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HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

By SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

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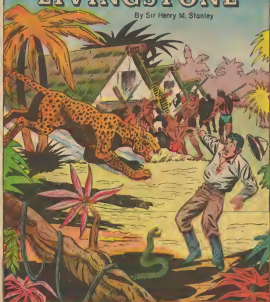
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HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

By Sir Henry M. Stanley



DR DAVID LIVINGSTONE, WORLD-FAMOUS EXPLORER, MAP MAKER, SCIENTIST AND HUMANITARIAN SPENT MOST OF HIS LIFE IN AFRICA. EVERY YEAR OR SO, HE WOULD RETURN TO CIVILIZATION WITH VALUABLE INFORMATION SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE MYSTERIES OF THAT DARK AND LARGELY UNEXPLORED CONTINENT. THEN, IN 1870, BECAUSE DR LIVINGSTONE HAD NOT MADE HIS USUAL REPORT FOR MANY YEARS, THE WORLD BEGAN TO FEAR HE WAS DEAD. ONE MAN, JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE NEW YORK HERALD, BELIEVED THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS WRONG. HE DECIDED TO SEND ME INTO THE WILD, MALARIA-RIDDEN JUNGLES TO FIND DR LIVINGSTONE. THIS IS MY STORY . . . THE STORY OF ONE OF THE GREATEST MANHUNTS IN HISTORY.

MY STORY REALLY BEGINS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VAL ENCAIM, SPAIN, IN 1870



ACE REPORTERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD WERE THERE TO COVER A CIVIL WAR, AND FEVERISHLY WRITING THEIR STORIES - ALL EXCEPT ONE



THAT ONE WAS ME, HENRY MORTON STANLEY, REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK HERALD.



AS I STOOD OFF TO ONE SIDE, A SPANIARD STEALTHYLY CAME FROM OUT OF THE BUSHES . . .







INSIDE THE LOCAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE

-AND THE WAR WILL BE OVER BY SUNSET, TONIGHT THIRTY*

*Thirty is newspaper language for the end of the story.

AFTER WALKING MOST OF THE WAY, THE OTHER REPORTERS, TIRED AND DISHEVELED, APPROACHED THE BUILDING...



SORRY, SENORS WE HAVE ORDERS TO ALLOW MORE TO ENTER

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF STANLEY'S TRICKS

AND ANOTHER SCOOP FOR HIM



AND NOW START SENDING THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. I WANT THOSE WIRES TIED UP FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

O, SENOR STANLEY! I UNDERSTAND,



LITTLE DID I REALIZE THAT I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE MOST IMPORTANT STORY ASSIGNMENT OF MY LIFE



CORRECT I'M SENDING YOU DOWN THERE TO CLEAR UP THE QUESTION, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

ME? AFRICA? WHY DON'T YOU SEND A REGULAR EXPLORER?



PROFESSIONAL EXPLORERS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SENT, WITHOUT SUCCESS. THEY THINK HE'S DEAD. THAT'S WHY I WANT A NON-PROFESSIONAL MAN FOR THE JOB. YOU?



IT CERTAINLY IS A CHALLENGE.

IF YOU FIND HIM, IT WILL BE THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE CENTURY.



SO THE NEXT STOP IS THE WILDS OF AFRICA. I HOPE I GET OUT ALIVE. ARE THERE ANY CLUES?

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST POINT OF DEPARTURE WAS ZANZIBAR. I THINK HE IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS CIRCLE.

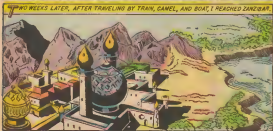


BUT THAT COVERS HALF A MILLION SQUARE MILES.



IF THERE'S ONE MAN WHO CAN DO THE JOB, IT'S YOU!





I IMMEDIATELY WENT TO THE AMERICAN CONSULATE

MY NAME IS STANLEY, OF THE A. K. HOWARD. MAY I SEE THE CONSUL?

CERTAINLY. YOU HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, SIR

THIS IS A VERY DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING

DANGER IS MY BUSINESS, CAPTAIN

TRUE, BUT PERHAPS I CAN LESSEN IT A BIT FOR YOU. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S?

I WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER, SIR!

BE AT MY HOME FOR DINNER TONIGHT AND I WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO DR. JOHN KIRK. HE KNOWS LIVINGSTONE BETTER THAN ANY MAN ALIVE

THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL BE THERE

That Evening

AND SO YOU THINK DR. LIVINGSTONE IS STILL ALIVE?

I AM POSITIVE, SIR. HE MAY BE GETTING ON IN YEARS, BUT HE KNOWS HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF. HE ONCE TOLD ME IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HIM HE WOULD SET WORD TO ME SOMEHOW



TOMORROW, I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR HE IS A VERY OLD FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE'S THE SULTAN HAS FRIENDS ALL OVER AFRICA, AND CAN BE OF IMMEASURABLE HELP TO YOU

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



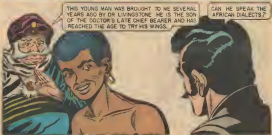
I WILL DO ANYTHING I CAN TO HELP YOU FIND MY GOOD FRIEND DR LIVINGSTONE

I NEED A MAN WHO KNOWS THE AFRICAN DIALECTS AND WHOM I CAN TRUST.



A MAN? WHY NOT A BOY, INSTEAD?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOUR HIGHNESS.



THIS YOUNG MAN WAS BROUGHT TO ME SEVERAL YEARS AGO BY DR LIVINGSTONE. HE IS THE SON OF THE DOCTOR'S LATE CHIEF BEARER AND HAS REACHED THE AGE TO TRY HIS WINGS.

CAN HE SPEAK THE AFRICAN DIALECTS?

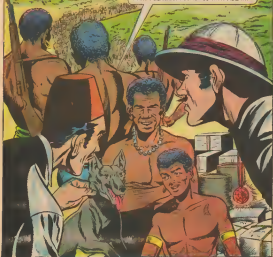


NOT ONLY THAT, SIR, BUT I CAN TELL WHAT KIND OF AN ANIMAL BROKE A LEAF OF GRASS, IF ONLY ONE HAIR OF HIS BODY HAS FALLEN ON IT. AND I KNOW HOW TO COOK ANTS SO THEY WILL BE THE GREATEST DELICACY YOU EVER ATE!



A MONTH LATER, MY CARRIAGE WAS COMPLETELY OUTFITTED WITH ME, WERE TO GO TWO HUNDRED TRUSTWORTHY NATIVES.

YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING TO YOUR SATISFACTION. EACH DONKEY IS MARKED ACCORDING TO THE GIFTS YOU WILL NEED FOR EACH TRIBE AS YOU PASS THROUGH ITS REGION. AND HERE, FOR OUR YOUNG FRIEND SELIM, I GIVE MY FAVORITE DOG, OMAR, WITH WHOM I HAVE WHEELED AWAY MANY PLEASANT HOURS. GO WITH ALLAH!



FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, WE TRUDGED THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF DARKEST AFRICA, BUT NO TRACE COULD GIVE US ANY INFORMATION ABOUT DR LIVINGSTONE THE EXPLORER SEEMED TO HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY THE VERY JUNGLE. AS FOR US, THE JOURNEY WAS ANYTHING BUT PLEASURABLE...



EVERY DAY WE HAVE NEW OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME. WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT AN EASY TIME.

THIS STREAM OF MUD CONTINUES FOR MANY MILES. WE WILL HAVE TO MAKE A BRIDGE. I WILL TELL THE MEN TO START CUTTING TREES.



I HOPE IT HOLDS TOGETHER.

WE WILL MAKE IT.



OH STANLEY, LOOK!

WE MADE IT!





WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

THAT IS KISABENGO AND HIS SISTER, SULTANA. THEY RAID OTHER SLAVERS AND SELL THE SLAVES ON THE COAST TO ARABS AND PERSIANS.



BUT I THOUGHT THE SLAVE TRADE WAS OUTLAWED SOME YEARS AGO.

YES, BUT MEN LIKE KISABENGO DO NOT LIKE TO GIVE UP A BUSINESS THAT GIVES SUCH LARGE PROFITS.



THOSE POOR CREATURES WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT COME ON!



A HOUR LATER

KISABENGO, MY MASTER SAYS YOU ARE TO GIVE UP THE SLAVES



TELL YOUR MASTER I LAUGH AT HIM. KISABENGO IS TOO BIG TO TAKE ORDERS FROM ANY MAN.



SELIM, ASK OUR MEN IF THEY ARE WILLING TO FIGHT TO FREE THEIR FELLOW-MEN.



I THINK THEY
WILL FIGHT!

THEN TELL
THEM TO
START
FIRING

ALTHOUGH MY MEN STARTED SHOOTING, KISABENGO'S MEN DID NOT FIRE BACK.



FIRE, YOU FOOLS, FIRE!
SULTANA, ASK THE CHIEF
BEARER WHAT IS WRONG



WHY DO THEY NOT SHOOT?
WE OUTNUMBER THEM
GREATLY!

THE MEN WILL
NOT FIGHT A
MAN WHO WEARS
THE STAR SAPPHIRE NECK-
LACE. THEY FEAR THE WRATH
OF THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

THE MEN WILL NOT SHOOT
AT A MAN WHO IS UNDER
THE PROTECTION OF THE
SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR

NO? WE
SHALL
SEE!





THEY ARE SHOOTING--
BUT OVER OUR HEADS

SOME OF THEM ARE
DEERTING. LOOK!



I BET I COULD WALK
RIGHT INTO THAT
CARAVAN AND NOT
GET SHOT



GIVE UP, KISABENGO, OR DIE!
YOUR MEN ARE DEERTING
THEY MAY EVEN KILL YOU FOR
SHOOTING ONE OF THEM



FEW MINUTES LATER, KISABENO AND HIS SISTER WERE MY PRISONERS, I IMMEDIATELY FREED THE RASCAL'S SLAVES.



NOW, EVERY-
BODY IS HAPPY.

WE'LL KEEP KISABENO AND HIS SISTER WITH US FOR A WHILE, AND THEN LET THEM GO. IF WE WERE GOING BACK TO THE COAST, I WOULD HAVE THEM ARRESTED THERE. LET'S GO.



Many more months passed . . .

SIX MONTHS HAVE GONE BY, AND STILL NONE OF THE TRIBES HAS EVER HEARD OF A WHITE MAN IN THESE PARTS. I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER FIND DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WE WILL, MR. STANLEY. WE MUST KEEP ON. . . LOOK, DOWN BY THE STREAM.



A SHAME, BUT I GUESS IT'S THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE. THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST LOOKS LIKE RAIN. SEE THOSE CLOUDS GATHERING?

NO, MR. STANLEY, NOT JUST RAIN. I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE MASIRA SEASON, WHEN IT RAINS AND RAINS AND RAINS.



WE WILL FREE KISABINGO NOW AND MAKE FOR THE CAVE'S IN THE HILLS.

IT WILL BE BEST IF WE DO THAT. THIS TINY STREAM WILL SOON BECOME A ROARING RIVER.



GO! AND BE WARNED,
NEXT TIME, YOU WILL DIE!

TELL YOUR
MASTER THE GREAT
KIDABMOO WILL
HAVE HIS
REVENGE



THEY DON'T SEE THE
LION THEY'LL BE
KILLED.

NO, MR STANLEY THAT
LION IS THE ONE THAT
JUST ATE THE ANTELOPE
HE IS TIRED FROM HIS
MEAL, AND HALF ASLEEP



NOW, YOU HOLD OBAR
AND WATCH ME.



COME BACK, SELIM!
YOU'LL BE KILLED!

PLEASE, MR
STANLEY
NO NOISE!

SELIM TESTED WHICH WAY THE WIND WAS BLOWING, SO THE LION'S SENSITIVE NOSTRILS WOULDN'T PICK UP HIS SCENT.



WAH HOO! WAH HOO!



SELIM THEN HIT THE LION ON THE NOSE WITH A STONE.



THE ENRAGED BEAST ROSE AND RUSHED AT SELIM. I WAS PARALYZED WITH FEAR FOR MY YOUNG FRIEND.



BUT SELIM CALMLY RAISED HIS RIFLE, TOOK CAREFUL AIM, AND SHOT THE LION IN MID-AIR.



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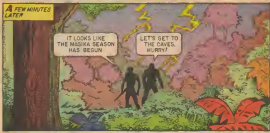
YOU HAVE MUCH COURAGE, BUT I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT AGAIN. YOU HAVE BECOME INVALUABLE TO ME.



A FEW MINUTES LATER

IT LOOKS LIKE THE MASIKA SEASON HAS BEGUN

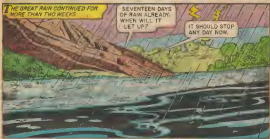
LET'S GET TO THE CAVES, HURRY!



THE GREAT RAIN CONTINUED FOR MORE THAN TWO WEEKS

SEVENTEEN DAYS OF RAIN ALREADY. WHEN WILL IT LET UP?

IT SHOULD STOP ANY DAY NOW.



THE NEXT MORNING

YOU WERE RIGHT, SELIM
AND NOW WE MUST FIND
ENOUGH FOOD FOR TWO
HUNDRED MEN

THAT IS EASY, WITH
THE GRASS SO TALL
MEN! GET OUT THE
NETS!

WHAT ARE THOSE MEN DOING
WITH THOSE NETS? ARE THEY
GOING FISHING?

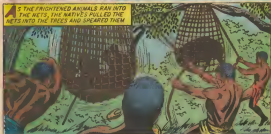
O, NO, MR STALEY. THEY HIDE THE NETS IN THE
DEEP GRASS TONIGHT, WHEN THE ANIMALS FINISH
DRINKING AT THE STREAM, THEY SET FIRE TO THE
GRASS AND THE ANIMALS RUN INTO THE NETS.
VERY SIMPLE





SOON, WE WILL EAT

I COULD USE A GOOD MEAL. I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING TOO WELL LATELY



AS THE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS RAN INTO THE NETS, THE NATIVES PULLED THE NETS INTO THE TREES AND SPEARED THEM



A SHORT TIME LATER

THAT WAS A WONDERFUL MEAL, SELIM. WHAT ARE THOSE LARGE CONES NEAR THE TENT?

THOSE MOUNDS ARE THE HOMES OF THE WHITE ANTS THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM IN OUR HOUSE

THE NEXT MORNING...

WHAT HAPPENED? THAT WAS A PERFECTLY GOOD TENT LAST NIGHT?

THAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS, MR. STANLEY. THE ANTS WERE HUNGRY, TOO.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

I HOPE THEY ENJOYED THEIR HEAL WELL, LET'S GET STARTED. MAYBE TODAY WE'LL FIND A TRIBE THAT CAN GIVE US A CLUE TO DR LIVINGSTONE'S WHEREABOUTS.



THREE TORTUROUS MONTHS LATER, I SEEMED AS FAR AWAY FROM FINDING DR LIVINGSTONE AS I WAS AT THE START OF MY SEARCH ONE DAY.

THIS IS THE VILLAGE OF UYANZI, HOME OF THE WAGOOO TRIBE. THEY WILL LET US PASS SAFELY IF WE GIVE THEM THIRTY YARDS OF CLOTH AND FIVE HUNDRED WHITE BEADS.



I MET THE CHIEF AND ASKED HIM ABOUT DR LIVINGSTONE. OF COURSE, SELIM ACTED AS TRANSLATOR . . .



NO, NO WHITE MAN. NO SEE, NO HEAR



ASK HIM WHAT'S GOING ON THERE, SELIM

O, MIGHTY CHIEF, WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THAT MAN?

HE MURDERED A MAN AND CANNOT PAY THE FINE OF FIFTY COWS. RELATIVES OF THE DEAD MAN WILL KILL HIM.



I WOULD GIVE HIM FIFTY BOLTS OF CLOTH, INSTEAD, BUT PERHAPS THE MAN DESERVES TO BE KILLED

IS YOUR MASTER LOOKING AT THE LOVELY DAUGHTERS OF MY TRIBE? TELL HIM HE CAN HAVE HIS CHOICE FOR TWO GOATS



THE CHIEF SAYS YOU CAN HAVE ANY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR ONLY TWO GOATS

NOT TODAY, THANKS. LET'S GO!



THE TRIBE'S MEDICINE MAN WHISPERED IN THE CHIEF'S EAR AND . . .

THE CHIEF SAYS HE NEEDS STRONG MEDICINE



WE CAN'T GIVE HIM ANY MEDICINE. TOO MANY OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN ILL, LATELY. AND I THINK I'M GOING TO NEED SOME FOR MYSELF, SOON!



OUR MEDICINE IS TOO STRONG FOR YOU

YOU LET ME SEE GIVE ME THE MEDICINE



HE INSISTS ON SEEING FOR HIMSELF IF THE MEDICINE IS TOO STRONG I WILL GIVE HIM A SMELL OF THE AMMONIA.

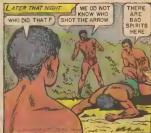


THIS WILL TEACH HIM TO BELIEVE WHAT I SAY



DO NOT DRINK THIS IF YOU DO, IT KILLS IF YOU SMELL, YOU LIVE, SMELL, SMELL HARD AND DEEP!





THE NEXT MORNING, WE FOUND SIX MORE DEAD BEARERS. ALL HAD BEEN KILLED BY ARROWS.

THIS IS NOT THE MAKING OF OUR OWN MEN. THESE POOR FELLOWS WERE IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE CAMP WHEN THEY WERE KILLED.



WE HAVE SATISFIED ALL THE TRIBES. NO ONE IS ANGRY WITH US.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

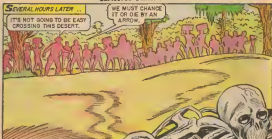


AS WE MARCHED, ANOTHER ARROW SEEMED TO COME FROM NOWHERE AND FIND ITS MARK.



THERE IS A DESERT NOT TOO FAR AWAY. ONCE WE ARE IN THE OPEN, THESE KILLINGS WILL STOP.





AS WE STARTED INTO THE DESERT, TWO OF MY MEN RAN OFF. THEY DIDN'T GET FAR BEFORE THEY WERE FELLE BY ARROWS



I LOOKED BACK TO THE JUNGLE AND SAW KISABINGO AND HIS SISTER STEP OUT INTO THE CLEARING. THE MYSTERY OF THE FLYING ARROWS WAS SOLVED. HOWEVER, THERE WAS NO TIME TO GO BACK TO GET THE KILLERS.



AFTER WE HAD MADE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT

THE MEN ARE TALKING OF TURNING BACK. THEY SEE SKELETONS. THEY TALK OF EVIL SPIRITS

NO ONE HAS DIED FROM AN ARROW OR EVIL SPIRITS SINCE WE LEFT THE JUNGLE. ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, WE ARE HALFWAY ACROSS TO TURN BACK NOW WOULD BE STUPID. WE GO ON. WE MUST FIND DR. LIVINGSTONE!



AT DAWN, THE FOLLOWING DAY

SANDSTORM!

HE'S RIGHT QUICK, MOVE THE ANIMALS TOGETHER. WE WILL BE PROTECTED BY THEIR BODIES



WE HAD JUST GOTTEN OURSELVES READY WHEN THE STORM HIT IN ALL ITS FURY. THE WIND HOWLED AND THE HOT, DRY SAND COMPLETELY COVERED US IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. FORTUNATELY FOR US, OUR ANIMALS PROVIDED ADEQUATE PROTECTION.



THE STORM LASTED ONLY A FEW MINUTES, THEN...

I'M GLAD IT DIDN'T LAST AS LONG AS THE RAIN

WE ARE REALLY LUCKY IT WAS OVER SO SOON



I HOPE I'M NOT SEEING A MIRAGE. THE END OF THE DESERT IS IN SIGHT

GOOD I AM WORRIED ABOUT THE MEN. SOME ARE SICK



I, TOO, HAVE HAD A FEVER FOR ALMOST A WEEK NOW WHEN WE GET TO THE FOREST, WE WILL HAVE TO REST A WHILE. BUT WE MUST KEEP ON GOING. EVEN IF I GET VERY SICK. PROMISE ME THAT, PROMISE!

We reached the forest late that afternoon and made camp. That same night, I really took sick. I became almost delirious from the fever.

I PROMISE



MUST GO ON! MUST FIND LIVINGSTONE!

YES, MR. STANLEY, WE'LL FIND HIM



MORE MEN DESERTING! TAKING CLOTH AND BEADS!

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM. WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER THIS EXPEDITION WILL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ONE MORE VILLAGE OR A HUNDRED



PLEASE, ALLAH, MAKE MR. STANLEY WELL AGAIN, EVEN THOUGH HE PRAYS TO A DIFFERENT GOD. HELP HIM FIND DR. LIVINGSTONE IN A HURRY, TOO



THREE WEEKS! I HAD THOUGHT IT ONLY ONE DAY!

WHEN MY FEVER SUBSIDED, I AWOKE AS ONE COMING OUT OF A DAZE

WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU? WHY SELIM, I MUST HAVE BEEN SICK. HOW LONG HAVE WE BEEN HERE?

YOU HAVE BEEN SICK OVER THREE WEEKS



THAT MAKES IT ALMOST TEN MONTHS, NOW SELIM, I'M BEGINNING TO AGREE WITH THE PROFESSIONAL EXPLORERS THAT DR. LIVINGSTONE IS DEAD

O, WHO SOMEONE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT WORD TO THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR HE IS OLD, MAYBE SICK WE MUST GO ON!



WE DECIDED TO REST THERE ONE MORE DAY BEFORE RESUMING OUR MARCH. AS I WAS EATING MY LUNCH, I GLANCED AROUND AND WAS HORRIFIED BY WHAT I SAW



SHOOT, SELIM, SHOOT!

I WAIT FOR HIM TO LIFT THE SOFT PART OF HIS BODY



A MOMENT LATER, THE CROCODILE LIFTED HIS BODY AND SELIM FIRED. THE BULLET PIERCED THE BEAST'S THROAT



WHILE SELIM FINISHED OFF THE CROCODILE, I RUSHED TO ATTEND TO THE NATIVE



QUICK, GET MY MEDICINE BOX HIS LEG WILL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE WORK FAST



BE CALM, MR STANLEY WILL FIX THE LEG

JUST AS I HAD FINISHED WITH THE WOUNDED MAN, ONE OF MY BEARERS APPROACHED



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM THE LEADER OF THE MEN WHO WANT TO GO HOME. WE ARE AFRAID WE GO BACK!



WE GO FORWARD!

THE NATIVE RAISED HIS GUN AND AIMED IT AT ME. I QUICKLY TOOK AIM AT HIM.

IF YOU SHOOT, HE SHOOT'S. BOTH DIE. PUT DOWN THE GUN/LINE. ONE MORE WEEK, AND WE GO HOME!



ONE MORE WEEK REMEMBER!



THE ENDLESS MARCH CONTINUED.

STILL NO TRACE OF HIM. ONLY THREE MORE DAYS BEFORE THE WEEK IS UP.

WHAT WILL WE DO AT THE END OF THE WEEK?



IF NECESSARY, WE'LL GO ON ALONE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



AS WE RESTED THE FOLLOWING NIGHT,

CARAVAN COMES!

WITH A WHITE MAN!



NO WHITE MAN IN CARAVAN.

SELIM, BRING THEIR LEADER HERE!





HAVE YOU SEEN OR HEARD OF A WHITE MAN IN THESE PARTS?

ONLY DR LIVINGSTONE



ONLY DR LIVINGSTONE?



WE'VE FOUND HIM! WE'VE FOUND HIM! WE'VE FOUND DR. LIVINGSTONE!



YOU KNOW OF DR LIVINGSTONE?

VERY WELL. I HAVE BEEN HIS CHIEF BEARER THESE PAST TWO YEARS.

HOW FAR AWAY IS HE?



IN THE VILLAGE OF UJJI! TWO DAYS MARCH FROM HERE

SELEM, TELL THE MEN TO START PACKING!



NO! YOU CANNOT GO NOW. MIRAMBO IS MAKING WAR

AGAIN?

WHO IS MIRAMBO?

MIRAMBO IS HEAD OF A GANG OF THIEVES WHO KILL THE CHIEFS OF THE VILLAGES. HE THEN SETS HIMSELF UP AS THE NEW CHIEF. HE NOW HAS A KINGDOM OF MANY MILES AND EVERY YEAR ADDS NEW VILLAGES. IT IS BEST THAT WE WAIT HERE TILL THE BATTLE IS OVER.

THERE IS A HILL NEARBY FROM WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE FIGHTING, IF YOU WISH.

BY ALL MEANS LET'S GO!



IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER. THE SMALL VILLAGE IS GREATLY OUTNUMBERED.

I HATE TO SEE A MAN LIKE MIRAMBO HURT INNOCENT PEOPLE.



THEN...



THE NEXT MOMENT, I WAS HURLED TO THE GROUND, MY LEFT ARM IN A LEOPARD'S MOUTH.



I WAS TERRIFIED, BUT I DREW MY DAGGER WITH MY RIGHT HAND AND REPEATEDLY STABBED THE LEOPARD, WHILE SELIM RAINED ARROWS INTO HIM.



THE LEADER OF THE OTHER CARAVAN FINALLY FINISHED OFF THE SPOTTED KILLER WITH A SPEAR.





HE CAN HELP ME, SO CAN YOU RUN FOR THE MEDICINE BOX.



THAT WAS FAST, GOOD BOY?

TOMORROW, YOU WILL RUN FAST, TOO, MR. STANLEY!



TOMORROW, I WILL SLEEP IN MY TENT ALL DAY LONG



TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT DR LIVINGSTONE

HE IS THE GREATEST EXPLORER EVER TO COME TO AFRICA BUT, MORE IMPORTANT, HE HAS BEEN ABLE TO CONVERT THE HEATHEN TO THE TRUE GOD.



HOW DOES HE MANAGE TO DO THAT?

DR LIVINGSTONE COMES TO A VILLAGE AND SAVES THE LIFE OF A CHIEFTAIN OR ONE OF HIS FAMILY WHO COULDN'T BE SAVED BY THE VILLAGE MEDICINE MAN SINCE THE DOCTOR SAYS HIS GOD IS THE OWNER OF ALL THINGS, THE POWERFUL MEDICINE THAT SAVED THE LIFE IS CREDITED TO A GOD MORE POWERFUL THAN THEIRS.



IN THE VILLAGE OF UJJI, HE HAS BUILT A CHURCH AND TAUGHT THE BIBLE AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS



HE TEACHES THE YOUNG PEOPLE THINGS THAT ARE TAUGHT IN WHITE SCHOOLS THE WORLD OVER, SO THAT SOME DAY THEY CAN DO THE SAME KIND OF WORK



IN MANY TRIBES, IT IS FORBIDDEN TO KILL A SNAKE EVEN IF IT ENTERS A HOUSE AND KILLS A CHILD. DR. LIVINGSTONE HAS TAUGHT THAT THIS IS A FOOLISH SUPERSTITION AND MUST BE STOPPED



HE HAS TAUGHT THEM THAT IT IS PROPER TO HAVE ONLY ONE WIFE, INSTEAD OF MANY, AND TO HONOR AND LOVE THE WIFE, INSTEAD OF MAKING HER A SLAVE.



DR. LIVINGSTONE DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT IF YOU FILE DOWN THE TEETH THAT IT MAKES YOU MORE BEAUTIFUL OR THAT IT IS BETTER FOR EATING PURPOSES



DR. LIVINGSTONE DOES NOT BELIEVE THAT AFTER A WAR THE VICTORS SHOULD MAKE SLAVES OF THE LOSERS. HE TEACHES THAT THE LOSERS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO GO HOME



HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

"IF A CHILD CUT THE UPPER FRONT TEETH BEFORE THE LOWER, IT WAS KILLED AS BEING UNLUCKY. DR. LIVINGSTONE HAS PUT A STOP TO THIS."



"THIS AND MANY, MANY OTHER GOOD THINGS HAS DR. LIVINGSTONE DONE FOR THE NATIVE."



SUDDENLY, DMAR LET OUT A YELP OF PAIN. WE TURNED TO FIND HIM IN THE GRIPPING GRIP OF A BOA CONSTRICTOR.



SELIM QUICKLY TOOK AIM AND FIRED.



HIS SHOT PENETRATED THE SNAKE'S HEAD, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY. DMAR RAN TO HIS RESCUER, WHIMPERING WITH FRIGHT.



“DID THE BAD, BAD SNAKE SQUEEZE YOU TOO TIGHT? DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IT'S A GOOD THING A BOA CON STRICTOR DOES NOT HAVE POISONOUS FANGS.”

“IT'S ABOUT A FOOT WIDE. HOW LONG WOULD YOU SAY IT IS?”

“ABOUT THIRTY FEET.”



TWO DAYS LATER, WE CAME IN SIGHT OF OUR...

EVEN NOW, IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO DESCRIBE MY FEELINGS AS I WALKED TOWARD THE MAN THE OUTSIDE WORLD THOUGHT DEAD... THE MAN I HAD HUNTED FOR ALMOST A YEAR.





THE END

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SIR HENRY MORTON STANLEY

1841-1904

FINDING Dr. Livingstone in the black, impenetrable jungles of Africa was only one of the many feats in the adventure-filled life of Henry Morton Stanley.

The man who was considered the greatest newspaper reporter of his time was born in Denbigh, Wales, in 1841. His name at that time was John Rowlands. Shortly after John's birth, his father died. His mother was so poor that she was forced to place him in an orphan asylum, which he later described as "a house of torture."

At the age of fifteen, he was apprenticed to a butcher. Here, too, he was badly treated. He escaped by signing as a cabin boy on an American packet ship and, in America, met Henry Morton Stanley, a New Orleans coffee broker. The elder Stanley adopted the boy and gave him the name he later made famous.

When the Civil War broke out, young Stanley, now a Southerner, joined the Confederate Army. It was at this time that he began to show the daring and fearlessness that were his code through life.

One night, while his fort was being attacked by a Northern ship, he swam five hundred yards under water and fastened a cable to the vessel. The Southern soldiers then slowly towed the ship in by morning, much to the surprise of the sleeping sailors. For this feat, Stanley was promoted from the ranks and became an officer. Soon after, however, at the Battle of Shiloh, he was taken prisoner.

After the war, Stanley decided to try his hand at writing. He traveled through the West, sending interesting stories to many Eastern newspapers which eagerly bought them. He eventually became so popular as a newspaper reporter that he was sent all over the world to write up important events. Everywhere he went, he seemed to be able to "scoop" the other reporters and his name became world-famous.



In 1870, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., editor and publisher of the *New York Herald*, decided to discover, once and for all, whether or not David Livingstone, the famed African explorer, was dead or alive. He sent Stanley into the forbidding jungles to find the answer.

When Stanley returned from his successful adventure, he was accused by rival news-

papers of lying. They claimed he was far too young and inexperienced to have been able to find Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Livingstone's son then examined the letters and journals which Stanley had brought back with him and said the handwriting was his father's. Stanley was telling the truth.

After several years of lecturing and reporting in the United States, Stanley returned to Africa to follow in Dr. Livingstone's footsteps and become a great explorer. Had Stanley wished, he might have become immensely wealthy by using his friendship with the natives for personal profit. Instead, he chose to live on the money earned by his writing.

When he was fifty years old, Stanley, back in England, was married in Westminster Abbey amid great pomp and colorful ceremony. The wedding was attended by the leading people of the day, and kings from faraway lands sent representatives.

In 1895, Stanley was elected to the British Parliament. Four years later, he was knighted by Queen Victoria.

When Stanley died on May 10, 1904, services were held for him in Westminster Abbey. On his simple tombstone are the words: *Bula-Matari*. They mean the Breaker of Rocks, an affectionate nickname given to the explorer by the natives of Africa because of the way he made roads through the impassable jungle. A permanent memorial to him is an African falls which is one of the greatest in the world. It is named Stanley Falls.

CLARA BARTON

Schools for All

THE PERT and youthful schoolteacher approached a group of youngsters playing around the fountain in the village park.

"Would you children like to go to school?" she asked.

"Lady," one of them replied, "there's no school for us."

The child's remark was true enough, for the year was 1853 and the place was Bordertown, New Jersey. There, as in most of America at that time, there were no public schools. Only those children whose parents could afford the required tuition, could receive an education.

"If a school were opened for you, would you come?" the lady questioned again.

"Yes," the children chorused.

That was all the schoolteacher, Clara Barton, wanted to know. She, herself, had been teaching in nearby Hightstown in a fee-paying school. She knew that it was unjust and unfair to refuse schooling to the poorer children. She realized that for every youngster inside the schools, there were many others wasting their time in the streets. And she believed that these children were just as anxious and able to learn as their luckier fellows.

Miss Barton went to see the chairman of the Bordertown school committee. She told him of a plan for a public school, free to all children in town. The committee chairman listened to her arguments. Then he explained why he felt the idea of a public school would not work out well.

"The rich would not patronize a public school," he said. "Those who could come would not, for fear of being looked upon as paupers. You'd be mixing all classes of people. It's something you just can't do."

"Well, if we can't, we should!" Miss Barton snapped stubbornly.

"Don't you think you might have trouble with discipline?" the chairman asked, as he looked dubiously at her short stature.



"I have taught before, in Hightstown and also in Massachusetts. I've had no trouble," Miss Barton replied.

Finally, the determined little woman won her fight. She got her school, but with one condition. Until the experiment was a success, she was to receive no salary.

There were only six timid pupils in the little, ramshackle, one-room building on the first day of classes. Through Miss Barton's tireless efforts, however, the school quickly outgrew its quarters. More and more students began coming, and new teachers were hired.

The experiment's success was no longer in doubt. The people of Bordertown, pleased with their new school system, voted \$4,000 for the construction of an eight-room schoolhouse. Then they had to choose a principal.

The same narrow thinking that led the people to oppose Clara Barton's battle to open a free public school, led them to feel that a woman would not be able to fill a position of such responsibility. They refused to hire a woman principal, even though she had proven her ability.

Instead of Clara Barton receiving the appointment, a man was chosen.

After sacrificing so much of her time and talent for the public good, Miss Barton was deeply hurt. From disappointment and overwork, she suffered a nervous breakdown. As a result, her vocal chords were affected and she lost her voice.

Clara Barton never taught school again, but she left, in Bordertown, one of the first free schools established in New Jersey.

The little brick school house still stands there in her honor. It is not for this achievement, however, that Clara Barton is remem-



bered. She is known, rather, for her nursing of Union soldiers, wounded in the Civil War, and as founder and first president of the American Red Cross.

REINDEER TO THE RESCUE

IN THE LATE 1800's, the Alaskan Eskimos were a dying race. White men, with his guns and ships, had come into the Far North and plundered the Eskimo's supply of food—whales, seals, caribou and salmon.

Where once great villages stood, there were only tiny groups of starving natives. Old people, and even children, were often killed by their fellow tribesmen so the others might live on what little food there was. The death rate was as high as fifteen times the birth rate. For white man not only killed the life-giving game, but brought with him whiskey and disease.

Not all white men, however, contributed to the near extinction of the Eskimo. There were some who came to help. Dr. Sheldon Jackson was one.

In 1885, Dr. Jackson, a missionary and teacher, was sent to Alaska as U.S. Commissioner of Education. On his arrival in the frozen North, he saw immediately that the Eskimos needed more than schools. Outright gifts of food were not the answer. There had to be some way to make the people able to live again and support themselves.

Then Dr. Jackson thought of something. The natives of Siberia, Alaska's western neighbor, supported themselves with reindeer herds. Why couldn't the Eskimos do the same? The climate was similar and the reindeer were simply domesticated caribou, which had once roamed the Arctic areas by the millions.

In 1890, Dr. Jackson asked the U.S. Government for \$15,000 to go to Siberia and bring back reindeer for the Eskimos. Congress delayed action on the request, so Dr. Jackson appealed to the general public. He raised \$2,000 for goods to trade with the Siberian natives.

In the summer of 1891, Dr. Jackson sailed for Siberia, only to find the natives suspicious and unwilling to part with their animals. To

them, wealth was measured in reindeer, and there was nothing they would take in its place.

Undaunted by the first disappointment, Dr. Jackson sailed through floating ice fields in search of others who might sell part of their herds. Again the natives refused to barter. It was not until late in August, after sailing several thousand miles, that the first reindeer was hunted aboard ship. Soon, fifteen more deer were bought, and Dr. Jackson had sixteen healthy animals for his Alaskan project.

The following summer, five successful trips were made to Siberia and one hundred and seventy-one reindeer were brought. Stations were set up where the reindeer were kept during that winter. Then, in March, 1893, Congress finally voted funds for the care and further purchases of the animals.

The deer were divided among various Eskimo missions and the natives were trained by Lapp herders to care for them. When these Eskimos completed training, they were given reindeer of their own. As each group of Eskimos learned its duties, it went on to train the others.

In 1902, Russia refused to allow any more reindeer to be taken out of Siberia. But by that time, 1,200 of the animals had already been brought to Alaska. And every three years, the

herds doubled in size.

With the help of the reindeer, the Eskimos gradually resumed normal life. As Dr. Jackson had predicted, the animals supplied nearly every native need. They gave milk, drew sleds, supplied meat for food, leather for pots and parkies, and antlers for carving.

There is little doubt that Dr. Jackson and the reindeer saved the Eskimos, perhaps from total extinction. And the plan was so successful that today the reindeer is as much a part of the life and culture of the Eskimos as the buffalo once was to the Indians of our Great Plains.



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