

In This Issue—"From Capetown to the Belgian Congo" By Will J. Cameron

The Executives' Club

NEWS

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CHRISTMAS
EDITION



Christmas Greetings

Since returning from Africa about a year ago, I have occasionally shown my pictures and told of my experiences. These have created some interest, so I am sending you the story as told the Executives' Club.

I will be gratified indeed if this adds a little to your Happiness on this Christmas Day, and I give you the toast of Good Old Rip Van Winkle —

"Here's to your good Health,
And the good Health of your
family.

May you all live long and
Prosper."

Cordially yours,

Will J. Cameron

CHRISTMAS—1929

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"FROM CAPETOWN TO THE BELGIAN CONGO"

Illustrated with Motion Pictures

By WILL J. CAMERON

An address delivered before The Executives' Club of Chicago, Friday, March 29, 1929

PERSONAL INTRODUCTION BY TOM SKEYHILL



Biographer of Napoleon, Mussolini
and Sergeant York.

Will J. Cameron stands nearly six feet in his hunting boots; he is redheaded; with kindly brown eyes and a winning personality. He has, what the Irish call, "a way with him."

Although he is a city man and the active head of a big and successful business, he is in no sense of the word a slave to his work. On the contrary, he is a scientist and business man by profession; a hunter and an artist by inclination. And he knows, as few men do, how to reconcile these opposite sides of his nature in a perfect whole.

His factory and office staff with hundreds of employees are up-to-the-minute and highly specialized. His home is just the opposite. A rambling old house; full of skins, heads and other trophies of the chase; pottery, beaten brass, antiques, rare rugs and pictures; and all sorts of other interesting things assembled from the four corners of the earth. I said assembled! I should have said, thrown all over the place—on the floors, walls, and in every nook and corner.

I know of few men who can quite as completely separate their two selves, the business genius and the play boy, as can this lean athletic-looking Scotch-American. Once in his home after a busy day at the office, he forgets all about business and becomes the player with his interest

centered in a good game of pool, a dance, a merry yarn or a thrilling tale of adventure in some far off and out-of-the-way place. This is the side of him I know. The sportsman. The hunter. The big game shooter. The teller of tales. The explorer who has been away out on the edge of things where the trails run out and stop.

I have never bought any of his surgical instruments—I don't suppose I ever will. I am not much interested in them! They do not touch my life. But as a playwright and a biographer, I am, and always will be, interested in a man who is different; daring; original; artistic. And Will Cameron is all of these. He is no ordinary man who can organize his business affairs so thoroughly, that he can forget all about them for several months and go off to Northern Canada after grizzlies and caribou, or to Africa on the trail of lions. A man must be efficient, imaginative, and well-organized within to do that sort of thing.

Will Cameron always wanted to shoot lions. A dead shot; tireless hunter; he has always been extremely attracted by the lure of the "King of Beasts." It has always been his dream to hew out enough time to lead an expedition in Central Africa, and unlike most men he did not dream his life away. He dared to live his dream! He went to Africa. He shot lions. And today he knows all about it. He knows the safari, the trek, the laager, and the rolling veld. The winding elephant trails. The lion grass. The blind. The tsetse fly. The deadly jungle miasma. The unmapped plains where the zebra and the wildebeest gambol; the treacherous sucking marshes where the rhino and the hippo wallow; and the palate-tickling smell of the camp-fire, and the cooked meat after the long day's hunting.

He did some extraordinary things over there in Africa. He bagged some noble lions! Their well-mounted skins are to be seen on the floors of his house today. He brought down a number of rare antelope, so noble-looking that every time I come into his house and stand under

their proud heads, I feel inclined to salute. He assembled a rare collection of savage masks; native weapons; gourds; and other relics of primeval African life. He achieved some notable results in the field of ethnology. Others have written of these things. I tell of the man.

When he returned from his last trip I cornered him and asked the inevitable question, "Did you get any lions?" He grinned! His eyes sparkled! And he told me this thriller.



ONE night out in the lion country, he couldn't sleep. The heat. The mosquitoes, and a touch of the fever kept him wide-awake. He decided

to get up and go out and try his luck at getting a lion. He knew there were some in the vicinity. He shouldered his high-powered gun and trudged off to a nearby hill where an outcropping of rocks screened with thorn-bush suggested possibilities.

The night was dark. Quiet. Windless. Suddenly, a few yards in front of him, right in his path, he saw two luminous orbs of phosphorus. A lion! He kept his head. Braced himself. Took careful aim. And fired right between the two eyes. The phosphorescent glows disappeared! Will licked his chops. A breathless pause. He was on the alert, and ready to fire again. And then, the two lights reappeared. Will fired again! The lights went out again, only to reappear a few seconds later. Will was worried. He had fired twice and it seemed he had missed, and he knew that it is no time to miss when you are at close quarters with a lion. Steeling himself and taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger for the third time. With the same result! The lights immediately went out, stayed out for a few seconds, and flashed on again.

By this time he was discouraged. But he kept on loading his rifle and



"THEN, he counted twenty-six lions stretched out side by side, each--"

bring. Altogether he fired twenty-five shots always with the same result; but after the twenty-sixth, the lights stayed out! He waited for several minutes, flashed on his electric torch, and cautiously approached.

THEN, he counted twenty-six lions stretched out side by side, each with a bullet between the eyes!

I think Will got more joy out of telling me this "lyin" story, than he got from his invention of the White-Ray Diagnostic Lamp, the Vitalitester, the Electro-Maton Razor, or any of his other scientific contributions to society.

Now it happens that I was a friend of the late Carl Akeley who hunted gorillas; and I know Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, who found dinosaur eggs out in the Gobi Desert; and Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, who hunted condors in the Andes and sperm whales in the South Seas. I have listened to their tales; read their books; heard their lectures! While I knew that Will had not been through anything quite as thrilling as had these mighty hunters and explorers, I knew on the other hand that he had been in some devilish tight corners, and barely scraped through several thrilling and hair-raising adventures. A man couldn't go into Central Africa and come back with such a collection of lion and leopard skins, buffalo, wart-hog, greater koodoo, sable and roan antelope heads, and other trophies without having seen and done something out of the ordinary. He just couldn't. It isn't being done! I asked him to tell me the story of the outstanding incident of the trip. Here it is. Another lion story. A true one! Judge for yourself.



WILL'S party was camped on the shores of a lake out in Central Africa. One afternoon toward sunset, Will wanted to take a picture of some

hippos whose ugly snouts were visible, floating on the surface of the lake. The camera plates were in the tent, a half mile away. Will wanted his pictures. A half mile tramp was not going to discourage him. But it was sizzling hot, and the damn gun was heavy and awkward. So he left it behind at the tent.



Returning for his hippo pictures, he skirted the water's edge in order to avoid some marshy ground. He had to plunge through some tall grass. Lion grass! He decided to risk it. In any case it was a thousand to one shot that there were no lions within miles. Judge, therefore, his surprise when suddenly he saw the grass ripple, and the next instant four hundred pounds of raging, roaring, brown fury sprang at him. A lion in a death spring! Right for Will's head! But Will is pretty game at that. Cool, too. And a quick thinker, with good reflexes. Like the baseball player going into the home-plate on a close throw, he dived flat on his face. And the lion passed over him! Luckily, it had taken too long a spring. Will was on his feet in a flash, and even then had barely time to throw himself to one side before the enraged "King of Beasts" again jumped, and again missed; for the second time miscalculating and springing too far. Will's situation was desperate. Unarmed! Alone! In long grass. With a lion out for the kill. But his courage never deserted him. He kept getting up, and diving right on his face to left and right, front and rear. And the lion kept missing, always springing too far. But the man was greater than the beast.

After what seemed like ages to him, exhausted and discouraged, the lion withdrew. Will, himself, close to exhaustion, and considerably shaken, naturally got out of the grass as quickly as he possibly could. Running to the tent, he quickly seized an elephant-gun, and with blood in his eye he returned and plunged into the tall grass.

He located the lion; approached within a few yards of it; carefully sighted his gun, and awaited the rush. But, the lion took no notice of him—he was practising short springs!

What can you do with a man who goes to Africa, and comes back and tells you tales like these? That's Will Cameron! Successful business man. Hunter. Big game shooter. Half of his home is for the delectation of his friends. He calls this the Fiat Lux Club, and there, sur-

rounded by his friends after business, he is the Peter Pan who never will grow old.

INTRODUCTION BY
PRESIDENT PERROW



Arthur Perrow, President of the Executives' Club.

Everyone appreciates and admires the spirit of adventure, but when a man in the quietest of fashion will lay down his executive duties, and for the sake of scientific exploration will face the jungle, we cannot help but have a feeling of admiration.

It is said that a man of supreme power must possess two outstanding qualities: First, he must be gentle and, second, he must be firm. I am sure these characteristics predominate in this man who, with a few select friends, ventured into the dark continent of Africa.

Our speaker has spent several years in research work for the aid of suffering humanity. It is natural, therefore, that he has to his credit many inventions of surgical instruments which have aided in restoring cases of hopelessness to renewed usefulness.

His natural scientific and inventive mind has made him a real explorer, and his maneuvers have taken him to every part of the world.

We are all rejoicing with him in his success as a scientist, as an inventor, as an explorer, as a business man, and as a loyal and enthusiastic member of this club.

It is, therefore, a real pleasure to present to you at this time Mr. Will J. Cameron, President of Cameron's Surgical Specialty Company of Chicago, who will address us on the subject: "From Capetown to the Belgian Congo."

MR. WILL J. CAMERON: Mr. Perrow and Gentlemen: I would be ungrateful indeed, if I did not feel elated by such friendly introductions as Mr. Skeyhill and Mr. Perrow have given me. And, I am happy indeed to share with all of you, as well as I can, the pleasure of this adventure.

No doubt Africa is to you a land of mystery and romance, as it has always been to me. All of my life I have pictured and planned to visit this strange country, this land of topsy-turvy! All of my life this trip to Africa has been a dream, and now that it has come true, it seems in reality to be grander than by anticipations, and that is not always true of dreams and things. Combining a pleasant adventure with the possibility of attaining useful scientific information is indeed alluring and intriguing!

My work, as most of you know, has been in developing improved surgical and dental equipment, and in studying these problems of modern men from a diagnostic and operative standpoint. And, of course, it is not such a far step from that to the study of ancient and prehistoric men. I think that all of us are interested in knowing when and where we are going, and some few of us have a little curiosity as to where we come from.

So last May, I equipped an expedition to go into the heart of Africa to study the primitive people of the Kalahari Desert, their customs, habits and history, and to make films of their life.

We chose the Kalahari Desert because of a very important prehistoric find—the Taung's skull—that was made by my friend Dr. R. A. Dart of the Witwatersrand University, recently. This is one of the half-dozen known and authenticated skulls of ancient and prehistoric man, and is classed with the Java, Heidelberg, Piltdown, Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man.

Associated with me on this expedition was Neville Lewis of London, England, the world-famed portrait



The Map of Our Trek In Darkest Africa.



painter, who wished to picturize these strange people, and with his facile brush to immortalize this fading race of men. Also C. Ernest Cadle, Anthropologist of Denver, Colo., who has lived most of his life in Darkest Africa; Richard Lee Mannen, Geologist of Witte Museum, San Antonio, Texas; Fred. Parrish, Cinematographer; and Henry Hoder, Mechanician—all experts in their respective fields.



Cape Town and Table Mountain—a Majestic Vista.

Because of the unusual conditions we would meet, after careful consideration, I selected and shipped two Diamond T Trucks to Capetown.

It takes the very best kind of a car to stand the grind, and one would be very foolish to go into the desert with only one car, for when we got down in the sand or stuck in the mud, we could often give tow with the other one and get out.

We were equipped with five moving picture cameras and special lenses, together with a number of cameras for still pictures. We took about

30,000 feet of movie film on the expedition and several hundred still photographs on the order of those shown. Of course, we had fine rifles and complete hunting equipment.

It takes thirty days to go from Chicago to Capetown by way of England. You can make the trip in comfort and at a very nominal expense.

Capetown is a city of 200,000 people, modern in every way. If any of you contemplate a trip to the interior of Africa, you can fully provide yourself in that city with everything you will require.

It is interesting to note that Capetown was settled in 1658, just 38 years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. Like the pioneers of America, these early settlers were driven to the new land by religious and political persecution, and possibly also actuated by the love of adventure.

Behind the city stands a mighty bulwark of nature, Table Mountain. This is one of the most majestic sights one can imagine. The mountain is two miles long and about thirty-three hundred feet high, and it takes one a full day to climb it. I know, because I made the trip!

We had bodies built on our trucks in Capetown, and we loaded up with six months' supplies. We took a good cook with us and journeyed north to the Belgian Congo, living on our own resources, camping in the open and making side trips to those sections that were of peculiar interest to us. Altogether, our motor truck journey was about 5,000 miles.

On the way north, we stopped at Kimberley to see the wonderful diamond mines, for this city dominates the diamond industry of the world. Here we watched the diamond-sorting, millions of dollars of the uncut gems lying on the counters in front of us.

In the picture you see an old diamond-sorter who has been at work for thirty-five years at his bench, and he does not wear a diamond yet. But he takes great interest in his work, and



This Diamond-Sorter Has Worked at this Bench for 35 years

is a thorough expert at it. He points out one stone estimated as being worth \$20,000.

In the recently discovered Namaqualand diamond fields two diamond-sorters grade \$1,250,000 worth of diamonds each week, and they are transported by aeroplane every Saturday morning to Pretoria, the seat of the Union Government. The government makes a clear profit of about ten million dollars a year from the diamond mines.



C. Ernest Cadle, R. A. Dart, Richard Lee Mannen, and Will J. Cameron.

In this particular field they pay a dollar a barrel for water to wash the mud, after they have concentrated to a point where they expect to find the stones.

About half the diamonds obtained in Africa are from the deep workings, and about half from the alluvial workings.

From Kimberley, we went to Johannesburg, the center of the gold-mining industry in Africa. John Hays Hammond, an American, is largely credited with having instigated the process by which this district became the greatest gold-producing field of the world. Practically all of our diamonds, and 80% of our gold come from Africa.

At Johannesburg we visited Dr. Dart and realized our wish of seeing and hearing first-hand the story of the Taung's skull.

Here, too, we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Lewis, one of the noted



Ethelreda Lewis,
Author of *Trader Horn*.

characters of Africa, the co-author of "Trader Horn," who has visualized for us the unusual and the bizarre of that wonderland country as no one else has.

Then we went into the Kalahari Desert, where we spent most of our time. This is the largest desert-land in the world, lying between the Orange and Zambesi Rivers in British Bechuanaland and Southwest Africa. Here only, today, may the stone-age man be found living under stone-age conditions with the stone-age animals, the elephant, the hippo, the rhino, and the dassie. The rhino weighs two or three tons, and the dassie, the little rock rabbit, reputed to be his blood brother, weighs only two or three pounds.

The reason that today the Kalahari bushmen are touching elbows with our civilization, and yet are as primitive as our huntsmen forefathers were 50,000 years ago in the ice age of Europe, is because of the inaccessibility of the desert-land. This vast area is practically unwatered, and the sand lies in beds 1,000 feet deep.



Trekking Through the Unbroken Veld.

In parts of the desert, the going was bad—the best we could do was a mile an hour on a gallon of gas, with gas at \$1.00 a gallon. There were days that we did not make 10 miles on the surface, but surely did 100 miles in depth. In some places the more we dug, the more we dug in, and we had to lay down a foundation of palm branches or brush to get going.

The country was evidently originally designed for the spring hare. This little animal is something like a rat, a rabbit and a kangaroo, or a mixture of all three. It hops like a kangaroo, looks like a rabbit except that it has a long tail, and it burrows like a rat. It is quite evident that they were expecting us and resented the intrusion. For centuries they had been digging holes and burrows with the intention of torpedoing our Diamond T trucks. You can understand from what I have told that I have much of the Kalahari to see, but what I did see, I am well acquainted with.

We found that the easiest way to make contact with the people was to send runners into the desert and invite them to our headquarters, where we had game, water and food for them. Inasmuch as some Americans will walk a mile for a Camel, you can understand why the Bushmen would walk 100 miles with their families for all the lion or zebra steak they could eat—so they came, almost 100 of them, to our camp, men, women and children—bushmen and mixed breeds, and they stayed to the finish. For the



Hermit Bushman of the
Kalahari.

water-holes were dried up in the desert, and the game on which they lived was migrating.

Now I want to introduce you to our first bushman, a cave bushman found living alone in the desert. Not many of them live in caves, however. We were much interested in this little fellow, whose picture you see, because he is typical of the true bushman.

He told us about his early days. He explained to us how he had lived, and what he did. He told how they hunt the wild game; because, after all, the main thing in the bushman's life is hunting, and his only amusements are dancing and throwing the bones.

Of course, we gave him a knife and that aroused his gratitude, and he gave us all the information he could. He demonstrated now the knife would save him work, for he would now be able to hold the meat in his teeth, pull with one hand and cut with the other to a size convenient to swallow,



The Bushman and the Baboon
Are Neighbors.

and he would not have to chew nearly as hard nor as long. A great labor-saver! He has probably had nothing except a flint or stone heretofore to aid him.

Because of his gratitude to us for this splendid present, he pointed the way into the desert where other bushmen might be found.

These Kalahari bushmen do not live in tribes or villages, as do most of the so-called Kafir or negro tribes of Africa. One or two families live at an isolated water-hole, and when this water-hole goes dry, they migrate to a more favored section. They have no head-men or chiefs, and their life is essentially individualistic.

Having many natives in camp all the time, we had to provide food for them. So we combined hunting with our research. They ate three antelope a day, the only food they had. A fair-sized portion for a healthy bushman at a meal is five pounds.

Imagine, if you can, a race so low in the human scale that they have a vocabulary of but 200 words, most of which are clicks and clucks, noises imitative of the wild birds and beasts, and no white man has learned the intricacies of these as yet. They can count to but five, and then only in digits; one, one and one, one and one and one, etc. Those who have studied them carefully place them mentally on a mathematical parity with the baboon, which is commonly found in the same territory. They illustrate this by stating that if six hunters go after baboons and one hides himself in a likely place, the baboons will return; but if one drops out of a party of five, they will not come back, which indicates that the baboon can estimate to five. This appears to be conclusive.

It is certain that they are not so well organized, socially, as are the baboons, who always have their leader, and who keeps his outposts on constant watch to guard against the common danger of attack from the lion, leopard and wild dogs. The leopard must have fresh meat daily, and the baby baboon, is his pet delicacy. At all times the little ones are kept



In Bad Weather the Bushman Sometimes Takes to an Ant-Bear Hole.

bunched up in the center of the group, so the leopard will not pick them off.

Now, the baboon is exceedingly wary, just as wary as the bushman. In early days when the bushmen were pursued by the Kafir tribes, they learned to walk backwards for a hundred yards or so to the water-hole, so no one could find their water-supply, for that was a vital factor to them and to their pursuers. And the baboons are just as clever in evading danger as are the bushmen.

The bushmen build no houses or huts; they live under brush shelters, or at times crowd into ant-bear holes which they have dug out. But most of them live out in the open, and they are so improvident that they do not have an extra hide with which to cover themselves at night. Although it may be from 110 to 120 degrees from 10:00 a. m. to 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon still at dawn in July, their mid-winter season, there is often a thin coat of ice on the water.



The Bushwoman Carries Her Baby in an Antelope Skin.

They lay down any place at night under the shelter of the brush. I am not able to tell you why it is that more of them are not killed by lions. It is really remarkable how they escape. It is a matter of wonderment to the people who have lived in contact with them for many years, and they cannot explain it. They have no cattle or gardens, and make little provision for tomorrow.

The men scour the desert wastes for wild game and edible herbs and roots, and as the sun rises in the early morning, they watch for the circling of the vultures to guide them to the lion's kill; for the lion is their friend, as well as their enemy. If the vultures and jackals do not beat them to it, the bushman and his family have fresh zebra-meat for breakfast. The lions do their hunting at night and if they are hungry, will stay at their kill until daybreak. The bushman knows this and he is quite cautious in his approach, for he has a constant fear of the King of Beasts; although he provides the bushman with much of his meat, the chief item of his diet.



The Bush-Children Are Not Bad-looking.

One morning we were out looking for lions. We saw the vultures flying low and made for the place. There we found three wild dogs lying dead within a radius of fifty yards. We could read by the tracks and the traces of the conflict that they had been killed the night before in attacking a sable antelope. This would have been great luck for a bushman, if he had found them, for they are not at all discriminating with their food, and find wild dogs and everything else greatly to their taste.

There is little water to be had in the desert, and the bushmen get along fairly well on the wild melon when in season, which is both food and drink for them. About the only provision that the bushman makes for the future is to store up water in ostrich eggshells, which he buries in the sand against the time when the water-hole goes dry and he has to trek to another oasis. They can go along without food or water for a long time, and if they fail to get food for two or three days, it does not worry them, as it would you and me. We provided them with all the meat they could eat. We fed them only once a day, but you need not feel sorry for them, because they packed away as much as a weekly meal-ticket every time they ate, and in due time all of them invariably suffered from the stomachache.

We know that the first essentials in primitive life are food and love, and love-making in the desert does not appear to be peculiarly difficult, so the bushman specializes in hunting.

The men do the hunting, and the women are Queens of the May and spend all of their time in rearing the family. The children are frequently nursed at the breast until they are three or four years old, for there is no other milk in the desert and little food that they can eat. Naturally the mortality of the children is very high. The women wear a girdle of antelope hide tied around their waists, and carry their babies in an antelope skin on their breast or back.

The babies are contented little fellows and they do not squall, as do our American babies. When they are old

enough to walk, they travel naked and shoeless in the thorny desert without complaint. Seldom are they bitten by snakes or scorpions, and the reason for this I do not know.

Some of the young people are attractive, and under the right environment might be made of some service to themselves and the world at large.

The complete household-equipment of a bushman family would not weigh five pounds. They have no dishes or utensils, other than a gourd in which to carry water. They travel light, fast and far, and like Goldsmith's Villagers,

"Their needs are simple,
and their wants are few."

They are of the pure hunter type. They live essentially by the bow and poison arrow. These arrows are poisoned by a venom obtained from the puff-adder, cobra, and other snakes, and from a poisonous caterpillar



The Bushman in Ostrich-skin Disguise.

found in the Kalahari Desert only, and also certain medicinal herbs. They do not permit the white man to have the secrets of this deadly poison, and once or twice a year hold a solemn ceremonial during the preparation of this ammunition.

The bushmen are good trackers, with keen sense of sight and hearing, and seem to have an intuition born in them for the pursuit of their wild game. Even the youngest child is early taught how to hunt. They stalk their game patiently, adroitly hiding in the grass and brush—sometimes they use an ostrich skin as camouflage and sometimes cover themselves with the skins of animals, just as did our early ancestors in the glacial age. For they must get within twenty or thirty yards of the game before they can place the poison arrow properly. After that they have to follow the wounded animal for perhaps six or eight hours before it drops, for the poison though deadly does not always act promptly.

In some parts of the desert, where game is plentiful and the ground is of



Bushman Making Fire by Friction.

limestone or sandstone formation, they dig pitfalls and so secure their game. In the early days, their axes and knives were made of stone and flint; and they may have had some iron implements, for along the eastern border of the desert we found evidence of abandoned ore-pits and primitive apparatus used in smelting.

The most important thing in the bushman's existence after food is fire, and he makes this fire in about a minute and a half by friction, from whatever brush he can pick up in the desert, by holding one stick with his feet and rotating another stick against it.

From May until December no rain falls in the desert, and then, only occasionally, and so you see they nearly always have dry wood.

Should they move from one desert-section to another in the wet season, they carry the embers with them and keep them alive; but they ordinarily do not move very much, because if there is plenty of rain there is plenty of water and the game comes to them; and the bushman does no more than he has to.

The bushman wears practically nothing but a "G" string. He does not feel the need of very much clothing. The Kalahari bushman is undersized, and if unmixed with other tribes, is copper-colored, and it is quite evident that they are entirely different racially from the Kafir tribes common to most of Africa. There are but few pure-bred bushmen left, and they are scattered over a



Rolling the Bones in the Kalahari.

desert-country equal in area to about one-sixth the United States.

The bushmen have little imagination and attribute the things they do not understand to White Man's Magic. They have little religion and they worship the praying mantis. This is an insect about four or five inches long, and resembles what we commonly call the "darning-needle." The reason they have chosen this as their God is probably an economic one, because so far as I know, it is the only living thing found in the desert that they do not eat.

The bushmen are quite superstitious, and when they are about to go lion-hunting, the men usually hold a solemn ritual and shake the bones, to see whether they are going to get the lion or whether the lion is going to get them. Now, how they succeed in making their deductions, I could not learn; but if the bones do not roll favorably, they are careful on those occasions to avoid finding the lions.



Bushwoman Feeding Baby and Pup, One at Each Breast.

This is probably where our popular American game of "Galloping Dominoes" originated.

The bushmen that we had in our camp were moral, according to their standards; but, of course, these standards differ materially from ours.

An interesting tale came to me through our interpreter, who said that one of the leading bushmen in our camp had been complaining to him because of the injustice done to his sister. She had married a bushman seven years before and he had deserted her.

On inquiry we found that the reason was that she had borne no children to him, and he had become dissatisfied and left the family brush-pile. So she had to re-establish herself and she stalked another bushman in the veld and had a baby by him. The whole group of bushmen were then very much dissatisfied with her first husband, because after the woman had proved it was not her fault, he had not returned to his original brush-pile and the lady of his first

choice. And, you can see there is some logic to that reasoning.

You have heard something of the primitive bushman, but now consider the primitive bushwoman.

A young couple came in to our camp, and the woman was carrying a five-months-old baby and a couple of fat puppies about two or three weeks old in an antelope skin on her back. After a few days I noted that the baby, though small, was very "strong," and finally I had the interpreter inquire as to when the baby had its last bath. Neither father nor mother could think that far back into the past, and on further questioning, admitted that the child had never been washed. So it may be assumed that it is not until the tropical rains come that the children of the bushmen are exposed to this element.

Now, these two fat puppies, which they had brought with them, intrigued me, for they always wore a "contented



The Bushman's Physical Condition Was of Interest to Us.

smile," though there was no mother-dog to feed them. We watched this young bushwoman and found her feeding her baby and her puppy, one at each breast. The pups had evidently been orphaned, and the care she gave them will give you an idea of how important a dog is to a bushman. If they have dogs, they can secure their wild game more easily.

I was well-equipped with medical and surgical supplies, many of them of my own development, because I wanted to get, as far as I could, the facts in regard to the health conditions of these people.

In the cool of the evening I took time to examine the natives.

Generally speaking, the bushmen appear healthy. Eye affections appear to be the most common disorder, but in our camp, where they had an abundance of meat to eat, they were constantly tortured from their gorging. Despite the fact that the bushmen are exclusive meat-eaters, they do not seem to exhibit any evidence of an unbalanced diet. They appear as healthy as the Kafir tribes in adjacent territory, who have a mixed diet of



Flashlight of the Bushman's Dance, Taken at Midnight.

meal, meat and milk.

I paid particular attention to their teeth, and found conditions much as among our own people. Some had good teeth and some had carious teeth; some had pyorrhea and others were free from it; and I could note no difference in dental conditions between those living on meat only or those having a mixed diet.

Their greatest enemy is pneumonia, and it is invariably fatal. They avoid the areas of sleeping-sickness, and seem almost immune to malaria and blackwater fever.

The bushmen, however, are remarkably free from the heathenish customs peculiar to most of the African tribes; cicatrization being the only mutilation commonly practiced.

Dancing is about their only diversion. They have no musical instruments at all. The men do the dancing, and the women furnish the music by chanting and clapping their hands. They dance because they are happy and not hungry.

All of the native dances are imitative of the wild animals that are found in that section of the country. They have the eland dance, sable dance, the lion dance, etc. These dances are most bizarre and grotesque.

One night they danced in a circle until exhausted, fell down and rested a few minutes, and then started in again. They danced all night long without intermission and without food, and so far as I could tell, not



The Impala Is the High-Jumper of the Wild Beasts.

even partaking of water. As the dance went on and they became hotter, they got into the full swing of the game, and they removed one strip of skin after the other until they were practically stark naked at daylight.

The bushman becomes as happy and as intoxicated on a surfeit of fresh meat as does the average American on his home-brew, and how this reaction is accomplished I have not yet found out. They are primitive in the extreme, and the bushman with a wife, a good dog, and a bow and arrow is happy indeed, and rich to the limit of his conception.

I was told that no true bushman had ever been tamed, and though the country is now administered by the British, it is seldom that they are interfered with by the authorities, for they live an isolated life and in comparative peace.

In one instance, because of murder, a number were rounded up and held



The Eland Is the Largest of the African Antelope.

for trial. They pined away and one by one they died, until in pity the authorities released the survivors without punishment; for though the bushman can go a long time with little food and water, he must have freedom, air and sunshine.

The essential factor in the bushman's existence, of course, is an abundance of wild game, and one sees game all day long. The big game is of course harder to find. The bushmen could always see the game before we could, although we thought we were expert sportsmen.

Much of the game in Africa has probably never heard a rifle shot, yet the animals are wary and adept at keeping away from you. It is often necessary to shoot at them two to three hundred yards away, and they are often missed. Anyone hunting in Africa has to learn to shoot, for even the antelope are dangerous when wounded.

The impala is the most beautiful antelope found in the desert. It is a real prize, because of the very grace-

ful horns that the buck carries. They are playful animals and they jump around all day long on the veld. They can make thirty feet at a leap, and leap sixteen feet in the air.

All of the antelope are splendid eating. But the largest one, the eland, is the most prized of all. It sometimes grows to fifteen hundred pounds in weight, and has a brisket just as tender as any meat could be.

The eland have learned to bunch their calves in the center of the herd, so they won't be in danger from the predatory animals. They are very commonly found in herds up to two hundred, and we killed many of them, because they are greatly prized by the natives.

The sable has always been the chief source of meat-supply for the Boer-trekkers, however. The horns of this antelope are sometimes seventy inches long.

The water-buck is similar to the



Sable Antelope Roam the Desert in Large Herds.

sable, but when wounded always takes to a water-hole to protect himself; hence his name.

The greater Koodoo is a real trophy. Its horns are magnificently curved in a spiral, sometimes reaching sixty inches in length. This animal is very shy and difficult to stalk; but the reward is well worth the effort.

Often we found half a dozen different species of antelope in one herd. They live in peace and amity, and because they fear alike the same enemies, they warn one another when danger is near.

Almost every day we saw fine herds of zebra, but they are untamable and cannot be domesticated. They are a favorite prey of the lion, because they have no horns with which to defend themselves, as have the antelope.

The giraffe is the original "necker" that everyone is familiar with; two thousand pounds of good meat, on four hoofs, and a skin three-quarters of an inch thick, which makes excellent sandals for the natives. They



The Greater Koodoo—Proudest Monarch of the African Veld.

do not often exert themselves to this extent, but they are there for them, if they want them.

Giraffes are very vary and keep their distance. Of course, their only salvation is to run if they suspect danger. If you succeed in sneaking up close to them, they become excited and confused; and they stand and look at you, and wonder what it is all about.

One of the freaks of the desert is the wart-hog. The reason for his name is because of the protuberances on the head. He weighs about 200 pounds, and his tusks are about seven inches long. He is very hard on the hunter's dogs, but ordinarily his protection is to stick his tail up in the air straight as he possibly can, and beat it. He is very active, and he will travel for a quarter of a mile without taking a breath. He is the funniest animal, when running, that I have ever seen.

After we had finished with the Kalahari Desert, we trekked on through Northern Rhodesia to the Belgian Congo to secure other species of game not found south of the Zambesi River.

I would like you to go on a lion and buffalo hunt with me!

Buffalo-hunting is done either in the brush or on the open prairie, or veld as it is called there. It is much better, of course, from the standpoint of safety, to hunt buffaloes out in the open rather than to go into the brush



The Zebra and Giraffe are Frequently Found Together.

for them; because very often you will not see them in the brush until you are within thirty feet of them. It gives one a peculiar sensation to look into the dark brown eyes of a bull-buffalo at thirty feet, especially if he has seen you first.

The buffaloes are credited with considerable intelligence. They have a unique habit, especially when wounded, of hunting you while you hunt them. Frequently they slip up behind you. They come this way, and you go that way, and then you quit going. They kill many hunters.

One morning MacArthur, the guide, and I shot eight of them. These were not wasted, because the natives kept up with us as we moved from camp to camp, and they ate just as hard as we hunted. The authorities are glad to have the buffaloes killed off, because they are dangerous and carry the tsetse-fly which spreads the sleeping-sickness.



The Wart-Hog Is a Queer-Looking Creature.

The four animals in Africa that are particularly dangerous to hunt are the lion, the elephant, the buffalo, and the rhino. The king of them all is, of course, the lion.

The lion-hunting we had was comparatively safe and simple, but lions are elusive, and it was some weeks before we caught sight of one. Rarely do they walk up to you and ask you to take the thorns out of their paws, as told by George Bernard Shaw and other romancers! However, when hope was changing to despair, we found where the lions had been drinking. So we had the native boys build a machan or roost, that we might watch the bait all night.

Lion-hunting is, of course, usually best accomplished by setting down a bait. At about five in the evening, we shot a water-buck about a mile from the water-hole. We opened it up and dragged it to the machan, making a good spoor. Then we went back to camp for supper, hope not being high in our breasts, for we had done this same thing many times before without success.

It was dark when the three of us left the camp to go to the machan for the night. We had about fifteen boys loaded down with guns, blankets and automobile headlights. There was a game-path leading from the camp to the machan; and we, without thinking, had placed the bait near the path, and between the blind and the camp. In Africa the boys carry the guns and usually lead the way, for there one learns to conserve his energy and to do nothing that the native-boys can do.

However, I took the lead this evening, as I had a flashlight, and it was very dark. When I thought we had about reached our machan I flashed on the light, and there at the bait about twenty feet in front of us were two magnificent lions. We, of course, were looking for lions, but this was entirely different! We wanted to see them first, and it was evident that they had it on us. Anyhow, we grabbed for our guns, and making a



Buffalo-Hunting Gives You Many Thrilling Moments.

quick detour, we climbed into our tree and turned the headlights on the two lions still at the carcass.

We shot and killed one of them. Presently we got down and dragged it by the tail to the machan, so as not to alarm the other one, should it decide to return. But no more came that night.

The following night, we were careful to be there first. About midnight, we heard them prowling around us and under us, and sometimes it seemed almost on top of us. For we were on a perch in a small tree about ten feet from the ground, and those fellows can step out when they try.

However, when they had quit roaring and growling and purring and yawning around us, and had settled down to eat, we switched on our light. And there were ten full-grown lions at the bait. Well, we peppered away at them, and we thought we had hit; but hunters usually think that way, and we could not tell until morning. At daylight, we found one dead and the trail of a wounded one. We followed the spoor a short distance into



An Early Morning Bag of the King of the Beasts.

the Mapani bush, and started the wounded lion; but he decided to beat it, instead of fighting it out, as a wounded lion usually does, and we got him pronto.

So we secured good specimens of practically all African game, and the heads are mounted at The Fiat Lux Club, Chicago.

About that time the tropical rains set in, and we decided to start on the back-trek to civilization. On this trip we had a rather interesting experience with two Masakolumbo girls, about twenty years of age and well-built, who wanted a ride on our truck to the next village, seventeen miles away. They were fully dressed in their native costumes, which consisted of a lechwe-skin, about the size of a goat-hide, hung nonchalantly around their waists. We had eight boys on top of the truck, as adult natives are called, and two more passengers did not make much difference to us; for Mannen MacArthur and I were in the cab below. We had not gone far, before the rain began to pour down, and these girls, being vain as females of the species usually are reputed to be, took off their lechwe-skins, and carefully wrapped up their gowns to keep them dry for their visit. And so, naked as they were born they rode, and rode, and rode! However, such things occasion little comment in Africa.

Generally speaking, though, the natives are struggling to get a yard of cotton-cloth for their mid-riff; and it is interesting to note that the African women are trying to get into



The Cannibal Tribes from the Upper Congo Sharpen the Anterior Teeth.

clothes, as opposed to the recent modern tendency of our ladies to strip to the core.

Native-boys are indeed happy when they don their first pair of pants, and this is not easy when you consider the low wages paid and the limited number of jobs.

I saw some of the cannibal tribes from the upper Congo country, with their six upper anterior teeth filed to a point. These men were not in active practice, but retained the tribal custom of teeth-sharpening. They could not explain why they did this, but were proud of their appearance. The teeth are filed away with iron and flint, and are also chipped with small chisels. The habit is destructive to the teeth, but not to the degree I had expected to see, for they file at an angle to avoid pulp-exposure.

The Ba-Ila tribe on the Kafue River knock out the six upper teeth of the children when about ten years old,



Knocking Out the Upper Teeth Is the Custom of the Ba-Ila Tribe.

as proof that they are not animals like the zebra. They have other reasons; but this seems to be the most commonly accepted, and to them the most reasonable.

The males in this same tribe dress their hair in a very heathenish way. About the time they have their teeth knocked out, they have their scalp bound up and pulled into a topknot. Two or three times a year this is repeated, until at manhood they have a bunch sticking out from the top and back of their head, almost as large as the head. Undoubtedly, this is where the "big-head" idea got its start. Anyway, this looks very grand, decorated with brass upholstering-nails and the head of a crested crane; and they are inordinately proud of this, and their ivory bangles. I have counted as many as seven bangles on each arm; and since the war, they cost seven oxen apiece. So you can see in that section the men's furnishing business is quite an industry. Aside from this, these men wear a "G" string, and do very well with it.

Have you ever considered why Africa is called the Dark Continent?



*The Natives on the Kafue River
Originated the "Big Head" Idea.*

The reason is plain, and it is because Africa really is black. Today in that broad expanse, about four times the area of the United States, there are about 200,000,000 natives, as compared to about 2,000,000 Caucasians. So you see, Africa actually is dark.

The natives have no common language. More than two hundred languages and dialects are spoken. A race fifty miles from another tribe may not be able to make themselves understood.

Those who can get a job are paid \$2.50 a month and meales. That means eight cents a day in wages, and three cents a day in corn. The natives cannot attain very much under those conditions, nor can the white population, being but one per cent of the total do very much for their colored brethren.

In most sections of the country, the natives are not permitted to have arms or ammunition. In other sections, the head of the family is allowed a rifle and ten cartridges a year. If they were given unlimited quantities of ammunition, there would be a continuation of the wars, which in Africa have lasted for so long and have been so destructive. At the present time, there is no danger from the native tribes. They are well-controlled and well-governed.

The law is administered over varying areas by magistrates and commissioners, each man having under his control anywhere from twenty-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand natives. The come to these magistrates and commissioners feeling that they will get justice. They have very little quarreling among themselves. I was surprised to see the kindly feeling that the natives have toward each other, and toward any other tribe. I saw nothing at all that would indicate any belligerency on the part of the native population.

On one occasion I listened to a palaver being held in a commissioner's office in Northern Rhodesia, where the complainant wanted a new wife or his cattle back. About twenty years earlier, as is the custom of the country, his family had given a number of

cattle to the family of the bride as a dowry. After twenty years, his wife had died, and now he was demanding from the chief man in the wife's family, a new wife (a second-hand one would do), or his cattle back. According to usage, he was entitled to one or the other. Inasmuch as the defendant's grandfather had made the trade, and there were no unattached females in the wife's family, it was a hard problem to decide. So the court adjourned for luncheon without rendering a decision. But, I do know that a decision agreeable to both sides was rendered, for this is the settled policy of the administration.

On the way North, we visited Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River. David Livingstone, the great scientist, adventurer and missionary, was guided there in 1855 by the natives, who called the falls the Smoky Thunder Water.

Victoria Falls is one of the wonders of the world, and should be one of



*Victoria Falls on
the Zambesi River.*

your objectives, when you visit that country. The wonderful rainbows at day and lunar-bows at night, as you see them from Danger Point, are a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The falls are magnificent, four times as wide and twice as deep as Niagara. In the shadow of the giant baobab or palm trees, one stands spellbound by the grandeur of the mighty waters. There you see the highest railroad bridge in the world, 352 feet above the water.

Right above the falls, there is good fishing. So take your hook and line with you! Many of the natives in that section of the country provide themselves with a living from the fish they catch, by selling them to the very excellent hotel operated by the Railroad Company.

You can motor with ease and comfort from Capetown to Victoria Falls at the rate of 100 to 150 miles a day in the dry season. You will see wonderful sights and unusual people. You will never see bushmen along the trail, but you will see many other natives who are almost equally interesting.

The hotels in Africa are quite a

little better on the average than in America in towns of similar size, and every one of these hotels has a bar that is fully equipped. This is presumed to be of great interest to Americans.

I cannot understand why Africa and America are so far apart in accomplishment, when both were settled about the same time and both seem equally rich in natural resources.

The climate of Africa, generally speaking, is healthful and the resources of the country are practically untouched. If I had to venture forth into new fields, Africa would be the Land of my Treasure Hunt, for there to my mind is the last frontier of the adventurer.

Africa has been much maligned. The traveler need not fear cannibals, fever, mosquitoes, snakes or lions along the beaten trail. If one wishes to wander jungle-ward, those things, and in fact almost anything you desire, may be found, but certainly not along the highways.

I believe that Africa today offers exactly the same opportunity that our Golden West of one hundred years ago did, and you will find there the same pioneer feeling and the same hearty welcome, that our forefathers gave visitors in the early days.

The white population of Africa are generally termed Afrikaans (A-f-r-i-k-a-a-n-s), and I think this is to a degree imitative of our term American.

They have a very cordial feeling toward Americans and in a way idealize us, our institutions, our accomplishments, and our country. Everywhere there the cry is for American capital and initiative, and Africa indeed is a land of golden opportunity, with unlimited, untold and untouched resources. They feel that there is in Africa a field large enough for all of the world, and I agree with them, and I can assure you that you will be delighted with the friendly feeling and the cordial reception that you will receive from these people who are so much like us in life and ideals.

Africa is beautiful, satisfying and exciting! It gets you, it grips you and it holds you, and should you journey there, the memories and romance of Africa will live with you forever!





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