

The Strandloper

BULLETIN OF THE CONCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA



Strandloper 258

June 1999

Page 1

THE FAMILY CORALLIOPHILIDAE IN SOUTH AFRICA

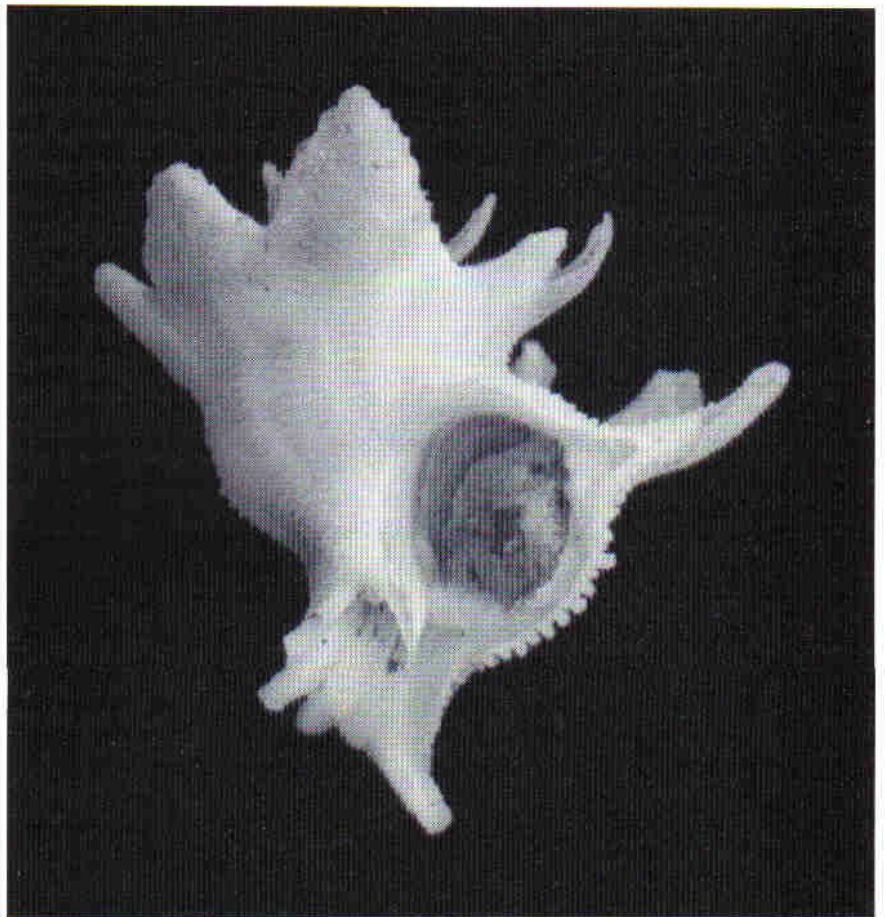
by Markus Lussi and Dawn Brink

These shells are similar to the Muricidae, but without varices and sculptured by scaly spiral threads, sometimes with lobe-like spines around the shoulder. Colour is usually white, pink, orange and rarely yellow. The operculum is horny and thin, somewhat kidney-shaped.

Most species live in tropical waters in association with reef-forming corals; a few occur in temperate zones with several reaching the Eastern Cape. Most inhabit fairly deep water, up to nearly 1400 meters.

Many Coralliophilidae appear to be parasitic on corals and sea anemones; they thrust the proboscis through the surface tissues or oral aperture of the host and suck up cells and body fluids. They have no radula. Most live permanently on or near the host, while some live deep inside corals as borers.

The female is usually larger than the male and fertilisation is mostly internal except in some of the boring species. Egg capsules are brooded by the female, which hatch at the veliger stage and probably pass through a long free-swimming period, hence the wide distribution of most species. Few are endemic.



Babelomurex deburghiae (Reeve, 1857). Trawled off KwaZulu-Natal and the northern parts of the Eastern Cape (formerly Transkei), L=32 mm.

About 35 species of Coralliophilidae are to be found in South African waters, which is probably more than those officially recorded. This can only be done when one of the S.A. museums has acquired a specimen, preferably live-taken.

An interesting species is *Magilus striatus* (Rüppel, 1835) which is found deep inside corals. Its initially spiral shell develops with growth into a long worm-like tube.

GENERIC DESCRIPTIONS

LATIAXIS

Flattened spire whorls; fairly loose coiling of whorls, last whorl being detached from shell; scabrous sculpture (rough, file-like) on shell surface which is minute and weak.

MIPUS

Rhomboidal in shape (roughly diamond-shaped with rounded periphery) with conical spire; no prominent peripheral spiny projections (where shell bulges most) though some have a circular ridge or elevation on the periphery, whole shell surface is minutely sculptured with fine scabrous spiral cords.

BABELOMUREX

Prominent keel on shoulder (angular ridge) with spiny projections in varying degrees; more spiral, spiny threads often appear on the whorls.

HIRTOMUREX

Shell is glassy-looking and covered with prominent spiral cords of scaly projections on whole surface; no prominent shoulder spines as in *Babelomurex*.

CORALLIOPHILA

Varies a lot in shape, most having a sculpture of broad axial ribs with scabrous or scaly spiral cords or threads, some displaying a somewhat latticed appearance eg. *C. clathrata* and *C. squamosissima*. Most are relatively small.

RHIZOCHILUS

Commences as a normal oval or

fusiform shell; (spindle-shaped, tapering at both ends) it gradually changes its shape to fit over the branch of the host sea fan. It is finally embedded in the tissue of the host animal, only a small hole for the siphon remaining. Interestingly, the only species in the genus, *Rhizochilus antipathum* is named after the host sea fan, *Diogorgia antipathum*.

RAPA

Shell is globose with low conical spire and large body whorl, producing a moderate size siphonal canal; sculpture consists of corrugated spiral cords crossed with weak axial threads.

MAGILUS

Shell is embedded inside compact coral and extends to an elongate irregular thickened shell. As a juvenile it has a thin and globular shell which is roughly sculptured with weak wavy squamous striae. (scaly threads or grooves)

SOUTH AFRICAN SPECIES

Species marked with a * are probably endemic. The species are illustrated column-wise on pages 3 to 6, in approximately the same order as listed here.

LATIAXIS

mawae (Griffith & Pidgeon, 1834)

MIPUS

**brinkae* Kosuge, 1992
crebrilamellosus (Sowerby, 1913)
**isosceles* (Barnard, 1959)
matsumotoi Kosuge, 1985
miyukiae Kosuge, 1985
**rosaceus* (E.A. Smith, 1903)
vicdani (Kosuge, 1980)

BABELOMUREX

**capensis* (Tomlin, 1928)
diadema (A. Adams, 1854)
deburghiae (Reeve, 1857)
gemmatus (Shikama, 1966)
**kawamura helena* (Azuma, 1973)
lischkeanus (Dunker, 1882)
nakamigawai (Kuroda, 1959)
problematicus (Kosuge, 1980)
tosanus (Hirase, 1908)
yumimarumai Kosuge, 1985

STOP PRESS !

Dawn Brink has recently received an e-mail from Dr Kosuge in Japan in which he identified three problematic specimens of South African Coralliophilidae sent to him by Dawn. According to Dr Kosuge, the species in question had not previously been known from South Africa. The 'new' species are *Coralliophila arabica* Melville, 1898, *C. leucostome* Kosuge, 1988 and *C. caroleae* d'Attilio & Meyers, 1984. The actual specimens are still in Japan so we do not yet have photographs for you.

HIRTOMUREX

filiaregis (Kurohara, 1959)
winckworthi (Fulton, 1930)

CORALLIOPHILA

clathrata (A. Adams, 1854)
costularis (Lamarck, 1816)
erosa (Röding, 1798)
fragosa E.A. Smith, 1910
fritschi (von Martens, 1874)
monodonta (Blainville, 1832)
neritoidea (Lamarck, 1816)
persica Melville, 1897
pulchella (A. Adams, 1854)
rubrococcinea Melville & Standen, 1901
solutistoma Kuroda & Shikama, 1966
squamosissima (E.A. Smith, 1876)

RHIZOCHILUS

antipathum Steenstrup, 1850

RAPA

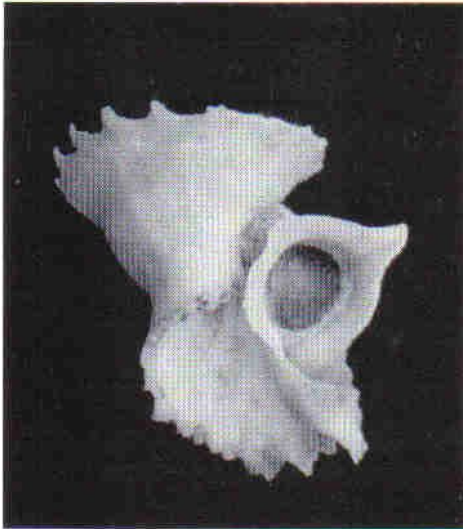
rapa (Linnaeus, 1758)

MAGILUS

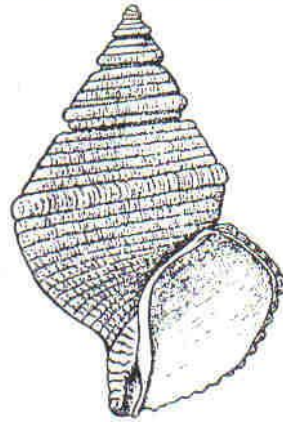
lamarckii (Deshayes, 1863)
striatus (Rüppel, 1835)

REFERENCES

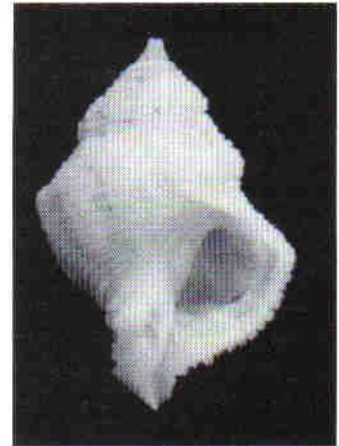
1. Richard Kilburn & Elizabeth Rippey, 1982. *Sea Shells of Southern Africa*
2. Sadao Kosuge & Masaji Suzuki, 1985. *Illustrated Catalogue of Latiaxis and its Related Groups*
3. Douw G. Steyn & Markus Lussi, 1998. *Marine Shells of South Africa*



Latiaxis mawae, trawled KwaZulu-Natal & former Transkei, L=38 mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



Mipus isoceles, E. Cape, L=18 mm



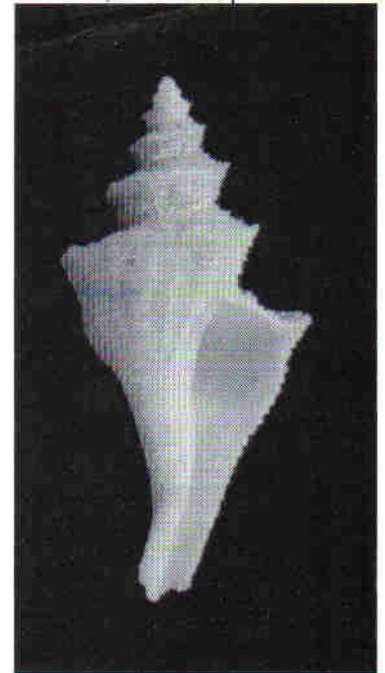
Mipus rosaceus, dived & beach E. Cape, L=21 mm. Colour : various, can be white, brown or pink.



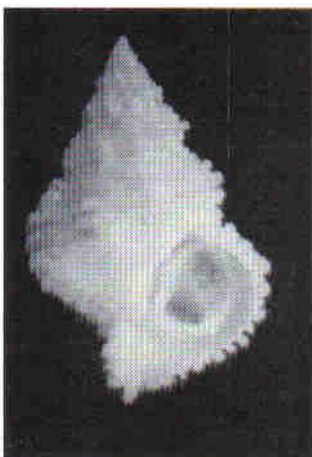
Mipus brinkae, trawled KwaZulu-Natal & former Transkei, L=27 mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



Mipus matsumotoi, trawled, N. KwaZulu-Natal, L=49 mm. Colour: white with pale brown staining.



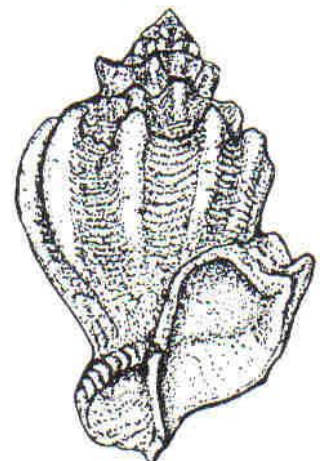
Mipus vicdani, trawled KwaZulu-Natal, L=33mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



Mipus crebrilamellosus, dredged KwaZulu-Natal, L=19 mm. Colour : pale brown spire, pink columella.

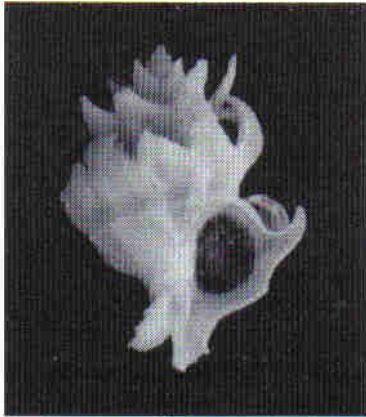


Mipus miyukiae, trawled & beach, former Transkei, L=23 mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



Babelomurex capensis, E. Cape, L=21 mm

Editor's note : I have taken the liberty of adding some notes on colour, determined from the photographs supplied by the authors.



Babelomurex diadema, dredged former Transkei, L=23 mm. Colour: white and pink.



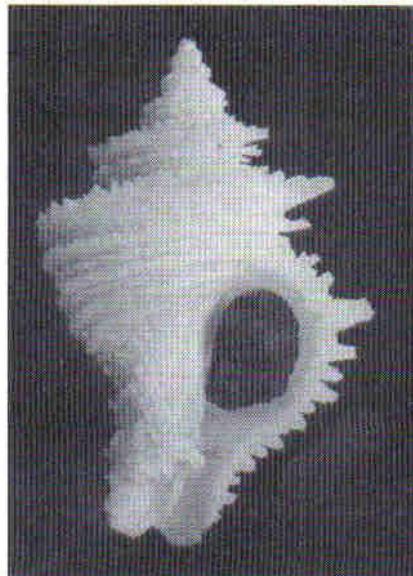
Babelomurex gemmatus, dredged KwaZulu-Natal & former Transkei, 21 mm. Colour: white with pale creamy orange spire.



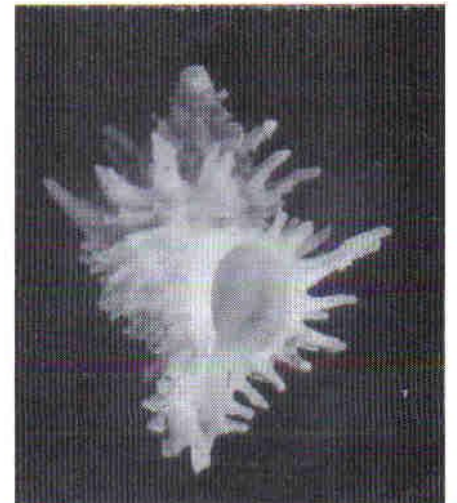
Babelomurex problematicus, dredged KwaZulu-Natal, L=21 mm. Colour : whorls orangey-pink, spines white, aperture mauve.



Babelomurex deburghiae, trawled KwaZulu-Natal & beach former Transkei, L=32 mm. Colour: white with very light brown staining.



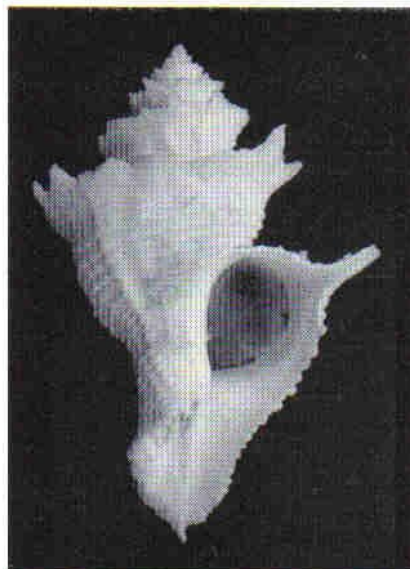
Babelomurex lischkeanus, trawled KwaZulu-Natal, L=45 mm. Colour: White with very light tan staining.



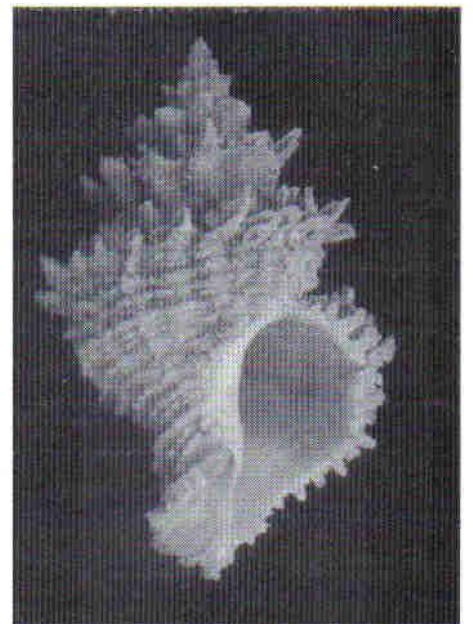
Babelomurex tosanus, dredged southern KwaZulu-Natal, L=27 mm. Colour : orangey-brown and white.



Babelomurex kawamurai helenae, trawled KwaZulu-natal, L=69 mm. Colour : predominantly light tan.



Babelomurex nakamigawai, trawled KwaZulu-Natal & former Transkei, L=56 mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



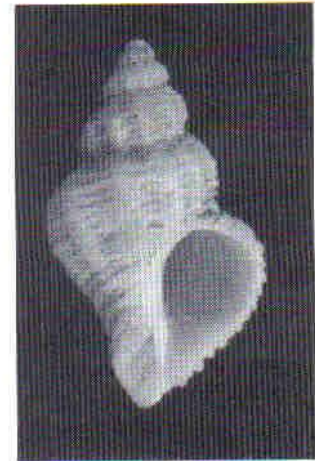
Babelomurex yumimarumai, dredged KwaZulu-Natal & former Transkei, L=39 mm. Colour : light brown with pink aperture.



Hirtomurex filiaregis, trawled KwaZulu-Natal & dredged former Transkei, L=27 mm. Colour : white.



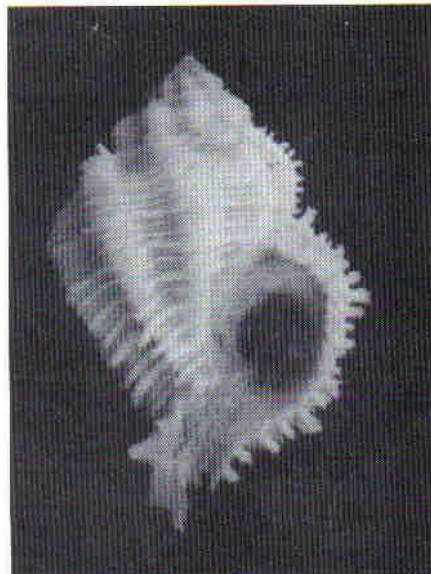
Coralliophila clathrata, intertidal KwaZulu-Natal, L= 18 mm. Colour : white, with brown staining in recesses.



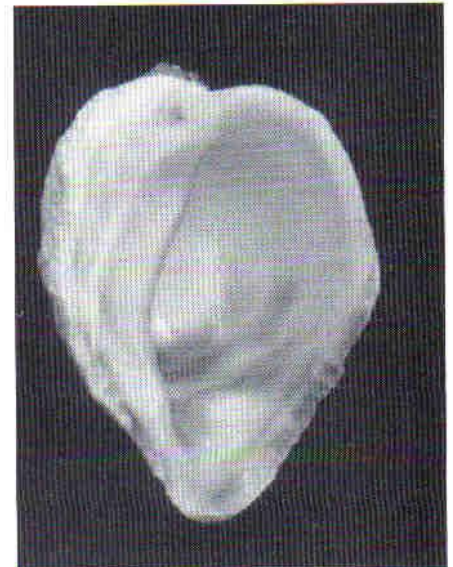
Coralliophila fritschi, beached from KwaZulu-Natal to False Bay, L= 23 mm. Colour : white, with brown staining in recesses.



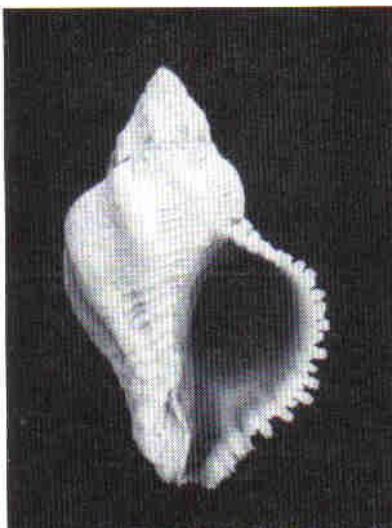
Hirtomurex winckworthi, trawled & crayfish traps, northern KwaZulu-Natal, L= 29 mm. Colour : white.



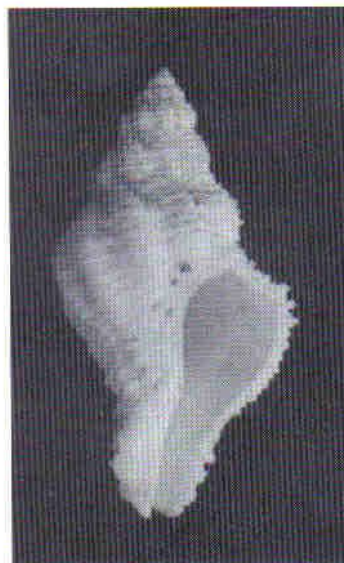
Coralliophila erosa, infratidal KwaZulu-Natal, L=31 mm. Colour : white, aperture mauve.



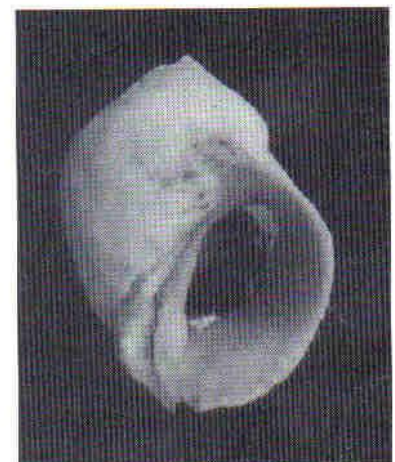
Coralliophila monodonta, intertidal KwaZulu-Natal, L=30 mm. Colour : white, aperture tinged with pale pink.



Coralliophila costularis, intertidal KwaZulu-Natal, L=29 mm. Colour: white or brown, with violet aperture.



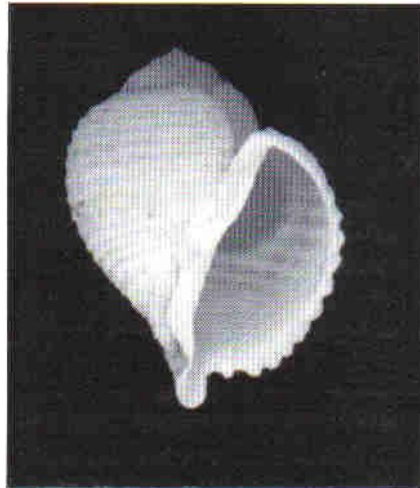
Coralliophila fragosa, beached northern KwaZulu-Natal, L= 28 mm. Colour : white with pale brown staining.



Coralliophila neritoidea, intertidal KwaZulu-Natal, L=25 mm. Rare locally. Colour : aperture is mauve.



Coralliophila persica, dredged 20 m off Durban and beached southern KwaZulu-Natal, L=28 mm, rare. Colour : uniform pale brown, aperture white, siphonal canal darker brown.



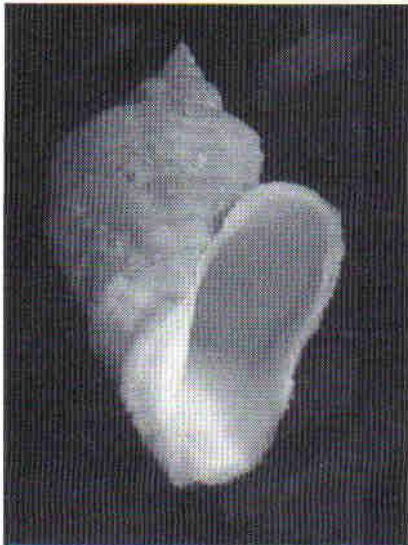
Rapa rapa, infratida KwaZulu-Natal, rare, L= 20 mm. Colour : pale tan.



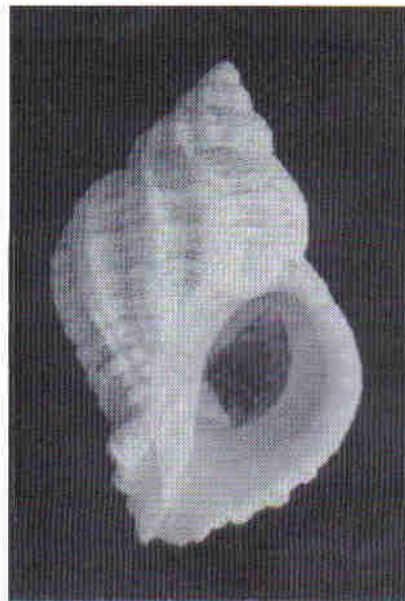
Coralliophila solutistoma, dredged and dived KwaZulu-Natal, L=19 mm. Colour : white



Magilus lamarckii, beached in coral, northern KwaZulu-Natal, L=27 mm. Colour : off white



Coralliophila pulchella, dredged, infratidal KwaZulu-Natal, L=32 mm. Colour : light brown, aperture white.



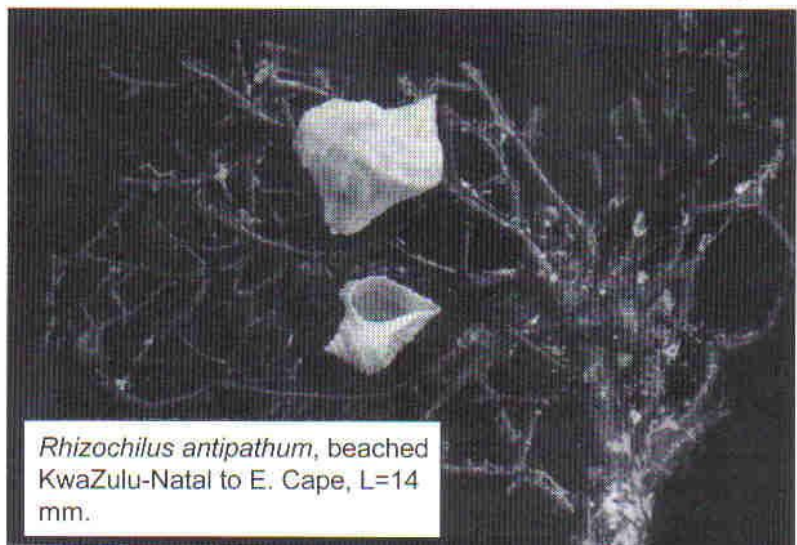
Coralliophila squamosissima, intertidal KwaZulu-Natal to eastern Cape, L= 28 mm. Colour : white.



Magilus striatus, beached in coral, northern KNZ, L=23 mm, white



Coralliophila rubrococcinea, beached KwaZulu-Natal, L=31 mm. Colour : brown



Rhizochilus antipathum, beached KwaZulu-Natal to E. Cape, L=14 mm.

LOOKING DOWN THE NOSE OF AFRICA- A SHELLING EXPEDITION TO SENEGAL

by Mariette Jearey, Port Elizabeth

Astounded I stare around me. I have never seen anything like this in an airport before. Bags of corn and potatoes, crates of tomatoes, huge hessian bags of secret soft things (material or wool), a huge box of latex gloves, what looks like a half lamb in a butcher's bag and many other unmentionable items. Not the kind of travellers' paraphernalia that you would normally see at the departure counter! Will they ever allow all of this on the plane, will it even fit on the plane??? All of this accompanied by the buzz of busy, strange languages. I am starting to doubt the sanity of what I'm doing. I hear a voice behind me talking on a cellphone in Afrikaans. At last, some sense in all of this travel frenzy! The only other person on this flight that speaks one language that I can understand. But my new found confidence is shattered when I finally get to the counter and the young girl serving us asks in a very tired voice: "What on earth are you doing on this crazy flight, are you nuts?!" Can you believe I'm still in Johannesburg Airport!

Twenty two hours after leaving home we land at Dakar airport. Excitement bubbling inside of me to see old friends. After what seems like another hour I finally have my luggage, this gave me enough time to notice all the other strange luggage coming through, some looking rather soggy, as can be expected of veggies travelling thousands of miles across the equator! Sure enough, there's the half lamb in a butcher's bag, looking rather bloody and travel weary. Gene and Sylvain are waiting not so patiently in the foyer! Welcome to Africa my friend, the time here ticks slower than anywhere else in the world!

"Damn, things take long in this place! How are you? I can't wait to show you the things I've dived this morning! Tomorrow morning we're going to the same place again, I can't wait to see your face after the dive. This is Sylvain, he'll be our translator and guide during the trip." All of this in almost one breath and only after that, "Hello, good to see you again!"

Early the next morning I take a walk to acquaint myself to my new habitat. Tall and very black men and boys, dressed in brightly coloured robes, clutching prayer mats under their arms, are all heading off in the same direction, the sun is rising, the sea a stunning azure blue. On the beach there are slender little girls, long hair tightly plaited against their heads, playing on proudly painted canoes. All of these bright colours for my eyes to feast on, and... strutting on the beach, very white sheep, like *Gypsophyla* in a spring flower arrangement. Another strange sight, was to see boys and young men dragging the sheep, much against their will, into the sea and washing them there. I try to communicate with the little girls in my very limited French, but when that did not work, some clowning around and singing with them, brought out the desired reaction.

It takes a while for all of this colour to seep in, and still in quite a daze, I get to meet old "shell-swopping" friends over a cup of coffee. Homer and Anne at first acquaintance come across as the most organized shelling travellers I've ever met. Nothing is forgotten. Every possible and even unlikely event is provided for. I knew there and then that amongst these three friends, I could sap buckets full of travel knowl-

edge and shelling enthusiasm and precision. I wasn't proved wrong.

Ten o'clock arrives and we're off in a sport fishing boat. Jean-Jacques, a French-speaking Belgian, is the owner of the boat. He takes tourists (mostly from Europe) on "big fish hunting" charters. Taking crazy amateur conchologists diving, is not normal fare. (Especially three Americans and one South African) This delightfully colourful character, tells us so many traditional stories of Senegal that one would believe he's lived here all his life, not just a few years. Africa and hunting are his passion!

Jean-Jacques takes us to Madelaine island, a little southeast of Dakar. There is some fascinating and romantic folklore involved with these stark rocks jutting out of the blue sea. The water is clear even though the cold bites a little and the surge is quite strong around the island's feet. At 14 meters I find my first shell, a *Cypraea*

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Fissurella coarctica and littlies, like *Planaxis lineatus*(?), *Triphora perversa*, *Chauvetia soni*, *Pyrene cribraria* and *Columbella rustica*, *Pyrene cancellata* and *Pyrene rac*.

Coming back from the island we were met by an awful smell. Sylvain explains to us about "le Tebaski" and the accompanying smell. Around the time that we celebrate Easter weekend, the Muslims (92% of the population) celebrate "le Tebaski" festival. Only the best lamb, without any flaws, is sacrificed at the mosque, in memory of Abraham. The

stercoraria! Now I understand why one hardly ever finds these shells in a gem condition. Man, they live on the "wild side" of town. I almost lost my arm when I stuck it deep between two rocks to reach the shell, and the sea just ripped me around like a plastic bag in the wind. It turns out this was the only *Cypraea* we found between the four of us during this trip.

With a wide grin pulling on my cold blue lips I exit the water some time later. In my bottle some real nice finds. *Conus cloveri* (soarsi?), *Conus ambiguus*, *Pinna rudis*, *Cymbium marmoratus*, beautifully coloured *Beguina senegalensis* (Carditidae) and *Haliotis tuberculata*. There were a lot of more common, larger species to be found, like *Hexaplex duplex* and large *Thais*, but I wanted to keep space for all the other smaller, rarer shells still to be found. Besides, these large shells are hardly ever in a good condition and I'm loath to take shells from the sea if I cannot use them in my collection. I firmly believe in the principle of taking only that which you can use. My grin would have been considerably smaller had I known that due to conditions and circumstances this would be the one and only dive that I would have here in Senegal.

That evening we go on one of the

lovely little brightly coloured taxi canoes to N'gor Island for dinner at a quaint Italian restaurant, where we wolfed down the delicious fare like real starved divers. After all, this was my first food in this place and finding shells is a hungry hobby. It was here that Jean-Jacques informed us of some of the social and cultural habits and expectancies of the people of Senegal.

Here we learnt some harsh truths about hygienic habits or rather, lack thereof. One has to remember that this is a harsh, dry desert type land, water is scarce and homes with bathrooms are a rarity, especially in the areas that we would be moving in, that is, coastal, with mainly fishing communities around. Seriously sobered by visions of airborne, waterborne, handborne and whatever-else-borne germs and viruses. We return to N'gor, already planning in the water-taxi to go to N'gor island the next day to scout around for intertidal shells.

The tide was not properly low, when we started looking on the island the next day, but we got a fair idea of which species live in this zone. We found mostly littoral species such as *Littorina angulifera*, *Nerita senegalensis*, *Patella intermedia* and *safiana*, *Cantharus assimilis* and *viveratus*,

head of the family then has to share this lamb amongst all dependants and neighbours. It is a very important day on the religious calendar. So many mysteries became clear to me once all this was explained. It certainly explained all the vegetables taken on the flight to Dakar and of course the half-lamb-in-a-butcher-bag (someone was cheating!). Don't forget that the sacrificial lamb has to be clean too, thus the comic washing of the sheep in the sea. The people were cleaning out the gut and other innards of the sacrificed sheep on the beach. That explained the bad smell and we were convinced that the place would be covered in flies

Strandloper

The editor welcomes original articles, news, shelling reports, feedback, advertisements (rates on application) and any other material likely to be of interest to members of the Society. Illustrations are especially welcome. Please send to

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South Africa

or e-mail me at
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the next day. We were also speculating about snorkelling in that bay that night to see if some carnivorous molluscs (*Bullia*, *Natica* and such) also get to celebrate "le Tebaski". It was a unanimous decision not to snorkel in these densely populated bays, especially not after we'd seen what went into that water!

That afternoon I was very privileged to meet Marcel Pin. I believe that he played a large part in putting Senegalese shells "on the map". Unfortunately Marcel was a very sick man, suffering from emphysema. Conversation was hard. Between gasps of air and very broken French-English we establish a common bond... the love of beautiful shells. I wish I could have known him under better circumstances. He has given us much assistance in our quest, especially by "lending" Sylvain to us. We would have been lost without their arrangements and communication aid. We are very grateful to Marcel and Sylvain!

From Belair Bay we can see Goree Island winking at us. This is so exciting, who would ever have thought that a locality that I'd seen so many times on shell labels before, would be right in front of my eyes like this. Of course, there is hardly any time for unpacking because we are going to dredge as soon as possible. And what an incredible experience our first dredge was! Another beautifully painted boat, called Ababacar, one engine, one triangular dredge, two buckets and four sieves. The boat is large enough to fit the four of us plus Sylvain and the boat owner, Abdulai and his friend, who helps to haul the dredge in. I have never found so many shells in one day as we found in those four hours. This is the most lucrative day in my shelling "career". Every time we pull the dredge up there are, at the very least, five shells in it. By the time we got back to the hotel, we were tired, sunburnt, hungry and thirsty; but boy, you've never seen smiles this size on four weary faces before!

It is here that the "pick-out ceremony" was founded. Before there is even a

thought of a nice cold bath (cold was mostly the only option) all the shells are put out on a table in various family groups. Each person then draws a number and shells get "picked" in numerical order. (The shells that remain "unpicked" are returned to the bucket of water and taken back to sea.)

Well, I have never seen such concentration on these two men's faces before! Each time it was the "opponents" turn to pick. The other would try to distract his attention by pointing to interesting shells in the hope that the "opponent" would not pick the shell he wants. All this haggling became like a serious Wimbledon match and there were times that I howled with laughter. I never thought conchologists could be more fun to be with than the actual shells! Only after the "ceremony" do we start to hear each other's stomachs growling. Time to eat! That night we work together until very late to identify and process all these shells.

The next day we discover that Homer and Anne had very little sleep. There were some geese and a goat in a pen right behind their room and the accompanying sounds and smells became too much for even these seasoned travellers to bear. Anne took time out with the dredging, because she was also experiencing the early symptoms of "travellers disease". The rest of us got going early and spent another four hours dredging. We never found the volume and variety again in this and following dredges as we did the first day, but we were very happy with what we found in the rich waters around Goree Island. We discovered the habitat of numerous, brightly coloured *Pecten flabellum*. Gene coaxed the boatsman to try another area somewhat shallower and away from the normal area. At first the dredgers wanted to throw away the algae and slimy "seahares" that filled up their dredge, but we said that they must fill up our sieves with the stuff and we'll check through it and, lo and behold, one after another *Pecten* was found attached to this coarse algae.

The last day at Goree was spent doing "real tourist stuff" on Goree Island. This island used to be the place where captured slaves were "stored" until they were shipped to far away places. It is just another one of many atrocities from our "human" past that one would rather forget. Even though an eerie feeling followed me around, it was still a colourful place to see and, of course, one has to learn from the past. In the afternoon we went to visit Marcel, who was by now in hospital in a serious condition. That night none of us slept well. At nearly midnight, the locals decided to throw a very noisy party at the hotel, which lasted most of the night. So, between goats, geese and locals, Belair became the place remembered for little sleep and lots of shells. At least, because it was impossible to sleep, we got most of the identifying done and the shells and clothes were ready and packed for Pointe Sarene, our next venue.

It was at this point that things started to go wrong. Overnight Gene got pretty sick with "traveller's disease". We could only think that he had tea at breakfast that must have been made with local and not bottled water and that he picked up some vicious bacteria. He never really recovered completely for the rest of the trip. This put a serious damper on the moods of everyone. We were constantly worried about him and it just wasn't as much fun, without his funny quips and joking around.

And yet, Pointe Sarene was a lovely little village. Lovely, friendly people and so much cleaner than the places we'd been to before. It is very remote, with hardly any modern amenities; a fresh place to stay if you want to "get away from it all". A new dredging canoe was ready and after Gene assured us he would be better off lying down, we put to sea again. Another bit of bad luck struck when the engine broke down, miles away from land. There we sat for three hours until some good Samaritan fisherman finally took pity on us and only after his morning's work towed us "home". It was such a welcoming sight to see the boys running into the sea and swimming toward us,

laughing and chattering, once we got to the village. I could not believe it, but Joseph the "headman" of the village (and long-standing friend of Marcel's) and a lot of family members and villagers were worried about us and were waiting anxiously on the beach upon our return. What beautiful, hospitable people these are!

Homer and I decided not to be put off by this incident and after we delivered Anne safely to the "nest", we set off again. This time we were in better luck and found the stuff I'd been waiting for this whole trip... *Marginella*'s.... one of my favourite families. Although we did not find many shells we felt better for trying. When we finally returned to the huts the "picking" ceremony took place fairly quietly, only Gene's hiccuping interrupting the softness of the African sunset. Joseph's daughters prepared a delicious dinner of fresh fish and fine rice, which we ate at the communal dining room by the light of a storm lamp, missing Gene, who still could not face any food.

After another day of dredging and not

finding too much we decided to do something different, that would include the whole group. We chose to go to the mouth of the Joal River about 40 km south of Pointe Sarene, looking for estuarine shells. We only found *Tympanotonus radula* (Potamididae). There was no sign of the *Marginella*'s mentioned by Lipe in his book. While we were looking at stalls selling volutes and *Murex* and other items dredged from the sea, the sky started turning a strange colour, as though a yellow light was shining through thin paper. On our way back to Pointe Sarene a real desert sandstorm was born. It transformed the dry arid countryside into a dark brown-grey cloud. It was difficult to distinguish shapes and colours. Everywhere people were taking cover, long robes flapping in the wind, faces covered by headgear. The dust penetrates everywhere.

Bravely, Homer and I still tried to find some intertidal shells, that afternoon, at a small rocky outcrop at the point of Pointe Sarene. Amazingly enough we actually did find some shells. With our heads, faces and bodies covered

as well as possible against the beating sand, we must have been quite a sight, bending low and peering intensely to try and see something under rocks, beyond water ripples. This put an end to the term "mad dogs and Englishmen" - rather "crazy shell-collectors" will be the topic of many a villager's folklore stories in time to come. I found some strange *Conus*, which I have not been able to identify positively as yet. We also found a larger type of *Nerita senegalensis*, *Clavatulina coerulea*, small *Conus pulcher* and *Epitonium commutata*. Under the rocks there were also hundreds of *Turritella bicingulata* lying close together under the rocks, maybe they were also hiding away from the dust and sand!

Until the sandstorm subsided there would be no dredging and at this point it looked like it was there to stay for quite a while. Gene was also getting weaker and since there were no medical facilities in Pointe Sarene we decided to return to Dakar the following day. All the way back home, the following morning, the group quietly



watched the sandstorm following us - baobab and thorn trees exposed to the force of the wind. Upon arrival at Dakar we booked into a hotel and took Gene to a clinic, where he received medication via intravenous drip. Feeling a little more at ease now that something had been done about his condition, we slept a little better that night. He didn't. He was still hiccuping!

Our last two days were spent doing some more work on the shells and packing them carefully, then going to various markets. Sylvain took us to Soumbédioune, a

large village type market where beautiful hand crafted items can be bought. I know I drove Sylvain nuts trying to decide what to buy, he certainly learnt about patience during this day. Buying an item in Senegal is not the uncomplicated transaction we all know. The stall owner will quote you an unbelievably high price and he would be very insulted if you don't quibble or "bargain" about the price. Once you leave with your item you still have that uncanny feeling that you've just been played by an expert, and yet you're happy that you've acquired something unique.

Friday 17 April. After spending a lot of time and money at the market we decided to have a nice big lunch with Sylvain at the Brazzerade. During lunch Sylvain was called to the phone where he was told that Marcel Pin had passed away. Marcel was like a father to Sylvain. What a sorry day for all of us! What a sorry day for conchology in Senegal! It was at this point that I really started to take a great liking to red wine. That night Homer, Anne and I had that as the main and only course for dinner. Gene was still hiccuping.

Jean-Jacques took pity on this sorry group on our last day and took us to



Point Almadies. It is the western most point of Africa. With the Dakar golf course behind me I climb on a huge rock and just drink in this spectacular beauty. The sea blue-green, white waves bashing away at the rock walls, clear skies, the setting sun shimmering on the water. You can see forever from here! Jean-Jacques says, "You are now standing on 'The Nose of Africa'".

When Sylvain and I dropped Gene, Anne and Homer at the airport the next morning they were quite ready to leave. Who can blame them? Will we ever see each other again, separated by a massive ocean, living on different continents? A light of smiles go up as we realize that our hobby will keep us together in a way. When we look at the lovely shells we found here, we will remember and think of each other. And don't forget contact is just as far away as the nearest post-box, that's how we got to know each other in the first place! So..... good-bye! Gene is still hiccuping!

I had to wait till evening before my plane left and Sylvain very kindly walked around with me. I wanted to see, hear and smell some more. We crossed the bay again to have a last glass of red wine at Mama's Italian

restaurant on N'gor Island and to reminisce about Marcell and other happenings. Back on the beach in front of the Brazzerade Hotel, I stroked the head of one of the surviving sheep, strutting around on the sand. I wished upon him a slight flaw before next year's "Tebaski" celebrations, maybe that way he would survive another year! So this is it Senegal! You have beautiful and graceful people and stunning shells. I would like to come back some time and have more luck in my traveller's bag. There is so much potential here. As we fly out that night I can see the "Nose of Africa" clearly etched where the flickering city lights hug the dark sea.

P.S. For those who would like to know, as soon as Gene returned home he visited his physician who gave him the correct medication. A few hours later he stopped hiccuping!



SPECIES DREDGED OFF GOREE ISLAND AND POINTE SARENE

Gastropoda:

Aporrhais senegalensis, *Cancellaria cancellata*, *Conus pulcher*, *Eglisia spirata* (Epitonidae), *Fusinus boettgeri*, *Latirus armatus*, *Latirus filusos*

Marginella arenaria?, *Marginella aurantia*, *Marginella bifasciata*, *Marginella cinctum*, *Marginella denticulata*, *Marginella harpaeformis*, *Persicula avellana*, *Persicula cornea*, *Persicula persicula*, *Prunum amygdalum*

Mitra hebes, *Attiliosa goreensis* (Muricidae), *Favartia emersoni*, *Jaton decussata*, *Murex angularis*, *Ocenebra inermicostata*, *Purpurellus gambiensis*, *Ocenebra flavida*

Typhis sowerbyi, *Natica fanel*, *Bullia miran*, *Cyrene lyrata*, *Nassa miga*, *Agaronia acuminata* (Olividae), *Olivancillaria hiatula*, *Olivella pulchella*, *Cymatium trigonum*, *Cymatium gibbosum kobelti*

Strombus lautus, *Trivia candidula?*, *Clavatula bimarginata* (Turridae), *Clavatula coerulea*, *Clavatula rubrifasciata*, *Clavatula sacerdos*, *Crassispira callosa*, *Crassispira consociata*, *Fussiturrus undatiruga*, *Genota mitraeformis*

Perrona nifat, *Turritella bicingulata*, *Tudiculla afer* (Turbinellidae), *Cymbium pepo*, *Hastula lepida* (Terebridae), *Terebra senegalensis*

Bivalvia:

Anomia ephippium, *Arca noe*, *Arca arca*, *Cardium edule*, *Cardium norwegicum*, *Cardium pappilosum*, *Cardium ringens*, *Vepricardium serrulatum*, *Cardita ajar*

Chama crenulata, *Chama gryphina*, *Crassitella paeteli*, *Corbula sulcata*, *Donax oweni*, *Glycymeris vovan*, *Phacoides adansoni*, *Modiolus lulat*, *Montecuta bidentata* (Mactridae), *Tellina hyalina*, *Dosinia exoleta*, *Loripes lacteus*, *Pitar floridella*, *Venus foliaceolammelosa*, *Venus rosalina*, *Venerupis dura*

Others

Dentalium senegalensis

Another 26 species still need to be identified.

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Founded 1958

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