



Fort  
Todenyang  
on the  
Omo Delta  
at  
Lake Rudolf

white chief's envoy. They were obviously disappointed when all they saw was a rather sorry looking individual of dark brown color, clad in shorts and sandals. However, they seemed to make the best of it, and took a great interest in the hair on my head and legs, also a tattoo mark which branded me then and there as someone of importance. The old chief himself offered to let me have four of his wives and a number of goats. Needless to say I accepted only the latter—to maintain diplomatic relations.

An all-night celebration, or *ngoma*, was held for our benefit; the warriors and their women danced till dawn, while the drums and strident cadence of singers echoed in the night. As usual I was fascinated by the ceremony though I had often witnessed similar ones before. This time it was especially unique, as these natives were completely untouched by

civilization and worked themselves into such a frenzy that occasionally one would drop to the ground, foaming at the mouth. Many battle scenes were enacted that night, and several goats, representing the enemy, were killed with spears, then roasted whole.

For three or four days we remained, giving medical attention to those who needed it and instructing a selected group of warriors in the use of firearms.

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Skirmishes with Merille tribesmen occurred frequently in those days, and one rather amusing incident is worth relating. One day, to the great surprise of all, a deputation of Merille arrived in Lokitaung with peace tokens. It transpired that their chief had been taken sick and required medical attention. Why they came to us and not the Italians, whose side they were supposedly on,

Turkana  
Tribesmen  
Meet  
Native  
Troops

