



**Armed
Turkana
Used as
Scouts**

(Photos by
The Author)

presumably forever, in case of further emergencies. A compromise was reached. The chief was told that should further attention be required, a similar call would be answered immediately.

As far as winning the Merille over to our side was concerned, however, the expedition proved fruitless, possibly because the Italians were better able, in view of their proximity, to rule the territory, and possibly also due to the ancient hate for the Turkana who were known to be friendly towards us.

And so it goes. The word, policing, does not always pertain to duties usually associated with it. Policemen the world over must be ready to act according to the need. Never having been a member of any of the East African Police Forces, the writer is in no position to expound at length about their activities. Nevertheless, it is hoped that this short article gives some idea regarding the work performed by them in conjunction with troops throughout the northern frontier district.

Lokitaung is only one frontier post, but over the whole area, work of a similar nature is carried out. It is a lonely life, and easy for a European to get "bushed". Living with natives for weeks on end

he sometimes adopts their habits, and for him there is no limit of time, no limit of space. The shade of a tree or thorn bush becomes his mansion, raw meat his diet, and thoughts his only companions.

To live in the very heart of untouched Africa is an experience denied most of us. Had it not been for the war, many would never have gained much knowledge of it, except perhaps for the Livingstones of the world. It is a mighty land whose power may perhaps be referred to in the following lines:

Why does thy savage beauty call me back,
Each time I dream of steaming tropic shores,
Whose palms make lintels for the open
doors,

And gateways to some mighty jungle, plain
Or snow capped mountain, cleaving nature's
line,

Where man and beast untouched through
long decades,

Outwit the sorrows of a life that quickly
fades,

Beneath a radiant heat of many suns,
Or fiery brilliance of a Southern Cross,
While other continents are steeped in loss,
You take man's all, bewitching him with
arts,

Known only to such wantons as yourself.

