

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

POWER  
GATTI-HALLICRAFTERS  
EXPEDITION



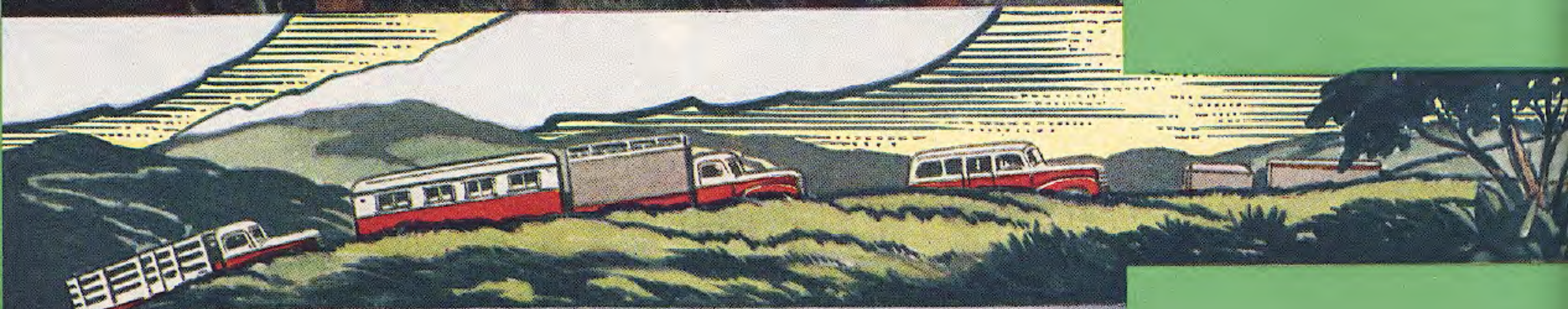
TO THE "MOUNTAINS  
OF THE MOON"

BY *Attilio Gatti*



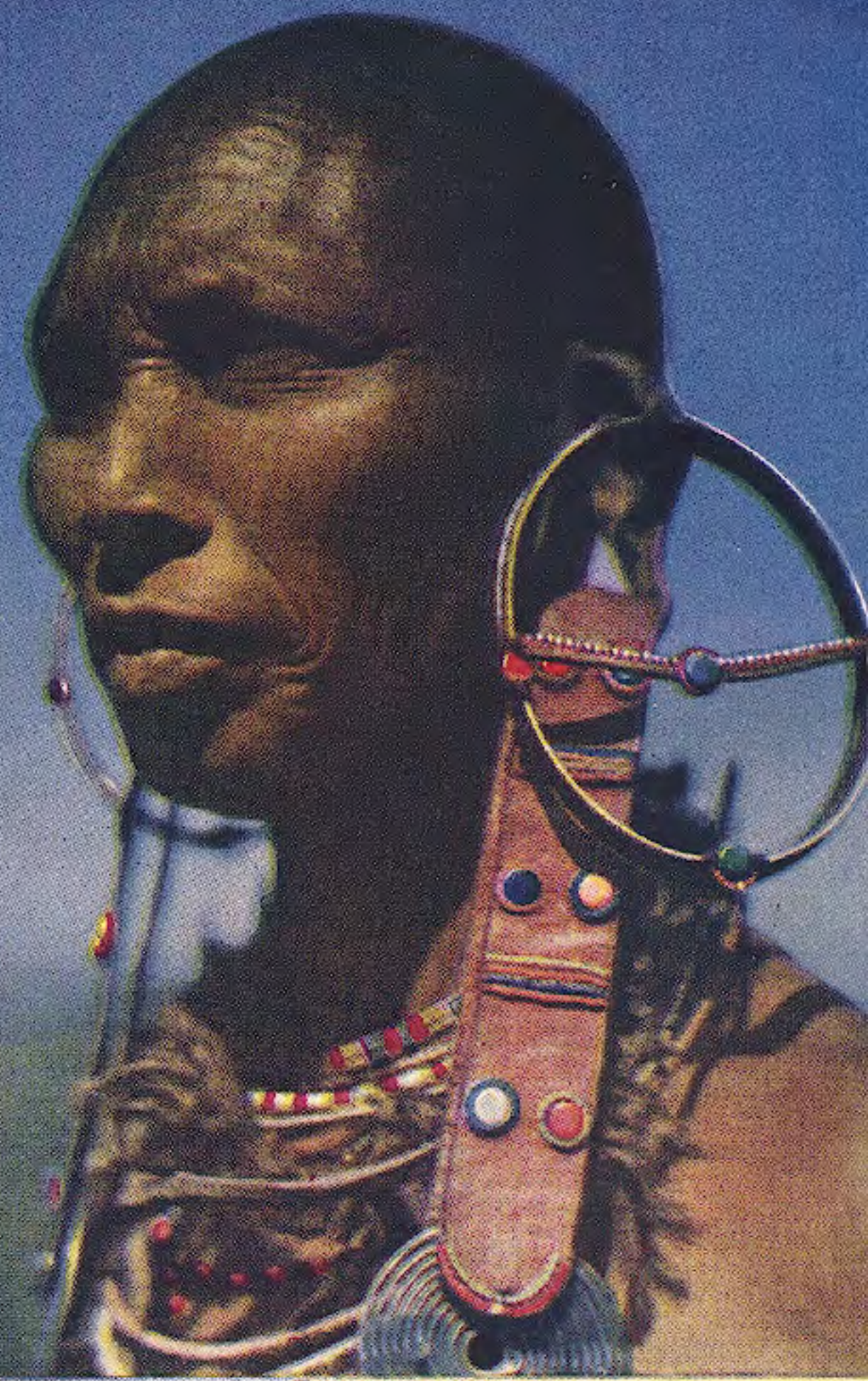
THE YOUNG MASAI OF KENYA or Tanganyika, when he reaches manhood, goes through an elaborate initiation. Then he becomes a *moran* (warrior) and must serve for seven years before being permitted to marry and start the nomad's life in perennial search of fresh pastures for the clan's immense herds of cattle.

These are four full-fledged *moran*, their headdresses made of lion's mane or of ostrich feathers, their shields of cowhide painted with each clan's special insigne.



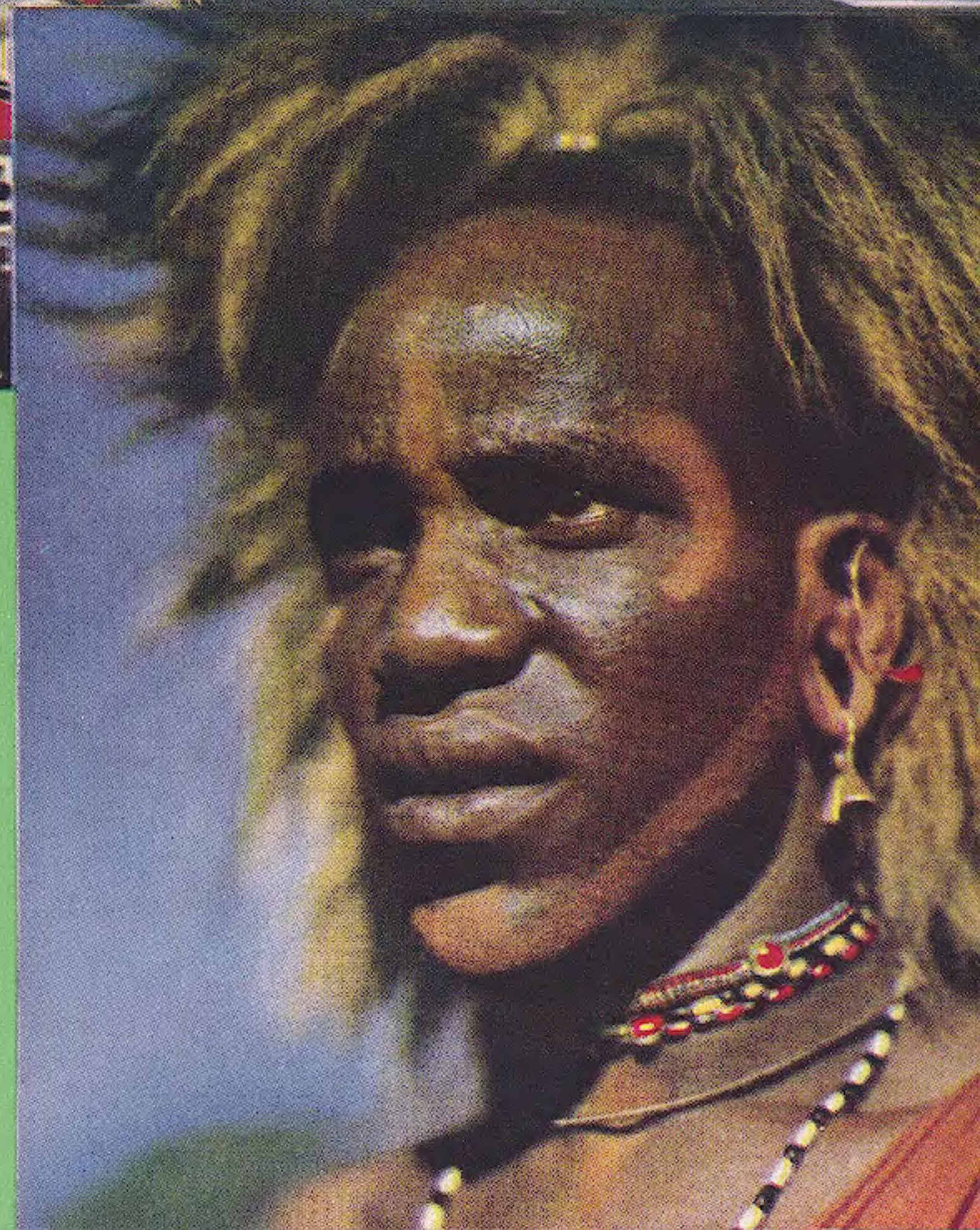
OUR MAIN CAMP No. 1, in Kwale, although situated only some thirty miles from the city of Mombasa, was often visited by large parties of Digo hunters. Some of them had never seen anything on wheels, except occasionally an old rattle-trap of an Indian trader's truck. Others, more experienced and mechanical-minded, would admire ecstatically our fleet of ultra-modern Internationals and beg our native drivers to explain the endless number of fascinating mysteries that seemed, to them, to be incorporated in those splendid machines.

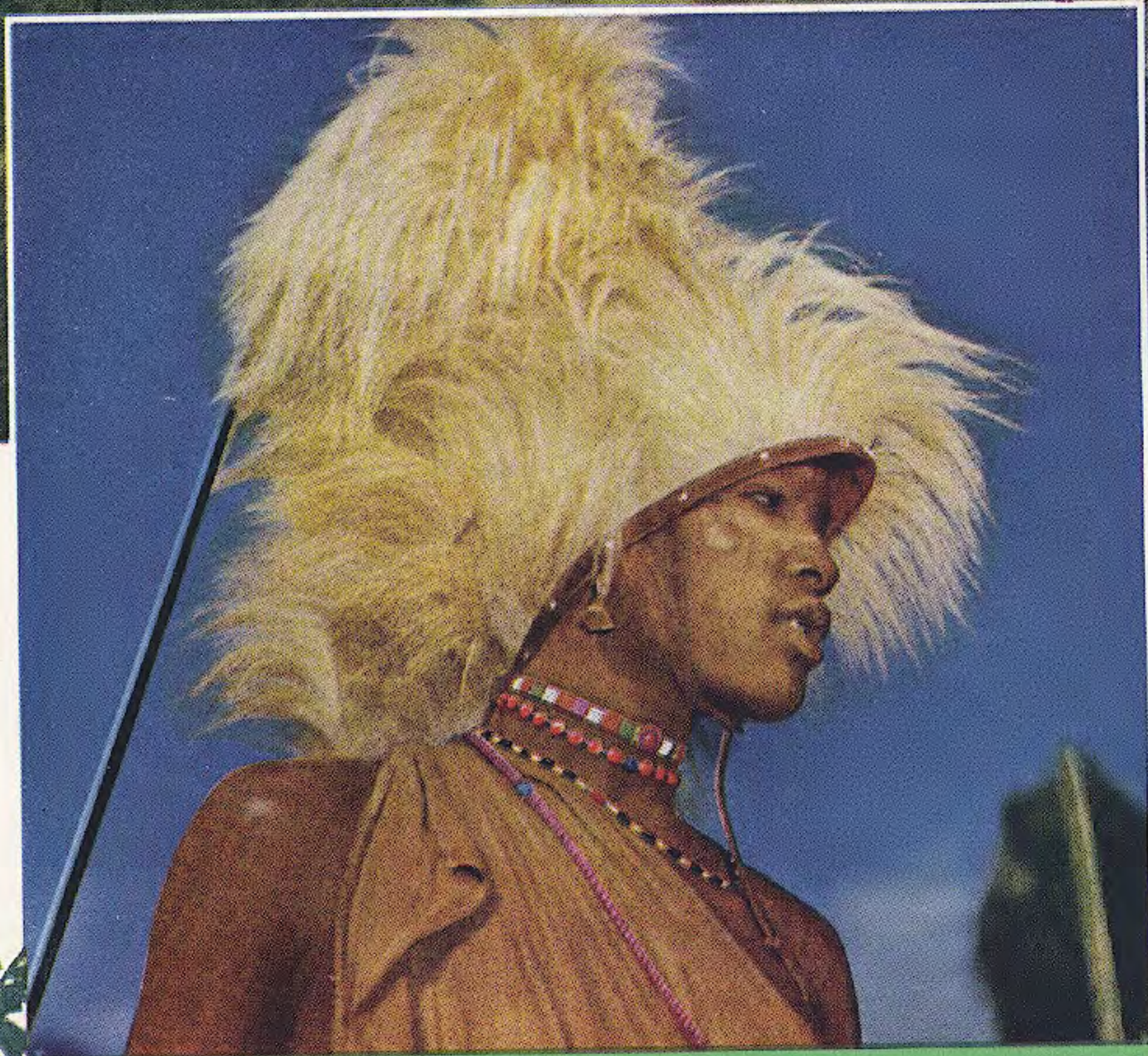
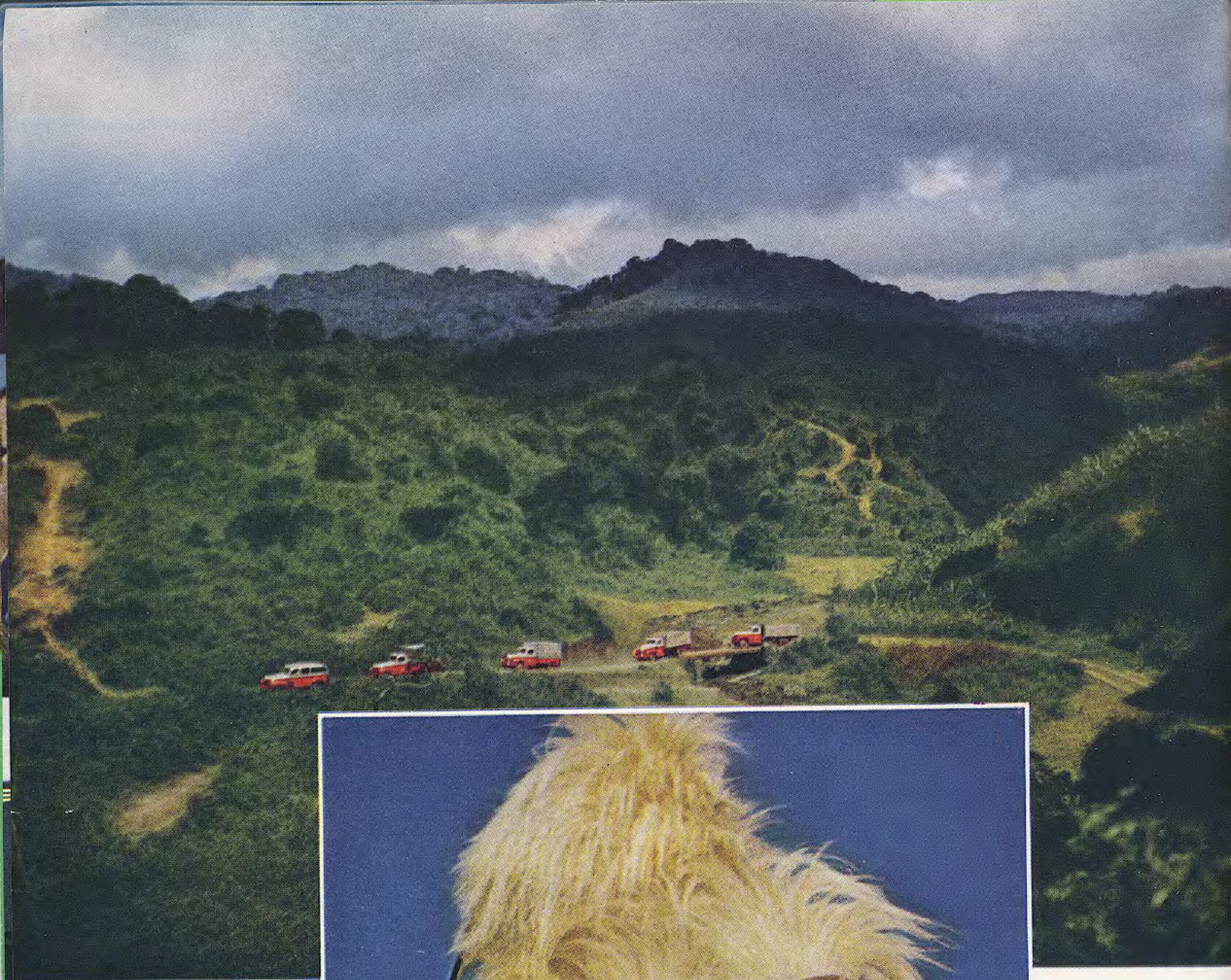
RIGHT: AMONG THE MASAI, warriors wear long hair, "housewives" keep their heads shaved. The Masai woman goes in for ornament. Strips of leather covered with colored beads, heavy spirals of copper or of brass wire, a piston ring or other bit of metal discarded by us—anything will do!



ABOVE: CMDR. GATTI discusses with Errol C. Prince, in charge of color motion pictures, a sequence of the film being made for International. The expedition's cameramen shot about 40,000 ft. of 16 mm. color film and 10,000 still photographs.

RIGHT: FOR CENTURIES the terror of East African tribes, the Masai were first-class bandits—but brave men. To become a full-fledged warrior, a youth was required to corner and kill a full-grown male lion by knifing its heart while the provoked beast made its leap.





LIONS BEING THE NATURAL, most deadly enemy of the Masai's cattle, *moran* still kill them—but by getting after *simba* in large groups and destroying it with a rain of spears, thrown from the safest distance possible. The hunters divide the lion's mane among the two or three whose spears have most luck and these make for themselves head-dresses that are handsome and impressive.

*Said Gatti in 1940—*

**“GOOD-BYE FOREVER TO AFRICA!”**

*but seven years later his* **ELEVENTH EXPEDITION**  
*was on its way* **TO THE DARK CONTINENT •**



BULLETIN issued by the *Saturday Evening Post* last spring carried the heading “Gatti Couldn’t Speak English, So He Wrote It.” The *Post* continued: “When the Italian-born explorer Attilio Gatti arrived in the United States in 1930 he had 19 well-chosen words at his command and 9 others not so well chosen. He was recovering from blackwater fever, his 7th African Expedition had just gone bust, and he was broke. Yet, in the years bridging that time and the present, Gatti has written dozens of books and hundreds of articles in the English language. His second article for the *Post*, ‘Trial by Fire,’ appears in the current issue.” (Mar. 12, 1949)

This is the Gatti who, in the following pages, tells the story of his *eleventh* venture into Africa. The exploit will be told and retold in articles for the leading magazines and in detail in a book or two to join the volumes on the “5-foot shelf” of adventure in which Attilio Gatti has unfolded his long career devoted to exploration and travel in Africa.

In this booklet the author outlines, for International Harvester, the beginnings of this final venture and the story of the eight MAIN CAMPS in British East Africa. The expedition completed this year was sponsored by the Hallicrafters Company to test the outer boundaries of short-wave radio experimentation. The trucks—a fleet of 8 bearing the famous Triple-Diamond emblem—were selected by Gatti on the basis of his past experience with Internationals. For the duration of the expedition they were serviced as necessary by the International Harvester branch at Nairobi, B.E.A.

Many of our readers will recall the glamorous “Jungle Yachts” of 1938-40—the elaborate trailers, streamlined as units with International truck chassis, which served as the nucleus of the 10th Gatti-African Expedition. In that supposedly “final” venture Commander Gatti and his gallant wife toured the Belgian Congo. The Jungle Yachts, joined together in camp as a de luxe 5-room apartment on wheels, served as headquarters while the expedition’s personnel sought out the secrets of the dim heart of Africa. The story of that expedition was told in an International Harvester motion picture which has been shown to three million people, and also in various illustrated volumes written by the Gattis—*Kamanda, Killers All*, and *South of the Sahara*, published by McBride; *Saranga, the Pygmy*, serialized by the Ladies’ Home Journal and issued in book form by Charles Scribner’s Sons; *Here is Africa, Mediterranean Spotlights*, and *Here is the Veld*, published by Scribner’s.

GLENBROOK HOUSE, home of the Gattis. The property is astride the international boundary line, half in Derby Line, Vermont, U.S.A., half in Rock Island, Quebec, Canada.





SNOWY SCENE at Derby Line. Commander Gatti purchased the Farmall Cub two years ago for clearing roads and for general utility. Mrs. Gatti is at left.

The adventures of the current expedition have also been recorded in motion pictures. A full-color film produced by International Harvester is now ready for showing to dealers' audiences and to many types of civic organizations on request.

Readers of the following account may be guided by the itinerary in the map on pages 12 and 13, in which the explorer routes his party of fifty and their complex equipment from disembarkation at Mombasa to the big-game headquarters center at Nairobi. Short-wave radio enthusiasts around the world, who listened intently for the call letters of the five Gatti-Hallicrafters stations in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, will recall the place-names of the African camps . . . Kwale . . . Kilema . . . Arusha . . . Narwa . . . Fort Portal . . . Nanga Point . . . Nakuru . . . Destro Farm, Nairobi.

There are mystic implications in the language of Africa for most stay-at-home Americans who are

A STOP FOR LUNCH in the endless immensity of the Serengeti Plain.

bound by the trails of "civilization" and who take their foreign travels from the screen or printed word. For the explorer and adventurer who has spent 15 years on African soil the memories are personal and keen. They take him beyond the coastlines, across the Sahara from the north, from the west deep into the Congo, from the eastern ports to the interior.

Commander Gatti became a United States citizen four years ago. He and his wife, American-born, have established a permanent home on the U. S.-Canadian border at the top of Vermont. The setting, as the accompanying pictures show, is a far cry from the equatorial jungle. The tiny Pygmies and the giant Watussi warriors are far away. The crocodile-infested tropic swamp, the prowling lion, the elusive bongo and okapi are of little concern to the settled natives of New England.

Can Gatti join with his untraveled neighbors and be content? He is certain that he can—perhaps his wife is *very* certain. But Gatti failed in staying put in 1938, and again in 1947. In 1956, after another 9-year cycle of inactivity is complete, he will be only "sixty years older than when he was born" (see next page). In that year—or *any* year, beginning *now*—in the cold white winter silence of Derby Line, Gatti may see, as in a dream, the hundred thousand flamingoes in a flash of brilliant plumage rising from the soda-saturated waters of Nakuru Lake.

And begin to plan his 12th Safari.



Above: FLAMINGO feeding on Nakuru Lake.



FLEET OF EIGHT INTERNATIONAL TRUCK

GATTI-HALLICRAFTERS EXPEDITION

# TO THE "MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON"

BY *Attilio Gatti*



IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, at the beginning of 1940. I was 43 years older than when I had been born. It surely was high time for me finally to obtain some life insurance—that endowment policy I had wanted so many years, and had never managed to get.

"Listen, my boy," I said to a friend in the insurance business. "This gag about the dangers of Africa has lasted long enough. Yes, I have a nice collection of wounds and broken bones in my anatomy. But most of them were acquired during the first World War, and in horse-riding and high jumping before that. At any rate your own doctors cannot find a thing wrong with me. And, now, I'm through for good with Africa. So what about a nice policy?"

"I'm all for it," he said. "But my company's interests come first. You are simply a bad risk!"

I had come back a month before from my tenth, and absolutely last, African expedition—just the one in which my friend and his wife had wanted so badly to join Mrs. Gatti and myself. But that was the way my pal felt.

I talked to another friend—another of those individuals who earn a living out of making you (and by you I mean *you*—not me) sign on the celebrated dotted line.

I conceded that of the previous 19 years I had spent 14 on African soil. Yes. But now I was through—finally, completely, definitely through with that kind of life. Too much work. Too much responsibility, worry, anxiety. And not much fun left, either. Too many regulations, too much red tape. The natives have become too civilized, big game too rare, too well protected. To heck with it all!

"Look," I told him. "Look at what I have just written in this booklet for International Harvester. 'Good-bye forever to Africa.' See? It's here in black and white."

I was ready with my pen. But he didn't produce the dotted line. "I've read that before," he answered. "You wrote something very like that at the end of your previous expedition," he laughed.

"But this time I mean it. It's absolutely final. Can't you get that into your head?"

"Sure, sure," he grinned. "I even believe you are sincere. Today. But wait a few years. You'll go back. No. No dice."



CMDR. GATTI rejoices over successful completion of his eleventh expedition on arrival in U. S. after spending many months in British East Africa.



GATHERED IN INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER'S New York showrooms prior to departure for Africa, Cmdr. Gatti receives congratulations from James Melton (center, in striped suit), star of Harvester's Sunday afternoon radio program, other IH officials, as well as officers of other firms participating in readying the eleventh venture of the veteran African explorer. Seated inside the truck is Weldon King, Gatti's chief aid in charge of color photography.



WELL, DID I EVER THINK of going back to Africa? Not while the war spread through Europe. Not while the war extended to the entire world. Not even when it came to a conclusion.

My wife and I had moved to New England. We had settled in Derby Line, a nice, quiet little community near the International boundary with Canada. So near to it, incidentally, that half our property is in the State of Vermont, half in the Province of Quebec—even our house is part in the United States, part in Canada; my office with the desk this side of the line and the telephone on the other side, with a Canadian number.

We had worked so hard, at the beginning. Fixing this and that. Repairing our home, our garden, the pond, the trouty long brook. Rearranging everything just the way we had dreamed for so many years. Who would want to leave all that behind, to go back to any old Africa? To break up our so peaceful life for the turbulent pandemonium of starting the involved, incredibly complicated business of a huge expedition?

Why, it wasn't even worth talking about it.

But—one day I talked. It was purely academic conversation. Yet, it was enough!

I talked with my good friend Bill Halligan, president of the Hallicrafters Company of Chicago. I presented him with a copy of SOUTH OF THE

SAHARA, a book of mine which had then just appeared. I pointed out to him several chapters which described how I had happened to become acquainted with the wonderful Hallicrafters short-wave radio transmitters and receivers, and the absolutely splendid service they had rendered my previous expedition.

What a pity, I said, that we hadn't got together when I was organizing that tenth—and last—African venture of mine.

What a job we could have done together!

The fleet of International trucks, tractors and station wagons I had then. Those marvelous Jungle Yachts I had thought up and designed, which Count de Sakhnoffsky had styled so stunningly. Instead of a small transmitter and a couple of receivers—we could have had a full array of Hallicrafters machines of every kind, to make the most modern equipment ever to set out for Africa. Instead of my having to twist knobs and solve a puzzle, in an emergency or during the rare minutes I could spare for fun—there should have been a couple of good operators competently keeping this model station regularly on the air many hours every day, methodically contacting as many as possible of the 100,000 hams of the world, making experiments and tests with them, checking the best frequencies and the performance of various sets, from sea level up to 20,000 feet, and all in the Equatorial Zone, still so unexplored from the standpoint of short-wave radio.



Wouldn't that have been positively a "natural?"

The trouble with me is that the more I talk, the more enthusiastic I get. And the more I am fired with enthusiasm, the more I talk. Well, this time I had talked too much. I knew it the minute I noticed the expression on Bill Halligan's face. No wonder he had been called a wizard of radio. I discovered that it doesn't take him long to imagine a plan and to get action. Now, his expression meant that he had visualized everything I had said, that he liked it, that he was ready for it.

But I wasn't. I had been talking about what *could* have happened with my previous expedition, *my last one*. I didn't want to go back to Africa. I didn't feel up to it. I wanted to stay home, to enjoy the hard-earned little paradise of Glenbrook House in Derby Line; to have some quiet, some peace, some rest.

I wanted to explain all this to Bill Halligan. When he said: "What shall we call it?" I should have answered: "A day." Instead, I said: "How about 'The Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition to the Mountains of the Moon?'"



TWO YEARS and one month later, the end of November, 1947, saw the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition assembled in New York, ready to embark for the long sea journey to Mombasa, Kenya Colony, British East Africa, and for the longer safari through Kenya,

"THE AFRICAN fauna offers a startling treasure chest of mammals, birds, fishes and reptiles . . . Everyone knows the zebra, of which there are a score of varieties. Less known are the quaggas, half zebra, half wild ass, whose last specimen in existence we saw in South Africa; the bongo, whose only live specimen of the Congo variety we captured in the Ituri; the okapi, of which we discovered a new race only six years ago."

—From "Here is Africa," by Ellen and Attilio Gatti, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



Tanganyika and Uganda that would finally take us to our ultimate goal, the 17,000-foot Ruwenzori Range, the "Mountains of the Moon" of the ancient geographers.

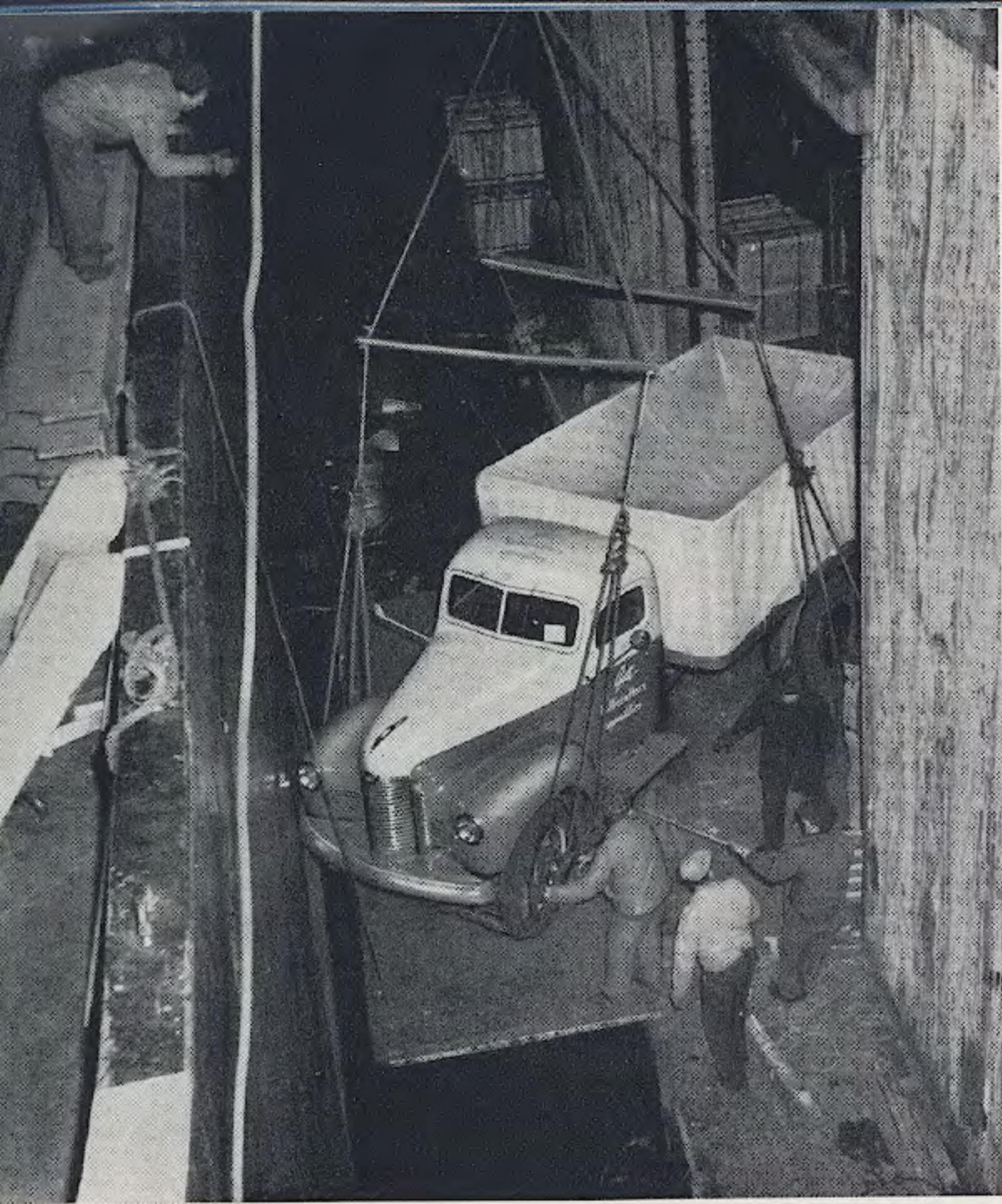
During those 25 months of preparation, I hadn't known one single day of rest. Neither had Glenbrook House, in quiet Derby Line. Entire new rooms had been built or adapted to accommodate an ever-increasing staff of assistants. The six-car garage had been transformed into a carpenter shop, where hundreds of special boxes to contain our equipment had been built out of plywood, hinged, hasped, painted, stenciled with the expedition's logotype.

Throughout the house, dozens of cases being filled or emptied had become as commonplace as chairs or tables, because some of us would always be darting back and forth between Vermont and Chicago, New York, Boston, Washington, Elkhart, Milwaukee, Rochester, Buffalo—or welcoming groups of people who had come from all these places, and many more, because I didn't have the material time to go and discuss business with them.

The biggest trouble was that practically everything I needed to make the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition what I wanted it to be had to be specially modified and adapted to my specifications, or to be expressly constructed from beginning to end according with my drawings. And this just during those immediately postwar months when most things were extremely scarce, if not unobtainable.

I needed a reliable manufacturer who would translate into ultra-strong, well-insulated, beautiful-





DISAPPEARING into the hold of the S. S. African Pilgrim at New York for shipment to Mombasa, British East Africa, is one of the eight International trucks selected by Gatti for the arduous work of transporting his expedition over the many difficult miles of roads and trails in the safari to the "Mountains of the Moon."

looking trailer coaches all the new ideas which I had incorporated in my drawings for a "Shack-on-Wheels" to beat all shacks, on wheels or not; for an ultra-modern "Rolling Lab" in which to develop, print and enlarge black-and-white film, to process from A to Z professional color, regardless of locality, availability of pure water and of the craziest jumps in temperature; for a house trailer for my wife and another for myself, to contain, in addition to sleeping quarters and complete bathrooms, one a comfortable dining room, the other a quite elaborate large office.

I wanted smaller trailers to accommodate our white personnel in the utmost comfort. I wanted special tents for white men and for native boys; power units; light boats and outboard motors; still, motion picture, stereoscopic cameras; huge quantities of black-and-white film, infra-red and color raw stock; scientific instruments; medicinal products; provisions of every kind.

Above all, I had to have dependable trucks. Enough of them to transport all of us, to carry all these tons of delicate equipment and, at the same time, to tow all these trailers and house trailers and trailer coaches. Trucks which could be relied upon for doing such a job over "roads" the very thought of which gave me shivers, as well as across open country

when even those "roads" gave up the ghost—along broiling, sandy low plains and narrow, steep goat paths that climbed to chilly altitudes.

Of course, I wanted Internationals. Not two or three, but eight of them. At a time when it seemed impossible to get even one.

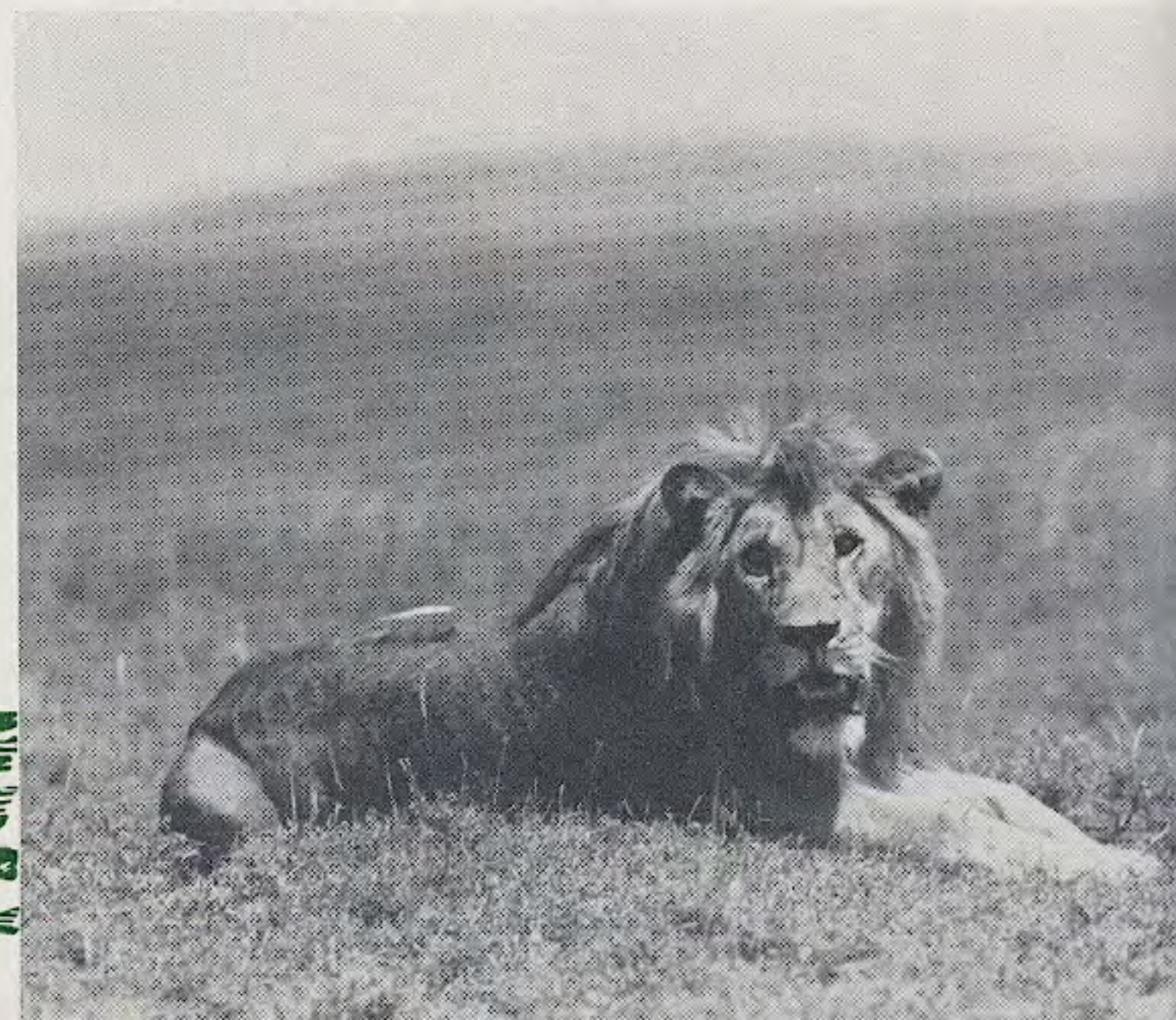
Those twenty-five months! How we did it I don't know, but one by one we wore them down. At the end of them, there was the Gatti-Hallicrafters Expedition—gathered in and around the International Harvester showroom at 570 West 42nd Street, New York, being looked over by the press and by hundreds of friends.

It was an impressive sight. The Schult Trailer Company of Elkhart, Indiana, had managed to bring my drawings to reality, down to the last detail. Our two house trailers, as well as the "Rolling Lab" and the "Shack-on-Wheels" which the Hallicrafters Company had lined up with their splendid equipment, were there for everybody to admire. Each of the three Higgins camp trailers for the personnel carried on its top an Aero-Craft aluminum unsinkable boat and an Evinrude outboard motor at hand. Two more 2-wheel trailers contained 10,000-watt, 110-volt, fully automatic power-generating plants.

Believe it or not, the eight Internationals were there too: two KB-1 station wagons, four KB-3's

"LIONS WE COULD SEE several times during the day in the valley below us; and we could often hear them at night, giving their dramatic calls in the distance, or prowling in the vicinity of the camp."

—From "Great Mother Forest," Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937, following one of the earlier ventures.

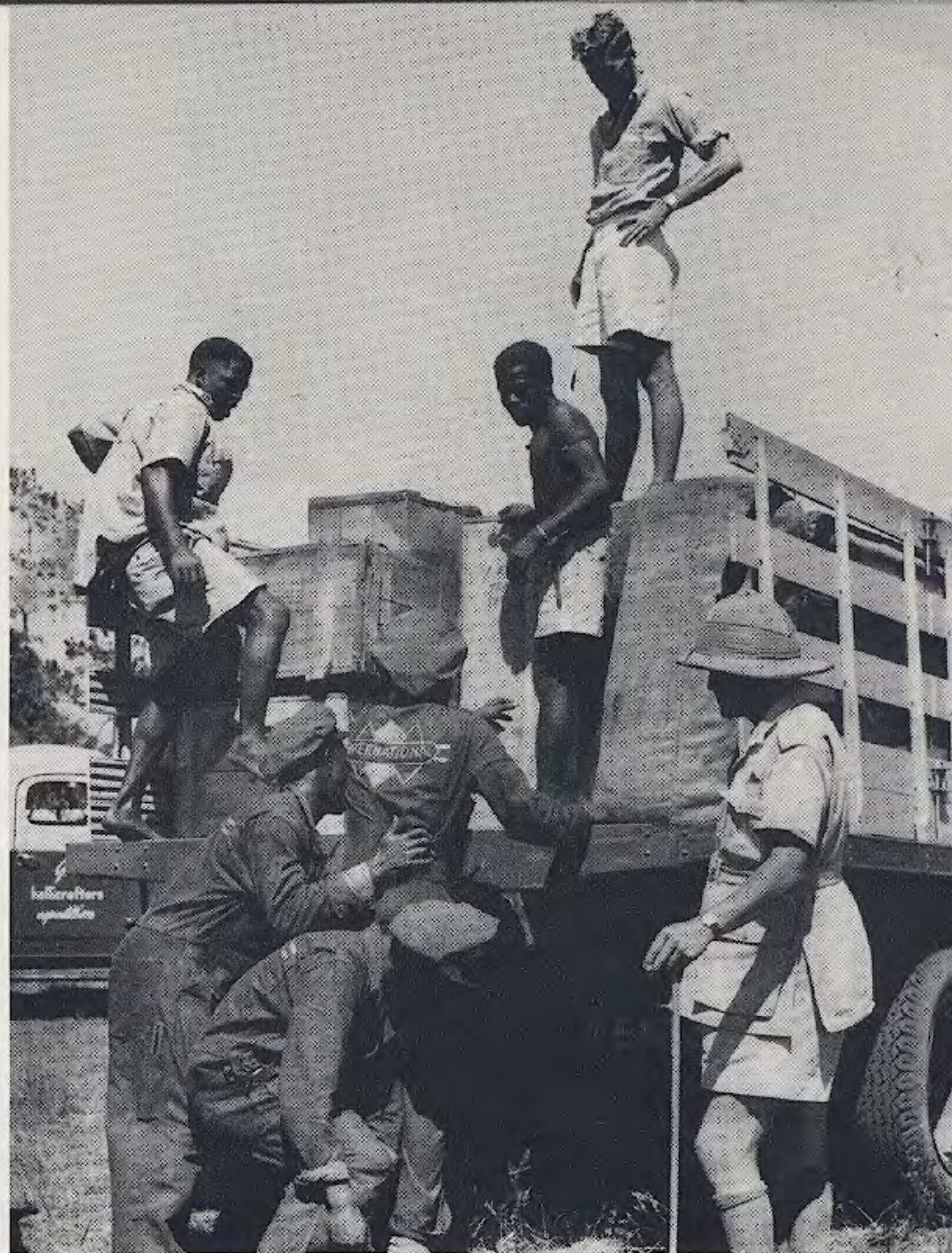


with specially built bodies and photographic platforms, and two International KB-5's—eight trucks hooked to the eight trailers, all loaded with equipment to the limit of their capacities and beyond.

The whole caravan was painted with the same logo-colors which scores of tests had proved most effective for color and monotone photography against all expected skies and backgrounds: International red No. 30 up to window height; aluminum silver tops; light french gray in between, and for tarpaulins; royal blue for logotype, trimmings and identification numbers.

The caravan was bristling with antennae. In addition to the three huge ones of the "Shack-on-Wheels," each of the eight truck-and-trailer units had its own to take care of its FM two-way radio telephone for intercommunication in station and in motion, between unit and unit, and between them and the expedition's Main Camp.

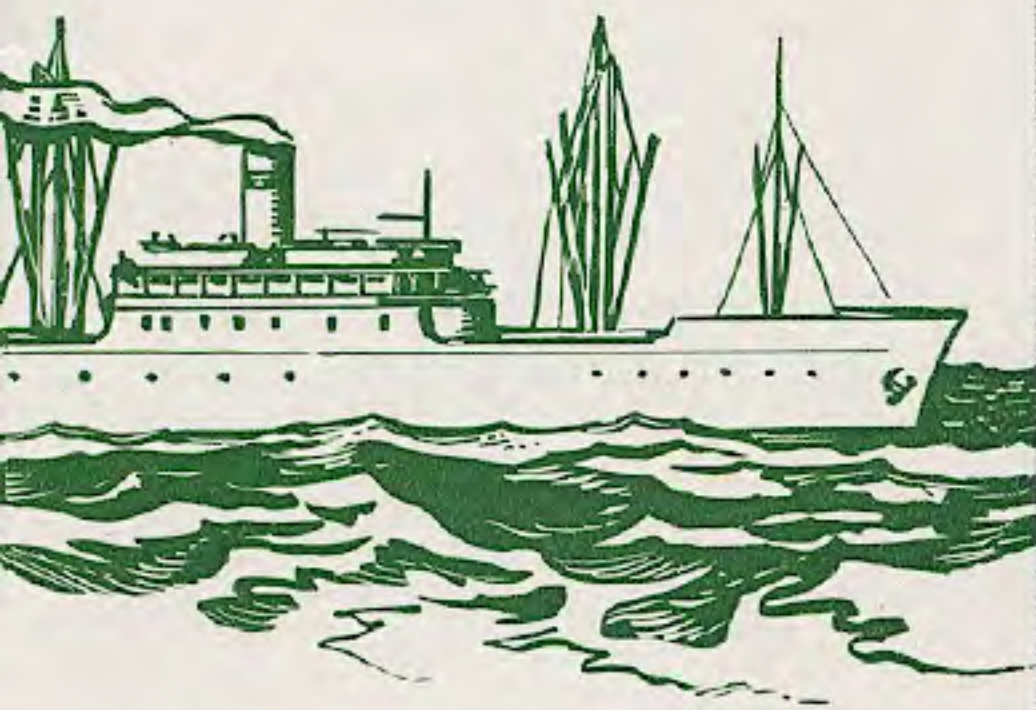
The all-American personnel, in addition to my wife and myself, consisted of two amateur radio operators, one staff correspondent for the International News Service, and two photographers, one specializing in color stills, the other in color movies. In Mombasa, also, two Englishmen were to join us, one as my secretary, the other as camp manager.



Above: ESTABLISHING ITS MAIN CAMP No. 1 near Kwale (Kenya), the first job of the expedition was to get acquainted, organized and trained to work as a team. Here Gatti turns a watchful eye on one of the mixed details as the green crew goes about the business of unloading trucks, securing shelter, firewood and nourishment before the African night settles down on the landscape.



"THE UNLOADING of all equipment in Kilindini was greatly assisted by the International Harvester staff in B.E.A.," said Cmdr. Gatti. "Wherever we went we found the most friendly, hospitable and all-around helpful organization."





WE LEFT NEW YORK on the S. S. African Pilgrim on Nov. 23, 1947, and landed in Kilindini, Kenya, on Jan. 13, 1948. After a hectic week spent in getting all equipment out of customs, in picking up a score of good native boys and drivers and in purchasing truckfuls of food for them and of gas for our vehicles, we went to establish our MAIN CAMP No. 1 near Kwale, only some 30 miles from Mombasa but on a green plateau which looked from a thousand feet of blessed breezy altitude over the hazy plain stretching to the Swahili coast, to the far whiteness of Mombasa, and the vague blue of the Indian Ocean beyond.

From there, as from all the successive Main Camps, we were to make any number of minor safaris, in every useful direction, to observe and photograph natives, scenery and game; to hunt for fresh meat; to follow a tip or a hunch about a rare animal, a strange ceremony or a witch doctor's hideaway.

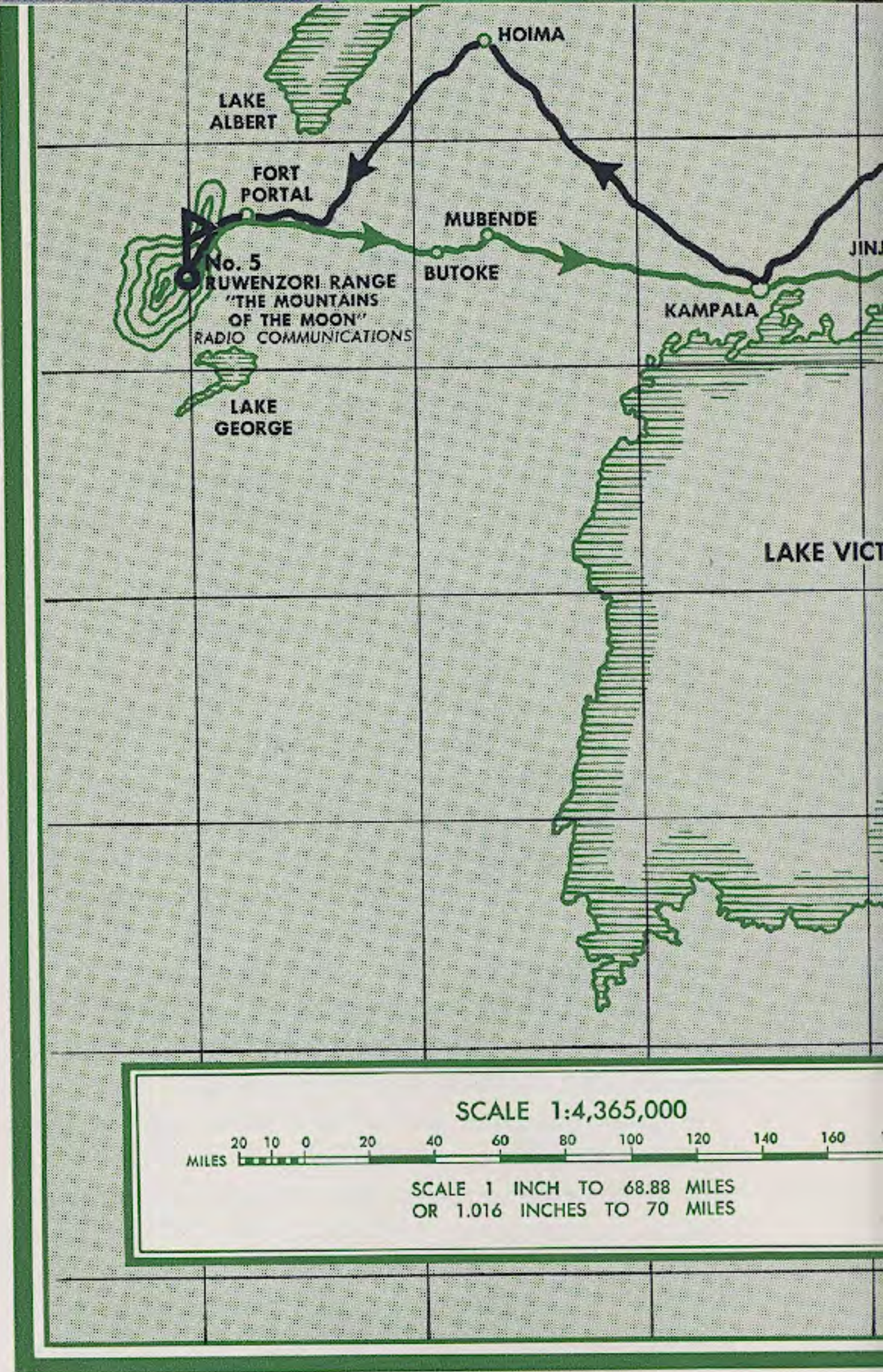
But our first business at Kwale was to get acquainted, organized, trained to work as a team.

That's how we began: nine white men (of whom seven had never been in an expedition, five had never dealt with a native boy or learned a word of Swahili) starting an entirely new household, with the help of twenty native drivers and boys just arrived from Tanga and of some twenty African laborers I had managed to enroll locally. Half a hundred slightly dazed human beings attempting to understand each other, to bring some order out of chaos, to secure shelter, water, firewood and some nourishment before the sun would go down and some unpleasant feline would begin to prowl.

Twenty-five-foot trailer coaches to be put in place, complete with large awnings on both sides; their main switches connected with more or less mysterious power units; their abstruse tanks electrically filled with water; their interiors made habitable. Higgins trailers to be opened up and erected, from the "cocoon" of square little metal boxes to the expanded luxury of spacious tents for two; their canopies to be attached; their mosquito nets fastened; their air mattresses inflated; their quota of sheets, pillowcases, blankets, towels, wash basins, water containers, hurricane lamps, flashlights, weapons, to be found, unpacked, distributed.

Tents to be pitched by young men who had never seen anything of that kind before, who were trying to get some assistance out of poor devils of natives who knew even less and were receiving orders in a language of which they didn't understand a word.

Kitchens and ovens to be prepared the African



way, the former out of big stones with a square of galvanized iron over them and crackling flames beneath; the latter, deep holes to be excavated in the ground, with pieces of tin for lids and red coals at the bottom and on top of the lids. Huge cases of kitchen utensils, so carefully made up in Derby Line, now being hastily unpacked, while a frantic search went on for the right kind of stones, for some firewood dry enough to burn, and for the picks and shovels required by the rock-hard ground.

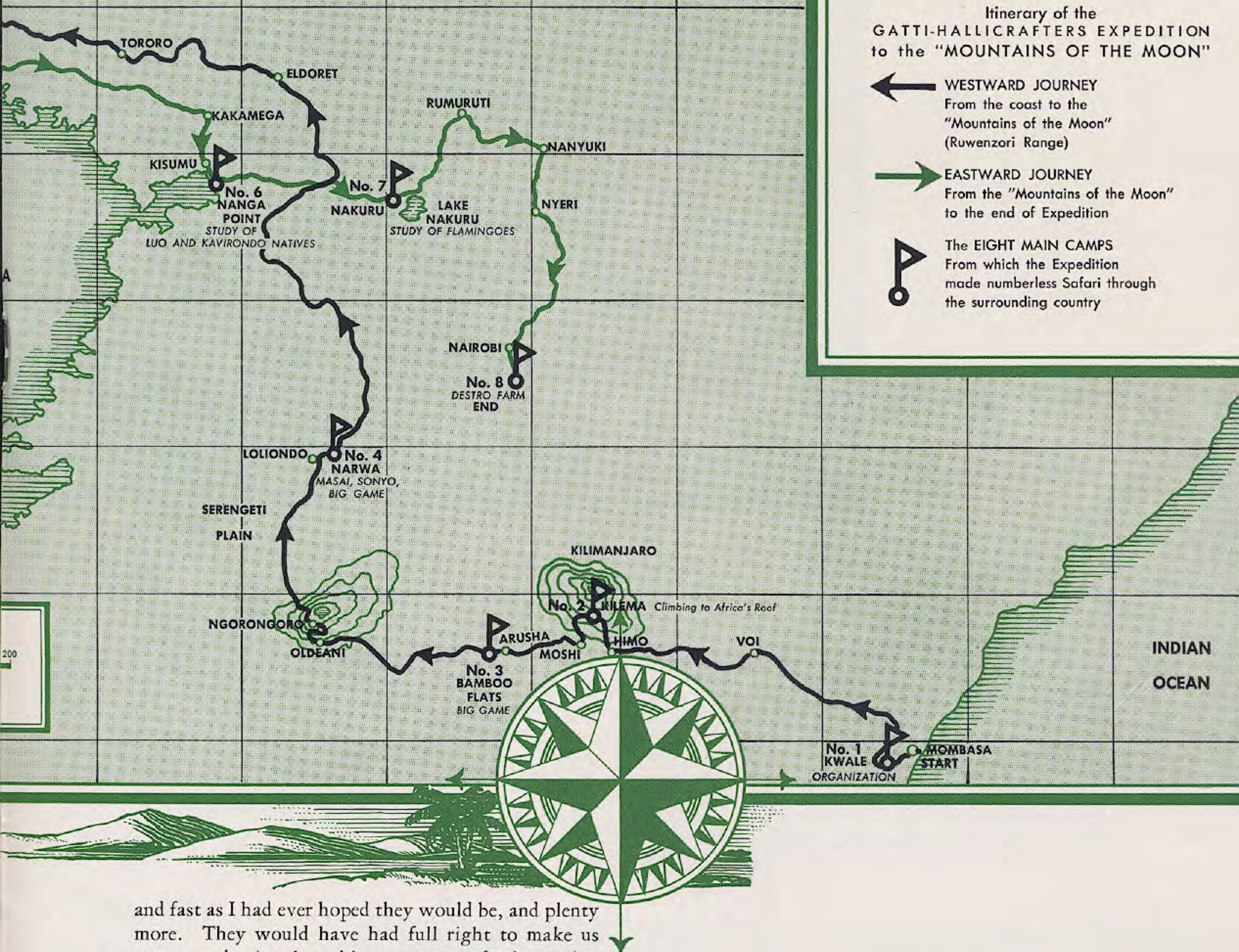
Fresh meat, vegetables, fruit just bought in Mombasa, suddenly attacked by squadrons of flies and regiments of ants, being rushed to the emergency safety of two aluminum boats, one turned on top of the other to make a temporary safe.

As for our Internationals, they were doing a magnificent job. Running down to the Customs in Mombasa. Picking up incredible loads. Bringing other lots of our 700 cases back to camp. Fortunately the Customs people were being as nice and helpful

## LEGEND

Itinerary of the  
GATTI-HALLICRAFTERS EXPEDITION  
to the "MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON"

- ← WESTWARD JOURNEY  
From the coast to the  
"Mountains of the Moon"  
(Ruwenzori Range)
- EASTWARD JOURNEY  
From the "Mountains of the Moon"  
to the end of Expedition
- ⚓ The EIGHT MAIN CAMPS  
From which the Expedition  
made numberless Safari through  
the surrounding country

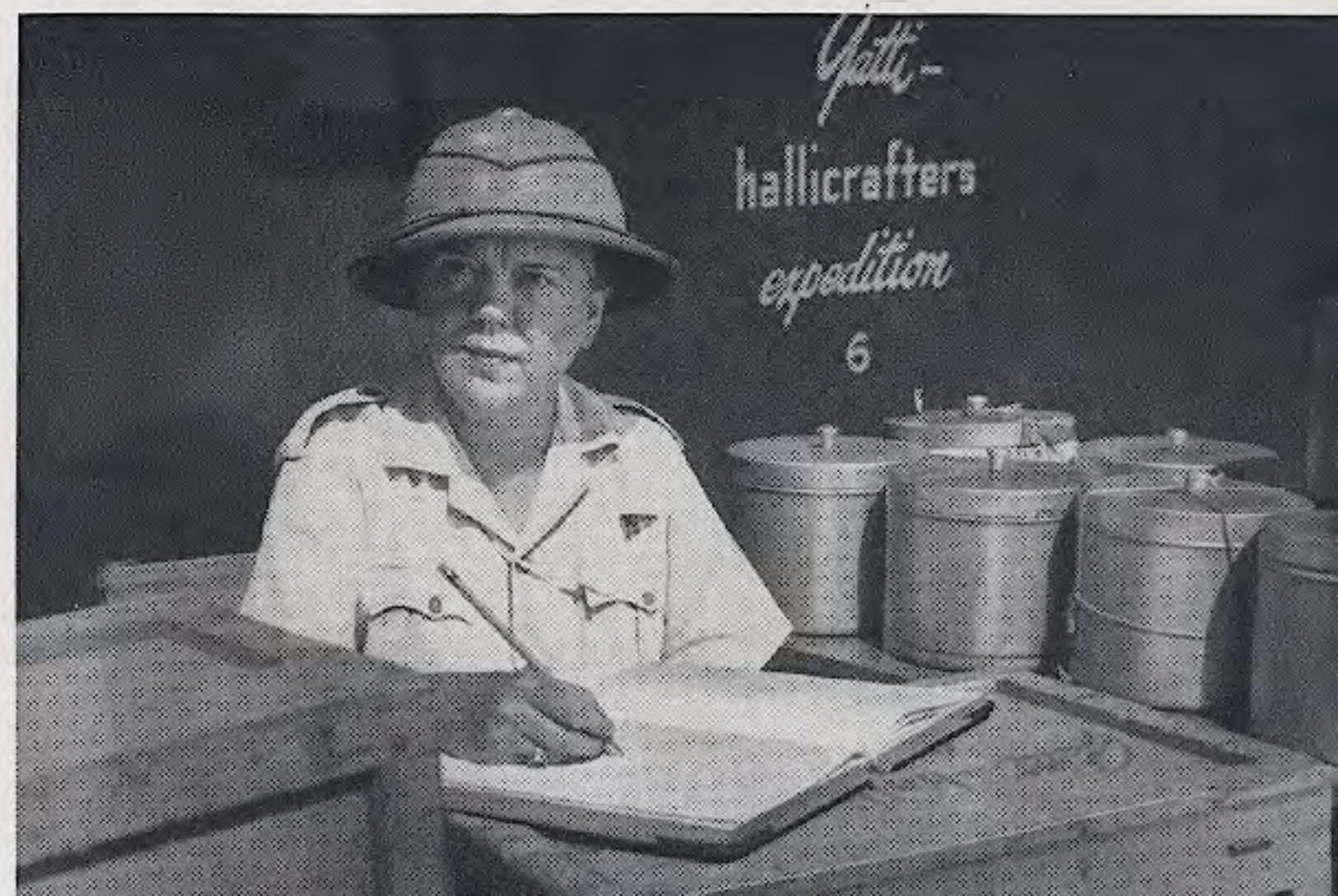


and fast as I had ever hoped they would be, and plenty more. They would have had full right to make us waste weeks, just by asking us to open for inspection all those boxes, packs and bales, or at least a good portion of them. Instead, the Customs officials had taken our word and not made us open one single case. And so, incidentally, all the time we were in British East Africa, everybody was simply marvelous to us—the entire officialdom from top to bottom—as well as all private citizens. Just everybody.

Now, our KB-5's and KB-3's brought us equipment as fast as it could be loaded and carted over these 30 laborious miles from Mombasa. From early morning to late evening. Even into the night, as soon as we got electric lights rigged up all over those six acres of camp.

Day after day. Yelling, hammering, unpacking, checking lists, handing out equipment, repacking spares and items not immediately needed. Pouring gas, sending for more drums, shelling out advances to

MRS. GATTI sets up an impromptu office to check the 700 cases, boxes, bales and packages comprising the expedition's properties. The most difficult part of establishing an undertaking of this scale is the advance planning necessary so that no vital link may be found missing later to jeopardize results many thousands of miles from any replacement source.



MEMBERS of a British Parliamentary Commission and the local authorities are entertained in Main Camp No. 3, established near Arusha . . . The plains adjacent to this camp teemed with all kinds of wild game.



the regular boys, daily pay to the laborers, *pocha* (food for a week) to all. Yelling, telephoning between Schult and Schult, talking over the FM intercoms, broadcasting over our station (VQ4-EHG, there in Kenya) to the Hallicrafters in Chicago, to friends in New York, to new friends by the scores all over the world. Taking monochrome and color stills, stereo, motion pictures. Developing, processing, printing, washing, drying.

Yet, things were getting into shape. The camp was beginning to look orderly, meals to be on time, and quite good. Our young Americans were learning some words of Swahili, the native boys some American

expressions. All our equipment had been dealt with and disposed of—in the interior of trailers, camp trailers, tents, or inside those huge piles neatly covered by the tarps of the KB-5's. Electric power was turned on and off as by schedule, or almost. The station was on the air its full eight hours every day. Kodachromes were being shipped to Rochester. Processed Ektachromes, Ansco color and monochrome cut films were regularly appearing on my desk. The daily routine was established. Everybody, white and black, was getting oriented, to understand and to do his job.

CMDR. GATTI and one of his radio operators check the expedition's itinerary as work on the Masai and Sonyo tribes was being finished. Having worked the entire array of its five stations, the radio section completed more than 4,000 contacts with all states in the U. S. and with every country in the world (except Tibet, where signals went unanswered). "Hams" everywhere eagerly requested confirmation cards.





**K**ILEMA, OUR MAIN CAMP NO. 2, was about 5,000 feet high, up the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, the 20,000-foot "Roof of Africa." The general consensus of officials, missionaries and planters was that you could climb up there to Kilema if it hadn't rained for a while and if you had a powerful, yet not too long, car. Even a moderately loaded truck might do, if all conditions were favorable. But it was impossible for trucks piled up like ours. As for the idea of getting up the trailers—particularly those Schult jobs—it was out of the question.

For some miles, driving ahead of the caravan, I couldn't figure out what everybody had been talking about. Every now and then the narrow little road (more deep ruts and huge stones than road) would climb up as if reaching for the sky, curve like a pretzel while hugging two or three tentacles of the mountain, plunge downward into a deep gully, then start all over again. With no trees, no railguard nor anything else to protect you from precipices varying between 200 and 2,000 feet, it wasn't exactly funny, particularly as it had deluged the night before and everything was still dripping and slippery—the road most of all. Still I felt that, one unit at a time, going slow and with plenty of caution, we should be able to make it.

Later and higher up, the situation got really tough. The character and temperament of the road continued the same. But every half mile or so the pretzel, faced by the narrow top of a deep crevice filled with the roar of cascading waters, would

casually overcome the obstacle by a 15 or 20-foot-long, eight-foot-wide, railless contraption of planks that by some stretch of imagination might even be called a bridge. Then the pretzel, which had twisted violently to the right just to get to the bridge, would immediately, not less wholeheartedly, turn to the left. And, unconcernedly, it would start again, either plunging downward or soaring skyward.

In my station wagon, each time I crawled over one of these places, I had to stop once or twice to get out and check how many wheels I had on the 45° zig, how many on the ensuing 45° zag, or at the very edge of the planks, or maybe suspended above that crevice which on one side was a vertical sheet of falling water and on the other expanded and expanded until, thousands of feet below, it became a majestic valley.

When the turn came for the large vehicles to pass, my heart was stuck in my throat. After the safe passage of each unit I had to gulp the aforementioned heart down before being able to breathe freely enough to let out a sigh of relief. But at long last we reached Kilema. We were rewarded by the magnificent view of the Kilimanjaro's two highest peaks, the 17,000-foot Mawenzi and the 19,860-foot Kibo, with its perennial cap of ice and snow.

The latter is the peak that I had decided we would climb to make short-wave radio experiments from the loftiest point of Africa's Equatorial Zone, in communication with the "Shack-on-Wheels" in our 5,000-foot-high camp, which was to relay broadcasts and reports to the hams of the world.

This climb, and these experiments, we successfully accomplished during the following month.

A MAN-MADE VILLAGE comes to life in the jungle glade frequented by zebras and wildebeests, by lions and leopards and occasionally by a well-guarded herd of Masai cattle. Narwa, as the locality was called, became Gatti's Main Camp No. 4, the largest maintained during the entire expedition—a little town filled with tremendous activity.





THE SONYO, an extremely primitive tribe, live exactly as they did centuries ago . . . In this scene two *Moran* (young warriors) decorate each other with chalk and ochra in preparation for a big dance of welcome to the members of the expedition.



MAIN CAMP NO. 3 was established near Arusha, just under Mount Meru. The locality was called Bamboo Flats, probably out of sheer cussedness. The fact is that the ground was far from flat and there was not a single bamboo in sight. However, as a compensation, every evening the entire camp was thoroughly fumigated by clouds of malodorous smoke from a nearby depression where neighbor planters dumped and burned tons of coffee husks every day.

Unfortunately, this was a feature not discovered until we had pitched up the entire camp, built several huts for our boys, erected the rhombic antenna and put up a couple of tremendously high extra ones.

When the camp was complete we had a little celebration party, to which we invited all the Arusha authorities and other people who had been very helpful to us. Even the afternoon breeze must have

felt invited. Because, there and then, it turned in our direction across the dump. Everybody began to sniff and sneeze and make faces. The Arushans felt bad about having forgotten the problem when they had suggested the campsite. We had not felt disturbed because we saw no reason why the wind should suddenly turn our way and be obstinate about it. But it had, and it was. And it is the smell of the coffee dump which will return to our noses aggressively whenever we think of the evenings in this camp.

The days out of it, instead, were among the most thrilling and exciting of the entire expedition. The slopes of Mt. Meru were thick with rhino; and the plains to the west were crammed with game, particularly zebra and giraffe, eland, oryx, ostrich, buffalo, Thompson's gazelle, lions and cheetah. With the result that our crop of observations on game was a rich one, and that our collection of unusual color and monochrome still and motion pictures advanced by leaps and bounds.

It was also a time of serious decisions. The season of heavy rains was approaching. Ahead of us was the immense Serengeti Plain, difficult in the dry season, absolutely impassable at other times.

Now we were faced with the consequences of the months lost in America while the sailing of our boat had been delayed, then of the weeks lost up the slopes of Kilimanjaro while most of us had suffered bad attacks of "Kilema dysentery." Had it not been for

CHECKING EXACT TIME with Hamilton chronometers for precision in radio communications.



TRUCK AND TRAILER units are subjected to tremendous strain in the 5,000-mile itinerary.





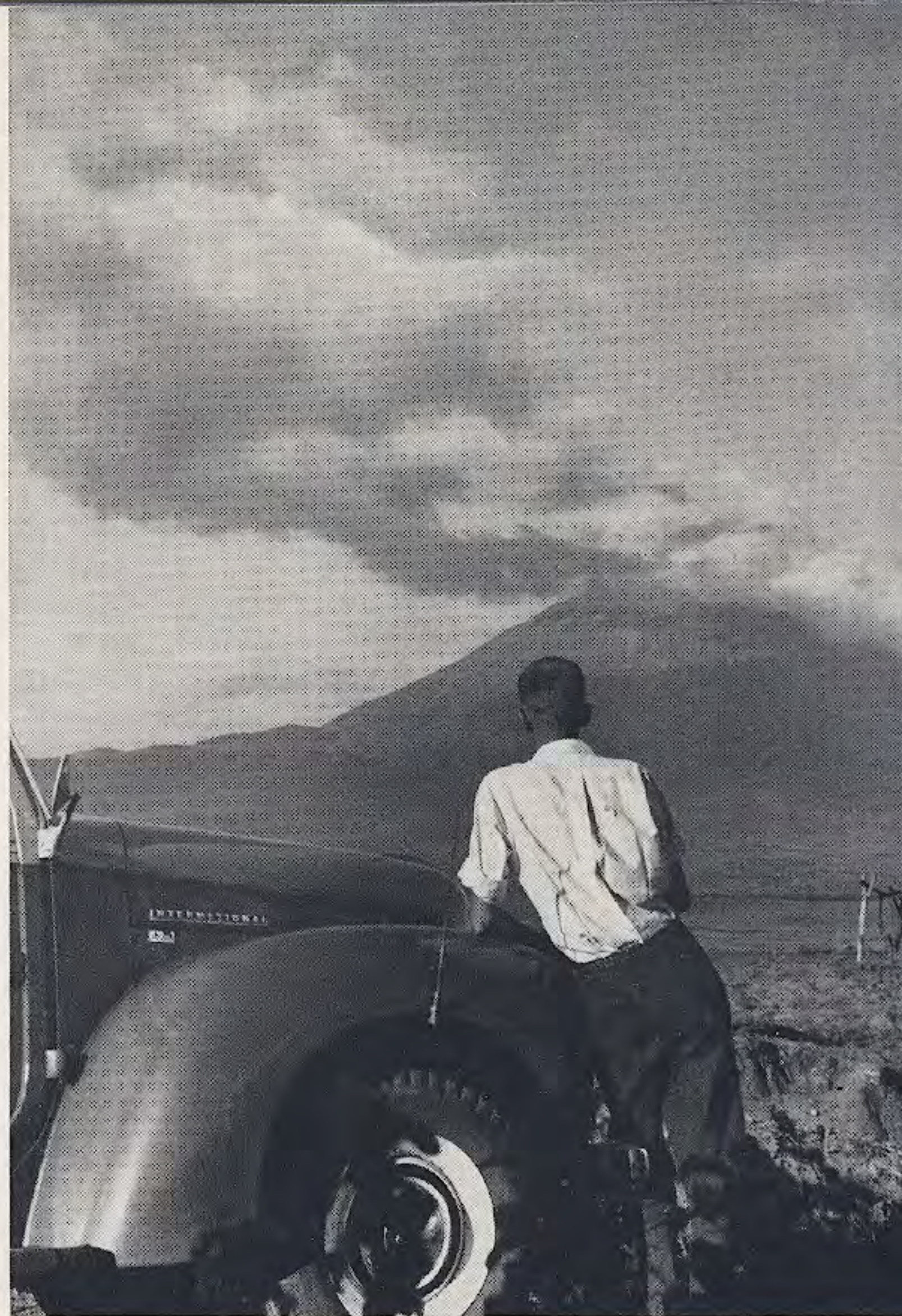


Above: CONSTANT CHECK was maintained with the Shack-on-Wheels, which relayed broadcasts to the radio "hams" of the world at large.

these two factors, we would have found ourselves away ahead of the rains. As it was, we had to sacrifice a large part of our itinerary and, at the first indications of steady bad weather, to rush northward, where we could spend the worst months devoting all the energies and means not taken up by our radio work to a serious study of the still little-known Masai and Sonyo natives.

This journey we managed to make just in time, by going as fast as the terrain permitted and as steadily as our physical resistance allowed. It was a pity to dash so fast through the game paradise of the Serengeti and of the Ngorongoro crater. But it would have been much worse to be caught by the rains anywhere along those hundreds of treacherous miles.

Loliondo, a tiny post with a white population of two (the Assistant District Officer, or A.D.O., and



Above: UPON COMPLETION of the high-altitude radio experiments, the expedition settled its third Main Camp near Arusha, just under Mt. Meru. The locality was called Bamboo Flats, a well-nigh perfect misnomer. The fact is that the ground was far from flat, and bamboo was not to be found anywhere. The redeeming feature was that this was the big game country.

REACHING KILEMA, the expedition was rewarded by magnificent views of the Kilimanjaro's two highest peaks, the 17,000-foot Mawenzi and the 19,860-foot Kibo, with its perennial cap of ice and snow. Here it was decided to climb the latter peak to make short-wave experiments from the loftiest point of Africa's Equatorial Zone, as well as of the entire continent. Communications were maintained with the Shack-on-Wheels, which in turn relayed the expedition's reports to amateur short-wave radio operators.



his wife), was our goal. For the several days of strenuous safari, we kept in continuous radio contact with it. The postal agent there, an African, had a receiving-transmitting station of no appearance and absurdly small proportions and power, with which we couldn't understand how he would be able to handle official and private telegraphic traffic. But he did, and most efficiently. Every day he would gather and give us by code the snappiest weather reports. And every day they were worse. When he told us that all we could hope for was another 48 hours, we made a final effort. Going, going, going, without even stopping for a bite of lunch or for a picture, that same evening we made Loliondo.

The following day I drove right and left with the A.D.O. to find a good site for an especially large camp, as none of the spots he had picked up appealed to me. We were only 2 degrees south of the equator. But each suggested place was naked, grim and swept by so violent and cold a wind that nobody not accustomed to the Arctic could have camped there for long.

Finally, I saw just what I wanted: a glade of easy access, not far from a spring and practically surrounded by a tall, thick jungle growth which would protect us from the wind and supply any quantity of firewood. This was a special blessing, not only in view of our kitchens and other needs, but also and most especially for our boys who, accustomed to the heat of the coast, were desperately shivering, sneezing, coughing and entirely stupefied by the combination of cold weather and 10,000 or so feet of altitude.

Immediately, we moved there. Keeping a constant eye on the menacing clouds, we worked like mad to get ready for the onslaught of rains. With the help of an army of laborers supplied by the A.D.O., of scores of truckfuls of grass and poles of every size which he had had his men cut for us during the last month, we also pushed as fast as we could the construction of a garage, a petrol dump, a storage house, an "annex" to the "Rolling Lab," a dining room for our personnel, huts for all our boys, huts for the laborers, huts, huts, huts.

After a few days of frantic bedlam the place was unrecognizable. From the silent, still jungle glade, sometime frequented by zebras and wildebeests, by lions and leopards and only occasionally by a well-guarded herd of Masai cattle, NARWA, as the Masai call the locality, had become our MAIN CAMP NO.4, the largest we had in the expedition—a regular little town, as towns go in Africa, and one filled with tremendous activity.

Squawks and voices came from the FM sets and from the radio station in the "Shack-on-Wheels." Motors throbbed everywhere—of Internationals going

and coming, of battery-charging and of power-generating engines. Natives shortened or dovetailed posts and poles, chopped off segments of jungle which protruded at the wrong places, kneaded mud for the walls of the main "buildings," rolled petrol drums filled with water, dropped huge loads of firewood, dug rain ditches, danced around a huge grate of sticks on which the meat of an antelope or of a zebra was being smoked. Masai warriors in ever-larger groups tramped in from all the surrounding valleys and hills to watch for hours the miracles of this extraordinary camp. Masai women bargained shrilly with our boys over the sale of great gourds filled with smelly milk. Kikuyu little traders talked for hours before parting with bags of potatoes, baskets of fruit, pots of native beer. *Tarishi* (government messengers) were going and coming, bringing cables or heavy mailbags from the postal agency or chits from the A.D.O.

Songs. Calls. Orders shouted. Whistles blown to call this boy or that. Frantic yells of sudden protest from hordes of monkeys in the surrounding trees. Cases noisily pried open. Others hammered closed. Rush. Rush. Rush. The rains have miraculously held until now. But they are coming. Come on, speed up. Let's get ready fast. . . .

The rains, the "tremendous" rains which would cork us up in camp for weeks on end, which for days would not allow us to drive even to Loliondo, which would make a torrent of each ditch, a river of each gully in the road, an impassable swamp of every depression—the great rains never came at all.

On the contrary, all of a sudden, we heard only about the equally "tremendous" draught. The Masai had to concentrate their immense herds of cattle near whatever little water remained. Because of this, the game had to move away from their usual drinking places to the vicinity of what unoccupied

MASAI WARRIORS in ever-increasing numbers came from the surrounding valleys and hills to gaze at the miracles of the camp.



water holes they could find.

We were sorry for the Masai. We were doubly sorry because, too worried about their cattle, their sole possession, they were not much inclined to give us all the time we needed for the pictures and studies we had planned.

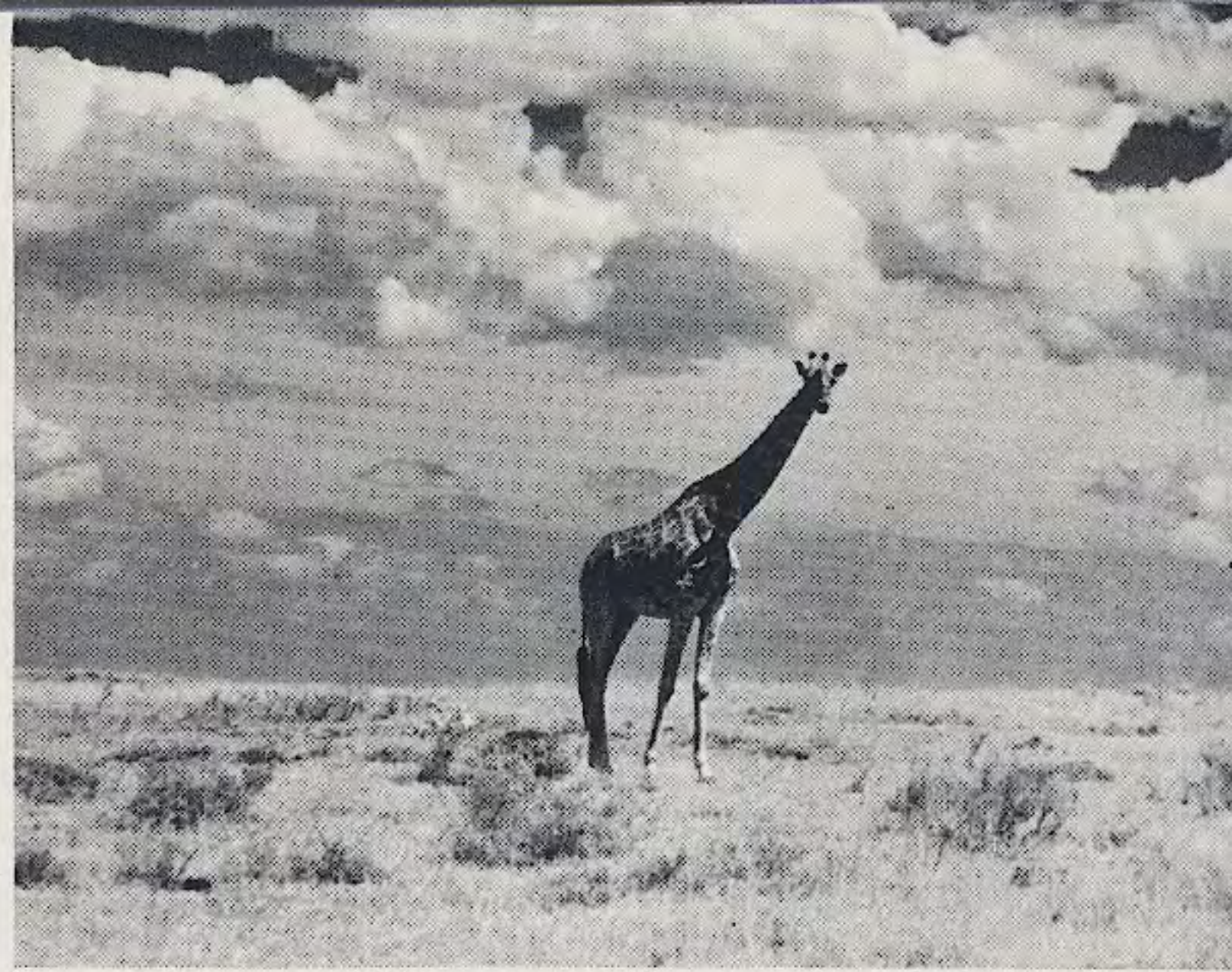
The wild animals' situation was another story. It suited us fine. Because now we knew for certain where to find herds of whatever game we wanted to photograph and—once a week or so—to shoot for the pot. For now the "pot" was a large one. The only way we could get fresh meat for ourselves and our boys was by hunting. In addition, we had to feed hundreds of laborers and "actors," all of whom could eat prodigious quantities of meat.

Meanwhile, rain or no rain, draught or no draught, the work was advancing. Radio experiments were progressing, radio contacts piling up by the hundreds. Our collections of still and stereo and motion pictures of game and natives were swelling up with thousands of cut films, slides, transparencies and rolls.

Everything went on satisfactorily, but it was a long, complex job. We were still far from its completion when the inexorable calendar reminded us that the end of the expedition's six months in the field was approaching fast.

Also, the rainy season had played one of its not unusual tricks. Having so conveniently missed us, it had fallen with redoubled vigor to our northwest, flooding entire districts along the way we had to follow to reach the Mountains of the Moon. The movement of our entire equipment, especially the heaviest trailers, had become a difficult proposition

NOW AND THEN a bit of nostalgia caught up with our adventurers. Recalling one day that it was the 4th of July, Cmdr. and Mrs. Gatti drink a toast with Errol Prince, Weldon King and Norman Wakeford, principals in the expedition.



ABOVE: GROTESQUE AND BEAUTIFUL, the giraffe rears his eighteen feet of height against a cloud symphony. He covers ground at high speed, but his gait is like the movies reduced to "slow motion."



ABOVE: THE SLOPE OF MT. MERU WAS HOME TO THE RHINOCEROS. The plains to the west were crammed with wild game. The expedition's observations and its photographic efforts were well rewarded.



which, at best, would take much too long.

The only solution was for the photographic section of the expedition to continue its work in and around NARWA, MAIN CAMP NO. 4, and for the radio section to go, lightly loaded, to establish MAIN CAMP NO. 5 on the slopes of the Ruwenzori, near Fort Portal and the border between Uganda and the Belgian Congo.

By the time our two Uganda stations, VQ5-GHE and VQ5-HEG, had concluded their job at Main Camp No. 5 and returned, we had finished also with the Masai and the Sonyo. Having worked satisfactorily the entire array of our five stations and completed a few more than four thousand world-wide contacts, we began preparing for the return of part of the personnel to America.

The three men who had proved themselves outstandingly good and reliable remained, however, for a two-month extension during which we wished to devote our entire time and energy to an exceptionally tough photographic project about which I shall write more fully elsewhere. These men are Weldon King, color photographer and my assistant; Errol C. Prince, in charge of color motion pictures; and Norman Wakeford, camp manager.

During the following nine weeks the five of us worked out of MAIN CAMPS NO. 6, 7 and 8, respectively at NANGA POINT, on the Kavirondo Gulf of Lake Victoria, at NAKURU, the most charming and generously hospitable little town in B.E.A., and in the grounds of the DESTRO FARM, near Nairobi.

\* \* \* \* \*

In view of the lack of further space I shall limit myself to adding only a few brief recollections:

. . . Hippos and crocodiles emerging at night from the papyrus which bordered our NANGA POINT CAMP, to roam and grunt and snort amidst trailers and tents and trucks.

. . . The joyful astonishment of Luo and Kavirondo natives as they excitedly watched the marvel of our little fleet of Aero-Craft boats darting at full speed across Lake Victoria, as vast as a sea.

. . . The long days—and the entire nights—spent up to our knees in the slimy, muddy, soda-saturated water of Nakuru Lake, never more than 21 inches deep, to obtain what no one has ever before managed: a full coverage of the flamingoes, there by the hundreds of thousands and yet as elusive and unreachable as if they had been on Mars.

. . . The Equatorial sun, there doubled in strength by the reflection of the water, roasting us to a crisp, giving us the most painful sunburns of our life—while the pestiferous water (if the word may be

used for the muck which fills that crater lake) took advantage of the slightest scratch or crackling of the toasted skin to start a glorious case of blood poisoning.

. . . And the satisfaction of a job well and pleasantly done, on the whole, when we reached Nairobi for the final curtain.

. . . A satisfaction so strongly mixed up with so many deep sad feelings; at the disbanding of that tight group which had worked together so hard for so long; at the half-laughing, half-crying farewells with those native boys who had grown to be such an essential part of our lives; at seeing pass into other hands our faithful Internationals and all that wonderful equipment of every kind which had become so familiar and dear.

. . . At parting from all those good friends and the nice friendly people of British East Africa.

. . . At concluding my 15 years on African soil; at bringing to a close this 29-year-long period of my life and activity entirely devoted to Africa; at telling Africa good-bye—good-bye for good, this time!

GOOD-BYE FOR GOOD? That means *forever*—again. We are where we started on page 1 of my narrative, and at a new stage in my pursuit of the endowment policy . . . I am older and wiser. It is, as they say, later than one thinks. Have I been tamed sufficiently, now? *Will someone bring that dotted line?*

Attilio Gatti

A UNIT in the little fleet of aluminum boats cuts the placid surface of Lake Victoria, one of the great inland water bodies of the world (see map, page 12).





ABOVE: TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSED by the fleet of colorful trucks, the primitive sightseer concentrates on the simple "magic" of rear-view mirrors, an attraction which no native visitor could resist. This one goes through the usual performance of grimacing unendingly before the looking glass.

RIGHT: ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING accomplishments of the expedition was its extensive pictorial coverage of the hundreds of thousands of flamingoes which find their sustenance in the slimy waters of Lake Nakuru. Close-ups like this one required numberless stratagems and days of infinite patience.





ABOVE: OUR MAIN CAMP at Nanga Point was one of the most picturesque of the entire expedition. It occupied some three acres of open ground on the shores of Victoria Nyanza's beautiful Kavirondo Gulf.

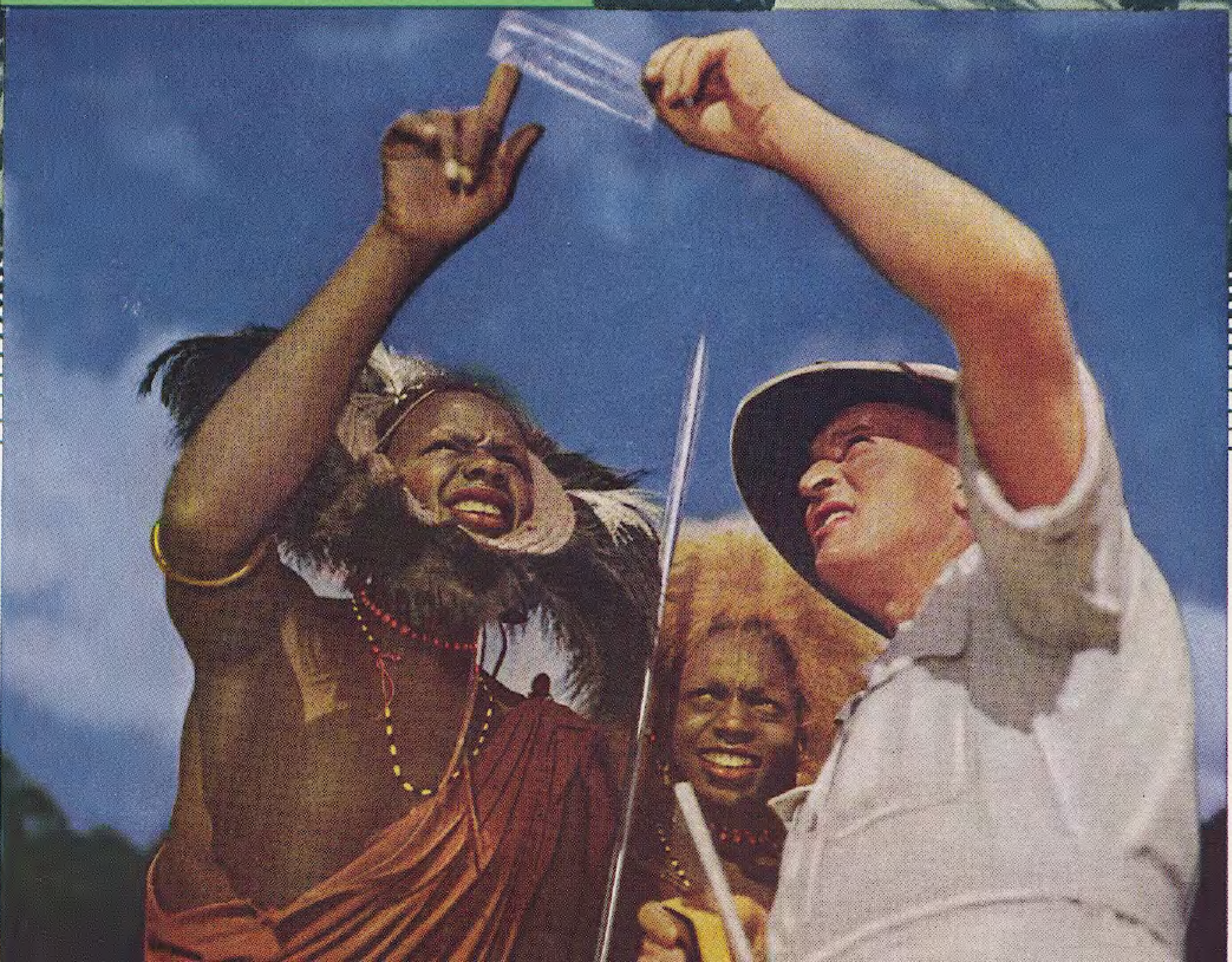
RIGHT: CHEETAHS, the graceful hunting leopards, are the swiftest of cats and make such tremendously long leaps that the human eye barely can credit what it is seeing. To obtain good photographs of those seen here we had to spread hundreds of morsels of raw meat all around one of our station wagons, on its hood and top. After several days of this manoeuvre, the cheetahs got to like the performance and even to relax on the warm roof.



RIGHT: THE GIRAFFE is shy, but very curious, too. It is also extremely fond of a certain kind of succulent grass. We combined these various factors by avoiding all noise around one of the station wagons which we left half hidden under an acacia (or "giraffe tree"), and by practically covering it with the delicacy of that grass. The result was a beautiful collection of pictures, like this most unusual, rare one.



BELOW: THANKS TO THE EXPEDITION'S complete laboratories on wheels and to its other exceptional facilities, every night the photographers were able to process the color stills taken during the day. Here two Masai *moran* see for the first time in their lives a color transparency. With great excitement and surprise one of them finally manages to recognize himself in the picture Cmdr. Gatti is showing him.





LEFT: ALMOST AS INQUISITIVE and acquisitive as the Masai woman is the ostrich. Several times we saw a group of comic ostriches approach one of our trucks and try to get bites out of the body and the tires. Their greatest delicacy was the blue flashbulbs our photographers had discarded. Good for the digestion, you know!



BELOW: ONE OF THE EXPEDITION'S station wagons is framed by masts and furling sails, as we visit a flotilla of *dhows* in a small harbor of the Kavirondo Gulf of Victoria Nyanza, Africa's greatest lake and second largest of the world. These boats, used for net fishing, are simplified, smaller replicas of the Arabic *dhows* which for many centuries have plied the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean—and which were responsible for the transportation of most of the slaves from Africa's east coast.

