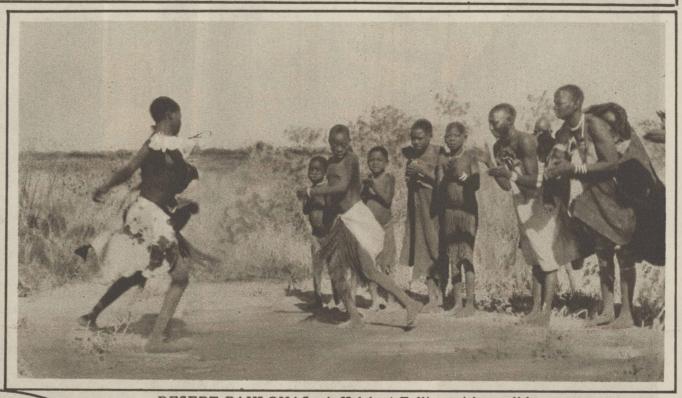


HE BLAZED A NEW TRAIL in South Africa. W. J. Makin, Chicago Tribune correspondent, and five other white men braved soul-trying hardship in crossing the great Kalahari desert, perhaps never before traversed by civilized man. Mr. Makin was pictured during the trek dressed in skins for warmth, native fashion—for it was still winter in that part of the globe.



ONE BIG RIVER TO CROSS—After leaving the desert, near the western termination of the journey, the two trucks of the expedition were ferried by natives across a stream with a dense population of crocodiles and hippos. Canoes lashed together formed the ferry.



DESERT PAVLOVAS—A Kalahari Follies, with an all-brunette cast of bushwomen, entertains the explorers amidst sand and scrub.



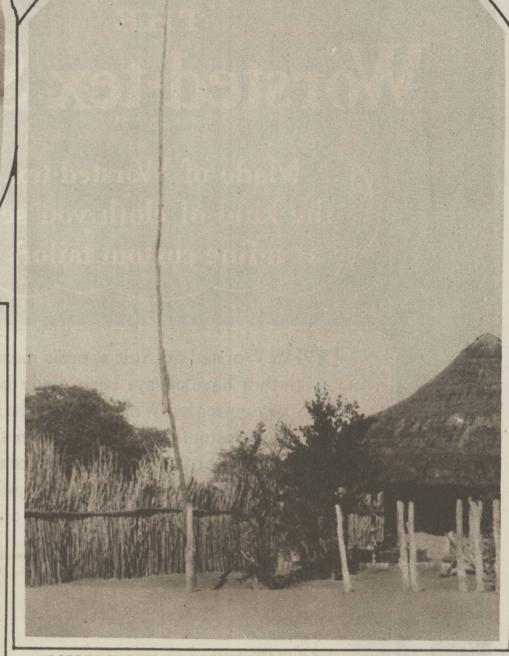
MAN FRIDAY—A leather-skinned bushman nomad of the desert. He and the elephants have one thing in common—wrinkled hide. He carries water in an ostrich egg shell, which is partly buried in the sand at his

WHEN A DESERT ISN'T A DESERT—All is not sand in the Kalahari. On the edge of the desert the explorers traversed vast expanses of such waterless waste as this, dotted with scrubby trees whose tortured branches told of eternal struggle for existence. But all was desolate—there was no human being.

WILLIAM TELL JR.—This bush boy had made a big name for himself in his own home town just a few days before the expedition arrived. He had killed a lion with his bow and arrow.



TODAY MEETS ANTIQUITY—The motorized Kalahari expedition encounters a camel patrol in the desert. When tortured by water famine, the explorers longed for trucks with the camel's famous gift. But a truck has to drink.



LISTENING IN ON THE WORLD—After traversing the desert the explorers came upon a trader who, with a radio set, keeps this hut in the bush in constant touch with the civilized world. He was able to give his visitors up-to-the-minute news.

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