WHILE AWAY afternoon, Samburu warriors lean on spears, watch IH tractor get 500-hour service.  PAUL TEASDALE, Kenya's bulldozing missionary.

SILHOUETTED against cloud of dust, Teasdale sits in sun from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., converting scrubland into airstrip 1200 yards long, 30 yards wide.
Down-to-earth missionary
Paul Teasdale brings an unlikely tool to his calling in Tribal Africa

To make his name a household word all Henry M. Stanley had to do was penetrate the African bush and find a Dr. Livingstone. Today, a century later, it's a simpler matter to find African Missionary Paul Teasdale, although rigors remain. Teasdale's mission is at Gatab, in the remote reaches of northern Kenya. To get there from Nairobi, the visitor has two unsatisfactory choices. He can travel by land for two back-breaking days or he can take a hairy flight in a small plane, touching down nervously on a spectacular airstrip rimmed by mountain canyons. Identifying the missionary is easy: he's the dust-caked tractor operator carving a new landing field at a lower altitude, hacking it out of scrubland bristling with thorn bush.

For police pilots flying into Gatab, the bulldozing missionary is a heartening sight. Their present landing strip, often obscured by clouds and morning fog, scares the living daylights out of them. Of course if it weren't for Paul Teasdale's power of persuasion, they might not be in Gatab at all. When the missionary arrived in 1967, there was no police post and the local Samburu tribesmen led a haunted, hazardous existence. Their cattle and their very lives were threatened by a warring tribe called the Boran. In 1968 alone, more than 150 died during raids in the area.

"I couldn't just stand by and watch them being slaughtered," Teasdale says, "but I couldn't go out and shoot up the Boran either." His stopgap solution: "I gave guns to a couple of guys and loud firecrackers to the rest. They got photos by John Reader, Black Star
Missionary / Impromptu seats for the congregation

CLERICAL GARB on Sunday morning includes plaid shirt, levis. Carrying Bible and prayer book, Teasdale chats with tribespeople outside church whose interior (bottom photo) reflects some of the missionary's improvisation.

real smart with the firecrackers, slipping around exploding one here and another there. They really stirred up the Boran who must have thought we were using mortars on them."

Security is better now, with police on the scene, but a new problem has emerged. Gatab sits on Kulol mountain, in a temperate oasis 2,000 feet above a desert of often raging wind and soaring temperatures. The Samburu herd their cattle there, in a refuge capped with cedar. And now that the raids have stopped, overgrazing has begun. "With 5,000 cattle on this mountain," says Teasdale, "the need is to keep down cattle population, to control grazing. This land can grow good beef but there is a limit." Unfortunately, cattle are wealth for the Samburu, who have never known a cash economy. For their own sake, the land's and Kenya's, they will have to adjust.

This is the crux of the Teasdale Christian philosophy: the Samburu cannot long remain an untouched society. Inevitably they will become an integrated part of Kenya's economy. Already Teasdale has introduced them to schooling, hospital care, bread and maize. "But progress," says Teasdale, "means the semi-destruction of traditional values and that can be devastating. I've seen it — drunkenness, child neglect, dereliction. You have to substitute a good moral code."

If credentials mean anything, Paul Teasdale should get the job done. A white African with an American accent, he was born of missionary parents in...
improbable tank for total immersion

Water-sharing at Gatab involves cattle and candidates for Christian baptism. Multi-purpose supply tank was installed back in the 1950s by British Administration.

Baptism class of 18 encouraged Teasdale who operates his station for the African Inland Mission, an American interdenominational society.
Missionary/Around the clock, concern and compassion

Kenya, grew up with African children, spoke Swahili as his first language. He grew up also with wildness, hunting buck and fowl as a boy. He played out some of his wildness as a wrestler at Wheaton College in Illinois. Then he met and married Betty Lou, the daughter of Congo missionaries. He credits her with taming him down some more. They began their mission service in the Congo, moving to east Africa in 1960.

Their present station at Gatab sits 30 miles east of wild Lake Rudolf, home of 22-foot-long crocodiles, 200-pound perch and treacherous storms. It is a frontier area that Teasdale literally had to open up. He had to bulldoze roads, carve an airstrip and lay out sites for school, church and houses. Though tenacious and tough, Teasdale needed mechanical muscle to see him through and he was able to acquire, in Nairobi, a small British-built International crawler tractor. Together machine and missionary have tackled one formidable task after another. In the gritty soil of Gatab, the little bulldozer has been, figuratively speaking, a godsend.

AILING SAMBURU and hungry sunbird benefit from Teasdale’s ministrations. Pet bird shares baby’s apple puree. Family members in picture are sons Jimmy and Daniel and wife, Betty Lou. Not yet at table: daughter Barbara, 10.