

Conceptual Paper

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# Experiencing Southern Sudan, Uganda and Kenya in 1976

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## Introduction

### Sunday 17 May 1976

The University Khartoum employed me for three years in the mid 1970's where I served in the Department of Geography. I planned to leave Khartoum to explore southern of Sudan, but after

waiting until 2 PM, Sudan Airways found that the temperature was over 105 degrees Fahrenheit making the air too thin to support a plane taking off. They decided to leave the first thing the next morning (Figure 1).



Figure 1: Sudan before the separation.

**Monday May 18**

The plane left Khartoum at 6 Am. The view of the ground was obscured by the clouds, but I was able to keep track of the White Nile as far as Malakal. My students met me at Juba Airport in the Sudanese Province of Equatoria. My student, Bob took good care of me and we went to the home of his relatives where he stays. His relatives, Marti and Jerry are Nyangaura tribesmen and speak only Bari. We spent the rest of the day visiting many more relatives. The reception was great. I have never eaten or drank so much. Merisa, the locally brewed beer contains 3 % alcohol. It is good, particular one type made from honey, called "Duma". There is also a distilled alcohol called "araqi" made from cassava that contains about 50% alcohol (Figure 2).

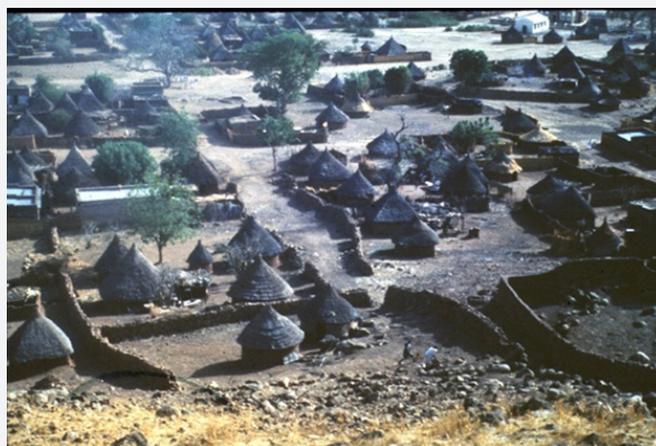


**Figure 2:** Myself with my students.

These alcoholic beverages are all made at the household level, a tedious process done by the women. These are one of the special treat's women make for their men. They also sell it. The process of making araqi involved the women chewing mouthfuls of cassava and spitting out the saliva saturated mash into a bowl. Enzymes from the saliva start a fermenting process. Once it had finished fermenting the liquid would be distilled and bottled. It tasted awful, particularly after I learned how it was brewed, I was definitely not interested in drinking it. I was gifted with a bottle at every home we stopped. Additionally, my students became rather useless after a couple of home visits. I learned not to carry the bottle with me, but to open it immediately upon receiving it and would ask the woman for an opener and a glass, I would slowly pour a small amount, maybe a quarter of an inch, hiding what I took with my hand, and acted like I was drinking a lot. Then I would refill the glass to the brim and offer it to her husband, who would be delighted to partake in what his wife had been withholding from him. I would continue serving everyone in the household including the wife, until the araqi it was gone. I deliberately excluded my students from this sharing.

In the evening another student, Patrick showed up, and the three of us went visiting merisa bars. I made plans with Patrick

to visit his village to the west of Juba as soon as transport could be arranged. I discovered that taking photographs of people in southern Sudan is a very touchy and I decided it was better to have my students carry the camera. Occasional riots had occurred when photos were taken. A crowd once manhandled the photographer and destroyed his camera. I am not sure why picture taking was a problem (Figure 3).



**Figure 3:** South Sudanese village Photo by Author.

**Tuesday May 19**

After a good night's sleep, in spite of a few insect bites, the three of us directed our interests to more business-like affairs. I deposited my money in a local bank so as not to be carrying it around where it might be taken from me. We spent some time seeing about arranging summer jobs for Bob and Jerry. We targeted the local provincial government ministries. As a professor from the University of Khartoum my opinion carried some weight regarding the talents of my students.

While we were at the Ministry of Surveying we were told a convoy of trucks would be going in about three days to the town of Meridi. This would take us close to Patrick's home village which was about a third of the way. We continued on to other offices looking for rides that would be leaving sooner.



**Figure 4:** Rock structures in southern Sudan: Photo by National Geographic.

I met Paul, a former student who was working extremely well for the district planning office for southern of Sudan. We visited the Sudan Council of Churches and toward evening we went briefly over the Nile Bridge before returned to Martin's house for dinner and sleep.

My impression of Juba was a composite of many tribes from all over southern of Sudan. The town was spread out and much walking was necessary. Geologically the area was quite interesting and all kinds of sedimentary rocks could be found. The distant hills look much like parts of Brazil where I had been stationed in the Peace Corps. The vegetation reminds me of the Campo Cerrado savanna of Brazil (Figure 4).

### Wednesday May 20

At 10 AM Patrick and I left Juba for Madi-Land and stopped at his home village of Jokuk which lies near the road to Meridi between Llanya Junction and Chief Jambo village. We travelled by lorry except for the last 2 miles. The people here are also of the Nyanguara tribe and are Bari speaking. We arrived at Jokuk around 5:30 PM. Walking past scattered homesteads, we came to Patrick's uncle's place. The village is scattered, with 200 yards of garden area between houses. The women were working in the houses and the men in the gardens.

When we arrived the women felt a need to put on dresses to hide their breasts. Normally they go topless with bundles of leaves before and behind their crotch. We were accepted quickly, warmly greeted, and given a mud hut in which to stay. Two young boys readily surrendered their hut and beds, giving us mosquito nets. We ate several meals prepared by the two wives of Patrick's uncle. The meal was a porridge made from sorghum called *acida*, added the meat of fresh waterbuck. *Kisra*, a thin unleavened bread made from fermented sorghum flour and small amounts of wheat flour, is always included with each meal. Partway through the meal Patrick's uncle arrived from the field and later joined us to sit by the fire with the young boys. The news of the day was discussed, and I was asked many questions about what is what like to be a white man. I asked a number of questions too, and we talked about the stars that were very brilliant. A man brought out some cannabis to smoke. This made me more talkative and relaxed. We laughed a lot between intermittent discussions and everyone become more themselves. They are a very happy uncomplicated people. They enjoy their way of life and the peace and routine that sustains it. Food and famine is a part of the whole which they accept as nature delivers.

Going to bed I had to avoid the termite mound being built where I would normally put my feet down. These mounds are protected because the termites provide salt, an important part of the diet.

### Friday May 21

In the morning the termite mound had almost reached the bottom of the bed. Fortunately, we would not be coming back to sleep here. I am not sure how they were going to care of the growing mound. However I had slept quite well under the mosquito net. We spent the day familiarizing me with the area: including homesteads,

river, school and roads. We took a good bath in the milk colored Queenie River colored by the ashes from recent burning.

Farming begins by clearing a small area of scrub forest which had been growing undisturbed for 10 years. After cutting the vegetation they wait for a dry sunny day to burn the remains and begin planting. The ashes serve as good fertilizer for the new crops (Figure 5).



**Figure 5:** Mixed cropping between the charred remains of the second growth forest. Photo by author.

This is the time of year to begin planting and whole families participate. Darker red soil is sought-after because it has more organic material

Women have their own plots separate from the fields that the men cultivate. Children help on both pieces of land, but older children may also claim a plot, to cultivate and earn some money. There is a division of labor. Men do the initial land clearing and plant cereals to provide food for the family. The women plant more vegetables and herbs while, the men plant peanuts and transplant Cassava seedlings. Weeding is strictly women's work that extends to both plots of land.

If the land is cleared near the dwelling it can be easily guarded from animal pests. The first crop is usually maize mixed with another cereal like sesame. A rotation is practiced from year to year which will include some vegetables. Cassava and peanuts are usually planted together. Peanuts fix nitrogen in the soil offering an advantage for the cassava. They loosen the soil nicely for the tuberous cassava. About 10% of their crops are sold.

After the first season the peanuts are harvested, and the cassava canopy takes over to shade the ground. By the end of the second year digging the cassava begins. This may take several months, feeding the family and selling it at a distant market. There, they trade it for household items. By the end of the third year a new crop will replace the cassava. Cassava is the main cash crop while the peanuts also sold in good years depending on the pattern of rainfall (Figure 6).

Cassava, a relatively new crop was brought to this part of Africa in the 1920's. Sweet potatoes were brought at that time also. Maize and native tobacco arrived much earlier. New commercial tobacco came during World War 2.



**Figure 6:** Cassava harvest Photo by author.

Native plants of Sorghum, millet, sesame and sweet peas occupy the next phase if the crop rotation. The mix of two of these crops will be followed by a mix of two others in the following year before returning to the cassava-peanut rotation. Mixed cropping as rule of thumb serves in symbiosis reducing weeds, pests and supporting soil conditions. There are many other plant partnerships.

Fallowing takes place when the yields decline, and the weeds take over. This will vary based on soil type and the presence of invasive species. The fallow period will vary from two years to whenever trees start to shade the ground. This is influenced by population pressure and the occurrence of war when the land is abandoned for an indefinite period.



**Figure 7:** Woman winnowing sorghum.

Each of the crops are an important part of the local diet. Cassava, sorghum and millet are made into flour to make bread. Sesame,

peas and peanuts are made into vegetable sauces. Corn can serve for either, but I have only seen as the base for bread (Figure 7).

Meats are important in the diet. Domestic goats and chickens are the main sources of meat while wild animals are trapped when trying to eat their share of the food gardens. Thorn branch barriers surround the edges of the gardens leaving a small gap for the unsuspecting wild animals to enter. Traps are set at these openings and in the morning, lunch will be waiting. In the dry season, "hunting and gathering" begins when there is little farming. The women gather wild plants to supplement the meals while men hunt for game. Animal migrations are anticipated, and fifty-foot-long snare nets are placed along the migration path. With spears and arrows, they kill an animal or two. Otherwise, whole families participate in chasing wild animals into the nets. When an animal is caught the meat is usually shared with neighbors before it can spoil. Smoking the meat is a common practice and meat can be kept up to six months. My visit coincided with this off-season period, allowing me to experience meat from gazelles, bushbuck, termites and Cape buffalo. If I had stayed longer, I would have eaten more critters.

During their spare time women spend their time weaving blankets and carrying bags with artistic designs to be sold in the markets. Otherwise they contribute in many ways, preparing food keeping the home and farming.

When the war between the southern rebels and the northern Sudanese government occurred in the 1960s many of the people took refuge in Uganda, leaving their lands to be restored with the regrowth of forest. With this extended reprieve the land is more productive at this time. They people also brought with them some of the farming knowledge from Uganda. There was a heavy rain this day and we spent the late afternoon and evening in a hut. There was no campfire that night.

### Saturday May 22

Heavy rain continued this day and I attempted to begin interviewing farmers but having had some marisa I found it difficult to keep my mind on task. After visiting Patrick's uncle in the fields, we found the questionnaire not so practical. I had a headache from the marisa and slept a bit in the afternoon. We had a camp-fire with the young children in the evening. The uncle went to bed early.

### Sunday May 23

This was their day of rest and the people went to their Christian church. There was no serious work and I was able to interview some farmers without disturbing their normal farm activities. I learned some of their recent history and their land use practices. The teenage girls spend a lot time singing. They concern themselves with catching a husband. The people are generally quite moral, and a girl's chastity must be maintained until she is married. The difference between the men and women's work is such that the men focus on one thing while the women are able to multi-task. The women work while carrying on conversations and singing.

In the late afternoon I drank some duma made from honey that gave me a high that wore off quickly. Patrick and I found ourselves

eating a lot of meals as we move from house to house. It was their obligation to feed visitors and our obligation to eat it. We did not want to insult our hosts. Fortunately, all the walking we did used up most of the calories.

### Monday May 24

We began walking in the direction of Nimule on the Uganda border, and then turned on the feeder road to Meridi. There we caught a motorized vehicle going to the village of Nyumuru where we went out to interview farmers. Later we took a side trip to a hot spring. The hot spring was actually a swamp that was fed by geothermal hot water. At the hottest part I could just keep my hand in the water, too hot to submerge my whole body.

Back in Nyumuru we found a place to stay. Spent some time visiting in the market. At the police station, a man shot himself, stirring up mass confusion. I did not get details of the event. After dinner, cannabis was brought out to smoke and I became more wrecked than I wanted. There were some interesting discussions about how life was before the war.

The area around Nyumuru was more densely populated than at Jokuk. The land was much richer and farms lined the road. Because of available transportation, cassava was more concentrated and its flour the main export. They said famine was almost eliminated.

### Tuesday May 25

We spent the morning interviewing famers in the Dombo Kawinget neighborhood. The information collected was consistent with what we had found in the other places we have been. In the afternoon we visited a middle school and I shared a few things about the USA. Later we drank a bit of Duma and took a bath in another white colored river impacted with the ashes from burning. My concern about drinking water was constantly on my mind because of cholera in the area. Fortunately dinking this cloudy white water had no effect on me.

The people in this region are not bad off food wise but do suffer a bit from malaria. In fact, I began to experience some or the symptoms of malaria and immediately took some quinine that I had in my backpack. That seemed to work quite well. (This was not the only time I contacted Malaria.)

Their diet is one the most diverse I have seen it this area. Their crops of cassava, sorghum, millet, peanuts, sesame, and maize nourish them well. Wild plants and wild animals also enrich the diet. Each food item is prepared in many ways. This time of year, there is little meat, yet I have eaten meat every day. They trap most of the animals when they invade the food gardens. Meat from gazelle, water buck, deer, guinea fowl, chicken, goat and termites are available.

Wild plants make up most of the leafy salads. Subsistence farming and food gathering is serving these people well. The only thing that they seem to be short of is salt. Termites are able concentrate salt in their bodies and are considered a delicacy (Figure 8).



**Figure 8:** Termite mound and author years later.

Farm tools present their only need for money. Metal hoes for planting and digging out weeds are in great demand. They also buy metal spears for hunting and axes for clearing trees. They make other implements out of local material such as nets for trapping animals and special granaries to store food. Plant material woven together serves to make these items. They make baskets by weaving straw from the harvested sorghum stalks and pots from clay deposited in old stream meander beds. A teen-age boy gave me this homemade clay whistle (Figure 9).



**Figure 9:** Clay Whistle.

There are a few metal workers in the communities who know how to heat metal to shape tools. Usually this metal comes from other broken tools and discarded car parts.

Markets to buy and sell don't affect their survival but do increase their comforts. Used clothing, such as Good Will surplus from the USA are popular. Throughout Africa every US University logo can be found on the tee shirts people are wearing. The Suk, or market, in Juba is main source of these products.

Twice a year Patrick's uncle travels to the Juba Suk to sell cassava or sorghum grain and return with some welcome items. Transport is uncertain as he may have to wait hours on the distant main road for a passing lorry driver willing to give him a ride.

### Wednesday May 26

We spent another day in Jokuk interviewing 16 people to get an idea of how they lived and their farming strategies. I was beginning to get a good feel for the community. One down-side was their need for me to experience their alcoholic drinks or cannabis. I spent a lot of intoxicated afternoons visiting with Patrick's uncle and his sons. I developed a great liking for these people and their simple lives. I wonder why the rest of the world wants to corrupt them with this thing called "economic development." The peace and tranquility of their life offers a great contrast to the intensity of modern developed societies. They have a practical social system that is in synch with their environment. Common superstitions seem to keep them from exceeding the environmental boundaries

Economic Development is a type of cultural imperialism that seduces the people with greed, showing them a taste of the so-called comforts that can be gained, while not knowing about the hectic lifestyle that comes later. I fear that these people will be corrupted with time, caught up with improvements in transportation, infrastructure and growth of the general economy around them. It is impossible to shield them from what is to come. Perhaps it would be better to guide the change if one knew how.

One alarming aspect of the tribal people is their fear of being controlled by outsiders. That would be competition between tribes for land or with large government powers. Historically there was much fighting between tribes, but at this time they have one common enemy, the Arabs of the north who control all of Sudan. The numerous tribes of the southern part of the county are united at the moment against the north and would like to have their own country.

### Thursday May 27

After breakfast Patrick wanted to teach some lessons at the local school. I spent my time writing this narrative and playing with the children. We are planning to leave tomorrow for Juba, which means we will be waiting beside the road until some willing transport driver comes along. When we travel like this, they like to put me closest to the road because the passing drivers are more likely to stop when they see a white man waiting.

### 28 May Friday

The fore mentioned strategy did not work. We spent most of Friday for a ride to Juba. One land rover and one lorry came but both refused to stop, probably because they were already full. Heavy rain

drove us from the road and we retreated to drink some duma at a little shop along the stream near the school. We arrived back at Patrick's uncle's house at 6 PM not having eaten since breakfast.

### Saturday May 29

After a breakfast of termites, we returned to the road. We were refused by 3 vehicles. With so little traffic the chances of stopping a lorry are quite low. Also, we were burdened by two teenage daughters of the deputy school director who wanted them accompanied to Juba safely. Drivers are not likely to pick up a large crowd. Too bad we were not traveling the opposite direction as there was much more traffic going to Meridi (Figure 10).



Figure 10: Lorry picking up people.

I picked up a few greeting words of the Bari language that made the locals surprised that it was important enough to learn. They really "start" when this white man greets them in Bari. They are simple uncomplicated people who are honest and forgiving. They forgave me for mishandling my camera which they quickly forgot. They often don't know what to expect from me, so I usually sit, observe and passively participate in whatever they suggest. I can communicate with many of the men in Arabic as they know that better than English. Being so close to Uganda where English is frequently spoken, it would seem that it would be more prevalent here.

Much of the information I have been gaining about the people has been through my student Patrick's translations and follow up discussions. I wondered how he knows so much when he himself has recently rediscovered his people. Before then he was with his parents in Uganda as refugees. Of course, he must have learned much from them. It is more likely that traditions span the border.

Soils of this area are generally red with patches of Black clay. The black organic soil probably has its Soils of this area are generally red with patches of black clay that shrinks when dry and expands when wet. During dry periods cracks appear and loose soil, ashes

and dead vegetation fall inside. Then when it is wet the soil tries to expand but can only squeeze upward creating a churning action trapping the organic material. The organic material mixes in and darkens the soil making it more fertile. This black organic soil is highly prized for garden farming.

Shifting cultivation is the category of the cropping pattern here. It begins with clearing an area of second growth forest that has not been cultivated for a long time, at least long enough for the trees

### Monday May 31

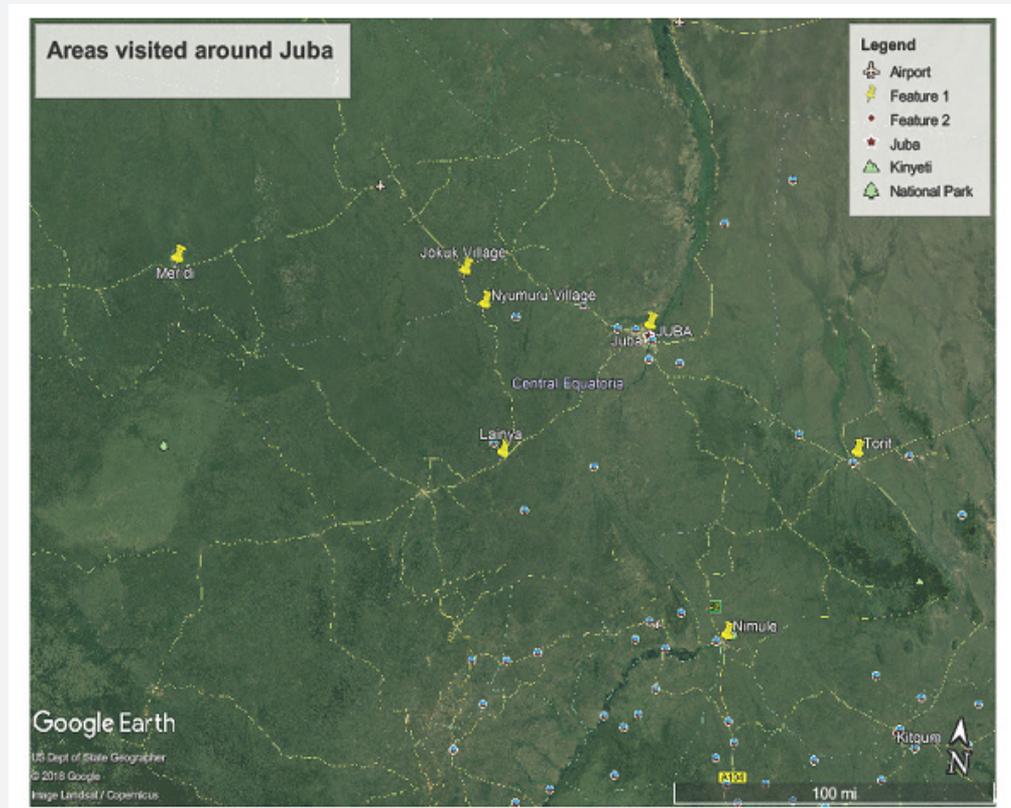


Figure 11: Lorry picking up people.

Began walking toward on the road to Meridi. After 4 miles we began interviewing farmers along the way to the village of Nyumera Tomanya and then continued on to some hot springs in a swamp. After a half hour at the hot spring, we headed back to Nyumera Tomanya. We arrived in time to eat the evening meal. Cannabis was brought out and I was wrecked more than I wished but slept well (Figure 11).

### Tuesday June 1

I found the Nyumera Tomanya to be more densely populated. The soils are richer than most of the places I had seen so far and agriculture lines the road. Cassava has changed the lives of the people and they say famine has been eliminated. Cassava flour has good market value and the surplus is sold as trucks carry it off to the souk. When interviewing farmers, the information was quite consistent with what I had found before with same patterns of intercropping (Figure 12).

to grow about 15 feet high. After cutting the vegetation, they wait for dead material to dry out and set it on fire. The ashes serve as fertilizer for the crops.

### Sunday May 30

Woke with bed bugs after sleeping in Mike's bed. It was nice of him to give up his space for me, but the bugs were another thing. I drank a too much alcohol but still attended the local Catholic Church.



Figure 12: Growing Tobacco.

That afternoon we went to a local school and talked to some classes. Later we drank some duma and bathed in a stream, white

with ashes from the burning. Drinking this cloudy water had no ill effect on me.

The people were generally healthy except for the occurrence of malaria. They had their local remedies but I kept a few doses of quinine that I took whenever I was noticed it coming on. The diet here is the most diverse I have seen in the region including cassava, sorghum, millet, sesame, peanuts, peas, maize and a tremendous amount of leafy wild plants. Meat from bushbuck, waterbuck, deer, gazelle, guinea fowl, chicken, goat and termites. During the several days in Nyumera Tomanya, I have not eaten the same dish twice. Such diversity exceeds what I am used to eating back in Khartoum.

### Wednesday June 2

My intent was to continue on to Nimule on the border with Uganda and then continue by land to Kenya. While in Juba, we began seeking transportation to Nimule. We waited for several hours and when no vehicles came by, we decided to start walking the 20 miles. While walking two vehicles stopped and got us within 2 miles of Nimule. From there we continued walking and arrived at 8 PM.

We took a side trip and passed through a game park and visited Fula Falls. At the gate, the armed guards said that white men had to pay a small sum while the black people were allowed in free. There we saw deer and baboons and evidence of Hippos and elephants. Below the falls a number of fishermen were trying their luck.

The next day I said good bye to Patrick and walked across the border into Uganda where I caught a truck which had metal benches bolted to the bed with a corrugated roof over head. It was a pretty rough ride. The driver stopped and picked people up along the way. Many of them spoke English and one man told me that someone had just tried to assassinate Idi Amin and was blaming the event on America and was going to clear out any Americans in Uganda. This guy warned me I was in great danger. At that point I decided to get off the bus and head back to Sudan and forget about Uganda. I figured that I could fly to Kenya from Juba. Anxiety dominated those 15 miles back to Nimule.

I arrived safely in Nimule again and immediately caught a ride with an Austrian driver who was traveling from Uganda to deliver this fancy new jeep to the Juba officials. The Austrians were donating many of these jeeps to the provincial government in southern Sudan's Equatoria province. I was amazed at the sophistication of the vehicle and wondered how the local Sudanese would be able to learn to drive them let alone maintain them. He did not think that was a problem and let me drive for about 10 miles. It was difficult to drive with many sophisticated gadgets and I still wondered how they were going to train mechanics and provide spare parts.

With my return to Juba, I went directly to Father Martin's house and he took me over to meet an American missionary with the Sudan Council of Churches. Lew Hammond greeted us and invited us to stay for dinner with several other guests who were mostly Americans. They were employed with different agencies including UNDP (United Nations Development Program), religious

missionaries, IVS (International Volunteer Service) and technical school teachers. We all talked for a while and they could not imagine how I had been maneuvering with the local tribal people let alone my short-lived sojourn in Uganda. They were curious about me but mainly wanted to talk about their missions.

This was like reverting to a past life, like being back in the states. The roast beef, potatoes and gravy, grated carrot salad, okra and pickles were a treat.

I learned a lot about the inside functioning and politics of the southern Sudan from American and European points of view. The IVS was preparing site surveys for engineers to develop rural water systems. A British technician and his wife were working with the UNDP. Several represented different church groups including the Catholic Relief Mission. Two PhD students were doing field work for their dissertations: A Norwegian Anthropologist was studying the Dadinga Tribal traditions and a British Geographer was looking at the effects of exile on the people of South Sudan.

Lew Hammond from the SCD (Sudan Council of Churches) invited me to visit his 50-acre garden on an island in the Nile which was sponsored by the Sudan Ministry of Agriculture and the SCD. He had done a lot of work under difficult circumstances. Thieves are his greatest problem. He seemed to take everything in stride and tried to prevent them in the future. He punches holes in tins that contain hanging planters so the thieves would not be able to use them to carry water.

He made an ox cart out of damaged auto parts hoping no one would want to steal it. He had not solved the problem of saving the fruits from the thieves. His entire watermelon crop had disappeared last year. However, he had made great strides in starting citrus production on local peasant farms. In addition to these difficulties he has to fight corruption at the top. The Minister of Agriculture, Gamal Hassan ordered the slaughter of his trained oxen for a celebration because there was no other meat available. The Minister then fired the veterinarian who complained (Figure 13).



Figure 13

### Friday June 11

I learned that there were flights from Torit to Nairobi with the Norwegian group. Then I decided to visit Torit, about 100 miles from Juba. A lorry driver offered me a ride, if I did not mind riding on top of bags of Sorghum. I climbed up on top where I was able to view the landscape far better there than inside the cab. Arrived in Torit about 8 pm and went to the home of Andrew, a former student. There I ate and slept (Figure 14).



Figure 14: Major towns of South Sudan.

### Saturday June 12

Explored the town of Torit and met with the Norwegians and made a date to fly with them for Monday morning flight to Nairobi. That afternoon Andrew insisted that I come with him to a beer party two miles west of town. Along with the beer, a patch of forest was cleared by the group. Beer parties are a common practice where the land owner provides the beer and neighbors enjoy working together. There is an effort to expand the beer party into work cooperatives where each farmer is able benefit from a beer party. Also, the unified Sudanese Government is encouraging local officials to work one day per week in the fields. Since I thought the beer party would be a good time to interact with some farmers, I joined in, but I was not able to contribute very much since all the merisa made me sleepy and I left early.

### Sunday June 13

I awoke early and joined Andrew's neighbor to ride bicycles out to visit a Lango tribe gathering three miles south of Torit. The people were surprised to see a white man especially when I joined them working in their fields. When lunch time came, they invited me to eat and they liked that I participated in their meal. I learned a few greetings in their language. About 40 men and 15 women organized a beer party right after lunch.

At two PM I left the party and returned to Andrews and went with him to Inland Church where a service was being held in English. After the service I had a long talk with the pastor about the agricultural practices of the area. Meanwhile I found Andrew leading religious songs and I tried my hand at singing.

Back at Andrew place there was a beer party going on next door where the men had sorghum flour smeared on their faces and in their hair. This was their ritual to insure the success of the crop which they had just planted. They welcomed me and told me that I was good enough to be and African. A woman with a handful of sorghum flour came up to me and performed the ritual initiation by rubbing it all over my face and into my beard.

A lot of merisa had been consumed and the women began singing and dancing while the men pantomimed old battles against neighboring tribes. At about 9 PM a fight broke out and one man was beaten out in the street. About that time Andrew's father came and escorted me back to his place, which was fortunate because I was looking for an excuse to leave the party anyway. At Andrew's everyone was quite surprised to see my powdered face. I washed it off and went to bed while the party next door continued to rage.

From Torit I found out a way to get to Nairobi. Sudan airways flies to Entebbe, Uganda and from there I would have to find a flight to Nairobi, Kenya. I was not too excited about being in Uganda again. A better alternative, a Norwegian Christian Relief plane flew directly to Nairobi. The next morning, I went to the Minister of Education and was granted permission to fly with the Norwegians to Nairobi. There was a flight scheduled to fly the next morning.

Arriving at the airport, I find there had been a problem with the Norwegian plane and I reluctantly checked out Sudan Airways. They had a flight leaving the next morning for Entebbe. They told me that I would be safe in the modern Entebbe airport terminal and would only wait three hours for a plane to Nairobi. I decided to chance it.

I got up early and went to Juba airport and to get Sudan Airways flight to Entebbe. I got through customs and waited to board. So far so good. There are a lot of white people on the plane and I was told that Idi Amin would not likely storm the transit lounge in Entebbe.

We flew on the Faulker propeller plane which simply followed the Nile except for the gigantic meanders. Unfortunately, the clouds covered the strip or the Nile containing Fula Falls as well as most of Uganda. At the end there was a good view of the Nile where it comes out of Lake Albert, and we could see Murchison Falls and the northern edge of Lake Victoria.

At the small modern Entebbe Airport, I was surprised to see so few people and activity. No other planes were arriving. It seemed a bit ominous. However, the next plane leaving for Nairobi was an East African Air at 8:30 in the evening. In transit, we were fed a very nice lunch and I joined an episcopal minister from Juba and a Nairobi Asian salesman. The minister had spent time in the US and had some ideas about dealing with the southern Sudanese problems. The Nairobi salesman tried to convince me that Nairobi's

development was positively raising the standard of living for all levels of Kenyan society. The DC9 brought us quickly over Lake Victoria and on to Nairobi. Big sigh of relief.

### **Conflict of Interest**

No conflict of interest.

### **Acknowledgement**

None.