son of the paramount chief by his favorite wife. When the boy was burned, the witch doctor was called. He was not able to help the boy; and, when he saw the boy was dying, he advised the chief to bring him to you. Now the boy's death will not be blamed on him; but they will blame you. He says he is going to prove to his people that the white Doctor has no power."

The Doctor wanted to relieve the suffering boy. But what could he do alone in the midst of the jungle? He had not yet received any supplies for his hospital-to-be. His first-aid kit was quite inadequate for this case. Should the lad be turned away, he would very soon die; then

the natives would never come back. And if the boy did stay, he would probably die anyway.

The Doctor decided to do what he could. He spoke to the men through the native boy. "You must quickly build a grass hut for the boy. His mother must stay with him to help nurse him." One boy was sent to a near-by native, who had some growing cotton; another was sent to the white lady on an English plantation not far away, with the request for some lard. The cotton was sterilized and the lard melted. The Doctor applied the soft lard over half the boy's body, and then put the cotton over it.

No one, not even the Doctor, expected the boy to live; but at the end of the first week he was still alive. From then on he began to show signs of improvement.

The paramount chief was overjoyed to think that after the witch doctor had said that his son would die the white Doctor had made him well. Maybe the white Doctor did know how to make sick people well. He would give him a valuable present to show his appreciation. After mature deliberation with his wives, he decided to give him a sheep.

The Doctor wondered where he would keep his present. At last he thought of the little cubbyhole next to his "Park Avenue Penthouse." This penthouse consisted of a little wooden fence built around his bed. The door was a sheet of corrugated iron that served as a guard, for, if anything tried to come in, the sheet of iron would tumble down with a noise and wake him.

That night the Doctor slept soundly until he heard peculiar noises coming from the cubbyhole. He listened intently for some minutes, but he could not make out the

sound. "Perhaps the sheep is just trying to get out," he thought; "but the window is boarded tightly. I might as well go back to sleep."

In the morning he was awakened by one of the boys calling through the fence to him: "Bwana, come here!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"A leopard, Bwana; a leopard tried to get the sheep last night. Its tracks are all around the pen, and it nearly got the window open."

"Is the sheep all right?"

"Yes, it is all right. But the Bwana had better do something else with it. The leopard may come again."

But since the animal had not been successful the first night, the Doctor did not think that it would try again.

That night the Doctor was suddenly awakened by the clang of the corrugated iron falling down. At first he thought that the wind must have blown it down. He listened for a moment; but there was no wind. He strained his eyes toward the opening in the fence. Presently he could see a head moving in the darkness. Then a slinking form began creeping toward the bed.

He reached for his gun. He sat up on his elbow. The bed squeaked. The slinking form turned quickly and disappeared through the opening, forgetting to put up the gate.

"The Bwana had better do something with the sheep," the native boy warned.

"Oh, I don't think the leopard will come again," he said. "It has tried twice now; and each time it hasn't been able to get the sheep. It has probably learned its lesson by this time."

But a leopard does not learn easily. The next night it came again; and this time the Doctor did not awaken so quickly as the night before.

"Oh, Bwana, Bwana!" called the boy in the morning, "are you all right? We see leopard tracks."

"Yes, I am here."

"What is the Bwana going to do with the sheep?"

"Well, I'll have to get some sleep at night, so I guess you boys had better take the sheep. Do whatever you want to with it."

Two happy boys carried the sheep from its little cubby-hole. The Doctor was sure of one thing: the leopard did not get a mutton dinner.

Gaining an Ally

THE natives swarm to the *bwalo*. At the signal of the drums, they squat on the clay floor of the clearing in anxious groups.

Presently the witch doctor emerges from his hut, and sidles into the crowd. He waves his divining stick, rattles his basket of charms, and blows into his cow horn. The people are awed at the mysterious movements. They wait for his words as an audience waits for the climax of a tragic tale.

"The Bwana has brought his wife and baby to our country. He is planning to live here. He wants our skins. We must drive him away."

The heads of matted hair nod.

"We will make the Bwana leave our country. We will not sell him any more corn. We will sell him no food. He will have to go."

"Yes, yes, yes!" the people applaud.

One morning the Doctor's wife watched her husband as he walked down the narrow path and slowly disappeared into the jungle. Their bean supply was low; they needed more corn; and, oh, how good some fresh vegetables would taste after weeks of beans and corn!

She came to know every inch of that path—she scanned it so often and so intently. Would he come back with food? How much did the natives really hate the white Doctor? Was he in danger? Would the jealous witch doctors do anything to harm him? What was the use of staying when

the sick people would not come near? And, if they should come, there was no hospital in which to treat them. But if the ailing would only come!

"O God, help us!" she prayed. "Make some way open so that we can help these poor, dying people. And protect my husband. Keep him safe from these superstitious, spirit-fearing people. Protect him from the death of the dark jungle, and from the wild animals."

The Bwana's helpmate watched until the sun almost touched the horizon. Then a stronger fear came rushing upon her. It was almost certain death to remain in the jungle after dark; and darkness always came a few minutes after the sun went down. She glanced first at the sinking sun, and then down the narrow path toward the jungle. All at once she noticed a movement at the edge of the clearing. It was the one for whom she had been watching. She hurried down the path to meet him.

For supper that evening there were yams and some fresh vegetables. After supper they sat and talked. "I saw many sick people today," he said, "people with ulcers, tumors, cataracts, and leprosy. I urged them to come here; and I promised them relief if they would come."

To his wife, this was no news; he was always begging the sick to come, but they never came. She listened attentively, her heart almost aching, for she could see in her husband's eyes the story of a man whose heart was longing to help the sick, but whose hands were shackled by circumstances.

The Doctor went on talking: "I saw a man named Paken today. He is known throughout all the villages as the blind beggar. As usual, someone was leading him

at the end of a stick. When I stopped him and looked at his eyes, I saw that he had cataracts. I urged him to come here if he wanted ever to see again. At first he laughed at me; but, the more I talked with him—well, I really think he will come,” and a happy note came into his voice.

“He will come?” his wife echoed in astonishment. “Where will you put him? There is no hut for him to sit in; and wherever could you operate? There isn’t a building anywhere, and you couldn’t operate out in the blazing sunlight. We could operate in our own house if we had more than one room. But with the baby, I don’t see how—”

“Well,” he said, “I’ll try to get one room on the hospital building put up.”

It was a week later when the Doctor’s wife looked up to see a strange procession of natives coming into the clearing. At the end of the procession she noticed a man holding one end of a stick and leading at the other end a bent, ragged figure. As they came closer, she realized that it was blind Packen.

“I have come, Doctor,” Packen said. “Will you make my eyes well today? and then tomorrow I shall go back with my friends.”

The Doctor had to explain that he could not operate that day as there was no building yet. The friends of the blind man looked on with an “I-told-you-so” expression. They had warned Packen that it was useless to make the trip to the white Doctor, for he could not give sight to a blind man.

“Shall I go back now, Doctor, after walking all these miles through the forest?”

"No, don't go back, Packen. You wait here, and soon we shall have the building done."

"How shall I eat, Bwana? My friends will go back; and then how can I get porridge?"

The blind man's friends jabbered together in a lively committee meeting, with everyone having the floor at the same time. Then one spoke: "White Doctor, you say you can make this blind man see again? We will bring him food."

The Bwana spent the hot days directing the natives who were felling trees, making them into lumber for the building, mixing mud into bricks, and drying the bricks in the sun. But the trees of the forest were very hard to split. The mud bricks crumbled in the sun.

Weeks and months flew past as inevitably as the monitory vultures that flapped overhead.

Each time that friends came with food, they laughed and jeered at Packen because he waited. At last their forbearance was at an end. "You are foolish, Packen! This man is only deceiving you. Didn't we tell you the white Doctor cannot give you your eyes back again? We are tired of bringing you food. You must go home with us now."

"But the Bwana will make me see soon! When his hospital room is finished, he will do it. That will be soon."

"Soon!" the natives grumbled. "It will be many moons yet. All we can see is a pile of lumber and some mud bricks."

"Aren't the walls up yet?" Packen asked anxiously.

"No."

"Someone lead me to the Bwana!" Packen demanded.

They found the Doctor near the brickkiln. "Bwana, there is no hospital building yet. It will be a long time before it will be built. Why didn't you tell me in the beginning that you could not give me my eyesight? I am going home with my friends today."

This rebuke cut deeply. After all his days and weeks of hard labor, and then this rebuff! Yet he could not blame the man. "Wait, Packen, wait another day before you go."

The men exclaimed: "It is another trick! We are going!" and down the path they stamped. But Packen waited.

The Doctor hurried to his wife, and together they talked it all over. So much depended on this operation. If the man were allowed to go back to his village without being helped, the Doctor might as well pack his belongings and leave. If the operation were successful, it would probably mean the breaking down of prejudice.

"Can't you operate anyway, without the hospital building?" questioned his wife.

"Where? A cataract operation under the brilliant sun?" and they both laughed.

They were silent a few moments. Then the wife spoke: "The shed! Maybe we could fix it up."

A puzzled look played over the Doctor's face until it changed into a half smile, and ended in a look of determination. "The shed—yes, we can!" He grabbed his hammer and ran toward the old shed.

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he worked under the sizzling heat, but a temporary darkroom must be made in which to place the patient after the operation. Room must also be made in the old shed for the

operating table—an army folding table that was packed away with the furniture they had brought with them.

As the Doctor, with his back to the one small opening, was arranging some packing boxes in one corner of the shed, he thought that he heard a peculiar noise behind him. Turning around quickly, he saw a cobra just coming in at the door. He looked for a stick. There was nothing but large packing boxes—too heavy to throw. The cobra was coming closer. What should he do?

“I’ll make for the door; perhaps I can jump over the snake.”

As he started for the door, the cobra started also. The two met in the doorway; but the snake, probably as frightened as the Doctor, made no attempt to harm him.

Back into the shed went the Doctor, and proceeded to arrange the packing boxes about the small room; but it seemed that the place was more filled with living creatures than with boxes. While he worked, the rats in the thatch roof ran relay races, showering grass seed, dust, and dirt upon everything.

Just then his wife came to the shed, to see if she could help.

“Suppose the rats keep this up while I am operating on the man’s eyes?” questioned her husband.

Here was a new problem. “Get a sheet from the bed,” suggested his wife. The sheet was stretched across the ceiling, with the hope that the rats would not mistake it for a safety net.

The operating table was set up outside the room, dusted, and covered with a clean sheet. With some help, the happy patient climbed upon it, and lay down. The Doctor started

to wheel the table into the operating room. Push, creak! push, jam! A sudden halt. The door was not wide enough to admit all of the table. Only the patient's head, neck, and shoulders were in the operating room; but they were the most important part of the patient right then.

"If the air wasn't full of these gnats, flies, and insects, I could go ahead with the operation even though only half of the man is in the room," said the Doctor.

His wife scratched her head as she used to when working algebra problems. In a few seconds she spoke: "I'll get the mosquito net from our bed." Together they stretched the net over and around the operating table in such a way that they could work under it. She stood by with the sterilized instruments.

After the operation Paken was carried into the little darkroom that had been prepared for him, and laid on the floor.

Six weeks later he walked out of the darkroom and stood silently looking about him. Suddenly he leaped into the air, and began jumping and running. "I was a snake crawling in the grass! Now I am a young deer, leaping and jumping! Thank the white Doctor! Thank the kind Bwana!"

"You may go home now, Paken," the Doctor said.

"Please, sir," the man pleaded, "don't make me go. I want to stay and help you build your hospital. I want to work hard now."

"Where is the Bwana going?" asked Paken, as he saw the Doctor put on his sun helmet and hang his water bag over his shoulder.

"To the paramount chief's meeting. All the chiefs from many villages will be there."

Packen was all excitement. "I want to go with you, Bwana! I could carry your water bag."

"But the brick for the building, Packen; you—"

"I will make extra ones tomorrow, Bwana. Please let me go!"

The Doctor thought for a moment or two, then said, "Well, all right, come along." It seemed that Packen never wanted the Doctor to get out of his sight.

They arrived at the distant village about noon, and asked the guard at the paramount chief's hut for an interview. The guard grunted an answer, and went inside. Returning in a few minutes, he informed them, "The chief will speak with you."

The Doctor stepped through the door, and behind him tagged Packen.

Inside, around a few smoking embers, sat a group of dark chiefs, glum and morose-looking. The Doctor began: "I will make your sick people well if you will let them come." But the dark chiefs only looked glummer, and the oldest men only shook their heads.

Quickly a dark figure jumped from the floor and began talking. "Look at me! I was old, blind Packen! Now I can see! I am a young man now! I can work hard! The Bwana can make the blind people see again!"

The men laughed. "You are not the blind Packen who used to beg in our villages. You lie!"

"I *am* Packen! The Doctor gave me new eyes. I am not a beggar any more. I can see! I can see! I am a new man!"

A series of examinations began. Each person they told him to point out, he identified. Each article they held before him, he named. At last they were convinced.

“White Doctor,” the paramount chief said, “we believe you now. We will send our sick people to you. Is there any favor we can do for you?”

Packen was quick to answer: “Send men to work. The Bwana works hard all day trying to make a building in which he can operate. Send men who can help him build.”

Shortly after, several of the more venturesome natives came and offered themselves for work. The Bwana’s time was divided between the directing of the building and the removal of cataracts.

Chongo Is Won

CHONGO was one of the first patients to come to the new hospital. Once she was the belle of her village. Her well-rounded chocolate-colored body and full-moon face were envied by the thin, scrawny ones. Her father received many offers of cattle as a marriage dowry for his buxom daughter. But he bided his time. He would wait for the best possible offer. Why should he not be one of the chief men of the village, with many cattle?

One afternoon Mukuni, the son of a neighboring chief, came to see Chongo's father. After about two hours of bargaining the deal was closed, and thirty head of cattle were herded into the home kraal.

The village drums beat a long and loud welcome to the new bride when Chongo's husband took her to his home. For many months she was respected for her strong body and for the good garden she made for her husband.

But gradually the attitude of the people changed. Chongo could notice their cold stares, pointing fingers, and low whispers when she walked through the village or carried water from the river. At first she could not understand why the women should scorn her. Wasn't her garden better than the other women's gardens, and didn't she cook good porridge?

While hoeing in the cornfield one day, Chongo looked up to find that all the other women had gone from the fields except Bango, whose garden was near her own. Cautiously sliding between the stalks of corn, Chongo reached her neighbor's corn patch before she was seen.

She spoke in a quiet, pleading voice: "Oh, Bango, I am so sad. The women laugh and turn their heads when they see me. They walk away whenever I chance to go near them."

Bango looked all about her before answering. "You deserve it," she sneered. Then in a condescending manner she whispered softly as if she were afraid that the ears of corn would hear: "Why don't you bear children? You have been married a long time, yet you give your husband no sons or daughters."

"I cannot help it," Chongo said, covering her face with her hands and beginning to sob; "I want children very much. My husband is angry with me. I want to please him. Tell me, Bango, what can I do?"

"Why don't you go to the witch doctor?"

"The witch doctor?"

The rattling of the corn leaves was the only answer she heard, for her friend had disappeared among the cornstalks, afraid someone would see her talking to the childless woman.

That night, while her husband slept loudly on his mat by the fire, Chongo crept out of the hut. Hurrying through the cluttered paths of the village, and guided by the dim light of a new moon, Chongo made her way to the hut of the witch doctor.

"Oh, witch doctor," she called in a muffled tone, "I want some medicine."

The door of the hut opened slowly, and a head poked itself outside. There were questions and answers, and more questions. At last the "doctor" gave his prescription: "Wear this tiger's tooth around your left wrist, and drink

this medicine for two days. The evil spirits will leave you, and you shall bear many children."

With nimble feet Chongo scurried past the sleeping dogs and pigs in the narrow path and made her way again into her own hut. Her thumping heart would not let her sleep. How happy she was that her reproach would be gone, and she would have children!

But the months multiplying into years still saw Chongo walking with empty arms. Her husband said that she did not deserve to eat as much as the other women, and her ration of corn was reduced. She must work harder in the fields, as she did not have children to carry on her back. Gradually her full-moon face faded to a lean, half-moon expression, and her rounded body gave way to sharp, protruding bones.

All through the years that came and went, the village witch doctor continued to prescribe for Chongo, always being sure that his fee was paid in advance. Poor Chongo! What treatments and medicines she must endure! On her neck were bound rats' tails and snakes' teeth; on her legs and arms were tied little bundles of magic; over her body was spread the vilest of mixtures; and down her throat was poured the warm blood of a sacrificed goat.

At last, tired and weary of the witch doctor's prescriptions, she stole away from her village. She would try the white Doctor. What if he did kill her? Even death would be more welcome than the life of an outcast. The witch doctor called the white man's hospital "the house of death." But she would go anyway.

As Chongo walked up the cement steps into the hospital, saw white-uniformed women carrying trays of pe-

culiar-looking magic, and smelled the strange odors, her resolutions almost failed her; she was tempted to run back to her village.

But just then a white lady led her into a room where a white man was sitting, dressed in a simple white gown. Was he the white Doctor? Where were all his beads and feathers, and where was his basket of charms? As she continued to look into his kindly, smiling eyes, and heard his friendly voice speaking to her, all fear left. This gentle man could not be a witch doctor. He must be a great, kind white man. A few questions from the Doctor, asked in a kindhearted way, led her to tell him her story.

"We can help you," the Doctor said after the examination, "if you will let us operate."

Once that word "operate" would have sent her fleeing into the jungle, but not now when the white man said it. "Whatever the kind Bwana says, I will do," she answered.

Life in the jungle village was changed for Chongo. The women came and chatted with her again. Her husband smiled kindly upon her, and she was happy.

When her long night of pain came, Chongo begged to be taken to the white Doctor's hospital. Instead, the small hut was soon filled with chattering women. Filthy medicines, poundings, and thumpings filled the night that lengthened into another day and another night. As the second day came on, Chongo, tired and frightened, pleaded more earnestly to be taken to the hospital.

The old women shook their heads. "It is no use. You have been a wicked woman. The spirits are against you."

"I know the white Doctor would help me. He is so kind," she insisted.

"We will call the witch doctor and have him drive away the spirits," they suggested. "He is wise; he knows their ways. He will bid them go."

"No! No!" cried out the frightened Chongo. "Don't let him come here! I want to go to the white Doctor's hospital."

At last her husband yielded. He commanded that a hammock be brought, and he and three other men carried her away.

Some of the curious women tagged behind the carriers and waited outside the building. Within they heard soft running of feet, and through the open window they caught a glimpse of a white-robed man.

The faint cry of an infant came to their ears. They smiled at one another and nodded their heads. Perhaps Chongo's faith in the white man was right. Then another cry was heard, and to the keen ears of women acquainted with the cries of tiny babies it meant—they half whispered it—twins! The whites of their eyes seemed to grow larger, and all stood in a huddle of tension.

One brave woman spoke: "Twins! What ill fate will come next to Chongo! The spirits are angry with her for coming to the white man's hospital."

"Yes, the spirits are angry," another agreed. "The witch doctor will order that both babies die."

And away the women sped to announce the news to the village.

Knowing only too well the fate of twin babies, the white Doctor sent a runner to the nearest government sta-

tion, hoping that the law would have some influence. Yet he realized that threats would have little weight, for did not twins always die? Whenever parents were questioned, they would shrug their shoulders and prevaricate, "The babies rolled into the fire at night while we slept," or, "The babies just got skinny and died."

The Doctor went early the following morning to the women's ward. After stopping briefly at each bedside, he hurried on to Chongo's corner. Two bronze-colored mites lay on her arms, their little pug noses nuzzling for breakfast. Tears were rolling down Chongo's face. She was in great distress.

"Why should the mother cry?" the Doctor's cheery voice questioned. "You should be proud of these fine baby boys," and he lifted one carefully and held it in his arms. "These are fat babies. You should be laughing now, Chongo. Once you had no children, and now you have two."

"But, Bwana," she sobbed, "white men do not understand. Twins always die in the villages."

"Don't you love your babies, Chongo?" he asked as he laid the tiny mite back on her arm.

"Oh yes, I love them, but I know they will die when I go back to the village."

"If you love them, Chongo, you can keep them from dying."

Her eyes blinked back the tears as she gazed questioningly into the Doctor's face, and a half smile tried to come to her quivering lips. But suddenly a new spring of tears began running as she murmured, "The witch doctor, he will—"

That was just what the Doctor was waiting to hear.

His kindly voice changed quickly to a stern command: "Now look here, Chongo, you must not listen to that witch doctor. You know he doesn't have any power, for didn't you tell me yourself that his medicines and treatments did you no good?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"You came here, and we helped you. We did for you what the witch doctor could not do. Why should you listen to him now? It is *we* whom you should obey when we tell you to feed these babies and let nothing harm them."

"The white man doesn't understand," she said.

The Doctor realized that more words then would be useless; and he said as he walked away: "You stay here another day, Chongo. Most of the women leave the next day after their babies come, but I want you to stay longer."

"All right, Bwana." Her voice seemed happy. "The white Doctor is kind to me."

When the Doctor walked back into his office, his hand went to his head as if in deep thought, and he spoke almost aloud, "Those babies shall not die!"

Had it been a matter of medical science, the victory would have been easy; but since it was a matter of jungle magic, he was not sure of the best procedure. None of his medical studies had shown him how to deal with a case of this kind. He must work out the solution by himself.

Each day he went and talked with the woman, knowing that the roots of superstition, grown deep during centuries of spirit worship, are not uprooted all at once.

Each day he tried to impress upon the woman the importance of saving the twins. Each day he insisted that she remain a day longer at the hospital. His wife—the

white Dona—came frequently to admire the little babies, and she often brought gifts to them. Once she gave each a dress, two that her own baby had outgrown.

Gradually the Doctor and his wife began to notice that Chongo was crying less frequently and was laughing more often. She didn't mention the witch doctor any more.

At the end of two weeks a letter came from the Government about the twins. The Doctor showed it to his wife, and together they went to Chongo. "Here is good news for the proud mother," he called to the woman as he held the letter for her to see. "The governor is happy that you have twins. He says that if they live, you and your family will be granted exemption from tax for the rest of your lives."

Chongo didn't reply at once. Instead, she was thinking of the long corn-hoeing days she had spent making enough money to meet the government tax. No more of that if the twins lived. She smiled broadly at the Doctor and the Dona. "The twins shall live!" she said happily. Then, in a tone of resolution, "I'll tell the witch doctor that the white Doctor has more power than he has, and I will not let him touch my babies."

The white Doctor and his wife stood on the hospital steps and watched Chongo walk away. On the woman's back they could see two bundles dressed in some of their baby's clothes and two little bronze heads bobbing up and down.

The Dona turned and whispered softly to the Doctor, "I am glad, dear, that we came to Africa."

The Hospital Goes to the Front

ONE evening the chief men of the district held a council. The head chief gravely poked a small hearth fire, which cast a peculiar bronze light on the twenty faces gazing into it. The head chief, who was chairman by mutual consent, spoke. Each head bent forward imperceptibly to catch every word. "The white Bwana is also a witch doctor. He also uses white magic. Let us not give him any of our corn. Our people must not go to his hospital. We cannot tell what he will do."

"Yes," the chief man of a distant village agreed, "you must be careful. There is some trick. No white man ever helps us."

Gray heads nodded, "There is some trick—some trick." The noisy lizard in the hut roof seemed to echo back in a louder and more emphatic tone, "T-r-r-ick, t-r-r-ick."

In the hospital clearing there was an unpleasant quietness. The white woman sat watching by her window in her one-room home. She saw her husband walk into the hospital building. Knowing that the half-dozen beds there were empty, she wondered what he could find to do in there. Presently she saw him come out of the building, walk down the path to the edge of the forest, then turn and go back into the hospital. Somehow his movements reminded her of a man who paces the courtyard of a prison because there is nothing else to do.

When he came into the house later in the morning, he threw down his sun helmet and said, "I think I'll go over

to Chiwpa's village this afternoon and see if I can't get some of the sick natives to come."

"Yes, that might be a good plan," she agreed, but to herself she said, "It's useless."

As she watched again from her window, she saw her husband disappear between the trunks of the forest trees. Instinctively she dropped to her knees. "Dear God," she began; but then she stopped. Her heart filled with emotion. She could hardly go on. At last she framed the words, "Do help us, Lord. Send us sick people again, so that we can do something."

When her husband returned alone that evening, he explained dejectedly: "They only stood in curious groups and grinned at me when I tried to persuade them to bring their sick people here. I heard them saying to one another: 'There's some trick. You'd better not trust the Bwana.' I suppose it's some story the witch doctor has told them."

"Why don't you take a box with a few medicines and go to the people, if they won't come to you?"

"That's a bright idea!" he laughed. "Take the hospital to the villages, eh?"

Before the crows had awakened to chatter their appreciation of a new day, the Doctor and his wife were packing bandages, cotton, iodine, and a few surgical instruments into a box. Safety pins, pieces of calico, and salt were not forgotten. These the Doctor would need to trade for food when the lunch was gone, or to bribe the natives who needed medical aid.

But better than these, the white woman unconsciously tucked away into the Doctor's heart courage and determination to carry on and on even when his feet should be

weary with hours of walking an African path and his heart aching for poor, ignorant people.

For a time there was silence along the dusty trail except for the soft padding of native feet, and the duller thudding of a European's boots.

Then the Doctor's voice began, "Packen, why do you call the man a witch doctor?"

"Because he is a doctor. When a man is sick, he smells out the guilty person who bewitched the sick man."

"Smells out?" the Doctor questioned.

"Yes, Bwana, he sometimes uses the poison ordeal. All those who die after drinking it are the guilty ones."

"But, Packen, I don't understand. Medical men have experimented with the medicine, and they can't find that it is poison."

The native shrugged his shoulders. "The white man doesn't understand. The witch doctor has ways that can't be explained."

There was silence again along the path until Packen interrupted it. "We are near a village, Bwana. Fara lives here. She is a blind girl, but I know you can make her see again."

Villagers hurried out of their huts and crowded close. Curious eyes watched every move that Packen and the white Doctor made. Curious dogs smelled clean clothes.

"Bring Fara here!" Packen commanded a woman who was leading a little girl. "The white Doctor can make her see again."

At the word "doctor" the little girl began to scream and tried to pull away from her mother. "No! No! No!

I don't want the Doctor. He burned my eyes out!" she wailed.

Packen went to the mother's help. "But, child," he said, catching hold of her swinging arms, "this is another doctor. This is a kind doctor. He won't hurt you."

The screaming quieted to a muffled sob, "No, no, no!"

The Doctor handed Packen two safety pins from the box. "Tell her she may have these if she'll let me look at her eyes."

Packen placed the two big pins in the girl's hands and explained the Doctor's offer. She fondled the pins in her hands for a moment or two, then said, "All right."

While the anxious mother watched the Doctor make his examination, Packen tried to encourage her. "The white Doctor can make people well after the witch doctor has given them up." And then to the Doctor he boasted, "You can make her eyes well, can't you?"

The Doctor did not answer. He had finished his examination. He stood silent. Packen could feel and see that something was wrong.

"It's too late, Packen. The witch doctor's medicine has ruined her eyes. She will always be blind, and there is nothing I can do."

"Bwana, white Doctor, can't you help her?" pleaded the mother as she prostrated herself on the ground.

"I am sorry, woman; your daughter is blind for life."

A cynical whisper ran through the crowd: "We said there was some trick. He will not help us."

Out on the pathway again, Packen and the Doctor walked along in silence. Their minds were too busy to

permit their eyes to notice the colonnades of hard African timber whose branches were festooned with hanging mosses, or their ears to catch the notes of the birds that chattered high in the treetops. The jungle and the grassy veld were fairly alive with jungle folk who seemed to be attending a carnival. Little gazelles sprang across the path, bearded wildebeests or ugly wart hogs crashed through the brush, and zebras ran through the tall grass.

But none of these attracted the Doctor's attention. His mind was not thinking of a hunter's rifle, but rather of the little medicine box that Paken carried, and of the strange customs of a spirit-fearing people. And before his eyes there kept coming the face of the little blind girl.

Soon another village appeared and sprawled itself out on the muddy ground with about as much system as a baby would use in scattering his blocks on the floor.

"Where are all the people?" the Doctor asked.

Almost simultaneously with his question came the faint sound of jabbering tongues. Paken explained, "They are down at the river."

The two men plodded through the muck toward the river, their ears tuned to the chattering that grew louder and more accented with wild cries and hoarse laughs.

"I know, Bwana," said Paken as he suddenly stopped; "they have thrown a child into the river. Her upper tooth came first. If they didn't do that, all the family would go mad. That's what the witch doctor says."

The loud palaver at the river below grew wilder.

"I think we had better go on, Paken. The people would not want to listen today."

"The Bwana is wise. It is better we come some other day."

The Doctor mused to himself: "Yes, some other day. But *someday*, I hope the hospital will stay at home." Then turning to Packen, he said, "We'll make camp for the night."

The next morning the Doctor and Packen were up and out on the trail before the jungle began to steam. But the coolness of the early hours soon gave way to excessive heat at noonday.

Upon arriving at a disorderly village, they noticed something strangely quiet about the place. The Doctor saw only a few persons, and these were sitting in front of their huts on the ground, moaning and tossing.

"Wait, Packen, here in the shadows. I want to watch." The Doctor was silent as he saw in the village before him the uncanny movements that were dictated by an incogitable superstition. By one hut sat a gray-haired man who was merely a bundle of bones. His body was swaying back and forth, and his throat was sending up a constant wailing as he turned regularly to look at the closed door.

Before another hut sat a woman with a baby in her arms. She was knocking flies from the baby's face as she, too, turned frequently to look at the closed door of the hut. The baby's pitiful cries spoke plainly to the Doctor's ears.

"Those people are sick," he said to Packen. "Where are the others in the village?"

"All the rest of the people are inside their huts, Bwana."

"Why don't they come out and take these sick people inside and nurse them?"

"They fear, Bwana."

"Fear what?"

"They fear that if they see a sick person, the disease of that person will come to them. They go into their huts and close the doors."

"Then, does the sick person think he will get well if he sees a well man?"

"Yes, if he can get to look at his neighbor, his disease will leave him."

The Doctor looked again at the old bundle of bones and at the mother with the babe in her arms. He understood why they were watching the doors of their huts. He spoke again to Paken, "How long do the people stay inside their huts?"

"Until the sick person gets well and leaves or until he dies."

Not waiting for Paken to tell him more, the Doctor hurried on into the village. He walked directly to the sick natives; and, as he looked closely at their suffering bodies, he saw that smallpox was their tormentor. He tried to give instructions for the isolation of the sick, but the men laughed. "The Bwana does not understand," they said. "These people are being punished by the spirits."

The Doctor turned to leave the village. He felt tired, though he had not done much work.

A jabber of excited voices broke in upon his consciousness. He paused a moment to listen.

"Wants to separate sick people because—"

"Yes, we know," another voice interrupted, "he wants to send our skins back to his country."

The Doctor trudged on. He saw again the blind girl. He heard again the cruel words, "There is some trick."

Breaking Through the Enemy's Wall

OUT on the crooked paths again, the Doctor made his rounds of the villages. On one of his longer trips, one day, he came out on an open plain. The heat shimmered up from the earth as it does from an open fire. He pulled his sun helmet a little closer to his eyes.

At noon he stopped to rest by an inviting shade tree. A large semicircle of bodies gathered about him. Rows of white teeth shone out as faces grinned their curiosity. A few loincloths were the only garments in the crowd.

Presently the natives began pushing aside, making an aisle between two groups. Through the opening came a tall, bony man. His hair was cropped short, and his chin was covered with a short, stubby beard. He walked with an air of superiority, and by the way the other natives moved back for him to walk through, the Doctor knew that he was their chief.

The man walked right up to the first row of curious observers. At once the Doctor noticed a large boil on the chief's right side. He pointed to it and said to the man, "If you will let me open that, you will not have any more pain."

The bony shoulders shook the wrinkled face in a vigorous protest, "No, Bwana, no!"

The Doctor grew more persistent, and the chief turned and started to run away through the grass. But the Doctor would not give up so easily. He, too, ran into the grass after the fleeing feet, and after him swarmed the curious crowd.

For a while it appeared that the Doctor might win the race, but just when the chief was about to be overtaken he dashed into his hut and shut the door. The Doctor walked around the hut and found some women preparing the corn for the one meal that is eaten each day. He began asking them questions about the corn, the weather, and other general topics to get them into a friendly mood. Next, he asked why their chief refused to have the boil lanced.

At first they snickered in a way that said, "The white man does not understand."

But when the Doctor earnestly continued his questioning, they answered: "No hole must be made in our skin. When the skin is opened, the evil spirits come in. They get in the blood. They go everywhere in our bodies. Then we go mad. Our chief does not want evil spirits to come into him."

"I understand now," the Doctor said; "I have strong medicine that takes care of that. You women go and bring him out to me so I can explain this medicine to him."

The word "medicine" gave them confidence in the Doctor, and they went into the hut and persuaded their chief to come to the doorway.

"Chief, I know why you refused to let me open the boil. But I have some strong medicine that will kill the evil spirits."

The bony man stepped closer to hear every word. The Doctor went on: "You can't see these little things, but I have seen them through a powerful machine. I know what they are, and my medicine will keep out all these little evil things."

The women jabbered to their chief: "The white man speaks great words. You must believe him."

"Bwana, I will try your medicine. It may be stronger than what our witch doctor makes."

As the Doctor began to sterilize his instruments, he kept on talking to the old chief: "When I open the boil and put the medicine in, you will feel a strong burning. Then you will know that the medicine is doing its work and keeping out all these little evil things."

The man nodded that he understood.

The Doctor lanced and drained the boil, then dipped a swab in a strong solution of iodine and swabbed out the wound. He watched the chief's face to see if he would make a grimace or show signs of pain as the iodine began to burn. Instead, the Doctor saw a smile of satisfaction come to the wrinkled face as the man breathed thankfully, "Ah, I can feel it working."

Returning a few days later, the Doctor met the chief again. His face was one large smile. He pointed to his side. The wound was healing nicely. But he was happy for other reasons.

"See, Doctor, I am all right," the man gesticulated. "I did not go mad. Your medicine is strong. It kept the evil spirits out. I am not mad!"

The Doctor returned to the hospital in a hopeful mood. The chief he had treated had seemed so friendly.

But he found no patients waiting for him at the hospital. That night he heard the rattle of drums and the remote singing of a village chorus. Occasionally the high-pitched "Yee yee" of a witch doctor sounded weirdly above the other noises.

An inexplicable fear gripped the doctor. He felt that the work he had done during the day would be undone in a few hours by the witch doctor's crafty methods.

"I must have something stronger than my puny medicine bag to break down this wall of superstition," the Doctor confided to his wife. "If it were only bodies that were sick, the medicine I have would be sufficient; but the darkened minds are sicker than the bodies. Something more must be done than I am now doing."

"Yes, you are right. Sometimes your efforts for the people are quickly undone by a few rattling bones in the witch doctor's basket."

"But what else can I do for the people?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. Don't be discouraged, though, for there may be some way to find the answer to that question."

The answer did come a few days later when a young man hobbled into the hospital on one leg. His left leg was covered with a large ulcer, and his right arm was a mass of burns.

After several days' treatment the Doctor sat by the boy's cot one morning and plied him with questions. "What caused this sore on your leg, Abalu?"

"The witch doctor said it was a young boy in the village who cast a spell over me and caused the sore."

"What happened to the boy?"

"The people beat him so hard that he could not walk for many days."

"Did your leg get well then?"

"No, it got worse, and the witch doctor said I had been stealing chickens and as a punishment the evil spirits sent

the sore. I told him I had not taken any chickens. He said for me to prove it by putting my bare arm in a pot of boiling water, and if I was innocent, my arm wouldn't be burned."

"Did you do it?"

"Yes, I put my arm in boiling water. It burned like fire. I screamed in pain. The people yelled that the evil spirits were in me, and they drove me out of my village. I ran to your hospital as fast as my one good leg would bring me. Bwana, I don't understand how the evil spirits got in me, for I always wear this charm," and the young man pointed to a bracelet on his arm that was made from wiry black hair. "It is the tail of a giraffe," the boy stated proudly. "I took it myself from the tail of a live giraffe. I braided it into this charm that the witch doctor said would keep the evil spirits away. But it doesn't work. And now I am afraid all the time, Bwana." A quiver ran through his body as if he could actually feel the evil spirits taking possession of him.

"Afraid of what?" the Doctor asked kindly.

"The evil spirits that hide everywhere. Aren't you afraid of them, Bwana?"

The Doctor shook his head. "No, Abalu, I am not afraid because I believe in a great God that can protect me from evil spirits and from wild beasts."

"Is God some charm you wear? If it is, I want to buy one."

"No, Abalu, God is a great chief. He is a very kind chief. He loves me and protects me."

"Do you belong to his tribe?"

"Yes, I do."

The boy turned his head away from the Doctor and sighed: "The white man is lucky. I belong to another tribe. I cannot belong to your tribe."

(Already the Doctor could see the rock wall beginning to tumble down.) He spoke earnestly with the lad: "But Abalu, you *can* belong to the tribe of God. He loves you too. That is the reason I left my home, to come and tell you that you can belong to His tribe."

"How much corn does it cost, Bwana?" the sick boy sat up in bed. He was interested in this new tribe the white Doctor was telling him about.

"It doesn't cost anything, Abalu. All you do is ask this great Chief to protect you from the evil spirits, and He will."

"And I won't have to obey the witch doctor any more?"

"No, Abalu, never again will you have to obey him."

"Oh, Bwana, I am so happy! Can you tell me more about this great God?"

For another half hour the Doctor explained new ideas to a mind whose dark recesses eagerly grasped at the light of the white man's interpretation of life.

"How soon can I leave, Bwana?" and the young man started to get out of bed.

"Lie back down, boy. You are not leaving here until your sores are well. Why do you want to rush away? Do we not treat you kindly?"

"Yes, Bwana, you do. But I want to run back to my village and tell my people they can belong to the tribe of God—the Bwana's tribe. When they know that, then they will gladly come to your hospital. They will want to know more."

"Well, Abalu, suppose I tell your people for you."

"Oh, will you, Bwana? You are so kind."

The Doctor hurried to his home and announced in a voice of victory, "It's broken down, my dear, it's broken down!"

"Why, what is broken?"

"The rock wall. I've found the right sledge hammer!"

"I don't understand," she pleaded.

"If you want to take the fear of evil spirits out of the African heart, you have to put in something else. I've just tried it with Abalu. I wish you could have seen his face grow bright when I told him that he, too, could belong to the tribe of God.

"Religion can cure their sick minds, and then they will let medical science help their sick bodies. I will send word to the nearest villages that if the people will come, I will explain about the white man's Chief."

On the appointed evening the Doctor and his wife waited for the natives to come. Not one came. The next evening they waited again. Yet no one came. They were puzzled at this, for the natives had seemed very anxious to come.

Then one of the boys explained: "The other Bwana told my people we could not come. He said no one should come to hear you talk, or no sick person should come for medicine."

"What reason did he give, boy?"

"He said you had strange words and strange medicine that was not for us."

That explained the mystery. The "other Bwana" was a certain European who had lived in that vicinity for a

long time, who may not have understood the Doctor's purpose in announcing the meetings.

Some days later a boy came running all breathless to the Doctor. "The other Bwana is very sick. He wants you to come quickly."

The Doctor found the European in much pain, but soon succeeded in making him comfortable. As he left, he gave this caution: "Sir, you must come every day to my office for treatments. It may take weeks for this trouble to clear up; but if you are faithful in coming every day, you can be well again."

Health was more precious to the other Bwana than any other thing in the world. He decided to obey the Doctor. Each morning he had his old model T Ford cranked, and away he would chug and thump. At every village he passed, the natives would line up on the roadside to watch the car boil past.

After this performance was repeated for several mornings, the natives began to ask, "Where is the other Bwana going?"

"To the Bwana Doctor."

"Why?"

"Because he is sick. The Bwana Doctor is making him well."

Lips wagged, and arms gestured. "If that Bwana goes to the hospital and gets well, we will go too. The white man's medicine must be good. We will take our sick people to him, and we will go and hear about the white man's great Chief."

A New Attack

EVER since the Doctor's last trip into the villages he had gone about with a preoccupied air. His wife said nothing, for she knew that he would tell her all about it sometime.

A few evenings later he had been reading the Bible a longer time than usual, when he looked up and said, "You know, my dear, sometimes when I see the poor lepers out in the jungles, my heart goes out to them, and I wish I could say as Jesus did, 'Be thou clean.'"

His wife nodded her approval.

"I think I could help them, if only they would come to the hospital; but every time I mention it to them, they only turn away in astonishment. Oh, if only one leper would come and take treatments!" he sighed. "On this last trip I saw some things that have been haunting me ever since. I haven't wanted to tell you, but—"

"Yes, do tell me. I want to hear. I want to share all your problems."

"Well, as I was walking through some of the villages, I met a leper. The old man was dragging himself over the rough ground, a few inches at a time. His body was one mass of running sores, and his fingers and toes were all gone. At some distance behind him walked two young men. They were yelling at the old man: 'Go away to your hut outside the village. Don't come home again. Go!'

"I asked the young men, 'Is he your father?'

"'Yes,' they answered. 'He has the leprosy. We won't have him in our village any longer.'"

"Then I begged them: 'Won't you bring him to the hospital? We will take care of him and perhaps make him well.'

"'Oh no,' they laughed at me.

"Then I called to the old man and asked him if he wouldn't like to come and get better.

"He only shook his head and answered, 'No, I'm not coming.'

"Then, quick to be at their task, the two young men hurried on after their father. As I walked on down the path, I could plainly see each step that the old man had taken by the spots of blood. I knew that he would never go back to his village, for his children would not bring him food or water, and at best he had but a few days to live.

"How long I walked on after that sight I do not know, for all I can remember is the semidarkness of the forest and the brown floor of the forest beneath my feet.

"My next impression was that something was detaching itself from the limb of a tree above me. Then another, and another, until the air resounded with the flapping of wings. Looking to the branches above me, I saw the forms of black vultures. Glancing about to find the cause of their presence, I noticed a human skeleton hanging from a high limb. 'Another victim,' I thought.

"As I hurried on down the path, I began to realize why the young men had been following their father. They must note the place where he would die, so they could return and hang his body on a tree. The natives fear that if lepers are buried other persons will contract the same disease."

The light on the table had burned low. The little clock on the corner shelf ticked very loudly. The wife sat looking at her husband with tears brimming in her eyes. Finally she spoke, "I am glad you told me, George." Then glancing at the clock, she suggested, "It's late and you look tired, dear."

It was some days later when the two were sitting together on their veranda. The Doctor had come up from the hospital.

The Doctor's wife glanced at the edge of the clearing and exclaimed: "Look! What is that coming?"

He did not answer at once, but both of them watched a strange figure making its way up the path toward their building.

"There is something familiar about that fellow." The Doctor's voice showed interest. "I've seen him somewhere. Oh yes, now I remember." He jumped to his feet. "He is Bokala, the uncle to the paramount chief. I've seen him several times."

The figure was closer to the house now, and the Doctor's wife said: "Why, the poor man! He must be very sick. See how he hobbles along, and look at those sores all over his body." She stopped suddenly and drew back to the door. "Why," and her voice carried both fear and compassion, "the man is a leper!"

"I know it." The Doctor's voice was radiant. "I've been begging him to come for a long time, and now at last he's—"

"But where will you put him?"

"Oh, we'll find a place. I'll have the boys build a grass hut some distance from the hospital. Now I will show the

people what chaulmoogra oil can do for leprosy," and he bounded down the steps to meet the outcast.

On a night when the moon refused to shine, the quiet air was suddenly split by the staccato voice of a village drum. It cried out across the uninhabited stretches of woodland and awakened sleeping villages that lay in the green lap of the forest.

Huts began to stir. Lazy veils of smoke that were still oozing from smoldering logs sifted out of hut domes as the people grouped in awe at the shouting of the drums. Excited voices whispered between the throbbing of the drum beats.

"Can it be true?"

"There is deception."

"We cannot believe it!"

"Never has the drum given a message like this."

Yet on and on the drumming continued to traverse space and explain in vibrant notes:

"The chief's uncle is returning.

The chief's uncle is returning a well man.

The chief's uncle is no more a leper."

Old heads wagged in derision. "Never! Never could that be! Lepers *never* come back!"

But young feet were eager to be on their way to the chief's village. All night little companies walked down the aisles of the forest.

There was no sleeping in the village of the paramount chief that night, for he was receiving companies of men and women who came to inquire. "Yes, the message was

true. My uncle Bokala is no more a leper. The white Doctor gave him medicine that drove out the leprosy.”

“We want to see him!” the people clamored.

“Not tonight. Wait until tomorrow. The Doctor said he must sleep each night. Tomorrow he will talk with you.”

Even before the first streak of dawn appeared between the high branches, a long stream of people flowed into the village square. Upon the clay floor were crowded many legs and arms, and upon some of the limbs were swollen brown spots that the owners tried to hide.

Outside the main crowd waited a group of outcasts who had come in from the bush with their diseased bodies. On their faces, which had shown nothing but pain and despair, there was written a curious smile that betrayed a trace of hope.

A soft murmuring went up from the crowded square. “The chief and his uncle are coming!” As the uncle picked his way over the squatting natives, some hands drew back in fear, others reached out and touched his body. Could he be a spirit in their midst? Surely this was not the leprous man who had walked out of their village a year before. Where were his old filthy rags?

“His face—look at his face!” the people whisper. “Where is the rough, scaly skin now? Where are the leprous spots? Where are the ulcers? His skin is now the skin of a healthy man. Look at his eyes! They smile again.”

Before the people the chief and Bokala stood. The chief raised his hand to speak, and the people were silent. “My people,” he began, “I want to tell you about the Bwana’s

big medicine. When he came to our country, we were angry. We did not want him. We would not give him food. Then, you remember, my son was burned with a great burn. You all said he was dying. I took that son to the white Doctor. He stands here well.

"Then I said to my uncle, who was struck with leprosy, 'You go to the white Doctor. He will make you well.' But my uncle would not listen to me. He said that people with leprosy never live again. But a year ago I begged him so hard that he went. When he left, he told me that he did not expect ever to come back, and he made me promise that I would come and get his body when he died at the Doctor's hospital.

"But, my people, you can see that my uncle did not die. He has come home a well man. He has no more marks of the leprosy."

Then the people stirred in excitement and called out, "We want your uncle to tell us about it."

Bokala began to speak. "My brothers, you will remember when I was a sick man—how you sent me out to a little hut at the edge of the village, and sometimes you brought me food, and sometimes you forgot. You will remember how my body wasted away. All my body, my hands, and my feet could not feel if I touched or took hold of anything. I could not sleep, and I could not eat. My skin became rough and scaly. Great sores spread over my body. I lost hope. I was like a man that was already dead.

"Then I went to the white Doctor. He received me kindly. He was not afraid to come near to me. He made a hut for me to sleep in. He gave me a blanket to cover

my body on cold nights. He gave me warm food. Into my arm he put a long needle that spat medicine into my blood. I could not understand it, but he was so kind to me that I was willing to trust him.

“After a while my appetite came back to me. I was able to sleep at night without pain. I began to feel happy again. The spots on my body disappeared. The ulcers dried up. I could pick up things with my fingers and feel that they were there. I gained in weight. My skin became healthy again. My muscles became firm, and I could work like a well man. I worked for the Doctor and earned new clothes.

“One day he came to me and said: ‘You are well now. You may go home.’

“Oh, my people! I cannot tell you how happy I am. I feel like a man that has been down to the grave and has come back.”

He raised his voice and directed it to the group of outcasts that stood on the outer edge of the circle of people. “You who have the leprosy, why don’t you go to the great Doctor? He can make you well again. I have talked to my own brother and my sister who are suffering with the disease. They are already preparing to leave. They will begin their journey tomorrow. Take my word for it, the white Doctor can make you well.”

For the next few weeks there was a great trekking over the brown forest floor. Who will measure the pain that was suffered on those lonely forest paths by persons whose bodies were bleeding and festering? Who will ever count the joy in hearts that were happy with the thought that perhaps there was an escape from the leprosy?

They came so fast into the little hospital clearing that the Doctor was puzzled and perplexed. No more was it his problem to get them to come. His problem now was where to put them.

Like mushrooms that spring up overnight, grass huts grew in orderly rows a good distance from the hospital building. And, like the warm sunshine after tropical rain, hope sprang up anew in many a leper's heart.

The Dona Enlists

AS THE Dona (as the natives called the Doctor's wife) opened her door, a wave of heat struck her in the face as from an oven. She stepped out onto the veranda and closed the door quickly. Before her stood a young native whose large chest was still heaving from his hurry. She could tell by his nervous hands that he bore an urgent message. And while she waited for his breathing to slow up enough for him to speak, her eyes studied him. How very white his teeth were in contrast to his dark face! His body still glistened from its recent oiling. Bright beads hung from his neck, and on his arms were ivory bracelets.

He spoke with agitated breath: "The Bwana! We need him!"

"He is away."

"We must have him. It is urgent."

"The Doctor will not be back for three days."

"That will be too late, Dona." His tired eyes filled with despair. Then suddenly he said, "Dona, you come."

Just for a moment she hesitated as she glanced into her cool room and saw her little daughter playing on the floor. The house girl could watch the baby.

Out in the open clearings, the sun struck hot rays into her sun helmet; but when she entered the permanent dusk of the forest, only a diffusion of light came down to her from between the crowded leaves.

She walked silently after the young man who marked out the trail for her, and behind her she could hear the

soft footsteps of the native boy who carried the box of supplies. The Dona's heart was glad now that medicine was not strange to her.

She could smell the village long before she reached it. At its outskirts, while passing the mudholes from which the natives dug mud to plaster their huts, she noticed swarms of flies and mosquitoes.

Her guide pointed to a hut. She walked to the doorway and peered in. There was something unusually quiet about the dark room, except for the rustling of rats in the thatch roof and the hum of mosquitoes. As she was trying to accustom her eyes to the darkness of the room, her guide's voice sounded from the doorway, "The woman is out here."

Under a small tree lay the almost lifeless form of a new mother and her baby. There was no mat between their naked bodies and the bare ground, and no covering save the ever-shifting veil of flies and mosquitoes.

The first impression was repulsive—children born like cattle in the field! But there was work to do, and she must be at it.

The heat of the afternoon was terrific. The scattered leaves of the small shade tree were ineffective. Right on the baby's soft head beat the hot sun.

"Why don't you take the mother and baby inside the hut?" she asked. "It would be cooler under the thatched roof."

"Oh, the house is 'biting,'" the mother was quick to explain. "We are going to build a new one."

The white woman knew what she meant. It was a case where vermin had multiplied so fast that the family had lost out.

The Dona worked until the sun hid itself behind the wall of the forest, and a little breeze of fragrant coolness came with the evening.

Just as she turned to leave her day's work, the young man who had acted as her guide came and stood in the path before her. His chest was not heaving, but his hands were still nervous, only in a different way, and the ivory bracelets rattled on his arm. He opened his mouth to speak, but somehow his lips could not articulate. Again his mouth opened, and this time he spoke curious words that showed the gratitude of primitive people. He was glad that the Dona had saved his wife and child. He would bring her an egg when his hen laid one.

One evening, as the Dona was about to leave a village, she heard a murmuring of voices. There were thick voices of tired women, thin voices of young girls, and the piercing cries of babies. The women were returning home from their gardens.

She would rest a bit under the shadows of the tall trees on the edge of the forest and watch the doings of the village. The women poured into the village as if they were cattle coming home at night, and the men, who had been gossiping all day at the doors of the huts, paid less attention to their coming than they would have to the returning of cattle.

The Dona saw that the back of nearly every woman and young girl carried a baby. She knew that all day these babies had been strapped to their mothers' backs while the mothers hoed the fields under the hot tropical sun; all day their little bodies had been in hot steam baths. She

watched as the mothers went to their hut doors and hurried to take down their squirming and crying burdens. Little naked bodies were placed on the bare ground where the cool evening breeze was blowing.

"I wonder how many of these babies will die of pneumonia," she thought aloud. She wanted to run to the women and tell them to cover the babies so they would not catch cold.

Next she saw the women take half-cooked porridge from the kettles, pick up their babies, and force the coarse mixture down the very young throats.

Again the Dona wanted to run and explain to the women that that was the reason so many of their babies died. But she knew that the women would only laugh at her. Did they not have more babies than she?

Wearily she trudged home that evening. She had seen so much and had so much to think about.

When the Doctor returned, they talked it over. Yes, the population of Africa was decreasing, and no wonder, for more than 70 per cent of the babies in that region were dying. And most of them were dying of preventable diseases, or from mishandling because of ignorance. Very seldom did they ever see a healthy baby. The babies all had sore eyes, colds, or some type of sickness.

"Well, at least I'm helping to save the lives of some that come to the hospital," the Doctor said.

"Yes, but what good does it do for you to save a baby if the mother takes it home and actually kills it by her terribly ignorant way of caring for it? Of what use is it to treat diseases when the filthy villages are breeding the diseases faster than you can care for the people?"

"Yes, I see. Something more needs to be done," agreed the Doctor.

Before daybreak, some weeks later, the Doctor's wife was off on a trek to the paramount chief's village. Glancing back at the light still burning in the window of her house, her heart almost reproved her for leaving the many duties that awaited her hand at home. But they would be there when she returned, while out in the village some little morsel of life might die if she did not hurry to instruct its mother.

Her hands took off her sun helmet to let the early breeze cool her head. She would need the helmet later.

After a few miles of walking, the Dona spied many little curls of smoke making their way to the roof of the forest. She reached the village when the day was just beginning. The women had not gone to their gardens and fields yet. She walked directly to the village *bwalo* and gave a word to the drummer.

Deftly he poised two sticks above the drumhead. In a moment the quiet morning was broken by syllables that announced, The Dona has come! The Dona has come!

Only a few minutes later the village square began to swarm with women and children. All were curious to hear what the white woman had to tell them. The Dona scanned the faces of the large circle of women. Right before her squatted a twelve-year-old girl, whose neck and arms were heavy with beads, and whose ankles bore needless little garters of leopard skin. The Dona noticed how dainty were her hands and feet, and how the child's bright eyes were watching her. Instantly the Dona's heart was cheered to think that perhaps this girl would someday

remember her words and do them. All at once she realized that this girl was little Basala, whose plump, young body had already been sold for two pigs. She would use simple words so that the child could understand.

The Dona glanced at other faces. There were scores of women who carried their children in slings on their backs. There was one woman who was daubed with gray clay; she was a widow. Another was sitting with an empty back. The haunted look in her eyes told the story of the trials of a childless wife. There were buxom young girls squatting on the ground.

The Doctor's wife called for her interpreter. A young woman with a good-sized child astraddle her hips stepped up to the side of the white woman. The first class in mothercraft began.

In simple language the Dona tried to explain the proper technique of caring for children. But there was a huge gap from the printed words of the medical books to the language of a primitive people. She tried to explain that flies and mosquitoes and ticks bring disease. Babies need only milk to drink while they are young. Coarse porridge is too hard to digest.

But the Dona saw only resentment and mockery on their faces. Whoever heard of a village without flies and ticks? How did the Dona know how to feed a baby? She had only one girl. Wait until she had a house full of children, then she would know that children must eat.

But the lecture continued. Do not feed the baby every time it cries, but have regular times to feed it, she told them.

And then, as if perfectly timed for the occasion, the child that was clinging to the back of the interpreter

prodded its mother, and quickly the puckered mouth was brought to the breast for a few hasty swallows of milk.

Words passed over the women's heads as unheeded as the summer clouds. But the Dona plodded untiringly on with the mothercraft talk.

Again the child of the interpreter rapped his mother's ribs with his clenched fist, and again he was rewarded with a hasty, though short meal. Then, as if demonstrating the psychological principle of suggestion, many of the babies in the audience thumped and kicked at their mothers' backs, and there was suddenly a rising and swaying of mothers and an audible feeding of children.

The Dona noticed that many of the hands and breasts that were feeding the babies were still wearing yesterday's dust from the fields. Perhaps the class had had enough talk on regularity of feeding for this time. She cautioned them always to wash the hands and the breasts before feeding the baby.

This, too, was something new. The women were listening. The chief's first wife rose and asked: "But, Dona, when we are out in our fields working, there is no water to wash with. What shall we do?"

The women tittered their approval of this question. Here was one the Dona could not answer. If she could, they would begin to believe that she knew a little of what she was talking about.

The Dona found no ready answer. There was a short silence. Matted heads of hair began to nod, assuring themselves that the white woman could not answer.

Quickly a thought flashed. The Dona spoke: "The milk in your breasts is sterile—it is clean. Just wash the

dust off with a little of the clean milk, then let the babies nurse."

A sigh of approval arose from the group, and a soft murmuring said: "The Dona has given us a good answer. We will listen to her. We will go to her house if she will teach us."

But minds long burdened with heathen ways do not respond immediately to the white woman's instruction. Ever so slowly the women learned. A few of them swept their huts; others remembered at times to brush the flies from their babies' faces. Others cooked the porridge a little longer before they fed it to small mouths. Yes, maybe the Dona is right, they would say, but how does she know so much when she has reared only one baby?

Late one evening a drummer began to beat his drum, and a message ran through the forest to another drummer's ear. Quickly his drum began to vibrate the same message. Then out on the horizon of sound a third drum took up the notes and sent them on.

It was a glad new message that the drums beat out that night. Little groups of people danced and clapped their hands around their village fires, saying, "We will go and see the white man's baby."

They came to the Dona's house by twos and threes, and by small groups and large companies. There was no putting them off. They *must* see the white baby. The only way to get them to leave was to bring the baby to the window or the door for inspection.

"A baby that is white!" they gasped.

"She has no hair."

"She is fat."

"She is beautiful."

"What do you feed her?"

As the weeks and months went on, the women continued to come. They would bring their own babies to compare them with the white baby.

"Why is your baby so much fatter than my baby?"

"She does not have sore eyes."

"Your baby is well, but mine is sick."

And the Dona's answer would strike astonished ears: "I do not feed her coarse porridge. Milk is all. When she is old enough, I shall feed her more. I do not let the flies sit on her face. I do not let her catch cold."

At the end of six months the Dona's baby was fat and healthy, while the native babies of the same age were sickly and puny. The women finally decided that the Dona must know what she had been talking about. Her baby was much more favored than theirs. They would try to feed their babies as she fed hers.

A large crowd of women who stood at the door one day begged: "We want clothes to put on our babies like those you put on yours. Give us clothes for all our babies."

The Dona told them that it would be impossible for her to give away that many. "But you can wrap your babies in native cloth."

"We want little dresses like those your baby wears."

"You can make them, then."

"We don't know how."

"I will teach you."

Sewing classes began. Hands that were accustomed to the labor of the fields, however, could hardly learn to

hold a small needle. The women grabbed the needle and stabbed the material as if they were murdering it. They jabbed their fingers and knees. But as long as they were willing to try, the Dona was willing to help them.

Yet the Dona was not satisfied. The classes and lectures were only a partial success. It was so easy for the women to forget her words. They must have examples to follow in their own villages. She must train girls in her home. These must return to their villages and establish homes of their own that would serve as models.

One of the first girls to be trained in the Dona's home was Efala. One morning, at her own request, Efala had her name changed to Bismuth. (The day before this she had overheard the Doctor asking for bismuth, and the sound of the word had evidently pleased her ear.)

In all the arts of housekeeping, Bismuth received patient instruction. She learned how to cook, sew, and clean the house. But of all her duties, she liked best to care for the white baby.

When it came to the baby's morning bath, the Doctor's wife often wondered who enjoyed it more, the baby or the house girl. At first Bismuth had only stood and watched with a mysterious smile as the tiny arms and legs received their daily share of soap and water.

Her joy knew no bounds when, on a certain day, her hands were entrusted with the precious task. After it was over and the baby was safe in her crib again, Bismuth stood at the window a long time. When at last she turned with a faraway dream in her eyes, she said, "Dona, when I have a baby of my own, it shall have a bath each morning."

There was a real "American" wedding later, with Bismuth clothed in Fifth Avenue fashion—white muslin dress, mosquito netting veil, white tennis shoes, and a bride's bouquet of bachelor buttons salvaged from the Dona's late garden.

Other house girls came to the white woman's house after that, and they, too, learned the fascination of bathing and dressing the growing baby.

The Dona was speechless but happy. She stood in the clearing. There before her the village huts lined themselves in orderly fashion on either side of freshly swept paths. "Where are the usual tumble-down shacks?" she asked herself. "Where are the swarms of flies?"

But her questions were interrupted by the broad, white-toothed smile of Bismuth, who ran toward her.

"Oh, Dona, will you come to see my house?"

The white woman's eyes were quick to notice that in Bismuth's house there were bright curtains at the windows, and on the table there was a clean, white cloth.

Then the Dona went out to the village meeting house. Bismuth was eager to explain that her husband, the village teacher, had built it himself.

As the Dona walked through the door of that house, she stopped short and caught her breath. She had unconsciously expected to find the usual crowd of wild-eyed women with matted hair, and she was not prepared for what she saw. Sitting on the floor in quiet order was a group of women waiting for her.

The white woman was quick to notice that curly hair tried to lie straight because of many combings, that calico

dresses rattled from heavy starchings, and that babies subjected to the intimate use of soap nestled in their mother's arms.

Then the women began to talk with her, asking intelligent questions on the care of children. The Dona was again surprised; and when she hinted this, the women were quick to return: "We have a mother; our mother is Bismuth. She teaches us."

All at once the Dona felt very tired, and also very happy, like one who can fold her hands at the end of a long day's work. But almost immediately the memory of other villages beyond the horizon of this one pulled at her heart. Abruptly the feeling of weariness left her. She knew that her task had merely begun.

Guarding the Food Supplies

“IF WE could only get some milk, dear! I can’t help feeling worried about the baby,” the Doctor’s wife confided one day.

“Yes, we must get some milk.”

“But where can we get it? None of the natives in the near-by villages have cows.”

“Well, tomorrow I will go and find one.”

The next morning, while his wife packed his handbag, the Doctor suggested: “You’d better put in an extra pair of shoes for me. The rough paths are rather hard on soles, and I might need an extra pair before I get back.”

“Why, how far do you plan to walk?” she questioned.

“I plan to walk until I find some milch cows; so don’t worry, my dear, if I don’t get home for several days.”

“All right, I won’t worry,” she assured him. But she did worry. Several times she saw shadows moving in the edge of the forest. Once a frightful animal, like a mangy yellow mongrel, trotted up the path. As his front legs were longer than his hind ones, he swung along in a peculiar “broken-back” gait. The Doctor’s wife yelled at him, and the hyena turned and ran into the jungle.

After a long day of waiting, the short twilight came. The Doctor’s wife glanced toward the path constantly. Almost suddenly the night dropped a curtain of blackness before her. With her sight thwarted, her ears became more alert to catch the faintest sound from the jungle. Long hours dragged on, interjected with the distant melancholy whining of hyenas. One time she heard a lion’s roar.

When daylight came she was glad, for she could again watch the narrow path. Sitting in her homemade rocking chair with the baby in her arms, she crooned made-up songs. "Bye, baby bunting. Daddy's gone a hunting to get a bossy cow, to feed our baby bunting."

She stopped her song and started laughing. The memory of her parents' home in Los Angeles and the white delivery truck with its bottles of pure white milk came to her mind. "Wouldn't they laugh if they could see the jungle dairy?" and her song crooned on, "Daddy's gone a hunting for a bossy cow to feed our baby bunting."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" rang out from the jungle.

The Doctor's wife jumped up. "What was that?"

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

A moment in the edge of the forest, and a donkey with flapping ears emerged bearing a rider, another donkey following behind. The rider was waving. The excited wife went running down the path toward him. "Why, dear, I thought you went to get cows," she puzzled.

"Don't you think these are good-looking animals?" he questioned as he jumped from his mount. "I can get to more villages now, and my shoes will not wear out so quickly, and—"

"But the cows—couldn't you get any?"

"Oh, the cows? Why, yes, I got some, all right, but they won't be here for two more days. They are thirty-five miles from here, and it will take the native boys some time to drive them here, and, anyway—"

"How many did you get?"

"I bought two heifers and hired two milch cows with their calves, and, as I was starting to say, I'll have to get

the boys to work on a corral right away. Maybe I could hire old Fagen as watchman."

"Do you think you could trust him? He would have to guard the cattle during the night as well as in the daytime."

"Oh, yes, I am sure he would make a good watchman."

The Doctor soon felt repaid for his trouble, for the baby began to gain rapidly. It seemed to him that she was growing fatter, rosier, and sweeter at each feeding.

Then Christmas came.

Christmas in the jungle sees no avenues bright with lights, hears no choral strains of "Holy Night," and knows no festive repast. But the jungle family did have butter and cheese to make their beans and corn more appetizing on Christmas Eve. A homemade rag doll delighted the baby.

The Dona was up early in the morning; there would be cream pies for Christmas dinner. Carefully she patted out the piecrust into the pie tins and then turned to get the milk; but Fagen had not brought it in yet. In a half hour she called to her husband, "I wish you would go out and see why Fagen doesn't come with the milk."

Her husband was gone so long that she almost decided to go to the corral herself. But when she looked out of the window, she saw him coming, no milk bucket in his hand, and his head low.

"What's the trouble?" she asked.

"Oh, not much," but his voice was trembling a little. "Old Fagen went off to the village last night to celebrate, and the lions came."

"Did they kill the cows?" she asked anxiously.

"I guess the two old cows escaped and ran away, but the corral is a pretty sorry-looking place with heifer, calf, and donkey flesh scattered around, and—"

"Did they get the donkeys?"

"Only one, I think. The other, I'm sure, got away and ran into the forest. I've sent a boy to try to find him."

The two stood looking blankly into each other's eyes. The Dona glanced at the empty pie shells. Presently she broke out in a little laugh. "I guess that's the strangest Christmas present we have ever received."

The Doctor laughed. "Yes, and it's the last of that kind I want."

"Maybe I shouldn't mention it now, dear; but there is something I've been wanting."

"What is it?" His voice sounded indulgent.

"It's hens."

"Hens!"

"Yes, I have been wishing I could have some good chickens. Think how much better our food would taste with some good eggs for flavoring."

That was just like her, always ready to try again. "Well," he said, "you shall certainly have some. The next time I go to town, I'll bring you some."

The Dona directed the native boys as they worked on probably the strongest chicken pen that the jungle had ever owned. If ironlike tree trunks and limbs lashed together with native rattan meant a tight pen, her chickens would have the best.

"One of the hens is gone. There are only eleven now," she announced one morning.

Together they inspected the log chicken pen. Leopard tracks and a loose log told the story. That night a boy "watched,"—perhaps in his dreams,—but the next morning only nine hens cackled in the pen.

The following morning the wife announced across the breakfast table, "Only five left now."

He looked closely into his wife's face and thought he saw signs of tears. "I'll do something to get that leopard," he said firmly.

All that day helpers were busy between the jungle and the hen house. Some stout arms carried thick green poles, others brought in great bundles of jungle twine—rope-like vines.

The Doctor traced a rectangle on the ground with a sharp stick. "Put the logs in deep along this line. Put them close together, very close. Fasten poles across the top. Make the trap strong."

"Yes, yes, Bwana," the men responded.

The sound of striking axes and the tearing of jungle vines filled the Doctor's day. Frequently above the jabbering and singsong voices of the working natives rang out the voice of the Doctor: "Make it tight, men! Build it strong!"

Two compartments were made in the trap. In the smaller space a bleating kid was tied, and the logs were so well fastened around it that no wild animal could ever harm it. At the other end of the carefully planned leopard boudoir one of the logs was raised and fastened with ropes in such a way as to make a trap door.

Having arranged for a boy to sit in a tree close by, the Doctor walked down the slope from the chicken pen to

the buildings below. There he found a European friend who had driven in to spend a few days.

"Looks as if you have been working," the friend greeted him.

"Yes, I have; and if you stay long enough, you may help me bag a chicken thief."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I've just finished building a log cabin for a certain leopard."

"I see," responded the friend. "But you must be very careful, Doctor, for the leopard is a tricky fellow. It is hard to get ahead of him.

After dinner that evening, the topic of conversation naturally turned to animals. "I suppose you have some snakes out here," the visitor commented.

"Yes, a few." The Doctor's eyes twinkled as they always do when a story is lurking behind them.

"Which kind is the most feared in Africa?" led the friend.

"It is the mamba, because that kind is one of the most deadly serpents in the world."

"Is it like any other snake?"

"Yes, it is really a cobra, although its very slender head shows only a trace of a hood. Its spindling body grows to a length of ten feet, resembling a thick taper. In habits it is arboreal, spending three fourths of its time in trees, and the green-colored mambas are especially difficult to observe when hidden by heavy foliage. The luckless person beneath such a tree does not realize the danger he is in until a sudden rush of a twisting body whips onto him, delivering a fatal bite with its deadly fangs."

"I would judge, Doctor," the friend smiled, "that you were never bitten by one, or you would not be here tonight."

"I've had some close calls, though. I was standing out in the yard one moonlight evening, talking with a friend, when he interrupted my sentence by saying in a very soft voice, 'Step forward!' as he looked intently into my eyes. I didn't finish what I was saying but just stood looking back at him and wondering what he meant.

"He again commanded in a firm but quiet way, 'Step forward, please!' This time I obeyed him, taking two long steps toward him. His composed attitude suddenly changed as he pointed to the place where I had been standing. There was a black mamba coiled in its usual striking pose.

"My friend's quick wit probably saved my life; for had he called, 'Look out!' and pointed to the ground, which would have been the natural thing to do, I should no doubt have acted on the first impulse and jumped backward, to land directly on the snake."

"That reminds me of the afternoon another woman and I were sewing," broke in the Dona. "We were sitting in easy chairs out under the shade of the big tree in our front yard. I never knew what made me look up so suddenly from my sewing, but I did, and just in time to see a green mamba rushing down from the branches toward my friend.

"'Jump!' was all I had time to call. She vaulted out of her chair more quickly than I have ever seen a woman leap. And that mamba struck the empty chair so swiftly that it reminded me of a snapping cable. In a second its elongated body stretched itself upward and disappeared into the same tree.

"We called the men. After they had carefully searched through the tree, they laughed at us and suggested that we had been having a daydream, for they declared there was no snake in that tree. Anyway, we women went inside to finish our sewing."

"And there was the time," the Doctor began as he saw by his friend's expression that he was still interested, "that our baby Helen decided to make a playmate of a black mamba.

"My wife, who was inside the house, was attracted to the window by the incessant laughing of the baby. Imagine her horror when she looked out and saw baby Helen squatting down in front of a black mamba. As she rushed out to rescue her, she saw why the baby had laughed. The mamba was swallowing a frog, and the baby cried when she was taken away from so interesting a performance."

"My good woman, you must be quite accustomed to mambas by now; perhaps you should be a curator for some zoo that specializes in mambas," bantered their friend.

"Oh no!" she laughed. "I'll never get acclimated to their company even though I should live in Africa a hundred years."

The Doctor teasingly interrupted: "With the experience my wife has had she should take up the collecting of reptile hides as a side line. She has invented a sure-kill method of dispatching the reptiles."

"Tell me about it," begged the visitor.

"I suppose he means the time that I was in the bathtub when I discovered a mamba on the floor between the tub and the door. He was making faces at me with his shiny little head and his big, beady eyes. With a quick glance

I measured the distance to the door. I could not jump over him; the room was too small for me to try to dodge around him. In his open mouth I could see tiny glasslike fangs. And all the time the snake's body kept up a continual movement as it gradually came closer.

"I called my husband. As soon as I heard his footsteps outside the door, I called still louder: 'Don't come in! Don't come in!' The mamba was so near the door that I was afraid it would strike the moment the door opened.

"I had to act quickly. Reaching down for my shoe, which was on the opposite side of the tub, I gave a vigorous throw. The shoe must have broken the snake's neck, for after one quick contortion, the snake lay still. Then I told my husband he could come into the room. I guess he nearly had to carry me out, I was so frightened."

"And that's why I say she ought to collect reptile hides," her husband laughed. "Anyone who can kill snakes so easily—"

"Well, Doctor, I thought you were a collector of leopard skins," the friend teased.

"That is right. There is to be a leopard hunt tonight, and maybe—"

But even before the Doctor finished his sentence, an excited voice called: "Bwana, come quick! Bwana, he is in the trap!"

The Doctor reached for his rifle and lighted the lantern. "Would you like to go with me and hold the lantern?" he asked his friend.

Hurrying to the trap, the men found that inside the cage was a 150-pound bundle of spotted fury snarling in a fierce rage. His claws tore at the well-fastened logs.

The Doctor took the lantern from his friend and held it close to the bars. They both peered through and saw two balls of blood-red fire and felt the breath of the hissing "cat."

"You'd better use that rifle in a hurry," suggested the friend.

But when the Doctor tried to poke the muzzle of the gun between the logs, he found that his instructions to the natives had been obeyed so scrupulously that even the tip end of his rifle muzzle could not be edged between the bars. There was no use pouring bullets into the thick wooden logs. He examined every inch of that cage, top and sides, but not even a tiny hole could be found.

"What is the Bwana going to do?" questioned the natives.

The two white men held a council, and all the while the spotted thief was lashing and clawing and throwing his body against the walls of the cage.

"We'll have to act quickly," they both agreed.

"There's just one thing to do," said the Doctor. "We'll have a boy climb up on top and lift up the log that was used for the trap door just enough for me to slip the muzzle of this gun under it."

"But what if the leopard should decide to come out? The boy could never hold the log then, and we'd be right in front of the beast. You'd better not do that, Doctor."

Then, perhaps, there came to the Doctor's mind the expression on his wife's face that very morning when she announced, "Only five hens left now." At once he began shouting commands. The boy on top of the trap began to lift the trap-door log from its deep hole in the ground. The Doctor squatted directly in front of the door, holding

his rifle on his knees. Behind him stood the friend, holding the lantern so that its rays would shine on the log that was being pulled up.

"I tell you, Doctor," his friend's voice spoke in a quiver, "you'd better not do it. It's too dangerous."

But the Doctor may not have heard, for he began yelling to the native: "Easy, boy, easy! Not too high. Just enough so I can poke the gun under."

Suddenly a paw shot out from under the raised log, and two big eyes glared at the men as the leopard let out a terrific roar.

"Drop the pole, boy. Drop it!" Everything went black. Not knowing whether the leopard was inside or outside the cage, the Doctor turned to run. He saw the lantern like a mammoth firefly jerk down the hillside toward the buildings. He began to follow.

Crash! He saw the lantern fall and go out. He stopped to listen. The fast thumping of running feet, which gradually grew fainter, told him his friend would soon be safe in one of the buildings. The Doctor listened for other sounds. Yes, there were still the constant slashing against the cage bars and the increasingly louder cat snarls.

More orders were shouted. Soon a boy came back from the house with another lantern. This time the Doctor placed the lantern on the ground beside him.

Slowly and carefully the log was again raised. The Doctor pointed his gun with precision. Only one shot, and the leopard lay quiet.

The fat hens now cackle in safety, while the thief's hide provides a pretty scatter rug for the Doctor's home.

Transportation Difficulties

HOUR after hour the Doctor urged his car on through the mire. Often the wheels would sink in the soft mud, and then would follow the tiresome task of pushing and lifting the car from its pit. That night the Doctor rested in the back seat of the car.

The second day wore on with an ever-increasing number of halts and constant conflict with stubborn, oozy mud. At times the Doctor almost questioned whether he were a fool to try the trip during the rainy season; but an unseen force impelled him to drive on. For several minutes at a time the sky would restrain itself, while the sun would eagerly begin to suck up the water from the roadbed. But just as the Doctor would reassure himself that the trip might not be in vain, the sun would hide its face behind the cloudy folds of the sky's gray veil.

Toward the end of the second day new thoughts began to heckle the Doctor's mind: The lad would probably be past help by now, anyway; and if the roads were this bad now, what would they be like beyond the open country, out in the jungles?

It was late in the afternoon when he drove into the white settlement of the city where the message had been relayed to him. He was very tired from the three hundred miles of driving, and he hoped for a second message stating that the boy was better. How good it would be to have a hot supper and a few hours of sleep before continuing the trip! But when his mud-spattered car drew up, a white lady rushed out under the protection of a large

black umbrella and, handing him a small parcel, said: "The boy's father was in early this morning, saying his son is much worse. Here are a few sandwiches."

The Doctor's car turned from the main road—a rather flattering title—and began to push its way through the thicker mud of the jungle trail. By the Doctor sat a friend whom he had found in the white settlement and who had gladly offered to show him the way.

The two drove on for miles with only the rattling of the rain on the hood of their car for conversation.

Shortly after dusk the friend informed him: "We should be coming to the Shire River soon. I hope the bridge is not covered. It's been raining quite steadily the past five days, though."

Gradually a rushing sound reached their ears. Next, their car lights shone on a mass of swirling waters. No bridge was in sight. Abruptly the Doctor stopped the car. What should they do? Turn back?

As they sat looking at the water that surged ahead of them, they saw the form of a man walk into the dim end of their car's light. The man was pacing back and forth on the riverbank. The friend remarked to the Doctor: "He's a European. See, there is his car. He's held up too."

"Let's go talk with him."

The two men left their car and walked toward the figure. The stranger turned and came to meet them, being careful to walk just outside the beam of light. When he finally did step into the light, his face was a deathly white.

"Is it you, Doctor?" he almost gasped.

Immediately the Doctor recognized the boy's father.

"Is the bridge under?"

"Yes, I've been here since I took the message this morning."

"Any idea when the water will go down?"

"I've been measuring it all day."

The Doctor walked to the edge of the approach to the bridge and thrust a reed into the water. The current snatched it from his hand. He took another reed and held it more firmly. The water was rushing over the bridge at a depth of three feet. There was nothing to do but wait. He suggested to the father that he go and sit in the car and watch the river. But he replied, "I couldn't sit still two minutes."

The Doctor tried to relax in the car; but when he closed his eyes, he could not dismiss the picture of the father pacing the riverbank. Persistent thoughts pressed themselves upon him. "What agony the father must be passing through! Is his son already dead? How cruel the jungle is!"

The Doctor recalled the time when, once before, the jungle had broken the man's heart, when his wife lay dying. There was no road then, only a thread of a foot-path, and a carrier took the message to the outside world. He buried his wife with his own hands, and then, when his mission directors suggested that he might wish to go home, he begged to carry on.

He set out to build a road to his jungle home. For months he worked, constantly urged on by the hope that the road would be a useful link with the outside world in case of another emergency. But now the river has foiled him.

The Doctor walked to the side of the father. The two tramp in silence. There is a sympathy deeper than words

between them. The father's silent courage pierces the Doctor's heart. Does this experience hold some foreboding for himself? Little did he know then that a few years hence—when his own heart would be bleeding by the bedside of his young son—the picture of this father's quiet courage would come to give him strength.

The men turned and walked toward the bridge. They pushed a long reed into the swift water and touched the bed of the bridge. Pulling up the reed and inspecting it by the lights of the car, they found a muddy ring just where the last notch had been made.

A new thought came urgently to the Doctor's mind, and, leaving the father, he went back to his car. If the river should go down, there would probably be hours of medical work to do. He *must* try to rest.

Since the rain had stopped, he and his friend took out their camp cots and lay down. But sleep was impossible because the mosquitoes had put an efficient night shift on duty.

About two o'clock in the morning the father walked over to the cots and called: "I've just measured it again, and it's gone down. I think we can cross on the bridge."

Instantly the men were on their feet. They hurried to verify the words. Yes, the water was down to fourteen inches now. "Do you think it is safe?" they questioned the father.

"Oh yes, I'm sure. I'll drive over first, and you can follow me."

When the wheels of the Doctor's car went into the water, he could feel the pull of the current, and he grasped the steering wheel with a firm grip. The bridge trembled.

Water splashed up on the men's feet. The car lights showed a mass of swirling, black water ahead of them. What if they were pushed from the narrow bridge?

When at last the lights showed the mud of a roadbed, and the car drew out of the water, both men breathed audibly. "Hope it's still here when we come back."

The tiny red spot of light on the end of the father's car bobbed over the road like a scared butterfly. The Doctor tried his best to keep his car at the same speed, but the road was not so familiar to him as to the man who had built it. The red light disappeared.

In an hour they came to a section of the road that had been newly built. The wheels churned and stopped. The two men worked; but the more they worked, the deeper the car went into the mud, and the more it leaned toward the embankment.

"Might as well get the cots out again," the friend suggested.

It was seven the next morning when the father drove back in search of the men.

"Sorry we got in this mess," the Doctor greeted the man. Then in a tone of hesitancy he inquired, "How's the boy?"

"His fever's getting worse. He's delirious now."

"Are you sure it is the—"

"Oh yes, Doctor, just the same symptoms that his mother had."

The three men set to work to extricate the Doctor's car. They placed small branches in front of the wheels for better resistance. With their shovels, they threw aside some of the offending mud. Then, with many a spin of

the wheels and a side skid, they slowly towed the car out of the hole it had dug for itself.

The two cars splashed into the clearing of the missionary's home and up to the thatch porch of the house. The Doctor raced after the father as he jumped out of his car and bounded up the steps. Inside, on a small bed, he saw the thin lad moaning and tossing in delirium. Kneeling on the floor beside the bed was the father. He was holding the restless hands of his son and saying over and over into eyes that were glazed with pain: "He's here, Joey; he's here. We made it this time. It's all different now, since *we* put the road through. He got here, Joey. He got here."

The Doctor began his work. A hand on the boy's pulse, a glance at his thermometer, and he began to give orders. "Plenty of boiled water. Hot towels, wet sheets, pitchers of hot lemonade."

Late into the night the men carried water and hot wet towels. Toward morning the lad began to breathe more easily. The father sat down in a chair by the bed. His head nodded.

Soon the Doctor caught himself nodding. He promptly walked to the door of the next room to give some order about water to the native boys who were tending the fire with its kettles of boiling water. Some words in their conversation caught his attention. He stopped in the doorway and listened.

"Our Bwana makes himself a lot of work. He went to get the Doctor."

"Yes," the second boy said; "he should know that blackwater fever always takes them. Can't he remember?"

"He will remember when his son dies."

The Doctor did not feel sleepy any longer. He returned to the pitchers of water by the sick boy's bed.

All that night the rain whispered on the thatch roof, and all the next day, the second night, the second day, and the third night.

On the third morning, as the Doctor looked at the thermometer and at the relaxed face of the sleeping boy, he said softly to the father, "It's normal now."

The father smiled, "Yes, thanks to you, Doctor."

In a half hour the Doctor and his friend were again driving their car through the mud of the roadbed. The friend commented, "That man had an eye to business when he built this road so high."

"Well, if he hadn't, we might be using boats now, by the looks of things. The fifteen inches of rain that has fallen in the last three days has certainly made things wet."

The road itself was a regular stream, on account of the persistent pelting rain. But the car pushed ahead with a spray of water dashing out from under the fenders.

Shortly before noon the men's ears caught a low mumbling sound that gradually grew to a loud rumbling and crashing mingled with dull bumps. A half mile farther on the men found the road cut off by a sullen, muddy waste of water. No bridge was in sight; only a ripple in the colored water revealed its location.

The men sat in their car and watched the river enjoy itself with the fullness of the rainy season. The water pulled at the exposed roots of a tree that stood too near the crumbling bank. The tree gave a great shudder that made its branches wave piteously. It poised for a moment

as if looking into the water, then toppled over with a muffled crash. A spout of muddy water flew up from the river. Then the tormented waters rushed on as before. The river repeated this performance over and over again as if practicing for an exhibition.

All afternoon the men watched and measured the river, hopeful there would be an ebb, but the rain poured down in saucy torrents. As dusk drew on, they realized that they would have to spend the night there. They walked to a native village that was near the river and rented a grass hut for the night. A few ears of green corn purchased from a native and roasted over a smoky hut fire provided their supper.

The holes in the grass roof of the hut admitted just enough rain to keep the clothes of the men damp and sticky. It was too hot to sleep. All night they sweltered as if taking a steam bath. But toward morning the weather cooled, and the men caught a couple of hours' sleep.

They measured the river again in the morning; it had come up eighteen inches. At noon another eighteen inches had been added.

"Something has gone wrong, Doctor. Perhaps the lake above has overflowed."

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know, but we must do something. You know what the rainy season means; if we don't get across now, it will be three months before we can make it."

"We'd better try to send for help."

In the village they found a native who owned a dug-out canoe. They asked him to cross the river with a message.

The little patch of whiskers on the man's chin danced jerkily as he laughed: "Me try to cross him? The rapids below! Me no fool." He explained that his bamboo stick was not long enough to reach the bottom now, and he would have no way to steady the canoe.

The men offered him money. They pleaded with him, and they threatened, but to no avail.

Finally the Doctor suggested: "You let us borrow the canoe. We'll go across."

The patch of whiskers stood still. Then the dark man shook his head. "No! No! You try, you drown, the Government blame me; I lose my head."

After a half hour of dickering the man gave in and took the canoe to the river.

The Doctor and his friend squatted down in the hollow log and grasped the paddles. For a few moments the canoe hesitated in the more quiet water of the river's margin. Slowly the men paddled and nosed their craft into the pulsating water. Quickly the current of the river caught up the canoe and flounced it against the choppy waves. The canoe bounced and staggered. The river was apparently enjoying its game of tossing mud baths over the white Bwanas.

The men worked hard at the paddles, but the canoe only danced up and down. They grew dizzy with the churning of the water, and from the giddy convulsions of the canoe, but their arms kept swinging the paddles. After what seemed like hours the men at last reached the muddy bank on the farther side.

They staggered out of their dugout and sat down on a water-soaked log. Their arms fell exhausted at their sides;

but for only a moment's rest. A swarm of mosquitoes, like a dark sheet, settled down upon them. Their arms began to work again, although in a series of different motions.

Now that they were across the river, what should they do? It was a long, long way to walk back to the white settlement. In fact, it would take them at least two days to make it. From lack of proper food, from exposure, and from many insect bites they were so weakened that fever could easily overtake them. It would be risky to try the long walk.

The men heard a rustle in the tall grass behind them. They turned and saw two peering eyes. Soon a native emerged. Here was their chance. They would send a message by him. A few coins jingled in the man's dark palm, and his eyes smiled at the promise of more if the message was delivered. He nodded a "Yes, Bwana," and was on his way. The Doctor watched the native's feet sink into ankle-deep mud at every step. What if this messenger never reached the white settlement?

After an hour's rest, if it could be called that, the two men paddled back across the river. They were too tired to care about food, but they must keep up their strength. They plodded through the mud to the native who grew the corn.

The man's face scowled: "No, Bwana, no more corn for you. The river, he take my corn away. I have only a few ears. Now you want to take my corn. I will go hungry."

That night two men lay down on their damp cots with hunger under their belts.

The morning found the two men standing in the door of their hut, looking toward the river. They did not exchange words for some time; then one said, "I think I know how Noah felt the first day he looked out of his window."

"Yes, but I think he had had breakfast," the other added.

By measure, the water had risen twelve feet.

About noon the men looked across the river and saw a truck. Help had come.

With renewed vigor the men pushed their canoe across the river. A white man stepped out of the truck and met them on the bank. "Here is something you might be interested in," he said as he handed them a covered dish. "The wife said I'd better bring it to you." Never was a fresh vegetable salad more enjoyed.

The three men held a short council. Should the car be left until after the rainy season, they would not need to return for it—it wouldn't be worth coming after. But how could they get it across? All the timber in that section was hardwood, and at that time of the year would not float sufficiently to make a raft. The dugout canoe was the only solution.

The men again crossed the river, and took the car apart and sent it over piece by piece. Finally, only the chassis was left. Its weight would cause the canoe to draw more water. This would make the strong current of the river much more dangerous.

The men decided to play safe by tying two ropes to the canoe, each rope secured to either side of the bank. Then, even if the current should carry the canoe downstream, it could not go very far.

The Doctor stepped on the canoe, and away they sped with the chassis. The impatient, swirling waters roughly embraced the canoe and shot it downstream.

A quick creak followed by a faint snap brought terror to the Doctor's heart. One of the ropes had broken. He was in midstream. It seemed almost foolish to try to do anything with the paddles.

The other rope was straightening now to its full length. Would it hold?

Jerk! The dugout stopped abruptly, as when one walks unwittingly into a tree at night, and plunged about like a small boy in a tantrum.

But the rope held. Then very slowly and tediously the men coaxed the canoe toward the bank.

As the truck chugged along that afternoon, with its load of car parts, the friend remarked, "We've had a pretty tough trip, haven't we, Doctor?"

"Yes, it has been trying—hope I can soon forget it. But there's one thing I shall never forget—and won't want to, either—the picture of that father kneeling by his son's bed and saying: 'He's here, Joey. It's different since *we* put the road through. He got here.'"

A Skirmish With a Tricky Foe

THE village of huts was slowly awakening to the duties of a new day. Women were carrying handfuls of firewood; children were chasing butterflies; men were leaning against the corners of the huts.

Out of one hut came a woman, dragging a child. The mother took the child out to the *bwalo* and set him down with a thump. "You get in my way. You play out here."

The African sun mounted higher, sending hot rays scuttling through the jungle foliage. The baby was having a delightful time making designs in the soft dust.

The mother had almost forgotten him until she heard a distant crashing in the brush. She stopped her work to listen. It was coming closer. She stepped to the door to look. She could not see more than thirty feet through the tree trunks.

Men upon the hut roofs were shouting, "Watch out! a mad buffalo is coming."

She thought of the baby. Rushing to the *bwalo*, she snatched up the child and started back. But just before she reached safety, the buffalo bore down upon her. Its great horns pierced her abdomen, but not before she had thrown her child into the hut.

When the buffalo had gone on several hundred yards, two men carried the mangled woman to her hut.

The frightened men cursed the "devil buffalo." "He has gone angry. He will kill many people."

"Get the chief," someone suggested. "The chief will kill him with his spear."

The streets of the villages were empty. Women and children hid in the dark corners of their huts; men clambered to the roofs and watched.

"Our chief is brave!" shouted the men from the hut tops as they saw Chipwemwe walking alone between the huts.

"His spear is sharp. The animal will fall."

Chipwemwe walked with tall shoulders between the huts of his village. He carried his spear with a strong hand. He would save his people.

A sudden crashing of hoofs through the underbrush, the rush of wind as from a fast-moving body, and the buffalo charged upon the chief. Deftly he thrust the spear into the animal's tough head. It sank in to a depth of three inches, then broke off. But this did not stop the animal. He rushed upon the chief, driving a horn through his thigh. Then, being unable to pull his head free, the buffalo stamped on him.

The men on the hut roofs saw the old buffalo trot off in the direction of another village. When he was at a safe distance, they came down from their perches and carried Chipwemwe into a hut.

"Our chief is brave," they said to one another, "but the buffalo is stronger than any other animal. His head is made like a stone. We do not fear the lions so much, but we greatly fear a mad buffalo. He is much more dangerous."

That evening the drums from a score of villages beat out the news that the buffalo had visited them. In the morning there were no curls of smoke from the huts and no signs of life in the villages except for the occasional

movement of the watchers who sat on their roofs and announced the comings and goings of the buffalo.

On the evening of the sixth day the villages held a council by the voice of their drums.

"We cannot get corn from our gardens."

"We are starving too."

"What shall we do?"

One village drum vibrated the answer: "Send for the Bwana. He will come with his gun."

A lean native, his chest still heaving, stood before the Doctor. His eyes pleaded more than his words. "Please, Bwana, a buffalo is up in our country. The women are afraid to go to their gardens. They have not been able to pound the corn for the men, and the men have not been able to eat for many days. Please, Bwana, bring your gun and kill the buffalo."

"How far is it?"

"Just a little way, Bwana." But the Doctor knew it was "a little way" only because they wanted him.

Soon the car was jouncing along with the Doctor and two European guests whom he had invited to go with him. On the running boards stood the Doctor's gunbearer and the native who had come for help.

The car had gone only a few miles when the guide told them they would have to stop and walk. Leaving the car parked by the side of the road, the hunting party trekked off through the brush.

"We want to show you something in here," said the guide when they reached the first village. Inside a dark hut the Doctor found the first victim. He ordered bark

to be bound around the patient, and asked for a *machila* (a hammock) in which to carry her back to the hospital. In another hut was another victim. More bark and a second *machila* were ordered. Yet in a third hut was a third victim. He, too, was sent back to the hospital.

The men climbed up a mile of steep incline, then came to the top of an open hill. They could see for miles over the plains. There were many dozens of villages spread out on the plains resembling polka-dot patches in a crazy quilt.

The men could see dark objects on top of the roofs of some of the near-by villages. They looked closer and saw dark objects also in the trees. They knew that the buffalo must be near by.

The tracks of the buffalo led the hunters down the other side of the hill. The country fell away quickly some three thousand feet to the plains below. Fearing that the buffalo would make his escape to the plains, one of the Europeans went on down to the bottom of the ravine, while the Doctor and the other European left the trail to find a lookout where they could wait.

Suddenly the Doctor and his friend were startled by a loud shout from the natives above: "The buffalo, Bwana! He's right there."

The jabber of excited voices echoed strangely over the ravine, but was broken by the crashing of the noisy buffalo. The animal had circled back and was now above the Doctor's party.

The Doctor whispered to his friend: "Now we're going after him. You come close behind me with the gun boy. I will interpret the shouts of the natives for you." Then

he cautioned the boy: "You must stay close by this European. He does not understand your language, so you must not leave him. Be sure to have the gun ready for him when he needs it."

The party started for the buffalo, the Doctor leading. It was hard going because the trail was so steep. They came to a place where they would have to crawl on their hands and knees to get through the brush. But before the Doctor started to crawl, he thought he had better make sure that his gun was coming. He looked down the steep trail, but could see or hear nothing.

He had caught up with the buffalo, but was caught himself, now, without a gun.

Immediately he sent a boy for his gun. After what seemed hours the lad returned with the gun boy.

"Why did you leave me?" the Doctor demanded.

"I heard the buffalo so close, Bwana," the gun boy pleaded.

"But I can't kill him without the gun, so you must stay right by me."

After they had crawled for about twenty-five yards, an excited shout came to them above the snapping of the dry bushes: "Look out, sir; he is coming right behind you! He is heading right for you."

At once the Doctor stood to his feet, gave a high jump, caught the lowest limb of a near-by tree, and swung himself onto the branch. Just then a rush of air, a pounding of hoofs, and a black object dashed under the limb. When the Doctor had recovered his breath, he noticed in the branches above him five natives, and in the topmost branch his gun boy. "The faithful gun boy!" he laughed.

After some time the Doctor and his gun boy slid down the tree, but they had crawled hardly twelve feet when another warning shout came ringing over the treetops. Quickly they dashed up into the same friendly tree.

Since entering the tall brush and reeds the buffalo had worked his way back in a semicircle and had charged from the opposite direction. It was this trick that made the hunt so dangerous.

The natives called again: "Come to this big rock, Bwana. You can see him from here."

When the Doctor reached the bottom of the rock, he found it to be a cliff standing almost perpendicularly. He was almost discouraged at the prospect, but the natives reassured him, "We will help you, Bwana." Two of them lifted the Doctor to their shoulders, and others who had climbed part of the way pulled him up by his arms. In this novel fashion he succeeded in reaching the top.

"There he is! There he is!" The natives pointed to a spot a short distance below. The Doctor could see men in the trees below; and they, too, were pointing, but he could not make out any buffalo. "That is only a rock," he said in a disgusted tone.

"No, Bwana, that thing which looks like a rock is the buffalo."

"All right," the Doctor replied and, taking the gun, started to take aim. But it was no use. The barrel wobbled in every direction. He now realized how really fatigued he was. He had been walking in the hot sun for hours. It was now late afternoon. Then, too, he was afraid that if he should shoot, he might hit one of the natives in the trees close to the buffalo.

But no sooner had the Doctor laid his gun down than the natives began to scold him roundly and tell him to shoot quickly before the buffalo should leave.

Picking up his gun again, the Doctor trusted to kind Providence for help. He pulled the trigger. Then, before the smoke had time to clear away, a lusty shout arose from the men in the trees close to the buffalo. Fear gripped the Doctor's heart; perhaps he had shot one of the natives.

Then their shouting seemed to resolve itself into articulate words, "Shoot again! Shoot again!" they yelled. The Doctor obeyed, firing several shots.

"He's going away!" they yelled. "Shoot again! He is only wounded. Shoot!"

But the Doctor lowered his gun. "It is empty."

The gun boy held out two empty hands. "The other Bwana took the box of cartridges away with him."

A sad wail went up from the natives. Then someone suggested, "Look in your pockets, Bwana."

The Doctor shook his head. He never carried any there. But just to please them, he began the search. The natives watched with tense interest as the Doctor ran his hands from one pocket to another. As his hand came out of the last pocket, it held four cartridges.

The sighs of relief were audible. Men at once went scrambling down the steep rock, shouting: "We're going after him. The Bwana will kill him now!"

The Doctor objected. He had already experienced two narrow escapes; and now that the animal had been wounded, it would be still more dangerous.

But the men insisted: "You must not let him go, Bwana. We will go before you. We will make a lane for

you through the brush and tall grass so that you can see ahead."

"All right," the Doctor gave in, "I'm ready to go."

The natives scuttled down from the rock and started off, slashing and tramping the brush and grass. They made a lane in front of the Doctor for about fifty yards.

Then before the men realized what was happening, the rogue buffalo tore into the lane and charged at the first rank of natives.

"Everybody down!" the Doctor shouted. Instantly a hundred men fell to the ground as the Doctor began firing at the big moving creature. The first shot hit, and checked the buffalo's speed. The second shot went wild. The third shot was effective, and the Doctor saw that the animal was weakening; but still the seriously wounded buffalo came on.

Only one cartridge left! The Doctor drew quick aim as he fired the fourth and last shot. The mad animal swayed, wobbled, then crashed to the ground. The marauder was dead.

Shouts arose. The natives swarmed into the lane, their spears poised for action. Before the Doctor could reach the spot, the natives had transformed the buffalo into a mammoth porcupine with scores of metal quills. They danced over the body, singing, swearing, and shouting in wild excitement.

It was growing dark when the Doctor drove into the clearing of his home. He went directly to the hospital to look after those who had been wounded by the buffalo. Only two had arrived. The mother had died before the carriers were halfway to the hospital.

Late into the night he worked, setting bones, sewing up gashes, and bandaging bruises.

Early the next morning a boy knocked on the Doctor's door. "Please, sir, the meat you ordered has come."

"But I did not order any meat."

"Well, the meat is here. You'd better come and see it."

The Doctor went out and found four native boys carrying the buffalo's head, and two men behind with the heart.

"The Bwana has saved our people," they declared. "The Bwana is brave! He must eat the heart!"

Into New Territory

A NEW rhythm being tapped out in unison on several drums came softly to the Doctor's ears. "Are we near a village?" he asked his native guide, Kenso. "Those drums sound different from any I have heard before."

"The people are having their *vinyao* (spirit) dance."

"Then, Kenso, we must not go," and the Doctor stopped. He had heard of these spirit dances and knew that no one outside the tribe was even allowed in the village when that dance was going on, and particularly no white man.

"But, Bwana, there is no other village. We have been walking since four this morning. We must get water and food. We could not get back to our camp without water. And, anyway, the chief of the village is my brother."

The Doctor gave in.

He was on his yearly two-week vacation trip, and had gone up into unfamiliar territory where game and maize were said to be plentiful. He planned to trade the animals he would kill for maize. This would be used to relieve the famine-stricken natives back near his hospital.

Then all at once the beating of the drums stopped. The forest on either side was intensely silent. An uncanny feeling crept over the Doctor. He said to his guide: "I do not hear the drums. Have the people gone?"

"No, they have not gone. They have just stopped dancing."

"Why?"

"They know you are coming."

"Perhaps we should not go on, Kenso."

"But, Bwana, we are so thirsty, and the chief is my brother."

"All right, lead the way," the Doctor said, but his heart beat hard in protest.

As he entered the village clearing, he had the feeling of coming into a ghost town. The huts were there, but the paths between the huts were deserted.

Kenso led the Doctor to the largest hut, and explained that his brother lived there; then he opened the door cautiously and slid inside.

The Doctor stood alone among the brown huts. He studied the trees and paths around him, but not a sign of anyone could he see. The silence was so heavy that it cast an eerie spell over the village. He knew that only fifteen minutes before this the place had been alive with the convolutions of a spirit dance. But where were the people now?

Somehow, as he stood alone by the hut, he had the uncomfortable feeling of one who stands on a stage with hundreds of eyes watching him.

Presently the Doctor heard a rustle behind him. Turning again to the door of the chief's hut, he saw Kenso walking out. Kenso left the door ajar, mumbled some directions as he pointed back to the dark doorway, and then disappeared around the corner of the hut.

The Doctor stepped closer to the door; and as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he detected a tall, dusky figure standing there in the shadows.

"A good day to make the gardens grow," the Doctor addressed him.

No answer.

"You are the chief of this village?"

Silence.

“Is Kenso your brother?”

The tall, angular man moved a few inches toward the door. The Doctor noticed that he protected his eyes with his left hand.

“Are your eyes hurting you?”

A sullen grunt.

“Would you like some medicine to make them well?”

The tall man instantly stepped out of the hut and began talking in a friendly manner. The Doctor suggested that if the man would come to his hunting camp he would give him the medicine.

The man eagerly promised, “In three days, Bwana, I will come to your camp.”

The Doctor noticed that the chief began to move with nervous gestures, turning his head in all directions. He ventured to speak: “Chief, I heard the dance drums beating when I was nearing your village. Where have all the people gone?”

“They are here in the village.”

“I should like to see them dance. Let them come out and finish.”

The chief spoke a sharp command into his hut. Immediately a young man emerged, stepped over to a drum, pulled out a stick, and tapped it just twice. At once ten men stood in front of the chief. They talked in gruff tones and looked at the Doctor with a sidewise glance that showed no friendship. The chief explained to them that the Bwana was a doctor, and a friendly man. Still they looked their sour discontent. The chief spoke again; the drummer tapped out another message.

In a few moments about a thousand men, women, and children stood before the Doctor. Where they came from he could never tell; the earth seemed to open and throw them out. They stood looking at the Doctor as if they were mutes.

All the men held weapons. Some carried spears; others, knives and axes. They moved in uneasy silence until the Doctor was completely surrounded. Not one word was spoken. The stillness was oppressive.

The Doctor forgot his thirst until he noticed Kenso coming back with a kettle of steaming water in one hand and three eggs in the other. As the people made no offer to leave, the Doctor thought he might as well eat; but somehow he did not relish the hard-boiled eggs. At last, to break the monotony, he suggested that the people continue their dance. His words might as well have fallen on stones, to judge by the response. The people stood in unyielding silence.

The Doctor turned to Kenso and made the same request. He repeated it to the chief. The chief talked with the ten men. Some heads nodded; others did not.

The chief grunted a few syllables. A figure rushed out of a hut and began jumping around. His body was covered with different-colored paints. A weird mask resembling more than one species of animal gave the dancer a fierce aspect. Upon his head waved a headdress of brilliant feathers. He rattled a tin of rocks with his left hand, and with his right he swung a stick that had been carved at one end to represent a human head. He proceeded to wind in and out of the crowd with unearthly serpentine contortions.

The Doctor wished now that he had not urged the people to dance. Would these savages harm him?

Kenso stepped up and explained that this figure was the announcer, and that he was merely calling the people to dance.

Soon fifty other announcers dashed out of their huts. They also wore hideous masks, and their bodies were painted with bright colors. They ramped through the milling crowd.

Then, following the announcers, the people ran to an enclosure that had been built for the dance. The Doctor was left alone. He could hear a loud drumming within the enclosure, and knew that the dance was on; but he did not care to go near, afraid that the people would not permit him actually to watch them.

Several minutes passed. Kenso returned from the enclosure to ask, "Wouldn't the Bwana like to watch?"

"Yes, if it is safe."

"I think it will be."

The Doctor walked to the gate of the enclosure and looked inside. Between the spectators, he could see the fifty dancers maneuvering. He looked for a safe place to stand, and decided it would be by a tree. But as he was making his way to the tree, the natives discovered his purpose and ran there first. The Doctor was completely surrounded. He glanced behind him and saw several men with long daggers in their hands. This frightened him, for he knew that the men usually carry the daggers in their belts.

He could feel his legs trembling, but he hoped that the men could not notice it. They did, though, and one native

said to the men with the daggers: "He doesn't like to have you behind him. Step aside."

The Doctor was more fearful than ever then; he realized that the men knew he was frightened. But after a while the men became interested in the dance. The Doctor walked over to see the drums. They were the largest he had ever seen made from logs. Some were six feet in diameter. It took four natives to hold one drum and two men to beat it. The drummers worked as if their lives depended upon their beating.

Out in the center of the circle of watchers, the dance was going on. One by one the dancers came into the circle, with a whoop, a twist, and a wild grimace. Deftly swinging his spear, each man dashed toward the circle, and feigned to dispatch the spectators, passing from one to another. After making the circle twice, he tossed his spear aside, knelt down on the ground, and began to blow dust over his body and head. As if this were not enough dust for his husky throat, he would lie down and begin to root like a pig.

Tiring of this in a few minutes, he got up, danced some more with his spear, and went singing through the crowd. Then joining hands, the women started singing, and they all danced together.

The Doctor asked Kenso what it was supposed to represent. He said: "In olden times, Bwana, when the tribe was young, they were strong and warlike and went around conquering all their enemies; and by and by there was peace, for they had conquered everybody. But soon after that, a tribe came out stronger than they and made slaves of them. They are still slaves, but they look forward to

the time when they can go out and sing again and conquer their enemies.”

The people stopped dancing. A man with a hoe made sixteen holes in the ground. Women began bringing large pots full of beer and placing them in the holes. But they found that sixteen pots were not enough, and so more holes were dug and more beer brought. When thirty pots were filled, the chief ordered the people to sit down in the order of their rank in the villages from which they had come.

When all were seated, the chief dipped his gourd into one of the pots, filled it with beer, sipped from it for some time, and passed it to the others of the village. When empty, it was refilled and passed on again until the others of the chief's line had drunk from it. The common people from the villages drank from the pots in the ground, and were waited upon by the women. With the after-dinner feeling came singing and storytelling.

The Doctor decided to go home. But they said: “No, you'd better wait a little while. You will see something interesting.”

A number of women formed a circle and marched in that formation toward the stream. It looked as if they were trying to hide something. In a short time these women returned, carrying a young woman on their shoulders. The girl was naked, and her body was painted with white spots. The top of her head was covered with flowers. Other women came singing songs and dancing around the girl. Kenso explained that the young woman had reached adolescence, and her father and mother wanted to advertise to all the men present that their daughter was now at a marriageable age.

The people in the enclosure went into a wild state when the girl was carried in. The Doctor realized that the beer was having its effect upon the people, and he did not care to stay longer.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards from the village when one of the natives came running after him and said: "Please, Bwana, a young man has been caught trying to steal into our dance from another tribe. Our chief has caught him. The young man says he knows you, and the only reason he came here was to see you. It is very serious. You know the penalty. I think you had better come back. Perhaps you could do something."

The Doctor found the people in great agitation. He could feel a tenseness in the air as he went into the enclosure again. The men seemed to be eager to do something. They kept swinging their knives and axes in the air.

In one corner the Doctor found the chief with his captive. The frightened man called, "Oh, Bwana, please save me!" The Doctor recognized him as a young man who had been to the hospital several years before and who had served as an orderly.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"I was buying some chickens in this part of the country, and I heard that you were here. I wanted to see you again."

The Doctor turned to the chief, "What does this mean?"

"We are going to punish him. He had no right to break into our dance. He could hear the drums. He knew what they meant."

"Have you done anything yet?"

"Yes, we took his chickens, blankets, and clothing."

"Are you going to do more?"

“Yes.”

The Doctor thought for a moment, trying to decide his next move. “How much money do you want?”

“We shall decide tomorrow.”

“But I cannot wait that long. I must go now.”

The chief and his ten men held another council. Angry words were exchanged. At last there was an agreement. When the price was named, the Doctor told them that they knew the young man could never pay that much.

“He will get the punishment then,” they declared.

The Doctor feared that in their drunken condition they would be satisfied with nothing less than murder. He felt that he must take some action. He called the chief aside and talked earnestly with him. “Look here, chief, you are more intelligent than the others here. This boy came here by accident. He came to see me; and if they hurt him, they will be hurting me. He is a friend of mine. If your people want to do anything to the young man, they had better do it to me.”

There was another council, with the chief taking the leading part in the conversation.

The Doctor paid the fine. The lad was released.

“Oh, Bwana, I am coming to your hospital to work for you! I can never forget your kindness,” the young man promised as he left the enclosure.

The sun had gone down twice, and it was on its way for the third time when the Doctor looked up from the camp cot, where he was resting after the third day’s hunt, to see the chief ambling into his camp. As the tall man moved, the long knife at his side swung back and forth

like a pendulum, and the spear jerked along with the movements of the man's hand.

"Bwana, I have come for the medicine," he said.

After the treatment the chief took up a position like a sitting Buddha on the ground near the Doctor's cot. A native boy came and hung a lantern from a tree branch near by. The Doctor was tired from his day's hunt and wanted to retire early, but the sitting chief kept plying him with questions.

"You have had a good hunt?"

"Yes, chief, I have traded the meat to the natives around here, and now have three tons of maize."

"Kenso told me the people are hungry where you live. He said you would give all the maize to them."

"Yes," the Doctor nodded.

"You are a strange man, Bwana. Why don't you keep the maize yourself?"

The Doctor smiled, "I couldn't eat that much by myself."

The chief was silent for a long time. The Doctor said nothing, for he felt that an important question was about to be asked.

"My people do not understand you, Bwana. We want to know something."

"All right."

"Why did you pay for that man at the dance? It was a big ransom."

The Doctor's words became eager, "Well, chief, that is a long, long story."

"But tell me some of it now, Bwana," and the black eyes pleaded.

“Well, chief, one time a Man paid a big ransom for *me*, and—” The Doctor’s story continued until the lantern on the low limb began to flicker and grow dim.

Then the chief moved slowly to his feet, took his spear again in his hand, and turned his face toward the black forest. There was pathos in his voice when he spoke: “Oh, Bwana, it is such a great story you have told me. How can I repeat it to my people? Will *you* come and tell them?”

“I will sometime, but now I must return to the hospital.”

The chief turned toward the forest, and the Doctor watched until he saw the tall shadow disappear into the night.

Battles Without Weapons

THE jungle has a strange way of interfusing comedy and tragedy, even as April combines her sunshine and showers. Only a man with an eye for the humorous could ever stand the strain of working for a constant stream of suffering bodies.

Variety and spice are often thrown into the Doctor's long day at the hospital. Just when his eyes begin to weary of the ugly wounds and sores, a new patient will strut up for an examination; and as the Doctor's quick glance takes in the man's apparel, his tired eyes suddenly lose their heaviness, and he is seized with a convenient fit of coughing, for he has learned that a handkerchief held over his face can often cover a multitude of chuckles.

One morning the Doctor found a proud native, whose meager loincloth was barely covered by the tail of a brand-new shirt, waiting by the door. The Doctor began to question the patient. He wondered at the strange mental workings that had caused the man to cut off all the buttons from his new shirt in order that he might decorate it with a row of shiny safety pins.

The Doctor unwound mud-plastered leaves from a badly swollen foot and saw that gangrene had already begun its fatal work. An expression of deep sadness came over the Doctor's face. He shook his head slowly, afraid to suggest the only remedy. And when he did suggest it, the native protested vehemently, throwing his arms about and yelling: "No! No! You cannot cut off my leg. I said it was only a trick—that you would not help me. I would

rather die than let you take off my leg. I would rather die!"

The Doctor's voice pleaded: "But you will die anyway. Why not let me help you?"

In still louder protests the man shouted: "No! No! Take me back to my village. I will drink more of the witch doctor's medicine."

The white Doctor's hands dropped helplessly at his side as he stood by the window and watched the proud native laboring back toward the jungle, the new shirt gleaming white in contrast to naked legs. "Poor people, so quick to take up the white man's customs of dressing, but so slow to accept the white man's medical help."

In spite of their fears and superstitions, however, the natives kept traveling to the hospital.

"Bwana, I have a worm in my tooth. It gives me much pain. Please take out the worm," asked an old woman.

The Doctor examined a much swollen mouth, and found a badly decayed tooth. "Grandma, you let me take out the aching tooth, and then you won't have any more pain."

The old head shook her protest, "No! not the tooth, but take out the worm."

A man was carried on a *machila* to the hospital. He was writhing in pain. "Doctor, give me some medicine. This pain in my side!" he gasped.

The Doctor turned to the man's friends: "He must have an operation. It is appendicitis. I will give him an anesthetic so that he will not feel the pain."

"No! No!" the sick man cried. "I don't want you to put poison in my nose. I won't wake up again. I don't want you to cut my skin. Give me medicine."

Thus it was in the first months of the pioneer hospital. People often refused help after they had reached the hospital. But gradually, through the Doctor's kind words and the frequent prayer meetings held among the people, old superstitions gave way to a faith in the white man's God and in the white man's knowledge of medicine. The medical instruments were helpful, but they could not take the place of the weapons of love and prayer.

One afternoon the Doctor looked out of his window to see six women half pushing, half leading, a short, stout woman. At once he sensed that there was something unusual about this stout patient. The other women were jabbering in excited voices as they shoved and pushed at her. At times they would run away as if afraid of her.

On reaching the hospital, the women all began to shout at once in loud, angry voices. But with such a hubbub the Doctor could not understand anything they were trying to say. He told them to stand in a line, and he would give each one a chance to explain.

The women formed a crooked line, and each pointed an accusing finger at the stout woman.

"She is a witch," the first woman's angry voice called out.

"She causes our people to get sick."

"She bewitched my son, and he died."

"She steals our corn."

"She has evil spirits inside her."

"See how large her stomach is. It is swollen because she steals our corn," the last woman spoke.

Then in one breath, as if they had been trained by a college yell leader, the women chorused: "We don't want

her in our village any more! We don't want her there!"

"Well, and why have you brought her to me?"

"The spirits have entered her. They are punishing her."

"How do you expect her to plant corn when she is sick? Don't you give her anything to eat?"

The women smiled knowingly at one another. "The white Bwana does not understand. The spirits will punish anyone who steals. But we heard that you can kill the spirits by medicine, and so we brought her to you."

"I think I understand," the Bwana answered. "Leave her with me. You may come back in two weeks."

But the curious women couldn't wait two weeks. Eight days later the Doctor saw them standing before his office. "May we see the witch woman now?" they asked.

"I told you not to come for two weeks."

"Yes, Bwana, we know, but we would just like to look at her."

He told them they could go inside for a few minutes, and he went back into his office.

The women found their friend in a clean bed. She was smiling. They touched her face. "Ah, the spirits have been cast out. See, she is not hot," they exclaimed.

The witch woman spoke in a tone of defiance. "I did not have evil spirits in me. I never stole your corn. The Doctor said that evil spirits were not in me. He said a tumor had been growing in my stomach. He cut it out. Now I am like other women—my stomach is not swollen. The Doctor said it was a sickness that comes to many people. He said the evil spirits do not cause such things."

"Do you believe him?" the women questioned in astonishment.

"Yes, the white Doctor is right. I do not fear the evil spirits any more."

"You don't!" and the women leaned closer to their friend's bed that they might catch every word.

"The Bwana told me about his great Chief—the God who made this earth, who made all of us. This God is stronger than the evil spirits. If we pray to this God, He will keep the bad spirits from harming us."

"Did the Bwana teach you to pray?" they asked almost breathlessly.

"Yes, I can pray to God."

"Can you teach us how?"

"Yes."

"Oh, kind woman, please come back to our village and tell us more about this great God! Come back and teach us how to pray to Him so we shall not need to fear the evil spirits any more."

After a long morning of the usual routine hospital work, the Doctor looked up to see a six-foot native standing before him, his torso partly covered by a faded pink corset of the wasp-waist variety. The corset was turned upside down so that the garters could be pinned together and serve as shoulder straps. The man was bristling with vanity, and probably no admiral was ever prouder of his epaulets than was this fellow in his queer garment.

"Your trouble?" the Doctor questioned as he tried to keep a serious face.

"My son, sir. He is very sick. The carriers have him outside."

"Bring him in," the Doctor ordered.

Four carriers hurried inside the building and placed the *machila* on the Doctor's table. He bent over the young form and put his stethoscope to the small chest. Then he pulled back the eyelids and passed his hands close to the glassy eyes. For a moment he stood silently looking down at the wasted body. Then he tenderly closed the sightless eyes and, turning to the waiting father, said: "It is too late. Why didn't you come sooner?"

"Oh, Bwana," the tall man cried out, "is he dead? We came at once, just as you have told my people to do. We started as soon as we saw that the lad was sick. But we have been carrying him under the hot sun for many days. Oh, Doctor, your hospital is too far away," and the tall man went out weeping.

For just a moment the Doctor glanced from the room full of patients out through the open window toward the jungle. Out at the very edge of the trees he noticed a shadow cast into the clearing. He watched until the shadow took the form of four young men carrying a *machila*. Behind the carriers he saw a bent shadow sneaking along. Something about the movement of the following shadow reminded the Doctor of a dog that has been told to stay home yet insists on following his master.

The Doctor raised a hand to shade his eyes and scrutinized the slinking shadow until he saw in it the form of a small, bent woman. He wondered why she followed the carriers; but it would be some time before the carriers reached the hospital, and the room was full of patients.

At last the long line of patients had been cared for, and the Doctor drew a deep, tired breath. Just then his nurse

opened the door to the examining room and, with a nod of her head, indicated that there was still another patient. The strained expression on the nurse's face caused him to question. She answered in a tone not like her usual calm voice, "Doctor, they have carried him all the way from Portuguese East Africa—a broken leg."

As the Doctor walked toward the examining table, he noticed a peculiar formation on the patient's leg. Upon examination he found that the fractured bones had penetrated to the outside of the skin, and had grown together again, forming a large bonelike callus. Around this callus was an ulcer about six inches in diameter that extended almost halfway around the leg.

A rush of quick anger came to the Doctor. Only a long period of time could account for the bones' growing together to form such a callus. He looked toward the doorway and saw the four carriers standing there. "Why didn't you bring the man before?" he demanded. The Doctor paused for breath, and a faint sob caused him to glance behind. There he saw, crouching in the corner, the same bent shadow he had seen in the clearing. "His wife," the Doctor thought. "Why didn't she have her husband brought here before?"

Faster and faster came the words of rebuke from the Doctor, this time directed toward the bent woman in the corner. Her bony fingers daubed at tears that ran down the deep furrows in the old wrinkled face. But not a word did she utter. At last, when the Doctor's indignation was fully spent, the little old woman rose to the full height that her bent shoulders would permit, and with the most pitiable expression on her face she began: "Please, sir, you

do not understand. I am a poor woman. I live alone with my crippled husband. How could I carry him? We have no relatives and no friends."

Then she held out her wasted arms, and went on: "I have tried many times to carry him myself, but my back is too weak; I would always drop him. These kind men from the mission were going through our village and saw him, and they have carried him here to you."

All the rebuke and anger were gone from the Doctor's voice when he tenderly asked, "Woman, how long has his leg been broken?"

"Bwana," the old woman spoke slowly, "his leg has been broken for ten years."

"Ten years?"

The old woman nodded.

Her calm demeanor rebuked the Doctor's unwonted haste. He felt sick. But the unkind words could not be recalled.

He gave directions to the nurse, "Prepare for an operation," and then he hurriedly excused himself and went into his private office.

There he dropped heavily into his chair and began murmuring. "Ten years of pain from the broken bones, ten years of suffering from that spreading ulcer that is slowly destroying his leg. Ten years—the hospital is too far away. The hospitals are all too far away." His hands moved nervously over each other. "We have broken down the wall of fear, but how can we ever overcome the barrier of distance? distance! distance!"

Suddenly a great weight seemed to settle down upon the Doctor—the weight of suffering Africa. For a few

minutes the pressure seemed so heavy that he could not bear it. Then he dropped to his knees.

"O God," he cried, "send us more doctors. Send us nurses, a whole army of them. Give us friends, we pray, who will send us the material to build hospitals and dispensaries. And now, God, help me to carry on bravely at my post. Help me this morning in this operation. Guide my hand, and bless the treatments so that the man can walk again."

When the Doctor left his room, his voice was calm again and his hand steady.

It was a few months later that the Doctor looked out into the clearing and saw again the bent shadow creeping toward the hospital. He walked out on the veranda to meet the old woman. "Oh, Bwana, how is my husband?" the quavering voice begged. "I have been working in the garden for six months, and have received no word. Can he come home with me now? Can you ask the mission boys to carry him back in the *machila*?"

"No, woman. The boys will not need to carry him."

"Oh, Bwana, don't tell me he is dead," she pleaded. The Doctor turned and opened the hospital door. Seeing his faithful wife, the man hastened out and ran down the aisle of the ward toward her outstretched arms. Another victory had been won.

The Doctor's voice urged: "My friend, you should not try to leave now. You are a sick man. Stay here with us until you are better."

Two missionaries had been spending a few days in the Doctor's home. One was taken with a high fever.

"But, Doctor, I must leave tonight," the sick man insisted. "I must be at headquarters tomorrow morning for the meetings. I cannot disappoint the men who have come long distances. Anyway, this is just another attack of malaria, and it will wear off in a few hours."

"Pastor," the Doctor replied, "only because you came to my home as a guest will I allow you to leave like this."

Carefully the Doctor and the other missionary wrapped the sick man in rainproof coats—as a storm was threatening—and laid him in the back seat of a model T Ford.

As a thunderstorm burst upon the mission, the car pulled away from the warm lights of the hospital clearing. Into the darkness of the forest the car chugged, casting only a dim cone of light before it. In the front seat at the wheel sat the Doctor, and beside him sat the other missionary. At first the two men talked in lowered voices, but finally they became silent. It seemed as if trouble lay ahead.

Between the throbbing of the car's engine and the distant crashing of thunder they could hear the labored breathing of the sick man behind them. Then suddenly the storm broke. Following the rapidly changing sheets of blue-white lightning, which made every leaf and twig of the forest stand out in bold relief, came crashing volleys of thunder. After each brilliant illumination there were a few seconds of painful darkness. Then came the rain that "did not bother to resolve into drops" but poured itself down like a huge river from the sky.

Before the two men in the front seat there now hung a white veil that obscured the muddy road, although the headlights did their best to find the water-filled tracks.

The car proceeded more slowly, trying to keep its axle above the mud, but finally it stuck in a deep hole.

The two men worked hard, but their efforts were fruitless. The car was there to stay. Slushing through the mud and the blinding rain to the nearest village, they obtained natives to help them.

Later on in the night the car was again on the road. For a few miles it splashed along, then struck another mudhole. This time there was no village near. By cutting down trees and using them as levers, the two men were able to lift the car onto a more solid part of the roadbed. Through all this, the sick man in the back seat lay without complaining.

Driving on, as the Doctor glanced down at the speedometer and noticed that they had come forty miles from the hospital clearing, which they had left at seven that evening, he heard a voice moan behind him: "Doctor, I cannot stand it any longer. We shall have to stop. Every time you go over one of those bumps, it is just like knives going through me; I must have rest."

The Doctor stopped the car. While he remained with the sick man, his friend took the camp cot, set it up in the middle of the road, and lay down to try to rest. Fortunately the rain had stopped.

About midnight the Doctor was awakened by a hand on his shoulder, and a voice that trembled with pain was saying, "Doctor, I feel that I am dying—my right side—please help me."

The Doctor called the other missionary, and together they lifted the sick man from the car and laid him on the cot. The Doctor examined his side and felt a definite

lump, which was hard and sore to the touch. Because of its location, there was only one diagnosis to make—acute appendicitis. The appendix might rupture any minute, if it had not already done so.

The rain began to pour. Taking a towel from his case, the Doctor stretched it out for the raindrops to dampen, waved the towel to make it cool, and then placed it over the man's side to try to allay some of the pain.

Then the Doctor and his friend went aside into the dark jungle. Their few words to each other were terse. What should they do? Every bump over those roads was agony to the dying man. To go back to the mission was impossible; they could not go forward. An operation was unthinkable under those conditions, without any instruments.

"Doctor," begged the missionary, "isn't there anything you can do for him?"

Never before had the Doctor's hands been so tied by circumstances. The darkness of the jungle around him seemed to pierce into his very heart. Oh, for the lights of the hospital clearing again so he could save this man's life! But that was forty miles away over impassable roads, and the man could not be moved.

The two men standing alone in the jungle could only feel each other's presence in the blackness. Their hearts ached for their suffering companion. The missionary spoke again, "Doctor, have you no kind of instrument you could use?"

"There is only one instrument that we can use now—that is prayer."

The two men felt their way back to the road, and in the dim light of the car they knelt down beside the camp

cot and placed their hands upon the dying man's head. Both men prayed as they had never prayed before, and somehow there in the quiet of the dark midnight forest they felt that they were not alone.

When the last Amen was said, the sick man spoke: "Doctor, I feel better. As a matter of fact, I think I feel well enough to continue the journey."

Like the men who brought down the walls of Jericho with only their voices for weapons, the Doctor and the missionary had won this battle.

A Spy Enters the Camp

TWO men were lounging on the veranda of the Europeans' section of the hospital, where the late afternoon breeze was beginning to stir. The younger man with a shock of red hair unbuttoned the neck of his shirt with a restless gesture. "Be glad when I can get back to the mine again. Don't see why I ever came off up here on that foolhardy hunting trip, anyway."

"Just calm yourself, Tanner," the older man warned. "Doesn't do that side of yours any good to be stewing around; and, besides, the Doctor won't let you leave for a few days yet."

"I know it," and the young man with a hint of Irish in his eyes leaned back in his chair, took a long, yet careful breath, and went on in a slower tempo. "This place is getting me down."

"Getting you down! Why, Tanner! I don't understand you. Only a half hour ago I heard you thanking your lucky stars again for a place like this out here in the jungles, and now you say it's taking you down."

"Well, it is. I can't make out this setup. It bothers me. That's why."

"Not thankful, huh?"

"Oh, I'm thankful enough all right. Guess I was passing in my last chips when the carriers brought me to the hospital, and—"

"Guess we both were," broke in the older man. "You and your ruptured appendix, and I in the last stages of malaria. We were—"

"Look! There he goes now," and young Tanner sat forward a little as he pointed to a white-coated man who was walking to another building. "Suppose he's finished swinging the knife for today. And say, Blake, I wish you'd tell me what you know about that Doctor."

Mr. Blake, whose bronze complexion revealed that he was not a newcomer to that section, replied: "Don't know as there is much to tell. I've watched him from the time he first came to these parts nine years ago. Some mission society, I think it was, sent him out into the jungle with a pick and shovel and told him to go to work. We planters laughed at him and wagered he'd be taking the next boat back to America. But he stayed, and finally we had to admit that he was a grand fellow.

"At first," Blake went on, "the natives refused to go to him. But after a few were brave enough to venture, scores of others began to come. I never saw anything like it, Tanner, how people come to him for—"

"That's O. K.," Tanner mused with a toss of his head. "These natives fall for anything."

"Well, it didn't happen to be only natives," the older man rejoined. "After he'd helped some of us Europeans when we were pretty low, I guess we began to act somewhat like the natives ourselves.

"At first he didn't have any place to put us; so his kind wife opened her home, took us in, and nursed us herself. Later he was asked to come over here where there were better facilities, and it wasn't long until this building for Europeans was put up. I guess it is always more than full."

Tanner thumbed the arm of his chair and with a touch of sarcasm commented: "Quite a story, Blake. Quite a

story. Thanks for giving me your time. But your little story doesn't answer my question."

"What question?"

"To put it straight from the shoulder, Blake, I can't make it out. What's the Doc's racket?"

"Racket! You talk like one of Chicago's underworld gang. What do you mean? Racket!"

"Just this," as Tanner went on; "I can't figure out why he's thrown himself out here in this jungle. He's got some reason, and you know it, Blake."

The old planter's eyes twinkled. "Maybe it's money he's after. That's why men like you and me are out here in this bake-oven country, isn't it?"

"That's what I thought at first. But I don't see it yet. These natives have no money. And there are not enough of us to give him much cash. Still he goes ahead with his surgery, even doing delicate cataract operations, without pay. So, Blake, that's what I can't see through—practicing medicine and surgery with no pay, you might say. A pal of mine back in Chicago paid twenty-five thousand for an eye operation like the one the Doctor here gives for nothing. Just see where this Doc would be if he got paid as that one did."

Tanner stopped to catch his breath, then went on: "Say, Blake, maybe I have it now. Maybe he's here to practice up on these natives and the gullible Europeans; then one of these days he'll go back to America and make a big haul. Do you—"

"No, Tanner, I don't think that's his racket, as you call it. Men who have money before their eyes don't wait as long as he has."

These words silenced the younger man for a few seconds, but he soon blurted out: "Oh, I know what you want me to say, Blake. But I'm not ready yet to admit it. Give me a few more days. Now that I can totter around a little again, I'm going to shadow that Doctor and find out for myself."

"I'll wager you'll come to my terms in the end, Tanner. I've seen a lot more of life in these parts than you. At first I felt the way you do, but I had to come to it, just as you're going to do."

"Don't be too sure," the young man flung back as he walked slowly into the hospital.

A few afternoons later the two men again lounged on the cool veranda. It was the planter who seemed anxious to take up the conversation. "Well, Tanner, have you found out his 'racket' yet?"

The young man, with an askance glance, admitted: "Not yet. I'm baffled for sure now. The other day it was one question that worried me. Today it is two."

"Let's hear the second."

Tanner leaned forward with tense muscles. "Why, man, I don't see how that Doctor ever stands up under the punishment he is taking. He must have the strength of an iron horse."

Blake chuckled, "I warned you about this Sherlock Holmes stuff."

"Well, for the life of me I can't see how he keeps going. Three days ago it was just 5:30 in the morning when I saw him walk out of his house and start down the path for the leper camp. When I saw him come back, it was nearly seven, and he went directly into the native hospital

where a long line of patients from the bush had come in.

"A little after eight o'clock he went back to his house, and in less than an hour he came out picking his teeth, so I knew he had just eaten breakfast.

"Next I tracked him over to the new building as he gave instructions to the workmen. Later, he was back to the other hospital for an hour, then over here to make his rounds among the European patients. As he was leaving, I heard him remark to a nurse that he was going back to the laboratory to check up on some cultures he'd been making.

"It was one o'clock before he went back to his home, and about an hour later he was out again with the carpenters on the new building. I guess it was three o'clock when I saw him drive away in his car; and I found out from one of the boys that the Doctor had gone on some calls to European patients out in the country.

"I happened to be down on the road when he came back in the evening. I noticed that his car had a stack of old tires tied on the fender.

"'Going into the rubber business,' I joked with him.

"'Yes,' he laughed back. 'If you want to see what I do with them, I'll be glad to have you go with me tomorrow.'

"Well, right after his dinner that evening he was called again—some accident case, I heard. My watch said ten when his car returned. I dropped off to sleep, but only for a short wink, as I heard his car pull out again. It must have been midnight before he came back.

"I was going to wake up early the next morning and watch him, but my eyes didn't open. He probably went on his usual rounds.

"This morning he didn't go over to the leper camp at 5:30, but went to the hospital instead. The nurse told me it was operation morning. As I was walking past about 9:00, I heard a boy inquire, 'The Dona wonders when the Bwana will be ready for his breakfast.'

"Blake, I think that Doctor is on the go all the time, or maybe it just happens that way these few days that I'm here."

Blake nodded. "I think he's been going that way ever since he came here years ago, except for a two-week vacation he takes once a year."

Again the young man was silent; then he laughed. "I don't know what the man eats, but it must be powerful to keep him going this way."

"I guess you're joking now, Tanner, but I think you're on the right track. You'd be surprised if you knew the simple diet he follows. I know, for I've been in his home. You never see any coffee, tea, or liquor on his table."

"I suppose he takes a social glass, though?"

"Maybe an experience I had with him will answer that better. A group of us men were having a business meeting. We invited the Doctor to join us. After the business was over, you know how it goes. We all got to drinking—all but the Doctor, and he started away. One fool called after him, 'Hey, Doc, come on back and be a sport with the rest of us.'

"Well, after the party broke up, that fool tried to drive home. I guess he was doing about fifty when his automobile tried to climb a tree.

"Someone went dashing after the Doctor. After the man sobered up the next day, he admitted it was lucky

that one man in the party didn't drink—and that man was the Doctor."

Tanner commented, "I have never seen him smoke, either."

Blake shook his head, and, quick to change the subject, asked, "What was that you started to tell about the tires?"

"The tires—oh yes! Well, the day after the Doctor brought in those old tires, he came over and wanted to know if I'd like to go with him. We hadn't walked far on the path when he stopped and said rather apologetically: 'Maybe you don't understand. I'm going to the leper camp, and perhaps you'd rather not come.'

"But I went along. After I got there, I was almost sorry. Those poor creatures were certainly repulsive. I don't see how the Doctor can stand it; I'd go mad if—"

"The tires," Blake reminded.

"Oh yes, I went over to the lepers' workshop and saw how the Doctor has taught those people to make a sort of sandal out of the tires. These sandals are more comfortable on the natives' feet than no shoes at all."

"Coming over a little, are you, Tanner?" the planter teased.

"Not yet, Blake, for I still don't understand all I would like to know."

"So you're leaving us this afternoon, are you, Tanner?" inquired Blake as the young man walked out on the porch with his hat and coat on his arm.

"Yes. The Doctor says I'm O. K. to go. The car is coming up in a half hour or so. I kinda hate to leave now; it's such a quiet place."

"You wouldn't mind telling me something before you go, would you?" Blake asked.

"Tell you what?"

"You know what I'm driving at."

"I suppose you want me to admit that I have to come to your terms," Tanner said. "I might as well be frank, and tell you how I got there. Yesterday I told you part of what I saw at the leper camp, but I didn't tell you all by any means.

"Well, when I was down there with the Doctor, I saw a group of young children standing by one of the buildings, and I asked if they were children of the lepers. I was astonished when the Doctor told me that they, too, are lepers. I began walking toward them, but they shrank shyly away. The Doctor called to them, and at once smiles of trust came over their faces, and they ran to him. They were eager to recite some verses they had just learned in their school. As we stood there listening to them, I couldn't help thinking of the Doctor as a father who is proud of his children.

"And I guess they think of him as a kind father. I noticed that they all call him 'Bambo' (father).

"There was one tall man who trudged along on a cane. He fairly beamed when the Doctor stopped to chat with him. Afterward the Doctor explained that leprosy had destroyed the nerves to the man's eyes, but he always appeared happy and never complained.

"Then last evening I was trying to get it figured out while I was out walking. I kept telling myself there was money to be made or the man wouldn't stay on here. Then some music attracted my attention, and I strolled toward

it. I found that the lepers were gathered in their meeting house. I slipped up in the shadows and peered through a window. I couldn't understand what they were saying. A lad came by who could speak English, and I persuaded him to interpret for me.

"It gave me a peculiar feeling as I stood there and heard those poor souls speaking gratitude to their God for sending the white Doctor to them. And their greatest joy didn't seem to be that their leprosy was being cured, but that the Doctor had told them about God and heaven.

"At the close, a tall, broad-shouldered man asked them to kneel. He began to pray. I recognized him as the blind leper I'd seen before. It will be many a month, Blake, before I forget the prayer that man offered. Part of it was something like this: 'Thank You, God, for letting me get the leprosy so I could come here and learn about You, the Doctor's God. I know that I won't ever see anything here again; but, God, I'm waiting for the day when I can see the angels up there in the clouds. Heal us, God, from the leprosy that the Doctor can't cure, the leprosy of sin. Keep it from eating out the eyes of our souls. Please keep soap at the door of our hearts to cleanse everything that comes in. Please keep our minds pure like the drinking water that the Doctor has boiled.'

"So, Blake, when I walked away from that meeting, I saw things in a new light. The Doctor really loves these people! I'll have to admit there is something stronger in this world than money."

The Camp Is Inspected

WHILE the earth was still damp with dew, the Doctor walked between the grass huts and spoke kind words to the lepers.

A young man stepped to the door of his hut and said: "Oh, Bambo, I am feeling well now! See! My spots are gone."

"You may soon go back to your village, my son."

The young man bowed at the waist and gave a broad smile.

Walking on to another hut and looking in through the open door, the Doctor saw a woman sitting on the clay floor. "Why are you crying, woman?"

"Oh, Bambo; see my poor foot. Last night while I slept, the rats came and gnawed it. I could not feel them. Now I cannot walk." And even as she spoke, the rats squeaked their satisfaction in the dry grass of the walls and roof.

"We shall build you a new hut, woman."

As he walked on down the path, the Doctor realized that a new hut was not the correct solution, for within a few weeks the new hut would also have its full quota of rats.

At another hut he found a boy trying to dress his burned arm. "Why, boy, what happened?"

"Oh, Bambo, last night the wind came through the walls of the hut. It was very cold. I put more wood on the fire; then I went to sleep. In the night I rolled into the fire, but my arm couldn't feel it."

The Doctor walked very slowly to the next hut; he almost hesitated to enter it. Kampu had been sick with a fever the day before, and a cold wind had blown all night. As the Doctor called at the door, no voice answered him. He stepped inside; the fire stones and logs were black. In a corner Kampu was lying motionless on his blanket. The Doctor placed a rubber-gloved hand on the man's head and said to himself, "Pneumonia."

Again he stood inside another hut. On the grass wall he noticed a queer black mark. Pointing to it, he asked, "Balu, what made that?"

"Last night, Bambo, as I boiled the kettle of water for my porridge, a spark went from the fire and caught in the wall. I threw the kettle of water on it quickly, and the fire went out."

Instantly there came to the Doctor's mind a picture of the entire village of grass huts ascending in smoke.

"You were wise, Balu. Always keep an extra tin of water by your fire."

Months later, the postman placed two letters in the Doctor's hands. He read over and over the words in the left-hand corners of the envelopes, "British Empire Leprosy Relief Association" and "The American Mission to Lepers, Inc."

As he continued to look at those words, the letters faded, and in their places he saw long rows of neat brick houses. No cold winds could blow through those walls; there would be no danger from fire; no rats could live in those walls.

But what if the letters contained no money?

The Doctor tore them open with a shaking hand. Two pieces of colored paper caught his eye. The money had come!

Then he sat down with a pencil and paper and began to estimate the number of brick huts he could build with the money. The figures showed that there would be only fifty huts, and there *should be* at least one hundred. Did it mean that over fifty persons would have to continue living with rats and with cold winds blowing through grass walls?

The Doctor stood before the anxious group of lepers and explained the problem. There was not enough money to build brick huts for all. But he had thought of a solution. There was enough money to buy the materials for one hundred huts; and if the lepers wanted to do the building themselves, there would be enough huts for all.

They nodded one to the other. One man stood and, turning to his people, began: "Our Bambo is very kind to us. He works hard to help us. He sends away for money. It is not enough money, but he is wise and thinks of a plan so it will be enough. Now it is our turn to do something. Shall we help him?"

The people all shouted: "Yes, Bambo, we will work. You tell us how."

Within a few days the leper camp was a bustle of activity. Some men mixed mud for the bricks, some cut down trees for the fire to burn the bricks, others cut grass for the roofs of the huts, and eight or ten of the most efficient were trained to do the actual building.

The Doctor soon found that this program was more of a blessing than he had even anticipated. It gave the

people something to do, and they had no time for misbehavior. The physical exercise caused their health to improve, and the experience of working and of earning money gave them a mental satisfaction.

Even after the buildings were all finished, the Doctor continued with a similar program. He developed industries among the lepers: matmaking, potmaking, basketry, and furniture making. (All articles to be sold were first thoroughly sterilized.)

It was a happy day when each hut had its first bed. The Doctor had overseen the building of the beds, and now he watched with interest as they were moved into the huts. The lepers were generous with their thanks to their Bambo for giving them beds.

Each leper at the camp not only worked at the industries but also took care of his own garden plot. There he raised what garden stuff he wished to use in addition to his regular food allotments. The work in the industries and the gardens gave the lepers a new sense of independence.

The new camp was laid out in the form of an open rectangle with a forty-foot avenue. Fruit trees planted beside the huts gave not only food but also shade. In this new camp there was not the fire hazard that there had been in the old camp. The Doctor arranged for a common kitchen, so no fires needed to be made in the huts.

A European visitor, in giving his impressions of the leper camp, said:

“As I walked through the camp that day, it was apparent in a thousand ways that the Doctor is loved and trusted with unusual sincerity.

"When he was showing me through the hospital, I noticed down the hill, a few yards from the creek, a rude structure of four upright poles supporting a flat grass roof. Beneath it was a fire over which was a large, round, cast-iron pot. Some twenty persons were down there. I asked the Doctor, 'What are those people doing?'

"They are very bad cases. They are washing their sores.'

"Shall we go down?' I questioned.

"He shook his head, 'You would not want to see them.'

"But I insisted, and he finally took me there. The scene at close range was gruesome in the extreme. In that group was not one with whole fingers and toes. Many eyes and mouths were also attacked.

"I turned again to the Doctor, 'Is there any hope for them?'

"He merely shook his head.

"And you didn't turn them away when you knew that you could never cure them?'

"No, I have never refused to treat any case of leprosy as long as there is room. All come—the worst cases and the best cases.'

"Each leper was washing his sores, and the Doctor could not help letting me know that the crude facilities for this work were a source of danger as well as very inconvenient. The lepers were being attended by a leper who wore a white gown. The Doctor had taught him how to disinfect the sores. He had only stumps of fingers left. He had a long surgical instrument with which he picked up cotton wool, dipped it into a green acid fluid, and squeezed it out over the sores after they had been

washed. The contaminated water was all going down into the soil.

“Even a layman could see that it was not right. I was so overcome that I could not speak, and for a time the Doctor did not speak to me. I felt that I had plumbed the depths of human misery. Such awful need! Such unselfish effort to relieve suffering!

“As we walked up the hill, he asked, ‘What do you think of it?’

“I could see how the poor man was struggling on without needed facilities, doing a good work. I said, ‘If I had money, I would give it to you.’

“He answered: ‘That’s the spirit! That cheers me.’

“He did not ask me for one shilling all the time I was there. But I made up my mind that I would tell my friends about his work, and see if they could help him to get some facilities needed there.”

The friends did help. Soon there was a modern, sanitary building where the worst cases could go to wash their sores.

Other friends helped until there were three hundred brick huts in the leper camp, a large building used as a church and a schoolhouse, a hospital building, and a dispensary.

The governor came one day to see the leper camp. Before him in a row stood twenty-four men, women, and children who had been in the camp for a number of years. His Excellency inspected them, walking both in front and behind them so that he could get a good view of their bodies.

Turning to the Doctor, he inquired, "Were these once lepers?"

"Yes, sir."

"They don't have any signs now of ever having had leprosy. They look perfectly well. I appreciate the work you are doing."

Then, addressing the group of healed lepers, the governor said: "You people who are now returning to your villages as useful subjects again of this country of His Majesty are fortunate to have a place such as this where you can come and have your disease treated; and then, after staying here for a few years, to be able to return to your villages in such good health. You look fat; you look healthy; you look strong."

In closing he urged, "If you have brothers or sisters or friends in your village who are suffering from this disease, be sure to tell them to come early, for the Doctor tells me that he gets better results with cases who come early."

The following actual letter is typical of the kind the Doctor often receives:

"Dear Doctor:

"I am a leper. I should like to come to your hospital for treatments, but I live four hundred miles away, and I am too weak to walk that far. I have no friends or relatives to bring me. Could you please send me money to pay for my passage to your hospital?

"I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"(Signed) _____."

Like many others, this man never reached the hospital, for the Doctor could find no money to send.

A Captive Speaks

IT WAS a dark night. The people had walked to the head chief's *bwalo* on the dim forest paths. They were listening now to an old man. He was so old that the people had to sit very still in order that they might hear his words:

"Oh, my people, I have seen two great things in my day! When I was a young man, I walked with a white man on these paths. I have told you this before, but I want to tell you again. He was a man that had the heart of a native. And now, my people, when I am very old, I have met another man with a heart like that.

"You have heard me tell before how, when my feet could carry me swiftly over the paths, I walked with this first man. You remember that his name was Livingstone. I watched him as he walked over the jungle paths and bound up the wounds of my people and gave them medicine that he always carried in his box. I watched him hunt out the paths and rivers of the jungle so other white men would know them.

"I watched this man as he walked on the sands by a river, how he stepped on bleaching bones that still bore chains. He stopped and looked at those bones and said to himself something about the curse of this country. And it was a great curse, the stealing and selling of men and women and little children. And that man worked all his years to stop that curse. When he came to our jungle, he was young and strong. He stayed until his body was nothing more than bones.

"You people of this day do not know that curse. It is gone now. But you know another one—one that leaves the bones of our people hanging on trees. But now, my tribe, I have seen another great thing. This curse, too, is going away. I have seen two great things in my life.

"You all know my case—how pieces of white skin grew over my eyes so I could not see the day. Then one of you led me to Bwana's hospital. He took those white skins from my eyes. I could see again.

"And, oh, my tribe, I saw a great sight there! I saw many huts sitting under trees. The huts were filled with people who had the curse. But the Bwana was giving them big medicine—medicine that Livingstone did not carry in his box—and those people are going away healed. It was a great thing I saw.

"I watched that Bwana as he walked on the jungle paths and bound up the wounds of many people. And I said to myself, 'Here is a man that walks like Livingstone.'"

The words of the old man were finished. He sat down. The people in the *bwalo* rose up and turned back to their villages, while an excited jabbering floated up to the friendly trees.

Trophies

A CHIEF is worried. He is afraid his wife, Ekbana, has noticed the spot on his neck. She hasn't said anything to him, so perhaps he should calm his fears.

There had been one great worry in his heart, but now there are two. What if Ekbana had seen? His mind is a cloud of worry. What should he do?

He remembers when his appetite first failed him, how his wives chided him because he did not like their cooking, and how they asked if he were thinking of buying other wives. Then, when they noticed that his strong body began to waste, they begged him to consult the witch doctor. He had stubbornly refused, fearful lest the spots on his back and chest might be found.

For all these weeks he had concealed the spots, never letting anyone see him without a shirt on. But now he is afraid that Ekbana suspects him. As she walked into his hut that morning with a plate of food, he had noticed her glance at his chest where his shirt had been left unbuttoned. She had almost dropped the plate of food in her haste to leave.

He is watching now from the door to see if she will talk with the other women, but he observes that she is going about her work without speaking.

He calls to her.

She stands in the door before him, almost trembling. "Yes, my chief, I am here as you called."

"Ekbana," the chief begins, "you are my favorite wife. I want you to have a new dress and some more beads." He

studies her face closely, but sees no smile, and he goes on: "Ekbana, you may have many dresses. Take one of the pigs and exchange with the traders."

She smiles faintly, but the corners of her mouth tell a tale of worry.

Weeks pass. The chief now finds that the skin on his right ear is growing thick. Gradually a nodule forms. On his leg there develops a painless ulcer. He sees that his wives hurry away each time they bring food to him, and then stand in little suspicious groups around the cooking pots. The people of the village come less frequently for him to settle their disputes. He notices that they prefer to go to his younger brother.

One evening there is a meeting in the *bwalo*. He is not invited. Afterward he inquires, and is told that the people want his brother as their chief.

The next day they ask him to leave the village. A few of his old friends walk slowly with him to the edge of the forest. They cut down four young trees, some dry grass, and make a rude shelter for him to sit beneath. They leave only a few handfuls of parched corn and a half-cooked yam.

At first his wives bring him food each day. Finally they all forget him—all but Ekbana, who comes sometimes when the shadows are deep on the edge of the forest. At last, she, too, forgets to come.

He is hungry for two days. And then one morning he notices a young girl coming furtively toward him. It is little Toba, the daughter of Ekbana. She is carrying a leaf with a handful of porridge on it. She walks to his bed and holds it out to him with nervous hands. He grasps it

eagerly. The food gives him strength. He sits up and asks, "Where did you get it, Toba?"

The girl does not answer, and he knows she has brought him her portion. He speaks again, "Where is your mother?"

"She went to another village with a man."

The chief sighs.

Toba quickly assures him: "But, father, I will not leave you. As long as you are here, I will bring you food."

For several months young Toba keeps her promise and comes each day. Then one day passes, then two, and three. She does not come. He wonders if she, too, has forgotten. That evening there is no moon. He steals into the village. In one hut there are no people. He slips through the door and finds porridge in the pot. On his way past another hut he hears people talking. A name catches his ear. They are speaking about Toba. He listens a moment and then hobbles back to his shelter. He is glad that Toba did not forget him. She would still come to him if she could, but her uncle has compelled her to go to his village with him.

Another leper passes the chief's hut on an early morning.

"Where are you going?" the chief calls.

"To the Bwana's leper camp. Why don't you come? I hear the Bwana has big medicine that takes the leprosy away."

That evening the chief casts one longing look back toward his old village and then walks away into the forest. For two weeks he hobbles painfully over two hundred miles of stony jungle paths.

He leans on his cane at the door of the dispensary. A woman with a white cap motions for him to come inside.

There a white-coated man smiles, and speaks kindly as he examines him.

"We are glad you have come. What is your name?" the Bwana asks.

The tired man remembers that he is not the chief now. He must choose a new name. What shall he choose? He places his hand on his chin in study. His fingers feel the scraggly growth that was the envy of the men of his tribe. He speaks gravely, "My name is Whiskers."

A native attendant bathes the dust from his body, dresses the ulcer, gives him a plate of beans and porridge and a cup of milk, then takes him to a clean hut.

People in the camp come to his hut and talk with him. They do not shun him. His heart is happy. They do not treat him as an outcast. He is pleased with his new home and overjoyed that his body is slowly improving.

But one day he begins to worry again. He stumbles on rocks that he cannot see in the path. Objects seem blurred to him. Something must be wrong with his eyes.

Now all his days are like one long night. The Doctor explains that he waited too long before coming. Whiskers is saddened but not dejected, for he finds a true friend in the white Doctor. He soon learns to call him Bambo.

He has no time for worry now. The varied activities of the camp keep him busy. He wants to learn to make baskets with his hands, and he wants to learn the memory verses Bambo has told about. He begs his friends to read the verses for him so he can memorize them—a verse for each week of the year. Over and over he repeats them.

There are five who stand before the Doctor to say the year's memory verses. The Doctor holds five Bibles that he

has promised as rewards. Whiskers is one of the five. What need has he of a Bible? Bambo gives him new trousers that happily take the place of the old tattered ones.

There is a new year, and there are new verses to learn. Over and over they are repeated.

Sixteen stand before Bambo. Fifteen Bibles are given as rewards. Bambo speaks to the sixteenth, "And what do you want this time, Whiskers, in place of the Bible?"

"Please, sir, I want a Bible."

"But, Whiskers, you are blind. What do you want with a Bible?"

"Please, sir, I should like one."

"You know the rules of the camp, Whiskers. These Bibles must be used by those to whom they are given. They must not be sent to friends or relatives back in the villages."

The man raises his sightless eyes to the Doctor, and, like one who has been wounded in the house of his friends, explains: "Oh, Bambo, you know my history. I have no friends. Even my daughter was taken away. How can you accuse me of wanting to send my Bible away? For the past two years I have been memorizing verses from the Bible. Besides that, I have learned many of the psalms and also some chapters in the New Testament. I know where many other texts are found besides these which I can repeat from memory.

"Lately I have been going around giving Bible lessons and studying with the newcomers in the camp. Recently I met a Mohammedan. When I started repeating these texts, he said, 'How do I know that you are repeating these

texts properly, or how do I know these verses are found in the Bible?"

"So, Bambo, I should like to have a Bible that I could take back to this Mohammedan, or to any other unbelieving man. And when I repeat the verses, he will be able to find them under my direction."

The Doctor quickly places the Book in the eager, outstretched hands.

Another year has passed. It is the time of baptism. Among the group of lepers who await their turn are seven who seem to stand apart, yet not alone, for beside them is Whiskers—a happy shepherd who has brought home seven sheep.

Other years pass, and always the blind shepherd stands proudly with each new group of sheep he has found.

The camp is astir with questions. Bambo is leaving on vacation. He will be gone many weeks. Who will settle the cases of the people then? Bambo asks whom they will have to act as judge for them.

With one accord the voices say, "We will have Whiskers."

A clear musical voice rings out over the roofs in the clearing. The people stop their chattering to listen. It is the voice of song they hear and the voice of a man. The words he is singing are words of their language, but their meaning is vague. The melody is also strange.

The people walk out of their huts and gather in an interested circle. The music enchants them. Then they

question: "What voice is that? It does not belong to our village."

A little boy runs up and explains, "It is Dineck!"

"No, not Dineck the leper!"

"Yes. I looked through the half-open door of his hut. He is sitting by his fire and singing from a book."

"Go home, boy, you are out of your head. Dineck cannot sing now. He has had the leprosy."

"But it *is* Dineck," the boy insists. "I saw him."

The people begin to talk among themselves. "The boy is seeing dreams. Dineck cannot sing now. Before he had the leprosy, he used to sing for our village. But he lost his voice, and, anyway, the song is a strange one."

Another suggests, "But Dineck has been away to the leper camp; maybe—"

A third is quick to interrupt: "Oh no, they couldn't give him back his voice—all they did there was to give him medicine that healed his sores. It is not Dineck who sings!"

"We shall see."

Moving quietly with the shadows and following the music, the people steal to the hut. They peep through the half-open door. It *is* Dineck.

Many persons crowd at the doorway. Dineck looks up in surprise.

"Oh, Dineck, how can you sing so sweetly? Where did you learn those songs?"

"At the camp. Bambo taught us how."

Long sighs of admiration go up from the company. One requests, "Please, Dineck, sing more for us."

Late into the night the strong voice continues to sway the people with strange new emotions.

The following evening they come again pleading, "Sing, Dineck; we like the songs."

While the women and children are working in the cornfields the next day, there ring out familiar snatches of Dineck's songs.

That evening the people beg, "Please, Dineck, teach us the songs." Dineck finds that his audience contains many apt pupils. Words without meaning, but words sung by pleasing tunes swing on and on into the night air.

After the rest of the villagers have filed back to their huts, one young man lingers by the fire. "Dineck," he scarcely whispers, "what do the words mean?"

There are several who stay after the singing the next evening, and finally the whole village remains.

"These are wonderful words you learned in the camp, Dineck. Please tell us all."

One day the Bwana receives Dineck into his office. "You have a request, my son?"

"Yes, Bambo. My village is waiting. Will you make us a baptism?"

Bambo smiles a long smile. "Yes, Dineck, we will make one."

A white man is walking down a path that is dark with the shade of forest leaves. He walks with a purpose. He is searching for the man who used to practice black arts among the tribes of the jungle. He has heard that the old man has taken up the ways of God.

A drumming of a hollow log comes softly to his ears. It is a village call drum speaking. The man hurries a little. He wonders if the old man is calling his people to a meet-

ing of black magic. But no, his ears seem to detect a change in the drum's vibrations.

He enters the brilliant sunshine of the clearing. People are trotting to the center of the village. As they pass him, he hears excited talk about preaching. He inquires, "Who is the preacher?"

"The man that used to be our witch doctor."

The white man finds the preacher standing before his people. He wears no trappings of a magic man. He is simply holding a black Book.

The white man talks with him: "I have a request to make of you. I am going back to my country. I want to tell my people about you, and I want to show them a picture of you."

The old man poses gladly, holding his Book close to his heart.

The white man talks on: "Now I have another request. I want to tell my people that you used to be a witch doctor. I should like another picture to show my friends. Will you please put on your old headdress and hold in your hands the divining stick and the basket of charms?"

The old preacher stands very silent, then slowly shakes his head: "When I heard about the things of God, I put away my basket of charms and my divining stick. I vowed that I would not touch them again. They are forgotten things now."

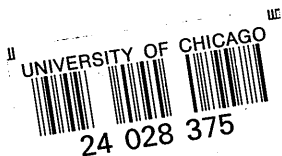
The white man turns back. He will have only one picture to show his friends. As he goes back into the shady forest, the path at his feet does not seem so dark, for somehow he can still feel the sunshine of the clearing.

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