

April 1984

Dear Friends:

It has been a long time since I have written a long, descriptive letter, and a few of you have written to me, saying "what has happened, why are you not writing us about your experiences over there in Saudi Arabia?" First, it has become difficult to have the use of a typewriter that works, the one I use in our department has been out of commission several times. There was a big change in electric power here in Taif, they put in new generators, were supposed to change from 60 cycle to 50, as a result our motors were burning out, the typewriter kept breaking down. Eventually, here at Rehab facility, it was found necessary to change back to 60 cycle again, so things would function. For instance, the jet motors on the Hubbard tanks, where I immerse patients with pressure sores, got too hot and would burn out if we kept using them, etc., etc. The elevators in our residence dwellings did not function from mid January, until just recently, - and I live on the 4th floor! Second, there was a ban put out, on use of the copy machine, for personal use. This is how I have made my 30 letters to friends, almost monthly, now I have to "bootleg" to get copies made. We do not have a handy "Thrifty Drug Store" around the corner, with a machine available, as in the states. Anyway, here's a letter.

## **AFRICA**

In January, I had my first post-leave on this present contract (we get 2 weeks paid vacation every 4 months, and 30 days paid at end of one year). On this vacation I chose to go to Kenya, Africa, since I have not yet visited there. I had always put it low on my list of priorities, as to traveling, thought it would be hot, dusty, and maybe not too interesting. On the contrary, it was lovely, the country is green, with many flowers, green bushes, rivers, waterfalls, mountains, etc. The people are very keen on education, with schools even out in remote areas, I saw children in elementary schools, they wore uniforms and looked neat and clean. These were public schools. People were of the black race, but with fairly light skin and facial features similar to the Caucasian race. The people from Uganda, the country next to Kenya, are also of the black race, but have very dark skin, and large lips. Most people spoke English, it is the second language, is taught in the schools. I found people friendly, and always helpful.

I first flew to Nairobi, from Jeddah, then changed to a domestic plane and went on to Mombasa, a very old city way down at the southern end of Kenya, and on the shores of the Indian ocean. It has beautiful beaches, there are many resort hotels in the area. The swaying palms, lovely flowers, white sand, warm ocean, were reasons to spend a few days there, at the White Sands hotel. It was very relaxing. I also took one day to ride the small van provided, and go into Mombasa to look around. It had many large white buildings, homes for the officials of the city and reminiscent of the days of English rule here in

Colonial times. Kenya has its independence now, no longer under England. Also there were many areas of very poor housing, some very small and with thatched roofs. Living seemed to be going on as it did many years ago, there were 4 and 5 story buildings for business in the downtown area, and small stalls along streets where locals were selling baskets, carvings and handmade items. It was all very interesting to walk around, people were poor because there was not enough employment opportunity for all. At the little stalls, I found they were anxious to trade items, from tourists, one wanted the backpack I had on, in trade for a basket, or the sandals I wore. I was wearing peaked cap, on which I have sewed patches from many of the countries I have visited, and everyone wanted to trade something for it. Needless to say, I did not respond to that. However, I did trade a couple of blouses, a billfold, and socks for several lengths of the brightly printed cloth that they wrap around themselves, for clothing. The country is very hot. Both men and women wear these cloths, the women may wrap another piece around shoulders and to the front, they tie it, and place a baby in it, leaving their hands free. The baby may be on the back or at her abdomen, if she is carrying a bundle of sticks, or straw on her back.

At the resort my room had a small balcony, I sat there and wrote in my journal, enjoyed the scene of swaying coconut palm trees in front of me, and occasionally hearing a coconut fall to the ground, with a thud. I swam in the warm Indian ocean, enjoyed being at leisure away from my work. I noted one mosquito in my bathroom, at night, but was really not bothered with insects. As I was walking in the town, I noted a very large church, the Cathedral of the Holy Ghost. I went to the side area, where one could look inside, but not enter there. I saw a native man come from the altar area, carrying a pail of water; he proceeded to wash the floor all along the altar railing. He stopped next to the large manger scene and adjusted a figurine of a lamb. When he came close to me, through the grating, I asked if I could enter, take his picture. January 6 is the feast of the Three Kings, and it seemed so appropriate that I should be here this day – to me he represented one of the Magi at the manger scene in the Epiphany story. He was very obliging, told me to go to the locked side door of the church, he opened it, I entered. He was bare to the waist, offered to put a shirt on, but I said no, he was fine that way. I took his picture, standing next to the manger scene. I then thanked him, put a generous offering in the poor box, told him I was working in Saudi Arabia, where Christian churches are not allowed. I hope the picture comes out well, a true Magi scene, in Africa.

After returning to the resort, I had lunch in the restaurant. Then I had to try again to reconfirm my flight back to Nairobi, tomorrow, from Mombasa. I am on a “wait list”. But the clerk had no luck, there are no seats available. She told me a bus goes to Nairobi, so I’ll have to take that – I plan to meet up with Challis, an American nurse working at Al Hada, on Saturday evening, at a hotel in Nairobi. We plan to go on safari together.

## **SATURDAY JANUARY 7**

I awoke early, watched the sky get light, sat on the balcony and had coffee from my thermos. The sun rose behind clouds, a pretty sight. Soon I went to breakfast, it was served buffet style, plenty of delicious food was available. The clerk at the desk again tried Kenya Airways, to see if a seat was available, but there was none. A cabbie was near the phone, he offered to take me to Mombasa, to the bus depot. Kenya Airways

replied that they had overbooked, so the bus was my only way. I'll get to see the country, and it can't be any worse than the 10 hour bus ride to the rice terraces in the Philippines, when I traveled there. The cabbie was helpful, took me to the bus depot – the 10:00 a.m. bus was full, but he got me a ticket for the 1:30 p.m. ride. The cost was 120 shillings, about \$10. The bus was small, not too uncomfortable, but not like a deluxe Greyhound. The ride was long, didn't get to Fairview hotel in Nairobi, until 9:30 p.m.

The countryside surprised me, in that it was very green, expected it to be brown and dry. There were rolling hills first, with brush and short, thorny bushes. The lady next to me was of Indian nationality, but spoke excellent English, lived here, and said there had been rains recently, so everything was nice and green. There were no towns on the way, and very few village settlements. Agriculture was noted at very few places. We made a rest stop after a few hours, in a small village, the public toilet was the far-east style, a hole in the floor with porcelain, flat fixture over it, and a tap for water, to fill a can nearby, and pour it into the hole after use. While we were stopped briefly, small boys came to the bus selling bananas and packs of biscuits (cookies). After the 10 minute break, the bus rolled on again for a few hours. I put an orange drink that I purchased, into my thermos, so I had a cool drink at times. The next stop 4 hours later, was at a gas station, a 15 minute break to use the toilet (this was modern, flush type), stretch legs, and buy a snack. The landscape changed now to low mountains on one side, and rolling hills. We noted an upward elevation of the road. At one point I saw 4 huge giraffes quite close to the road, this was my first glimpse of wild animals here.

The bus stopped at the airport in Nairobi and left people off. I had planned to arrive here (by air) at 12:30 p.m. today, but due to overbooking by airline, that did not happen! But, I would not have seen the country, if I flew. When I was dropped at the Fairview Hotel, there was a note from Challis – she had obtained a room and I also got one. It was quite nice, and reasonable, 250 shillings. It had private bath, TV. Challis had booked a 3 day tour for us, a safari, for 2750 shillings (about \$220) that included full board, staying at a first class lodge, Mara Serena. I was happy about this, glad she had arrived as planned, took a hot bath and retired after leaving a 6:30 a.m. wake-up call.

## **SUNDAY JANUARY 8**

I slept well, awoke once at 4:30 a.m. but went back to sleep for an hour. Just outside my window, in this stone block hotel, are pretty bougainvilleas that spread from a nearby jacaranda tree – it is flowering with lavender blooms. There are beautiful flowers, bushes and vines all over in Nairobi. I ate the sandwich, banana, biscuit, and drank milk, from room service, that was my breakfast. I met Challis in the lobby – also was surprised to meet another couple from Canada, who also work in Saudi, and are on vacation. At 8 a.m. we left with our tour driver, who picked up 3 more people at the Hilton Hotel, and started out on a 5 hour drive to the Masai Mara animal reservation. The Masai tribespeople live in this area, we passed many of them next to the roadside, after driving about 3 hours out of Nairobi. In the city, I noted that townspeople all looked clean, and dressed in western type clothing, maybe walking to church this Sunday morning? The driver told me Kenya has 40% Christians, 40% Muslims, 20% Hindu and other religions.

The Masai tribespeople have the custom of wearing a wrap skirt and a toga-like red garment over one shoulder, and down to mid legs. They wear many beads, make designs of them on the wide collars of wire and beads, some have headbands of beaded designs. The women have shiny, bare skulls for they shave their heads. The men let their hair grow, twist it in tiny braids close to their heads. I tried to get pictures as we drove, but we were probably going too fast, for them to be good. As we entered the gateway of the reservation, there were several women standing near. The driver had to stop, and report our entrance, these women came to the van to sell items from their culture. I took a close-up picture of one near the window, she then said "10 shillings" and reached her hand inside the car. I gave her the 10, then bought a lion's tooth on a leather thong from another girl. The tooth was so big!

We proceeded, and now were at our destination, finally. It was 1:45 p.m., we had had a long ride. In the last two hours we had seen many different wild animals, as we rode and came down the escarpment into the great Rift Valley. The first were giraffes, then wildebeast, zebra, topi, Thompson gazelles, another variety of gazelle which was larger. After entering the reservation we saw elephants, jackals, hyenas, wart hogs and cape buffalo. It was great! We soon came to the resort Mara Serena, where we would stay. It was unique; the small accommodations are shaped like the dome mud huts of the Masai natives, set in clusters. There is a large central building with offices, dining room, lounge, gift shop; about 40 of the huts are placed around this area. Each has twin beds, bath, dressing table, chairs, etc. All very nice. The windows look out over the great valley area, the animals live out there, it is their home, we will observe them. Just before I started writing in this journal, I was watching baboons wander from a low area, up the slope toward the lodges, and to a watering hole. I could see the males, quite large, also females with young ones. Too bad I didn't bring my binoculars, but they are back home, in the U.S.A. I have been told we will come very close to the animals, when being driven out, and can get pictures. We were shown to our hut, Challis and I shared it, a porter took our luggage, and in English, wished us a happy stay here. After getting settled, we had lunch in the big dining room, served buffet style. There was so much food, elegantly served, several salads, salmon, another kind of baked fish, lamb or beef, sliced ham, curried rice, egg plant fried Indian style, and about 5 kinds of desserts. I couldn't believe it! I ate too much, wanting to taste a variety of the foods.

We then had 1 ½ hours to rest, or swim in the large pool. I swam, as did most of our group, then at 4:00 p.m. we were taken out in the tour vans to go on safari. The driver of our car stopped and picked up a guide, a ranger with a gun, to ride with us. We drove over the valley floor, went off the road seeking to get close to animals that he and the ranger would spot, so we could get photos. The top of the tour van lifted up, so one could stand and shoot over, and above the vehicle. I took a lot of pictures. We saw a female lioness with 2 cubs, lying down near a tree, we went quite close, took several pictures. We saw all the topi again, hyenas, 2 foxes. Gazelles, warthogs and herds of buffalo, but no giraffes. In the distance we saw 2 ostrich, but were not close enough for photos. One vehicle got stuck in a low, muddy area, and people had to push it out – we were o.k. It was 6:45 p.m. when we returned to the lodge, and after freshening up enjoyed a very nice dinner in the lodge dining room. What a day this has been, with such new experiences on safari! Following the meal Challis and I sat by the large fire that was glowing, out on the terrace above the pool. We

looked at the stars above, and the quarter-moon lying on it's back, visited with some other guests, talked for a while, then retired to our villa.

## **MONDAY JANUARY 9**

I woke several times during the night, heard some animals making noise / in the morning other guests said they had heard it too. Of course it was so black outside, no one could see anything. This resort is built on a big hill, with thick, trimmed bushes, or a rock fence enclosing the area, animals don't wander in freely. I rose at 6:30 a.m., showered and dressed, went to the pool area where I watched the small animal, hyrax, eating out of people's hand. They are bigger than a squirrel, but have no tail.

At 7:00 a.m. I went in to eat with Lynn, the Canadian girl who works in Uganda with the Canadian Red Cross. At 8:00 we all went off again on safari, the top of the van open, it was sunny and not too cool. After driving across the plains we stopped by a river, got out to observe hippopotamus lying in the water. The warden with his gun, went with us. This was the only place we were allowed to leave the vehicle. There were about a dozen of the animals lying in the water, parts of their heads and backs showing, often only eyes and ears were visible. They snorted, made blowing sounds, I took photos, two stirred a bit and were half out of the water, it was really exciting to see them here. They do leave the water to feed, eat grasses, the warden kept his tranquilizer gun pointed toward them. As we drove again across the land saw many wart hogs, gazelle, topi, also elephants and hyenas. There were pretty, colorful birds flying and walking, including the crested cranes and storks. These are very large. It surely was interesting, sighting everything in their natural habitat. After 11:00 a.m. we didn't see more animals, and the driver returned to Mara Serena. Challis and I put on our suits, took a swim, then laid in the sun 'till time for lunch, how luxurious! This lodge is landscaped so well, and kept in perfect condition.

The Masai tribe members put holes in their ears when young, then hang weights there so the holes will enlarge as they grow. Some have huge holes, ornaments hang from them. One of the young men porters here had such holes, and I asked if I could take his picture, showing the ear. He did not speak English, just Swahili, but another fellow, whose name was Patrick spoke English, and talked for me. I offered 10 shillings for the favor, and took 2 pictures, one of him alone, one with Patrick. They had Christian names and I asked about this: Patrick said his friend's name was David, he had been baptized, belonged to the Catholic church and school. How interesting! Patrick put his name and address down for me, asked me to send te picture later.

We were scheduled to go out again on game hunt at 4:00 p.m. Animals rest in the heat of the day, we were told. It had clouded up and rained at 3:00 p.m. but we did leave at 4. Everyone asked the driver to find lions this time, and he surely did! First, we found 3 of them lying down near a tree, everyone took photos. Then the driver noted many safari vans (they all leave a lodge about 4 p.m.) gathered in a certain area. He followed,, stopped near them. Here were 2 more lions to view, a male and a female. Next we went to another gathered group of vans and viewed a large male lion eat at the innards of a buffalo. There had been a kill! This is what people want to see, when they go on safari, the real action of how animals survive. The death of one is food for another – I had hoped we might see

some small animal felled by a lion, but here was a huge cape buffalo. The male lion was eating at the belly area, evidently he had started from the rear, his head was almost entirely inside the carcass at times. The animal's hide is very thick and tough, so evidently the easiest place to start eating is through the belly. Our driver had followed other vans hurrying to this site, when they see this; they know some big sighting, or event, is happening, and follow. Altogether there were about 10 vans parked in a semi circle here, to watch the event. We spent 1 ½ hours there, everyone being quiet, and watching. After eating his fill, the male lion stood up, yawned, stretched, and let out a few low "roars", not very loud. Our driver said he was calling other lions. All around this area of the kill, were the scavengers, waiting till the lion would walk away from the carcass. There were at least 50 hyenas, spread out in a wide area, many, many vultures, and several silver-backed jackals sitting around. As the lion walked a little bit, 2 jackals sneaked up to the open end of the carcass, grabbed at the meat, the lion turned quickly toward them – they leaped away very fast. This occurred several times. Then he finally walked lazily away and immediately the hyenas, vultures, jackals and a fox were upon the carcass, tearing away at the meat. At times a hyena would be almost entirely inside the buffalo, and other hyenas and vultures were covering the carcass, on top of it. This was really a sight to be remembered – the law of the wilderness – survival of the fittest!

We all watched with intent interest, and snapped photos, though it was nearly dusk. Our ranger, at one time got just outside our van, and was ready to aim at the lion with the tranquilizer gun, for the male lion had looked intently right in our direction – a man in a van right next to us had stood up on the seat, was visible way above the roof level, the lion noted this. It did not seem to mind cars pulling slowly into the viewing area, but sudden movement or noise, excited him. We had been warned about this. Suddenly, right behind us, appeared 2 young males walking toward the carcass; I turned about, and right near my side of the car, was one of them looking the situation over. Glad my window was closed! These 2 young males then went to the carcass and all the scavengers scattered, fluttered, as quickly as they could, the young lions laid next to the belly and proceeded to eat. After a while we noted 9 lions coming out of a bushy, covered rise on the plain – mainly females, just one male. They slowly walked into an area about 150 yards from the carcass, spread out in a semi-circle and watched, waited. The 2 males eating, growled now and then at them, and they stayed away, waiting their turn at the kill.. Another male with a big mane (an older one) walked slowly toward the carcass and our driver said evidently this one and the males eating, had made the kill, then had left, and the other male we first saw, had come to eat. He was still only a short distance away, and the hyenas at one time, had gathered in a pack of about 20 or more, and menaced him, growling, but not getting too close. Our driver said sometime a pack of hyenas will attack a lion after dark, if he is still eating at a carcass.

Lions are family groups, and stay together this way. Evidently the 9 who had approached while we watched, were of a different family, and could not eat with the 3 who had made the kill. It was becoming dusk, we left the scene, while the 2 young males were still eating, though lazily now, and the large male laid nearby, standing guard. About 7 or 8 females were lying about, waiting for a turn at the carcass. The hyenas had stopped circling excitedly about, and most were lying down – waiting. Vultures stood all around, also waiting, as did a few jackals. What a thrill, to personally observe the law of the wild! We

returned to the lodge, there had been a light rain at the start of our 4:00 p.m. safari run, but it stopped shortly, leaving the ground muddy. After freshening up, went to the dining room for another delicious dinner, it featured hor' dourves, cream of pumpkin soup (tasted like cream of celery), chicken, pork chop, potato, green cooked vegetable, cake roll with apricot sauce, cheese, coffee or tea – a sumptuous meal. There was a fire again, out on the terrace, after eating we wandered there, but it was misting a bit so we only stood a few minutes, enjoying the beauty, then retired. Another wonderful day!

## **TUESDAY JANUARY 10**

This was our departure day from Mara Serena lodge, to return to Nairobi and the Fairview Hotel, with a scheduled stop at Lake Naivasha to see the multitude of flamingos there. As I looked out the window when I arose, I could see cape buffalo grazing, some impala gazelles, and a little further away, were a few giraffe – a great sight. The sky was clear this morning. We had breakfast and were all ready to leave at 8:15 a.m.. Mohammed, our driver, drove very fast, as usual, and hit bumps and ruts in the road (not paved) which were worse today due to yesterday's rain. After only about ½ hour of driving he hit a deep rut, bumped the bottom of the car! He got out and looked underneath, found the suspension on the right side had cracked. So, we limped slowly along to the Keekorok Lodge, not too far away - entered there with a broken suspension and an almost flat tire! Mohammed called his company, they said a van would be sent out to pick us up, from Nairobi, 245 miles away and a 5 hour drive. So, we were told we would have to wait at this lodge, until that happened. We spent the day here, it is a beautiful place, first class all the way. There was a large reception – restaurant – lounge building, and individual bungalows for guests. All around this was a large expanse of lawn and hilly, open land beyond that. At a water hole in the distance buffalo were lying in the water, and white egret birds were on their backs, or standing nearby. Baboons were playing around the area, some came up very close to the lodge, I took some photos. There was a swim pool, Challis took a swim, I preferred to walk around and check on animals.

A gentleman from the lodge talked to me while I was watching baboons, He was an actor here on location, to make a movie "Sheena Of The Jungle". The recent unseasonable rains had delayed shooting scenes and he was taking a few days off here; there were 2 young fellows with him, the cameramen. They were all Americans. He was an avid talker, and very interesting, I told him the story of the "kill" by lions yesterday, that intrigued him for he has not seen any lions at all since coming to Africa. We were served a delicious buffet lunch, courtesy of the tour company, then sat around on the wide veranda. It rained again about 3:00 p.m., very hard. About 4:00 p.m. our relief van and driver appeared, we got in and left at 4:15 p.m. Now began a really wild ride!!! This driver, Ketano, could handle the car well but the ruts, puddles, pot holes, and generally bad road made us all hang on tight, and hope he made it safely. I thought the bottom would break again. He was driving very fast because one of our party, the lady from France, had to get a plane tonight in Nairobi.

Another danger was that animals kept darting out on the road in front of us, he would have to stop abruptly, turn off the headlights for a moment so the animal could see where to leap, then put them on again and proceed. This happened many times with zebra, antelope, wildebeast, buffalo and giraffe. Before it was dark, we saw some ostrich, 2 males, 2 females and some young ones. The males were fanning their huge black wings, with

orange tips, moving them back and forth as they ran. This is to attract the females. It was a lovely sight. When we reached the black top road at Narok, we had a much better ride. This road was built in the early 1940's by Italian prisoners, but it too was in bad shape after all those years, had not been maintained well. The edges were broken off, which left great holes, the driver had to sway back and forth to evade them, we bounced to the roof at times when he hit a hole. But we did make it safely, dropped the lady at the airport, we arrived at our hotel at 9:15 p.m. I had reserved a room, from Mara Serena, Challis and I shared it, we were quite weary, and retired quickly.

### **WEDNESDAY JANUARY 11**

I slept pretty well, though I did wake several times, it was chilly in our room. We were in the annex to the main hotel building, and I think this was the original, small hotel, built before the main, large building. The rooms were very big, had old style furniture, and the bath was in the hall. Everything was very neat and clean. After breakfast we were paying our bill, when a young male doctor from the Philippines, who was a friend of Challis' family, met her. She was to go to the Adventist School here, she will stay there tonight and I reserved a room again at this hotel. He drove us to the school where she left her suitcase, then into the downtown area and dropped us off. We went to the travel agency near the Hilton hotel, booked for a 4 day tour on safari at a different place, then also for an afternoon tour today to the Mayer Ranch, to see the Masai tribe village. We both changed money at the bank, then the travel clerk contacted Kenya Airlines and changed my return flight from Friday to Wednesday January 18. I'll stay longer. I sent a telex to Pat, back in Taif, telling him of change in flight plans. He picks me up in Jeddah and returns me to Taif. There is no regular transportation in Saudi, one has to make plans before leaving on a trip.

After our errands we shopped a bit, bought more film and I left 2 rolls to be developed. We had coffee (she had a milk shake) and rolls, then it was time to be picked up for the tour to Mayer Ranch. Challis is a vegetarian, doesn't drink tea, coffee, or alcohol, but it doesn't bother her to see me drink it – we discussed this before planning to travel together. The tour to the Ranch was wonderful, my friends back at Taif had told me to be sure and not miss it, they had been there when traveling to Africa a short time ago. The grounds are beautifully kept, spacious, with lovely flower beds, trees and vines, a stream and rapids area, there is a very large residence in the midst. The Mayer family, from England, bought it 47 years ago, and live there. They have an agreement with the Masai tribe, who use some natural acres of this area, to allow visitors to come in the afternoon, see their huts and way of living, and the males do their dances. It is not just a show for tourists, the tribal people live here and carry on their usual way of life. First we walked around the gardens, lawns, stream, then went about ¼ mile further into the Rift valley and sat on logs to watch the dancing. Their small, dome-shaped huts are also in this area. This tribe is very different, does not eat wild animal meat, dig in the ground or raise crops, they live mainly on blood from their cows or goats, mixed with milk, and occasional meat from their own animals. They use a red paste on their body for decoration, made from goat fat, red clay from the area, and ochre. This is also rubbed into the men's hair, which is braided into tiny strands, sometimes very long and hanging down. The women shave their heads, have no hair. They wear only a skirt, or toga, often the breasts are bare, red is the favorite color of

the material. They wear large beaded collars, which they make, also a beaded headband, and strings of beads.

Even though it is illegal to kill lions in Kenya, the young males do hunt them, to prove they are now entering manhood, and are a warrior. They go out in a small group, one will pull the tail of a lion (when they have found one), the lion will turn to see what is happening, then the others throw spears into the lion and kill him. They only keep the large mane, and it will be made into a tall hat for the one who pulled the tail. They may also keep some teeth, which they sell. A young English man, who lived at the Mayer ranch, gave me much information, said 6 warriors have died while on a lion hunt, they were mauled to death. After the kill they gather in a group and mumble, or moan low, moving their bodies, swaying side to side. This is a "funeral" lament for the lion; then they all run all the way back to their village, not stopping at all, even if it is 20 miles away. This ritual is very important in the tribe. They keep large herds of cattle, as they need the milk from the cows for their existence, and we saw many herds in fields, or along the road with a young male in attendance. They always carry the "runge" or big stick, and a shield for defense against another tribe, who might steal from the herd, or as defense against wild animals. They trade with other tribes for fur, which they use on their shields, or small cowrie shells from tribes who live close to the coast. These are sometimes used on the beaded neck collars for women, and represent fertility. A man may give this to a girl he wants for a wife, or to one of his wives, hoping she will have many children. A woman may have as many as 25 in her lifetime.

The males demonstrated their dancing, which consists of jumping straight up and down, as high as they can, and dancing in circle formation. One man in the group wore the high lion mane hat, all wore a simple length of red cloth wrapped around their body, were barefoot. After the dancing ritual, an older man motioned for us to walk over to the women, seated on the ground next to their huts, and look at the beaded objects they were selling, also some dried gourds. The young English man told us they speak the Masai language and that it is very difficult to learn, one would have to be with the tribe about 10 years, to become fluent in speaking it. It is not written, just learned orally. The people do not use any lights, just the ones who have made some money selling articles might have a small oil lamp. I went inside one of the huts, which are only about 5 feet tall. They are made of a framework of sticks stuck upright into the ground, and coated with soft mud and animal dung, which dries hard in the sun. The roof is dried straw covered with the mud and dung, the huts last only about a year (due to heavy rains) and it is the duty of the women to make the huts. I could not stand up straight inside, and it was so dark all I could distinguish was a place at the side to lie down, with a few covers there. There were remnants of a fire on the ground, right in the center, the ashes still felt warm. Since these people believe it is wrong to dig in the ground, they do not grow anything, or cook vegetables, they do not have utensils.

The blood they use, mixed with milk, is drawn from the neck vein of a cow, and if a goat is killed during a feast, that blood is saved in a hollowed out gourd. The Masai man, while on a grazing march with the herd, will get his nourishment by opening the vein with a sharp stick, suck out blood and drink it – then he makes a paste of spittle and dirt, sticks it on the small hole he made, and the bleeding stops, the cow is not harmed. They also chew a certain leaf from a bush, which has amphetamine properties, gives them a "hyper" feeling,

is done before going on a lion hunt. It gives them fearlessness and untiring energy, to run many miles back to their huts, without stopping. The tribe was found in the late 1700's when the first English explorers came through the Rift valley, their ways remain unchanged, they live close to the earth, as animals do. After viewing the tribe we returned to the gardens, and were served tea and biscuits on the lawn. This was one of the outstanding events of this trip, the tribe is so different!

## **THURSDAY JANUARY 12**

I really slept well last night, I think the best since arriving here. It was cloudy in the morning, but pleasant and cool. I had a big breakfast and was writing in my journal when the phone rang. It was the lady from Equatorial Travel, saying we could not go to the Mt. Kenya Safari Lodge on the 4 day tour we booked, as the share holders of the lodge were having a 5 day meeting, and no tourists were allowed to stay, at that time. Too bad, I had changed my flight especially to be able to go there.. Challis and I must go to the office and collect a refund, or go to some other place. Challis called me, from the Adventist School, I gave her the message. We met in front of the Pan Afric hotel, just a few blocks away from the Fairview, we walked downtown together, went to the city market. There were flowers, fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, hand made baskets, etc., for sale. Markets are always interesting to see. Then we stopped in a rug store, (the hand made Persian and Chinese rugs), Challis was interested in buying one – I liked one very much, but it was expensive, \$5000 for the 3 ½ by 5 foot size! Too much, but it was indeed beautiful. There were 4 men in the store, working on repairing rugs that had been damaged, making them look just like new, putting in one thread at a time, painstaking work!

Nest we went to the travel agency where we had booked the tour, and since we could not go to Mt. Kenya Lodge, decided on a 3 day safari trip, one night at the Treetops Lodge, two at Samburu, and a visit to Lake Naivasha on the way back to Nairobi. After walking back to Fairview hotel, I changed into swim suit and had a swim at the Pan Afric hotel across the street. Since Fairview does not have a pool, their guests use the one at the Pan Afric. It was very long, I swam a dozen or so lengths, then lay in the sun for a while. In the evening I re-packed items, taking only enough for 3 days in a backpack, I'll leave my large suitcase here at the hotel, reclaim it when I come back.

## **FRIDAY JANUARY 13**

The van from Rhino Tour Agency picked me up at 9:00 a.m., we drove to Adventist School and got Challis, then a few other people from 2 hotels. We drove north from Nairobi, the country was hilly, and very green. There were banana plantations, small patches of tobacco plants, vegetable gardens, pineapple plantations, and many areas of coffee bushes. We stopped at a coffee plantation, our driver showed us the bush. The green berries were lined thickly along a branch, they are picked by hand when they are red, and ripe. Picking is done 3 times a year, the beans are taken from their shell, dried outside on long wooden tables, then roasted. Kenya coffee is very good, I am enjoying it. We made a few more stops to see things, one was at Theca Falls, a pretty sight. Of course there are souvenir shops all over, with curios and hand made items.

We arrived at Nyeria, and the Outspan Hotel about 1:00 p.m. This was a very nice place, we had lunch, a large buffet of many foods – really too much lunch. Now we were assigned our rooms at the Treetop Lodge, where we would be staying tonight. This is built up on stilts, there is a large water hole in front, lights shine on it, and one can see various animals that come there during the night. There were 7 people in our van, we were the last group to arrive and be assigned rooms at Treetops. A British man working at the hotel recited in a singsong way, the rules to be observed, tried to put 3 ladies in our van into one room, really treated us poorly. He said there was one front room left for the 4 of us still not assigned to a room, and maybe we would have to flip a coin to see who got a good room. Mr. And Mrs. Posin, an American couple who were not afraid to speak up, resented his treatment, even though he had put them down for a front room, facing the water where the animals come. Since they were sort of “pushy” to get their room, I spoke up and said “that must leave Challis and I with a rear room – I was promised a front room too”. The man then said “well we will sort it all out when we arrive at Treetops”. Mr. And Mrs. Posin were unhappy about this, called the manager – he came, they explained what happened. He was very nice, said he would introduce us to Jimmy, the Treetops manager, and that I would be taken care of in good manner.

We proceeded to the Treetops Lodge, in the forest, and I was “taken care of”. They gave me Room A, the only one on the top floor with a private bath, and a balcony facing the water. Hearing this Mrs. Posin said (I think she was a bit jealous) “they gave you the Queen’s suite!” Princess Elizabeth from England was visiting here in 1952, when she was informed by telegraph that her father had died in England, she now had become the Queen. There was a plaque in the lobby stating this, I later found. Anyway it was a great room, we saw many animals. The Treetops is built on poles, and a tree grows right through it. It is 2 stories high, viewing is done from the roof, also from an open porch on the first floor. We had our private balcony! At 4:00 p.m. tea, coffee, scones and cookies were served on the roof patio. Dinner was at 8:00 p.m. in the dining room, we were seated at long tables, the centers had a sliding board, on wheels, so foods could be passed around this way. Jimmy, the manager, a Kenyan, apologized for the bad feelings at registration, and presented our table with a bottle of wine. We were told that in daytime, baboons would climb up the Treetops structure to the roof patio area, also would climb into open windows, go into rooms and pick up articles. We needed to keep the balcony door closed, when we leave, to keep them out. At night the lights on the structure would shine down onto the large water hole, where large animals come to drink and to lick salt blocks placed there, so people staying at Treetops Lodge can get very close views of the animals. The baboons return to the forest at night.

It was really a great night, saw so many animals! – at one time there were 32 elephants and 20 water buffalo down below, plus wart hogs and some impala, a fascinating sight. The elephants would run toward the wart hogs, raise their trunk in the manner of a charge, then would back off. A small group of them went off to the forest, we heard them trumpeting very loud, then heard the crashing of branches – we wondered what they were doing. Some hyenas came, walked around stealthily, the ducks on the water made a lot of racket when the hyenas appeared. We watched until about 11:00 p.m. Since we were at about 6400 feet elevation, near Mt. Kenya, it was cold at night. I put on pajamas and a sweat suit over them, while watching from the balcony, just took off the jacket when I retired. I rose

about 4 times to look out, always saw water buffalo, once saw 2 mongoose down below. At 4:45 a.m. a guard knocked on everyone's door, shouted "rhino". This animal is not sighted very often, so they alerted people when it appeared. Many people got up to look, I did too, and he was right below, in the light. Rhinos are very large, ferocious looking, have a horn on the end of their snout. He stayed around about 10 minutes, then one of the spectators made a noise, it startled the animal and he left, into the darkness. We were happy, saw the rhino!

## **SATURDAY JANUARY 14**

Since I awoke for the rhinoceros, I decided to stay up and see if anything else would come along. I wrapped myself in a blanket and went up on the roof. I could hear the sounds of baboons in the forest, the low "bark" of the old males, then the lighter sounds of females and chatter of the young. An occasional shrill call of the hyena filled the stillness, several of them walked the perimeter of the lighted area, I only saw 2 of them come close to the building. A mongoose walked in the lighted area, near the salt block. About 45 minutes later I went to our room and sat on the balcony to watch the red glow of sunrise appear in the east. I love the early morning, the sky became beautiful, a new day. After dressing, we went down to the lobby, where coffee was served, everyone discussed what they had seen during the night. Then we all walked about 2 blocks, back to the bus that had brought us here. It delivered us back to the Outspan Hotel, where breakfast was served. Jimmy, the manager of Treetops approached me, asked if everything had been o.k. at Treetops, I said yes and thanked him for the especially nice room and the wine. Mr. and Mrs. Posin were going back to U.S. today, from Nairobi, and I gave them 2 letters for my daughters Mary, and Judy, asking Mary to forward hers to son Tom. They should receive them before I return to my work in Saudi Arabia.

We were then taken in a different van, driven by Joe Jiguna, a native Kenyan, who proved to be very nice. There were 2 more passengers, both having jobs in Saudi, a girl named Susan who works in Tabuk, and a man, John Doyle who works as an accountant in the new King Faisal hospital in Riyadh. They were vacationing, as I was. We were driven to a different area, the air now became warmer, I took off my sweat shirt. There were beautiful views of Mt. Kenya, in the distance; we passed through a good sized town, Nyeria. At one point we crossed the equator, there was a sign there informing people, we stopped for pictures. Joe, the driver, said it is a custom that when crossing the equator to take a small drink of whiskey, Susan had some Chivas Regal with her, so we took pictures as we fulfilled the custom. Challis did not take alcohol.

We arrived at our destination, Samburu Lodge, about 1:00 p.m., another beautiful resort. Lunch was served in the spacious dining room, which was open on one side and colorful birds which flew about, could enter from feeder stations just outside. There were many of them. The Vwaso Nyiro river flowed past the resort, it was brownish-red in color and crocodiles lay lazily in it. After eating we had time to relax in our lovely room, on the upper floor. It had a balcony overlooking the green grass below, there was a sign to be sure and close windows, and door, when leaving, for monkeys could enter. Sure enough! When we returned later, there was one out on the balcony. The room had twin beds, with mosquito

canopy above, private bath, shelves for luggage, closet, was very spacious. We had a swim in the pool, enjoyed relaxing for a while.

At 4:00 p.m. we were taken out in a van, on safari. Now we saw so many different animals, stopping now and then so we could take photos. There were zebra, elephants, regular giraffes and also the reticulated one (darker brown color, with white), gazelles, the dik diks, tiny gazelles, a gerenuk (the gazelle with a long neck), oryx, with large horns, and herds of impalas – they ran so fast! We even saw a leopard, got quite close to him as he lay near a bush, and felt quite satisfied at seeing so many animals. On returning to the lodge, we watched 12 very large crocodiles come up out of the river, and wait for their nightly feeding of left-over meat from the restaurant. I did get pictures of them. We had a nice dinner (I ordered steak), our friends were seated with us. John ordered a bottle of champagne because it was Susan's birthday, I had a toast with them. After dinner we went to the large veranda where tea and coffee were served. We met 2 American men who work in Cairo, for General Dynamics Company, they were training Egyptian men in aircraft work, and all visited, had interesting discussions about our work places. About 10:30 p.m. we retired, felt this had been another wonderful day.

## **SUNDAY JANUARY 15**

I awoke at daylight, watched the sky get lighter. It is Sunday morning, would have gone to church, as is my custom, but none available here, so said some prayers before rising. Looking out of the porch window as I dressed, saw 3 crocodiles swim lazily by – I surely don't see this from my window back home! After breakfast we left in a van at 8:30 a.m., to look for wild game. On this 3 ½ hour trip we did see a lot, including ostrich, first a male, later on, a female and I got pictures. We came upon a whole herd of elephants, including some young, bathing in a river, also got some shots of a group coming through a forest and breaking branches. They eat the soft pulp just under the bark of trees, really destroy much in the forest. Again, all the oryx, zebra, grant's gazelles, impalas, baboons, storks were seen. We made a stop at Buffalo Springs, where water bubbles up from the ground and makes a pool – I put my feet in, the water was cool and clear. Next we drove to Buffalo Springs Lodge, stopped to rest and have a cool drink. We had hoped to see a lion, but no luck today. Returning to Samburu, I decided to take a swim instead of feasting at lunch, did that, relaxed in the sun, swam again. Then I had just soup and a small pudding. I washed my soiled clothes, hung them to dry on hangers, out on the balcony chairs. At 2:30 p.m. there was an exhibition of the male dancers of the Samburu tribe, it was very much like the dancing at the Masai village, in fact the two tribes call themselves cousins. I did enjoy seeing it all.

At 4:00 p.m., safari time again, Challis, John and Susan decided they did not want to go out again, so the driver Joe Jiguna and I went, hoping to see more of the "big 5 animals", those more uncommon ones – leopard, cheetah, rhino, hippo, lion. Driving along slowly we saw a very large covey of guinea fowl, grey and blue in color, close to the van. As we were near the spot where we saw the leopard yesterday, several vans were stopped so people could see it, lying under a bush – suddenly it left the bush area into the cleared space, walked right behind our car! I got a very good shot of it, with the camera, was so happy about this. Joe then drove along again, we conversed, he was pleasant and educated, told

me many things about the animals. As we were about to head back, another van driver told him there was a lion seen in a clearing nearby, he drove there. And we saw something even better! 3 cheetas lying down, and chewing on the bones of an impala. He got very close, I did obtain pictures. I was happy, now I have seen all of the big 5 animals. On returning, told my friends and they were sorry they had not gone out with me.

## **MONDAY JANUARY 16**

Slept so well, here at Samburu Lodge, good bed with mosquito canopy over the bed (though I never saw any), warm air, pleasant room. We had to get up early this morning and be ready to depart at 7:30 a.m. I had packed up last evening, so it did not take long to get ready. We had breakfast, then went out with driver Joe Jiguna. As we were leaving the reservation area, I saw a lioness walking on the right side of the road in the grassy area, no one else saw her, I called out "lion". Joe stopped, she was walking toward the road and our car. Everyone got cameras out – I had to put in a new roll of film, was sorry I had not done that last evening. As the lioness came toward us, I could see 2 small cubs following her, she nonchalantly kept walking toward the road, the cubs, like 2 small kittens, ran along after her. Some of the clumps of grass, plus little dips in the ground, made them tumble a bit, it was so cute to watch them. I did get pictures, though was still working with new film when she was right outside our car, felt happy to film this scene. We had seen a lot of lions at Mara Serena, but never any tiny cubs. Everyone in the car said I deserved a big star, for sighting the mother and babies.

We continued driving over bumpy roads, and much dust, until coming to Lake Nakuru and the reserve there. The countryside was very beautiful, hills, groves of evergreen trees, some wild bush land, and areas of farming. At one point we saw a giraffe's head sticking up above trees, it looked so funny. The agricultural areas were well taken care of, looked prosperous and showed people were industrious. I had thought they might be inclined to be lackadaisical, living in such a warm country. Education is very important here, and we noted schools everywhere, except on the animal reservations. In very rural areas elementary school children were seen, they wore uniforms of colored blouses and skirts, shorts, or pants – different colors appeared in varied locations. In the rural areas women carried huge bundles of sticks on their backs, and maybe a baby or small child in a wrapper at chest or abdomen. Some women had baskets or bundles on their heads, balanced them so gracefully as they walked. Men also carried bundles on their backs, some drove donkey carts carrying water barrels, or other items in the cart. The children would wave at us, sometimes adults did too. If we stopped at an interesting spot, the Thompson Falls, for instance, men approached the car with local items for sale. I wanted to barter with the natives, so Joe said he would stop at a small market place, and I did successfully trade 2 t-shirts, 2 blouses and a pair of socks for 2 large pieces of "Kachina" material, with Swahili proverbs printed on them. One says "If you issue angry words, it makes everything explode angrily", the other, "The house is full", which may be said if you don't want neighbors to drop in. Joe interpreted for me. These pieces of cloth are worn, draped over one shoulder, or wrapped tightly around the body, just under the armpits.

The temperature was cool in this area, we were near Mt. Kenya again and at a high elevation. Everyone had sweaters on. In some places it reminded me of Colorado, U.S.A,

with waving fields of grain, large corn fields, rolling hills, evergreen trees in many places, and flamboyant, flowering trees also. This is a very beautiful part of Africa. We stopped at Lake Nakuru where millions of flamingos make their habitat. It was astounding to see so many, they waded in the shallows, eating algae from the bottom, their lovely pink feathers in view almost as far as the eye could see. There are also pelicans further out on the water. Next we proceeded to Lake Naivasha and the hotel on the shoreline there. Our driver Joe, and passengers Susan and John left us here, we had lunch at the Lion Head Camp, they went on for a further tour. Challis and I transferred to a nice van for the ride back to Fairview Hotel in Nairobi. Arriving there in about 2 ½ hours, I was glad to relax, bathe and rest. I had a room reserved, Challis went to the Adventist School. In the evening she called me saying she wanted to go to Ambuselli, and another safari, I decided to stay here in Nairobi. The long ride today, over bumpy, dusty roads, was long and tiring, I prefer now to stay here, look around in Nairobi. There was a TV, I enjoyed watching "West Side Story" again, though I had seen it before.

## **TUESDAY JANUARY 17**

I slept very well, my body felt good, is cooperating nicely on this trip. It felt good not to have to hurry with shower, and dressing, took my time, then went to breakfast. Afterward I made a phone call to Lloyd Marten's friend here, with a message from Lloyd, the man Stan Taylor works here in Nairobi, but he was out of town, I left the message. Then I decided to walk to downtown, about a 20 minute walk, it was pleasantly cool, I didn't need a sweater. People were busily going about their business, Kenya does not seem to be an idle nation. I walked to a large church I had noted on Uhuru highway, the architecture was lovely. It was a Lutheran church, there was another one across the corner, I walked there, the door was not open, it was St. Paul's Catholic church. I studied the map I used, as I walked toward the business district, a young man asked if he could help me. After giving me directions to the New Stanley Hotel, he said he was a student at the University in Nairobi, was from Uganda (the country next to Kenya). His visa had run out for Kenya, but now he and 20 other students could not go home, because of political problems there. The other students and himself are refugees here. Later, I learned this is true. He asked about possibilities of studying in America, talked for a while, said funds for his group had run out, even getting meals was difficult, for these Uganda nationals cannot be hired, in Kenya. I offered him 20 S, said it was a small amount, but would get him food. Guess it was my little act of charity for the day.

I found the Thorn Tree Patio refreshment place at the Stanley hotel. They have a message board on a tree that grows right in the middle of the patio, it is pretty. I left a message on the board for John and Susan, who were with us the past 2 days. They plan to come to this spot, on return to Nairobi, hopefully they will see it. People from all over, traveling in Africa, leave messages on the board. I rested on the patio, had a cup of GOOD Kenya coffee and a sandwich. Then, walking around I bought 2 white shirts with a Kenya logo, 2# of Kenya coffee, a few post cards, then confirmed my flight for tomorrow night, back to Jeddah, and my work in Saudi. I found there is a bus to the airport, which I can take. Walking back toward the Fairview again, I saw a tall church steeple on the next street, walked to it, was the Holy Family Cathedral, there was a school and a bookstore next to it. If I had known of this church sooner, would have tried to attend a mass. I went in, made a visit, prayed in

thanks for this good trip. Several people also dropped in to pray a bit, came and went, it was nice to see this. Going on to my hotel, I changed clothes, went to the pool and had a swim. It is a large pool, I could do a lot of lengths, the exercise felt good.

In the early evening I watched the 6:00 p.m. showing of "Shogun", a very good film. When the movie was over, I went outside to the large lawn where there are many tables and chairs. The moon was full and bright, many stars were in the sky, the air was warm. I sat at a table, enjoying nature. In a little while a man came and spoke to me, politely asked if I was enjoying the evening. I replied that I was, he asked if he could sit down. We talked, he told me he was a Scotsman, has a ranch in Meru area, near Mr. Kenya, said he was a bushman. This stimulated conversation, told him my maiden name was Bushman, just a coincidence. He related that he and his wife live "in the bush" at Meru, raise cattle, sheep and goats. He comes to Nairobi once a month to get spare parts for machines, do business, etc. and always stays at the Fairview, they all know him well here. He called a waiter over, ordered a drink, and offered me one. I took Sprite. He asked what I was doing here, etc., was interested in hearing about Saudi Arabia; we swapped stories, mine of Saudi Arabia, his of living in the bush with natives all around, and wild animals. His wife often takes in baby animals, deserted by mother, raises them on a bottle – even a baby elephant (which later died). It was interesting, and nice to have someone to talk to. He knew the waiter, and gave him 200 S (a loan) because the man's little girl was sick, in a hospital away from Nairobi, and the man needed money to go to this place and see his daughter. He said that the waiter would return the loan, was a trustworthy person. After an hour conversation I excused myself, went to my room, and repacked the suitcase and the red nylon bag, so everything would be handy for my return to Jedda, and staying at the beach before the drive up the escarpment to Taif, and the hospital where I work. I retired about 10:30 p.m.

### **WEDNESDAY JANUARY 18**

My last day in Kenya! I wanted to take the National Forest tour, or the Bomas tribal dancers viewing, but on investigation, found that I would get back into Nairobi too late to make connections to the airport, so dropped the idea. I walked to the business district again, had some lunch, made a short visit to the church again on the way back to Fairview Hotel. There I sat on the shady lawn, wrote a couple of letters, wrote in my journal, enjoyed the pleasant grounds of this homey hotel. I am so glad Challis knew of it, and told me about it. The flowers, shrubs, landscaping are all lovely. Then I got my suitcase out of storage, paid my bill, and took a cab to the Kenya Airways terminal, where there should have been a bus at 4:45 p.m. I waited, and waited, no bus appeared at the appointed time. The desk clerk said there would be one at 5:15 p.m. – that one did not come! I asked her to check again, they said a call would come soon, it did not, so I asked to speak to the manager, and get a voucher for a cab, as they had promised service.

He found out that both buses had broken down, and finally, at 6:15 p.m. he took me to the airport himself, apologized on behalf of Kenya Airways, for the delay. At the airport, people were already in line to check in for flight #302 to Jedda, I joined them. We had to pay \$8 departure tax, U.S. dollars were accepted. This time I had it, for I had changed a \$100 bill yesterday, into smaller bills. Then we had to produce the exchange-money sheet we had received, on entering the country, I had only 50 Kenya shillings left, and exchanged it,

received \$3 plus 50 S. They do not carry U.S. coins. Then, it was back to the baggage line, I did not have to pay overweight, 20 kilos was allowed, I had 22 ½ kilos, they passed me through. I carried on my red nylon bag, stuffed with the Kenya big bag that I bought, various gifts, camera, a few clothes, shoes and safari hats. I had the yellow back-pack on, with passport, ticket, few essential items, it served as my purse. I always use this when traveling, never carry a purse that hangs from a shoulder.

We boarded, were about to leave at 8:00 p.m. but the motors stopped, the captain said there would be a delay as one of the motors (the one on the right) did not start properly. Well, the mechanics all looked into the jet with flashlights, milled around, then the pilot and co-pilot came out and looked. They then announced that they would try to start the motors again – yet, no luck. After a while an announcement came that the motor had fired up all the time, but the indicator for that motor, on the control panel, was faulty, and was being replaced, and we would take off. Well, we did so, shortly after, and all went well on the flight. I was glad they noted the problem, before we took off, not while in the air. I have been flying all over the world in past few years, have had lot's of delays, but never any real trouble. No one was sitting next to me, all seats were empty, and I stretched out. A stop was made at Khartoum, Sudan, and very many black, Sudanese men got on, wearing their white, loose, flowing thaubes and white wrapped turban head dress. No one took the empty seats near me, I could still relax.

We made up the lost time, on leaving Kenya, and arrived in Jeddah on time. Going through immigration, and customs, was very easy this time, the man hardly looked into my bags, just asked if I had any whiskey, or dirty pictures. I was carrying the carved statues of the Masai natives, almost naked, also some booklets and post cards with half-dressed natives shown, and wondered if they would be taken from me, but he didn't search my bags at all. Sometimes they go through everything. Saudi Arabia is very protective about what is brought into the country.

I wheeled my bags out of the terminal, and there was Pat waiting for me. He had received my telegraph message. He had to be in Jeddah, with 2 of his crew, to be sure the King's helicopter was put safely on a ship to Italy, where it receives maintenance. They had been in Jeddah 3 days already, before their task was finished. He had made a reservation for me at the Albilad Hotel, he, Jim Lisk and Frank were staying there too, had rooms on the first floor; mine was on the 5th floor – I received a discount, from my work and NME Company, so the cost was 200 Riyals (the Saudi money). I was so tired, it was 2:45 a.m. when I retired, could not sleep right away. He called me on the phone at 7:00 a.m. to see if I wanted to eat breakfast with the three of them, but I was too tired, said I would meet them at noon, when they returned to the hotel for lunch, and departure for Taif. I did get up after 9:00 a.m.. saw the pool down below, inquired about hours for women (which were from 9 to 11:30 a.m.) and I did have a nice swim. There are rules in Saudi that require separate swim hours for men, and for women and children.

I was dressed and ready to leave when the men came to the hotel, we had lunch, and left Jeddah for the 2 ½ hour ride across the desert, and up the mountain escarpment, to the town of Taif, and the hospital where I work. So this was the end of the Kenya trip, I found it

very enjoyable. I had always put it low, on my choice of places to travel on my leave, but found I was underestimating Kenya!!

Irma Kackert -- typed on computer in 2003 at age 87