



MACDONALD'S
"EXPORT"

**CANADA'S
 FINEST CIGARETTE**

remains a mystery. Our medical officer, an extremely large man, his size equalled by his humor, was immediately summoned and asked whether he would be willing to venture into enemy territory with a small bodyguard. It was hoped that by doing so, at least a portion of the tribe could be won over to our side.

With countless promises of safe conduct, the small party set forth at night across the mud flats of the Omo delta into the thick bush of the Merille domain. After two days, with our hearts in our mouths, we reached our destination to find that the withered old Nabob was suffering from appendicitis.

Though there were scant means at his disposal, the doctor decided to operate.

All he had was a bottle of chloroform and one or two surgical knives. It was one of the most weird feats I have ever witnessed. Surrounded by hundreds of natives, the old man was put to sleep. The roar that went up when he lapsed into unconsciousness sounded like a death knell, and it was only after allowing certain individuals to check his breathing that our lives were spared. The onlookers then became completely awed with the magic of it all, and remained silent till the whole business was over. Next came an anxious period of waiting until the patient woke up. When at last his eyes opened, our M.O. became the greatest magician of all time in the minds of these simple folk, and the subsequent stay of four or five days, to ensure the old chief's complete recovery, proved interesting and amenable.

Finally it was time to leave, and that occasioned a problem. So happy was the patient to be relieved of his pain that he ordered our medico to stay with him,

Top—Somali Nomads

**Inserts—African Game and Kenya-Abyssinia
 Border**

Bottom—Desert Road to Addis Abeba