

TWO WAYS TO KILL AN ELEPHANT
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With an avowed objective of "The increase of knowledge and information among its members on subjects relating to the Arts, Biography, History and the Sciences" The society has characteristically received papers on current topics which have offered wider vistas of acquaintance, provided material for vigorous discussion and have reflected the attitude, training, vocabulary and prejudices of its members. After hearing last month's two excellent papers and anticipating one of equally high caliber from my co-presenter, it would seem necessary to make a change in pace in order to not compete in the same arena. Accordingly, I have elected to use a different format, one of a travel diary, which recorded personal experiences, and which will make it easier for other presenters in comparison. By using a Travel Diary composed of personal experiences and observations, it is dedicated to the proposition that I can create a low baseline for the present to make it appear that progress has been made in future presentations.

Travel has always been considered a broadening experience and in 19th Century Britain, young men in the Upper Classes often spent a Wanderjahr on the Continent before returning home to enter business. There is little evidence they ever kept a record of their peccadillos however. Formal diary keeping while traveling goes back as least as far as Moses, and Marco Polo certainly opened

the eyes of Europeans after reporting on his 20 year journey to the Court of Kublai Khan and adventures en route. The accounts of Captain James Cook in his exploration of the South Seas and of Portuguese explorer Bartholomew Diaz as he charted the West Coast of Africa and discovered of the Cape of Good Hope make fascinating Reading. " African Creeks I Have Been Up" is a delightful collection of letters written from the wife of an American Engineer in West Africa to her college age daughters at home and points out the great cultural chasm which separates the two cultures.

The inscription inside the cover of my travel diary reads thusly: " 1971 Short Term Mission of Bill, Marilyn, Mary Lane and Betsy Rowlett to Luampa Mission Hospital, Luampa., Zambia, through MAP. Inc. from July 28 - August 29, 1971." There is also a scripture promise from Psalm 16:18 - " I have set the Lord before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." It was quite a trip which covered some 20 thousand miles and four continents

Wednesday, July 28, ¹⁹⁷¹~~2004~~: The day of departure was a busy one with a late start. We were all exhausted from late bedtimes in the preceding evenings. Marilyn had packed our travel clothes so it was largely a matter of rounding up the clothes and articles needed for 8 month old Janey, and 10 year old John for the next month while staying with their grandmother. We also had enough drugs, surgical supplies, and instruments to do 80 cases of eye surgery. It

involved packing 5 suit cases, 3 flight bags, one cosmetic case, one brief case, a suit bag, playpen, stroller, diaper pail and other items necessary for an infant. We drove to Taylorsville for an overnight and to get the two "orphans" settled. Departing from Louisville's Standiford Field for Miami the next afternoon, we changed planes in Atlanta and then made our 8:30 pm departure on Pan-American Airlines to Rio. At our stop in Caracas, Venezuela a big palava ensued when a plane load of kids headed back home to Sao Paulo boarded with many handbags but there were not enough seats to hold them. The air was filled with cries in anguished Portuguese but one hour later, the uproar settled down and we took off on the last leg of our flight to Rio de Janeiro.

Friday, July 30: Upon arrival at Galeao Airport on Governors Island, and debarkation through Customs, we were met by Jim Allen, a Missionary friend, who greeted us warmly. We taxied across town through the dense early morning traffic past wharves and down Rio Branco, the main drag past the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and finally to Flamengo Beach and the Argentine Hotel. After a nap, we had lunch and ordered the cheapest item on the menu - T-bone Steak, before taking a walk on Flamengo Beach where swimmers, kite fliers, fisherman and soccer players were having a good time. On a Cab ride to the Varig Office to reconfirm our Sunday Flight to Johannesburg, we drove along broad avenues like Madrid, narrow tree lined streets a la Paris, and multi-storied concrete buildings ← reminiscent of Taipei. I suspected reconfirmation was a dodge to keep an eye on

tourists rather than anything else.

Saturday, July 31: " The Radio says it will rain today, but it is sometimes wrong", the Concierge told us. Today it was fortunately wrong. South of the Equator it was winter and a cloudy overcast prevailed. Our suite had two bedrooms and a balcony overlooking the street so we enjoyed a nice breakfast in the room while Mary Lane, 15 and Betsy 13, sat in the balcony and watched the crowd and traffic go by. After a conference in the Lobby, Jim led us on a tour starting with a careening bus ride to the base of Sugar Loaf where we boarded a two-stage cable car to the summit for a gorgeous though hazy view of the City spread out like a blanket draped over pillows and edged with white beaches. Copacabana beach was next on the itinerary as we jockeyed with Volkswagens of every conceivable size and shape along with small Chevys, Fords and other makes but interestingly enough no Datsuns or Toyotas. Copa Beach was beautiful, three miles long and 200 yards wide, with an 8 lane boulevard separating it from 20 - 30 story hotels and filled with sun bathers, futbol (soccer) enthusiasts, volley ball games, ice cream vendors, beverage hawkers, and pitchmen of every ilk. After lunch at an Italian Restaurant, and being introduced to the national soft drink - Guarana - we haggled with a taxi driver for a ride to the top of Corcavado where a 100 ft. statue of Christ the Redeemer with outstretched arms stands on the 2000 ft .crest where it can be seen all over the City. Our driver dashed through the traffic weaving in and out, an artist of the near-miss, zipping

through tunnels and traffic before beginning a strained drive up the tortuous cobble-stoned road to the top racking though the gears while the 50 HP engine wheezed and panted. We were disappointed to find a dense rain cloud enshrouding the crest and Christ and descended to a vantage point 500 feet below the statue. The sun shone intermittently but we could see the city below and the favellas, hillside shacks tiered precipitously on the slopes where 500,000 people live in dire poverty. In the city below were many Futbal stadia including Maracana Estadio, the world's largest, with a seating capacity of 200,000 people and home of the national team, although each area had it's own team with highly partisan fans. The clouds parted briefly and we could see the face of Christ. Evening traffic proved more hazardous than daytime and pedestrian chicken was a popular sport so we went to bed shortly after supper at an unfashionably early hour.

Monday. August 2: We had a nice flight across the South Atlantic from Rio to Johannesburg on the day before, but our flight was late and we were housed in a Hotel at the Jan Smutts Airport, under construction, but with a rude surprise. Our tickets had indicated a flight from Joburg to Victoria Falls, Rhodesia the following morning but the sad truth was it left from Salisbury, Rhodesia instead and there were no more flights North that evening. Resigned to our fate, we went to bed rather exhausted and the next morning took a bus into the city and looked around at the downtown, Afrikaan Museum and toured the Witwatersrand

Medical School. It was chilly, in the high 30's and our sweaters felt pretty good. A further shock awaited us when I went to have our tickets reissued. Mr. Sahd, the Chief ticket agent for SAA, sadly informed us that our tickets had been filled out incorrectly and that we owed an additional \$ 350 dollars because our flight from Miami to Rio had landed in Caracas. He was hamstrung by IATA rules and SAA would be liable if he reissued our tickets. He suggested that we spend two more days in South Africa and then it would only cost us \$ 320 more dollars. Faced with an impasse, I decided to just buy tickets to Salisbury for \$ 240 and to prevail on Air Rhodesia to reissue the tickets for the remainder of the trip when we arrived. We returned to our room where we prayed first and then I got madder and madder, finally calling the U.S. Embassy where a nice-sounding chap offered tea and sympathy but dropped an off-hand suggestion that maybe I could contact Pan-Am who would be opening an office in the new Airport. I practically ran to the Pan-Am office, not really open yet and with just a card table and two chairs, and explained our dilemma to the manager, Mr. Schoulz who reacted with a " Not that again" expression. He rapidly went into action and had his Secretary go with me to accost Mr. Sahd. It rather took the old boy by surprise and he meekly refunded our money while Pan Am reissued our tickets. By 6:40 pm we were winging our way on an Air Rhodesia Vickers Viscount to Salisbury and an overnight at the Meckles Hotel.

Tuesday, August 3: The travel alarm blew us out of bed at 5 am and by 6:10 the

dawn was breaking as we drove to the Airport in Salisbury. There were several 15 to 20 story buildings in the downtown area while in residential areas the houses were of English Mediterranean style, one story, with high transoms . Scrubby trees lined the streets and many Africans were walking to work. Most of the cars were Holdens, Vauxhalls or Morris' with a smattering of Volks. Rhodesia didn't appear to be an impoverished nation. Our flight to Victoria Falls was in a Hawker Siddley prop-jet over a ^P sere brown landscape with scattered bush, mesas and wadis passing monotonously by underneath. Finally the Zambezi river appeared below, at first straight and then snaking back and forth through ever deepening canyons. Suddenly we caught sight of the falls, a magnificent sight with the mile-wide river plunging 300 feet into a narrow gorge and a mist which rose about 1000 feet into the air. In the Shona tongue it is called Mosi-o-Tonya - the smoke that thunders. David Livingston was apparently the first white man to view the falls around 1857 and named it for Queen Victoria. We landed on the Rhodesian side, bussed to the downtown terminal and boarded an Air Rhodesia bus to reach the bridge over the Zambezi which formed the border but had to then walk the 100 yards across and carry our luggage to the Zambian side. The Zambia customs were very sticky in contrast to the friendly young Rhodesians. We took a walking tour of the Falls area, exchanged some money at the rate of one Kwacha = \$1.42 US, ate lunch and checked the desk at the Northwest Hotel where Bob Boxley, a Journeyman from Hopkinsville now stationed in Botswana was supposed to meet us. Instead of Bob, the desk clerk had a letter addressed

to us in which Bob expressed his regrets at not being able to make it. The flight to Lusaka lasted about an hour and we were met at the impressive new International Airport at Lusaka by the Warburtons. Mike was a Brit while his wife was an American and they had met serving under AEF. He had Meningo-encephalitis 17 years before and was a paraplegic but it didn't keep him from doing almost everything including driving which he managed with a specially equipped auto. The city was spread out all over the place and we passed a newly constructed Convention Center built to host the Pan-African Congress. On Cairo Road, the main drag, were mostly one and two story buildings except for one block which held 30 story buildings - but nothing behind them. Africa Evangelical Fellowship headquarters were located in a nice suburban villa with a large garden, orchard and guest house where we spent the night. AEF has 125 missionaries in Zambia and operate the hospital and school at Mukinge, the Hospital at Luampa plus other mission stations. When Mary Lane took a bath some shrimp-like creatures came out of the bath tub spout and caused some degree of consternation. Welcome to the real Africa.

Wednesday, August 9: After a 2 hour flight from Lusaka to Kaoma we landed on the dirt strip and taxied up to the thatch roofed terminal where the only white face belonged to our host, Dr. Gordon Jones. After loading up the Land Rover we stopped for supplies at a sparsely provisioned wholesale store. The Owner was fascinated by 13 year old Betsy with her long blonde hair and offered to buy her

for a wife for \$ 200. I suggested 200 cows, to Marilyn's horror, which he rejected amid much laughter. The road to Luampa led over a short stretch of tarmac leading to a stretch of rough road followed by a two lane sandy stretch ending at the village of Luampa with round mud brick huts topped by conical thatch. After crossing a narrow one-lane bridge over a swampy river, we arrived at the Mission Compound that contained the Hospital, a Church, School and a few mission houses. Gordon and Jeanette lived in a new white block house furnished comfortably with a fireplace, stuffed chair and couch and end tables. Jeanette, a slender red-head, greeted us with a hug and big smile while little pixie Joanna, tippy-toed around among the visitors. After a lunch featuring buffalo meat followed by a nap, Gordon led us across the sand to the cantonment-style one-story hospital with a tin roof where we met Helen Dueck, the surgical nurse, and her crew , John and Moses. There were two work rooms and a nice operating theatre, with a smattering of eye instruments on hand, and we unpacked our cache of instruments and supplies. Dr. John Gooch from New Orleans, had retired and donated his eye instruments which we brought along with us, While Marilyn and Helen worked out the logistics. Gordon and I saw patients and scheduled three cataracts and a trachomatous entropion for surgery the next day. Gordon very much wanted someone to come over and help him learn how to do Cataract surgery so we were eager to provided OJT. He not only caught on to the technique rapidly but later taught 5 or 6 other Missionary Doctors how to do the surgery and did several thousand cases in the years

ahead. There was only one Ophthalmologist to serve the entire country of 6 million people and he was 300 miles away so the need was great. Fatigue and Africa's revenge caught up with us that night, our first in Barotseland.

August 5: In Zambia, winter snows are rare and frost occurs only every four years. The nights are chilly but by mid-day it is very pleasant. We huddled around the fireplace in sweaters for morning devotions before walking to the hospital for surgery. Gordon greeted the workmen with "Changway-Mani or good morning and in reply received the same greeting. "Manduka" followed as a question - how did you sleep last night? Muahinduka as an answer meant I slept well, while Mahufu translated " I only got up half-way", and even worse Mkanjuhundukile was " I didn't get up at all this morning." It takes a real linguist around here since patients speak Luchasi, Lozi, Nkoya, Nbunda, Luvale and Chinkoya plus other languages. Each of the mission staff tried to learn a different tongue when they first arrived. Our first experience in the OR went well as we worked on the system and in the afternoon clinics there was a lot of pathology. The Hospital Matron or Nursing Supervisor as we call her was Evelyn Hatton and her duties included screening outpatients and supervising the Zambian national nurses in their duties. We had two summer RN's from North America, Karen Peterson from Wheaton, IL and Doris Trinkle from Toronto in addition to Anne Tibbe who was there for two years as were Sandy Erwin, Lab Tech, and Ann Hall a Physiotherapist. Corky Falk from Canada is the maintenance man and jack of

all trades who keeps everything running, while Don Amborski was the Mission pilot and Station Chief. The latter two were away returning the MK's to school at Sakaji after winter vacation. The schools are on the British system with a three month term followed by a three week vacation.

August 6: We were getting in the swing and working our surgery around Gordon's general surgery practice, plus making ward rounds, seeing patients in the Clinics, etc. Seven patients were referred in from Mongu, about 110 miles to the west in the Western Province. All the hospitals are subsidized and cooperate in referring patients when a visiting specialist comes to any one of them. Ruth Kingston, the nurse at the Leper Colony, dropped by and invited Mary Lane and Betsy to go with her to Kaba Hill, a village about 80 miles out in the bush, and Betsy accepted the invitation.

August 7: After morning clinics we went over to the Chimbolio or convalescent village over by the airstrip. There were about 400 huts there where entire families stay when a family member is recovering from surgery, undergoing prolonged treatment or perhaps an insulin-dependent Diabetic. The people were busy, ^{omit} cooking, grinding cassavas, making fish traps and other activities. About sunset we heard a death wail. A young woman had died on the ward. She had delivered in the village but had a retained placenta and bled down to 4 grams of hemoglobin , coming in three days later. Blood transfusions and intensive

antibiotics failed to stem the tide. If the people would just come in sooner. We bathed by candle light - the diesel generator goes off at 10 pm.

August 8: Morning Church was interesting. The building itself was constructed of mud-fired brick made on the compound. The men sat on grass mats in the central area with the children up front and women on either side. The Elders sat in chairs around the front while the Evangelist and Song Leader sat on the podium. Around 10 am, the choir came to the front from out of the congregation and sang many songs, all verses, many with familiar melodies. The sermon was based on John 5 - The Important Man - and Gordon gave us a running translation. When the preacher paused to clear his throat often a group would stand up and sing a song or two. Finally around 1 pm, the service was over and groups of ladies in their colorful African finery gathered outside for conversation. Gordon introduced us to the Nduma, a local Chief who held a hereditary position.

August 12: Betsy returned from Kaba Hill bushed and hungry. She had slept in the Land Rover, a tent, and an African hut but had an interesting and memorable time of it. Gordon related that the commonest operations here are hysterectomy, splenectomy, and herniorrhaphy. while appendicitis, gall bladder disease and colon cancer are virtually nonexistent in the African population. On ward rounds I noted the following: Osteomyelitis, Tubovarian Abscess, Measles, Whooping Cough, Tracheo-bronchitis, Leprosy, TB, Filariasis, Bilharzia, and Amoebiasis.

Almost everyone has hookworm, malaria, anemia, plus protein and iron deficiency.

August 12: Gordon woke up dizzy this morning which he sometimes does. His one lung works fine but the other one had two operations for bronchiectasis. Malaria is a constant threat as well not to mention the other tropical diseases present. He called Luampa the Hookworm Capital of the World, located at the northern end of the Kalahari Desert where the sand is about 60 feet deep. It was pretty chilly and when we got to the Hospital and the workmen were gathered around a fire until Gordon yelled at Abraham to crank up the diesel generator so that surgery could begin. After surgery, we heard a plane overhead and shortly thereafter Gordon Bakke, the pilot from Mukinge appeared at the Hospital. We loaded up supplies for two days of surgery at Mukinge and packed them into the Cessna 180 before strapping in and after a short take-off roll from the dirt strip were airborne. The bush stretched out below and our pilot pointed out elephant tracks around some of the water holes but no animals were seen. About two hours later the Mukinge station loomed ahead with a small clump of hills and we flared out over the Hospital to land on an 800 meter strip just behind it. Three Doctors awaited us as we taxied up to the hanger, Jim Foulkes, Bob Wenninger and Camille Jameson who greeted us warmly. It turned out that Jim had been a good friend of my Med School room-mate Don Howard when they were in College at Asbury so we had lots to talk about. We made rounds after dinner and

turned up several good operative cases for the next day and saw several cases of Sleeping Sickness -Trypanosomiasis - and a man gored in the thigh by a Cape Buffalo.

August 13: We operated long and hard, refreshed by a 20 minute break with even a piece of birthday cake baked in honor of the Hospital Matron. The surgery went swimmingly well with the aid of Helen and the ^{Zambian} Zedeann students who helped out with fresh sterile supplies. After screening patients for the next day's surgery, we went to the Foulkes home for dinner and conversation. On the wall above our bedroom door was an elephant gun, and Jim related his experiences in elephant hunting. You try to sneak up within 25 yards of your tusker and fire a .458 bullet into the brain. It takes about 4 hours to chisel out each tusk and two days to carve the 8 tons of meat which can't be sold but is given to the hospital. Only five licenses are sold in that whole province costing \$ 100 each, and Jim has one. By selling the ivory tusks, he just about breaks even and the hospital has a plentiful meat supply for a while. As a new twist, Jim brought back a crossbow which will fire an arrow with a 20 ml syringe filled with succinyl choline fitted on it. At impact, when the arrow point pierces the elephant hide, the drug is injected, paralyzes it's respiration and causes death by asphyxiation within 4 minutes. The roar of a .458 is enough to stampede a herd and the crossbow is virtually silent so it is worth a try. There is lots of game nearby since it is close to Kafue National Park and quite a few leopards are around which are particularly

dangerous when wounded. A Hippo was killed on the compound a week before when it was found eating up the hospital garden. One of the real hazards associated with big game hunting however is sleeping sickness transmitted by the bite of the Tsetse fly. The onset of disease is heralded by chills, fever, jaundice and a skin reaction at the site of the bite. This is followed by a CNS stage with muscular incoordination, and a zombie-like state. It is diagnosed by finding the organism on a blood or CSF smear and treatment is IV Antibal and Tryparsenide. Marilyn Foulkes had a case about three years before and had a close call. Treatment must be started fairly early and if the patient can walk in, chances for survival are excellent.

August 18: I have started to retire as of today. Marilyn did her first cataract surgery, at Gordon's insistence, and she did a beautiful job using the cryophake. He is learning rapidly himself, and Marilyn is teaching Helen how to assist so we will be leaving behind a team. Dr.Gooch, the MD from New Orleans who donated the eye instruments, couldn't stand it and came over to help, so we have enjoyed having him around as well. Afternoon clinic was light but a very sick child was brought in with cerebral malaria and begun on IV Chloroquine immediately. She had 20 ring forms per high powered field on the blood smear which indicated a severe infection. The mortality rate is pretty high in cases like this.

August 20: After supper tonight, the time had come to operate on the Falk's dog Happy who had a Harderian gland cyst. We made an operating table out of concrete blocks and an asbestos shingle and under Ketalar, excised the cyst with the aid of about six missionaries. Rather different for after dinner entertainment but then this is Africa. The post-anesthetic recovery was slow but the dog recovered full function in about an hour.

August 21: This was the day of our trip to Kafue Park, and we left before daylight in Gordon's Land Rover over 50 miles of tarmac followed by a bumpy washboard road. If a more uncomfortable mode of transportation is made, Land Rover will make it. A Game Warden at the Park Entrance checked the car over before allowing us to drive onto the transverse road and shortly thereafter we spotted a Hartebeest and three elephant gazing on small trees and brush. Corky got out of the car to get a closer camera shot but the Tsetse flies were really buzzing and we didn't want to hazard the 1:1000 chance of getting infected, so moved on. Nevertheless we killed about 20 of them inside the car. We reached the Kafue pontoon landing where a ferry shuttled cars, buses and dump trucks driven by Red Chinese road workers across the 600 yard wide river .

Women were fishing from the banks for small minnows and one small fellow stood in the river protesting a shampoo which his mother was administering. On a circuitous loop we drove past giant ant hills and ran across a herd of Impala peacefully grazing, and reached a Wildlife Preservation Society Camp for lunch.

On the return trip, we saw many long-legged water birds in marshes, Hartebeests, Water Buck, Roan Antelope and a couple of Warthogs who were head-butting. Around a corner were three or four bush pigs and around another stood a huge elephant snorting and enjoying his bath. The long ride home was enlivened by the sight of a Zebra herd so Corky scooted off the road and across a field toward them for some good pictures. Upon leaving the park, a ranger once again inspected the Rover and sprayed it well with insecticide to make sure no Tsetse flies went out with us. On the final leg home from Burton's Camp the low diesel light started flashing but we made it home OK, tired but happy.

Wednesday, August 25: After morning surgery and lunch, we packed up the last minute items, loaded up the Land Rover and headed for the airport at Kaoma. We had done some 80 cataract procedures, of which Gordon had performed 40 with Helen's help. He was really proficient and will be able to continue the work. Ahead of us lay a journey home via Lusaka, Rome, Zurich, London, New York, Louisville and finally Hopkinsville. The girls will never forget their first Mission trip. Nor will we. Missionaries are the most hospitable people in the world.