

**JANE GOODALL**  
**IN THE**  
**SHADOW OF MAN**

**Collins English Library**

Collins English Library Level 6

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Abridged and simplified by Lewis Jones

Collins: London and Glasgow

# **Collins English Library**

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Series editors: K R Cripwell and Lewis Jones

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*In the Shadow of Man* Jane Goodall 6

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Second Impression 1979

## 1 Beginnings

Since dawn I had climbed up and down the steep mountain slopes, and pushed my way through the thick valley forests. Again and again, I had stopped to listen, or to look hopefully through binoculars at the surrounding countryside. Yet I had neither seen nor heard a single chimpanzee, and now it was almost five o'clock. In two hours, darkness would fall over the Gombe Stream Reserve. I climbed up to my favourite viewing point, and settled down. I hoped that I might at least see a chimpanzee make his nest for the night, before the end of the day.

I was watching a group of monkeys in the forested valley below, when suddenly I heard the loud screams of a young chimpanzee. Quickly I searched the trees with my binoculars. But the screams had died away before I could find the exact place. The brief quarrel was over, and they were all feeding peacefully on some yellow fruits.

I decided to try to get closer. It took me about ten minutes to make the journey. As I moved cautiously round a thick, knotted fig-tree, I realised that the chimps were gone: the branches of the fruit tree were empty. The same

old feeling of depression knifed and stirred inside me. Once again the chimps had seen me and silently fled. Then all at once my heart missed several beats.

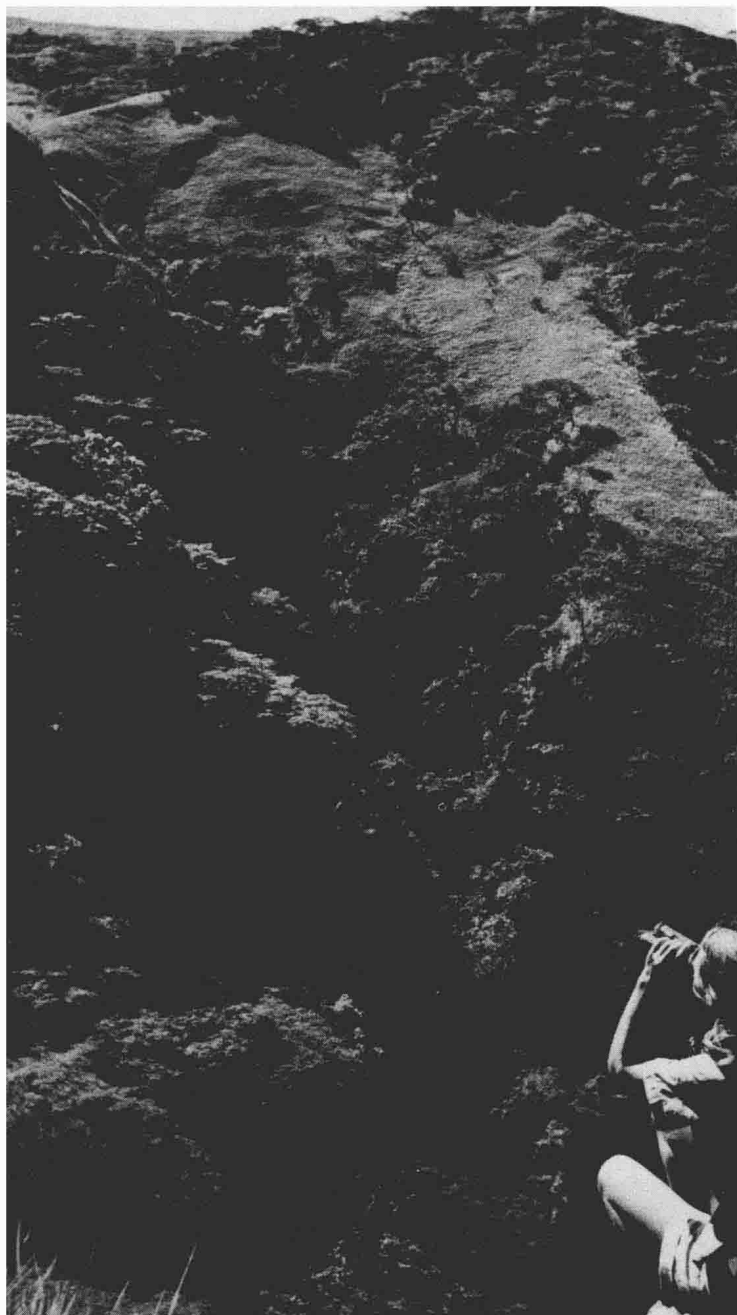
Less than 20 metres away from me, two male chimpanzees were sitting on the ground: they were watching me with keen concentration. Hardly breathing, I waited for the terrified flight which normally followed such a surprise meeting. But nothing of the sort happened. The two large chimps simply continued to watch me carefully. Very slowly I sat down. And after a few more moments, the two calmly began to groom each other.

As I watched, I could still hardly believe it was true. I saw two more chimpanzee heads looking at me over the grass: a female and a young one. For over half a year, I had been defeated by the chimpanzees' fear of me. Now, two males were sitting so close that I could almost hear them breathing.

Without any doubt, this was the proudest moment I had known. I had been accepted. I knew both of these creatures who groomed each other in front of me. One was David Greybeard, who had always been the least afraid of me. And the other was Goliath, the highest-ranking of all the males. Their coats were a shiny black in the softening light of the evening.

For more than ten minutes, David Greybeard and Goliath sat grooming each other. Then, just before the sun disappeared behind me, David stood up and looked straight at me. As it happened, my long evening shadow fell across





him. The moment is burnt deeply into my memory. Of all living creatures today, only man, with his superior brain, overshadows the chimpanzee. Only man throws his fateful shadow over the freedom of the chimpanzee in the forests; man, with his guns and his spreading settlements.

It had all begun three years before, when I had met Dr Louis Leakey in Nairobi. Or perhaps it had begun in my earliest childhood. When I was just over one year old, my mother gave me a toy chimpanzee. It was large and hairy, and most of my mother's friends were horrified. They said it would give a small child nightmares. But it was my most loved possession, and I still have the ancient toy today.

Later, when I was eight, I made a decision: when I grew up, I would go to Africa and live with wild animals. I left school at eighteen and took two different jobs, but my longing for Africa never left me. So when a school-friend invited me to stay at her parents' farm in Kenya, I gave up a really interesting job at a film studio.

About a month after my arrival in Africa, someone said to me, "If you are interested in animals, you should meet Dr Leakey." I went to see Louis Leakey, and somehow he must have sensed that my interest in animals was rooted deep. At first he took me on as a secretary and helper.

Best of all, I was offered the chance to work with him on his yearly trip to Olduvai Gorge on the Serengeti plains.

He had been searching for twenty years for

someone who was thoroughly delighted by animals and their behaviour; someone who could forget the comforts of civilisation for long stretches of time without any difficulty. Towards the end of our time at Olduvai, I think Louis Leakey decided that I was that person. He began to talk to me about a group of chimpanzees who lived on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

After a pause, he asked if I would be willing to study them. I suppose I had guessed what was coming, yet I could not believe he spoke seriously — I was completely unqualified for a scientific study of animal behaviour.

Louis, however, knew exactly what he was doing. He felt that a university training was unnecessary, and even in some ways a disadvantage. He wanted someone whose ideas were not already fixed; someone who could bring a real desire for knowledge; and someone with a sympathetic understanding of animals.

The Gombe Stream Chimpanzee Reserve was in the region of Kigoma. The government officials there had agreed to my study, but they remained firm about one thing: they could not allow an English girl to live alone in the jungle without a European companion. My mother had already been out to Africa for a few months, so she agreed to come with me.

When we reached Nairobi, I could only think of one thing: the exciting 1300 km journey to Kigoma — and the chimpanzees.

When we had been in Kigoma just over a week, David Anstey at last gave me official permission to go on to Gombe Stream. The engine

of the government boat sprang into life, and soon we were steaming out of Kigoma harbour. We turned northward along the eastern shores of the lake.

I looked down into the astonishingly clear water, and thought to myself: "I expect the boat will sink, or I shall fall into the water and be eaten." But neither of these things happened.

## 2 Early Days

It was like a dream-world, that 8 km journey from Kigoma to our camping place in the Gombe Stream Reserve. The steep slopes rise approximately 20 km above the lake. Small pockets of forest keep an uncertain hold on the narrow valleys, where fast-flowing streams rush down to the lake.

All along the shore-line, tiny fishing-villages gripped the mountain slopes, or sheltered comfortably in the mouths of the valleys. My mother Vanne admitted afterwards that she was secretly horrified by the steepness of the slopes, and the impassible appearance of the valley forests. And David Anstey told me (several months later) that he had expected me to leave within six weeks.

After a two-hour journey the boat came ashore at Kasakela — the headquarters of the two government scouts who looked after that

district. David Anstey suggested that we should camp somewhere near them — at least until we were familiar with the region. We splashed ashore, and were greeted first by the scouts; then (with great formality) by the headman of Kasakela village — old Iddi Matata. He was a colourful figure with his red headwear, red European-type coat over his flowing white clothes, wooden shoes, and white beard. He welcomed us for a long time in the Swahili language, of which I only understood a little; then we presented him with a small gift which David had advised us to buy for him.

Then Vanne and I followed David for about 30 m along a narrow track that led to a small open space among the trees. With the help of David and the African scouts, our tent was soon set up. Behind the tent flowed a small splashing stream, and the clear space was shaded by tall oil-nut palm-trees. It was a perfect camping place. About 50 m away, under some trees on the beach, we set up another small tent for Dominic (the cook we had employed before we left Kigoma).

That night I pulled my camp-bed into the open air. As I slept, the starlight rained down on me through the whispering leaves of a palm-tree.

I had a bag to carry on my back. But David felt that I should employ someone to carry it. I was certain that I ought to move about alone: this was surely the way to set up relationships with shy animals. So I was upset at the idea of a companion. Then came even worse news — I also had to have one of the government scouts with

me. I felt depressed and disappointed when I went to bed that night.

When I woke up the next morning, however, everything was new and exciting, and my sadness soon disappeared. My government scout was Adolf, and Rashidi was my 'porter'. David Anstey had some business in Mwamgongo village, so he took us in his boat and dropped us off.

After this we set off up the Mitumba valley: I had always dreamed of an African forest like this. There were huge trees hung with climbing plants; and here and there, bright red or white flowers that shone through the darkness. We moved along beside a fast-flowing stream. Now and then a forest bird flashed past. And once, a group of red-tail monkeys sprang from tree to tree above us: their tails shining like bright copper. Thirty metres above our heads, the forest cover shut out most of the sunlight, and there was little growth along the valley bottom.

When we had been travelling for about twenty minutes, Adolf left the stream and led us up the side of the valley. Almost at once movement became more difficult: the trees were smaller and plants were growing thickly, so most of the time we travelled on our hands and knees.

Adolf stopped under a huge tree. I looked up and saw that it was loaded with some orange and red fruits; down below, the ground was covered with broken-off branches and partly-eaten fruits. This was where the chimpanzees had been feeding the day before.

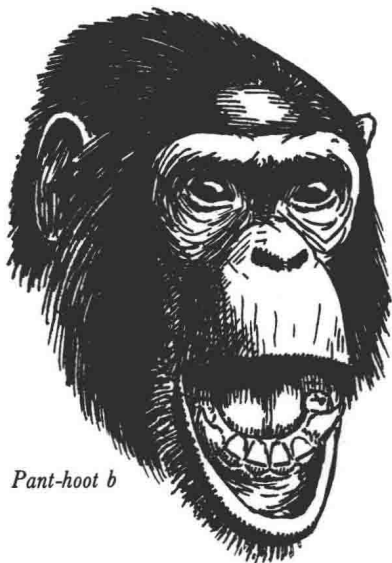
I quickly told my guides that I wanted to watch from farther away — from the other side

of the valley.

Ten minutes later, we were settled in a little grassy space at about the same height as the fruit tree. There were some bird songs and an occasional scream. All at once I was breathless with delight: in the valley below I heard the calling of a group of chimpanzees. I had heard chimpanzees in the zoo of course; but out here in the African forest the sound was exciting beyond words. First one chimp gave out low 'pant-hoots': a string of *hooo* sounds, connected by loud intakes of breath. These grew louder and louder, and became *waaa* sounds, until in the end the chimpanzee was almost screaming. Half way through his calling, another one joined in, and then another. I had heard of chimpanzees drumming on trees: now I heard the strange echoing sound for myself. It rang through the valley, among the wild concert of pant-hoots.



*Pant-hoot a*



*Pant-hoot b*

It was Rashidi who saw the first movement, as a chimpanzee climbed up into the branches of a palm-tree. It was followed by another and another and another, each climbing in orderly procession. I counted sixteen in all, some large, some much smaller. One was a mother with a tiny baby holding on to her.

Although the chimpanzees remained for two hours in the tree, I saw little except the occasional black arm that reached out from the leaves and pulled fruit out of sight. And then, one after the other and in complete silence, the whole group climbed down the palm-tree and disappeared into the forest.

The tree continued to bear fruit for another ten days, and I saw many chimpanzees in that time. I soon realised that the groups were not fixed. Once for example fourteen chimps arrived together but they left in two different groups: the second group climbed down a full half hour after the first.

On another occasion I saw two small groups meet up in the tree, with much screaming and rushing about through the branches. Then they quietened, fed peacefully together, and moved off together. Some groups were all adult males, some were only females and young ones; and others had males, females and youngsters all together.

Later I realised how lucky I had been during the fruiting of that tree. I probably learnt more during those ten days than during the next eight depressing weeks. We went up most of the valleys of the Reserve, but we found no other large



fruiting trees.

But those weeks did serve to make me familiar with the region. My skin became hardened to the rough grasses of the valleys. My blood learnt how to defeat the poison of the tsetse-fly. I became more sure-footed on the ever-slippery slopes. I learnt to recognise many of the animal tracks.

In fact I gradually grew familiar with the five valleys that became my main work district.

### 3 First Studies

Nearly three months had sped away, and I felt that I had learnt nothing. I was badly worried. I set off alone one morning to climb the mountain I had climbed on my first afternoon. I left at my usual time, when it was still cool, in the first pale glow of dawn.

From an open rock about 300 m above the lake, there was a marvellous view over the whole valley. I decided to sit there for a while, and search for signs of chimpanzees through my binoculars. I remained on my rock, and later in the morning a group of chimps rushed down the opposite mountain slope, with much screaming and pant-hooting. They began feeding in some fig-trees that grew thickly along the stream banks in the valley below me.