

My Life with the Wild Chimpanzees

By Jane Goodall

July 16, 1960 was a day I shall remember all my life. It was the day I first set foot on the shingle and sand beach of Chimpanzee Land - that is, Gombe National Park. I was twenty-six years old. Mum and I were greeted by the two African game scouts who were responsible for protecting the thirty square miles of the park. They helped us to find a place where we could put up our old ex-army tent. We chose a lovely spot under some shady trees near the small, fast-flowing Kakombe Stream. In Kigoma (before setting out), we had found a cook, Dominic. He put up his little tent some distance from ours and quite near the lake.

When camp was ready, I set off to explore. It was already late afternoon, so I could not go far. There had been a grass fire not long before, so all the vegetation of the more open ridges and peaks had burned away. This made it quite easy to move around, except that the slopes above the valley were very steep in places, and I slipped several times on the loose, gravelly soil.

I shall never forget the thrill of that first exploration. Soon after leaving camp I met a troop of baboons. They were afraid of the strange, white-skinned creature (that was me) and gave their barking alarm call, "Waa-hoo! Waa-hoo!" again and again. I left them, hoping that they would become used to me soon. Otherwise, I thought, all the creatures of Gombe would be frightened.

As I crossed a narrow ravine crowded with low trees and bushes I got very close to a beautiful red-gold bush-buck forest antelope about the size of a long-legged goat. I knew it was female because she had no horns. When she scented me she kept quite still for a moment and stared toward me with her big dark eyes. Then, with a loud barking call, she turned and bounded away. When I got to one of the high ridges I looked down into the valley. There the forest was dark and thick. That was where I planned to go the next day to look for chimpanzees.

When I got back to camp it was dusk. Dominic had made a fire and was cooking our supper. That evening, and for the next four days, we had fresh food from Kigoma, but after that we ate out of cans. Louis had not managed to find very much money for our expedition, so our possessions were few and simple knife, fork, and spoon each, a couple of tin plates and tin mugs. But that was all we needed. After supper, Mum and I talked around our campfire, then retired into our two cots in the tent.

Early the next morning I set out to search for chimpanzees. I had been told by the British game ranger in charge of Gombe not to travel about the mountains by myself - except near the camp. Otherwise, I had to take one of the game scouts with me. So I set off with Adolf. The first day we saw two chimps feeding in a tall tree. As soon as they saw us they leapt down and vanished. The next day we saw no chimps at all. Nor the day after. Nor the day after that.

A whole week went by before we found a very big tree full of tiny round red fruits that Adolf told me were called msulula. From the other side of the valley we could watch chimps arriving at the tree, feeding, then climbing down and vanishing into the forest. I decided to camp in the best viewing site so that I could see them first thing in the morning.

I spent three days in that valley and I saw a lot of chimps. But they were too far away and the foliage of the tree was too thick. It was disappointing and frustrating. There was another problem that I had to cope with: Adolf was very lazy. He was almost always late in the morning. I decided to try another man, Rashidi. He was far better and helped me a lot, showing me the trails through the forests and the best ways to move from one valley to the next. He had sharp eyes and spotted chimps from far away.

But even after several months, the chimps had not become used to us. They ran off if we got anywhere near to them. I begged the game ranger to let me move about the forests by myself. I promised that I would always tell Rashidi in which direction I was going, so that he would know where to look for me if I failed to turn up in the evening. The game ranger finally gave in.

Every morning I got up when I heard the alarm clock at 5:30 A.M. I ate a couple of slices of bread and had a cup of coffee from the Thermos flask. Then I set off, climbing to where I thought the chimps might be. Most often, I went to the Peak. I discovered that from this high place I had a splendid view in all directions. I could see chimps moving in the trees, and I could hear if they called. At first I watched from afar through my binoculars, and never tried to get too close. I knew that if I did, the chimps would run silently away. Gradually I began to learn about the chimps' home and how they lived. I discovered that, most of the time, the chimps wandered about in small groups of six or less, not in big troops like the baboons. Often a little group was made up of a mother with her children, or two or three adult males by themselves. Sometimes many groups joined together, especially when there was ripe fruit on one big tree. When the chimps got together like that, they were very excited, made a lot of noise, and were easy to find.

Eventually I realized that the chimps I watched from the Peak were all part of one group - a community. There were about fifty chimps belonging to this community. They made use of three of the valleys to the north of the Kakombe Valley and two valleys to the south. These valleys have lovely sounding names: Kasakela, Linda, and Rutanga in the north, Mkenke and Nyasanga in the south. From the Peak I noted which trees the chimps were feeding in and then, when they had gone, I scrambled down and collected some of the leaves, flowers, or fruits so they could be identified later. I found that the chimps fed mostly fruits but also a good many kinds of leaves, blossoms, seeds, and stems. Later I would discover that they eat a variety of insects and sometimes hunt and kill prey animals to feed on meat.

During those months of gradual discovery, the chimps very slowly began to realize that I was not so frightening after all. Even so, it was almost a year before I could approach to within one hundred yards. The baboons got used to me much more quickly. Indeed, they became a nuisance around our camp by grabbing any food that we accidentally left lying on the table. I began to learn more about the other creatures that shared the forests with the chimpanzees. There were four kinds of monkeys in addition to the baboons, and many smaller animals such as squirrels and mongooses. There was also a whole variety of nocturnal creatures:

porcupines and civets (creatures looking rather like raccoons) and all manners of rats and mice. Only a very few animals in the forests at Gombe were potentially dangerous - mainly buffalo and leopards. Bush pigs can be dangerous too, but only if you threaten them or their young. And, of course, there are poisonous snakes - seven different kinds.

Once, as I arrived on the Peak in the early morning before it was properly light, I saw the dark shape of a large animal looming in front of me. I stood quite still. My heart began to beat fast, for I realized it was a buffalo. Many hunters fear buffalo more than lions or elephants. By a lucky chance the wind was blowing from him to me, so he couldn't smell me. He was peacefully gazing in the opposite direction and chewing his cud. He hadn't heard my approach. Always I try to move as quietly as I can in the bush. So, though I was only ten yards from him, he had no idea I was there. Very slowly I retreated.

Another time, as I was sitting on the Peak, I heard a strange mewing sound. I looked around and there, about fifteen yards away, a leopard was approaching. I could just see the black and white tip of its tail above the tall grass. It was walking along the little trail that led directly to where I sat. Leopards are not usually dangerous unless they have been wounded. But I was frightened of them in those days - probably as a result of my experience with the leopard and the wolfhound two years before. And so, very silently, I moved away and looked for chimps in another valley. Later I went back to the Peak. I found that, just like any cat, that leopard had been very curious. There, in the exact place where I had been sitting, he had left his mark - his droppings.

Most of the time, though, nothing more alarming than insects disturbed my vigils on the Peak. It began to feel like home. I carried a little tin trunk up there. In it I kept a kettle, some sugar and coffee, and a tin mug. Then, when I got tired from a long trek to another valley, I could come back and make a drink in the middle of the day. I kept a blanket up there, too, and when the chimps slept near the Peak, I slept there, so that I could be close by in the morning. I loved to be up there at night, especially when there was a moon. If I heard the coughing grunt of a leopard, I just prayed and pulled the blanket over my head!

Chimps sleep all night, just as we do. From the Peak I often watched how they made their nests, or beds. First the chimp bent a branch down over some solid foundation, such as a fork or two parallel branches. Then holding it in place with his feet, he then bent another over it. Then he folded the end of the first branch back over the second. And so on. He ended up by picking lots of small, soft, leafy twigs to make a pillow. Chimps like their comfort! I've learned over the years that infants sleep in their nest with their mothers until they are about five years old or until the next baby is born and the older child has to make its little nest.

I never returned to camp before sunset. But even when I slept on the Peak, I first went down to have supper with Mum and tell her what I had seen that day. And she would tell me what she had been doing. Mum set up a clinic. She handed out medicine to any of the local Africans, mostly fishermen. Once, she cured an old man who was very ill indeed. Word about *that* cure spread far and wide, and sometimes patients would walk for miles to get treatment from the wonderful white woman-doctor. Her clinic was very good for me too, because the local people realized we wanted to help. When Mum had to go back to England after four months to manage things at home, the Africans wanted, in *their* turn, to help me.

Of course, Mum worried about leaving me on my own. Dominic was a wonderful cook and great company, but he was not really reliable. So Louis Leakey asked Hassan to come from Lake Victoria to help with the boat and engine. It was lovely to see his handsome, smiling face again, and his arrival relieved Mum's mind no end., I missed her - of course - after she'd gone, but I didn't have time to be lonely. There was so much to do.

Soon after she'd left, I got back one evening and was greeted by an excited Dominic. He told me that a big male chimp had spent an hour feeding on the fruit of one of the oil-nut palms growing in the camp clearing. Afterwards, the chimp had climbed down, gone over to my tent, and taken the bananas that had just been put there for my supper. This was fantastic news. For months, the chimps had been running off when they saw me. Now one had actually visited my camp! Perhaps he would come again.

The next day I waited, in case he did. What a luxury to lie in until 7:00 A.M. As the hours went by I began to fear that the chimp wouldn't come. But finally, at about four in the afternoon, I heard a rustling in the undergrowth opposite my tent, and a black shape appeared on the other side of the clearing. I recognized him at once. It was the handsome male with the dense white beard whom I had already named David Greybeard. Quite calmly he climbed into the palm and feasted on its nuts. And then he helped himself to the bananas I had set out for him. There were ripe palm nuts on that tree for another five days, and David Greybeard visited three more times and got lots of bananas. A month later, when another palm tree in camp bore ripe fruit, David again visited us. And on one of those occasions he actually took a banana from my hand. I could hardly believe it.

From that time on things got easier for me. Sometimes when I met David Greybeard out in the forest, he would come up to see if I had a banana hidden in my pocket. The other chimps stared with amazement. Obviously I wasn't as dangerous as they had thought. Gradually they allowed me closer and closer.

It was David Greybeard who provided me with my most exciting observation. One morning, near the Peak, I came upon him squatting on a termite mound. As I watched, he picked a blade of grass, poked it into a tunnel in the mound, and then withdrew it. The grass was covered with termites, all clinging on with their jaws. He picked them off with his lips and chewed them. Then he fished for more. When his piece of grass got bent, he dropped it, picked up a little twig, stripped the leaves off it, and used that. I was thrilled! David had used objects as tools! He had also changed a twig into something more suitable for fishing termites. He had actually *made* a tool. Before this observation, scientists had thought that only humans could make tools. Later I would learn that chimpanzees use more objects as tools than any creature except humans.

In October the dry season ended and it began to rain. Soon the golden mountain slopes were covered with lush green grass. Flowers appeared, and the air smelled lovely. Almost every day it rained just a little. Sometimes there was a downpour. The chimpanzees often seemed miserable in the rain. They looked cold, and they shivered. Since they

were clever enough to use tools, I was surprised that they had not learned to make shelters. Many of them got coughs and colds. Often during heavy rain, they seemed irritable and bad tempered.

Once, as I walked through thick forest in a downpour, I suddenly saw a chimp hunched in front of me. Quickly I stopped. Then I heard a sound from above. I looked up and there was a big chimp there, too. When he saw me, he gave a loud, clear wailing “wraaaaah” - a spine-chilling call that is used to threaten a dangerous animal. To my right I saw a large black hand shaking a branch and bright eyes glaring threateningly through the foliage. Then came another savage “Wraaaaah” from behind. Up above, the big male began to sway the vegetation. I was surrounded. I crouched down, trying to appear as non-threatening as possible. Suddenly one of the chimps charged straight toward me. His hair bristled with rage. At the last minute he swerved and ran off. I stayed quite still. Two more chimps charged nearby. Then, suddenly, I realized I was alone again. All the chimps had gone. Only then did I realize how frightened I had been. When I stood up my legs were trembling! Male chimps, although they are only four feet tall when upright, are at least five times stronger than a grown man. And I weighed only about ninety pounds. That incident took place soon after the chimps had lost their initial terror of me, but before they had learned to accept me calmly as part of their forest world. If David Greybeard had been among them, they probably would not have behaved like that, I thought.

After my long days in the forests, I looked forward to supper. Dominic always had it ready for me when I got back in the evenings. Once a month he went into Kigoma with Hassan, and they came back with new supplies, including fresh vegetables, fruit, and eggs.

And they brought my mail. That was something I really looked forward to. After supper I would get out the little notebook in which I had scribbled everything I had seen while watching the chimps during the day. I would settle down to write it all legibly into my journal. It was very important to do that every evening, while it was fresh in my mind. Even on days when I climbed back to sleep near the chimps, I always wrote in my journal first.

Gradually, as the weeks went by, I began to recognize more and more chimpanzees as individuals. Some, like Goliath, William, and old Flo, I got to know well, because David Greybeard sometimes brought them with him when he visited camp. I always had a supply of bananas ready in case the chimps arrived. Once you have been among chimps for a while they are as easy to tell apart as your classmates. Their faces look different, and they have different characters. David Greybeard, for example, was a calm chimp who liked to keep out of trouble. But he was also very determined to get his own way. If he arrived in camp and couldn't find any bananas, he would walk into my tent and search. Afterward, all was chaos. It looked as though some burglar had raided the place! Goliath had a much more excitable, impetuous temperament. William, with his long-shaped face, was shy and timid. Old Flo was easy to identify. She had a bulbous nose and ragged ears. She came to camp with her infant daughter, whom I named Fifi, and her juvenile son, Figan. Sometimes adolescent Faben came, too.

It was from Flo that I first learned that in the wild, female chimps have only one baby every five or six years. The older offspring, even after they have become independent, still spend a lot of time with their mothers, and all the different family members help one another. Flo also taught me that female chimps do not have just one mate. One day she came to my camp with a pink swelling on her backside. This was a sign that she was ready for mating. She was followed by a long line of suitors. Many of them had never visited my camp before, and they were scared. But they were so attracted to Flo that they overcame their fear in order to stay close to her. She allowed them all to mate with her at different times.

Soon after the chimps began to visit my camp, the National Geographic Society, which was giving Louis money for my research, sent a photographer to Gombe to make a film. Hugo van Lawick was a Dutch baron. I soon discovered that he loved and respected animals just as I did; as a result he was able to make a wonderful film. His visit to Gombe was the beginning of both our professional and personal relationships. One year later, in England, we were married.

By then I had left Gombe for a while, to start my own studies at Cambridge University. I hated to leave, but I knew I would soon be back. I had promised Louis that I would return with my Ph.D. degree. After I got the degree, Hugo and I went back to Gombe together. It was a very exciting time, as Flo has just had a baby, little Flint. That was the first wild chimpanzee infant that I ever saw close up, nearly four years after I had begun my research. Flo came very often to camp looking for bananas. Fifi, now six years old, and Figan, five years older, were still always with her. Fifi loved her new baby brother. When he was four months old she was allowed to play with and groom him. Sometimes Flo let her carry him when they moved through the forest. During that time, Fifi learned a lot about how to be a good mother. Flint began to walk and climb when he was six months old. And he learned to ride on his mother's back during travel, instead of always clinging on underneath. He gradually spent more time playing with his two older brothers. They were always very gentle with him. So were other youngsters of the community. And if Flo thought any other chimps were too rough, she would charge over and threaten or even attack them.

I watched how Flint gradually learned to use more and more of the different calls and gestures that chimpanzees use to communicate with each other. Some of these gestures are just like ours - holding hands, embracing, kissing, patting one another on the back. They mean about the same, too. And although their calls don't make up a language like ours, nevertheless they do help the chimpanzees know what is happening, even if they are far away when they hear the sounds. There are at least thirty, perhaps more, and each means something different.

Flo was the top-ranked female of her community and could dominate all the others. But she could not boss any of the males. In chimpanzee society, males are the dominant sex. Among the males themselves, there is a dominance hierarchy, and the one male who gets to the top is known as the Alpha male. The first top-ranking male I knew was Goliath. Then, in 1964, Mike took over. He did this by using his brain. He would gather up one or two empty kerosene cans from my camp and then, as he charged toward a group of adult males, he would hit and kick the cans in front of him. It was a spectacular performance and it made a lot of noise. The other chimps fled. So Mike didn't need to fight to get to the top -

which was just as well, as he was a very small chimp. He was alpha male for six years.

The adult males spend a lot of time in each other's company. They often patrol the boundaries of their territory and may attack chimpanzees of different communities if they meet. These conflicts are very brutal, and the victim may actually die. Only young females can move from one community to another without being hurt. In fact, the big males sometimes go out looking for such females and try to take them back into their own territory.

As the months went by, I recorded more and more details when I watched the chimpanzees. Instead of writing the information in notebooks, I started to use a little tape recorder. Then I could keep my eyes on the chimps all the time. By the end of each day there was so much typing to be done that I found I couldn't do it all myself. I needed an assistant to help. Soon, with even more chimps coming to camp, I needed other people to help with the observations. There were always more fascinating things to watch and record, more people to help write everything down. What had started as a little camp for Mum and me ended up, six years later, as a research center, where students could come and collect information for their own science degrees.

Over the years since I first arrived at Gombe, in 1960, I have known many chimps. Some of them I have known only slightly, because they were shy and I didn't see them often, or because they died soon after I first met them. Others I got to know well. Because chimpanzees are so like humans, and because each has his or her own unique character, there have been some individuals that I have not liked very much, and some that I have liked very much indeed. I really loved old Flo. And because she was one of the first to come to camp, and came so often, I learned a great deal about chimpanzee behavior from her and her family. In 1964, when Flint was born, Flo was the top-ranking female. Of course, the adult males were dominant over her, but she could boss all the other females and even many of the adolescent males. She would always charge fearlessly to Flint's defense if he needed her help. Moreover, the rest of her family -especially Fifi, but also Figan and even adult Faben - helped to protect little Flint. He became very self-assured. He would

threaten chimps older and stronger than he was, because he knew that if they dared to retaliate, his mother, his sister, or one of his brothers would rush to help him.

By the time he was four years old, Flint could best be described as a spoiled brat. Then Flo began to wean him. When he wanted to suckle, she pushed him away. When he jumped on her back during travel, she shrugged him off. Flint, like many youngsters, became very upset. He threw violent tantrums, hurling himself about and screaming until he almost choked. He even hit and bit his mother. Indeed, he was so violent that Flo had not managed to wean him properly by the time her next infant was born.

Most youngsters begin to make their own night nests when their baby brothers or sisters are born. But Flint insisted on pushing in with Flo and his new sister, Flame. When Flo tried to stop him, he cried until she gave in. And he insisted on riding her back, even though the new baby was clinging on below. Because part of Flo's attention now went to the new baby, Flint became upset and behaved like a jealous human child. He even tried to push in and suckle along with Flame. When Flo stopped him - she did not have enough milk for two youngsters - he became very depressed. When Flo groomed the baby, Flint often pulled her hand away, wanting her to groom him instead. But he was never mean to his infant sister. Indeed, he often played with her and carried her around.

Little Flame disappeared when she was six months old. It happened when Flo got really sick. We found her lying on the ground, too weak to climb. We never found out what happened to Flame. Probably she died of Flo's illness. But Flo, to our joy, recovered. And Flint - now that he had his mother's undivided attention - quickly regained his former high spirits. But he went on sleeping with Flo, riding on her back, and constantly pestering her for grooming. Most eight-year-old males begin to spend time away from their mothers, traveling with the big males, learning the sorts of things they need to know when they are grown up. But Flint was still pathetically dependent on Flo. By this time, she was looking very ancient - she must have been close to fifty years old. Her teeth were worn to the gum, her once black hair was brown and sparse, and she was shrunken and frail-looking like a little old lady. She simply

collapsed when Flint tried to ride on her back, so he had to walk. But he still slept with her at night. They were mostly on their own together because Flo was too weak to keep up with the other chimps. Indeed, her old age would have been very lonely but for Flint.

Flo died in 1972. It was a very sad day for me - I had known her for so long, and she had taught me so much. She died crossing the clear, fast-flowing Kakombe Stream. She looked so peaceful - it was as if her heart had suddenly just stopped beating. I looked down at my old friend, and I knew Gombe would never be quite the same without her.

For Flint, Flo's death was a blow from which he never recovered. It was as though, without his mother, he no longer had the will to live. Hunched and miserable, he sat on the bank of the stream near his Flo's body. From time to time he approached her, searching, it seemed, for a sign of life. He stared at her, then pulled at her hand as though begging her to groom him, to comfort him, as she had done throughout his life. But Flo's body lay motionless - cold and dead. Finally Flint moved away. His depression worsened. He ate almost nothing, he stayed mostly alone, and in this state of grief he fell sick. We tried to help Flint in his sickness and misery. We took him food and stayed with him so that he would not feel utterly alone. But nothing helped, and about three weeks after Flo died, Flint died, too. It seems that because Flo had been too old to force the spoiled Flint to become independent, he simply couldn't face life without her. Of course, Fifi had tried to help her young brother. But by then, she had an infant of her own. When Flint refused to move away from the place where Flo had died, Fifi had to leave him so she could feed herself and her one-year-old son, Freud.

There are good chimpanzee mothers and there are bad ones. Fifi was a wonderful mother, just as Flo had been a wonderful mother until she got too old to cope. Fifi was affectionate and protective, tolerant and playful. Some of her behavior was inherited, or instinctive. Some she had learned from watching Flo caring for Flint and Flame. Some she had acquired by practice, during the days when she had been allowed to care for her young siblings.

When Freud was five years old, his brother Frodo was born. Freud was absolutely fascinated and played with the baby and carried him, just as

Fifi had done with her little brother twelve years before. Frodo watched everything that big brother Freud did and often tried to do the same himself. As a result, Frodo became quite precocious. When Frodo was five years old, Fifi gave birth to a daughter, Fanni. Frodo was fascinated by Fanni just as Freud had been with him. But Frodo was often very rough with his little sister - the first sign of the bully that he would become when he was older. Luckily, Fanni was a tough little thing and never seemed to mind, even when her brother Frodo dragged her or dropped her from some low branch of a tree.

She was just four and a half years old when sister Flossi came along. By that time, Freud the eldest in Fifi's family, was a fully adult male, but he still spent time with his family and often played gently with both of his small sisters. As I observed the family, I learned that young brothers or sisters can sometimes be very useful to their older siblings. Once, when I was with Fifi, we heard a group of males calling, some distance away. Fifi didn't want to join them, but her son Freud did. And even though he was quite grown up, he didn't want to go without Mom. Not that day. So what did he do? He gathered up his infant sister, who clung to his belly, and he set off toward the males. Then Fifi had to follow! As I smiled at his ploy, I remembered eighteen-year-old Faben doing exactly the same when Flint was a baby.

When I am at Gombe, I often follow Fifi and her family. If I know where they slept the night before, I get up very early, in the dark, and arrive at their nests just as it gets light. Then I follow them through the forest, sometimes for the whole day. But it is not easy to follow chimps for a long time. The undergrowth is very thick, and although there are trails where you can walk upright, the chimps seldom use them for long. They go along their own pathways, moving easily through thick tangles of thorny undergrowth. To follow, you must crawl after them on all fours, or even inch along flat on your tummy. Thorns catch at your clothes, your hair, and your skin. Vines curl around the buckles of your shoes. As you struggle to pull free, you see the black shapes ahead vanishing, and you almost cry with frustration. But if you are lucky, you find the chimps again when you emerge from your battle with the vegetation. There they are, feeding peacefully in a tree or resting quietly on the

ground, grooming one another. Then, as you watch, you know the struggle was all worthwhile.

The Tanzanian field staff are wonderful at following the chimps, even through the most difficult places and up the steepest and most treacherous slopes. Of course, they can't follow when the chimps cross a narrow, steep-sided valley by swinging from tree to tree, or when they climb the slender vines that often hang down a sheer cliff face. But even then, the men can often predict where the chimps are going and so catch up with them later.

Some of these skilled observers such as Hilali Matama, Yahaya Alamas, Hamisi Mkono, and Eslom Mpongoó have been with us since the late sixties. They all have amazing stories about their adventures with the chimpanzees. Hilali loves to follow the males, particularly when they go on their boundary patrols or when they are hunting. And he especially loves talking about Figan, Flo's son and Fifi's elder brother. Figan, who died in 1981, was one of the most intelligent of chimpanzees. And, like Mike, who became the alpha male by using the noisy empty tin cans from our camp, Figan also became the top-ranking male the alpha male by using his intelligence.

When Mike was about thirty-five years old, he was overthrown by a very big and aggressive male called Humphrey. But Humphrey, despite his size, didn't last for long - only for eighteen months. Then Figan took over. Like Mike, Figan was small - an unlikely candidate to overthrow the larger Humphrey. But Figan deliberately made use of the friendly relationship that he had cultivated with his brother Faben. Faben had become completely paralyzed in one arm during the terrible polio epidemic in 1966. But even with a useless arm he made a good ally. He had learned to perform magnificent upright charging displays. Figan knew if he was attacked by one of the higher ranking males, Faben almost always would come rushing up to help him. And so Figan's strategy was to confront the much bigger Humphrey only when Faben was in the same group. Then he charged toward Humphrey, threatening him again and again, and Faben usually joined in. making it two against one. Even though the brothers didn't actually attack him, Humphrey

became more and more tense when they were around. And Figan became more and more self-confident.

Then, one evening, came the showdown. Figan, Faben, and Humphrey were all together in a large group. As the sun sank, they began to make their nests, one after the other. But not Figan. When most of the others had settled down for the night, he suddenly began to leap about wildly through the branches. There were loud screams as chimps left their nests and scrambled out of his way. All at once, as though made brave by his display of power, Figan leapt down onto Humphrey, who was lying in his nest, and attacked him. Humphrey, screaming loudly, pulled away from Figan and dropped to the ground. Figan followed, attacked him again, and then climbed back into the tree. Presently, Humphrey climbed quietly back, too, and made a second nest. But Figan wasn't through with him. When everything was peaceful again, he once more charged through the trees and attacked Humphrey. Again they dropped, fighting, to the ground. This time Figan chased his rival for some distance before climbing back into the tree. Poor Humphrey! He sat screaming for some time until it was almost dark and Figan had gone to bed. Then, cautiously, he too climbed back into the tree and made his third nest. Never again, for the rest of his life, did Humphrey try to dominate Figan.

And so Flo's son, when he was about twenty-three years old, became top-ranking male. He was alpha male until he died (of unknown causes) about ten years later.

In 1994, Fifi's eldest son, Freud, became the top male. He, like his uncle Figan before him, was twenty-three years old. Twenty years after her death, Flo's descendants form the most powerful family at Gombe and by far the largest. Flo would be proud of them.

Because the study at Gombe has lasted for so many years, we have learned many fascinating things about chimpanzee behavior. Now I need to share what I've discovered with as many people as possible. It is necessary to write scientific papers for the benefit of other scientists doing field research in different parts of Africa or working with captive chimps. But it is just as important to write books for the general public, for people of all ages and in all countries. I have been very lucky in my life. I have known the excitement of watching free wild animals. Most

people can't have such experiences. They may not even want to. But they love to hear about my life in the wild, and in the telling, I try to explain just how amazing chimpanzees - and many other animals - really are.

These days I spend most of my time traveling around the world giving lectures, trying to raise money, and talking to individuals and organizations about the chimpanzees and what we are trying to do to help them and to help other animals as well.

Jane dreamed of a life spent working with animals, and when she was twenty-six years old, she ventured into the forests of Africa to observe chimpanzees in the wild. During her expeditions she braved many dangers and she got to know an amazing group of wild chimpanzees—intelligent animals whose lives, in work and play and family relationships, bear a surprising resemblance to our own. Through her work at Gombe Stream National Park in Tanzania and her own Roots and Shoots program she has become a tireless advocate for animals and the planet. As for that stuffed toy, Jubilee still sits on Goodal