

one not unfrequently has to be dragged through the water - in this ratio do African rivers rise. But, after all, this is only on a par with its other excesses. The cable certainly both looks and feels dangerous. One sits on a board, like the seat of a swing, suspended from the cable, and is hauled over, the cable being hand worked. In spite of ^{its} ~~the~~ insecure appearance, ~~of the cable~~ it was better than crossing roaring torrents on a narrow, slippery, tree-trunk; or, when even these primitive methods failed, ~~by~~ wading up to your arm-pits. The streams were so rapid that where it was impossible to improvise a bridge we had to put a rope across for the porters to guide and steady themselves by. Even so, more than one of my loads got a ducking, though fortunately nothing was lost. These rivers caused endless delays on our days' marches, and we seldom got into camp under seven hours. I was so tired with hauling and directing that I didn't feel much inclined to tackle further rivers in my search for game.

We reached Fort Eliot on the morning of the 15th. I had sent one of the police ahead the day before, telling Ellis I was arriving, and he most kindly rode out to meet me with his spare pony as a mount for myself. The station is very spick and span. The Fort lies on the top of a circular hill, and the ground round the Fort is well cleared for a good hundred yards in every direction, to prevent its being rushed by the natives. The Police lines and parade ground are outside the Fort on the South side; the few Indian shops lie to the East; and well-kept native roads branch off in all directions. Ellis makes the natives keep these roads clean and mended; and he tells me he has all his rivers bridged - the natives bring in the timber and stone, and Ellis himself does the building. The Fort is

about eighty yards square; it consists of a dry stone wall about four feet six high, outside which is a deep ditch comfortably strewed with barbed wire. There are three bridges (just planks) into the Fort: one at the main gate where the guard is; one leading to the Police lines, and one to the servant's quarters and stables, which are just outside, but close to the Fort. Inside the Fort is Ellis's house (which I am to share with him for the present, as the A.D.C.'s house is in process of erection, between the Fort and the Police Lines) the Offices, and the Guard-room. It is well arranged and well kept, and the Police are jolly smart. Ellis is an absolute tin god, and by Jove, he has done a lot here ! It is an eye opener to see what he gets through single-handed. He says he is a bit fed up with over-work and under-mannedness, and he's jolly glad I've come. He is a most interesting chap, and though he doesn't talk much, there is damn little he doesn't see. He has taken me round the place himself, and had the Chiefs up to see me, and to explain ^{to them that} I am a second edition of himself - I only wish I were. Controlled strength emanates from him - he inspires confidence, and he understands and loves the natives. They and the Police just worship him. He has explained his native policy to me in detail, and he wants me to get used to dealing direct with the Chiefs, as in his absence many local matters must be settled by me. The idea is for me to get the hang of everything before he's off on his next tour. He talks to his men and the natives in exactly the right manner - he is never familiar, but he shows his affection for and his trust in them. The smallest ^{in all} ~~ones~~ come to him for help, and his patience and consideration for them are infinite. But ye gods, when he has to punish ! Of course

he's right - he says punishment is to teach, and the only way you can punish a primitive savage is through his feelings. Make him really feel and

he will remember. He never punishes unless its necessary, but I'll bet

his lessons are not forgotten. Gad, he has a tongue too - I'd be sorry

to get the rough edge of it ! He harangued a policeman found asleep on

guard and the man positively curled up. He certainly showed that man

the error of his ways, and what might have resulted from his unforgivable

carelessness. The delinquent was flogged (twenty five lashes), put in

the chain gang for three months, and after this term dismissed the service.

Ellis says there are two sins he never forgives - can't afford to because

either of them might mean entire destruction, or at least individual loss of

life: No. 1 is a man asleep on guard, No. 2 is a man throwing away his

load on safari. As a result of the latter, Ellis himself lost his

assistant. The porter who was carrying the medecine chest threw it away,

and Ellis was, in consequence, without the means of dressing the said assis-

tant's wounds. The poor wretch died of septic poisoning. Sin No. 1

may of course cause the station or camp to be rushed and wiped out.

Anyhow I had to see the delinquent flogged, and I didn't like it one

bit - it quite turned me up. The sickening thud of the hide whip on the

man's naked flesh, the swishing of the whip as it rose and fell, the mechani-

cal counting of the blows as they were given, the writhings of the wretched

man (he didn't make a sound though Ellis tells me some of them scream the

whole time) - the whole thing was beastly. Yet in spite of its beastli-

ness I can see that it is necessary, as the result of a discriminating

judgment.

Christmas Day.Fort Eliot.

Here's a nice affair !

While we were sitting at lunch a runner came in to say that Corporal Juma has been killed some thirty odd miles from here, over towards the Soltai hills. He was out with a couple of men to call in an old Chief who lives out there. What exactly happened Ellis can't find out from the runner, who probably does not know himself.

Ellis feels pretty certain that Juma must have been playing the fool, either with some woman, or possibly grabbing goats. Anyway, the worst of it is that he himself with twenty police and a handful of porters left for the scene of action within two hours of getting the news, and here am I alone and lonely, and very sorry for myself. As a matter of fact

I'm a good deal worried about Ellis - he is far from fit though he says it is just the usual internal upset one always gets here (comforting look out for me)

The water is rotten. It seems queer, with the large and rapid river our water supply is taken from, but apparently all the filth from the villages, the natives, and their herds, drains into the rivers and fouls most of them.

As a compromise Ellis took a hammock with him, but I don't suppose he will use it, and one ^{thing} that's absolutely certain is that he won't spare himself. I feel pretty helpless now that he has gone, but I suppose I shall

worry along somehow. The worst of it is that Ellis had ordered a meeting of the Chiefs for a couple of days hence - they have been a bit slack about their hut tax, and also about sending in labour, and have got to get a mild slating. I shall have to tackle them now - a job I shan't be much good

at. A crowd of natives always seems to get on my nerves (I have accepted the fact that I have got these very unpleasant things.) For some reason or other I feel as if I had to defend myself - to me the native attitude always seems an accusing one, and the silent, unwavering glances of a mass of coloured people quite puts me off. I hate looking at them.

December 29th. Fort Eliot.

Well it's over, and from what I can gather of the whole affair I made an ass of myself. I was sure I should, because the night before there was a beastly night alarm. I don't mind admitting I was in a funk. I thought the natives had got wind of Ellis's absence and were attacking the Fort. It seemed quite possible - the Chiefs knew they were ordered in for a rowing, and it occurred to me they were taking the opportunity of getting a bit of their own back first. The worst of it is that I gave myself away, for when that beastly alarm started I dashed out of bed and barricaded all the doors and windows, seized my rifle and revolver, and prepared to die hard. The Police all formed up outside the house and waited for me to appear - meanwhile I was crouching behind my bed. Thank God they couldn't tell what I was doing, and on hearing the Sergeant's voice on the Verandah my panic abated, and I was able to pull myself together sufficiently to open the window, and ask him what was wrong. I didn't dare to go to the door because I had pulled the table in front of it, and the men would have heard me dragging it away. The Sergeant seemed sur-

prised at my not coming out, but I told him I had been sleeping heavily having had a touch of fever, and I expect he believed this last statement for my teeth were chattering audibly. It seems that the alarm was given by the guard on the cattle boma. A hyaena was hanging round, and he thought it was at least a troop of lions. The Sergeant said he was always extra careful when Ellis was away, as it was most important not to allow the men to get slack. I commended him and said as it was nothing I would not come out. He waited a moment and then said that after an alarm Ellis always dismissed the men himself, having first ascertained that they were all present. The table was my undoing - I made a mental note that whatever happened in future I would never barricade the door, and I told the Sergeant that for this once he must dismiss the men himself, as I did not feel well enough to come out. He saluted silently, turned on his heel, said a few words to the men, and they all pattered off. They began talking volubly as they filed out of the gate, and I uneasily felt they were expressing their surprise at my non-appearance. Directly silence fell again, I crept into the dining-room, returned my rifle to the gun-rack, and as softly as possible pulled the table from in front of the door. While I was trying to get it into position someone turned the handle of the door, and before I realized what was occurring my boy Hamis was in the room. He was carrying a hurricane lamp, and by it's light - the room was otherwise only lighted by the lamp in my bedroom - I caught a glance of surprise and curiosity on his face as he looked from me to the table. In an instant the look was gone, and he resumed his normal mask-like expression. He told me that Sergeant Mahomed had roused him saying

I had fever and he had better come round and see to me. What should he do ? Would I have some tea, and would it not be better if I returned to bed ? The table, as if pointing the finger of derision at me, stood defiantly and obliquely across the room. I attempted no explanation, accepted the offer of tea, and went off to bed. Hamis having made the tea and brought it with wonderful despatch, curled himself up in his blanket and made his bed in my doorway. This unfortunately precluded me from opening the shutters (the windows were usually all left wide open at night) and re-placing that vile dining room table. What Hamis thought of me and my goings on I don't know - he was as respectfully attentive as usual in the morning, asked if I felt better, and suggested quinine which, to keep up the idea of my fever, I took.

I was out for the seven o'clock parade, and felt pretty uncomfortable as I ran the gauntlet of all the men's eyes turned as one pair upon me, and the fire of Mahomed's polite enquiries as to my health. At 9.30 sharp, after I had had an hour in the office, the Chiefs were assembled, and I reluctantly made my way towards them. During the whole of that preceding hour, the din had been over-powering. Each Chief brought his own special body guard of spearmen, and these vied with one another in singing (so-called) and yelling, stamping and shaking the metal bells which hang at their knees and round their ankles. In passing the gate, the spear-men formed in prancing, howling circles, and each man deposited his spear and sword just inside the Fort. At big palavers of this sort no one is allowed to carry arms: this is not only as a guarantee of good faith, but because the warriors not infrequently go temporarily mad from

chewing mimosa bark, and in this condition they invariably run amuck and try and spear some-one.

As I approached the seething crowd of natives, the spear-men all raised their right arms above their heads and let out a hideous yell. They looked horrible - their matted, grease-clogged wool hung in a fringe over their eyes; their naked bodies were smeared with red and white paint; grotesque ornaments, ~~ore~~^{ear}-rings, armlets, and bells hung from their quivering bodies; and they stamped, shuffling from one foot to the other, keeping time with their movements as well as with the accompanying bells and yells. I would have given a good deal to have been able to turn back and bolt into the Fort. In time I suppose I may get used to it, but at present the sight of such a ferocious looking crowd of natives fills me with horror. It's all very well for Ellis and other fellows to say they won't do one any harm - anyway they look as if they'd love to tear one to pieces and were only waiting for the right moment to do it. On I had to go however. As the circle of spear-men broke to let me through to the Chiefs assembled in the centre and then closed again, I felt as if my knees were going to give way. The Office orderly was close behind me carrying a chair, and the interpreter followed him. These two men seemed to be my only friends, and I was not quite certain that they had not seen through me, and weren't ^{with} ~~it~~ scorning me in their hearts. I got through somehow - I shook hands (a thing I loathe doing, I can't stand the feel of a black man's hand) with all the Chiefs, and then I asked them their reasons for being so slack, and without properly listening to their replies, gave them the necessary slating. Of course they promised everything Ellis wanted, and they all complained of

the evilness of their followers, and asked for permission to tie up and torture various of the worst offenders by way of a salutary demonstration to the less bad of what they would incur if they did not immediately mend their ways. This I curtly refused, and without waiting to hear anything else, and I'm afraid without further handshakes, I strode back to the Office. I sank on to my chair with a sigh of relief. I had only been absent twenty five minutes, and I realized that the Chiefs had never been so curtly treated before - a palaver of this sort is seldom over in less than two hours. Voices neared and rose and fell, and I heard Mahomed protesting to some one. It was old Chief Kamiti who was hurt and angry at my treatment of himself. He was quoting Ellis to Mahomed and saying he must see me again, for I had not heard what he had to say, neither had I received his present of a bullock. Mahomed stood firm - he soothed the old man as best he could, and finally told him I was ill (how I blessed Mahomed !) and so got him to go quietly away.

Do I show my feelings, I wonder, in my behaviour or face ? Mahomed must see something - it's a horrid idea. I almost called him back and saw Kamiti. I ought to have done so; I ought to have seen all the Chiefs again in the afternoon; instead of which I told Hamis I had fever and went and lay on my bed.

December 31st. 11 P.M. Fort Eliot.

This is the day, or rather the night, one is supposed to confess and

renounce one's old sins and make good resolutions for the New Year. I am going to confess. It has come to me during these six days that I have been alone that I am a coward - a real funk. I'm all right if there is another white man about, even when I'm not actually with him, but no sooner am I alone - worse than alone, the only white man in the midst of natives, than something seems to snap in me, the something that in the proximity of my fellow whites keeps me erect. I just go to pieces. Everything and everybody seems a menace; the most trivial actions or expressions on the part of any of the coloured people fill me with suspicions; the most usual and ordinary behaviour on the part of my boys or the men fills me with distrust. I feel as if I must always be looking over my shoulder to catch the hidden dread ^{which perpetually lurks} just behind me. It is that awful feeling of what one fears being behind one, just out of sight, that is my undoing. It is nothing one can face and have out - it is a creeping, silent, mighty foe which never shows itself, and for this very reason is more acutely felt. When I am near a white man it retires altogether; all I feel of it is an occasional whispering movement. When I am alone it possesses me, dominates me, crows me. I actually feel as if I were shrinking before the upraised lash of a whip - so far the whip has only been upraised, what will become of me when it falls? Even now, as I sit here in Ellis's house writing, secure and comfortable, my boy on the verandah only waiting for me to express a want to hasten to fulfil it, the sentry padding up and down on his beat in front of the gate, my whistle to my hand, the blowing of which ^{would} in a few moments surround me with the entire armed force, even now the sweat stands on my forehead, and my heart is turned to water within me. The

lamp throws a bright light on this table, my paper and my hand, but outside this bright circle what dark shadows lurk ? Sullen, black patches like crouching forms ready to spring upon me, waiting for me to become absorbed, for me to forget their presence only for a moment - and they would be on me, bearing me down to the black beyond of unspeakable horror.

Has any other man ever felt like this, or am I a pariah in my cowardice ? Is it some personal peculiarity, unknown and unfelt at home, brought into being through isolation ? What is it ? Why am I thus cursed ?

One never thought of fear at home; everything was natural - one's pluck, if required, always seemed to be there all right, and mine (if I thought of such things at all) was tested on more than one occasion. Why is it so

different here ? I seem to feel the hostility of blood, mind, and methods all beating as a great pulse - the country throbs with it, a giant, many-headed engine slowly getting up the necessary impetus with which to crush the white man and his influence. The spirit of Africa is arming against us, silently waiting for its armament to be complete to crush and trample us down into its red earth which even our blood will not stain.

A great wave, wiping us out and leaving no traces, sucking us back into the mighty whirlpool of oblivion. It has all got hold of me to such an

extent that I ^{cannot} ~~can't~~ get right ^{myself} unhelped. I have decided that directly Ellis gets back I shall put it all to him. If anyone understands he will, and his mind is big enough not to condemn and despise me utterly. One thing is certain, and that is I can't go on like this. I must be half mad now - I jump at the slightest sound, and shake and sweat if anyone enters my presence unseen. It's no good cursing myself, and shame doesn't help.

I have tried to keep the thing under, and unspoken, but now its out. I have kicked myself in my thoughts, I have made all sorts of excuses for myself, but the naked truth of it all is, I am a coward, a damned coward. I am afraid of niggers, I am afraid of Africa, and I am afraid of all the dreadful things I feel without even knowing what they are. May God and Ellis help me.

January 5th. 1906. Fort Eliot.

A runner has just come in from Ellis saying he is really ill, and being carried in here as quickly as the men can manage up and down these awful hills. He ought to be here in three days. He tells me to send in to Kissembi for a doctor. I did this within fifteen minutes of the arrival of the runner. Mahomed says the runner will reach Kissembi tomorrow, so the doctor ought to be here almost as soon as Ellis is. Poor old Ellis, I do hope he's not too bad. It is almost impossible to imagine him ill - he is the embodiment of life and mental strength, and gives one the impression that nothing could defeat him. They ought to have a doctor out here - its' rough luck on the men right away from head-quarters; no one seems to mind what happens to them. If they slip up they get hauled over the coals all right, but as long as they don't make an obvious mess of things they are left absolutely to themselves - pieces of humanity cut off from the mass and flung away into the remote bush to rot or worry through as best they can. One can't be surprised if men, in these circumstances, go under. Human beings are mostly gregarious, and

enforced solitude is morally detrimental to the average man. I don't suppose I should ever have stood revealed unless I had been left absolutely to myself. I shall feel a different creature once I have shoved my confession on to Ellis. I firmly believe he is the only man who can help me, and I somehow feel that when once he knows I shall get all right again.

January 9th.

Ellis was brought in at mid-day. I couldn't even go out to meet him, as Mari (the Chief) brought in the bodies of some of his men who were murdered about twenty miles to the south, in Kathais' country. I had to see him at once, but told him I would speak to Ellis about it. Mari wants me to go out with some police, and as Ellis is ill I expect I shall have to, though of course I can't budge till the doctor comes. I thought Ellis was dead when they brought him in - he looks awful, has fallen away to nothing, and is so weak he can't even raise himself. He was seedy when he left, and gradually got worse and worse, and of course took no care of himself. He suffers horribly. If only he doesn't die ! After the attacks of pain, and before the opium has taken effect, he looks like a dead man. Pray God the doctor comes before it's too late.

January 10th.

The doctor (Fergusson, a Scotchman) arrived at 1 a.m. this morning

having got through from Kissembi in twenty four hours - pretty good going. He is going to take Ellis into Kissembi and put him in hospital - says if he leaves him here he won't have a chance of recovery, as he would be worried from morning till night with station and native affairs, and that the only thing is to get him right away. It must be a matter of at least a month before he is fit to return, and meanwhile there seems little or no chance that another man will be sent out. I shall have to manage single-handed as best I can - it's a bit rough on the station as well as on myself.

January 16th.

They have gone - left yesterday morning, and here am I alone once more. Poor old Ellis, he little knows what it means to me ! He was much too sick for me to mention my own worries to him, though he just managed to tell me one or two things he wants me to do. " A splendid chance," he called my being left in charge of a district after only a few months in the country; and he says he will make a point of sending in a special report about it on his return. I don't feel very sanguine, but, after all, a month isn't very long, and I shall hang on somehow. Once Ellis is back my difficulties will be over. He was awfully decent to me; said I was just the sort he liked having with him, and he told me to go slow and not to take things too much to heart. As regards Mari's murdered men, he says he believes it is a put up job, as Mari has always hated and been jealous of Kathai. He says I had better take twenty men

and go straight out to Kathai, and enquire both en route and there what the truth of the matter is. Fighting is, he says, quite out of the question, and the twenty men are merely to make a show. I ought to be able to do this all right. Ellis told me among other things that when I travelled I should always leave Sergeant Mahomed here - he is absolutely to be trusted and he will see that no hanky-panky goes on in the Station during my absence. All the same I wish I could take him with me; he is such a splendidly plucky chap, and he knows this country and the natives inside out. I mean to start the day after to-morrow.

January 26th.

I have been and come back - and I never thought I could be as thankful to see any place as I was when I got the first view, about an hour away, of Fort Eliot. The whole thing has been a nightmare, and I don't believe I slept a wink during my week of absence. The going was very bad, and when we got to Kathais, on the second day, we had to do another march into the heart of his country to the place where the men were killed. What first roused my suspicions was that Kathai made excuses not to accompany us - said it would be better for him not to be there as I wanted to consult the elders of the villages concerned, and his presence might prevent their speaking the truth. True, he sent his head-man with us as guide, and to arrange for food for the men and porters, and he sent a small following of his own picked spear-men. I could not refuse these latter, as they were sent as a sort of guard of honour for me, but their presence made me

distinctly uncomfortable. In the first place, they seemed to think they must hang about me, and even in camp if I walked a few yards from my tent, two or three of them rose like spirits from under my feet and ~~followed~~ ^{shadowed} me ~~like shadows~~ wherever I went. I complained to the Corporal, but he said they did it by Kathai's orders: he had told them to take great care of me; no white man had ever been injured in his country, and he didn't intend, if he could help it, that one ever should be.

We camped close to the village where Mari's men were killed, and the elders and all the natives, thousands of them, evil-looking and evil-smelling, came in for the palaver. It was an "affaire d'amour": Mari's men were after some of Toki's (the chief elder) women; they got into Toki's huts at night, and he actually found them with his third and fourth wives. Naturally, and according to native law justly, he killed them on the spot. Toki, the artful, had smelt a rat, and had hidden six of his own spearmen in the village, and these six armed men had made short work of the three unarmed ones. Toki himself sent the bodies in to Kathai, who forwarded them, with a warning, to Mari. There seemed no doubt that this was the truth: the erring ladies were produced for my inspection, and they made no secret of their unfaithfulness. Toki offered them to me as a present, and seemed rather hurt that I declined to accept them. As it was fairly late by the time everyone had had his say we decided to stay where we found ourselves for the night. Stacks of food and firewood were brought in for us, and no sooner ~~did~~ ^{had} the moon risen than the native drums began to beat, and dances were started on every hill and market place. The row was awful, but it was the unceasing, regular

rhythm of the drums that led me to believe that the dances were only a mask
 for what was really a call to arms. Each individual drummer drummed the
 same call on his drum; it started close to our camp, and we could hear it,
 faint and far away, on the furthest hill - the same, always the same.
 The thing beat itself into my brain until I was certain it meant mischief.
 Hundreds of natives were still in and round our camp, some mixed with my
 men, some standing in groups, all talking volubly. I gave orders for
 them all to leave at once. Corporal Juma seemed surprised, but my
 order was promptly obeyed. I then doubled the guards and fires, gave
 out extra ~~ammunition~~, and told all the sentries to report to me personally
 every hour. Acquiescent silence, mingled with blank amazement, met my
 orders. I made no attempt to undress but sat in my tent, my revolver
 on the table, my rifle across my knees. The drumming persisted; and the
 shrill cries of the dancers rose and fell as the night ~~bore~~^{wore} away. By
 midnight however, all was quiet. The only sounds I could hear from my
 tent were an occasional click of a rifle as the sentry brought it down to
 stand at ease, the crackling of the fires, rising to a roar as they were
 replenished, and the yawns and whispers of the men as they changed guards.
 Several times I emerged and inspected the camp myself. Only I and the
 sentries were awake - profound sleep held everyone else silent. Towards
 four o'clock it began to drizzle, not real rain, but a white, wet mist,
 which descended like a sheet of cotton wool and wiped ^{out} everything ~~out~~. At
 six o'clock when I wanted to break camp the mist was still impenetrable.
 It was a grand chance for the natives: only our guide knew the path, and
 in the thick mist he might easily miss it - he might even do so intentionally.

He had slept in Toki's village - what if Toki had bribed him to mis-lead us ?/ He suggested that we should delay our start, and this in itself looked to me as if there were some evil plot on foot. Corporal Juma, much to my surprise, was anxious I should fall in with this suggestion, and himself stated that it was easy to miss a path - all native paths being so much alike - when one could not see the guiding land-marks of hills, forests etc.

At 6. 30 I was so jumpy I could wait no longer. The porters were sitting humped up in dreary circles round their fire; the men stood about cold and wet, and, I believe, as anxious as myself to be gone. I gave the order to start, and off we set in single file, down the slippery, greasy path. Man-high bush shut us in on either side, and nothing could be seen. The wet mist lay motionless over everything. I felt suffocating and as if I were caught in a trap. Walter's tales of the natives who hid in the bush along the paths and fired poisoned arrows as one passed came back to me; and our own powerlessness in such circumstances was apparent. What could we do? Nothing at all - we could not even be certain we were on the right path. Suppose we were being led into an ambush to be murdered, tortured and mutilated by the natives! All sorts of horrors filled my mind. Robertson, at the coast, had told me of white men being murdered for the sake of certain portions of their anatomy which the witch doctors needed to make medicine with. And who would know if we were murdered?/ It would be days, if not weeks, before the news would reach Kissembi; we were out off entirely, with no chance of help or rescue.

I was so deep in these miserable thoughts that it came as a start to me to find ourselves on the top of a ridge of hills and in bright sunlight. The mist had dropped away like a shed garment, and lay in floating wisps over the bottoms of the valleys. I breathed a sigh of relief - we could not only see our path now but also our surroundings, and it was comforting to be convinced that we were really going in the right direction.

We proceeded much more cheerfully, but to my horror the guide stopped suddenly an hour later and said he had lost the way. A tunnel of greenery surrounded us - nothing was to be seen in any direction. The guide was quite undisturbed, and said we must turn back, and that in about half an hour we should strike the path. All my old fears rushed in on me again, doubled by the fact that I was convinced I heard a rustling in the bushes, a rustling which moved along with us. This was the cul-de-sac, we had been led to a place where defence was impossible, where we could not see either friends or enemies. Every moment I expected to hear the ping of an arrow - I almost felt it quivering and stinging in my flesh. On and on we went, turning and twisting, but never emerging from the sea of thick bush. At last I could stand it no more - I knew I should be the one to be murdered, there was no escape for me. Once I was hit it was all over. How could I disguise myself, efface myself, become as a black man? Suddenly solution came: my khaki was protective - thus clothed my body might have belonged to a policeman, it was only my white Ellwood helmet that made me distinguishable, for all the coloured men wore red fezes. Corporal Juma was immediately in front of me; I touched him on the shoulder and said, "I want to wear your fez; take my helmet and

wear it yourself. " He immediately obeyed, but a look of such comprehension passed over his face that I felt in a moment he knew my vile secret. At the time he said nothing, but when we had been going for about half an hour, he turned towards me with a re-assuring smile, and said " These natives are good; they would not harm either white man or any Government servant. There is no need for fear".

I do not know what I replied, for I was by no means convinced. From now on Corporal Juma kept up a running conversation with me and with the guide, and before long it was apparent that we were anyhow on the right road, for we crossed one of the rivers Kathai's men had bridged for us the day before. The sun came out blazingly hot, and with no protection for my neck I began to feel faint and queer. Suddenly all went black before me, and down I went. The last thing I remember was thinking I had after all been hit without knowing it. When I came to, Juma was bending over me; he had forced some water between my lips, and when he saw I was conscious he said,

" Your helmet is close to you; we are only a hundred yards from Kathai's village; he is sending men down to carry you in. "

So I was not hit, only faint from the sun - and Juma knew I was a coward. Kathai himself came bustling down, but with Juma's arm I walked the remaining few yards, and after a rest and good night felt none the worse physically - mentally I was paralysed with shame. I managed to finish the palaver with Kathai the next morning, and told him that I was most satisfied with his people and all they had done for me. We did a short march that afternoon, and in to Fort Eliot next day. Now what