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'Kopperendee' was the name given me
by the Native members of the Peabody
Museum's 1955 Kalahari Desert expedition,
a Herero word meaning 'picture maker'

"KOPPERENDEE"

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in transcribing and typing this manuscript

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PART 1

In January, 1955 I was invited to go on an expedition to study the life and culture of the Bushmen of South Africa. Why anyone would ask me along on such a safari was far from obvious.

I am not an anthropologist. I had never traveled far from my own country, never driven a truck, never gone hunting. All my hobbies could be performed sitting down, like operating an amateur radio station, piloting an airplane, doing technical photography, and relaxing. I was more at home in a hammock than on the open road and, prior to the expedition, I had never slept outdoors in a sleeping bag.

I don't know one plant from another nor a stone from a fossil. I had never tried to find my way through woods and I couldn't reckon time by the stars. I couldn't repair a broken truck spring. As an electronics engineer engaged in developing new radar systems for the navigation of aircraft, I rarely went far from the paved streets of a city. In short, I was a most unlikely candidate for membership in such an expedition when I received the invitation from its organizer and leader.

The leader formerly was president of a large electronics manufacturing company where I was once employed as a research engineer. While there, I used my photographic hobby to make some movies explaining the principles of a new radar system which my colleagues and I were developing.

After his retirement from industry, the leader, Mr. Laurence K. Marshall, had organized several expeditions to South Africa for Harvard University's Peabody Museum of Anthropology. Remembering my movies, he invited me to join one of his early expeditions as a photographer but I declined the opportunity. Now, when invited to join the new expedition, I hesitated for several weeks but finally accepted. Pushing electronics aside, I rushed to the encyclopedia to learn more about the African Bushmen.

~~of the ... he had ... photographs~~
~~but ... he asked ...~~
~~... for ...~~
~~... evolved into ...~~

I FOUND THAT THE

Bushmen of south Africa are not to be confused with the aborigines of Australia, popularly called "bushmen" also. Anthropologists apply the term "Bushmen" only to the south African group. They are not Negro, but a race by themselves, with a marked oriental appearance. Their skin is yellow and their eyes slanted. They are tiny people, averaging only three inches taller than the Pygmies. A typical Bushman might stand five feet tall, and a woman four and a half.

The Bushmen, I understand, were the original, the sole inhabitants of south Africa. As the Negroes moved south from central Africa and the Whites moved north from their ports on the coast of southern Africa, the Bushmen were either assimilated or driven further into the interior. It is believed that the Hottentots are a result of the fusion of the Negroes from the north and the Bushmen from the south.

They are rapidly becoming extinct as a separate race and culture. The few remaining in their primitive state are those who have retreated into the far reaches of the Kalahari Desert, where they are not accessible to those who would follow them.

Here the remaining Bushmen live in a Stone Age culture, the way our own ancestors may have lived half a million years ago. They plant no crops, have no agriculture, but gather whatever melons, nuts, berries, or roots grow wild. They have no cattle, no dogs, but hunt game with bows and poisoned arrows, tracking the animals on foot. They have no homes,

but migrate in search of food, living out in the open wherever their current food supply brings them.

Those who have had a minimum of contact with present-day civilization are called "wild" Bushmen by the South Africans. It was these people we were looking for. To find them, we had to travel into the Kalahari Desert, the seventh biggest in the world, with most of its quarter-million square miles still unexplored. It is located partly in Bechuanaland (a protectorate of Great Britain) and partly in South West Africa (a mandate under the Union of South Africa). Parts of it had been reached by only a few previous expeditions, one of them Livingston's. The current U.S. Air Force maps still show the Kalahari Desert labeled "Extent Unknown."

Members of the expedition leaving from the United States were ^{LAURENCE} Mr. Marshall, ~~the~~ expedition leader; ^{LORNA} Mrs. Marshall, who would take notes on the Bushman culture; Elizabeth Marshall, their daughter, who was writing a ^{Book} ~~memoir~~ about Bushmen; John Marshall, their son, who was completing a movie of the Bushmen's activities; Dr. ^{WILLIAM DONNELLAN, AS} ~~Bill Donnellan~~ camp manager, and finally, myself, as photographer, ~~and~~ ~~myself~~.

The Marshall family had already been on several previous safaris into the Kalahari Desert and were well experienced. ~~The camp manager~~ ^{BILL DONNELLAN, THE CAMP MANAGER, WAS A PHYSICIAN} ~~Bill Donnellan~~ neighbor of mine who had performed experimental heart operations as part of a research program. Our joint efforts in making a movie of one of his operations necessitated the borrowing of some of Mr. Marshall's movie equipment, which led to their meeting. My function on the expedition was to make movies and sound recordings, and to take still pictures.

January, February, and March were three hectic months spent in rounding up equipment and getting ready for the trip. The majority of the

equipment was to be sent from the United States, with a few odds and ends to be picked up in South Africa. Our transportation through the desert was to consist of four open-back trucks and a jeep. Two of the trucks were six-wheeled Army vehicles loaned to us by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, whose interest in this trip was to obtain botanical information about the Kalahari Desert. Both Army vehicles and one of the others were to be sent by ship from the United States, and the other truck would be picked up in South West Africa, together with the jeep which had been left there from a previous expedition.

Two huge insulated metal boxes were mounted side by side on the smaller truck. In them we packed the delicate equipment, such as cameras and tape recorders, as well as the heat-sensitive film and recording tape. Hinged to each box was a tightly fitting lid which could be swung up, out of the way. (Many were the names I was to call those lids as the wind kept dropping them on my head while I was reaching into the boxes.)

For sound-recording equipment, we obtained two tape recorders and a load of spare parts. Photographic equipment consisted of six 16-millimeter movie cameras and four 35-millimeter still cameras. We also had a couple of stereoscopic cameras for three-dimensional pictures, but never got around to using them. Finally, we had a Polaroid camera capable of producing a finished picture in one minute after taking it.

For three months, we ran around frantically collecting all this equipment, disentangling some left over from the previous expedition and obtaining all the spare parts that could possibly be required. On top of all this, I had to learn about, and buy, sleeping bags, boots, special clothing, tents, and all the other things with which I had never been

familiar. We had special fiber boxes made to protect our good city clothes from the trip through the desert, to hold our more delicate equipment, and for those personal items which would be needed daily. We also packed two rifles fitted with telescopic sights, a double-barrel shotgun, ammunition, eleven different types of film for the cameras, magnetic sound recording tape, canned food, spare truck parts, and an endless array of equipment that soon filled what had been the Marshalls' spacious living room. Outside their house, our ~~two~~ huge trucks periodically pulled away from the curb in search of more supplies, and then roared back triumphant down the quiet residential street. The turmoil was further intensified by the need for passports, visas, and a dozen shots in the arm.

The great day finally arrived when all the equipment was packed in the trucks, and they were sent off to New York for shipment. The boat trip to Walvis Bay in South West Africa takes approximately six weeks. We were to follow by air, meeting in Windhoek, the capital of South West Africa, three hundred miles inland from the coast.

Even after the trucks had been sent off, we continued to scurry around at the same pace for last-minute equipment, either to be sent by air or carried as part of our personal baggage. ~~Somehow~~ ~~Billboard~~ (I ended up with an excess baggage charge of two hundred dollars.) We had been trying for weeks to pick up a ^{NEWLY ADVERTISED} ~~movie camera~~ movie camera, but it wasn't until the day before I was to leave that I finally located one. I had it flown to me and then spent my last day testing it and picking up its accessories. Two hours before my plane left for Paris, I was still shopping for the last of the parts for that camera.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and ^{THEIR DAUGHTER} Elizabeth had left a week earlier, going first to Brussels. John, their son, was to join us two months later, when his school term ended at Harvard. Bill ^{DONNELLAN} and I were going to travel together.

While waiting to board the plane at Idlewild Airport, Bill, who had been so eager to go on this trip, suddenly got a bad case of the blues and wondered why he was going in the first place. I, on the other hand, who had been so reluctant at the beginning, was getting more enthusiastic by the minute.

Twelve hours later, when the plane reached Paris, Bill was again full of enthusiasm. We found ourselves a little flea-bag of a hotel in Paris, where the woman at the desk acted as though she had seen all of Hollywood's concepts of how a French hotel clerk should act. She kept telling us to make the most of the Paris women, and at the same time warning us not to take them up to our room. When asked why there was an additional charge for each use of the bathtub, she explained that if there were none, people would be taking baths all day long. I learned to use French telephones well enough to make a couple of phone calls to cousins of my mother (a native of France). My explanations, in French, as to my identity were sufficiently inarticulate that the first one hung up on me. I did better with the second, who invited me to lunch the next day. The three days in Paris were spent doing the usual tourist things.

A five-hour flight took us to Rome, where we had eight hours to sleep, and twelve hours to make like tourists.

At noon on Easter Sunday, we climbed aboard a South African Airlines Constellation, where we would spend the next 25 hours flying to Johannesburg. I was seated next to a mousey little Englishwoman who had

boarded the plane at London. She was terribly frightened by the flight, was very airsick, had long since thrown up everything she could, and was sort of off-white in complexion. The hostess came by, distributing whisky. My companion took a sip from hers, and placed the still full glass on the floor. There, next to her feet, stood a line of half a dozen liquor glasses, all full. During the rest of the flight, she would demand a drink every time the hostess made the rounds, take a sip, and then add the glass to the lineup. Later, I learned she was an alcoholic, and airsick as she was, couldn't let an offer of a drink go by.

There was a one-hour refueling stop at Cairo, but as it was late on a moonless night, we could see nothing. The air was balmy, and the soft breeze was full of the delicate scent of some flower. I longed to wander around, but we were restricted to the airport, where we were shown a movie about Egypt's progress. The final blow was that the entire sound track was in Arabic.

My Englishwoman collapsed while walking from the plane. The air crew told me that they had been forewarned that she was an alcoholic, but that there was nothing much they could do. Bill took her off my hands and sat next to her the rest of the trip.

We flew through the night, and the following morning made a stop at Nairobi, on the equator. This was in Kenya, the Mau Mau area. After a warning from the hostess not to leave things on our seats for fear of their being stolen, we filed out of the plane into a shack at the airport. Here we were served breakfast by barefoot Natives wearing fezzes and something resembling white togas. Though the altitude was over five thousand feet, the air was hot and steaming. British army officers stood

around wearing open-necked khaki shirts and shorts and carrying swagger sticks. A sign pointed to London, forty-two hundred miles behind us.

A few minutes after taking off from Nairobi, we could see the dense jungle beneath us, the trees packed so closely that they looked like a carpet of moss. At the same time visible in the distance was the snow-covered top of Africa's highest mountain, Mount Kilimanjaro, rising three and a half miles into the air. Our next stop, eighteen hundred miles to the south, would be Johannesburg, where winter was just starting.

The plane's passengers were mostly from South Africa, about evenly divided between those with an English background and the Afrikaans of Dutch ancestry. Most of the Afrikaans aboard spoke English as well, and there was a lot of good-natured heckling between the two groups. This was enlivened by the never-ending stream of liquor being served.

Naturally, prior to the trip, I had heard a lot about the tensions existing in South Africa. Before I had any chance to ask questions, a South African passenger handed me a question-and-answer booklet put out by the Union of South Africa. Mostly, it concerned itself with explaining White-Negro relations. When we finally arrived at Johannesburg, an official boarded the plane, sprayed it with an insecticide, and then closed the door, leaving us bottled up inside for about five minutes, choking in the fog. One of the Afrikaans passengers got up and made a little joking speech about this being done only because there were Americans on board. The door was finally opened, and we walked out into the Union of South Africa.

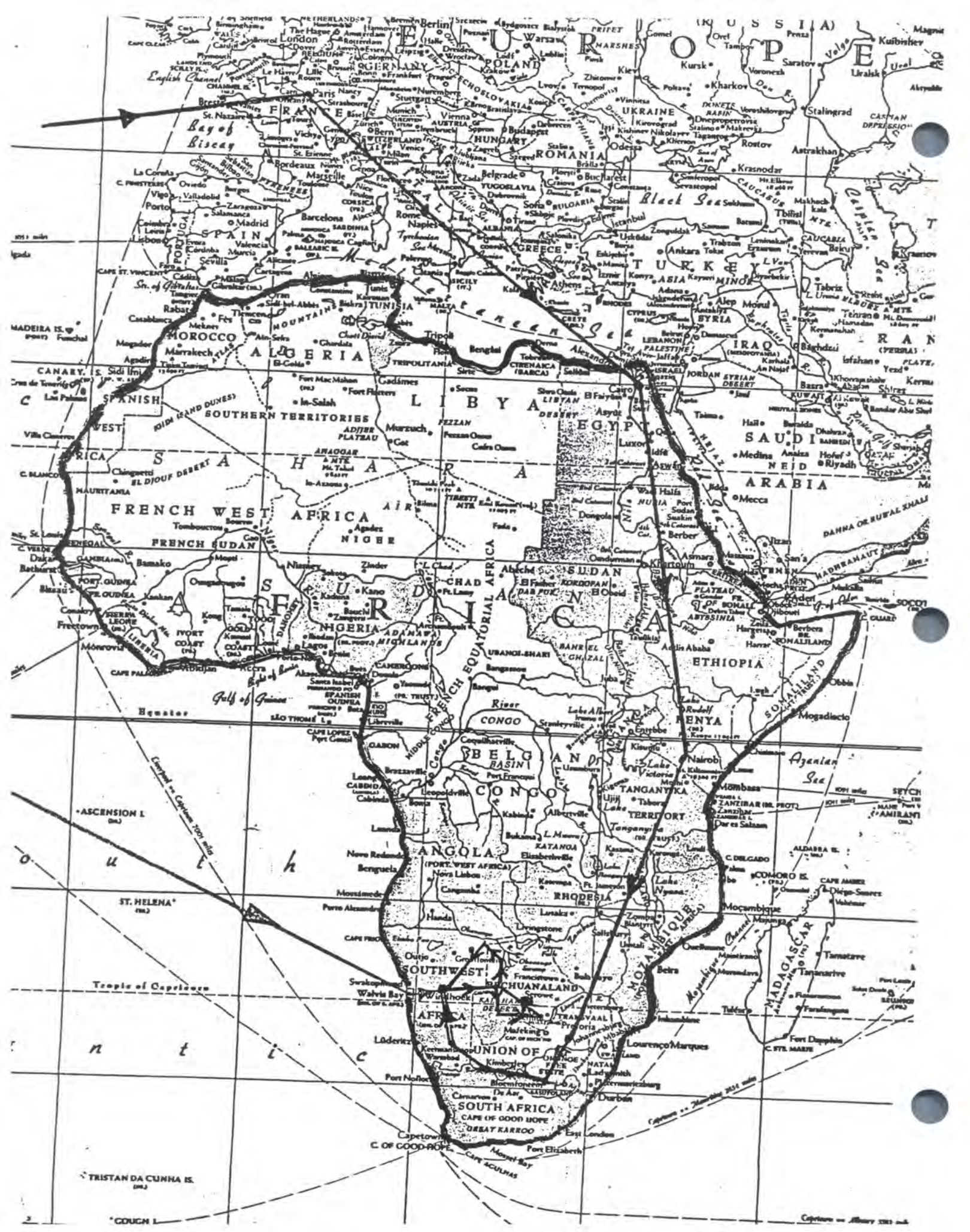
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PART 2

The Jan Smuts Airport at Johannesburg was big, modern and slick, and on a par with the best I've seen. My bags were carried to the waiting bus by a Negro porter. To receive the tip I offered, he cupped his hands together, and as I tried to put the coin into his hands, he kept pulling them further and further down, so as to keep a small distance from mine. I soon got the idea that I was to drop the coin into his hands without *HAVING TO* touching him.

From the signs at the airport, I learned that there were two major groups, "European" and "Non-European." All Whites are classified as "Europeans," regardless of their place of origin. The two predominating groups of Europeans in South Africa are the English and the Afrikaans. The Afrikaans are the descendants of the early Dutch settlers. They speak a modified Dutch, and many of South Africa's terms have a Dutch origin. (For example, the word "Boer" is the Afrikaans word for farmer.) The Non-Europeans are divided into several social layers, the highest of which are the "Asiatics," consisting mostly of people descended from the indentured laborers once imported from India. The next order down the social scale is a group called "Coloreds," which includes all the Mulattoes. At the very bottom of the scale are the "Natives", pure Negroes.

After a forty-five-minute drive from the airport, we reached the city of Johannesburg itself (which we soon learned to call Joh-burg), a modern city with a White population of 400,000 and an equal number of *NON-WHITE* ~~Negroes~~. When we got to the downtown area, we were surrounded by double-decked streetcars, movie palaces, skyscrapers, and hamburger stands. The



streets were filled with hurrying crowds, and the sky above was covered with the usual haze of a busy city. After flying a total of 48 hours to reach South Africa, I felt I was still back home.

The fact that Johannesburg was such a modern city doubled my surprise when, among the crowd, I spotted a Zulu walking down the street in native garb. He wore painted wooden disks about the size of checkers in holes stretched in his earlobes. Later, a Zulu woman came by, carrying a baby held on her back by a sash strapped around her waist, and balancing a huge bag on her head. Her bare feet, with ten pounds of ^{DECORATIVE} iron wire wrapped around each ankle, looked very much out of place on a cement sidewalk. The Zulus who have lived in the city longer abandon this dress, but the last item to go are the men's earplugs, and then the bare earlobes hang long and limp from the previous stretching.

Most of the Natives in the streets were wearing hand-me-down shoes, either canvas tennis shoes or shoes that were much too big or small for them. Sometimes ~~Natives~~ ^{THEY} had cut the front of the shoe open so ~~his~~ ^{THEIR} toes could protrude or had broken down the back so that ~~his~~ ^{THEIR} heel stuck out far beyond the undersized shoe. Once, while I was walking down the street, a couple of Natives came up, admired my shoes, and asked me ~~if I~~ ^{FOR THEM} ~~would give them the~~

Occasionally, I saw ^{NATIVES CARRYING A BRIEFCASE.} ~~a briefcase~~ ~~carried by~~ ~~well-dressed Natives~~ ~~and sometimes by one not well-dressed.~~ I was told that the briefcase was usually an affectation, a pretension of being educated and in a profession.

We stayed at the Carlton Hotel, an eight-story building that featured an elegant dining room complete with string ensemble. The hotel desk clerk was a recent immigrant from Italy. The Natives working in the

hotel wore white shirts, shorts, and canvas sneakers. Bill and I shared a room ~~together~~, where a large sign warned us not to leave our shoes in the hall for cleaning. As soon as we arrived, Bill took a bath, while I lay down for a nap. I was feeling pretty sick, having contracted some sort of bug on the way down from Rome. I woke up in time to see a White valet going through Bill's wallet. He claimed he was looking for money to pay for the pressing of Bill's clothes that he had returned.

I phoned to say hello to the Marshalls, who were stopping at the same hotel. They had been in town for several days, were getting quite bored and restless, and greeted me with great enthusiasm.

That evening, when the others went out, I stayed in my room and had dinner in bed. I was still shaky in the knees. Feeling a little lonely, I remembered that a cousin of mine back in the States, whom I had not seen in quite a few years, had married an American girl who had relatives living in Johannesburg. Remembering her maiden name, I searched through the phone book and found half-a-dozen such names listed. I called several of them and found one couple who knew about my American relatives, having visited them several years previously. After declining an invitation to their home because of the condition I was in, I gratefully accepted their offer to come over to the hotel and keep me company while I ate dinner.

They arrived shortly, and I was somewhat taken aback to find them more British-looking than any couple I had ever met from England. They expressed envy of the American freedom of manner which permitted me to phone complete strangers to introduce myself. Though they thought it was a good idea and were glad I had phoned, they said they could never bring themselves to do such a thing. Naturally, I flooded them with questions, and they were eager to answer. At one point, the wife asked

me if I wasn't shocked to see so many black faces in the street. She seemed skeptical when I said that I had seen greater concentrations of Negroes in the United States. (There are about an equal number of Natives and Whites in Johannesburg, but in the ^{Downtown} streets of the city, the Whites far outnumber the Natives. The entire Union of South Africa has a population of three million Whites and ten million Non-Whites.)

This brought up questions about the relationship between Negroes and Whites. The wife wanted to talk, but her husband tried to quiet her. As he explained it, this ^{was} ~~is~~ an entirely internal affair. When she persisted, he said, "This is not a subject to be discussed before outsiders. It's as if he asked us how you and I are getting along."

The next day, I was feeling a little stronger, and my cousin-in-law took Elizabeth ^{MARSHALL} and me for a ride around Johannesburg. We had tea at their country club; drove through some of the suburbs; saw some of the wealthier homes; and were finally taken to the outskirts of the city toward one of the Native "locations". The Natives are not permitted to live in the city, but must stay ^{OUTSIDE IN ONE OF THE HALF DOZEN "LOCATIONS."} ~~in half a dozen locations outside the city~~ ~~to the locations.~~ Those who travel back and forth to work may not stay in the city overnight, but must leave by nightfall, although women working as domestics in the city may receive special permission to stay overnight in the homes of their employers.

The location we visited was a fantastic slum eight miles outside Johannesburg. It consisted of thousands of shacks made of wood, sheet metal, parts of automobile bodies, and flattened tin cans fastened together to form shingles. The shacks were crowded tightly together and had neither water nor toilet facilities. One building on the corner of each block of

a few hundred shacks provided the only toilet and the only source of water. The streets were unpaved roads filled with ruts.

Children were everywhere — all ages, all sizes. With no school to go to, no work to do, they just roamed free, on their own all day long while their parents worked in the city. I had a camera with me but somehow didn't have the heart to take pictures. As you can see, I wasn't highly experienced as an expedition photographer either.

I was told that the worst of these slums had been pulled down and that there were more modern locations being built up further outside the city. Despite the improvement of these new locations, the Natives resented being forced out of their old homes because of the longer commuting distance to the city. As it was, they had to spend from two to three hours a day going to and from work. During the rush hours, they stood in enormous lines for long periods of time waiting their turn to board the special green busses to which Natives are restricted.

We then drove to the top of a hill overlooking the city from the north, and the whole of Johannesburg was laid out before us. It looked like any large industrial city in the United States. It was pointed out to us that Johannesburg is built on a reef known as the Witwatersrand, meaning "white waters reef". This reef runs east and west for many miles on each side of the city, and in it are the gold mines. Even today, gold is being mined from directly beneath the city of Johannesburg. About once a day, some abandoned section of mine collapses deep under the surface and a tremor, like a small earthquake, is felt throughout the entire city.

That evening, I had dinner with the same couple at their home. They lived in an apartment house, and their rooms were both large and

modern. They had two full-time Native servants, which many Europeans apparently do. The subject of Native and European relationships came up again. (It was to come up many times, both on my way to and my way back from the Kalahari, a total visit of eight days.) At this time, the South African government was starting to issue passes to the Coloreds and re-classifying some of them as to whether they were Coloreds or Natives. This is extremely important to a person, as, among other things, there are many jobs open to Coloreds but closed to Natives. The husband informed me that a system was being set up to prevent sexual relations between Natives and Europeans, so that the necessity to evaluate the purity of a person's race would never recur. When I ventured the opinion that neither passes nor laws would prevent Whites and Negroes from having Colored children in the future, he pounded the table furiously and shouted, "We have them under complete control!"

The next day, Elizabeth and I visited a gold mine. Tours to these mines are arranged twice a week by the Mining Association, and the mines take turns acting as host. Though there are many trips, each mine is visited infrequently and therefore treats its guests like V.I.P.'s. A special bus picked up about thirty of us from the center of the town, and we drove forty miles out of the city to the "Marie Vale" mine. When we arrived, we changed our clothes for white coveralls, heavy socks, hobnailed boots, miners' helmets with attached lamps, and storage batteries for the lamps fastened to our backs by waist belts. We proceeded to the mine elevator, which had two floors, one above the other.

The elevator shaft went down to a total depth of two miles with landings every few hundred feet^{down} to permit access to the horizontal tunnels

which led to the gold-bearing face. (The one-foot-thick gold-bearing vein slants at an angle down into the earth, so that the greater the depth, the further it is located from the elevator shaft.) Because temperature increases with depth, we were let off at the twelve-hundred-foot level, where we walked through concrete-paved tunnels brightly lit by overhead electric lights. There were little railroad tracks running along for the cars which carried the gold-bearing ore. As we proceeded further along these tunnels, the lights grew fewer and further apart, the tunnel got darker, the concrete pavement stopped, and the tunnel got damper and hotter.

Eventually, when we reached the gold face itself, there was no illumination at all, other than our individual head lamps. The air was hot and humid, and everything was damp to the touch. Occasionally, we stood in puddles of water. The gold shelf at this point was less than a foot thick and made an angle about forty-five degrees to the vertical. Except for the foremen and supervisors, all the workers were Natives. They were drilling and picking away at the gold-bearing ore. A tunnel had been cut parallel to the gold layer from this level down to the next, and as the ore was cut and scooped away, it slid down this chute into trucks at the next ^{LOWER} level. These were rolled along the tracks to the elevator, where they were raised to the surface.

As the ore was scooped away, it left a narrow gap, about three feet high, in which to work. The men therefore had to lie on their sides all the time they cut at the ore. This process would continue until this gold layer was cut through to the next level below. Down the narrow slot we could see many men working with electric drills and picks. There were heavy timbers between the bottom and top of the layer to keep the roof

from caving in. We were told that the gold reef is so heavily tunneled by the many adjoining mine companies that, through the network, we could walk the entire forty miles back to Johannesburg without surfacing.

It takes a large amount of ore to produce a small amount of gold. As the price of gold throughout the world is fixed primarily by the United States, the local newspapers carry almost daily headlines about what is being said and done in Washington about the gold standard and the price of gold.

While waiting for the elevator to return us to the surface, I noted a large poster placed there for the foremen. It showed a big White man with hands on hips giving hell to a small Native, and the caption said, "Don't bully the boys." "Boy" in South Africa refers to any Native worker, regardless of age.

When we got to the surface, we changed out of our coveralls, took a much-needed shower, and put our regular clothing on again. We were then shown through the processing plant where the gold is separated from the ore by chemical means. The refining process was demonstrated step by step until we finally ended up with a single ingot of gold worth around thirty thousand dollars and weighing about seventy pounds. We were permitted to handle it and were jokingly told that if we could lift it with one hand, we could keep it.

After being served morning tea, we were taken to the Natives' living quarters. The Natives in the mines are recruited from all over South Africa, sometimes from as far as two thousand miles away. There are two organizations that do this recruiting job: the "Witwatersrand Native Labor Association," going by the initials "WNLA" and generally

referred to as "Winella"; and the Native Recruiting Corporation, or the "NRC". Their trucks are found in the most remote spots of South Africa, seeking out workers. Some of the areas they visit are so remote that these organizations are the only source of maintenance of the roads over which their trucks travel. They have developed a thing known as a "road improver" which consists of a log towed lengthwise behind each rear wheel of the recruiting truck. As the logs drag in the two ruts of the road, they smooth out the bumps.

I understand that they've lately been flying Natives in from some of the more outlying regions. One of the methods used in pressuring Natives to join up for mine work is to pay the Native chief so much per head. However, probably more important is the "Lobola" system, ^{A TRADITION} ~~which~~ in most tribes, ^{which} requires a young man wishing to ^{MARRY} ~~get married~~ to reimburse the father of the bride for ^{THE LOSS OF} ~~his daughter~~. Conventionally, the gift is a certain number of head of cattle; but ^{THE ONLY WAY} ~~for~~ the more impoverished men, ~~the only way they~~ can get sufficient funds in a hurry is to sign up for work in the gold mines. If a young man signs up for the standard hitch of eighteen months, he can probably end up with a couple of hundred pounds, equivalent to about five hundred United States dollars. The WNLA and NRC trucks then return them to their villages. Only twenty percent sign up again. As a result, most of the workers in the mines have come straight from their outlying native villages, without ever having seen a city.

Because of the number of tribes and languages represented, there is one common language used in the mines for issuing instructions and orders. We were shown around the Native compound of the mine area where the ~~workers~~ workers live in little, interconnected houses with about ten men to a room.

They sleep in bunks and the rooms look clean, though bare. We were shown the dining room and kitchen. They proudly showed us charts indicating how each man gets so many calories, so many vitamins, so many greens, and so much meat per day. We were shown through the kitchen with its modern equipment where vegetables in large quantities were being chopped up and cooked in pressure cookers.

Included in the menu was "Kaffir" beer. ("Kaffir," meaning "unbeliever," is a term used both for Natives and for a type of corn.) The beer is a ferment made from Kaffir corn and ends up looking something like a chocolate malted milk. Beer is the only alcoholic beverage allowed the Natives in South Africa. When I bought some wine in a liquor store, my name and address were entered into a log book ~~which is a deterrent~~^{As} ~~in~~ reselling it to Natives.)

We were shown the recreational area where every Sunday, the Native workers do tribal dances from their own tribes, complete with the costumes of their groups. I'm told it is quite a spectacle and is occasionally open to the public. Unfortunately, I was never in Johannesburg on a Sunday, and missed out. They told us that when the Native laborers leave the mines to return to their Native villages, they are in better physical shape than when they came. This is easy to believe -- and yet the overall atmosphere of the Native compound gave me the feeling of looking in on a well run zoo.

The next day I visited Witwatersdrand University, one of the biggest in the Union of South Africa. Here I met Professor Maingard, a linguist, who despite his age was to come with us on the expedition. He was a petite man, precise of manner. In looking about, I noticed that there were a few Natives reading in the University's library; however, I understood that they have since been dismissed from the school.

One of the instructors invited me to his home for dinner that evening. He lived about five miles outside the city at the foot of some hills. It was a beautiful spot, and his home was of a class that is rarely seen among college instructors in our country. It was built on two levels, was quite modern, had a swimming pool (known in South Africa as a "swimming bath"), and was surrounded by a lovely garden. Even this far out in the country, however, this home included something seen in every home in Johannesburg: bars in the windows. The bars are twisted into ~~decorative~~ patterns; but they are bars nevertheless. Several of the rooms had lion-skin rugs, as he was quite a hunter. Paradoxically, one of the high spots in his hunting career was a visit to North America, when he shot a black bear in Canada.

He was an Afrikaans who also spoke English, as most do. It was quite a surprise to hear this man speaking with what, to me, was a British accent, exclaim at times, "Ach mann!" in very Teutonic tones.

While being driven back to Johannesburg that evening, I was given a warning which I had heard several times: Never walk on any but the main streets at night for fear of being attacked by a Native -- this despite the fact that Natives are not allowed in the city at night.

Tension not only exists between Europeans and Natives, but between the Europeans themselves. There is an enormous gulf between the Afrikaans and the English, which is rapidly getting wider. The two groups are ~~attracted~~ attracted to two different political parties. Most Afrikaans vote for the Nationalist party, which is now in power. The English favor the minority Union Party. As over sixty percent of the White population is Afrikaans, and the Non-Europeans have no voice in government, the Nationalist Party can be expected to remain in power for a long time to come.

The Nationalist Party is the more extreme in its attitude toward the Natives, pushing to the limit its policy of "Apartheid" ~~is~~ ("separateness.") The Union Party is more moderate, but also adheres to segregation of the races. The Nationalists are slowly trying to force the English out of public life by a series of squeeze plays. One of the recent measures takes advantage of the bilingual nature of the country. Civil Service employees must now take a bilingual examination every time they seek promotion. Some responsible English men informed me that the tests were being rigged in favor of those whose mother tongue is Afrikaans. The minority Union Party accuses the Nationalists of wrecking the constitution to circumvent interference from the minority. One of the results anticipated is the breaking away of South Africa from its dominion status under Great Britain.

I questioned some people individually as to whether they regarded themselves as British subjects. The English answered, "Of course," and the Afrikaans said, "Certainly not."

Whereas in the United States we joke about the discussion of politics leading to a fight, in South Africa it is much closer to being true. Nobody would discuss politics with me when there were both English and Afrikaans present; but afterwards, each one would lead me aside to express his point of view, warning that I shouldn't ask such questions in the presence of the other.

In the midst of all this, the emotions felt by the

Natives themselves can only be surmised. Drum, published by Natives for Native consumption, is a combination picture-story-news magazine about Negro affairs. Among its feature articles, I came across one giving some indication of the tension the Natives must feel. Printed in large, easy-to-read type, was the following:

TEACH YOUR FRIENDS TO READ BY GOING THROUGH THIS
SHORT STORY ABOUT BEN KUBEKA WITH THEM

Last month, Ben saw some bad men at the factory. He hit them with his stick and they ran away. These bad men said, this Ben Kubeka is no good. There was a lot of money at the factory. Ben hit us with his stick and we did not get the money. Let us kill Ben.

The bad men took a motor car. They went to Orlando (one of the Native locations). They saw Ben walking in the street. They hit Ben and they stabbed him. They put him in the motor car and they drove away.

They drove the car far away. There were no houses and no shops. It was dark and quiet. The men said, Ben is dead. Let us leave him in the road. They will think a motor car has hit him.

The bad men stopped the car. They put Ben in the road. They took his pass and his money and they drove far away.

Ben was lying in the road. There were no houses and it was dark and quiet. But Ben was not dead.

Next month you can read the end of Ben's adventure

* * * * *

PART 3

The Marshalls, Bill, and I left Johannesburg within a few days of each other, inadequate facilities preventing our going together. We were to meet in Windhoek, the capital of South West Africa, from where the expedition was to start. Windhoek is 750 miles northwest of Johannesburg, on the other side of the Kalahari Desert. There were two trains and three planes a week. As they must follow a roundabout route to avoid the desert, the trains take three and a half days, and the planes, with one exception, eight and a half hours. I took a plane.

Although Windhoek is northwest of Johannesburg, the plane first headed south for 100 miles to Bloemfontein, then west to Kimberly. Here we all left the plane -- passengers, pilots, and hostess. We entered the airport shack and were served morning tea. On leaving Kimberly, the pilot circled the huge diamond mining pits there. We flew westward to Uppington, and then north to Keetmanshoop, where we stopped for lunch. Being more relaxed with regard to flying regulations, the co-pilot let me have his seat during part of the remaining flight to Windhoek.

It was from the plane's crew that I first learned of the diamond-hunting fever prevalent. They were surprised at our mission in the Kalahari, and thought it more logical that our search be for diamonds. They claimed that the surface of the coastal desert of South West Africa is so sprinkled with diamonds that the syndicates have covered extensive areas with a deep layer of cement to frustrate the adventurers who sneak in.

They suggested as another possible reason for our trip, the search for "The Lost City." Many years ago ~~_____~~ a book ^{WAS PUBLISHED WHEREIN} ~~stating that~~ the author ^{CLAIMED HE} had stumbled across the remains of such a city in the Kalahari, but nobody else has been successful in locating it. Perhaps this was our "real" goal.

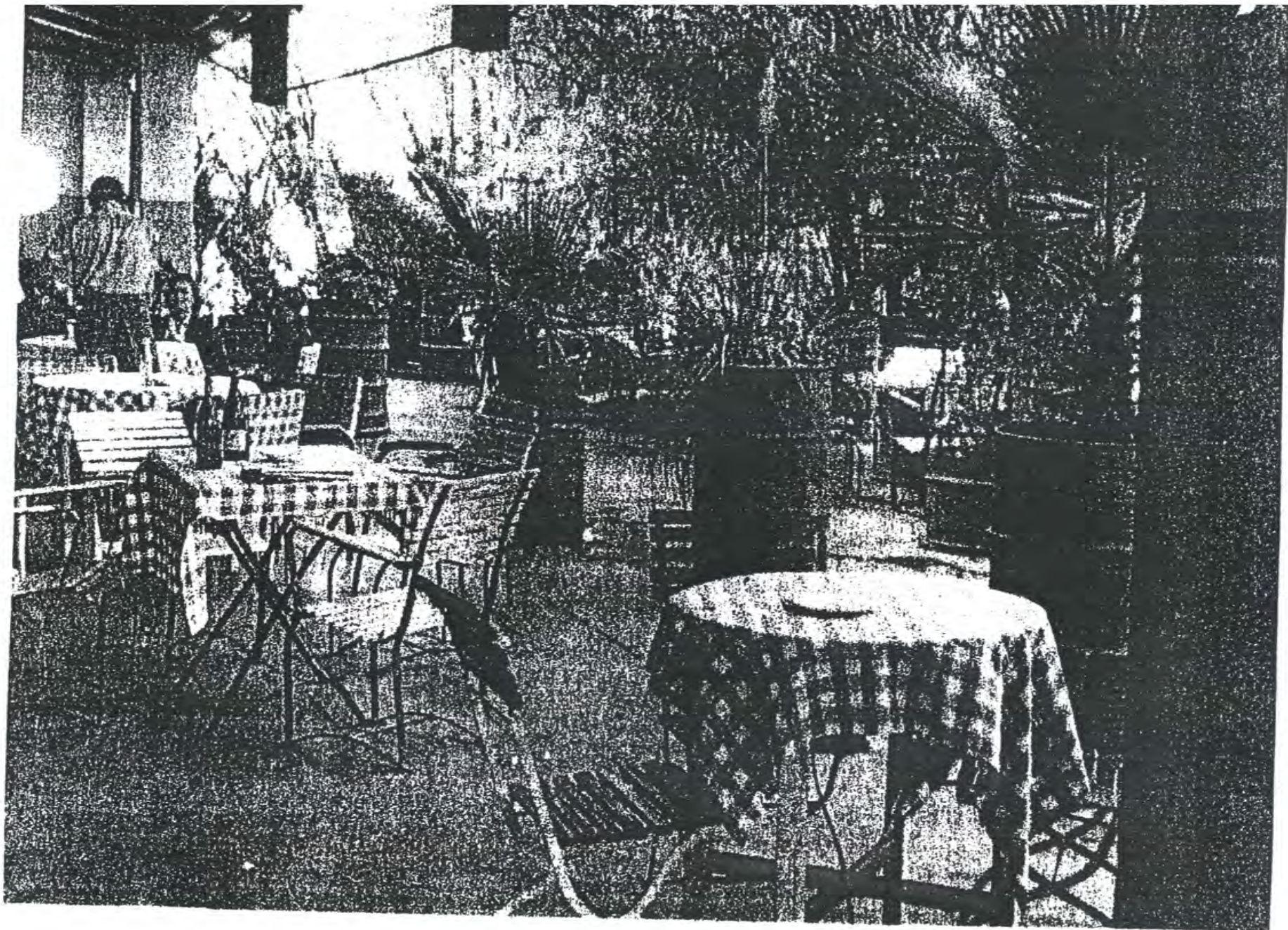
After flying for several hours over flat terrain, we finally reached a beautifully mountainous country. Nestled among the hills, at an altitude of 6000 feet, was Windhoek. The city was just a short drive from the airport; ~~_____~~ ~~delightful~~ a charming little town of 10,000 people. On the side of a hill overlooking the city was the capitol building of South West Africa. It was a low, wide structure of white stucco, built by the Germans at the turn of the century. Down in the town, the main street had modern little white buildings with roofs extending out over the sidewalk as shields against the bright sun. Traffic was controlled by a single "robot," an automatic stop light. There were many people on the main street, but they moved about with a pleasant leisurely pace. It was a welcome contrast to the almost frantic scurrying of downtown Johannesburg.

South West Africa was originally established by the Germans and was won over by the British in World War I. As a result, the population of Windhoek is about one-quarter German, half Afrikaans, and the remainder English; with about an equal number of Natives in the location outside the city. Although the official languages are English and Afrikaans, the city

itself is essentially trilingual. Occasionally, ^{THERE WOULD BE} ~~was~~ a sign written not only in English, Afrikaans, and German, but in Native tongues as well. We made ourselves at home at the Grosshertzog Hotel, which became our headquarters. This was a small hotel with a patio in front, surrounded by potted palms -- a nice, comfortable place to have a beer or a pre-dinner cocktail.

As is usual in every country except in the United States, the hotel was American plan; so we met three times a day in the large dining room. Unlike the Johannesburg hotel, there was no sign warning against leaving shoes in the hall. On the contrary, the atmosphere was such that the Native waiter wakened me in the morning with a knock on the door, and proceeded to serve coffee at my bedside. It was at this morning coffee ritual that I first had the experience of being addressed by a Native as "Master."

Most of the time was spent away from the hotel in a final search for the odds and ends that we had failed to buy in the United States. The air was crisp, the sky blue, and the days perpetually sunny. The brilliance of the atmosphere, the fresh-scrubbed look of the town, and the anticipation of the expedition lent an air of exhilaration to everything we did. On our rush from store to store, we would occasionally pass a spectacularly dressed Native woman. Natives in this area are from a group known as Herero, who adopted the dress of the early German and Dutch settlers of a century ago, and wear it to this day. They are a tall, stately people, and the women look very dignified with their old-fashioned ankle-length dresses. These are of



The outside dining room of the Grosshertzog hotel in Windhoek

multi-colored calico, with puffed sleeves and starched bodices. Cloth hats wrapped around the head complete the outfit.

The relationship between the Europeans and the Natives seemed far more relaxed in Windhoek than it was in Johannesburg. However, even here the Natives live in locations outside the city and require special passes to be in the city in the evening.

I accompanied Mr. Marshall to the Native location one evening to meet Philip and Ledimo, who were to be our cook and our interpreter. The construction of the houses, their closeness, and the condition of the streets were very similar to the location I had seen in Johannesburg; but somehow -- as is always the case in a smaller town out in the country -- the bleakness of this slum did not seem quite so bad. When we stopped at Philip's house, we found a welcoming committee: Philip, his wife, his granddaughter; Ledimo, and half a dozen assorted relatives and neighbors. Philip had been the cook during some of Mr. Marshall's previous expeditions, and Ledimo had also accompanied them in the past. When we were introduced, we shook hands, a formality which attracted much attention from our audience, as it is unusual for a European to shake a Native's hand. The handshake itself created a little confusion, until I figured out the system. Natives use a handclasp which is performed in two stages. The first part is the standard grip I was used to. This is released and immediately followed by each party simultaneously grasping the other's vertically held thumb with ^{THE REMAINING} ~~all~~ four fingers.

As we stood about in front of the house, Philip's brother-in-law delivered a formal speech of welcome, which he seemed to have memorized. Later, we met Simon, who was to be our "lorry boy," a sort of assistant to the mechanic's assistant. He was not qualified to do any engine repairs, or even to drive, but would change flat tires and do routine lubrication of the trucks.

I was taken to one of the beauty spots in Windhoek, the cemetery for Whites. Within, tall, slender cypress trees swayed in the breeze. Stately, high hedges were spotted about, isolating smaller sections with a feeling of intimacy. Trellises covered with wisteria added dots of color to the green background and white pebbles shining in the bright sun marked pathways through the dark grass. A simple chapel with doors swung open presented a cool, shaded interior as a contrast to the canopy of bright blue sky. The gleaming white headstones, some with photographs ^{OF THE DECEASED} mounted above the inscription, added a touch of solemnity to this beautiful spot.

We went next to a bleak, rubble-covered field not a thousand feet away. This was the Native cemetery. The bare, rocky ground was fenced in by iron wires strung from post to post. Within this area, pieces of metal scrap and loose bricks marked the scattered graves. Twisted junk iron pipes sticking out of the earth and a profusion of broken rocks were the usual Native headstones. We could see in the distance the cypress trees of the European cemetery. A new Native cemetery had recently been opened, and its atmosphere was midway between that of the old Native and the lovely European cemeteries.

The local attitude regarding Bushmen was even lower than that toward Natives. We were told that we would never see any "wild" Bushmen, as they were "like animals" and would run away. I heard from many people that the Bushmen live so close to the edge of starvation that when they finally do kill an animal, they would eat without stopping, until it was all gone. Regardless of the animal's size, they would gorge themselves to the point of sickness, and then not eat again for a week. I was told "eyewitness" stories of a single Bushman eating an entire goat at one sitting. ^{However,} In the next four and a half months among them, I never once saw a Bushman eat any extraordinary amount of food.

The tension between the groups of Europeans seemed no different than in Johannesburg. One evening, we were invited to Windhoek's annual Red Cross Costume Party. About five hundred people were there and we sat with about a dozen others. There was a great deal of joviality until a young fellow of about twenty, who must have had twenty, stopped at our table. He cornered me and started a harangue about Americans. They were unfriendly, had everything, would share nothing. His father had served with the South African troops in Italy during the war, and the Americans stationed across the airfield had lots of cigarettes. Would they share them? No! You could always tell an American... I interrupted with the old ^{quip} ~~line~~. "But you can't tell him much," so I never did learn how you could always tell an American (except, perhaps, they interrupt). The others were

embarrassed and apologetic, and did their best to shut him up, but he finally ran dry of his own accord.

Half an hour later, his opposite showed up in the form of a civil engineer who had heard that I was an M.I.T. graduate. For ten minutes, I was told what a wonderful school it was, how marvelous the United States was, that Americans were perfect in everything they did, and that someday he would have to visit the place.

The next day, a German girl started telling me how well the different groups got along (she meant European groups, of course; Natives don't count), but then suddenly commented that on the previous evening's dance, "only the better elements were there." When I asked what she meant, she explained, "There were hardly any Afrikaans present. Only the Germans, the English, and the Jews." As far as I could tell, each group kept pretty much to itself in social affairs. I was treated royally by each; but as they took me about, I noticed that their circles did not overlap.

The Windhoek Sports Club had been formed by some of the Germans as a social hangout. The members insisted that it was open to all, but all the other groups in town referred to it as the "German Club." I was taken there one evening, and the waiter asked me if I was an American. When I confessed to it, he said he owed me a free drink. Half a year before, while he was a steward for KLM Airlines, an American passenger had given him a dollar to buy a drink for the next American he met, and I

was it. After accepting, I gave him ten shillings to continue the practice.

I was driven out to see something which was a source of embarrassment and friction in the town: the "White Elephant." About twenty years before, to augment the ever-dwindling water supply of this rapidly growing city, a dam had been built further up in the hills. Nature being what she is, from that year on the rivers feeding the dam had been waterless. So the dam, its base barely covered by a small pond, was nicknamed the "White Elephant." Now, twenty years later, it was almost paid for, but just as dry as ever, and tempers were still short on the subject. At the previous annual Red Cross Costume Party, a huge paper white elephant was allowed in only after the reference to the dam on its side was replaced by a big red question mark.

One morning, Mrs. Marshall, Elizabeth, Professor Maingaard, ^(THE LINGUIST FROM JOHANNESBURG) and I hired a car and drove over a dirt road to Rehoboth, a small community about sixty miles south of Windhoek. The inhabitants are all Coloreds who are known to anthropologists, and officially, as the "Bastards." They are the only Coloreds allowed to own land in South Africa, and then only in this town. In the early 1900's, there was a Native uprising against the Germans who were then in command of South West Africa. These Coloreds helped the Germans, or rather, did not help the Natives; and so were rewarded by being given land. However, it was on condition that they ~~do~~ not sell it, but ~~only~~ hand it down to their descendants. As a result, this relatively prosperous

community of Coloreds has continued to thrive throughout the years. Professor Hooton of Harvard had studied these people twenty years earlier; and now, shortly before his death, had expressed interest in learning what had become of them. We received permission to visit, and spent the day photographing them. They appeared to be a handsome people, living in homes reminiscent of small, poor, run-down farms in ~~the country~~ ^{THE UNITED STATES} -- very high standards compared to the usual living conditions of Coloreds in South Africa. The thing that struck me with greatest force was the fact that this Colored village had its own Native "location" outside the town. It was worse in many respects than the worst I had seen in Johannesburg and Windhoek. Again, the only saving grace was the fact that ~~these~~ ^{such} things in a small town in the country never seem to be quite so desperate as in the city. Some of the homes were fabricated of cloth hanging from wooden sticks, piled-up stones, or pieces of automobiles. A Colored village having its own Native location reminded me, though in a backward way, of the old poem that goes, "...and even fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite them."

Back in Windhoek, we noticed two types of police: the regular and Native. The Native police were unarmed and only empowered to arrest Natives. It was interesting to note that the police could tell by our appearance in what language to address us. When an Afrikaans was driving one of our plainly labeled U.S. Army trucks, the police stopped him and addressed him in Afrikaans.

One evening while sitting in the hotel's patio, Mr. Marshall introduced me to a short, stocky, blond Afrikaans with an equally blond mustache on his sunburned face. His enormous arms packed tremendous power. This was Thunis Burger, who had left his farm in Bechuanaland to serve as our guide, translator, and mechanic. He, Bill, and Mr. Marshall made the three-hundred-mile trip to Walvis Bay to get our trucks and other equipment at the boat and drive them back to Windhoek. Earlier, we had received some disquieting news from the United States. The ship carrying our equipment from New York had first made a stop at Savannah, Georgia to pick up additional cargo. This required a reshuffling of the cargo already on board, and one of our trucks was lifted out of one hold, passed over the side of the ship by crane to be lowered into another hold. In the process, something snapped, and our truck dropped overboard. In my mind, I pictured an enormous splash, but it turned out that the truck had landed on the dock, not in the water. However, it was ruined and had to be replaced. Had it been the truck carrying the photographic and sound-recording equipment, the expedition would have been over, then and there. Arrangements were made to replace the truck on the next boat, and in the meantime, we rented one of Thunis's trucks for the first stage of the expedition.

One of the items I had to buy was a pistol for bringing back specimens in case we passed a certain cave which contained many bats. While going through the red tape of obtaining

a permit to buy a pistol, I stood in line outside the office of one of the officials. He carried on conversations with all those ahead of me in Afrikaans. When my turn came, I asked him if he spoke English. He looked up angrily, and in great indignation said, "I speak both official languages!" While I was selecting a pistol at the gunsmith's, a little old lady came in, opened her purse, and pulled out a small automatic pistol to be checked by the salesman. This seemed to confirm what I had heard about women carrying pistols out of fear of the Natives.

Regardless of my feelings on the subject, the cheapness of the Native labor certainly makes a European's life easier. When I bought a small item that I could easily have slipped into my pocket, the salesman offered to have a "boy" deliver it to my hotel for me.

Because I would soon be driving the trucks when they arrived from Walvis Bay, it was necessary for me to get a driver's license. Claude MacIntyre, the Commissioner in Charge of Native Affairs, very kindly showed me how to get used to the right-hand drive and the local Windhoek rules. After a twenty-minute checkout, I was ready for my test. During the road test, the examining policeman kept up a running monologue about how bad the ^{LOCAL} drivers were and how they made ^{THIS} ~~Windhoek~~ the world's worst place in which to drive, ^{A COMPLAINT} ~~something~~ I have heard ^{FROM THE RESIDENTS OF} ~~in~~ every city I've ever visited, ~~anywhere~~.

When the trucks arrived from Walvis Bay, we unloaded them into a warehouse, where the equipment was unpacked, reshuffled, and reloaded onto the trucks. Our second Dodge Power Wagon was to be a used one bought in Windhoek. It turned out to be in pretty sad shape and had to be practically rebuilt before we were ready to go.

I was surprised to see how readily a store would send a telegram to Johannesburg for a small item for us, until I learned that they cost about two cents a word, as both the telegraph and telephone services are government-owned. As it would usually take several hours to put a telephone call through to Johannesburg about 1000 miles away, it was faster to send a telegram.

Much of the equipment available in the stores in Windhoek came from the United States, especially technical equipment. The people there have a great reverence for American know-how and are apologetic about their own lack of abilities. When they were told about our truck being dropped overboard, they were enormously relieved to find that it had been done in the United States and not in Africa, since they feel so inept as compared to the Americans. The remaining equipment seems to have originated either in England or in Germany, with only a small percentage from the Union of South Africa.

One of the items I bought was a storage battery made in Germany, with all the instructions written in German. Despite the salesman's being a recent arrival from Germany, he had great difficulty in repeating the instructions in English. He explained

that he was not having trouble with the translation, but rather that he could not understand the poorly written instructions in the original German.

Later on, I had language difficulties with the instructions for one of the batteries used to operate our movie cameras. This battery had also been made in Germany but was supplied with instructions which must have been written in English by a German. His choice of words was intriguing. We deduced that his admonition to remove excess battery acid with "sucking paper" meant that blotting paper be used. Another line from these instructions caught our fancy. It explained that a slight discoloration inside the battery was due to some technical improvement they had made in order to get "the higher effect". Later, on the expedition, the usual response to ^{AN ANNOYING} a question as to why something was being done was the explanation that it was "to get the higher effect". Inside the battery were three little colored balls which floated to the top or sank to the bottom to indicate the state of charge. The instructions referred to these balls as the "colored swimmers", with the grim declaration that things "are bad when all the colored swimmers are sunk". On the other hand, all was well when "the colored swimmers are high". This phrase caught on and became a catchword throughout the expedition. The success of a project was announced with the cry, "Swimmers high!". "Swimmers High!" also became a farewell ^{"Good Luck"} cry or "bon voyage" for anyone departing on a side excursion.

We spent two weeks in Windhoek getting ready for the expedition. Trucks were readied. Supplies were gathered. People assembled. Plans were made. While this activity was



Heinrich

going on to get the show on the road, Professor Maingaard really had no job to do, so he busied himself with one project: to obtain for himself "veldskoen," a form of desert shoe, and leather gaiters to be worn over the calves of the legs to prevent snakebites. Every time I returned from a shopping expedition, I would be met by his query, "Did you find any gaiters?" To my great relief, I finally found a place that had them, he obtained some, and the expedition was ready to start.

We still had another problem: locating Heinrich, our Colored assistant mechanic. He had also gone on previous expeditions with the Marshalls, and they were most eager to have him for this trip. Telegrams were sent to his home in Grootfontein, a few hundred miles away. The answering telegrams said he wasn't there and to contact the police in Walvis Bay. Walvis Bay said that he had just left and to contact Grootfontein. The day of our departure, we received a telegram from Heinrich, now home, that he would take the next train down, which would leave in a few days. Much to his surprise, an hour later he found himself taking his first plane ride, arranged by Mr. Marshall, and arrived in Windhoek shortly thereafter.

In spite of the busy days, the evenings in Windhoek had hung heavy on our hands. We visited, went to the movies (known there as the "bioscope"), and located a radio ham who made a few contacts for us in the United States. As a result of our inactivity, we were most eager to get going. About four o'clock one afternoon, we started off.

Our first stop was to be Gobabis, a town one hundred and forty miles east, connected by a dirt road. We stopped for a picnic dinner in the middle of the road. Bread with canned salmon never tasted so good. We arrived at about midnight, our trucks roaring into the courtyard of the only hotel in town. Next morning, a close look at the trucks showed that we would spend the next two days there. We had planned to stay only a few hours, while special frames and screens were mounted on the front bumpers to prevent seeds from choking the radiators while driving through ^{WAIST-HIGH FIELDS OF} tall grass. But now, every truck had at least one thing wrong with it, and some of them required parts unavailable in the town. A special truck had to be sent from Windhoek, as there was train service only three times a week from Windhoek, Gobabis being the end of the line.

"Gobabis" is a Native word meaning, "the place where elephants come for water." However, the influx of people had driven these large animals away so that none had been seen here for over eighty years. It was now a little town, with a population of a thousand Whites and an equal number of Natives. The streets were laid out in orderly, regular columns. Though they were unpaved, and had only a dirt surface, they were very broad. Electric power line poles ran down the center of the streets, giving a divided-highway effect for the two directions of traffic, making the streets look still broader. Little white stucco houses lined both sides of the streets. ☽ The sun was bright, the air was hot, and the atmosphere

was that of a day-long siesta. Except for ourselves, the streets seemed to be deserted. Only an occasional car or truck came down the broad avenues. Virtually no one was walking about the streets, and most of the shops and stores seemed bare of customers. It was a pleasant, lazy atmosphere. Only in the evening did we begin to see any collection of people. Our hotel, which was part "motel," had one large room which served as the local bioscope, showing both English and Afrikaans movies.

We met more people that evening, at the "Gobabis Klub," which was having a "Braaivleis," ~~but~~ a barbecue where "Boerwurst" and lamb chops are grilled over a large outdoor bed of coals, and then eaten with the fingers. All the expedition's Europeans were invited. I had changed from my city clothes when we left Windhoek and now, dressed in my bush jacket for the first time, I felt very much ~~like~~ the ~~the~~ African explorer.

I arrived at the barbecue with a headache, so Bill gave me some codeine. Someone offered me a drink, and before I had gotten half-way through it, I knew something was wrong. I began reeling, and the room began spinning. Soon, I had to sit on the edge of a pool table for support. Bill explained that the alcohol in the drink had caused me to absorb the codeine all at once. He left me for a moment and then returned to stay by my side as I grew more and more rocky. After half an hour, things returned to normal. Only recently did I learn that Bill had left me to check on the bottle of codeine and found that by mistake he had given me morphine. The drink had resulted in

the morphine being absorbed so rapidly that my bloodstream contained the amount usually given by hypodermic needle prior to surgery. I recovered well enough to enjoy the rest of the evening, although I stayed on soft drinks.

I was told by some of the people present that we were the first Americans they had ever seen in the flesh; but, other than the fact that this was a personal appearance, we were no novelty to them, as they knew us well from the wireless and the bioscope. A group of people at the bar took me under their wing and proceeded to sing South African songs for me. I was asked to reciprocate with American songs and did the best I could with things like "Clementine" and "Home on the Range." Whenever I got stuck, however, they were able to supply the missing words for me.

They were less interested in us as Americans than as to why we were interested in going into the Kalahari Desert. We were continuously asked if our mission was that of finding diamonds or if we were in search of the fictional "Lost City" in the desert. They could not comprehend why we were interested in Bushmen. One fellow snorted, "We don't study Bushmen; we beat them!"

On the night of our last day in Gababis, we drove our trucks from the garage, thinking we would go in the morning. Much to our disgust, some new trouble had occurred with every truck, and we still didn't have a single one in operating condition. Working late into the night, we finally got them going and left town the next morning. The expedition was now on in earnest.

* * * * *

PART 4

It was nine o'clock in the morning when the four trucks pulled out of Gobabis. Leading the way was Mr. Marshall, who was driving the reconditioned green Dodge power wagon. With him was Mrs. Marshall, with Philip riding in the back. Second in the caravan was our new red Dodge, with me at the wheel, Professor Maingaard next to me, and Heinrich on top. Thunis Berger followed me in his own truck loaded with drums of petrol and water. Bringing up the rear was Bill, in the big six-wheel Army truck. Elizabeth sat with him, and the two of them shared the driving. Ledimo and Simon rode on top.

Having never before driven anything bigger than my Chevrolet, the three-ton Dodge seemed to me as big as the Queen Mary. It had four forward speeds, plus a transfer case which could divide all speeds in half, essentially providing a combination of eight forward speeds, as well as two reverse. In addition, there was a lever for connecting the engine to the front wheels to give four-wheel drive. A final lever was available for operating the winch mounted on the front bumper. Both the truck and I were brand new. When shifting gears, I'd fight to move the gear shift lever, there'd be loud grinding noises, and sometimes it would go into place. The seat between Professor Maingaard and myself was jammed with cameras. There was a movie camera to record the trip, as well as a 35-millimeter for black-and-white stills; another for color stills; and, finally, the Polaroid camera. ~~it was used to take a picture in a~~

~~minutes only~~

As we headed east from Gobabis toward the Kalahari, there was no confusion regarding which turn to make, or which road to follow at a fork. There was only one road, and it slowly degenerated into a couple of ruts through the grass. These twisted and turned about every hundred feet, slowing us down to fifteen miles an hour. We bounced along all morning, passing only one farm, until suddenly, at the crest of the hill, the terrain suddenly dropped; and there, stretched before us, was the Kalahari Desert! As far as we could see, and for *MANY* hundreds of miles, ^{BEYOND THAT,} the land was flat and bare except for a low covering of bushes. This desert was to be our home for the next four and a half months.

I set up a tripod on the roof of my truck and took movies of the others heading down the hill. I finished and followed after them. As soon as I reached the plain, the air seemed hotter, drier, and stiller. We traveled on.

After driving for several hours through nowhere, yet *STILL* only seventy miles from Gobabis, we came upon a building which housed two European and one Native policeman. This was a Border Patrol, Customs, and Immigration Office for South West Africa. We were at the borderline to Bechuanaland. They had been forewarned by radio of our arrival, and they knew about us, who we were, where we were going. They invited us inside the station for the formalities, which took but a moment. As on the average, only one vehicle a day uses this road, they kept us an extra half-hour for a social visit.

The Native policeman swung back the gate blocking the road, and we drove through out of South West Africa. A half-mile later, we came to another gate and another police camp. This was the border patrol for Bechuanaland. The atmosphere here was completely different; whereas the South West border police lived in comparative solitude, here was a camp of several Whites and several dozen Natives living with their families in tents. Women and children gathered nearby to watch us. Dogs barked and chickens scratched at the dirt near our wheels. This was a British protectorate, and the differences were immediately apparent.

The Native soldier was dressed in a tropical uniform. He wore a wide Australian-style Army hat, khaki shorts, and leggings wrapped about his calves. He also sported several military ribbons on his shirt. He was armed with a rifle, something no Native was permitted in South or South West Africa. When we were ready to go, I started to film the Native soldier opening the gate, but he asked me to stop until he had a chance to straighten the ribbons on his chest.

We continued for forty-five miles until the road re-entered a corner of South West Africa; then, after twenty-five miles, went back into Bechuanaland again. As there was no other way of getting to this point except by the route we had taken past the previous border patrol, there were no guards, but just a small marker indicating that we were leaving one country and entering the next.

We continued on our way, and late that afternoon stopped to make our first campsite. While Bill as camp manager directed the unpacking of tents and other equipment, Mr. Marshall and I grabbed a couple of axes and went out to chop firewood. I stayed close to his heels, like a puppy. The bushes and trees really didn't look too different from those I had known back home, but behind every tree I envisioned a lion, under every bush a twenty-foot snake, and inside every log a six-inch scorpion.

Within two hours ^{THE AREA HAD BEEN CLEARED OF GRASS AND BUSH AND} we had mastered the intricacies of erecting ^{TO DENOTE THE LATRINE, MR. MARSHALL SWAPT HIS ARMS TO WIELD HALF THE HORSEMEN AND ANNOUNCED "WOMEN", AND} tents. ^{SUPPLY} While Philip had dinner on the fire, we gathered around for the ritual that was to denote the end of ^{IN AN ARC} ^{THEN INDICATING THE OTHER HALF OF THE DESERT, PROCLAIMED "MEN."} ~~the~~ day's activity, the "Sun Downer." Mr. Marshall mixed the drinks. We had a choice, gin with Lemos, or gin with Oros, the trade names for fruit concentrates known in South Africa as lemon and orange squash.

As we sipped our drinks and contemplated our first camp, Bill was alternately complimented for the speed with which he erected this first site, and then loudly razzed for the collapsible chairs he had bought in the United States. They were nightmarish contraptions made of folding iron rods and canvas. Almost impossible to open, hell to close, and uncomfortable to sit on, they soon became known as "Donnelan's folly." Philip cooked dinner in big iron kettles which sat in the middle of his own kitchen fire. When he announced dinner, we quickly gathered round the table. Here we found an enormous meal. It was wonderful.

That night, still mindful of snakes and scorpions, I zippered the tent's screen down so tightly that even a fat germ would have had trouble getting in. Burrowed deep in my sleeping bag, I thought of many things. Here was I, stretched out in a sleeping bag under a tent, sleeping outdoors for the first time in my life in, of all places, Africa's great Kalahari Desert!

~~SEEMED~~ All of this ^{SEEMED} so strange, so improbable, so unlikely to happen to me, ^{BUT WITHIN FIVE MINUTES I WAS FAST ASLEEP.}

The next morning, as we were breaking camp, a Colored farmer approached us. Just by chance, we had camped about half a mile from his farmhouse. When he learned that we would be going through the Kalahari, he asked to come along as interpreter and servant. He spoke English, Afrikaans, and several Bushman languages. Mr. Marshall agreed to take him if he would be ready to go in an hour.

While waiting for him, we broke camp and had time to watch several kudu run by. Philip called me over for a proclamation. He announced that, after much thought, he'd given me a name, a ^{NATIVE} Herero name. From here on I was to be called "Kopperende," the "picture maker." It stuck. During the rest of the trip, the Native boys rarely called me anything else.

The time limit was up, and we were getting ready to leave without him, when the Colored farmer finally showed up, followed by three farm laborers carrying his possessions.

This was Wilhelm, who, with an hour's notice, decided to spend the next third of the year with us, left his family behind, arranged for the care of his farm, and packed his belongings. We warmed up the trucks, and another day of gear-clashing began.

About noon we reached "Karakobis," just where the map said it should be. The only thing visible was the trading post. This was a small white concrete building, twenty by twenty-five feet, dark and cool inside. It had a collection of clothing, food, penknives, medicine, petrol, and blankets.

About two o'clock, we reached Rietfontein, which is Afrikaans for "Spring of Reeds." It was a pleasant spot, with a small windmill-driven water pump located at the edge of a pond. We decided to have lunch here. At this moment, two Europeans and a Native came galloping up on horseback. The two Europeans had rifles slung across their backs. High on their horses they looked big enough; but when they dismounted, we could see that they were really huge men, at least six-foot-two, and with chests like barrels. They were Afrikaans, and when Thunis came over to speak to them, he looked like a puny child in contrast. Thunis translated that one of the horses on their farm had just been bitten by a snake, and they were on their way to get some serum. Without seeming to hurry in their conversation, they paid their respects, remounted their horses, and galloped off again at a furious pace.

While waiting for Philip to get lunch ready, we walked a couple of hundred yards to a nearby farmhouse. Here, for the

first time, I saw a Bushman family, or rather, part of it. The men were all gone, having been taken as laborers on farms. The family remaining consisted of women and children. They were tiny - the tallest of them not even reaching to my shoulder. Living at the outer edge of the desert, their culture had been influenced by contact with European civilization, but though they wore tattered clothing made of cloth, they weren't particularly fussy about how adequately it covered them from the waist up. Their rags were inadequate to conceal their enormous buttocks, a racial characteristic unique with the Bushmen. Instead of surplus fat accumulating on the belly, as in other races, it had built up on the buttocks which expanded to ~~enormous~~ ^{HUGE} proportions. Known technically as "steatopygia," their naturally formed bustles formed a convenient saddle for the children to sit as they rode on the mother's back.

The folds of the eyelids made their eyes almond shaped, giving their yellow brown faces an oriental cast. The hair on their heads grew in small isolated ^{"PEPPER CORN"} tufts with patches of bare scalp showing in between.

The dark skin of the young girls' face and bodies was smooth and soft, but that of the older women was weathered into deep leathery wrinkles. Subtle, decorative, dark tatoos were left from the scars that had been cut on their foreheads, arms, chest and backs.

A single pipe made the rounds among them, both young and old ^{TAKING TURNS AT} sucking ^{THE} in huge deep puffs.

They showed no fear of us, as we milled about, talking with them through the translations of Wilhelm and Ledimo, until Philip called us to lunch.

We had just about finished, when the three horsemen came galloping back. This time they didn't stop, but shouted a greeting as they flew by. Last of the three was the Native, holding ^{ALOFT} a glass bottle of the serum with both hands, while riding by at a gallop, without a saddle, without reins. The movement of

horse and man were beautifully coordinated, the rider concentrating only on the
^{HE HELD BEFORE HIM.}
bottle. We packed the trucks and continued on our way.

The next night we made camp under a grove of trees. In this area, many years before, Cecil Rhodes had established thirty huge farms in the hope that they would form a natural dividing line between Bechuanaland and South West Africa. Each farm was about sixteen square miles in area, and used mostly for cattle raising. Located in a desert, they weren't much used

for agriculture. Only a couple of the farms were still operated by the original settlers; some of the remainder had been taken over by others, and the rest allowed to go to waste. Our present campsite was on such a farm, owned by the two Ramsden brothers. We were located only half a mile from their home, and that night they came over.

They were bachelors, about fifty years old, and had originally come over from Australia, eventually settling down here in the Kalahari Desert. As Thunis also lived on a farm in this general area, they knew him well. At our request, they brought over several of their Bushman farmhands so that Professor Maingaard could interview them and make a record of their vocabulary. For the first time on this trip, I unpacked my sound-recording equipment, put it together and, to my amazement, found that it was working perfectly. After a little preliminary confusion, the professor and I got together on how the recordings were to be made.

Though all Bushmen are of a single race, the couple of dozen tribes still in existence all have different languages. They have one thing in common, however, and that is the use of clicks in their speech. Mixed in with the other sounds used in their conversation are five different kinds of clicks. One is made by sucking the tip of the tongue back from the upper teeth. This is the same sound that we produce when we say, "Tsk, tsk, tsk!" The linguists call this the dental click and write it with a stroke, "/." Another click is made by sucking



the tongue from the side of the cheek, the way we say, "Giddyap" to a horse, and is written "ʄ." Another, called the "kiss click," is made by pursing the lips and making the expected sound. The linguists's shorthand for this is @. Two other clicks are made by sucking the tongue down from different positions of the roof of the mouth, making a clucking, explosive sound. ^{THE SOFTER OF THE TWO IS WRITTEN "ʄ"} AND THE louder ~~of the two is written~~ with an exclamation point, "!".

At times, when a Bushman speaks rapidly, it sounds like a string of firecrackers going off.

The loudest of the clicks (!), the one made from the roof of the mouth, is one that my sister and I had practiced since childhood. We had become so proficient at it that we were able to attract each other's attention in large crowds, much to the surprise and annoyance of the people around us. Despite my headstart in being able to produce this sound, it was several months before I was skillful enough to use it fluently in a word.

After the recording session was over, I gave the Bushman an earphone to wear and played back part of the tape. His eyes opened wide with delight and amazement, but no more so than Mr. Ramsden's when I did the same thing for him.

We made a tape recording of Bill interviewing Mr. Ramsden on a subject which he and the other farmers were very disturbed about. In an effort to get the farmers to pay their Bushman laborers some sort of salary, the local District Commissioner placed there by the British government was establishing a head

tax; each Bushman farm worker was to pay one pound a year, to insure that he be paid a token wage by his employer. The interview recorded these arguments. One of the farmer's opposing arguments was that, to be consistent, all the Bushmen living out in the bush should also be taxed.

The next morning, I returned the Ramsdens' visit. There in a clearing stood a concrete house about fifteen by thirty feet. Corrugated galvanized iron covered the roof, and a windmill on an iron tower stood in the front yard. Across the road stood the stubbled remains of a one-acre field of "mielie" (the Afrikaans word for corn, but used also by the English). Next to the house goats were grazing in a small area. Scattered about behind the house were about a dozen small Bushman "skirms." These are structures normally built by Bushmen during the rainy season in an effort to keep dry, but used by these farm Bushmen as permanent year-round homes. They are made of a supporting structure of branches, covered with grass. They stood about four feet high, and were shaped like an igloo five feet wide, with the front half missing. They were wide open, and it was hard to see how they could afford any protection against the elements. Any privacy they afforded was only symbolic. The men were out in the field tending the cattle, and only women and children were about. They were timid, but not frightened. They wouldn't let us approach closer than twenty feet without running away, but kept giggling the whole time.

Out on the front porch, the Ramsden brothers slowly rocked back and forth, while they smoked their pipes and read back

issues of London newspapers and magazines, some several months old. Inside, the rooms were cluttered. There was an old Morris chair, unmade beds, and rifles propped up in a corner. A dog wandered aimlessly from room to room. Several bare electric light bulbs were strung about, but as the generator had not been working for over a year, kerosene lamps were relied upon. A smaller generator, still in order, charged the battery which kept their radio receiver going. Listening on short-wave, they kept in touch with the latest BBC news bulletins direct from London. Corny as it was, I couldn't help thinking about "the sun never sets on the British Empire," as I heard Big Ben's chimes ringing out in this dingy little room.

The brothers Ramsden were articulate; well informed; had been to London; and were content to lead a bachelor's life out here in the middle of nowhere. Aside from a fairly new Chevrolet truck out front and a ten-year-old short-wave receiver, everything had an ancient, used look about it. Their rifles were not the shiny sportsman's equipment I had seen back home, but old Army versions kept from World War I. The wood stocks were gauged and scarred, the barrels rusty. In the back of the house, the Native cook was preparing something on an ancient wood-burning stove. In the bedrooms, the beds all sagged. Despite all this, I had been told that most of these farmers were rather well off financially, and the occasional trips to London would seem to confirm it.

The conversation swung again to the Bushman farm workers. The younger Ramsden brother, Bert, said that the Bushmen were

timid and hard to recruit as laborers. He paused and then said, "I'll tell you something on myself. Years back, here is how I got my first Bushman. I went out to the veldt, ran him down on horseback, and brought him back with a rope around his neck."

He was uneasy about admitting this, and then added with great sincerity, "I used to think they were just like wild animals, but now I've gotten to know them better. Their ways were much different from ours, and it was very difficult to turn them into farm workers. They have no sense of responsibility toward the cattle. I'd send one out with a hundred head of cattle, and a few days later they'd all be gone, and he wouldn't know where they went."

He recognized that the great change in the environment of the Bushmen in bringing them from the veldt onto the farms worked a hardship on them, but said he thought it was inevitable. During this and all other discussions that we had, it was always Bert Ramsden, the younger brother, who spoke. The older one was a silent but rapt bystander, listening attentively to every word. He leaned forward to be sure of missing nothing, great interest and amazement lighting his face, as if he too were an outsider hearing this for the first time.

The word got around, and that afternoon half a dozen farmers from a twenty-five-mile radius descended upon our camp. Some arrived by truck and some by horseback. They were all bachelors, living alone on their farms for many years. They sat around our dining table for several hours, talking about,

every conceivable subject. Even the farmer who could only speak Afrikaans hung on our every word and motion, and seemed satisfied to have just an occasional word translated for him. The men all knew each other well, and there was a tremendous amount of joking among them. Most of it consisted of outrageously slanderous statements about each other. When we thanked the Ramsdens for allowing us to camp on their farm and for bringing all their friends around, we were told, "Think nothing of it; you're supplying us with conversation for the next six months."

As I left the group and walked behind one of the trucks to get more film for my camera, one of the farmers followed me. This was Mr. Hardbattle, who was in his seventies but had a youthful build -- tall, lanky, blond, and freckled. He started giving me his life's medical history, which diseases he had had, and when he had had them, bringing it up to date with some contemporary complaints, and ending by asking me for a physical exam. I told him that I thought he was confusing me with Bill (A DOCTOR), whom I called over. He was repeating his long list of ailments to Bill when I left. I was told later that he was in perfect physical condition.

A startling example of his excellent preservation appeared the next day when Hardbattle returned with a truck full of Bushmen. Shyly, but with obvious pride, he showed us his two-year-old son. He was a bouncing child, chubby, with fair skin, rosy cheeks, and a mop of golden hair. Mr. Hardbattle pointed out the boy's mother to us: half Native and half Bushman.

She was as dark-skinned as the boy was fair. Her hair grew in short, jet-black, wiry tufts, whereas his was long, blond, and silky. When she held the boy in her arms, the contrast was so striking that it was difficult to believe that they were even remotely related. Although in talking about the woman, Hardbattle referred to her only as "the boy's mother," he proudly called the boy "my son."

At the turn of the century, Hardbattle had been a policeman in London. During the Boer War, he was sent to South Africa as a soldier, and afterward stayed on as a farmer in Bechuanaland. His cattle-farming prospered, he bought up additional farms, and his thousands of head make him one of the district's largest cattle-owners today. It is estimated that he is worth over a million pounds.

Bill, who had visited his farm, told me that Hardbattle lived in a small mud hut. Nearby stood a much larger modern structure, which would have made a fine home, but which he used as a storehouse. One of the Ramsden brothers, to illustrate how miserly Hardbattle was, told about the time that Hardbattle was sick and had to make a trip to a Capetown hospital, over a thousand miles away. He stayed there about a month, and when came the time to leave, because of his ragged appearance, the hospital officials said that the bill would be only ten pounds, and could he afford it? Hardbattle is reported to have answered, "It will make a dent, but I can manage."

That afternoon, he told us of a series of heartbreaking episodes having to do with his son. He told each one as if it were a joke, laughing nervously to cover his feelings. First, when the boy was born, he went to the District Commissioner's office to register the birth. There he was told that because his son was not White, no registration was required; no birth certificate would be issued, nor any record kept. He finished off with a nervous laugh, and then went on to tell of his efforts toward getting the boy prepared for school. He was told that when the boy was ready he could attend the Native school, but not the White one. Letters of protest to officials ended up in the wastebasket. The question of the boy's inheritance was also in doubt. Friends advised Hardbattle to go back to London and send the boy to school there. He gave his usual answer, "I would have gone back long ago if I could afford the fare."

The same evening, at our request, the Ramsdens sent over about a dozen Bushmen to do a dance at our camp, so that I could make sound recordings of it. ^{THE WOMEN ARRIVED WEARING ONLY HIDE APRONS, AND THE MEN LEATHER LOIN CLOTHS.} The women stood around in a circle, clapping their hands and singing falsetto. The men shuffled about in a circle around them, stamping their feet in the same rhythm as the hand-clapping. Never having seen this dance before, I was fascinated; but even I could tell that there was something half-hearted about the performance. Elizabeth commented that as the women were standing, it was not a real medicine dance. The Bushmen were dancing to oblige us, but obviously were not in the mood.

During the few days that we were encamped on the Ramsdens' farm, Bill did a thriving medical business. One old Colored woman had two upper front teeth which, though sound, were very long and interfered with her chewing. She asked to have them ground down; but the amount ^{that} would have to be removed was so great, and Bill's lack of experience and equipment so large, that he refused. She then begged to have them extracted. Bill didn't like this idea either, but she was so determined that he decided to go ahead. He hunted through his equipment and found novacaine and a hypodermic syringe. However, the smallest hypo needle he could find was suitable only for giving blood transfusions to a horse. He searched for a quarter of an hour but still couldn't find his smaller needles. So he went ahead with what he had. He apologized that dentistry was out of his line, and it certainly showed. After a long and bloody struggle, he managed to inject the novacaine somewhere in her mouth. He wasn't sure he had hit the right place, so he gave her some aspirin. Then began a half-hour search for the dental forceps. No luck. I searched through my tool kit and found a pair of electrician's pliers, which he thought might do the trick. The struggle was on.

The area between two trucks served as a small arena. The old woman was seated in the center on one of our wobbly camp stools. Bill leaned over her with my pliers. A dozen assorted Natives and Bushmen watched from the sidelines. Bill tugged gently this way and that. Nothing happened. He tugged

harder. Still nothing. Still harder. Back, forth, sideways, up and down. The woman was groaning; Bill was grunting. Suddenly, out it came. The woman leaned forward and spat out blood. Through the interpreter, we gathered that the novacaine had had no effect. Bill gave her some codeine tablets and asked if she wanted the remaining tooth out. She said yes. The whole thing started over again. The groaning was louder; the grunting was heavier. My pliers were covered with blood. Eventually, that tooth went the way of the first. The old woman spat more blood, groaned again, clutched her head, and said it hurt. Bill gave her some morphine to swallow and some cold water to hold in her mouth. She spat blood again, groaned some more, and made noises as though she were retching.

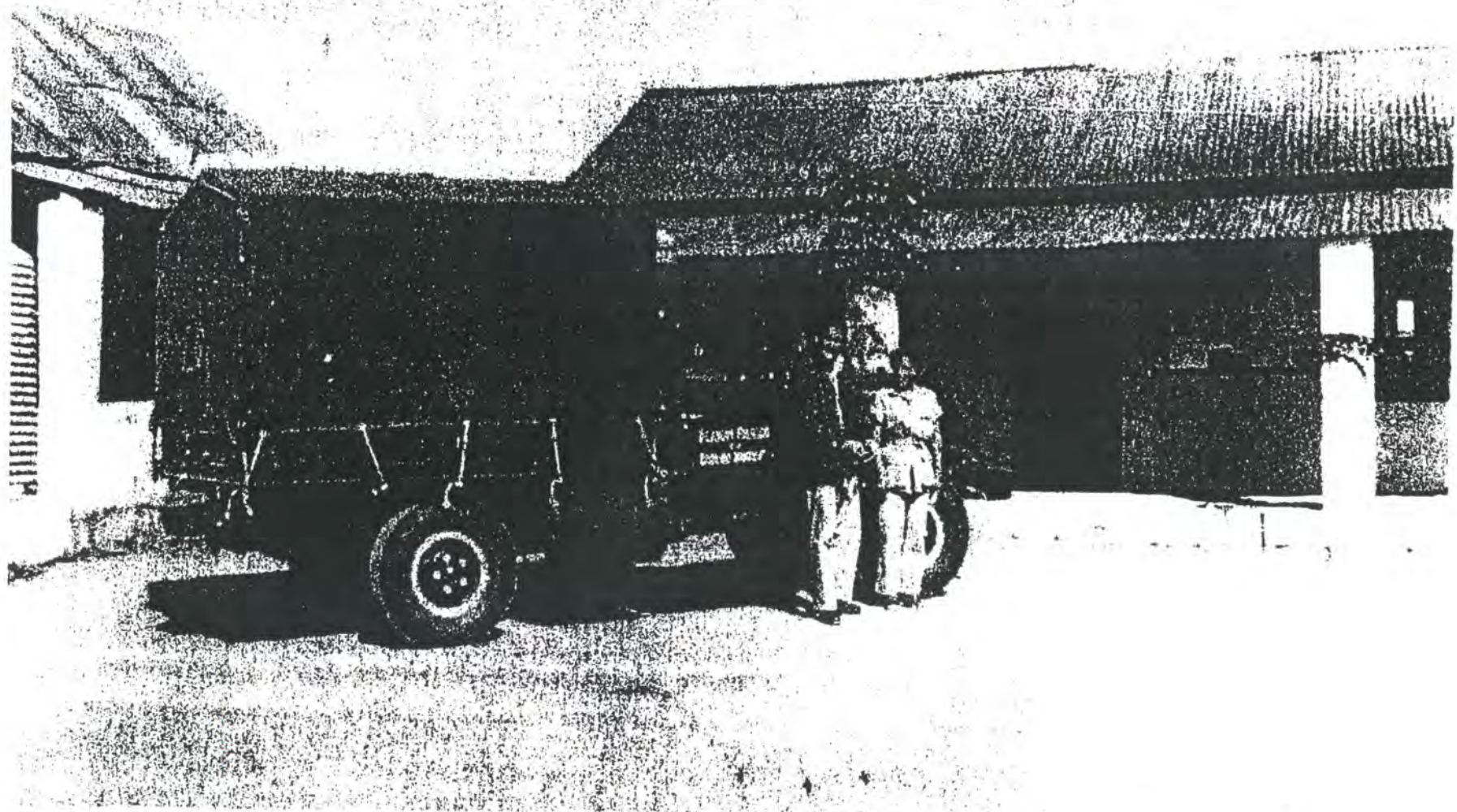
Eventually, she rose to leave, and then the aspirin, codeine, and morphine started to take effect. Her daughter and her son-in-law supported her on either side and helped walk her home. Next day, as we were about to leave, the woman's daughter brought the last of the laundry that she had been doing for us. She said that there would be no charge because of Bill's removal of her mother's teeth. After that episode, we considered ourselves lucky to get our laundry back at all.

We broke camp, packed the trucks, said goodby to the Ramsdens, and were on our way.

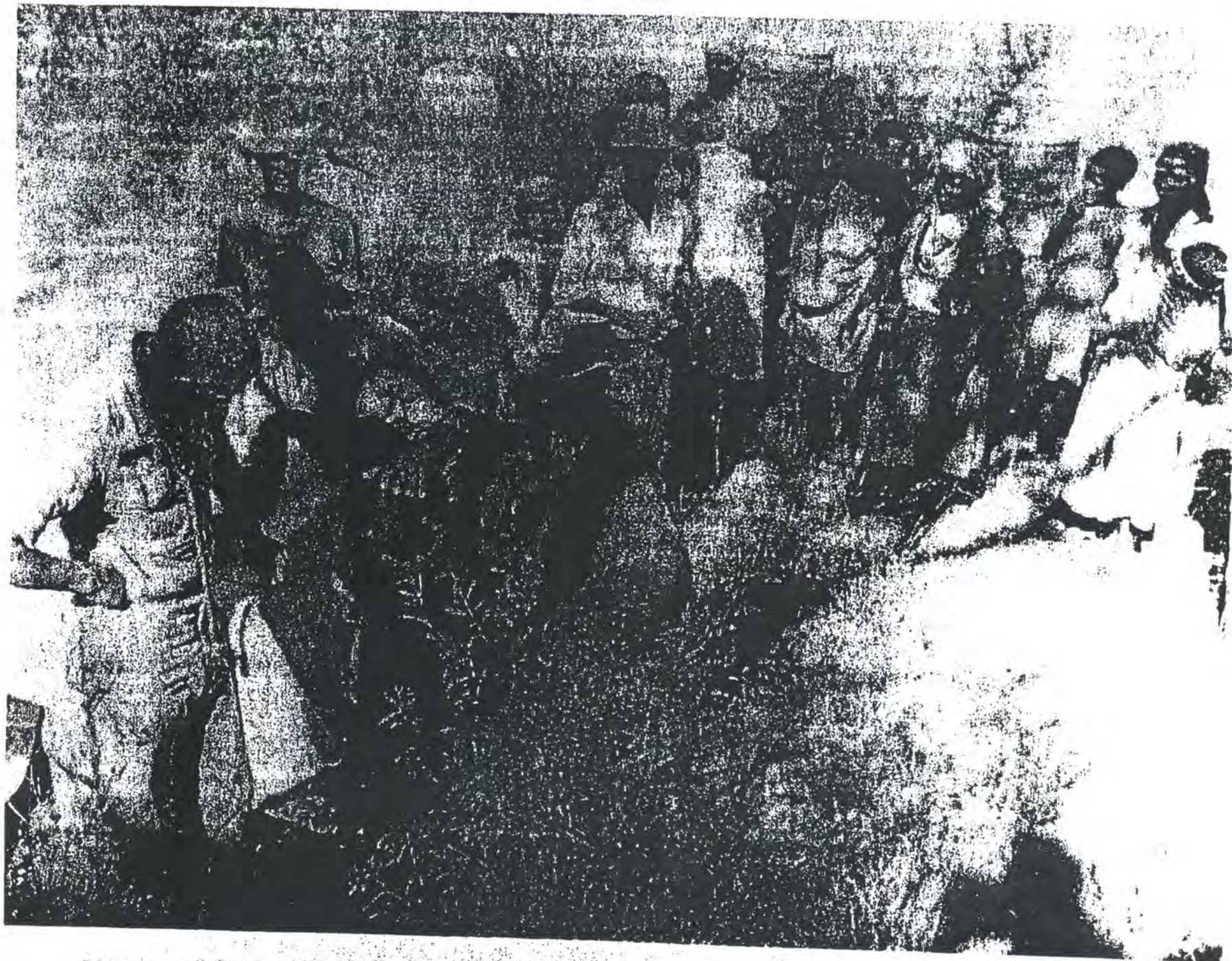
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PART 5

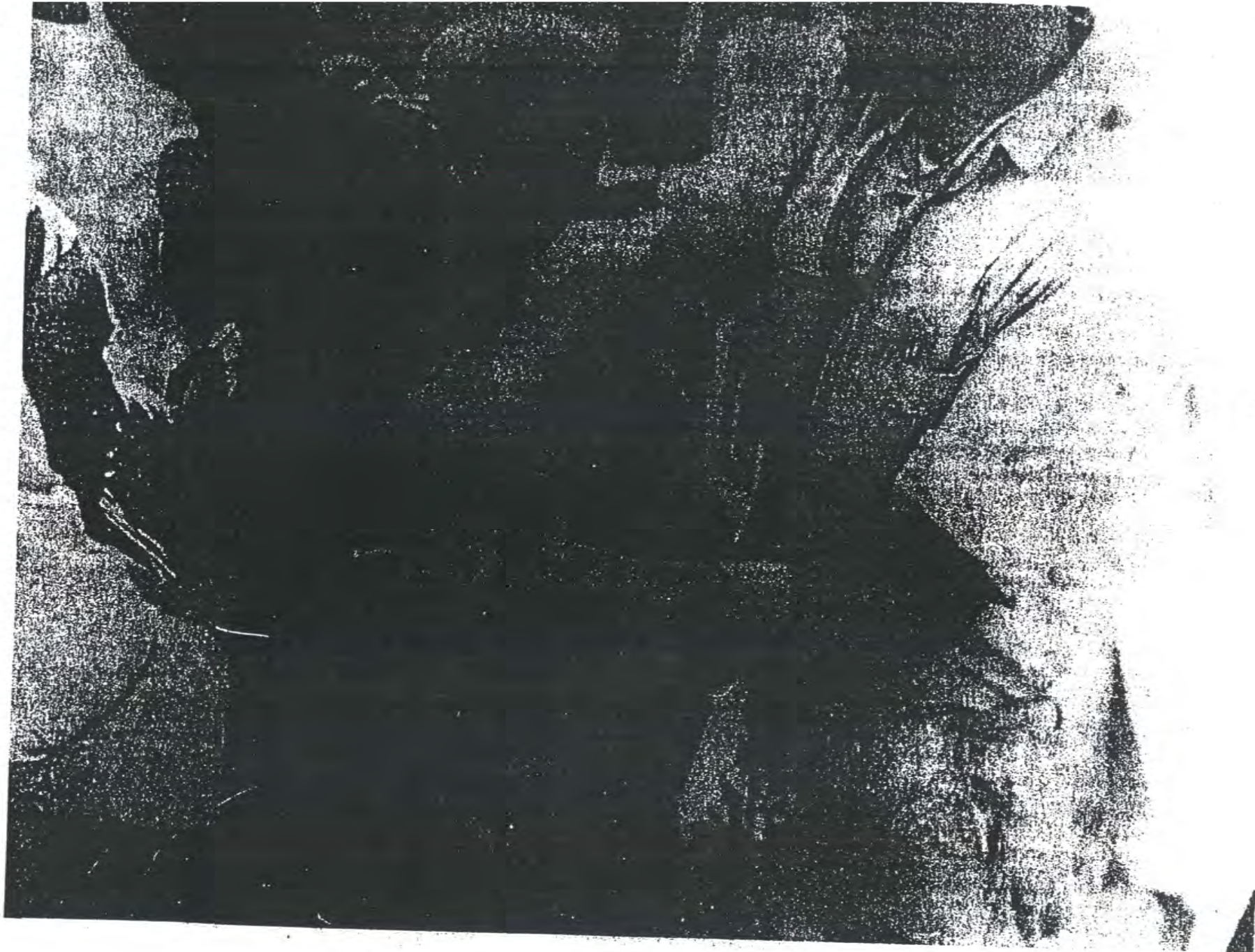
A few hours later, we pulled into Ghanzi. This is a police camp and is the center of the entire Ghanzi district. There are about four hundred Europeans spread over an area of sixty thousand square miles. We pulled up at the police camp, which is made up of small, square, white bungalows, ^{with corrugated iron roofs.} In the immediate vicinity of the camp, there was a school, a trading post, and the airport. The latter consists of a dirt strip used about once a month. The school boarded the children for the entire district. We parked our trucks in front of the District Commissioner's office. The District Commissioner was a Mr. Midgely, who performed many functions. He made the local laws, ran the court, was postmaster-in-chief, department of internal revenue, and chamber of commerce. On the bulletin board outside his office were the many notices he had tacked up. One of them was the controversial bill taxing the Bushmen on the farms and insisting they be paid wages. One sentence, all in capitals for emphasis, said, "THIS SLAVERY MUST STOP!" Another of the mimeographed bulletins on the board was a list of intended marriages to take place, the majority between grooms of 45 with brides of 16. There were several blacklist notices about, each one banning some person from obtaining liquor. They were signed by the District Commissioner, and I later learned that some of them were issued at the request of the person blacklisted as an aid in going on the wagon.



Bill and Elizabeth at the Ghanzi police camp



Bill examines a patient while others wait their turn.



"Just what does he think he's doing with that white stick?"





"Just what does he thin' he's doing with that white stick?"

Three small white houses huddled together to form the government office buildings. They contained about five rooms altogether. One small one was for the government internal revenue office. Next to that was the official office of the District Commissioner. The next room was a combined post office and police wireless station. The next had saddles and other paraphernalia for horses. The last room seemed to be a warehouse for miscellaneous items. We rushed to the wireless room and dumped all our letters in front of a startled Native policeman who was acting as post office clerk.

We had dozens of letters, and several boxes of film being flown home as quick tests of our first exposures. Some of the things were to be sent overseas by air; others only as far as Johannesburg by land. Some weighed a little, some a lot. The poor policeman painstakingly figured out the correct postage for each in a hesitant manner. He was none too sure of his arithmetic. Our eager help slowed him down further. Eventually, it was all figured out, the proper amount marked on each letter, and we helped him stick on the proper postage. We had only gotten half-way through when he ran out of stamps. Had he radioed for more immediately, they still couldn't arrive for over a week. We all walked over to the internal revenue office a few doors away, a conference was held, and it was decided that tax stamps would make an adequate substitute. We pasted them on until they too ran out. We paid the post office and internal revenue the full amount owed, but they would have to hold on to the remaining mail until the new stamps arrived.

Shortly after this incident, Mr. Midgely showed up at his office. We all crowded in and he had a policeman bring us all tea. We quickly went through the formalities of obtaining hunting licenses for food, filling out our entrance visas for Bechuanaland, and assuring him that during the expedition we wouldn't get lost, requiring that he send people after us.

When he learned of our using up his entire stock of stamps, he was delighted. Being a one-man chamber of commerce, he said happily, "This will show them back in the main office that we are thriving here; maybe now they will increase our quota of stamps."

He told us the latest news of the district. A farmer had six prize horses wander off into the bush and never found any trace of them. He was sure Bushmen had killed them for food. Another piece of news was about a merchant sailor who, a short time before, had shown up in Ghanzi asking for the hotel. When they recovered from their surprise, this is the story they heard:

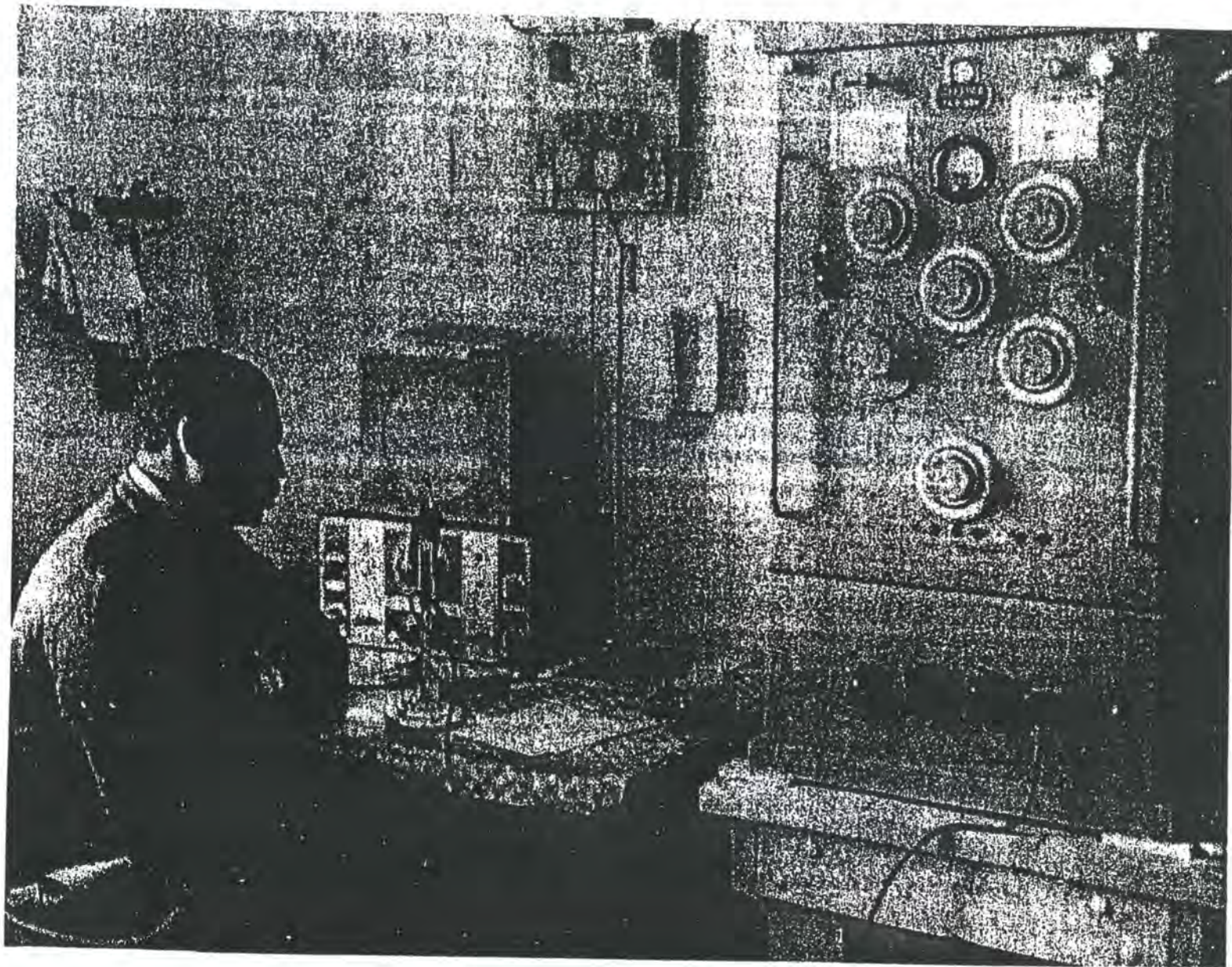
Some super-practical joker in Walvis Bay had offered this naive young fellow a job working in his hotel at Ghanzi. The fellow had hitch-hiked the three hundred miles from Walvis Bay to Windhoek, taken the train a hundred and forty miles from there to Gobabis, and then traveled several hard days on top of the mail truck over the two-hundred-mile trail to Ghanzi. And now here he was at his destination, a place with twenty people, looking for the hotel.

When the interview was over, we went back to the combination post office and wireless room to watch our radio messages being started on their way back home. The Native policeman sat at a table with his microphone in front of him, a radio transmitter to his right, and a short-wave receiver to his left. I felt a little thrill when I saw that the receiver had been made in Malden, Massachusetts, just ~~one~~^{six} miles from my home.

We could hear conversations going on between different parts of Bechuanaland with the main station in Mafeking. Mafeking, the capital of Bechuanaland, is unique in that it is in an entirely different country. There is no town in Bechuanaland which is either big enough or well enough located to serve as its capital, so all the government offices are located in Mafeking, which is in the Union of South Africa. This is probably the world's only capital located in the wrong country.

We could hear the woman radio operator at Mafeking talking back and forth between stations spotted around Bechuanaland. Though these were police radio stations, they would handle anybody's radiograms at the standard two-cents-per-word fee. Finally, the operator started calling for our station in Ghanzi, "ZNF". Our policeman quickly and efficiently relayed the message, spelling out doubtful words with the standard phonetic alphabet. From Mafeking, it would be relayed a few more times, until its final transmission to the United States. When he finished, he typed his radio to Lourenco Marques, eight hundred miles away in Mozambique, where American jazz records could be heard.

Outside, another Native soldier came escorting a group of a dozen prisoners. These were almost all Bushmen, wearing the standard prison



The police radio station at Ghanzi

sweaters of wide orange and black stripes. The men looked frail, but cheerful. The guarding policeman and the Bushmen all stopped obligingly to pose for a picture. We were told that the usual offense is killing cattle for food. We also heard that a Bushman in prison usually dies within a year (probably tuberculosis), so that any verdict for longer than that is virtually a death sentence.

As we climbed back into our trucks, the soldier marched the barefoot prisoners down the road back to their little jail cells.

We drove on a short distance, stopping a ~~short~~^{little} while at the trading post. Here we bought all sorts of odds and ends, 'paraffin (kerosene) for our lamps, and candy to munch on while driving. It seemed that each of us had some trinket he wanted to buy. My prize was a penknife having a picture on the handle of a Canadian cowboy riding a bucking horse. We finally got back to the trucks and drove off. After several hours, during which we passed several farms, we finally made camp on one belonging to Thunis's father. Here we would spend the next week studying the farm Bushmen of the locality.

We set up camp among a clump of trees, giving us many places to tie our tent ropes. Bill had us erect our tents facing each other, in a circle. In an adjacent clearing was Philip's kitchen, and beyond that the boys' camp. Near our tents, Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth sat around the dining table interviewing Bushmen from the nearby farms, while Professor Maingaard did the same at an adjacent card table. Ledimo and Wilhelm served as interpreters. With extreme patience, they extracted information about the Bushmen's language; their kinship system — such as who is related to whom — and other aspects of their lives. I would occasionally

be called upon to make sound recordings of some of these interviews, or to take pictures of the proceedings.

One of my tape recorders showed great reluctance to start, ran hesitantly for a while, and then stopped altogether. I borrowed the bridge table from under Professor Maingaard, and on it dismantled the tape recorder. Just when I had it all disassembled, its innards all sprinkled about the table, a strong wind came up. I struggled to keep from losing any of the dozens of small parts, and prayed that sand wouldn't blow into anything vital. As is so often the case, to reach the source of the trouble required the dismantling of practically everything else. Fortunately, everything went back together without any mishaps, and the recorder was working again.

Considerable time was spent keeping the trucks in good shape. While Simon lubricated them, Elizabeth and I got under and tightened the bolts which kept coming loose under the continuous bouncing. The electric generator on Mr. Marshall's green Dodge gave out. It was too far gone to be repaired, so an extensive search was made for a replacement. A check showed that this was one of the items that hadn't been available and ~~was~~ was to be sent later. Mr. Marshall and I took one of the other trucks and drove over an hour, retracing our path to the last trading post. The mail truck was due in that day from Gobabis, and we hoped it might contain some spare parts, including the generator, that we had ordered previously.

The trading post, like all the others we had seen, was cool and dark on the inside, and had an infinite number of items. On the door was a life-size colored poster of a Native mine worker, helmet on head, hands on hips, and smiling broadly. This was one of the Winella recruiting posters. The mail truck was late in arriving, so Mr. Marshall and I went over to the

adjacent farmhouse, where we were invited into the kitchen and served tea. This kitchen was a mixture of old and new, with metal porcelain-covered cabinets on the walls, kitchen table and chairs of modern plastic over chrome-plated steel tubing, and an ancient, wood-burning stove. There was no sink, but in its stead was a metal dishpan, with an old-fashioned porcelain water pitcher standing next to it.

In one corner of the room several rifles and a shotgun leaned against the wall. The owner of the post, who had invited us in, sat at the table with Mr. Marshall and me. Soon, four other men came in and sat down. They didn't speak to us, nor to each other. Perhaps they didn't speak English, for they were not introduced to us. In fact, their presence was never explained. They sat silently, not eating or drinking. Only Mr. Marshall and I were served tea by the housewife. The rest just sat and stared. Their expressions were neither friendly nor unfriendly, but made me feel like some strange phenomenon they had come to examine. We made a little small talk with our host, but most of the time drank our tea in silence. After what seemed like a few years of this, we got up. We thanked our hostess in English, but she got the idea. The men at the table didn't move a muscle, except to follow us with their eyes. We left, and finished our waiting in the store.

In a little while, the cream lorry showed up. This was a diesel-powered truck which made semi-weekly trips to Gobabis collecting cream from the farmers along the route and delivering it to the Gobabis butter works. It also carried the mail, any reasonable cargo (inanimate or otherwise), and — if there was any room left over — human passengers at so much per head. The lorry that appeared was an open-back affair, with half a

dozen passengers sitting high in the air on boards suspended across the back of the truck, their feet dangling above the cargo. This was the last stop. The assorted Native and Bushman passengers wearily climbed down from their high perch. One was a Native policeman we had met back in Ghanzi. He was on his way into the interior to get married. We started talking, and after verifying that I was an American, he asked whether we had many Natives in the United States. When I said we had, he asked solemnly, "Do the Natives in America have faces as black as mine?", I assured him that we had people in America of all shades of every color, from all over the world.

Finally, our spare parts were found in the cargo, and Mr. Marshall and I started back to camp. I drove, Mr. Marshall sitting next to me. Heimrich sat cross-legged, squatting on the movie camera platform mounted on top of the truck's cab. On the way back, I spotted what I thought was an enormous fire. Mr. Marshall pointed out that it was a magnificent setting sun. Looking at the expanse of bush and trees around us, I marvelled how attuned I felt to the surroundings. Only a week before, at our first campsite, I had been afraid to go out into the bush away from the others. How quickly I had gotten used to the outdoors.

For the first time, I felt like a part of the earth. Back home, the way I lived, Nature had no part in my surroundings. Outdoors, concrete separated me from the earth; indoors, the walls isolated me from any other living thing. An animal or insect in the house was something alien; to be eliminated for things to be in order. The ceiling and roof kept out the cold, wind, and rain; but they also kept out the sky and the stars and the moon. Never before had I known — or cared — whether a night had a full moon, a part moon, or no moon at all. Suddenly, I was living

outdoors, very conscious not only of the phase of the moon, but when it rose; whether it would be dark or light that night; whether windy or still; warm or cold. A mousehole next to the tent was not surprising; a flying ant in the tea was expected. I realized with pleasure that I felt at home in the raw world; I was no longer dependent upon the artificial life back home which shielded me from nature.

I recalled the fears of the people in the United States that atomic bombs would be the destruction of "civilization" as we know it. It would mean the loss of cities, buildings, and other protection against the natural world. Suddenly, I felt free; I was no longer dependent upon that. Things at home were extravagantly comfortable, but far from necessary. This was something that the outdoors fans back home must have known all the time, but it was new to me, and I was comforted to find that the world au naturel was a good place to live. .

For the last part of the ride, I switched places with Heinrich and ensconced myself in his perch atop the ^{cab of the} truck. Sitting there alone, bouncing and swaying as on a mechanical elephant, I looked at the world around me and decided that all was safe and peaceful. The natural world, at last, was my home.

The next morning, Bill and Thunis left for an all-day trip to a point 75 miles away to try to locate some farm workers that Thunis knew could act as interpreters. Late that evening, they returned with two scrawny little Bushmen. The name of one was Dabbe, the other Glishay. They were both so emaciated that Bill gave them physical exams. With the help of Ledimo and myself, he set up a little clinic and did blood tests on them. Dabbe had only one-third the normal hemoglobin count.

With the limited diagnostic equipment at his disposal, Bill was at a loss as to the cause. One possibility was a vitamin deficiency, so he fed him vitamins. Another possibility was malaria, so he got "Aralen" as well. When we left him five months later, his blood count was almost up to normal and his weight had increased by a third. Glishay, on the other hand, showed no symptoms of anything wrong with him, but was just plain skinny. His weight never did increase the rest of the trip.

Once Bill had set up his clinic, Natives, Bushmen, Coloreds, and anyone else in the district crowded around. This soon took up such a large part of his time that for the rest of the trip we did not pass the word that he was a physician, but mostly limited his practice to the members of the expedition. One side result of the trip to fetch the two Bushman interpreters was a variety in our diet. During their voyage, Thunis stopped the truck before a flock of guinea fowl standing in the road. With a single blast of his shotgun, Bill killed thirteen. He traded two of them at a Native village for a couple of watermelons. The rest he brought home.

After a few days, we packed camp and started on the trip south.

* * * * *

PART 6

On the way south, we decided to try out the walkie-talkie radios we had brought along. I had one with me, and Bill and Elizabeth, following in the next truck, had the other. We arranged to call each other at fifteen-minute intervals. It was easier for them than for myself, because while one of them drove, the other would operate the radio. In my case, Professor Maingaard could neither drive nor use the radio; so I tried to do both at once. Steering with my right hand, I held the thing up to my ear and mouth with my left hand, at the same time poking the antenna out the window.

After a couple of poor conversations with Bill and Elizabeth in the truck behind (we could barely understand each other), the thing finally paid for itself. At the next radio contact, they told me to stop my truck, as I had lost my tailgate and was dropping cargo all over the road. I got out, looked back, and found that, thanks to the walkie-talkie, not much damage had yet taken place. Despite the great saving to us at this time, the bother of keeping schedules and a limited range made the equipment so inconvenient that we used it only a few more times.

The first leg of this trip south retraced a little of our previous route, taking us back again through the Ghanzi police camp, and when we arrived there, we found a fair in progress. People from a radius of 100 miles were gathering at the school for a three-day affair. The purpose was to raise £500 (\$1400) to buy a bioscope (movie projector) and a

gasoline-driven generator to supply it with electricity. The school boarded a couple dozen children from the entire district, and most of them had never seen a movie. We arrived just in time to be invited to the opening of the fair.

Long tables and chairs had been placed in one of the classrooms, where a buffet luncheon was served. Everyone was in a party mood. At Mr. Marshall's suggestion, I brought in the Polaroid camera and started taking and distributing pictures (one-minute process) of the people attending. It created a sensation. Everyone crowded around, and mothers kept asking me to photograph their children. It was touching, especially the way they kept asking to pay. Those who did have cameras said that it took several weeks of waiting to have their film processed in Windhoek.

On the previous trip through Ghanzi we had met a Mr. Upton, who was anxious to meet us because of our Harvard connection. He made a living trapping animals, birds, and insects, and shipping them to museums in the United States, one of which is Harvard's. He was a thin little fellow, and would do almost anything for a gag. Now, at the luncheon, he pointed out an enormous man who towered high above the rest of the crowd in the room. This was an Afrikaans farmer, Mr. Swartz. Upton begged me to go over to the powerfully built Swartz and say that I would like to take his picture, as he was the ugliest man I had ever seen. Looking up at this giant, I could only stammer, "Who, me?"

We were asked to stay for the dance that night, but although it was already late in the afternoon, Mr. Marshall said we had better go. We reluctantly piled into the trucks and started south for the trip through the Kalahari. The road we were about to take was one that was traveled only once every few weeks. We had gone only about a mile when Mr. Marshall's truck came to a halt. We all crowded around, the hood was lifted, and it was decided that there was water in the gas. The water-trapping bowl was emptied out and we continued on our way. Another half-mile, and he stalled again. We found more water in the bowl. It was cleaned out again, we started off once more, and after another half-mile, we again had to stop.

As Thunis fiddled with the engine, I figured there were enough experts around and busied myself with the scenery. In a little while, Mr. Marshall came over and asked me to keep an eye on what Thunis was doing. This surprised me, since I was under the impression that Thunis had been Mr. Marshall's trusted mechanic on previous expeditions. Back in the States, I had been told that he was the best mechanic to be found in the whole of South Africa. I could tell that Thunis resented having me look over his shoulder, but I did as I was asked. When I mentioned that he was reconnecting the gas lines backward, so that the pump was pumping gas back into the tank instead of from it, he gave me a horrible look. I found out much later that Thunis did not consider himself a mechanic,

but thought he had been hired as guide and interpreter. He was much shaken when he learned that he was supposed to be the expert mechanic, and in his insecurity he resented anyone else's suggestions. We got going, again had to stop, and once more found water in the bowl. This time, Thunis turned the filter upside down so it couldn't collect water but would just shoot it right onto the carburetor. This apparently worked; we had no more trouble that night. Several weeks later we drained the gas tank and pulled out more than a bucket of water. We remembered that back in Gobabis the tank had sprung a leak. In order to solder the hole shut without causing an explosion, the tank was first filled with water to drive out all the gasoline. Evidently, nobody ever bothered to drive out the water. Mr. Marshall announced that, because of all the delays, we wouldn't take time out for dinner until we made camp that night. Apples were passed around and would have to do for a while.

After riding with the professor for some time, we had less and less to talk about, until eventually there was no conversation for long periods of time. Once, a huge bird rose out of the grass in front of our truck. When I called the professor's attention to it, asking for confirmation that this was a vulture, he answered, "That's an aasvoël." I remarked how closely it resembled a vulture, but he repeated, "aasvoël." In answer to my question as to how one could tell the difference, he finally replied, "'Aasvoël' is the Afrikaans word for vulture."

As we continued along, the sand got heavier and the ruts in it deeper. We bounced more and more, and I found myself having great difficulty trying to keep up with Mr. Marshall. My truck would occasionally bounce off the road, always to the left. I would have to stop, engage the four-wheel drive, put the thing in reverse, and back out. Each time, the professor would mumble, "You're going too fast." I couldn't understand why I was going too fast if Mr. Marshall, in the same kind of truck, wasn't.

Later, when we stopped to let all the trucks catch up with each other, I asked Thunis what the trouble could be, and he insisted I wasn't keeping accurately in the spoor. ("Spoor" is the road, footprints, droppings, or any other trace of something that has gone by.) I knew I was a lousy driver, but I didn't like to picture myself as that bad. I paid more attention to staying right in the middle of the spoor, but still I kept bouncing off to the left. I was forever in the embarrassing predicament of having to stop and back out onto the track while the professor kept announcing that I was going too fast.

It wasn't until many weeks later that I thought of examining the shock absorbers. In the States, the original factory ones had been removed and replaced with a new type less subject to damage. I looked inside and found that one of them had never had any fluid in it. I was getting shock-absorbing action on one side and complete bouncing on the other, which would readily explain my being bounced sideways off the road, always in the same direction.

I also suspected that the present shock absorbers, while more rugged, were not so effective as the original factory installations, and even when full of oil would give improper absorption of shock. As a result, I bounced my way through the Kalahari with even more of a beating than the other trucks had to take.

As we traveled along, the sun set, and with the approach of dusk, the sky turned beautiful pastel shades. There were no clouds in the sky to give the brilliant color effects seen back home; instead, the slight haze in the air created pale pink and yellow shades which blended against the light blue sky. The result was breathtaking in subtlety rather than in brilliance. After sunset, since it was a moonless night, everything was pitchblack. About every half-hour, Mr. Marshall would stop the lead truck and wait for the others to catch up. On some of these stops, I got out and climbed on top to look around. The air was cold, the night was quiet. There was no sound to be heard. The earth around was black, and the sky above looked like black velvet sprinkled with millions of diamonds. The Southern Cross pointed the way to the South Pole. In another section of the sky was the False Cross, similar to the true one, but bigger and fainter. To the east, I could see Orion's Belt. Suddenly, I saw to the north an old friend: the Big Dipper. A feeling of nostalgia came over me. Here was a direct link with home, if only to remind me how far away I was.

I could hear the faint sound of Bill's truck in the distance, although I couldn't see him. His engine wasn't

behaving properly, and he had fallen far behind. At last, his headlights appeared in the distance. I told Mr. Marshall, and we started off again. About midnight, we finally came to a halt, made camp, and Philip fed us from cans. We parked the trucks in a circle but didn't put up our tents. We spread our sleeping bags on the ground, except for Mrs. Marshall's and Elizabeth's which were laid on the tops of trucks. Mr. Marshall announced that the people in Ghanzi had reported the presence of lions in this area, and so he kept a shotgun handy.

We all woke fairly late the next morning. We drove on and soon came to what looked like a dry river bed crossing our path. It was a couple of hundred yards across; and at its deepest was about 50 feet below the level of the surrounding land. It looked as though, centuries before, a river had rushed along its length, but now was completely dry, its bottom covered with grass and bush like the surrounding land. This was an "omarumba," formed in a distant age by an unknown cause. We were to see many of them in the Kalahari. They are hundreds of miles long, and generally run from east to west. They are so numerous that we would sometimes cross them every ten miles. Some were wider ^{than this one;} some narrower; some were deeper, some shallower; some had gently sloping edges; others had steep sides. They usually had one thing in common -- instead of a soft surface of sand, the bed was lined with a hard layer of limestone. This one was the "Okwa" omarumba.

The trail turned right a few miles, past a Native kraal, before it dipped down into the omarumba. This particular kraal was on a farm run by Natives with Bushman labor. It was one of several belonging to Hardbattle, which he ran as an absentee owner. As we intended to spend some time with this group, Mr. Marshall had gone ahead to find a suitable campsite. To reach it, the rest of us passed the kraal without stopping and as we drove by could catch a quick look at it located in a large, bare area of sand completely cleared of bush. To our right stood a half-dozen mud huts roofed with dark straw. Each hut was circled by a fence of branches piled together. To our left, similar fences encircled a big mielie field and a cattle enclosure.

A small herd of goats, a flock of chickens, and several dogs wandered about freely. A dozen Natives and Bushmen stood watching us. As we drove by, a cloud of flies filled the cab of the truck and settled over us. We drove the remaining half-mile to our new campsite, shooing most of the flies out, but many remained. We parked the trucks next to the two big trees that would be home, and found that not only the cab, but the entire outside of the trucks was still swarming with flies. As the tents were going up and the camp erected, Bill broke out the DDT spray gun and started pumping away. He covered the inside of the truck's cab with a thin film, then the outside panels, the hood, and the fenders. When he had done all the trucks, he proceeded to spray the inside and outside of every tent, the top and bottom of our dining table, and finally the two trees themselves.

When Philip set up his kitchen, the flies were so numerous that they fell into all the food. His area was then sprayed, and in addition, a booby trap was set. Philip made up a concoction of condensed milk, sugar, and DDT powder which he exhibited in a shallow dish. It was soon black with flies. In a few hours, either most of the flies had died, or else we were getting used to them. At any rate, the situation seemed more tolerable. During the weeks of our stay, anytime a Native approached from the kraal, we would be besieged by a new swarm of accompanying flies.

We parked two of our trucks permanently, stretching ropes from them to the two trees in the middle of our clearing. We supported some of our tents from these ropes and made a comfortable little campsite. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall shared one tent, while Professor Maingard, Bill, Elizabeth, and I each had our own. Thunis preferred to sleep outdoors on a cot stretched out behind one of the trucks.

A short distance away, Philip had his kitchen, and beyond that, the boys had their damp. They stretched out a big sheet of canvas and hung it from some bushes to act as a windbreaker. Their "stretchers" (collapsible cots) were lined up side by side on the sheltered side, with their heads toward the canvas sheet. At the foot of the stretchers, they had their own fire. Philip's kitchen also had its own small fire with several kettles always sitting in the middle of it. Hot water was available from one of them, day or night. Nearby, containing his dishes, silverware,

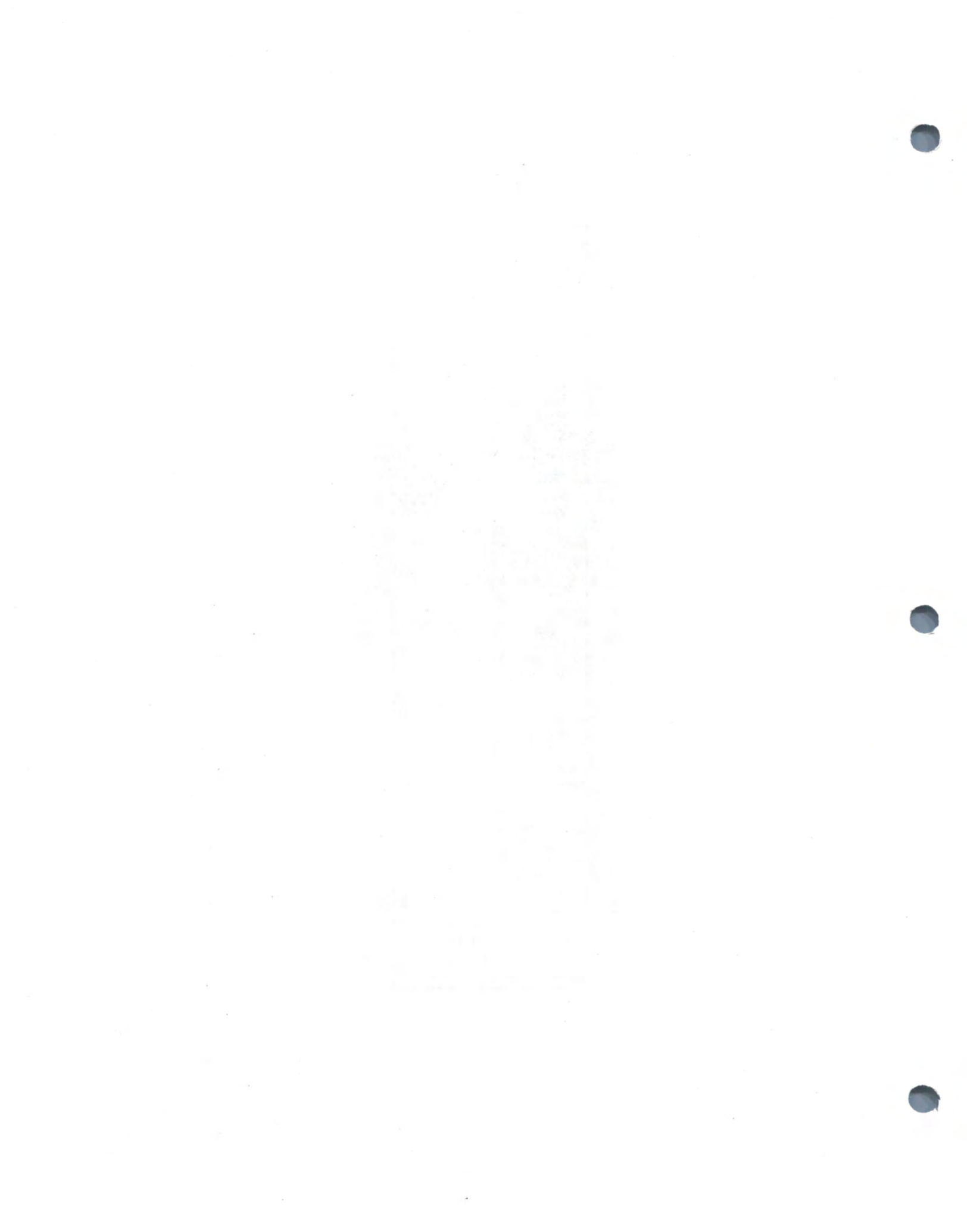
and other paraphernalia, were several colorful "ovambo" boxes. These were metal trunks with a stencilled symmetrical pattern on the lid, popular with the Ovambo people. A small wooden platform served as his working space. Surplus jerry cans (U.S. Army type) held his store of water.

Occasionally, Philip would dig a pit and fill it with live coals to serve as an oven. Then, borrowing a bottle of beer for the yeast it contained, he would proceed to bake some wonderful bread. A five-gallon galvanized iron tub was his sink for washing the dishes. In addition to serving us three regular meals a day, he furnished us with our waking-up coffee served right at our sleeping bags, tea at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. It's more of a tribute to his skill with his crude kitchen than to an outdoors-induced appetite that I ate ~~the~~ voracious ~~meals~~.

A collapsible dining table was set up near our tents, and after our mealtime dishes were cleared away, it served as a center for Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth to interview Bushmen, for Mr. Marshall to set out maps of the route and compute gasoline or water supplies, and for me to repair camera or sound-recording equipment. I set up my sound-recording studio about thirty yards from the camp. This was a self-supporting tent and looked as though it belonged on a beach cabana. The sound-recording equipment was set up inside the tent to keep the wind from blowing directly on the microphone, which would produce a rumbling noise. The distance of the tent from the camp minimized

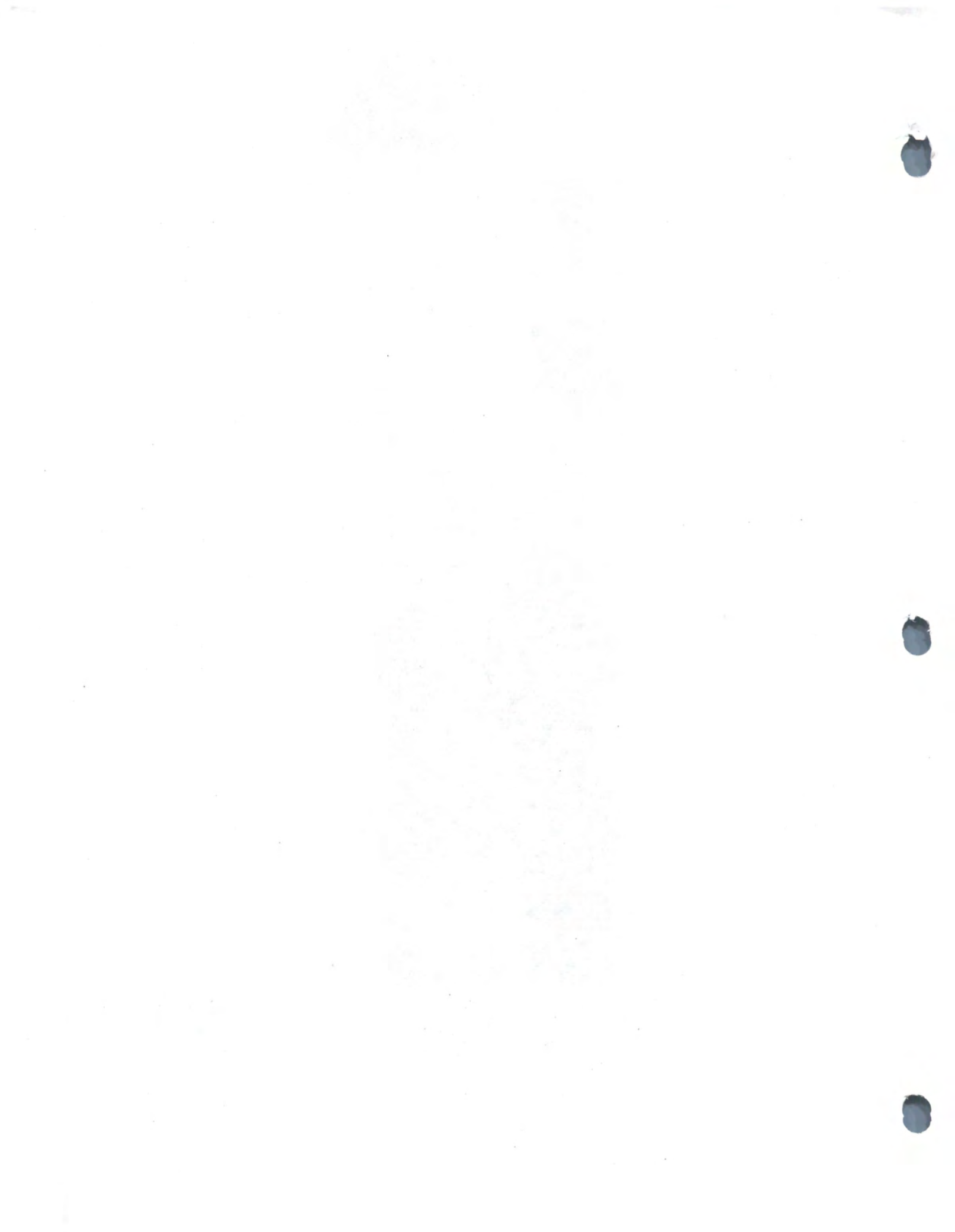


Our camp at the Okwa omarumba





Philip in his kitchen



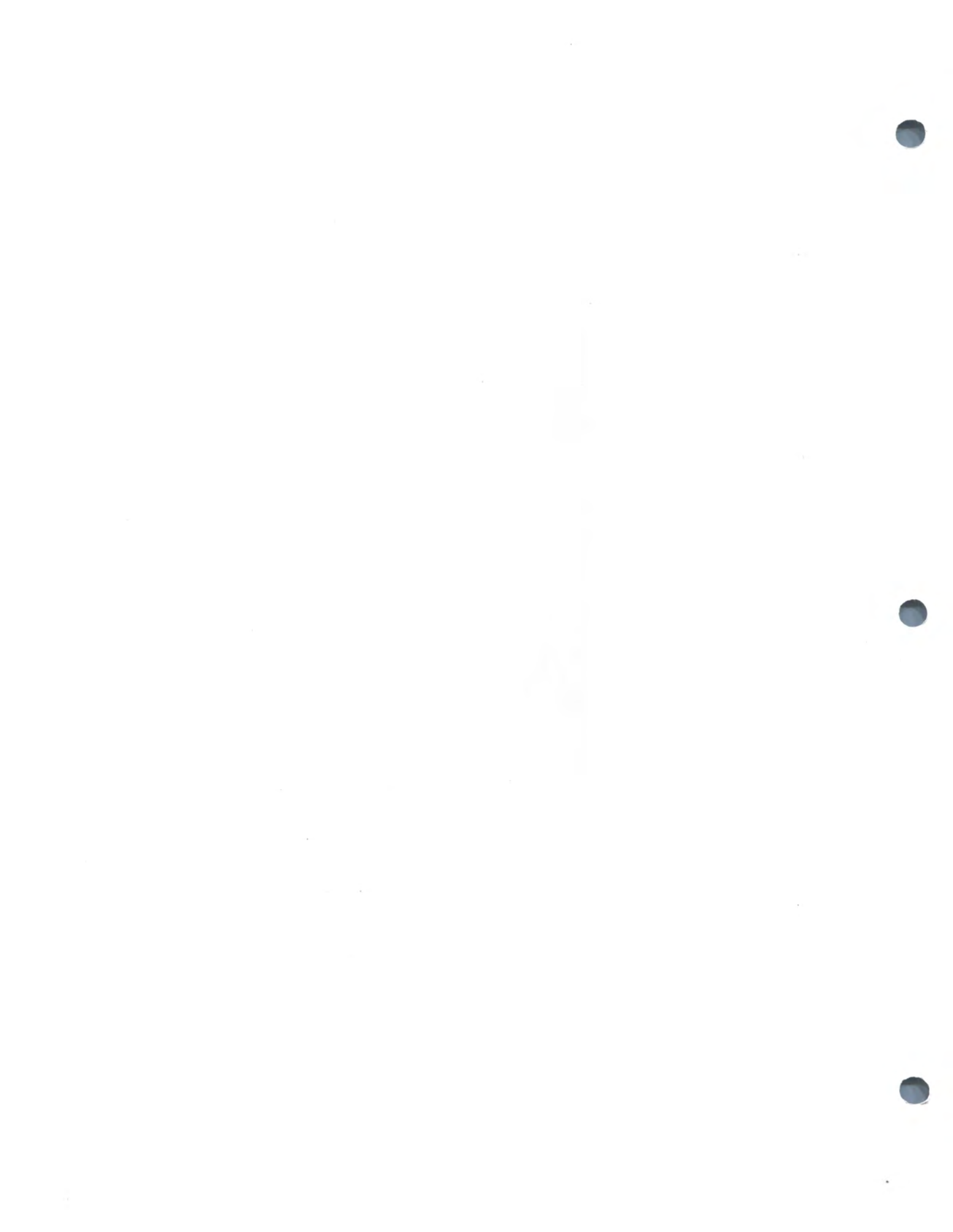


Mr. Marshall





Thunis



the number of times that I had to ask others to make less noise while I was recording.

We had been there only a couple of hours when two Native farmers came over from the kraal. We learned that one, whose name was Boyce, ran the kraal for Mr. Hardbattle; while the other, Topo, was Boyce's brother-in-law visiting from Ghanzi. They were annoyed because we had stopped by the kraal, drawing the Bushman laborers away from their work. We told about our mission and asked permission to interview their Bushmen, for which we would pay Boyce their regular salary of a shilling (fourteen cents) a day. They refused and held out for ten shillings a day. In the usual Native fashion, it was the brother-in-law who did the talking during all these negotiations. In the culture of many of the Native tribes, it is the wife's oldest brother who has the say in all family matters. (Our own Ledimo, city-bred as he was, had not been able to marry the girl he wanted because an uncle, his mother's oldest brother, had refused permission.) The negotiations continued for a couple of hours, through interpreters, Topo sometimes raising his voice in anger, then dropping it with scorn, laughing at some joke he had made, withdrawing sulkily, and finally returning with an acceptable compromise. For the next several weeks, Bushmen from the kraal would come over to our camp to be interviewed, and conversely we would go over there to study them at work.

I drove my own truck back to their kraal in order to have all my photographic equipment immediately at hand. We went first

to visit Boyce, whose home was the center of all activity. His hut stood in the center of a fifty-foot circle formed by a fence of thorn-bearing branches, stacked four feet high and five feet deep. Immediately inside this circle was a second one, similar to the first, making a double barrier. A small gap in the fence was the only entrance. The enclosed area was broken up into several smaller sections by little fences, and in the center of everything stood the mud hut with its sloping black-straw roof. I went into the hut, and found it dark and cool, and just large enough to hold a cot, a few kettles, a piece of harness hanging from the roof, and a few odds and ends.

In the small front yard were Boyce's wife and child, and about a dozen Bushman women. One woman was tending a kettle over a small fire. The rest, squatting around a white pile of dried mielie kernels, were using corn cobs to scrape the kernels off others. They worked slowly, but enjoyed themselves, chatting together, taking time out to look after the naked children playing around them, and showing no sense of urgency about what they were doing. Here in Boyce's front yard, his wife chatting and working along with the rest, there was the air of a family get-together.

Boyce's wife was young, chubby, and had a shiny, smooth, black face. She was the only one wearing a dress. The Bushman women wore only small leather aprons around their waists. A dog nosed about the food being cooked, and chickens scratching nearby were occasionally shooed away from the prepared mielies. Flies were everywhere -- on the mielies, on the food, on the people.

Hundreds settled on the hands, while hundreds of others crawled on the face. A tiny baby had a big, black, half-inch-wide stripe around its mouth, made by a ring of flies seeking the moisture there. Occasionally, a fly crawling down someone's forehead would pass onto the eyelid. That eye would close momentarily, allowing the fly to cross down onto the cheek, and then reopen -- all automatically, without the person seeming to notice that the fly was there. Flies covered the people, flies covered the dog. Any movement would cause a cloud of flies to rise up, only to resettle when the motion stopped. Flies got all over me and my equipment. Before taking a picture, I had to shake the camera to dislodge the flies from the lens. Although the women ignored the flies as they went about their business, they were really greatly bothered, and asked us to spray insecticide the way they had seen us do at our camp. When I came back the next day, I brought a can of DDT mixture with me and started to spray the area. Dead flies fell everywhere. The top of a pail of milk was black with them. As I walked, dead flies crunched underfoot. I went inside the hut and proceeded to spray up into the loose straws of the thatched roof. There immediately arose an angry buzzing sound. The straw roof was alive with flies. I sprayed heavily, and as I pumped away, thousands of their bodies rained down on me. Back outside, I sprayed the thorn fence. New clouds of flies arose.

I went into the remaining huts and sprayed each in turn. Each time, I was met with the angry buzz of flies inside the

ceiling, followed by a rain of their bodies. One of the huts I entered was unused. Inside, on the walls, someone had painted a dark band about a foot high, located about three feet above the ground. The broad stripe ran halfway round the room. Little figures had been scraped into this dark band with a pointed object, allowing the lighter color of the wall to show through. They were mostly stick drawings of men and animals. This didn't mean much to me, but when I told Elizabeth about it, she got greatly excited.

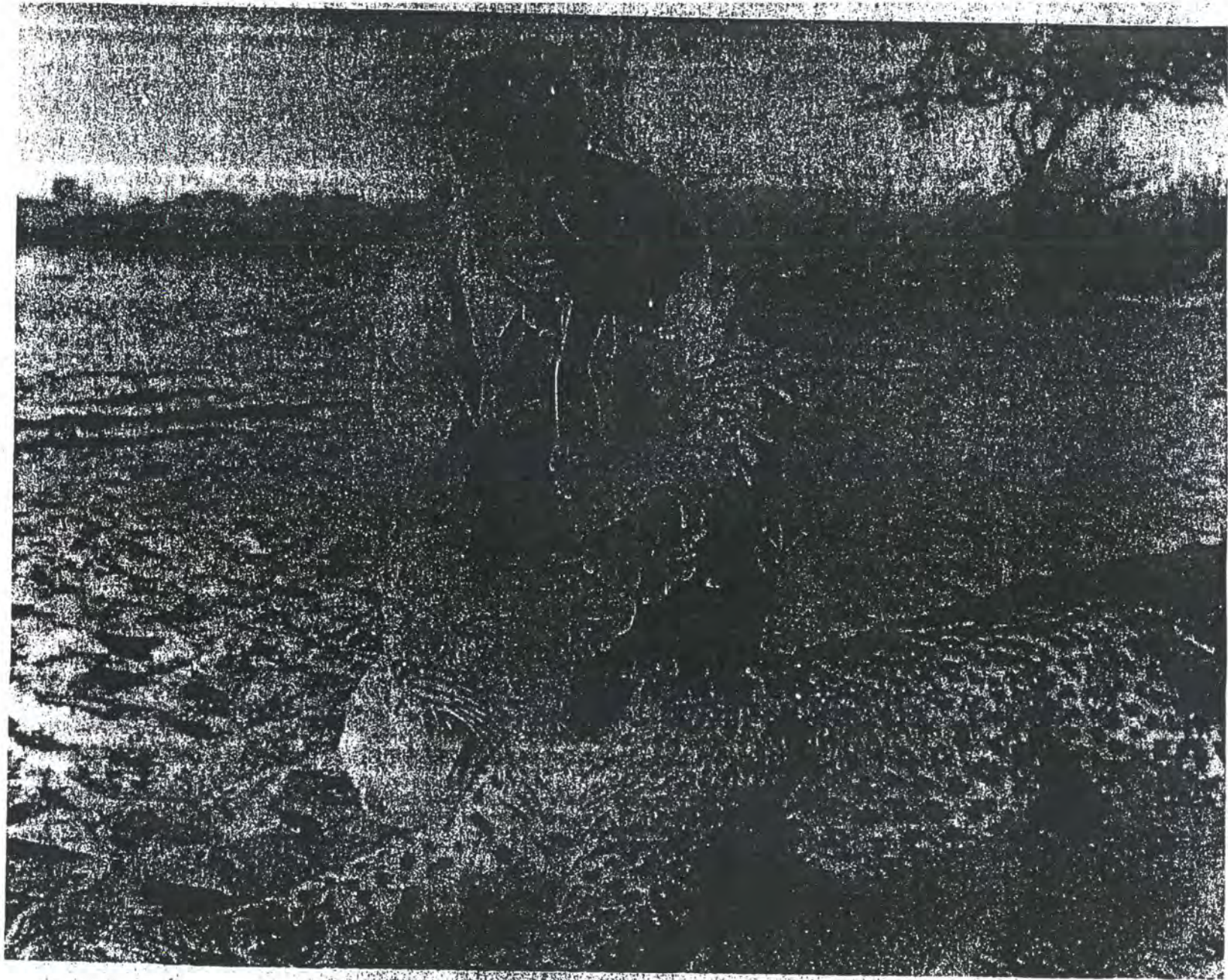
In many parts of South Africa where the Bushmen once lived, there are still found many remnants of rock paintings. Many years ago, Bushmen had painted and scraped figures of men and animals on surface stones and on the walls of the caves where they lived. It was a dead art, and yet here we were faced with a modern version of it. Further, here was an opportunity to find the artist and learn directly what he had in mind when making the drawings the way he did. After some chasing around, we found that it had been made by three Bushman boys, several years earlier. The oldest was now about fifteen years old. While Elizabeth, using Wilhelm as interpreter, had each boy explain the drawings he had made, I went about making overlapping photographs of every section so that each one of the figures might be studied minutely.

Back in Boyce's yard, the women had finished scraping their batch of mielies, and one woman was gathering them up into a pan, tossing them in the air, and catching them again. At

each toss, a slight breeze carried away a small cloud of chaff, leaving only clean mielies to fall back into the pan. The rest of the women were in the back yard pulling new cobs down from racks, where they had been hanging in the sun to dry.

Once, Boyce himself showed up and disappeared into the hut. He came out a short while later with a small, ancient phonograph, which he set on the ground and wound up. He re-entered the hut and brought out some scratched-up records which he proceeded to play. They were a hodge-podge collection of American tunes about twenty years old. As he played an old jazz melody, he danced about the enclosure in some non-descript step. He was soon joined by several Bushman men who had come in from tending the cattle. Their dance steps were different, however. They did the only steps they knew, the shuffling gait of their own Bushman dances. While the tinny phonograph scratched out jazz tunes, western songs, and hillbilly melodies, Boyce did something reminiscent of jitterbug steps, and the Bushmen shuffled around in a circle. After a while, Boyce carefully closed the phonograph and put it away in the hut. It was obviously one of his most prized possessions.

The Bushman laborers did not live in the huts, but in skirms scattered about, approximately a hundred feet from the kraals. They were the same type of skirms we had seen before, with the remains of a tiny little fire scattered in front of each. Topo spent most of his time sitting in a chair in front of the kraal, near an abandoned broken-down wagon. All day



Leopard shot by Native Farmers

long, he stitched away at a piece of bright yellow leather. He explained that he was making a pair of leather hunting trousers for the District Commissioner, Mr. Midgely.

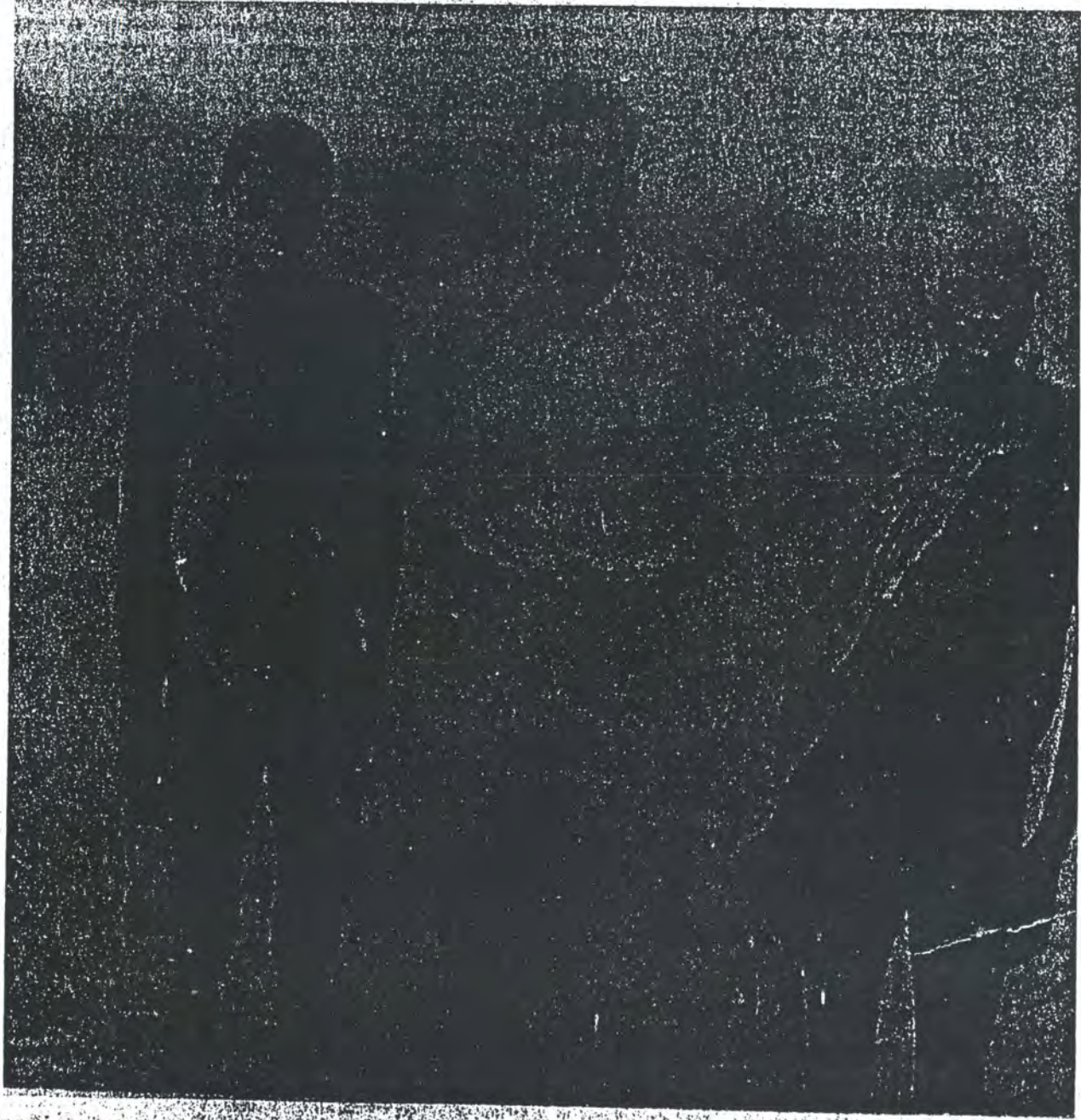
One day, Topo put down his work and he, Boyce, and one of the Bushmen went out hunting for a leopard they said was nearby. They went out on horseback and were gone for several hours, returning at sunset. Flung across one of the horses was the body of a beautiful leopard. Next day, they dug a pit in the sand and built a fire in it. While it was burning down to ashes, they skinned the leopard. All the flies I thought I had killed seemed to come to life again and settled on the carcass. The body had stiffened into such a position that it rested on the ground with its head raised, as if alert. Before being skinned, this posture had made it look thoroughly alive. Now, stripped of its beautiful skin, it still sat erect with its head held proudly in the air, having the gruesome appearance of a piece of raw meat come to life. They threw the carcass into the pit with the hot coals and shovelled sand over it.

Several hours later, being careful to notify me in time to have my movie cameras ready, they unearthed the cooked leopard, pried it out with sticks, and rolled it onto the ground. There again it sat with head upraised as if alive, but now charred black and shrunken. The men proceeded to carve it up, and were immediately surrounded by dogs, about a dozen in all. The choicest parts they gave to some of the Bushmen. As the carving operation went on, the dogs watched intently, occasionally

growling or snarling at each other. They began to look more vicious by the minute; drawing back their lips to reveal their fangs. Occasionally, one would sniff too close to the meat and receive a terrific blow with a heavy stick from one of the men. He'd back off a few yards, growling, and then rejoin the vigil with the rest.

The men finally reached the point of distributing the less desirable meat to the dogs, and the heavy fighting really started. A piece of meat was tossed to the group; one darted forward to snatch it, only to be attacked by several others. Finally, one dog made off with that piece, and the rest crowded around, waiting for the next. The next piece resulted in another fight, the victor ~~retiring~~^{RETIRING} with his portion. One by one, in the order of their aggressiveness, they made off with their share, leaving the meeker ones behind in the gradually quieting scene. Eventually, the meat was gone, and the men all left to attend to other matters. One small dog remained, searching through the bones for any scraps that might have been overlooked. Finally, he too walked slowly away. What yesterday had been a proud, vicious leopard, was now only a few odd bones left ignored on the desert sand.

During the several weeks of our stay, the Natives killed three more leopards. Back at camp, some Bushmen were being interviewed. To explain to them what I was doing when taking their pictures, I first took a couple of shots with the Polaroid camera and held out the finished prints to show them. They were amazed



and delighted. One of them in particular grew hilarious. He carefully studied the picture and started screaming with laughter. He pointed to the nose of the Bushman standing next to him in the picture, and then reached over to point to the actual nose of the man himself. This was followed by more shrieking laughter; then he would pick out something else in the picture. His laughter was so loud that people came running from all over to see what was up. After several minutes of this he tired and quieted down. I gave him a moment's rest and held the picture out for him to see again. He started laughing all over again. When he finally quieted down, I offered him the picture, thinking he would like to have it. Instead, he refused it, turned, and walked away. This refusal of a picture which apparently delighted him was something I was to see many times among Bushmen. I could only guess as to the reason. I've heard of people who believed that a photograph of themselves in someone else's possession could be used to work harm against them. However, the Bushmen showed no concern and certainly didn't seem to mind my keeping the pictures. My only guess was that, being essentially a nomadic people, their experience taught them to be strict about the possessions they could add to their load. Luxuries such as this were out of the question.

Back in my recording tent, I spent hour upon hour with Professor Maingaard interviewing Bushmen, with Ledimo as interpreter. The Bushman sat on the ground, knees close to chest, soles flat against the ground, and heels touching buttocks.

This was the usual Bushman sitting position, and he could remain that way for hours at a stretch. As he warily eyed the microphone placed in front of him, I tried to ease his doubts by saying that this was something to help us remember what he would tell us. Familiarity, and the fact that the microphone did nothing alarming, soon permitted him to lose any concern over it. We started the session by Professor Maingaard's asking, through Ledimo, what the Bushman's name was, and by having him repeat all his answers three times. He was then questioned about our present location, where he was born, his wife's name, what weapons he hunted with, what animals he hunted, and all sorts of information that required single-word answers.

In this way, a vocabulary could be built up. The Professor, who already knew most of these languages, would sometimes interrupt with, "No; he's using the wrong word. Try it again." After a vocabulary of about a hundred words had been established, he could go on to simple sentences, by which time the Bushman was completely exhausted. Professor Maingaard said that the Bushmen were not used to long periods of intellectual concentration and were easily confused and tired by it. We would repeat these interviews with several different Bushmen as a cross-check on the dialect used and to weed out individual variations.

In the meantime, Mrs. Marshall questioned the Bushmen about their kinship system, which can become extremely involved. Even though the Bushmen from a single tribe might stretch out over an area of ten thousand square miles, they would number

only a few hundred people, with the result that everybody was a close relative of everybody else. Not only did this place severe restrictions on whom one could marry, but it involved a complicated set of avoidances. Because of their relationship, some people could not joke with ^{CERTAIN} others. A man could not joke with his son, but he could joke with his grandson. To further complicate the issue, a man could not even joke with another who had the same name as his son; and marrying a girl with the same name as his sister was tantamount to incest.

Extracting these little pieces of information bit by bit, and piecing the whole together like a giant jigsaw puzzle required extreme patience. This, Mrs. Marshall seemed to have.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth was learning their stories and folk tales. Three questioners, and only two interpreters among them, required a bit of fancy scheduling. We did have Dabbe and Glishay now, our two Bushman interpreters, but neither of them spoke English. To make use of their talents required someone with a knowledge of Afrikaans. We frequently had the situation of ^{ELIZABETH} ~~Elizabeth~~ posing a question to ^{LEDIMO} ~~LEDIMO~~, who translated it into Afrikaans for Dabbe, who in turn would interpret it into Bushman so that our informant could understand. His answer would go back through the chain of translation to ^{ELIZABETH} ~~ELIZABETH~~. In one instance, still another interpreter was required to translate from Dabbe's form of Bushman to another, so that there were three intermediaries between the questioner and informant. Despite all this, it was surprising how often the answer that finally came back had anything to do with the original question.



Professor Maingaard interviewing a Bushman with Ledimo as interpreter



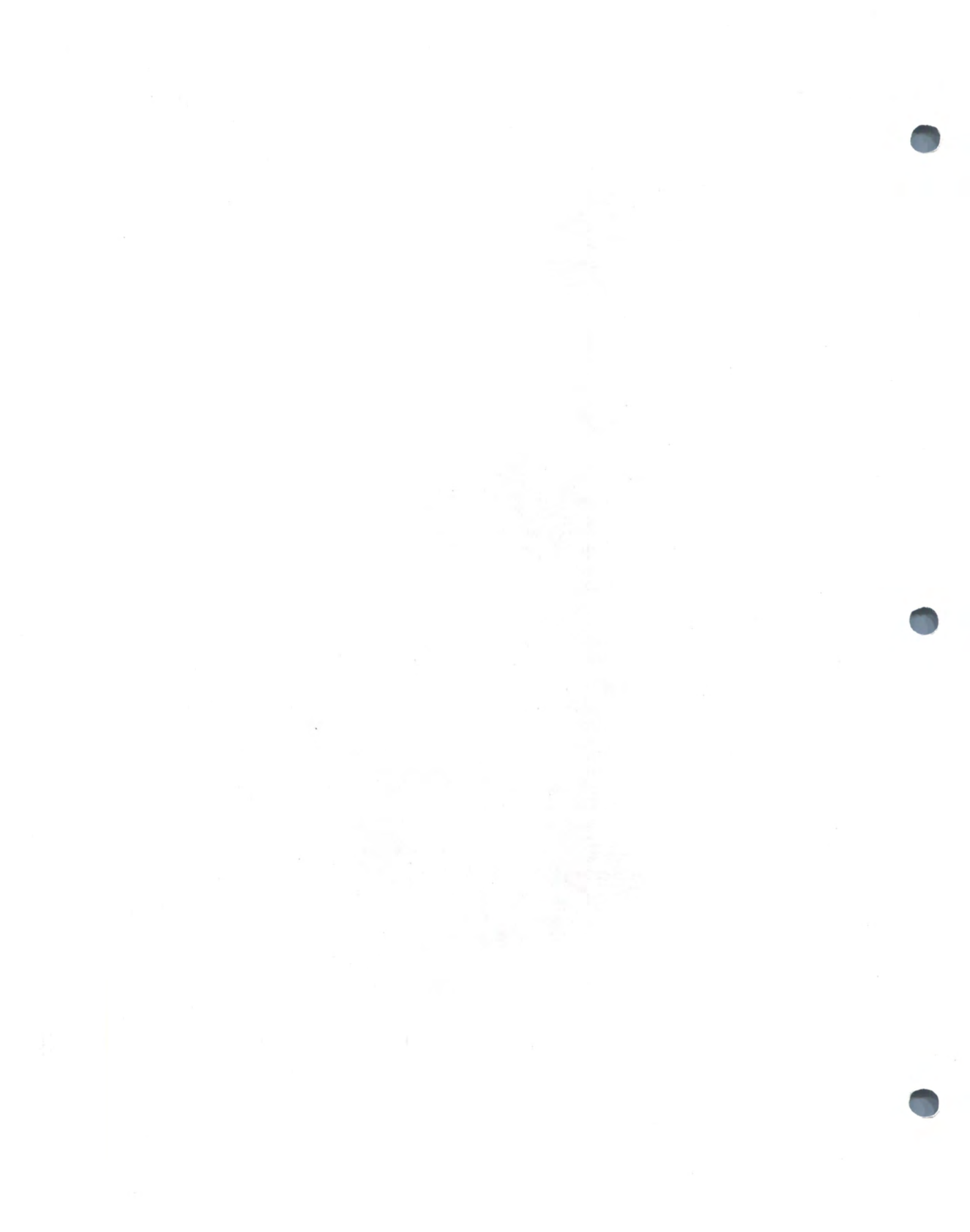


Mrs. Marhall interviews a Bushman with Wilhelm interpreting





Elizabeth , Ledimo, Bushman being interviewed and Dabbe. Elizabeth's question in English is translated by Ledimo to Afrikaans, then retranslated to a Bushman dialect by Dabbe.



It continually amazed me how the trained eye could see things where I saw nothing. One morning, I looked up to see Wilhelm standing on the roof of my red Dodge. I climbed up beside him and asked what he was looking for. He said he had spotted some springbok (a beautiful small gazelle). I looked where he pointed but saw nothing. I left, and rejoined him with a pair of seven-power binoculars. With these I was just able to make out the herd of springbok that he had seen with his naked eye. I wondered about the size of the herd, and I could hear Wilhelm slowly count, "One...two...three...four..." Suddenly, the whole herd turned in such a way that even with the binoculars I could no longer see them. While straining to see where they had gone, I could hear Wilhelm next to me, still without binoculars, saying, "...five...six...seven...eight..."

One night we could hear high-pitched voices and hand-clapping in the distance. The farm Bushmen were holding a dance in their werft. A group of us climbed onto a truck, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall inside, Elizabeth sitting on one fender with her legs wrapped around the headlight for support, me on the other fender, and Bill in the back. Ledimo, on the roof of the cab, dangled his foot down in front of the windshield, moving it from side to side to show in which direction to steer. When driving through the tall grass, the spoor which looked like a highway to a person sitting on top of the truck was all but invisible to the driver. In addition to the truck's headlights, we were all armed with flashlights, and we shouted conflicting instructions as to which way to go next.

It promised to be a cold night (the temperature was already below 40 degrees), so we were all bundled up in sweaters, suede jackets, and trench coats. This was sufficiently outside of our daily routine so that everyone was in a good mood and there was a lot of kidding back and forth. We traveled along in a lighthearted way, and it almost seemed as though we were back home on a hayride to a picnic, rather than in South Africa on the way to watch some Bushmen dance the way we may have done half a million years ago.

When we got fairly close, we stopped the truck and went the rest of the way on foot, finding our way by ear. It was a dark night, and when we got to the clearing which was their werft, we could pick out half a dozen small skirms located about in a random order. Everyone had collected in one part of the clearing. A small fire made up of a couple of sticks was the only source of illumination. Having just walked out of the glare of the truck's headlights, it took several minutes to get used to this new darkness. Slowly, I could begin to pick out parts of the scene.

A dozen Bushman women and girls were huddled together in a compact little group facing the fire. Their high-pitched falsetto voices shifted from note to note, something like yodeling. The loud, penetrating cries of the song was a striking change from the Bushmen's usual soft-spoken speech. Normally, in the hushed silence of the desert, their speech was so soft that I had difficulty in getting the microphone close enough to record

their speech. Now, the loud, multi-tonal pattern of their song was so sharp that we couldn't talk among ourselves.

Superimposed on their voices was the sharp hand-clapping with which the women beat out the rhythm of the dance. They brought their hands together, arched in a manner that produced a sharp cracking sound. All the women were singing and clapping, down to the youngest girls, only two years old. The smaller infants were carried on their mothers' backs and held in place by a hide karass worn like a cape. Occasionally, when the fire was just about to go out, one of the women would put another small stick on, and it would flicker back into feeble life.

On the other side of the fire, an equal number of men shuffled about in a circle. Standing one behind the other, they stamped their feet in time to the women's hand-clapping. Although the steps were very rapid, the dancers moved forward slowly, so that despite the quick tempo of the dance, the circle itself rotated at a leisurely pace. Some of the men wore belts of dance rattles, wrapped around their legs between the knee and the ankle. These rattles were made from dried cocoons partly filled with pebbles. The cocoons were strung together with two tiny ropes made of grass, the ropes acting somewhat like a ladder and the cocoons as the rungs.

The men did not sing, but merely shuffled around in their steady, steady beat. The overall sound effect was that of the quick staccato sound of the women's hand-clapping; the more prolonged muffled sound of the dance rattles underneath; and the

deep thumping sound of the men's feet on the sand providing the base. Riding in all this was a several-part fugue of the women's shrill pipe-like voices quickly jumping from note to note. The light from the fire was so feeble that all of the men's circle could not be seen at once, though it was only six feet across.

As the circle advanced, one man after another would come into the light from the darkness, be visible for a moment, and then disappear out into the black again. Most of the men seemed to be doing the same step; but several seemed to have their own variations.

As far as I could detect, the entire melody and rhythm lasted only a few seconds, and then repeated themselves. The dance went on and on, tune or rhythm never changing. Suddenly, without any signal that I could notice, they all stopped on a single note. The men stood about silently while the women chatted for a few moments. In a little while, one woman started singing a new tune, someone else clapped hands; but no one else joined in, and the whole thing petered out just as quickly. Another melody was started, and caught on. At first, only one or two joined in; then a few more; then still others; and finally the song was going full-swing. The men re-formed the circle, and the dance continued.

Occasionally a woman would slowly get up from her sitting position and join the men in the circle, dance with them for a minute, and then rejoin the women on the ground.

The temperature had continued to drop and was now below freezing. The men wore loin cloths covering only a few square inches, but perhaps the dancing kept them warm. However, the women sitting relatively still on the ground weren't wearing much more. Most of them weren't close enough to the tiny flickering fire to get any warmth from it.

One of the men broke away from the circle and went over to the group of women. Standing behind one, he leaned over her and hung his hands loosely in front of her chest, mumbling a little crying, moaning song. He interrupted his singing occasionally by throwing back his head and expelling a short, explosive cry to the dark sky. This was a medicine man giving medicine. His moaning singsong was ^{DRAWING} ~~driving~~ the evil spirits out of the woman's body, and into his own. Then with a quick cry up into the air, he expelled it from himself out into the distance. ¶ As practically all adult males were medicine men, others would occasionally come over to the women's group and give medicine also. This procedure would be applied to anyone who was sick; or, if all were well, would be used as a variation of our modern practice of preventive medicine. The song ended, and everyone rested again for a few moments. After a few unsuccessful tries, a new song caught on, and the dance was in full swing again. Although the songs have no words, they each represent a different animal, so that one might be the giraffe dance, and another that of the ostrich.

Suddenly, there was a loud drawn-out cry coming from deep within someone's soul. "Hoowaaaaaaaaah...", the end trailing out into the night, followed by an indrawn gasp of air; then another shriek, another gasp, and still another shriek. There on the ground lay one of the dancers. The shriek arose from deep within him, and with every one, his belly convulsed. His shrieks grew further and further apart, and the interval in between became filled with ~~moans~~ ^{DEEP SOBS}. He lay there with his eyes shut, deep in a trance, his moans continuing. The dance continued uninterrupted through all of this, the stamping feet, the falsetto fugue, and the clapping hands continuing in their strong rhythm. Although he lay there just a few feet from the gathering, no one even glanced in his direction as the dance went on. This trance was considered a highly desirable state, permitting the working of really strong medicine.

Finally, another Bushman came over and started giving medicine to the entranced Bushman, who was now sitting up. His eyes were still closed, but his moans had gradually changed to a whimpering crying; his whole body shook as he sobbed; occasionally, his belly would still convulse; he would emit another, though less forceful, shriek. The other medicine man stood behind him, singing the usual moaning singsong. This time, however, instead of merely hanging his hands in front of him, he massaged the other's back, shoulders, arms, and chest. As the two cried and moaned together, the shrieks became less frequent, the sobbing quieted, and the first man staggered finally to his feet. Only

partly conscious, he stumbled about and walked right into the fire. Many hands reached out and pulled him away. In a little while, he was back in the circle shuffling along with the others.

There was to be a time later on when we would see three such Bushmen groups dancing within a few feet of each other, three different men in trance at the same time. The barely visible sight of those yelling, naked people in the flickering red firelight; the loud singing, hand-clapping, and dancing; and the shrieks of three men simultaneously in trance were overwhelming.

~~It was a very interesting experience and I had to see
such a scene in the past. I had to see
such a scene in the past. I had to see~~

~~you are seeing~~ We were to see and make sound recordings of many of these dances; but it was the one thing I never got blasé about.



PART 7

We had run low on meat, so one day Thunis went hunting for a springbok that had been spotted at the bottom of the Omarumba. We watched as Thunis approached, ducking behind one bush and then another. When he was about a hundred yards away, he stopped, took aim, and fired. The springbok dropped. A shout went up from the camp, and abandoning his cautious approach, Thunis walked straight toward the animal. When he got within ten yards, the springbok jumped up and ran off down the Omarumba. Thunis was caught by surprise and was unable to fire for several seconds. When he finally did, he missed. He started to stalk the animal again and disappeared from view. Now and then, we'd hear a shot; but each time the long, piercing whine of the bullet streaked away into the distance, telling us he had missed.

Two hours later, he returned empty-handed. A few days earlier, he had been telling us how he lived up to the hunter's code. Never in his life had he allowed an animal to go off wounded. He always continued the hunt, no matter how long it might take, until he could put an end to the animal's suffering. Today, when I asked him if he had been able to catch up with the springbok, he admitted he had not but said he knew it was dead, since he saw vultures circling in the distance.

One day, we loaded up Thunis's truck with supplies, and he and Bill climbed in to start off on a long journey back the way we had come. The date was approaching when the boat should arrive at Walvis Bay with a new army truck to replace the one that had been dropped overboard. Bill and Thunis were to return to Walvis Bay to pick it up, and after leaving Thunis's truck in Gobabis, were to come back to Okwa to rejoin us. Thunis's truck, having only two-wheel drive, would not have been able to negotiate the deep sand we expected to encounter later in the expedition.

We all gathered around to say good-by, and as they drove away, we clambered up on top of the remaining trucks to watch them as long as we could. Long after they had disappeared from view, we could still hear the growl of the engine. Finally, that too faded away, and the desert's quiet descended on us again. We stopped and looked at each other. The camp seemed empty. Things seemed to move at a different pace. Only two people had gone; and yet everything had changed. We even felt differently toward each other. Two beams had been removed from the framework of our lives, and the whole structure shifted to a new position where it could be stable with those two elements gone. When it finished rearranging itself into this new pattern, each of the beams found itself oriented in a slightly different position with respect to its neighbors.

A few days later, we heard a truck in the distance. What was wrong? Why were Bill and Thunis returning? Perhaps

they had gotten word at Ghanzi that something was amiss with our new truck; the boat was long delayed; or maybe someone had managed to ruin this truck, too. Perhaps it wasn't them after all. When the truck finally came into view, we were sure it was Thunis's truck; but then again, maybe not. Practically all the farmers in the district used the same model Chevrolet. When the truck stopped, out jumped the Ramsden brothers. It was like seeing old friends after many years. We crowded around and shook hands and offered them tea and food. What were they doing here? What was the latest news back in Ghanzi? Had they heard anything of Bill and Thunis? They quickly explained that they were on their way to check up on some of their cattle being driven to the abattoir at Lobatsi, several hundred miles to the south. They had seen Bill and Thunis in Ghanzi, and so far all was well.

We insisted that they have dinner and spend the night with us, but they had to push on, taking turns driving. So, after accepting a cup of tea, they drove off leaving us in isolation again.

Still short of meat, Mr. Marshall, Elizabeth, myself, Simon, and a couple of the Bushmen got into the green Dodge and traveled off on a hunt for food. While Mr. Marshall drove, the rest of us stood in back. Whenever one thought he saw something, he would pound vigorously on the roof of the cab to let the driver know he was supposed to stop. We were now away from any track, and the ride was a vigorous, bumpy one. There was nothing for us to hang onto, so we were bounced every which way.

Simon rode on the right fender as a lookout for antbear holes. (Antbears are nocturnal animals which dig deep holes over a foot in diameter in search of the insects they love. At times, the ground was littered with these holes. Driving a truck's wheels into one of them would surely break a spring.) Simon spotted one and signaled to Mr. Marshall, who slammed on the brakes just in time. We in the back of the truck weren't prepared for this, and, rifle in hand, I did a backward somersault into a case of provisions. I gently eased myself around for the next two weeks with ~~what was possibly~~ a broken rib.

We continued to drive for several miles, and at one point spotted a wildebeast (a South African gnu). Mr. Marshall claimed it wasn't the best thing in the world to eat, so we continued on. We had hoped to find some gemsbok, a form of oryx, a beautiful antelope a little bigger than a pony. We traveled on and spotted a steembok, whose haunches weaved rapidly from side to side as it did a beautiful job of broken field running through the bushes. We finally saw a group of ostrich, and poor as they were for food, Mr. Marshall fired several times. The dust cloud kicked up behind them showed the bullets had gone far astray. After several hours, we returned to camp tired, shaken, and with nothing to show for our trip.

The next day, Mr. Marshall and I tried again. Simon, our antbear-hole radar, was again mounted on the fender. Wilhelm and several Bushmen rode in back. This time, we drove about eight miles down the length of the Omarumba. We were getting badly

discouraged when the Bushmen signaled us to stop. In the distance they had spotted a couple of gemsbok. We abandoned the truck and continued on foot, walking single-file and bent over double to keep ourselves hidden. A couple of Bushmen led the way, followed by Wilhelm, then Mr. Marshall and his rifle, a couple more Bushmen, and finally me with my rifle slung on my back. We continued this way for several hundred yards, my neck and back developing a first-class ache. It wasn't until much later that I was taught the trick of walking bent over without strain by clasping my hands together behind my back.

As we walked along, the Bushmen broke off some branches from the shrubs and signaled me to do the same. The branches we carried bore many little red berries which the Bushmen picked off and ate as we walked along. They were mostly stone, with a little edible material on the outside, which had a slightly bitter taste, but weren't bad. When we got within a couple of hundred yards of the gemsbok, Mr. Marshall, Wilhelm, and one Bushman went on alone, in order to minimize the chance of being observed.

The remaining Bushmen and I, sitting deep in the grass, could see nothing but the sky above. They pulled out their brass pipes, made from empty rifle cartridges with the closed end cut off, and proceeded to smoke. I lay stretched out on the sand, looking ^{UP} at the sky through the dried grass stalks, and thought about my previous hunting experiences. They had all been confined to a rifle range, and never had I looked through rifle sights at anything except clay pigeons. I wasn't excited, but

I was bemused with the thought, "How did I get here?"

After a long wait, we heard a shot and got up out of the grass to see the two gemsbok running off. Mr. Marshall thought he had hit one, so we started off after them, but they were soon out of sight. With the Bushmen in the lead, we followed the spoor. While walking at a casual pace, they studied the ground. I looked down and couldn't see a thing. As the Bushmen's path twisted this way and that, I followed, thinking, "What kind of game is this? They're not going to find anything. This is just a big act."

We continued on this way for several minutes, until the lead Bushman suddenly stopped. I could see nothing but bush and grass. Wilhelm pointed, and there behind a bush about seventy-five yards ahead of us was a gemsbok. Mr. Marshall raised his rifle and fired. The gemsbok turned and started to run off. I thought to myself, "Now!" I quickly worked the bolt, putting a bullet in the chamber, raised the rifle to my shoulder; took a quick look through the telescope, and squeezed the trigger. The gemsbok took one more step and dropped. Remembering Thunis's experience the other day as he walked toward the animal he had shot, I recocked the rifle. Mr. Marshall heard the sound and turned to warn me of the danger of walking with a live bullet in the chamber. I worked the bolt again and pushed the bullet back into the magazine.

When we came up to the gemsbok, it was lying on its side but was still breathing. Mr. Marshall fired a shot into its head. It gave a shudder but still continued to breathe. I asked Wilhelm the best place for the final shot, and he said it was behind the ear. I fired where he had indicated, and it was all over. We examined the body, finding that Mr. Marshall's first

bullet had gone into the animal's belly and out the other side, but was not enough to stop it. The Bushmen started the slaughtering operation, and Mr. Marshall asked me to go back meanwhile and bring up the truck. Never having seen this procedure before, I asked to stay while it was being done.

As the animal was being disemboweled, we came upon a fetus about a foot long, weighing about ten pounds, and completely milk-white in color. As I watched all this, I thought, "I ought to feel like a heel." But I didn't. I wasn't exhilarated either, except for the success. I thought of the many hunters I had known back home and wondered what kick they got from all this. I didn't know. I still don't know. The hunt had been interesting, but that was mostly because of its being my first such experience. The only excitement had resulted from the need to act quickly. I didn't feel ~~like~~ any more ~~of a~~ manly than I had before. On the other side of the coin, I didn't feel any strong guilt for having done it. I felt, "We have to eat."

As I clung to that thought, I realized that I could never hunt for sport. Later, back home, I was to be a disappointment to friends who asked me along on hunting trips. "Now that you've gotten it into your blood, you'll want to come along with us," they said. I didn't.

I got the truck, and after knocking off the horns ^{OF THE CARCASS} to make ^{it} ~~it~~ easier to handle, we all struggled to get it up into the back. I drove the long bouncing ten miles home.

Another time, trying to emulate Bill's feat of killing thirteen guinea fowl with a single blast, I went out with a

shotgun over my shoulder and Ledimo by my side. We located some running through the grass. The bush was so thick and dense I couldn't get a clear shot at them. As we approached, they took fright and about a dozen rose up out of the bush and flew off. I blasted away with first one barrel and then the other, and missed with both. The birds settled to the ground nearby and we started over again. Using up all of the six shells I had taken with me, I brought down only two birds.

"Kopperendee", Ledimo said, "You are being like children. You shoot birds in the air and waste bullets." He chided me gently, "You are foolish not to shoot them on the ground." As he wondered at my naïveté, I thought of the hunter's ethics back home, permitting the shooting of birds only when on the ^{WING-}~~WING-~~ And then I remembered a story Bert Ramsden had told me on his farm back near Ghanzi.

Once, during a visit to England, he had been invited to participate in a rabbit hunt. During the chase, the rabbit became confused and turned, dashing straight for Ramsden. His automatic response did not follow the proper British hunting code, but rather the flexible Kalahari "shooting for the pot" rules. With the rabbit heading straight for the muzzle of his gun, he waited until it got within a few yards, and then let fly. The rest of the party surveyed the situation in shocked silence. He was never invited to go hunting again.

When I got back to camp, Elizabeth told me that as a result of my successful shooting of the gemsbuk, Wilhelm now

had great faith in my hunting ability, and today every time the sound of my shotgun reached camp, Wilhelm had cried out in great glee, "Kopperendee!" I meekly turned over the two guinea fowl to Philip for cooking. He took them from me and praised their plumpness, as if somehow I was responsible for their being fat.

To account for our poor success with the rifles, I went down to the bottom of the Omarumba and set up a small rifle range. Using a black tape cross on a paper towel as a target, I rested the rifle in the crotch of a small tree a hundred yards away, and fired several rounds. I walked up to the target. Not a bullet hole anywhere. I fired again from fifty yards. Still no holes. At twenty yards, I was able to hit the foot-square target, but even then the holes were scattered all over. I finally discovered that the gunsmith who had attached the telescopic sight to the rifle had left the fastening screws so loose that I could turn them with my penknife. The recoil of the gun had been able to jar the loose telescope so that it pointed in a new direction after every shot. By tightening the screws and then firing many test shots, I was able to readjust the sights so that, eventually, at a distance of a hundred yards, I was able to get all the shots within a two-inch circle.

Getting both rifles straightened out required much shooting. Every time the gun's recoil slammed it into my shoulder, causing my fractured ribs to hurt a little more, I rephrased the little conversation I anticipated having with the gunsmith when I got home.

I occasionally had to interrupt this test firing, as there was a small well nearby, to which the farm Bushmen brought the cattle for watering. It was a hole about two feet across and thirty feet deep. Someone had long ago carefully shored its walls with crossbraces of wood. Next to the well was a wooden trough made of a hollowed-out log. ^{RESTING HIS HUNTING BOW NEARBY,} The Bushman lowered a leather bucket into the well by means of a long strand of animal hide. Reeling it in hand over hand, he raised the heavy, water-laden bucket the long distance to the surface, and dumped its contents into one end of the trough. About a hundred head of cattle stood around, jostling and pushing for their turn at the water.

As only eight could reach it at a time, there would be intermittent little fights, and the Bushman attendant, picking up a stick, would hit at the big beasts towering over him to restore order. A small white dog ran fearlessly about their feet. Over and over again, the bucket was dropped deep into the well and then quickly raised by hand to the surface. No matter how fast or how often it was repeated, it was too slow for the cattle. As the Bushman worked on, he panted heavily. After an hour, he gave up and a second Bushman took over for him.

We later returned to the well and filled the fifty-five-gallon steel drums which had originally contained our gasoline. It took several of our boys all day to fill up a half-dozen. The drums were brought back to camp and a large pile of wood stacked around and between them. A fire was lit, and after several hours,

the water boiled vigorously. When it had cooled, it was added to our dwindling supply of drinking water.

Days passed as we continued to learn about the lives of these people. The professor, Mrs. Marshall, and Elizabeth continued interviewing. I made movies, still pictures, and sound recordings. It was interesting to notice how unselfconscious the Bushmen were about having their photographs taken. I could point a buzzing movie camera at them, and even though it was only a couple of feet away from their face, they would pay no attention to it. I never learned whether it was indifference, or politeness, that kept them from turning to see what I was doing.

As the days passed and the time grew ripe for Bill and Thunis to be returning with the new truck, we began hearing phantom engines. Several times a day there would be the cry, "I hear the truck!" All activity would cease, and we would crowd atop our own trucks, carefully listening. Slowly, one by one, we would come down, and the person who had sounded the alarm would protest, "I still hear it."

One evening at dusk, Elizabeth sounded the cry. Despite her being our chief source of false alarms, we eagerly climbed to our perches and strained to listen. This time she was right. It was a truck. The sound grew louder, and then, to our great disappointment, faded away. It must have been skirting some obstruction, because it soon became audible again, growing louder and louder. After several minutes, we could see headlights twinkling through the bush. Suddenly, to our confusion,

a second set of headlights appeared behind the first. What had happened? Had Thunis decided not to get rid of his own truck? Was he bringing that along also? Or perhaps our own replacement army truck had not arrived on the boat, and they were bringing two smaller trucks to take its place. Perhaps again...but now we saw still a third set of headlights following the other two... and then a fourth. This caravan finally pulled to a stop in front of us. Eight bearded men piled out and introduced themselves.

Their safari was making a circular trip around the Kalahari, starting and ending at Johannesburg. They had begun as separate groups, but as the Bechuanaland government would not allow any outsiders to travel in the desert country with only a single truck, they had joined forces. One truck was painted on its side with the blue and white emblem of the United Nations. The doctor who drove it had been sent by the World Health Organization to make a medical survey of Bushmen. Another truck contained a couple of professional movie cameramen on vacation from their jobs in Johannesburg, intent on making a commercial movie about Bushmen. There was also a trader from Molepolole and a grisly, white-bearded old character who was their guide. They asked if we would object to their making a campsite near us that night. Object? We were delighted. They brought us news of the world, meaning Ghanzi. There was no news there of either Bill or Thunis.

We had just been sitting down to eat when their trucks arrived, and Mr. Marshall now asked if they would join us. They accepted, and out of nowhere Philip prepared enough food to feed them too. I later learned that our guests had committed an unpardonable breach of etiquette. They had not eaten from their own supplies or replaced ours. Out in the bush, where foodstocks are carefully calculated, it is not proper to deplete someone else's.

Later, as we sat around talking, the eight of them villified each other unmercifully, just as the batch of farmers did back on the Ramsden farm. Early the next morning, they continued on their way, and our camp settled back down again to its normal routine.

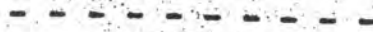
Eventually, after several conferences, Mr. Marshall decided to push on south. We would leave a note so that Bill and Thunis would know where to find us. The plan had been to continue south and then east until we hit Johannesburg early in June. The Marshalls' son, John, was scheduled to arrive there from America at the same time. We would then all proceed back north through the middle of the Kalahari. Now, our planning had been upset by the loss of our truck on the boat, and we were in danger of getting behind schedule. There were other groups of Bushmen to be studied on the way south, so we suddenly broke camp one afternoon and started off. We left several empty gasoline drums behind for Bill and Thunis to fill with water, and immediately above them, taped to a tree, a letter notifying

them of our plans. In single file, our three trucks moved on to the Native kraal to say goodbye.

Just as we had finished our goodbyes and were climbing back into the trucks, a tremendous racket arose from near the kraal. Philip rushed over to me, laughing so hard that he could hardly speak. "Kopperendez, bring a camera, quick!" he finally blurted out. Grabbing a movie camera, I ran over to the source of all the noise. A ^{SMALL} white mongrel dog and a gaudily colored rooster were having a wild fight. The dog and the rooster tumbled about together in a single bundle of energy. The brilliant red, gold, and green colors of the rooster's outstretched wings exploded violently about the white blob that was the dog. The wild flapping of the rooster, mixed with the piercing yelping of the dog, heightened the confusion of the scene. Suddenly, they separated, and there was a moment's silence. The rooster drew himself up and stood erect, haughtily defiant. The white dog crouched two feet away, facing him. They eyed each other closely. Emitting a low growl, the dog stuck out a paw, and slinking close to the ground, pulled himself a few inches closer. The rooster held his stand, pulled himself up a little higher, and bristled. The gap between them lessened to a foot. They glared at each other, both tense, both alert. The dog stopped for a moment, then inched forward again, and then suddenly the rooster was on him. The two seemed to rise off the ground in a ball of fury. They spun and whipped around in a multi-colored streak of thrashing colored wings,

twisting white body, slashing spurs, and flashing teeth. A pecking beak and widespread jaws whipped about furiously in desperate search for something vulnerable. From the center of this volcano erupted the sounds of beating wings, snarling, and yelping. Again they separated, eyeing each other, the dog quivering and panting, while the rooster coldly surveyed him with a hard eye. Though it seemed that the dog could easily have murdered the rooster, he was obviously getting the worst of it. They started again, and after several rounds which carried them all over the kraal, the dog finally slunk away, looking back over his shoulder at the rooster every few steps. The rooster made no attempt to follow, but stood his ground, watching. When the dog's retreat carried him past a group of his buddies, he pretended a great show of nonchalance. Raising his head high and looking neither left nor right, he walked by the group, his tail still stuck firmly between his shaking legs. The rooster turned away indifferently and returned to his business of scratching at the earth, but now doing it in a majestic air.

We said our goodbyes once more, climbed into the trucks, and followed the track down to the omarumba away from the kraal.





Our lineup of trucks during a stop



Our lineup of trucks during a stop





Glische and Wilhelm

PART 8

We continued south for several days. Sometimes the spoor would lead through heavy sand, slowing us down to five miles an hour; at other times, it would cross an omarumba with a hard-packed limestone base where we could speed up to twenty. We passed through fields of tall grass where the spoor was practically invisible, and through forests of tall bush with the road plainly marked by the only gap through the dense brush.

♣ The enormous fields of grass were often three feet deep, and the only evidence of the road was a slight change in shading, where a four-foot-wide band of seeds had been knocked off the top of the grass stalks by trucks which had passed before. From the driver's seat, all that showed was a difference in shading for about twenty yards ahead, and then the road disappeared. We would drive on blindly, trusting that the road would continue to reappear as we pushed along. Occasionally the road would bend around some unseen obstruction once visible to those who had first pushed through this route. ♣ Our trucks followed each other at intervals of a few hundred yards, the one ahead plowing its way through a sea of grass, sometimes moving across the horizon in a completely different direction from that in which I was heading. I could only trust that the road I was on would follow the same path. When the road wound its way through deep bush forest, the truck ahead would often be completely hidden from view, and all that could be seen was an occasional glimpse

of Philip riding on the roof. Sitting cross-legged on top of the cab, he seemed to be floating among the treetops, as if transported on a magic carpet.

We would occasionally spot some Bushmen's abandoned skirms left from previous rainy seasons. Built to shelter them from the summer rain, they had served their function once and would never be used again. The tiny little grass structures still bore marks of the Bushmen's life: broken ostrich eggshells which, when whole, had once served as water containers; the remaining shell of a tortoise that had been eaten; the dried-out hulks of tsama melons which had served as food and water; all the ghostly remainders of a people that had moved on.

We also saw an occasional pan, an area depressed slightly in the earth and having a hard clay bottom. During the summer's rainy season, water would collect in these pans and remain for a few months until evaporated. The smallest of these was only fifty yards across, and the largest was a huge, shallow bowl several miles in diameter. All those we saw had long lost their water through evaporation, and yet still attracted game in search of the water which once was there, perhaps finding hidden pockets of water still remaining, or maybe in search of salt. Perhaps they were seeking the protection afforded by this open area. Standing in the center, an animal had a clear view of any enemy while it was still far away, giving ample time to dash off to protection in the bordering brush.

I became starved for companionship. My partner, the professor, had great difficulty in sleeping at night, but the bouncing of my truck through the Kalahari seemed to lull him to sleep. He lay curled up on the seat beside me, bouncing high into the air with every severe jolt. Occasionally, his head would be slammed against the roof of the cab, awakening him long enough to make observations about my driving skill.

Whenever the caravan came to a halt for even the shortest pause, I quickly ran up to one of the other trucks, making any excuse to get into conversation. All too soon, however, the caravan would be underway again, and I would be isolated again in the cab of the truck with the sleeping professor. At noon one day, we came across some Bushmen standing by the side of the road. They had heard our trucks in the distance and rushed up to ask for tobacco. They told us they were living with a Bushman hunting group of about a dozen persons. We decided to make camp nearby and spend some time with them while waiting for Bill and Thunis to arrive with the new truck. The choice of a campsite was easy to make -- beneath the only trees to be seen. A few hundred yards away was the dried Barachu pan. We set up our camp and spent the next week learning all we could about these people.

This group were some of the so-called "wild" Bushmen. They lived out in the open on whatever roots and nuts they could gather or any animals they could kill. They hunted with bows and poisoned arrows. They were not afraid of us, for they wandered

an area close to this road, which was traveled once a month. They had long ago learned the trick of begging tobacco from the occupants of the passing trucks.

I again established my sound-recording-studio tent, about fifty yards from the main camp. The interviews, photographs, and sound recordings were begun anew. Sitting with the bulky earphones clamped over my head, I operated the sound recorder while the professor and Ledimo joined in interrogating one Bushman after another. We each had our own difficulties. There was something about the microphone that seemed to attract flies to buzz about it, drowning out all other sounds. On days when it was too windy for flies, the wind itself would cause a rumbling, popping noise in the microphone. The professor had his troubles with inconsistent Bushmen who, when asked to speak their word for some object, would come back each time with a different version. On one particularly hot, fly-infested afternoon, when the Bushmen's inconsistencies were particularly exasperating, the professor said in anguished tones, "I must be going mad."

I took time out from these chores to go hunting with Mr. Marshall. On these trips, Dabbe would occasionally drop out of the single file that we formed and, digging up the sand for a few inches, would scoop up a truffle. I was once told that truffles are so hard to spot that peasants in France have trained pigs to root them out for them. Dabbe showed me how he found the elusive fungus by the telltale

lines in the ground. Three faint one-inch-long cracks in the sand, radiating outward from a central point, were the only clue to the existence of truffles beneath. So faint was this sign that I never was able to spot one unless Dabbe pointed it out first.

As we waited for days with no sign of Bill and Thunis, our schedule became more seriously threatened. Finally one day, Mr. Marshall declared that our deadline had arrived. If Bill and Thunis had not arrived by that evening, we would have to abandon our trip south through the desert and instead go back through Ghanzi and await John Marshall's arrival there. This would have been a great disappointment to everyone, as it meant abandoning our hoped-for trip through the center of the Kalahari on the way north from Johannesburg. That very afternoon, the alarm was sounded, "I hear a truck," and here, at last, were Bill and Thunis. They had our new, six-wheeled army truck and an unexpected dividend -- mail. It was quite meager, as we had all informed our correspondents that our next mail point would be Johannesburg. When the mail was distributed, I got mine: an advertisement for photographic supplies from a company back home. Included was a complimentary ticket to a photo show taking place in Boston. For the first time in my life, I not only read an ad all the way through -- I read it twice.

Mr. Marshall received a letter that set us to wondering. He had agreed to let the South African government send along a botanist on our trip north. He now had a letter from the botanist

himself thanking him for the opportunity to come along and explaining that, as a hobby, he played the Scottish bagpipes. To keep in trim required continuous practice on the instrument. Could he, he asked, bring the instrument along so as to remain in practice. He promised not to disturb our peace, explaining that he would do his exercises far enough away from camp so as to be out of earshot. We looked at each other in amazement. In the quiet desert, where one could hear a truck half an hour before it arrived, how far away would be out of earshot for the wail of a bagpipe? What about the Bushmen that we hoped to attract, or at least not scare off? And the animals that we wanted to hunt for food? We grew hilarious. Mr. Marshall carefully planned his refusal so as not to reflect our snickering. The next morning we broke camp, and our four trucks continued on the way south.

We now pushed on without interruption in order to reach Johannesburg in time to meet John Marshall. Starting early in the morning, we would drive all day until late in the evening, making camp by the light of our trucks' headlights. When the sun rose the following morning, camp would already have been taken down, our breakfast eaten, and the trucks' engines warmed up for the new day's journey. Day after day, we traveled from dawn to dusk, made a hurried camp, and then pushed on again the next morning.

For hours at a stretch, we traveled through unbroken plains of grass which stretched to the horizon in all directions.

The three-foot-deep fields of grass, baked tan by the hot sun, looked like fields of wheat with our road winding its invisible way through it. The line of the horizon would change in shape and we would come to endless forests of bush and small trees. The road would twist and turn every hundred feet ^{following} ~~and take~~ the path of least resistance around the obstacles.

Every few minutes, I'd let out a blast on my horn as a warning to the boys riding on top of the truck that we were approaching a low, overhanging branch. The loud thumping noise of the branch banging against the roof of my cab kept me wondering if our boys had been successful in hiding behind some of our crates. In other forests, thorn bushes would reach in through the window and rip at my arm and face. Sometimes the slashing got so severe that, despite the heat of the day, we were forced to ride with the windows rolled up. We would emerge from these forests to cross huge expanses of sand covered with scattered bushes.

The road would occasionally dip down to the bottom of an omarumba and climb back up the other side. When we came to the edge of a dried pan, the lead truck would stop, allowing the rest to catch up. We would stand there for a few minutes, watching the game that had collected in the pan in search of water. Sometimes, the pan would be barren. Other times, it would contain a few wildebeast (gnu), hartebeast, or gemsbok.

Occasionally, a pan would be filled with hundreds of springbok. These beautiful creatures, just a little larger than

goats, are a form of antelope. Soft brown eyes look out from a delicate face, and pan-like six-inch horns protrude from the top of their graceful heads. Their backs are covered with a tan fur the color of light toast, with the fur on their bellies an immaculate white. Along each side, where the white fur meets the tan, is a two-inch-wide mahogany stripe. On their backs, just ahead of the tail, is a little mixture of white and tan fur which, when the animal is frightened, stands straight up in the air in a little fan-like ridge a few inches high (called "pronking"). # It was delightful to watch these animals run. They run swiftly, taking enormous leaps over obstacles, and frequently, even when there is nothing in the way, they take tremendous leaps over bare patches of ground. These leaps would carry them several times their own height into the air and over a distance several times their own length. Seeing these enormous herds gracefully racing and leaping about easily explained why the springbok was chosen as the national emblem of South Africa. We would reluctantly climb back into our trucks and make up for lost time by racing across the hard-baked clay bottom of the pan. The herds of springbok would frequently race alongside and then, in sudden bravado, rush across our path not ten yards before us.

Several times we stopped in a pan to hunt for food. On one such occasion, Bill fired at a springbok about four hundred yards away. The first shot missed, and the animal sprang straight into the air about eight feet. When he landed, he raced off a short distance and stopped. Bill fired again, and the animal

ran off limping. He had been hit. Bill rushed after him, and the two of them raced across the pan. At the edge of the pan, the springbok stopped and Bill fired again. The animal fell, rolled over a few times, picked itself up, and ran off again. Bill followed, and the two of them disappeared into the bush beyond the edge of the pan. After a half-hour chase, Bill finally came across the animal lying wounded on the ground. A final shot killed it. Bill went up to examine it and was heartbroken. His first successful shot had broken off the lower third of the animal's hind leg, leaving it attached only by a piece of skin. The last half-hour of its life, while running to escape Bill, the springbok had limped on three legs, the lower end of its fourth one dangling uselessly. Bill was practically in tears. He and Ledimo dragged the body back to the truck. After slaughtering the animal, we continued through the varied terrain.

As we bounced along for days on end, I grew frantic in the cooped-up isolation of my truck. As the professor's insomnia continued to keep him awake at night, he slept by my side all through the day. He slept with his head toward the right door, and with his rear toward me. As we bounced along the track, I caught occasional glimpses of his rump rising high into the air on a level with my head, only to fall back again on the padded seat. Now and then, we would strike a particularly bad bump, and he would wake up long enough to comment as usual on my driving ability. His trust in my alertness was touching.

During one bumpy section of road which had kept him awake for several minutes, a ten-foot crater appeared in our path. The professor uttered his first words that afternoon, "Careful. There's a bad hole ahead."

Feeling that even solitude would be an improvement over this situation, I protested that a month of this was enough. The professor was handed over to Thunis.

The Marshalls had originally assigned the professor to me in consideration of his age. My truck was the newest, and completely enclosed. They had figured that he would get the best ride there. They had not taken into account my lack of experience in driving trucks through heavy sand, nor, I insisted, the inadequacies of the substitute shock absorbers. On the very same road, where all these factors combined to make my truck ride like an ocean-going rowboat, Thunis's truck would glide as if on a concrete highway. At the end of the first day of riding with him, the professor came up to me and described, in a loud stage voice that everyone could hear what a wonderful driver Thunis was. "Do you know," he said, "that in the whole day, he didn't wake me once?"

After a while, Elizabeth shared her time between riding with Bill and with me. The trip brightened up immediately. First of all, I was out of solitary confinement. I had someone to talk to! I had almost forgotten how pleasant it was to have an animated conversation. In addition, she shared the driving. Instead of having to drive all day, we took turns at hourly

intervals. This lightened the load enormously. Instead of being completely exhausted at the end of the day, I felt reasonably fresh. Finally, having a young woman as a companion is always a pleasant way to spend a day. My morale improved considerably.

We continued southward, and finally reached the first spot marked on the map.— This was the Native village of Lehututu. The road passed through the center of a collection of about a hundred round mud huts. Crowds gathered to watch us drive by. We didn't stop, but waved to them as we passed. For a brief moment, we were in the midst of humanity, and then we were back in isolation again. We drove on.

Once, we came to a pan about a mile in diameter which had not completely dried from the summer's rain. Although it was hardening and shrinking, with big cracks mottling its surface, the top half-inch of the clay was still wet, forming a slippery surface. As I sped across it, a sinking sensation in my stomach told me all was not well. Though I was going forward at twenty miles an hour, I was also going sideways almost as fast. I finally got the truck under control and climbed out the other side of the pan onto dry sand. I stopped and looked back. Thunis was having his hands full. Superb a driver as he was in desert, slippery surfaces were something new to him. For a while, his truck was going completely sideways. He straightened out, then went sideways in the opposite direction. He eventually made it safely to our side of the pan, but it bolstered my ego to learn that there was at least one small aspect of driving in which I was his better.

We came to a fenced-in enclosure with several small concrete buildings. This was the Tsane police camp, where we were invited to spend the night at their guest house; but the Ramsden brothers had warned us that it was infested with tampsans, small ticks about one-eighth of an inch in diameter which burrow their heads under the skin in search of blood. In the process, they transmit a disease which causes high fever. As they are immune to DDT, we declined the offer of the use of the house. We did ask that their radio station transmit some messages for us, but we were told that the police are not permitted to handle private communications.

They allowed us to fill our water drums from their wells, and we left Thunis and several of the boys behind to take advantage of this offer. The rest of us went ahead for a few miles to make camp for the night.

I was told that the Tsane police camp had several camels brought in from North Africa for the policemen to ride. I didn't see them, however, as they were out on patrol at the time.

One of the policemen rode on ahead with Mr. Marshall to show him a good campsite. My truck was next in line; and as Thunis was staying behind to fill the water drums, the professor rode once more by my side. Mr. Marshall's truck disappeared from view and I followed his spoor down into a large wet pan. His tire marks kept close to the outer rim of the pan, and I followed carefully, as it was likely that the police guide was giving him instructions on avoiding any soft spots.

Suddenly, we came to a place where the trail split off in two directions, one trail continuing on straight ahead in the pan, and the other making an abrupt left turn out of the pan into the bush. By now, I was sufficiently skilled in following spoor to easily spot that it was the last truck there that had made the left turn. The other marks, going straight ahead, were obviously made earlier by some other trucks. Furthermore, the two rear tires of Mr. Marshall's truck had dissimilar tread patterns, and I recognized them on the path. Unhesitatingly, I made the left turn out of the pan and followed the spoor into the bush.

The professor immediately asked me how I knew that this was the proper way to go, and I told him. Dark rain clouds had speeded up the darkening of the dusk while we were still in the pan and now, as the bush closed in around us, I had to turn on my headlights to follow the spoor. The professor became apprehensive.

"Are you sure this is the way Mr. Marshall went?" I told him I was, and we continued. We had been told that the policeman would lead us to a campsite only a short distance away, but we traveled on and on, and there was still no sign of Mr. Marshall. "You went the wrong way," the professor said, "You shouldn't have taken that turn. Mr. Marshall went straight." By this time, I was getting unsure myself, which made me more irritated with the professor's assertion that I was wrong.

"We should turn back and go the other way," he said. "How can you be sure this is Mr. Marshall's spoor?" I stopped the truck, pulled up the brake, and went out into the rain that was starting to come down. With the aid of a flashlight, I examined the spoor closely. There were the two different treads of Mr. Marshall's tires. I climbed back into the truck and we continued on our way.

"We should go back," said the professor. "Mr. Marshall went the other way. We're lost." I was furious and grew sarcastic.

"All the other trucks are following us," I said. "We have all the provisions, all the food. If Mr. Marshall went the other way, we're not lost; he is!" In a short while, we saw headlights and found Mr. Marshall waiting for us to catch up so that he could drive the policeman back to his camp. That was the last time the professor ever rode with me.



After one of Mrs. Marshall's haircuts

PART 9

Since leaving Ghanzi, our path had continuously been due south. The turn-off at the Tsane pan was the point at which we would start our eastward journey to Johannesburg. Not only did the direction change at this time, but so did the weather. The words that come automatically from the lips of any Californian were brought to mind, "This is very unusual weather; it never rains this time of the year." But it rained nevertheless. The days were overcast but dry until late every afternoon. Then a drizzle would start just about the time we'd decide it was time to make camp. We'd keep driving along, however, until we would spot a dead tree suitable for firewood. Sometimes, this would take as long as an hour.

By the time we emerged from the shelter of the trucks, the drizzle had turned into a heavy downpour. In soggy misery, we'd clear the camp area of grass, erect the tents, and chop up a tree which we had pulled down by a cable attached to the front of the truck. Huddled together under a canvas shelter, we would eat dinner in surprisingly good humor, and then settle down for the night in damp sleeping bags. By the next morning, when we broke camp, the rain would have decreased to a fine drizzle.

Packing our paraphernalia into the trucks, we would spend another day under a heavily clouded sky. This pattern of cloud, drizzle, and rain repeated itself every day for the rest of our eastward journey. One evening, the rain was so

heavy when the time came to make camp that we elected to continue driving through it -- all night if necessary -- to avoid getting out in the downpour. Huge lightning bolts zipped across the sky from cloud to cloud, glowing softly through a veil of mist. It finally stopped, and then we were assaulted with a deafening, rattling noise. Hailstones half an inch in diameter drummed against the top and sides of our truck and snapped against the windshield. It seemed difficult to believe that we were in the seventh biggest desert in the world.

Each pan we came to contained more water than the last. We circled some, two miles in diameter, which had the sharp, salty, and somewhat acrid smell of an inlet bay from the ocean at low tide. We saw no more Bushmen but passed an occasional Native kraal, where we'd sometimes stop for a few moments to check on our course, but more often we'd pass by with just a hand-wave. At one kraal, the Natives begged us for a couple of bullets for their rifle, as a lion had been making off with their cattle. Unfortunately, our ammunition was of the wrong size.

We came to another kraal where the Natives had recently captured a hyena and kept it tied to a rope, like a dog. Still another kraal of half a dozen huts was completely deserted, its inhabitants possibly having moved elsewhere when disease wiped out a large portion of them.

The night-time rain sped us on in some places by packing the sand harder, and slowed us down at others because of an

accumulation of mud. At one spot, Bill and Elizabeth in their big army truck got mired axle-deep in mud. As their six wheels spun around, the only direction in which they moved was down. We all gathered round to study their predicament and decided there was no alternative but to unreel the steel cable from the winch attached to the front bumper.

Luckily, there was a tree about thirty feet ahead, and the other end of the cable was attached to it. The truck's engine roared, and while the wheels ground round, the winch tightened up on the cable and the truck pulled itself out of the muck. The winch, which had never been required to serve its original purpose of pulling us out of deep sand, was finally being used to get us out of mud.

We knew we were getting closer to civilization the day we passed a concrete store run by an Indian trader. (Indians own a large percentage of the trading posts in the South African veldt.) A little later, we came across a WNLA truck gathering Native recruits for the Johannesburg gold mines.

The surface of the track became harder from more frequent use, and we delighted in the increased speed that our trucks could make. As night fell, our speed increased to twenty miles an hour and finally climbed up to twenty-five. When we estimated that we were ten miles from the village of Molepolole, we stopped and made camp for the night.

The next morning, in the light of day, we moved our camp to a new and more desirable location, as we were to spend at

least a week there. For the first time in many days, the clouds broke, allowing the sun to come through and giving us a chance to dry our things out. Within an hour, the whole area looked like washday in the slums. Sleeping bags lay stretched open over a large section of ground, blankets hung from dozens of thornbushes, tents were suspended from trees and allowed to sway in the breeze. Sweaters, pants, shirts, socks -- all were hung from bushes to dry.

Mr. Marshall had recently changed plans so that, instead of all of us continuing on to Johannesburg to pick up his son John, only one truck would go. Mr. Marshall, Elizabeth, Bill, and the professor would make the three-hundred-mile journey, and the rest of us would remain in camp here until they returned. While those going to Johannesburg got dressed and otherwise readied themselves for the trip, the rest of us wrote letters and radiograms for them to send back home. I gave mine to Bill, and he tucked them into his little traveling case for safekeeping.

Elizabeth disappeared into her tent to change from her dungarees, shirt, and bandana. She came out of her cocoon looking like a butterfly, wearing a blouse, striped wool skirt, nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes, and a necklace about her throat. She had even combed her hair. I was sure she was the best-dressed ^{girl} gal I had ever seen. When I thought of this glamorous creature going out to the big city of Johannesburg, with streets and electric lights, restaurants and hotels -- while I stayed behind in the bush -- I felt that I was going to miss out on a lot.

As the rest of us, dressed in our khaki shirts and slacks, trotted around to wave goodbye, the four of them, dressed in their city clothes, climbed into one of the army trucks and started off on the two-day journey to Johannesburg. Though the city was three hundred miles away, there was only ten more miles of rut before reaching the village of Molepolole. From there, they would have a real dirt road which, after only a four-hour drive, reached a railroad. Beyond that was practically highway the rest of the way to Johannesburg. It was a long time ^{after they disappeared from} before a longing for the sights of the city faded out of my mind.

That evening, a truck arrived from Molepolole. Out of it stepped one of the men from the group which had visited at the Okwa omarumba. It was Mr. Knobel, who owned a trading post in Molepolole. He had heard about our being encamped out here when our truck passed through on its way to Johannesburg, and he had come out to see how we were doing. Mrs. Marshall and I were invited out to his house the next day to meet his wife and to have lunch with them.

Dressed up in clean khaki slacks and bush jackets, we climbed into the truck next morning, and with Ledimo and Wilhelm on top, we headed toward Molepolole. Though the weather was now sunny, the dirt road showed the effects of the last week's rain. Long stretches of the dirt road were axle-deep in mud. In some places, the road took off in several different directions, only to rejoin again. These extra trails had been made by various trucks seeking to avoid the worst of the mud. The amount of

mud, and the black earth about us, showed that we were no longer in the Kalahari itself, but only on its outer edges.

After an hour of driving, we could see a low hill in the distance, spotted with huts along its side and at its base. This was the village of Molepolole, with a Native population of fifteen thousand and a White population of less than twenty. This town, located at the southernmost edge of Bechuanaland, had schools, a mission hospital, three trading posts, and a hilltop tank to which water was pumped from a deep well at the bottom of the hill.

The Natives were of a group whose name is derived from the word, "Chuana." Their language is "Sechuana." One person would be called a "Machuana," whereas the plural is "Bechuana," which gives the country its name of "Bechuanaland." This ^{PARTICULAR} ~~partic~~ tribe were the "Bakwena" (meaning "crocodile"), in honor of the chief, who traditionally venerates the crocodile. The only visible way in which he does this is by avoiding eating crocodile meat. This is not so great a deprivation as might be imagined, as there are no crocodiles to be found within hundreds of miles. The chief rules his fifteen thousand Natives, but over him is the District Commissioner, a White representative appointed by England.

In the village, splitting off from the main road, were many dirt streets, twisting this way and that, crossing each other and then recrossing. Some led to dead ends, and others formed complete loops. Mud and concrete huts were everywhere. Some were round, some square, some rectangular. They all had

grass thatched roofs, those on the round huts forming an ~~inverted~~ cone pointed at the top, and the others forming squat pyramids. We passed a larger concrete building with a corrugated iron roof. This was one of the schools, and an outdoor class was in session in the front yard. About fifty barefoot Native girls wearing blue jumpers over white blouses were sitting on the ground facing the Native teacher chalking lessons on a blackboard. Though our truck did not create much excitement in passing, as in any school throughout the world, it presented a welcome diversion from the monotony of class, and all the children turned away from the teacher to watch us.

We passed a large cleared area where the government buildings stood at one edge. They were low, concrete structures with several rooms located side by side, each with its own doorway opening out onto the porch. In one of these rooms was the District Commissioner's office, from which he governed the entire twenty-five ^{THOUSAND} square miles of his district, including the thirty White people who inhabited it. Nearby, in a couple of small white buildings, were housed the police radio station and the post office. Parked in front were two automobiles, the first we had seen since leaving Gobabis almost two months ago.

When we reached Knobel's trading post, we found that, like all the others we had seen, it was a one-room concrete building. Inside, a serving counter ran around three sides of the room, and the walls behind it were stuffed with merchandise stacked on shelves from floor to ceiling. Suspended from above

were ropes, hooks, and pipes; dresses, saddles, belts, concertinas, and shoes. On the floor, near the door, was an ancient model Singer sewing machine operated by a foot treadle. Sacks of grain, salt, and other commodities were heaped nearby.

We introduced ourselves to Mrs. Knobel, who was standing behind the counter. She was a plump, cheerful Afrikaans woman. She bid us come behind the counter, explaining that only Natives had to stand in front, and allowed us to help ourselves to the things we wanted directly from the shelves. A Native servant was instructed to bring us tea, and as we sipped it, we were told about the two other trading posts in Molepolole and the goods which they might be able to supply us that she didn't have in stock.

At lunch time, she had us bring our truck into the drive in back of the trading post. After arranging for lunch for Ledimo and Wilhelm, she showed us around her house and gardens in the rear. There were actually two houses, one a concrete building which was their regular home, and another made of wood and straw for cooler living during the hot summer. In Mrs. Knobel's dining room, a large table was being set with enormous quantities of food for the four of us. In the large kitchen, lunch was being prepared by two white-uniformed Natives who had the appearance of nurses.

As we were taken from room to room, we noticed that every one had a lion-skin rug, shot by either Mr. Knobel or his son. The son and daughter were both away in the city attending school.

The tan lion-skin rugs had been altered to rectangular shape by adding pieces of black-and-white goatskin to the outer edges, so placed as to make a decorative border. In one room, four lion skins had been stitched together and pieced with goatskins to make a single huge rug.

I used the bathroom to wash up, and delighted in the marvels of this modern age where I could wash my hands under running water out of a faucet. Mr. Knobel joined us, and we sat down at a table staggering under its load. The food was simple and good, the quantity overwhelming. Several varieties of potato, half a dozen vegetables, and several kinds of meat were each served in fantastic proportions. I reeled away from lunch feeling glassy-eyed. They promised to come to our campsite several nights later to return our visit and to join us for dinner. Mrs. Marshall and I each confided to ~~the~~^{EACH} other later that we had been apprehensive about our table manners. After the habits acquired during months of eating out in the bush, we had been on our guard to keep from emptying the dregs of our teacups on the floor.

It had been arranged for Mr. Knobel to supply us with fifteen drums of gasoline, each holding fifty-five gallons. As they had not yet arrived, I drove my truck over to the Bakwena Trading Post (named after the tribe) and filled the truck's tanks there. A Native was laboriously set to work hand-pumping over a hundred gallons of gasoline from drums into my tanks.

Mrs. Marshall and I also called on the District Commissioner. We learned from him that he had been at his post a couple of years and would stay only a few years longer. In Bechuanaland, there are nine districts, each with its own commissioner, and they are rotated every several years. The Commissioner invited us to his home, which was adjacent to his office. Hidden behind a beautiful flowering garden was a trim little house. He asked us into the cool interior of the living room and introduced us to his wife. She was a charming young woman who, until two years ago, had spent her life in London. She had brought her down-to-earth sophistication here to Molepolole, where she seemed to fit in as smoothly as she must have back in her native England.

As we sat about drinking tea (just like the Mad Hatter's tea party, it's always tea time in a British possession), their four blond children exploded into the room. The District Commissioner placed a phone call inviting the Native chief to come and meet us, and we awaited his arrival out on the lawn. The children raced up and down the steps of the swimming pool, which had been drained for cleaning. Next to the pool was a tennis court which was being worked over by some Native prisoners from the jail. It looked as though the Commissioner's family led a wonderfully easy-going life.

In a little while, the Native chief showed up, wearing a navy-blue business suit, a white shirt open at the neck, and no tie. The studious effect which his rimless glasses gave him was spoiled slightly by his heavy, staggered gait, which may

have had some connection with the smell of liquor he brought with him. I distributed some Polaroid pictures that I had just taken of the gathering, and then, after completely spoiling the ^{dramatic} effect of Mrs. Marshall giving a gift to the chief by ~~my presence~~ ^{my measuring} ~~them.~~ ^{about} taking a photograph of the event, we left.

While looking over the area set aside for tribal meetings, we learned how this chief's predecessor (a relative) had been called to one such meeting by the tribe. When he arrived, the tribe expressed their displeasure with his mode of behavior by transferring the meeting to the outskirts of the village, where they murdered him. The selection of the present chief as his successor had been engineered by the British government, more or less to everybody's satisfaction.

We were getting ready to return to camp when a Land Rover (a British version of the jeep) arrived with four White men. They were such caricatures that it was difficult to believe they were real. One was tall and lanky, two others were of average height and weight, and the fourth was short and roly-poly fat. The latter had a black beard which made him look like a six-year-old cherub trying to play Captain Kidd. Under the hot sun, they all perspired in trench coats and heavy galoshes. Several rifles were draped about the Land Rover. They were all from Lobatsi, a city a few hundred miles to the south, and announced that they were on their way north to shoot lions. The appearance of this ludicrous crew of brave hunters led us to speculate as to who had the better chance of survival, they or the lions.

We arrived back in camp before dark, but the next morning Ledimo and I returned to the village with a long list of errands. On the way, I stopped the truck next to a six-foot-high anthill, the first I had ever seen. As I examined it, Ledimo knocked off a piece to show me its internal construction. It contained many little tunnels a quarter-inch in diameter. The inhabitants were pale-green ants about half an inch long. Though the technical name for these insects implies ferocity, Ledimo did not seem to be particularly cautious.

It took me all morning to complete my first errand, which was to take pictures of the different styles of huts in the village. We had brought a large can of candy along, which we used to win our way into the graces of those whose houses we wanted to photograph. One family went so far as to invite us into their yard, where we were offered some of their home-made Kaffir beer. They had a big earthenware bowl of it, and we were offered our turn at the wooden ladle with which they scooped the beer from the bowl into their mouths. I thanked them for their offer but continued taking pictures instead.

Lunch time came, and never giving a thought to the local toilet facilities, Ledimo and I drove out of town to the privacy of the bush that we were used to. That attended to, we shared a can of corned beef, washed down with syrup from the canned peaches which served as dessert.

That afternoon, we checked off the different things on our list. We filled five empty gasoline drums with water from the pumping station. A Native fired up the ancient steam-driven pump which forced the water up into our tanks from a well several hundred feet deep. Returning to the Bakwena Trading Post, we tried to pick up shoes for the boys. We had come in a different truck from the previous day's, and now had its gasoline tanks filled also. I gave the White trader our laundry, which he would arrange to have done for us.

It was dark inside his tiny trading post, and a constant stream of Natives kept coming and going. Some of them were children buying candy, which reminded me how pleasant ^{it} was to munch chocolate bars while driving. I asked the trader to show me his stock, as I wanted to buy a few boxes. He began pressing all types of candy on me in enormous quantities to sample. As I protested his generosity, he explained, "Anything you eat here is free; you pay for what you take with you."

I looked over the stock of medicines he had on display. They included everything from the most ancient to the most modern. The label of one bottle proclaimed its contents to be a cure for appendicitis. One manufacturer had put out a couple dozen different bottles for different purposes. The colored chart on the wall nearby showed these preparations surrounding the figure of a man. An arrow from each bottle pointed to a different part of his anatomy, with an explanation of the troubles at that point that each medicine would cure.

Indiscriminately mixed in with bottles of blood purifier and toothache cures were vials of penicillin, aureomycin, and other of the latest antibiotics, all for self-treatment.

In the search for supplies, the trader drove me in his car the short distance to the Indian Trading Post, which was the largest and the most modern of the three. It was made of red brick and, in contrast to the windowless concrete posts we had seen, this had the huge display windows I was used to seeing in stores back home. Iron bars in front of the plate-glass windows protected the merchandise on display. Inside, the store was large, but dark. It had everything a modern store could want, except electricity.

With the Bakwena trader keeping a firm grip on me, I was shown around the Indian store as if it was his own. The owners, spotting us, ignored their Native trade and came over to be of service. The two men were dressed in slacks and sport shirts. They were small and had shiny, olive-colored skin. They spoke English, and I would have liked to talk to them, but my guardian insisted on having a say in everything. When we left, he intimated to me that they were not to be trusted. I later learned that this attitude is prevalent among most Europeans in South Africa toward the Asiatics.

After checking with the police radio station to see if there were any messages, our list of errands was completed. As there was still a couple of hours of daylight left, I conceded to an earlier request of Ledimo's that we visit the mission

hospital. A cousin of his, from his home town of Maun in the northern part of Bechuanaland, was studying to be a nurse at this hospital. We drove up to the hospital at the top of a hill, and were met by the chief nurse, who took us to the director. He, another doctor, and four White nurses were the entire trained medical staff for this fifty-bed hospital.

The director explained that this was the Scottish Livingston Mission, named in honor of Dr. Livingston who first explored this area, and supported by a church group in Scotland. After signing his guest book, I was escorted by him all around the hospital. All the patients were Natives, a large number of them victims of tuberculosis. There was little isolation, and the maternity department was in a room immediately adjacent to those for contagious diseases. Among the things I was shown was the operating room, small, clean, and simple; devoid of elaborate apparatus. It was bare except for three things. A small, white, glassed-in cabinet against one wall held the meager supply of surgical instruments. In the center of the room stood a simple wooden, drop-leaf operating table. No white porcelain surface, no gleaming chromium attachments, no shining stainless steel handles to move it up, down, or sideways; just an austere simple oilcloth-covered wooden platform. Immediately above it was the last and most grandiose thing in the room: a super-modern operating light four feet in diameter. This magnificent contraption hung from the ceiling in a gleaming array of chromium, glass, porcelain, and steel. It overpowered

the room, the operating table and instrument case shrinking into nothing beneath it. This was a light that would have done justice to the most expensively equipped modern operating room. Here, it only emphasized the drabness of the other equipment. In my own mind, I pieced together what may have taken place: The hospital staff of Molepolole had once written down a long list of the equipment needed and sent it hopefully to Scotland. Perhaps one parish, looking over the list to see what things they could supply, spotted the line saying, "One operating-room light." They settled on this item and determined to send the best operating-room light that money could buy. And here it was.

I saw other contrasts like this: an ultramodern X-ray machine standing next to an ancient, pioneer version; and the same electric generator ran them both.

Back in the wards, my attention was drawn to something I hadn't seen in a long time. Hanging on a wall was a framed picture of the American flag. When I asked why it was there, I was told that it was in honor of the American reporter, Stanley, who had found Livingston when he was thought lost in Africa.

I was shown through the chapel and, much as I would have liked to accept their invitation to watch a mission service, we were forced to get back to camp before we ran out of daylight.

I dragged Ledimo away from his charming young cousin, and we headed back for camp. A short distance from the hospital, we picked up a Native asking for a ride to his kraal outside the village. Half an hour later, when we stopped to let him off the

roof, he came to me and asked if I could take him back to America. When I explained the difficulties involved in filling such a request, his expression clearly said, "I didn't think it would work, but I thought I'd try anyhow."

That evening, at camp, I told Mrs. Marshall about a notice I had seen on the bulletin board outside the District Commissioner's office. Tomorrow was the Queen's birthday, it was proclaimed a holiday, and there would be a celebration. All were invited. Mrs. Marshall had a lot of work to do, but I talked her into going. It was decided to take the whole camp, except for Dabbe, Glishay, and a lookout. In particular, we would take Philip, who as the cook, was the only person in camp who had not had a single day of rest since the beginning of the trip.

The following morning, I dug into my suitcase and tenderly unpacked my suit, white shirt, tie, and shoes. Mrs. Marshall wore a dress and all the trimmings. We went in two trucks, Thunis driving one, and I the other. We parked them some distance from the Commissioner's office, where the festivities were to take place, so as not to create a disturbance. As we walked over, I found myself strutting in my unaccustomed city finery.

We found about five hundred Natives gathered in front of the porch of the District Commissioner's office. They were mostly Boy and Girl Scouts, wearing their blue-and-white uniforms. All, as usual, were barefoot. They stood around a square clearing, so that they formed three sides of it, the fourth side being the porch which would serve as a speaker's platform. The Commissioner's

Native secretary seated us in the place of honor on the shaded porch. Mrs. Marshall was given the seat next to that of the Commissioner himself. I was next to her, Thunis next to me. A short while later, some Indian traders arrived, and they were seated on the porch, at the far end by themselves.

We sat there staring out into the bright sunlight and at the activity taking place in the area fenced in by the Natives. Her Majesty's police force for the entire twenty-five-thousand-square-mile district drilled. It was an impressive sight: the Native sergeant putting his four soldiers through their manual of arms, bayonets fixed on their rifles. While the crowd looked on, he paraded them up and down, back and forth. Finally, they came to attention facing the porch. The tribal chief took his place, wearing a navy-blue uniform with a red stripe down each trouser leg, gold and red cuffs on the jacket, medals on his chest, and enormous gold epaulets on his shoulders. He wore a white helmet topped with a dozen white feathers, held in place by a gold band tucked under his chin. Again, the police came to attention, and the District Commissioner arrived in his white uniform, white helmet, and white gloves. In sharp contrast were his black boots, black scabbard, and black hearing aid fastened to his chest.

He gave a signal, and a Native in the crowd sang "God Save the Queen." It was the Commissioner's secretary. In the middle, he stopped for a moment to listen for anyone else joining in. Nobody did, so he continued alone. At the end, the Commissioner

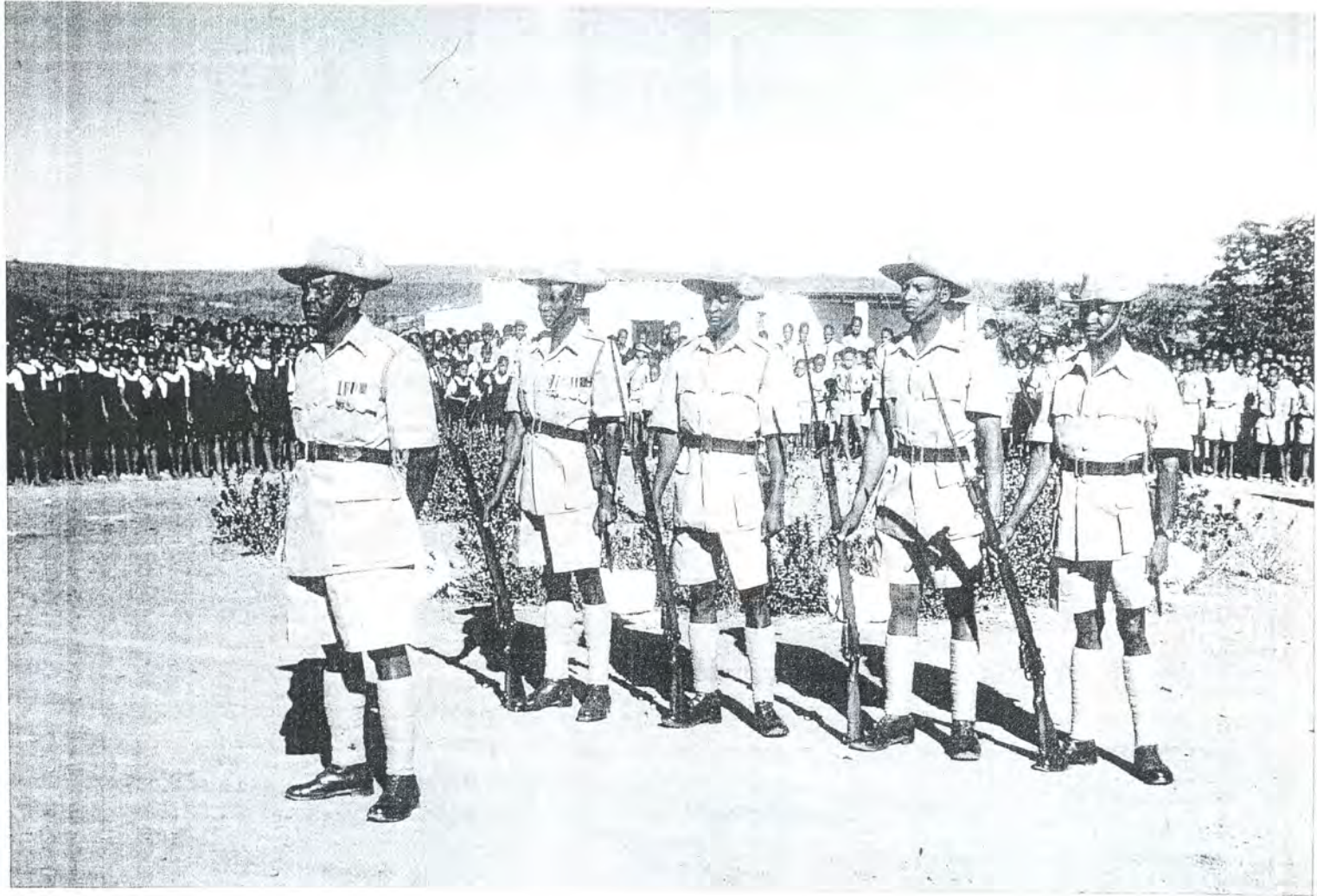
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offered three cheers for the Queen. The five Native soldiers raised their hats. The sergeant yelled, "Hippa! Hippa!" and the five yelled, "Hurray!" They did it the three times. Silence from the crowd. The Commissioner stood up and yelled, "Poola!" three times, and the crowd mumbled back, "Poola!" This means "Let it rain," an understandable greeting on the edge of a desert.

He then made a speech in English, which a translator repeated sentence by sentence in Sechuana for the Natives. He described the procession to Westminster Abbey for the Queen's coronation several years earlier. He hadn't been there, but he had heard it on the wireless. Then the chief made a speech, also in English, which the interpreter translated into Chuana. He told of his trip to London two years ago, where he saw the Queen being crowned. The Commissioner read off a list of names of people in South Africa who were receiving medals from the Queen on this occasion. Nobody here got one.

While all this was going on, I looked about at the other people on the porch. Not a single Afrikaans from Molepolole had shown up. I remembered that Mr. Knobel had stated that he would use this day for taking inventory in his store. When the Commissioner finished, the troops drew to attention and marched off; then the Boy Scouts, then the Girl Scouts, then us. The Commissioner changed his clothes, and we were invited to have tea with him and his wife on their lawn.





Finally the time had arrived at which we had arranged to meet the boys at our trucks. When we got there, there was nobody in sight. Mrs. Marshall was fearful that they had all gotten drunk on the beer that was being offered them by the Natives. We drove frantically up and down for the next half-hour trying to find ^{them}. We finally located them, cold sober, in front of the District Commissioner's office, where they were supposed to have been earlier. After they apologized for being late, we drew a sigh of relief and headed back for camp. It was now only noon, but the thoughts of that day's activities filled my head for the rest of the day.

The next night, as they had promised they would, Mr. and Mrs. Knobel joined us for dinner. As we welcomed them to camp, I realized that this was the first dinner party I had ever attended where the guests arrived by truck.

The next day, Mr. Knobel paid one more visit to deliver ~~us~~ the fifteen drums of gasoline we had ordered.

That afternoon, our truck returned from Johannesburg, following a small jeep driven by John Marshall. By his side was a man of about forty. This was Dr. Robert Story, our bagpipe-playing botanist from Pretoria. Our army truck was being driven by a huge young Afrikaans in his twenties. This was Cas Kruger, a genuine mechanic hired from a big garage in Johannesburg. Mr. Marshall, Bill, and Elizabeth were also there, but not the professor. Mr. Marshall explained that the trip we were about to undertake through the center of the Kalahari might be too

strenuous for him, and it was agreed that he stay behind.

We crowded around to get our mail, including that which John had brought with him from the United States. When the excitement of their arrival died down, Bill came over and sheepishly handed me back the letters I had given him to mail. He had forgotten. As Mr. Marshall announced that he was going back to Molepolole to pay off the bills we had incurred, I quickly dashed off another letter and, enclosing it with the first, sent it off to the local post office.

The next morning, our new caravan of four trucks and a jeep set out on the next leg of our journey.

PART 10

We headed back west forty miles over the path that we had originally taken to reach Molepolole, then turned off the road, heading north into the desert. We were to travel northwest, through the heart of the Kalahari, until we reached Ghanzi again. This time, however, there would be no track to follow, no trucks to meet, just empty desert. We would be going through an unexplored section of the Kalahari that had been crossed only four times before. The first time had been by Dr. Livingston himself, and the last time by Thunis. Several years before, when disease was sweeping over Bechuanaland, Thunis was engaged in rodent control for the government. He traveled about the country pumping hydrocyanic gas into the Natives' huts and setting out poisoned grain around the kraals. Accompanied by a doctor, he visited as many kraals as he could reach. One such mission had sent him through the center of the desert along the route that we now wanted to take. Glishay had been his guide, and Thunis told us stories of the many times that their maps and compasses told them they were lost, only to have Glishay's predictions of what landmarks lay ahead confirmed.

Thunis, Glishay, John, and Elizabeth buzzed about in the jeep in search of landmarks. Mr. Marshall followed in his truck, ignoring as best he could the sharp bends and turns of the tracks of the jeep, and attempting to follow smoothly in the general direction in which they went. I followed his track as

closely as I could, Bill followed me in one army truck, and Cas brought up the rear in the other, known as the garage truck. This contained all the spare parts for the other trucks, and Cas, being last, could administer first aid to any trucks that broke down ahead of his.

The light weight of the jeep permitted it to skim rapidly over the sand, with hardly any hindrance to its maneuverability. Our heavily laden trucks, however, pressed deeply into the yielding surface, slowing us down to a grinding three miles an hour. Because the passing of each truck's wheels pounded the sand into a harder surface, making it easier for the next one to roll, we followed exactly in each other's tracks. It was for this reason that the width of the trucks had been carefully selected, so that they would fit exactly into each other's ruts. As a result, our entire caravan left behind only two pairs of tracks: one, the light twisting impression left by the jeep; and the other, the heavy, deeply engraved grooves left by the line of trucks.

We kept far enough apart so that when any truck bogged down, it would have time to get going again without holding up the succeeding truck. Usually, this meant that the truck ahead was out of sight. Ledimo, who was riding atop my truck, would occasionally become sufficiently restless at our slow pace that he would run on ahead of me until he was tired, and then would wait for me to catch up. As we churned along through the sand, we would occasionally come to virgin forests of bush. The lead truck would then act as a battering ram to push over bushes eight feet high and break down trees three inches thick.

My riding companion was now Bob Story, and whenever the truck came to a stop for any reason, he would dash out to collect some botanical specimen. I had never watched a botanist at work before but supposed that he could identify a plant here and there. It came as a complete surprise that he was familiar with every single thing he saw. Where I would see only a large field of grass, he would spot many different types of plants, know what color flower they bore when in bloom, and the size and shape of their roots. Spotting a change in plant life and knowing the type of terrain they favored, he'd accurately predict variations in driving conditions before we actually encountered them. With one eye on the speedometer, he'd jot down notes every few miles about the surrounding growth, as well as anything else in between that caught his interest.

Bob would occasionally ask me to stop the truck, and dashing out fifty feet into the bush, would return with some plant specimen he had spotted, which looked to me like all the rest. Every specimen got sandwiched in between a pair of large sheets of blotting paper and, stacked on top of his previous catch, was tightly squeezed in a drying press. When we made camp at the end of a day, he'd unpack the fifty-odd specimens he had collected, remove them from the now moist blotters, and repack them between fresh dry ones. Most specimens would have to be repacked daily for many days until they were sufficiently dried to be packed away permanently.

Whenever possible, he would spread his moist blotters out under the sun to dry. As we sometimes drove a week with only overnight stops, his accumulation of used blotters grew to such proportions that our next permanent campsite would be littered with the hundreds of them that he scattered about. Later, like a ragpicker, he'd wander among them, laboriously gathering them up. Apparently the pressing procedure had some drawbacks, as he would occasionally ask me to photograph a specimen to show its pre-dried appearance.

During the long days of driving, he explained to me some of the other problems of botanical field work. The truly authoritative way to identify a plant was to study the interior of its blossom under a microscope. On those rare occasions ^{WHEN} he was not completely sure of his specimen, he carefully preserved it for later classification. As it was now the peak of the South African winter, we were surrounded mostly by dried remnants of the previous summer's growth. When too little of the plant remained, he'd carefully dig up the root for transplanting to the government's experimental garden at Pretoria. If all went well, by next summer he would have a blossom to work with.

The size of the root which grew underground bore little relation to that of the tiny withered stalk visible above the surface. In extracting one such specimen, his hole grew to such proportions that Bill and Cas took turns helping dig. The sand shoveled easily, and after several hours' work they had excavated a cone-shaped pit six feet across and five feet

deep, which was promptly dubbed "Story's Crater." Sticking up from the bottom was a root two feet in diameter and half a foot thick. Its flattened appearance earned it the name of "The Flying Saucer," and for the rest of the expedition this hulking monstrosity was continuously underfoot. We were sure that our treatment of it had stamped out any chance of survival, but when last heard from, it had made a successful recovery and was growing vigorously in the Pretoria experimental garden.

Bob and I drove along talking of this and that, and I finally brought the conversation around to the subject of Scotch bagpipes. As per request, he had left his home, but now gladly explained its workings to me. He explained that air is blown through a tube to inflate the bag, from where it is squeezed out under continuous pressure into four pipes fitted with vibrating reeds. Three of these pipes, called "drones," are each tuned to a fixed note which plays continuously. A fourth pipe, the "chanter," has eight finger holes, allowing a melody to be superimposed over the background of the drones. The sustained sound from the differently pitched pipes gives the bagpipe its unique wail.

The playing of the chanter is enlivened by the insertion of a series of rapid notes after every regular note of the melody. These "grace" notes, requiring the playing of as many as seven notes to each one in the tune, demand extremely rapid fingering on the part of the player. (It's remarkable what information can be acquired in the Kalahari Desert!) To maintain

this skill requires continuous practice, explaining Bob's original request for permission to bring his bagpipes. As an alternative, he had brought a practice device: a miniature version of the chanter, without the bag and without the drones. It was about two-thirds the length of the regular chanter, and by blowing in at one end he could simulate enough of the operation to maintain his skill. Most of his practice, however, was done silently while riding in the truck. Holding a six-inch-long stick vertically in both hands, he'd flutter his fingers rapidly up and down the non-existent notes, playing a soundless tune. The few times in camp that he did play the real practice chanter, he was so skillful and the tunes so delightful that we were almost sorry he had not brought the full set of pipes.

At our first campsite after leaving Molepolole, we were sitting around the fire in the dark waiting for Philip to call us to dinner. Suddenly Thunis stood up, walked a few feet away from us, stood still, and then returned, his eyes glassy. "There are lions here," he said.

We were startled both by his announcement and by his appearance. As in a trance, and moving as if directed by some outside force, he went for his rifle and returned to the campfire. I looked in the direction he had indicated but could see nothing. "How close are they?" I asked. Someone answered, "Right there, twenty yards away." Suddenly caught in the glare of our flashlights was the reflection of four pairs of eyes. Thunis raised his rifle. "I can't see," he said; "I need a brighter light."

From behind, someone pointed another light in the direction of the lions, catching Thunis in its glare. "Turn it out quick," he said. "If they see my outline, they'll jump at me." The light went out, and was turned on again next to where he stood.

He raised his rifle again and fired. There was a low moan, and all the eyes disappeared. Now we were really worried, for out there in the dark somewhere was a wounded lion. While we loaded our other guns, John connected a powerful spotlight to the battery of the jeep and scanned the horizon, but there was nothing to see. Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth climbed up into the back of the jeep to get a better look. In all their trips to Africa, they had heard many lions but had never actually seen one. Handing the spotlight to Elizabeth, John climbed into the driver's seat and with Thunis beside him, the four of them drove off into the dark in quest of the lions.

The rest of us waited around the fire with rifles loaded against a possible attack from the provoked animals. As each person buried himself in his own thoughts, a deep silence fell. In the distance the jeep could be heard circling the camp, and occasionally we'd catch a glimpse of its lights searching the bush. Finally Bob spoke out, "I don't like it at all! It doesn't make any sense!" The rest of us agreed that the shooting was unnecessary and unwise. Left alone, the lions probably would have watched us curiously, and then gone away. (The Marshalls tell of a time during a previous expedition when they awoke in the morning to find lion tracks all around their sleeping bags, with

evidence of its having gone up to sniff at each person in turn, only to leave quietly.) Confirmed man-eating lions are a rarity, generally limited to those too aged or feeble to hunt swifter game. Apparently it is only man's egocentricity which gives him the snobbish belief that the flesh most highly prized by the animal world is his own.

Suddenly there was a shot, soon followed by several more, and shortly we saw the jeep's headlights coming back toward camp. On its arrival, they told us they had seen more lions, a total of six in all, and Thunis had shot one. Then driving the jeep up to within a few yards of where it lay wounded, he had fired pointblank at its head. The lion twisted its head around and roared, and after each of several more shots, it roared again, until finally it lay dead.

We clambered aboard the jeep and headed out to retrieve the body. With a concerted effort, we dragged the eight-hundred-pound corpse onto the hood, and when we got back to camp dumped the body onto the ground. It was a male but without a mane, which is typical of the lions in the Kalahari.

After dinner (I think we ate dinner; I don't remember), I took flash pictures of Thunis posing with his gun over the lion. At their insistence, I took a picture of each of the boys in turn standing over the lion with the rifle, as if each had killed it himself. We then helped Thunis skin the lion, a procedure which took an hour. This was his thirty-fifth lion, but apparently he never ran out of people to give the skins to.

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15-10

Skinning the lion by lamplight

As Thunis's technique made no use of the head, I thought I'd salvage one of the large teeth as a souvenir. To get it out required heavy chopping at the skull with an axe. When the others saw what I was doing, they quickly laid claim to the remaining teeth, and there was soon a group of us sitting around in a circle scraping the teeth free of flesh with knives. This was not completely effective, so a kettle of water was set to boil and we dropped the teeth in to cook away the remaining meat. (Perhaps because of stresses set up by the boiling, the tooth later cracked and several small slivers broke away. In the hope of preventing further damage, I turned it over to a dental technician when I got back home. Much to my surprise, not only did he fix the crack, but he filled in the missing portions with porcelain inlays.)

We dragged the carcass a short distance away from camp, and taking his rifle to bed with him, Thunis slept in a position where he could keep an eye on the remains. He declared that if the remaining lions showed up to feast on the carcass, it would waken him and he would be able to get a good shot at them. We awoke the next morning in a sodden drizzle of rain. There had been no more sign of lions, but while we were breaking camp, a call came from Cas.

Out in the spot where the lions had first been seen was the body of a dead lioness. We all ran over to see. It was probably the first one that Thunis had shot at from the center of camp. All about were the pawprints of lions, and right next



A Thunis and the lioness we found in the morning

to her was a large dry spot in the wet grass, indicating that a lion had lain there all night, and only just now abandoned the vigil when Cas had come along.

We delayed our departure until this one could be skinned also. Out of curiosity, I cut off a rib and threw it in the fire to cook. After offering it about and getting mostly refusals, I tried it myself. It tasted at first like a good lamb chop, but with succeeding bites it got stringier, tougher, and stronger. This apparent change in flavor was to no small degree enhanced by the comments passed about my diet. Typical was the one volunteered by Simon, "How can you eat something that may have eaten somebody? You may be eating another man." We climbed into the trucks and pushed on, hoping that we were leaving the lion family behind.

At first, toward the outer edge of the desert, we would come across at least one Native kraal a day. Some, such as Kudumalapshwe and Lenake, were listed on the maps; but others, such as Manatse and Kungwane, we learned about from the Natives themselves. Few of the kraals numbered over a half-dozen huts, and the fact that any of them were shown on the map was only an indication that once some previous traveler had recorded their existence as the only available landmarks. The further we got from Molepolole the more primitive were the huts. Dried mud walls and thatched grass roofs were replaced by stacked bundles of branches. The inhabitants that came out to greet us wore fewer clothes; and those made less often of cloth and more frequently of animal hides.

At first, we were a welcome sight which all came out to see. At one kraal, an old blind man was led to us by a young guide by means of a four-foot stick. As the young man tugged at one end of the stick, the blind one hung on at the other, following as if guided by a Seeing Eye dog.

The further we traveled, the more apprehensive were the people about us. Once, while stopping for a few hours at a water hole to fill our drums, a group of us crammed into the jeep to visit a kraal half a mile away. As we pulled into the clearing where the three huts were located, a Native woman arose from her sitting position and approached us, stopping a few feet away. Disentangling ourselves from each other, we proceeded to climb out of the jeep. The woman's eyes opened wide for an instant, then she spun away and raced back to the hut where she had been sitting. Snatching up an infant, and trailed by several older children, she ran off into the bush to hide. We found several men and women working in a field nearby, and they managed to coax the terrified woman back home.

These people were a mixture of Negro and Bushman, which was reflected in their huts built of grass and branches. Although similar to the Bushman's temporary rain skirts, these were permanent homes built to a larger scale to house these bigger people. We were anxious to photograph this, and to demonstrate what we had in mind, I took a Polaroid picture of our own group. After examining the photo and smoking the tobacco we offered, they hesitantly agreed to let us take pictures.

There was one holdout, however: an old woman. She wouldn't even look at the sample picture. Sitting on the ground, she would turn her face away every time I held it out for her, protesting with fine inconsistency that there was nothing to see. I turned my back, pretending to ignore her, and faced our own group who were watching the procedure. Holding the picture carefully so that it was only a couple of feet from her face, I asked the others to describe her reaction. Their smiles told me what to expect. She was looking long and hard. When I turned to her again, she resumed the turning of her head to avoid looking. Finally, after an offer of part of a springbok we had shot, the agreement was unanimous to let us proceed.

With the pictures all taken and the water drums all filled, we were about to sit down to lunch when Bill and Bob demonstrated some of the parasites they had found swimming about in the new water supply. The samples of tapeworms and other bugs they showed made us quite willing to go to the trouble of boiling the water, but nevertheless made it a little difficult to choke down lunch. After issuing a round of chocolate bars to all hands, we continued on our way.

The heavy sand slowed us down to three miles an hour. Aside from an occasional burst of speed when traveling through a pan, it was to be almost two months before we could go any faster. Our average speed was even less than this because of the occasional stops occasioned by interminable breakdowns. Every day there'd be a wheel to change because of a piece of

dead wood puncturing a tire. I managed to break the drive shaft of my truck by jerking it too sharply while trying to get started out of some deep sand that I was bogged down in. Cas's skill as a mechanic had it repaired completely and the entire caravan moving again in half an hour. This was a project which otherwise might have taken us all afternoon.

Mr. Marshall's truck started to act up again, and it was determined that it was suffering from "vapor lock." The combination of the high altitude, the heat of the desert, and overheating of the engine because of the slow, laborious crawling, caused the gasoline to boil in the pipe on the way from the tank, preventing the pump from forcing it to the engine. Each time Mr. Marshall in the lead truck came to a halt, the entire caravan would pile up behind him. Cas, bringing up the rear, would hike down the line of trucks to the front to cool the overheated pipe with a wet handkerchief. On his way back to his truck from one such mission Cas passed me, perspiring and grumbling about the heat. I asked him why he didn't remove the heavy wool sweater he had put on early in the morning when it was still freezing. He looked up at me, surprised "Honest to Bob, Dan, I didn't think of it."

After a week of Mr. Marshall's truck coughing to a halt every hour, we pulled out his gas lines and restrung them so that they avoided the heat of the engine before reaching the auxiliary electric pump.

There had been a series of hot debates as to whether this would cure the trouble, and after several weeks elapsed without its recurrence, Bill grudgingly conceded defeat and paid me, theoretically, the five dollars we had bet. We continued on, sometimes eating lunch with one hand while driving with the other, so as to save time. We came to one pan that still had a small pocket of water left, and we spent half a day laboriously hand-pumping some up into our empty gas drums. Despite the possibility of bilharziasis (an infestation by a snail carried-parasite which, during its free-swimming state, penetrates the skin and travels to the liver, then migrating to other tissues), we all took the opportunity of washing with copious amounts of soap and water.

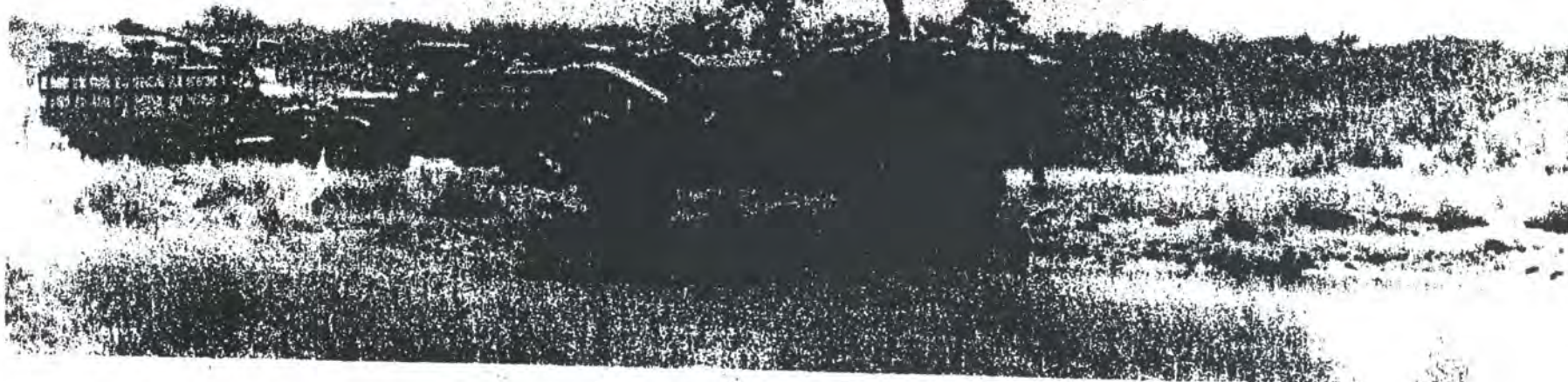
As our water supply was uncertain on this leg of the trip, we could only depend upon the fifteen drums of water we carried with us. A few days earlier, Mr. Marshall had established rationing. We could have all the water we wanted to drink, but were each restricted to one cupful a day for all our other needs, such as washing and shaving. All the men but Thunis and me had seized upon Mr. Marshall's suggestion that this was a good time to grow a beard. The water meant nothing to my shaving as I used an electric razor (which I ran from a small converter plugged into the light socket in my truck's cab).

During the first few weeks of the expedition, the buzz of my razor was a signal to all our boys to crowd around to watch me shave. Now, being surrounded by week-old beards, and

realizing that this might be the only time in my life that I would have such an opportunity, I decided to go along with the crowd. About the same time, Mr. Marshall abandoned his beard, and Bill limited his own efforts to growing a mustache. Cas trimmed his beard down to a mustache and a Van Dyke, leaving only Bob and myself with a full beard untouched by human hands. (John didn't shave either, but the resulting growth was so meager as to be discounted.)

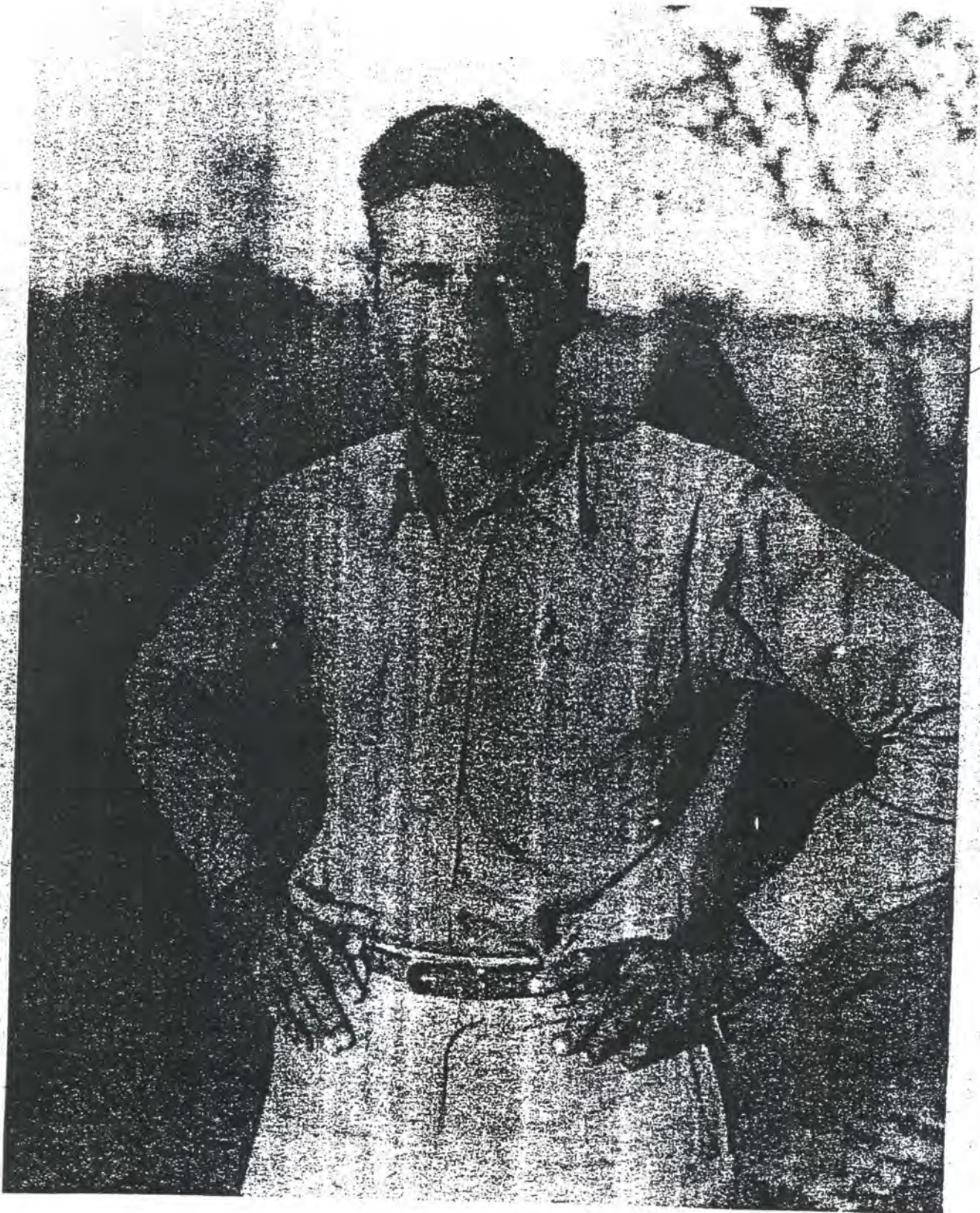
The first thing I noticed was that blond as my hair was under the desert sun, the Beard was a jet black. The second thing I noticed was that instead of growing straight, long, and gracefully, it curled in tight little knots, so that there were always stiff-bristled tips pointing back at my skin. When I went to bed at night, the pressure against the Beard would push these ends back into my face, causing it to itch. As it got longer, the hairs around my mouth were a catch-all for anything I ate. But most ignominious of all, instead of looking like an explorer à la Hemingway, I looked like a Bowery bum, a point that Mrs. Marshall emphasized at every possible opportunity.

While we filled our drums, and washed at the pan, we could see the traces of animal life that had come to drink. Together were the footprints of lions and hooved animals. A three-inch beetle-like bug swam in the water. Nearby lay the decaying carcass of a vulture. Fifty yards away, covering a hole in the clay, was a small hunting blind of twigs which someone had erected.



Pumping water into our water tanks

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After several days without shaving

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We ate our lunch with oranges tossed from truck to truck for dëssert, and reluctantly drove away from the last water we were to see for a long time.

One day we spotted a giraffe in the distance going in the same direction as our trucks. On previous trips, John had made extensive movies on Bushman hunting and was still in search of more animal scenes for fill-in material. He set up a movie camera on a tripod, and as he wanted to show the animal breaking into a run, asked me to make a loud noise to frighten it. I climbed on top of my truck with a shotgun, and pointing it up into the air, awaited the word to fire. Watching the queer, loping walk of the giraffe while straining to catch John's signal, I paid no attention to placing the shotgun firmly against my shoulder, but instead held it loosely by my side.

John started his camera, and after a short interval shouted, "O.K." I pulled the trigger, there was a tremendous blast, and the recoil knocked the gun out of my hands. In the process, my arms were swung back, throwing me off balance and over the side of the truck. I was suddenly aware of being upside down. Seeing the top of the truck's fence below me, I automatically reached down to grab its upper edge, slowing my flight. Balanced upside down, supported at arm's length above the rail, I was in a position I couldn't maintain. Slowly, I swung over and out away from the truck, breaking my grasp, and plunged downward to make a perfect three-point landing which left me sitting up in the sand.

I was neither scratched nor bruised, but I felt more than a little foolish when I looked up to see everybody watching. Elizabeth stood laughing helplessly. Ledimo, by some miraculous chance, had caught the shotgun as it flew through the air, and stood there with it in his hands, incredulous. Only John was unaware of what had taken place, and still had his eye firmly pressed against the movie camera, filming the giraffe.

He told us later that instead of being frightened by the blast and running off, the giraffe had stopped in its tracks with curiosity and turned to look at me. It will be interesting to see how that particular piece of film turns out.

Another time we met a group of Natives traveling in the opposite direction. Four men, an equal number of women, several children, and two donkeys made up the band. The donkeys and the people were all heavily loaded with household goods. The men answered all our questions, but without stopping in their journey. To carry on our conversation, we had to walk along with them. They didn't move rapidly, but the steady, sustained pace of their travel had all the insistence of an irresistible force. As we walked along to keep up with them, we learned that they had been living in the Kalahari, but now that the rainy summer season was at an end, had decided against trying to endure the hardships of another dry winter.

Abandoning their homes, they had packed all they could carry and were now moving to the outskirts of the Kalahari, where life would be easier. John and I continued along with

them, taking movies and still pictures of their exodus, finally turning back when our excursion began to take us too far from the trucks. Several times in the next few days we came across abandoned kraals, one of which showed such fresh signs of habitation that it may well have been the recent home of the migrants we had just passed.

As we penetrated further into the desert, kraals became scarcer and life in them more primitive, but there were still no signs of Bushmen. Every day's journey would end with our clearing ground for a new campsite that we knew we would abandon in the morning. One evening while clearing an area, Elizabeth picked up a bundle of the grass that had been raked up to be dumped outside the camp. As she closed her arms around it, she found that she clasped in her hand a night adder, a highly poisonous snake. Fortunately she was able to drop it before it struck, and it was quickly beaten to death with the handles of our rakes.

On several occasions cobras worked their way up to the heat of our campfires. When threatened, they raised the front part of the body straight into the air and swung the head from side to side, hissing defiantly. At moments like this, the shotgun could never be located and a handy rake was the ultimate weapon of despatch.

We frequently located scorpions in camp anywhere from one to five inches in length. Several times Elizabeth and I tested the popular theory that a scorpion that is cornered will

commit suicide by stabbing itself in the head with its poisonous stinger. We'd force it back into a corner, by prodding it with a stick. The creature, looking like a small lobster with its two huge claws, would bristle with tension, and arching its tail forward, would hold its poisonous stinger suspended just above its head. It would make sudden stabs at the stick which prodded it, but soon discovering that the stick was immune to its attack, would stand with its tail cocked in readiness, waiting for our next move. This was to pick it up with a pair of sticks held chopstick fashion and toss it into the fire.

Sadistically, we tried one other experiment we had heard about: ^{that} surrounding a scorpion with fire ^{would cause it to commit suicide}. The only time we saw anything even remotely resembling suicide was the time a scorpion wandered too close to the flames and, dying, went into severe convulsions, giving the appearance of repeatedly stabbing itself in the head.

There was one other thing which, we were convinced, put our health in serious jeopardy. This was Cas's love for home-made "biltong", Afrikaans for "bull's tongue" but actually a strip of dried meat, a favorite among South Africans. Cas would cut up some of our fresh meat into strips a foot and a half long and an inch square. He would place several such strips side by side in the bottom of a pan, and after applying a heavy coating of salt and pepper would cover it with another layer of meat strips. With lavish application of salt and pepper, he built up layer upon layer of meat until about twenty

strips had been used. The pile of meat would be allowed to soak in its own juices overnight and the strips then hung up to dry for several weeks. As we had to break camp each morning, Cas would stow his biltong for transit, and each evening at the new camp would stretch a rope between two trees and lovingly drape the individual strips across it like so many pair of socks hanging up to dry.

We toyed with the idea of actually substituting socks for his biltong some morning before he awoke but, I am ashamed to say, it was the thought of getting up so early rather than of his anguish, that stopped us.

When his concoction was finally ready, he proudly distributed short lengths for us to eat while driving. It had shrunk to a tough, leather strap half an inch in diameter. With a sharp knife we cut off small chunks from the end, to be slowly and laboriously chewed into softness. As the stuff slowly dissolved, the peppery taste would emerge. Finally, all that was left was a small wad of unchewable sinew, which was swallowed if Cas was watching, and spit out if he wasn't. The biltong was not unpleasant to eat, its chief virtue being that a piece six inches long could keep you occupied for over an hour while monotonously navigating the desert. The one time I really found it delightful was when it was served as an hors d'oeuvre and washed down with a quart bottle of beer (which was occasionally served as a sundowner).



Our caravan drives along the bed of an omarumba

The fields of grass in which we made camp were occasionally so deep and thick that our equipment would have been greatly endangered by any grass fire. Consequently when making camp we'd sometimes spend a couple of extra hours removing enough grass to leave a ten-foot band of bare sand around our trucks. Bushmen have little fear of veldt fires, for the grass tufts are sufficiently separated that they can safely walk through the flames without getting hurt, carrying all their belongings safely with them. In fact, Bushmen often deliberately set extensive fires so that the dried grass will burn, exposing the fresh green grass which will replace it, thereby attracting game to the region.

Even though we had seen no Bushmen lately, we knew by the fires that dotted the horizon that they were about, and although fires mean nothing to them, they could ruin our trucks or explode our gasoline drums, leaving us stranded. On one occasion, Dabbe carelessly set a fire while lighting his pipe several hundred yards from camp. As the wind swept the flames in our direction, we hurriedly broke camp, moved our trucks upwind, and set fire to the bush which remained in our clearing. Armed with branches, we all stood about prepared to beat down any flames that got out of control. When our area had been completely burned out, we moved the trucks back in, reconstructed camp, and awaited the fire. The wind, however, chose this time to change direction and swept the fire back over the area it had just burned, finally dying out for lack of fuel.

We came one day to Chukudu Kraal, the only landmark shown on the map for a hundred miles, which consisted of four Native huts. We camped nearby for a few days, observing the interwoven Bushman and Native culture of the people in this village. Although their grass homes carried the Bushman stamp, they kept a herd of goats and grew mielies in a nearby field.

John shot movies at a frantic pace, while Elizabeth kept her head buried under the darkness of a black cloth, reloading his cameras with film. I shot away with a miniature camera at the multiple activities, taking over a hundred pictures in one day. One of the women demonstrated the use of several of the long bone implements she wore suspended from a sinew strung around her neck. With one, she cleaned the dirt from under her fingernails, and with another daintily picked her nose.

Returning from his wanderings in search of flora, Bob called me aside. "Come with me," he said. "It looks as if some elephants have gone wild." He led me to the general area which served as the Native latrine. All about were enormous stools. In the interest of science, I pulled out a ruler and measured them. They were six inches long and two and a half inches in diameter. The reason for their size was obvious. A large part of the Natives' diet consisted of berries with pits one-eighth of an inch in diameter, which they swallowed whole. The pits passed undigested through the alimentary tract and could now be seen forming the bulk of the stool. I dutifully photographed them and went on to other, more aesthetic, activities.

PART 11

Since leaving Molepolole, we had driven for three weeks, had traveled 270 miles, and had seen no sign of Bushmen other than their occasional grass fires which swept the horizon. We grew more discouraged with the fear that we would end up back in Ghanzi empty-handed, our trip through the center of the Kalahari wasted. I thought of what I had been told back in Windhoek, "Bushmen are like wild animals. You'll never get to see one."

Thunis became increasingly depressed. "You will all ~~THINK ME A~~ liar," he kept insisting. "I told you there were Bushmen here, and now we don't find any." We tried to reassure him that we had all expected difficulty in making contact with wild Bushmen, and were not surprised at our lack of success, but he continued wailing "You will make me out a liar." Daily he grew more and more morose, began sulking and soon started skipping meals. When urged to join us at the table, he would whimper that he was "too disappointed to eat," and would retreat to his cot which he placed in solitude outside the circle of trucks. When it became apparent that his "fasting" didn't result in any loss of weight, our concern lessened. However, our irritation grew as he took offense at any innocent remark, stopped speaking ^{to} its author, and complained loudly about him to everyone else, often within earshot of his victim. After a few days of this he would switch his rancor to someone else, until each had his turn as bete noir.

Then one evening, when our day's driving came to an end and we started to make camp, Dabbe came to us with the news that he had found nearby the footprints of two Bushmen whose tracks indicated that they had been crawling on hands and knees, and then got up and ran. Furthermore, the tracks were fresh-made that day.

In desperation, we decided to stay in hope that the Bushmen might work up enough courage to return. The next day, we looked about and found some abandoned Bushman rain skirts. In front of each were still the ashes from an old fire. In one of them, partly hidden with^wthe grass structure, were some empty ostrich-eggshell water containers. The huge white shells, six inches high, ~~had~~ ^{were} neatly bored in one end^w a half-inch-diameter hole which was corked with a tuft of dried grass.

To obtain an elevated point of view from which to photograph this scene, I drove the jeep up through the tall grass

which grew higher than the hood. Then, without any warning, the jeep fell out from under me and came to a stop with a sudden thump. I had driven it into an antbear hole so large that the top of one wheel was on a level with the ground, and it took the combined help of several people to get it out.

We waited all that day, but there were no signs of the Bushmen. The next day we waited some more and, to while away the time, Bill went out hunting with the shotgun. He didn't show up at lunch time, and by three o'clock, we were concerned. John climbed on top of a truck and fired three rifle shots into the air in quick succession. In response, we heard a shot off in the distance. In a quarter of an hour we fired three more shots and heard the answering shot much closer. Ten minutes later, Bill showed up, trying not to look too embarrassed over getting lost.

Then and there, we invented a code of signals for anyone in trouble: three evenly spaced shots (a combination unlikely to occur in hunting) would be the call for help.

That day ended with still no sign of Bushmen, and the next morning, we decided to break camp. Thunis was to go ahead in one truck to hunt for meat in a pan which he estimated to be nine miles away. The rest of us would break camp and follow later. If we did not catch up with him by late afternoon, he was to return. He drove off, and shortly afterward, Bob called us over to see what he had discovered.

Within a small clearing, completely hidden by a clump of bushes, was a collection of things a Bushman would ordinarily never abandon. Spread out on the ground were hunting bows, quivers containing poisoned arrows, assagais (long spears), knives, and digging sticks. Near the remnants of a fire were some half-eaten tsama melons, tsie nuts, and other evidences of sudden flight.

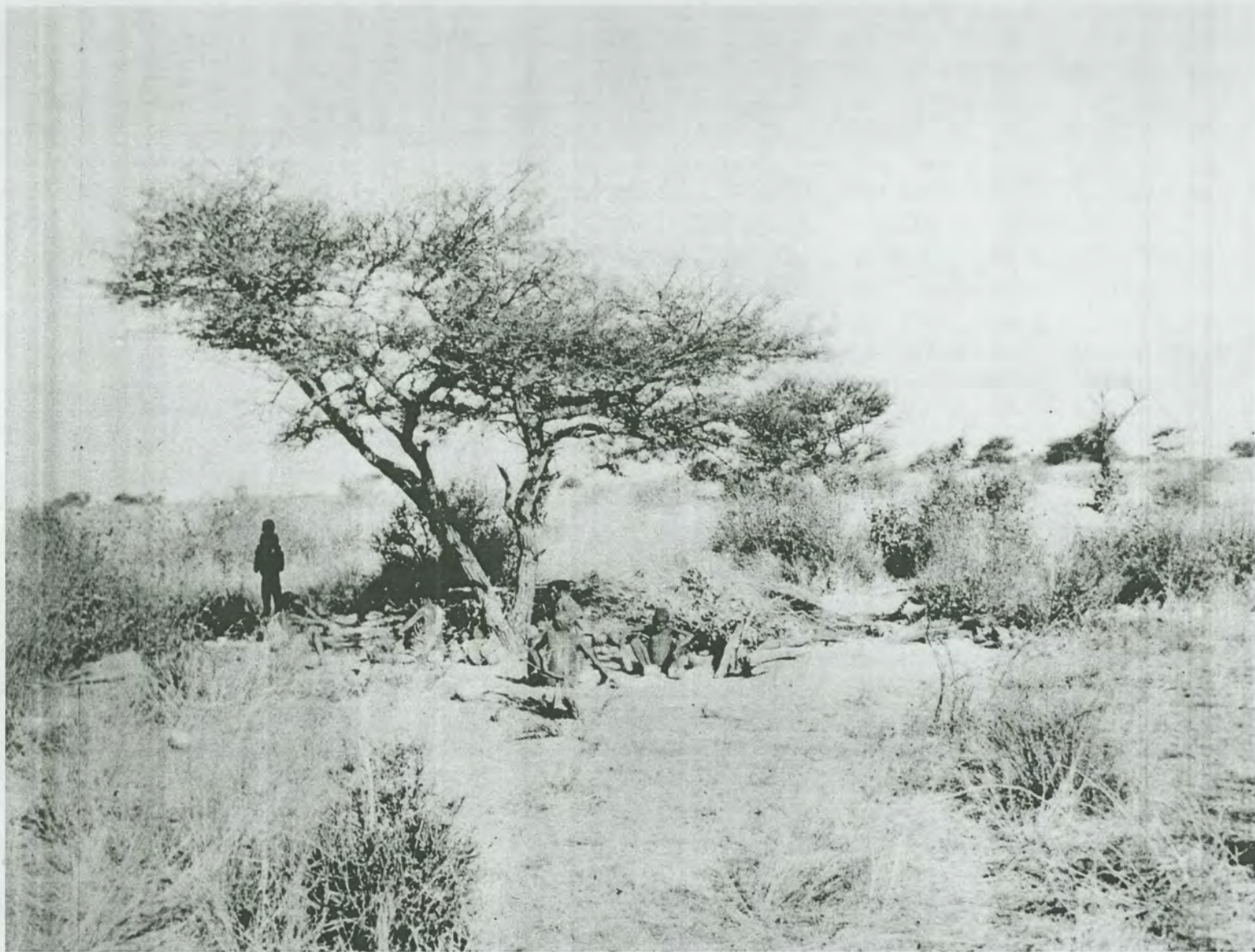
We delayed our departure while I crawled among the thorn-bearing bushes taking photographs and movies from every conceivable angle. I was almost finished when I noticed some motion through the bush. As we stared, two Bushmen approached. One was an old wrinkled man, and the other a young lithe one. Their dark-skinned bodies were bare, except for tiny hide loincloths.

As they approached, we waved and called out the Bushman greeting, "Tscham!" They responded in kind, and we called Ledimo to interpret for us. We tried to explain who we were and what our purpose was. Then, pointing to the articles on the ground which I had been photographing, we asked who they belonged to. They had no idea. Where was their own hunting equipment, their bows, their arrows? They said that there was no game about, and so they had not bothered bringing any equipment. What were they doing here? Just passing through. Where were their families? A long way off.

During all this interrogation, they wore fixed smiles, but their knees shook and their bodies trembled. We gave them food and water and tried to win their confidence through the

the presence of Dabbe and Glishay. Nevertheless, we learned very little about them, other than that the old man's name was Oukwanay, the younger's was /Gai, and we were at a spot they called Gu+nu. That night we offered them the use of our fire and had our boys sleep in a circle around them to ~~discourage~~ ^{DISCOURAGE} their ~~slipping~~ ^{SLIPPING} away.

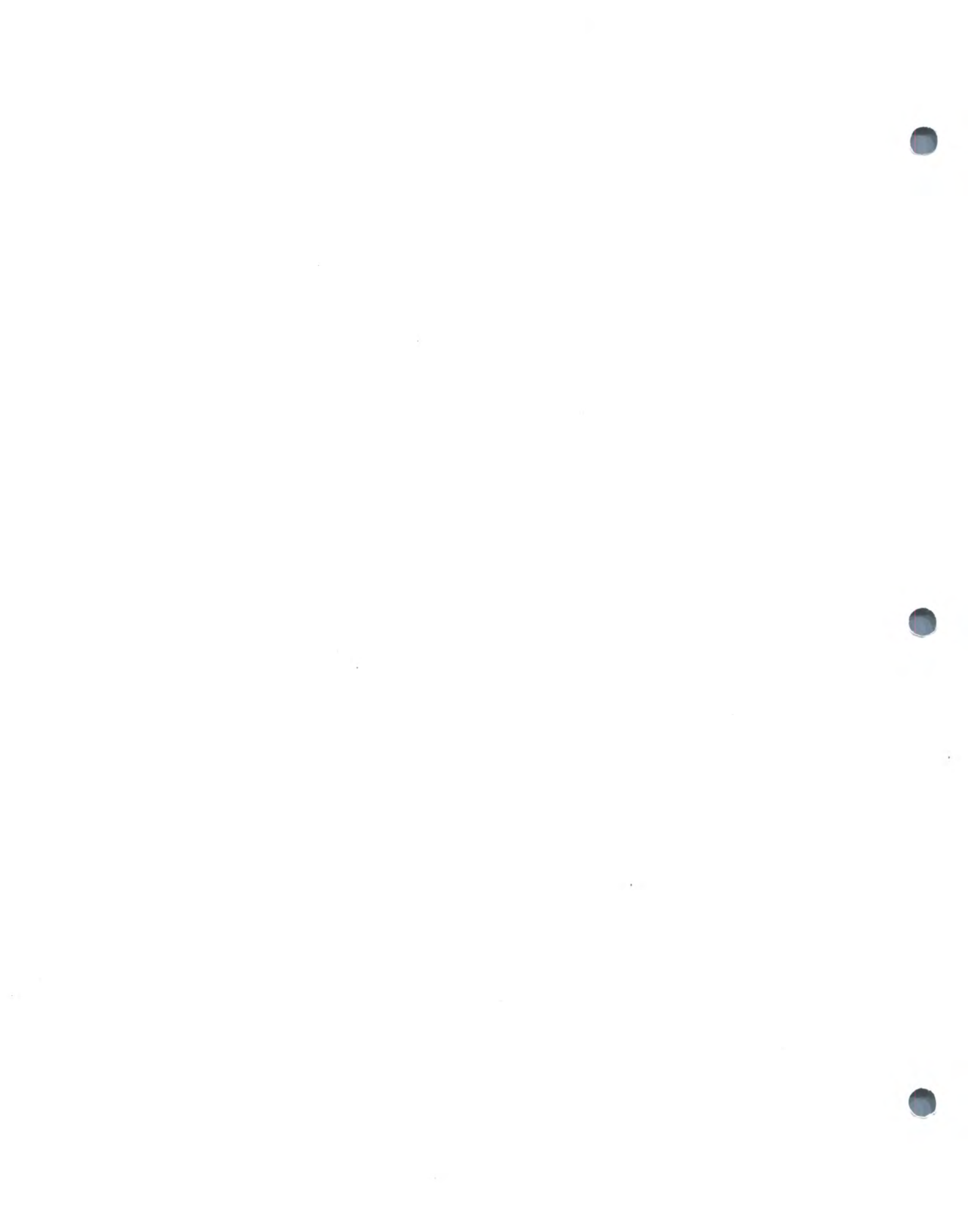
By the next day, we had gained enough of their trust so that they admitted ownership of the implements we had found. Much as we had surmised, they had run away a few days earlier when they had heard our trucks arrive, abandoning their hunting equipment in panic. Waiting a few miles away, they had been fooled into returning for their things by the departure of Thunis's truck. When they found the rest of us still there, /Gai had said "QUICK, LET'S RUN" Oukwanay, seeing the remaining trucks, ^{REPLIED} ~~replied~~, "It's no use; they have us surrounded." So they had continued up to us, hoping to bluff their way out of whatever situation awaited. Eventually they agreed to lead us to their families. Thunis, John, Dabbe, and Glishay coaxed Oukwanay and /Gai into the jeep and headed off in the direction they indicated. They returned before dark to report that they had been led to a werft six miles away where the rest of the group was located. Stopping the jeep a long way off, they had proceeded the rest of the way on foot to keep from frightening the people into running away. Nevertheless, one man had already run off to warn other hunting bands, and all that were left were three women, three boys, and an infant.



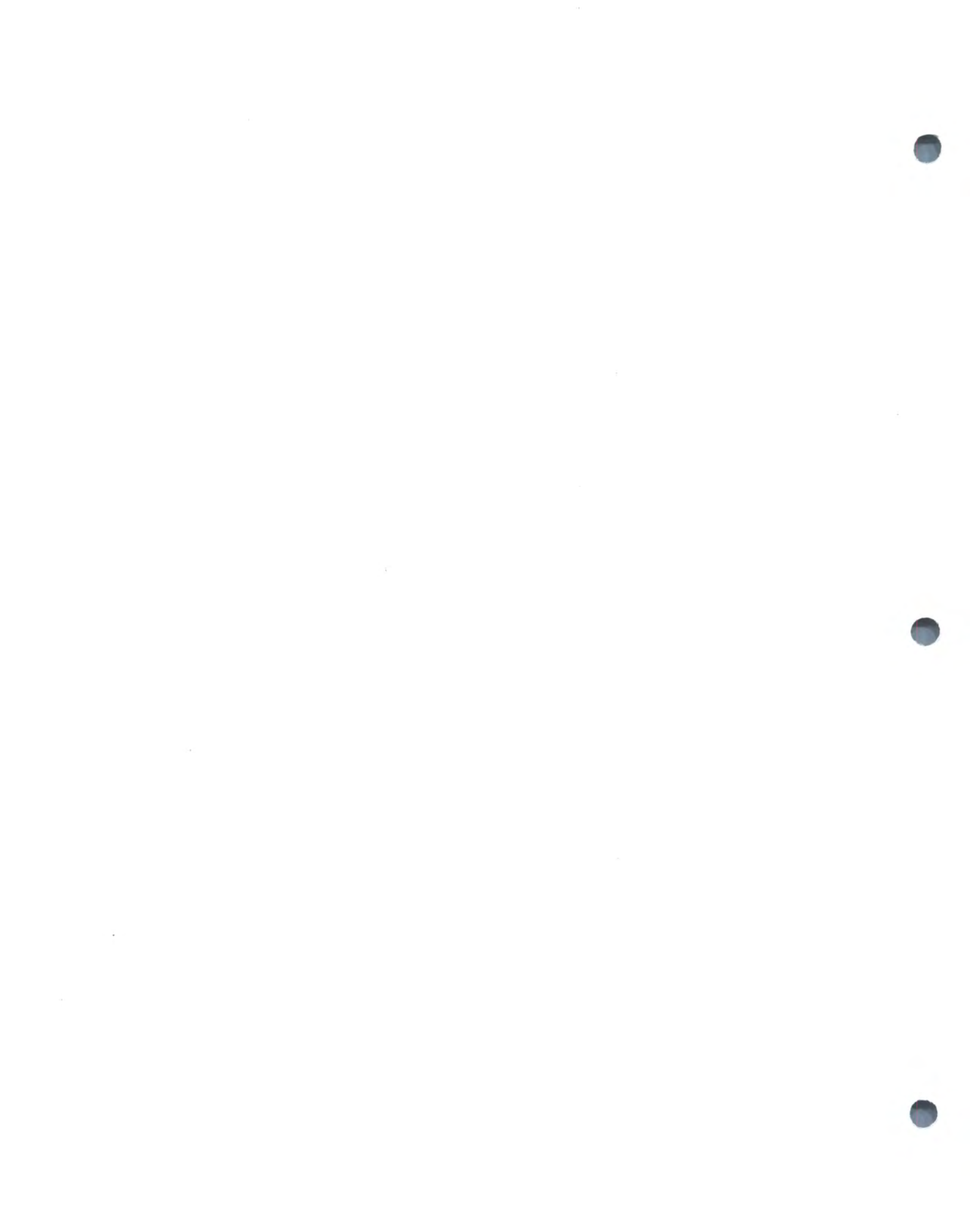
Bushman's werft











This small group were part of a tribe of several hundred people called the /Gikwe, who were spread out in the desert within an area a hundred miles across. So scarce was food and water in this region of ten thousand square miles that it could not support even the few hundred people living there unless they separated into many small hunting bands and remained scattered about the entire area. With only a dozen persons in such a group, the tiny band would move about in its own few hundred square mile section, staying in one spot just as long as there was game for food or melons for water, and then move on. Different groups might meet and stay together for a short while, only to separate again, for one locality couldn't feed them all for any length of time. They didn't wander at random in search of food, but were aware of what was to be found in different spots throughout the year. Arrived at a new location, they hung their belongings from a convenient tree or bush and settled down on the adjacent sand under the open sky. In the few minutes that it took to build a fire, they established a new "home."

The men and boys got meat by setting snares for smaller animals and hunting with bows and poisoned arrows for larger ones. The boys' games were all concerned with the search for food, including practicing with toy bows and arrows, setting tiny snares to trap mice, or playing at being different animals and acting out their habits. The women and girls spent a large part of the day searching for "veldtkoss" (Afrikaans for field

foods). With the aid of their pointed, three-foot-long digging sticks, they dug up certain roots for water and others for food, collected berries and nuts, and gathered melons. All the females went on these trips, from the youngest girl to the oldest woman. Even the infants went along, carried on their mothers' backs. In the evening, everyone went out to gather firewood. Most of their energies were turned toward staying alive. Getting food to eat and water to drink was the major occupation for every member of the family.

The next morning, Thunis led the way with the jeep to the Bushmen's werft while I followed in my truck, carrying a load of people packed on top. We stopped en route so that he could shoot a gemsbok, which we brought along as a gift. We continued on until we came to a few people clustered together beneath a small thorn tree. There they were, nine human beings living out in the open, with no shelter and just a few square inches of clothing among them.

The group consisted of Oukwanay and his aged wife, /Gai and his young wife and two-year-old son, the old woman whose husband had disappeared when he heard Thunis coming, and three young boys ranging in age from eight to ten years. They looked at us apprehensively and a little solemnly, but welcomed the dead gemsbok we brought.

While Oukwanay and /Gai dismembered it, John took movies and I took still pictures of the procedure. Again Elizabeth sat with her head under the black cloth, loading film in the

cameras as fast as John could use it up. Three cameras were in constant circulation between them: one being loaded, a second standing ready, and the third actually photographing the scene.

The men attempted to disembowl the gemsbok at their usual pace, but were stopped by John at each new phase of their work so that he could move his camera to a more advantageous position. Each time he called out for them to stop, they wearily stepped back and looked at the result of their handiwork. Not a sound passed between them, either while working or waiting. When the word was given for them to start again, they would continue where they had left off, only to be stopped once more in a few minutes. Not fully understanding what we were doing, they exhibited enormous patience with our seemingly erratic behavior.

Though they dismantled the animal in front of our cameras with great efficiency, our interruptions so slowed them down that by evening they still hadn't finished. The remainder of the animal was covered with thorn bushes for protection so that the filming could be completed the next morning.

John and Mr. Marshall decided to spend the night close to the Bushmen; so, leaving my truck there for them, the rest of us jammed into the jeep and started the six-mile journey back to camp. By now, the track had been well defined and the hard-packed sand at the bottom of the ruts so increased our speed that we were back home in an hour.

The next morning, the crowded jeep worked its way back to the Bushmen again and we continued with the slaughtering process. Oukwany and /Gai scooped out a hole in the sand

and covered it over with the gemsbok's skin, fur side down. By pushing the center down to conform with the shape of the crater they had made, a bowl-like receptacle was formed. They carefully removed the animal's rumen and opened one end. (The rumen, occurring in antelopes as well as cows, is a large stomach sac where grass, swallowed whole during grazing, is stored until it is later regurgitated for chewing as cud.) Reaching in, they brought out a fistful of the brown-green mass of mush it contained, and holding it suspended over the receptacle formed by the skin, squeezed out the assorted saliva and digestive juices from the soggy wad of grass. The thick, brown liquid ran through their clenched fingers and streamed into the pocket below. The squeezed-dry ball of grass was put aside and a fresh handful extracted from the rumen. Taking turns, they eventually emptied it of its contents, which were now separated into a large pile of grass balls and the deep pool of rumen juice. Leaning over it, they scooped some up in their cupped hands and drank deeply. When they had had their fill, they carefully raised the four corners of the skin which held the liquid and tilted it, pouring the juice back into the sac formed by the now empty rumen.

The several gallons of liquid thus obtained were to be brought back to the werft so that the others could join in this prize. Out of curiosity, I had also reached into the rumen and brought out a handful of soggy grass, which I squeezed out into the palm of my other hand and sampled. It smelled awful; it tasted awful. The flavor was pretty much what one would expect

from something which had originated in the alimentary canal. Though I washed my hands with soap and water, and scrubbed with wet sand, it was two days before I was free of the smell.

To film the nomadic nature of their lives, the Bushmen were asked to move their werft from its present location to a spot a couple of hundred yards away. As they swung their few belongings onto their backs, John shot their exodus from the top of a truck with one camera, while I squatted nearby with another to get a close-up view of individual actions. Again Elizabeth sat behind a bush, a black cloth over her head, trying frantically to reload the cameras with film as fast as we used it up.

The Bushmen owned so few things that they picked them all up, packed them on their backs, and were ready to move within a couple of minutes. In fact, the process of packing and moving all their belongings took place too rapidly for us to film properly, and we had to have them unpack and start all over again several times in order to catch all the details. Late in the afternoon, completely exhausted, we went back to camp, returning again the next morning. Our daily commuting back and forth the six miles between our camp and the Bushman werft had by now permanently stamped our road into the sand. We speculated as to what some future plane passenger might think as he flew above when both the werft and the camp were gone. Down below, in the middle of hundreds of miles of emptiness, would be a well established six-mile-long road which started nowhere and led to nothing.



Okwanay scooping the rumen juice back into the rumen for storage.
In front of him are the squeeze out balls of grass

This day in particular, I felt like all the performers in a three-ring circus. I not only shot movies and took still pictures both in color and black and white, but made sound recordings of Bushman songs and helped John and Elizabeth solve several technical problems they had with the movie cameras. In the midst of all this, Bob dragged me away to photograph plant roots lying at the dark bottom of some holes he had excavated.

Finally, the Bushmen informed us that they would have to move their werft to a new area far away. Here in the center of the Kalahari, all surface water disappeared a few months after the rainy season was over. For over six months out of the year, these people lived without any water to drink. To survive, they needed a large supply of tsama melons for the moisture they contained. With each person requiring about seven melons a day, a group this size could consume several hundred melons a week. Without benefit of agriculture, they lived only on what they could find growing wild and, as a result, were forced to move on to a new area when they had picked the present one clean. Such a time had now arrived, and they were planning to leave.

We offered to transport them to their new location, and they accepted. We took them the six miles to our camp that afternoon, and the next morning continued an estimated fifteen miles beyond. The long process of loading them onto the truck began, and we got them on, one at a time, by pushing from below

and pulling from above. Each was assigned a space in which to sit, and we carefully piled all their possessions (totalling under a hundred pounds) into one corner. The last to get aboard was /Gai's wife, Sechwe, with her two-year-old infant snugly secured to her back in a hide kaross. Because of the baby, Mrs. Marshall sought to protect her from the rigors of the ride by trying to seat her in the truck's cab next to the driver, but she immediately became frightened and wouldn't go in. She insisted on sitting on top next to her husband. With Ledimo as interpreter, Mrs. Marshall explained how much better it would be for the baby to sit in the cab; but she still refused and announced that if she couldn't ride on top like everyone else, she'd walk. Mrs. Marshall finally gave in and a place was found for Sechwe with the others. With Mrs. Marshall, Ledimo, and myself packed on top with the Bushmen to prevent their falling off and to allay their fears, John got into the driver's seat and we started off.

As the truck tossed this way and that, I looked about at our passengers. For the first time in their lives they were being moved by a power other than their own; and as the truck jolted along I looked at each one in turn. /Gai, facing the rear, sat on a box and clutched each side of it to steady himself. With his jaw set hard, and his face frozen in a half-hearted smile, he looked straight back over the rear of the truck, never turning his head to either side or looking around to see what the rest were doing. During the next hour and a

half, he never spoke or released his grip on the box, or in any way shifted from the original position in which we had set him.

Oukwanay rode in about the same manner, but was not quite so tense. Occasionally he would venture a glance this way or that and sometimes even shift around to a new position. His old eyes seemed to say, "I've seen much, but this is new." Sechwe was terrified and sat huddled together with Oukwanay's wife who held a protective arm around her shoulder. The baby, about whom Mrs. Marshall had been so concerned, looked around a few times from his perch in Sechwe's kaross and then, dropping his head back, slept through the rest of the trip with his head bouncing up and down with every jolt of the truck. The old woman, whose husband had run away, was the most animated of the group. With a sparkle in her eye and gesticulating broadly, she kept up a running commentary to me, not one word of which I understood. I occasionally checked with Ledimo, who reassured me that she was saying nothing of importance. As she chattered on, I smiled back at her, occasionally grabbing her wrinkled arm when she slid too close to the edge of the truck.

The three young boys were completely delighted. As the truck bounced about, they followed its every movement with all the confidence of those young for whom the world has no terrors. One of them rode up forward on top of the cab, sitting on a spare tire stowed on my camera platform. Riding high in the air with a clear view in all directions, he looked

down at the tops of the small trees floating by and surveyed the desert from an angle he had never seen before. He called out to me over the roar of the truck, and Ledimo translated that he was requesting to be assigned the same seat for the next day's ride.

We made several five-minute stops, as both Sechwe and Oukwanay's wife were not feeling well. Ultimately we reached camp where many arms reached ~~out~~^{up} to help lower our passengers to the ground. The passengers unpacked and dropped their things twenty yards outside our circle of trucks, and by the time we sat down to our dinner, they had a fire going and were completely at home. The next morning Oukwanay's wife, accompanied by the old woman for companionship, started off on the fifteen-mile journey by themselves to avoid another truck ride. Later in the day we again loaded our Bushmen on the truck and our caravan started off.

Our passengers now were more relaxed, but we still stopped about every half-hour to give them a rest. We eventually caught up with the two walking women who ignored us until we called out to offer them water at which point they broke into a run to reach us. Again they refused the offer of a ride and even turned down a suggestion that we take the load they were carrying. When their thirst was quenched, they stood aside and ^{WE}drove our trucks off again. As the women disappeared into the distance I thought of them fearlessly traveling alone through the unmarked desert. Whenever one of us left camp, he always

carried a shotgun for protection and, if possible, stayed near the trucks' spoor so that he could find his way back.

The trucks followed each other in line, and a coiled puff adder, run over by the first, was beaten further into the sand by each succeeding truck. We reached a spot a half-mile from a pan which the Bushmen called /ai-ha-o, and here they and we made camps, seventy-five feet apart. The two old women showed up before nightfall, much to our relief. I thought about these two women walking through the desert that day. I feared that they would never make it alive, but to them it was an ordinary act that they had done countless times before. That night, as we sat around our campfire after dinner, Oukwanay and /Gai came over to join us amid a chorus of "Tschams!" They squatted on the ground to sit at the fire with us. Perhaps it was just a formality on their part, but we felt that a bond of trust had been established. In the nights to follow, they would often come to sit quietly around our fire and listen while we talked, or Bob played his chanter, or John his harmonica. And every evening before turning in, I'd pay them a brief visit in their werft, which they had established beneath a small thorn tree. I'd stumble through the dark to their three tiny fires, which were all within ten feet of each other. Oukwanay and his wife sat near one, /Gai, Sechwe, and the baby around another, and the old woman and the three boys around the third. Visiting each in turn, I'd join them on the ground and we'd sit there, looking quietly at each other across the fire. Though the temperature

was well below freezing, they wore no more clothing than the few square inches they did during the day. The two-year-old infant wore only his tiny loin cloth which hung down a couple of inches in front, flopping loosely as he moved. Huddled close together, they squatted virtually touching the two little sticks from which flickered their tiny fire. Settled low down, they were sheltered from any breeze by the surrounding grass. We'd sit without a sound, but now and then with a gesture of the hand, a toss of the head, or a movement of the body, we'd recall some funny incident that had taken place during the day's work, and would all laugh together, as wordlessly we'd joke back and forth. Waving goodnight, I'd pick my way back through the bush to my tent and fall asleep with a warm glow.

In the days that followed, Mrs. Marshall questioned each one of them in turn with Wilhelm or Ledimo as interpreter. She learned their kinship system, their stories, their beliefs; Elizabeth gathered material for her book; John took movies; and I took still pictures, made sound recordings, recharged storage batteries, measured our water reserves, and performed frequent repairs on cameras, sound systems, Bob's typewriter, tant zippers, and all the other mechanical things which didn't fall into Cas's domain.

Many times John and I would simultaneously take movies and still pictures of the same event to avoid duplication of effort, such as the shaping of an arrow point from the leg bone of an ostrich, and how it was made poisonous by being smeared



with the innards of the grub of an insect. To minimize danger to the hunter should he accidentally scratch himself on the point, the poison was applied only to the shaft immediately behind the triangular arrowhead, thus requiring deep penetration to be effective. Though some of the arrowheads were shaped into triangular barbs, others were just slim shafts of pointed bone. Each style was about six inches long, and its rear, also pointed, was thrust into one end of a thin, eighth-inch, hollow reed -- making the overall arrow eighteen inches long. There were no stabilizing feathers used, the light weight of the trailing reed supplying the necessary drag to keep it going head first.

These tiny people, with their little three-foot bows and flimsy lightweight arrows, stood little chance of killing a large animal outright, but had to rely instead on the slow action of the poison. After successfully stalking an animal to get within the thirty-yard range within which their weapons were effective and then getting a good shot, they would have to continue to follow the animal until the poison had taken effect. Trailing far enough behind to prevent frightening the animal into a needlessly tiring chase, they would still have to remain close enough to claim the carcass before vultures, jackals, and hyenas could strip the dead body clean of meat. (On a previous expedition John had filmed four Bushmen pelting a dozen lions with lumps of clay, driving them from the body of an animal their poison had killed.) Though a small animal like a springbok might die from the poison in a couple of hours,

one as large as a giraffe had to be trailed carefully for as long as four days before its death. Some of the poisons were obtained from plants, others from grubs; but they all killed by circulating through the bloodstream to vital organs while leaving the meat safe to eat.

We watched them setting snares for small animals by means of a sinew noose laid out in a circle on the sand. A nearby bush was held bent over by a string which was fastened at its other end to a wooden trigger at the center of the noose. A slight touch on the trigger would release the string allowing the bush to straighten out and yank the noose tight. The snare had been erected in what appeared to be a heavily traveled path, and bushes were piled on each side of the noose to force the animals to walk through it. The strategy was too successful, for each time we revisited the area the snare had disappeared the spoor showing that the trapped animal had been large enough to make off with it.

We made sound movies while they gathered tsama melons, and used the sharp ends of their digging sticks to chop a circular piece off the tops. Then, with the blunt end of the sticks, they mashed the pulp inside the bowl that remained. Scooping up the mush inside with their hands, they'd suck it off their fingers with a juicy slurp. As they ate, they spat out the seeds, carefully saving them for later roasting in the fire. We filmed how they made an arrow quiver by cooking a length of tree root until its bark could be slipped off one end as a



Oukwanay tends the fire while his wife de-louses another woman



Mashing the pulp of a Tsama melon with
a digging stick

complete cylinder, which they capped with a gemsbok's scrotum. We photographed the scraping of a gemsbok hide, and its subsequent tanning with human urine which had been collected in an empty tsama melon. We were surprised by the factory-made appearance of the rope they made by rolling grass against their thighs. (Until we actually watched it being done, we had been skeptical of their claims that they had made it themselves, believing rather that it was a commercial product which had been involved in numerous exchanges, eventually finding its way here.) I photographed each person's possessions in turn, a simple matter. All the belongings of Oukwanay and his wife weighed less than twenty pounds combined. Stretched out on the ground before them was a hunting bow, a few arrows, a quiver, a knife, a carrying net made from grass rope knotted together, a reed mat for sifting tsama seeds from the ashes in which they had been roasted, a few ornaments, a digging stick, a broken fire stick, and a hide hunting bag that led to a dispute over its ownership. Packed among their things was a narrow band of sinew to be tied around the waist when food was scarce. Pulled in tightly on the belly, it would ease the pangs of hunger. We were given a demonstration of how fire is made with the use of two sticks. One, made of soft wood, had a small cup-shaped depression cut out in its side. This, called the "female" stick, was laid flat on the ground, the tiny hollowed-out cup facing upward. The second, "male" fire stick, made of harder wood, was held vertically with its lower end resting in the cup of

the female fire stick. Sitting on the ground, the Bushman held the female fire stick down firmly with one foot, and rolled the vertical one rapidly between the palms of his hands, pressing down heavily at the same time. The downward pressure of his reciprocating hands slid them down the length of the stick, and when they reached the bottom, he snapped them quickly back to the top. The friction produced in the cup by the spinning of the vertical stick bearing down on it soon ground a little powder, which accumulated until it spilled over the edge onto a bundle of dried grass placed beneath. At the same time the heat generated in the cup caused the powdered wood to turn brown, and then black, and eventually a thin wisp of smoke curled up from it. Working rapidly and hard, he began breathing heavily. In less than a minute, the smoldering wooden powder overflowed onto the grass with sufficient heat to induce a few tiny wisps to glow red. Putting the sticks aside, he breathed gently on the tiny burning specks until, with a little puff of smoke, they burst into flame.

Bill and I tried our hands at it, and although I never was successful, he managed to get a flame going in five minutes, at the expense of some large blisters on his palms. He tried again several other times, but could never do it again. We would occasionally give the Bushmen matches, which they used with the same lack of wonder they exhibited toward all our other mechanical marvels. Though the children delighted in riding in our vehicles (we couldn't move our jeep fifty feet

without the boys climbing aboard for a ride), and all enjoyed the fruits of our rifles, they never inquired about their workings. Everything we showed them was different, and yet they accepted it all without wonder and without limit. (Once, when accompanying us on a hunting trip, they pointed out a distant animal which was a barely visible dot on the horizon, and expected us to shoot it from where we stood.)

I couldn't observe their reaction to the sound recorder for, after leaving the more sophisticated farm Bushmen, we never again let them listen to the sounds captured by the tape. Mr. Marshall explained to us that on a previous expedition he had let the Bushmen listen to how the machine could reproduce their voices. As a result, whenever the machine was left running with the microphone unattended so that they could record impromptu Bushman conversation, the typed translations which were painstakingly prepared by linguists back in Johannesburg consisted primarily of requests for presents directed to the microphone. Perhaps because of their ignorance of its capabilities, they showed no interest in the tape recorder, nor for that matter, in any of the cameras. We could safely leave cameras, rifles, or any of the most delicate equipment about for days on end without the slightest fear that they would be touched by inquisitive hands. Even the children never disturbed any of our equipment, not even out of curiosity. Regardless of how vital our water, food, or other supplies were to them, we could safely leave them out in the open unattended, knowing that they would literally never be touched. The only exception of which

I was aware was the admiring fingering of the cloth of my shirt, which they compared with the worn, dried animal hides which they wore.

For the sake of observation, we hoped they would go about their business as much as possible without too much concern about our presence. The men set snares, the women gathered gemsbok cucumbers, and in the evening dusk they would all disappear into the veldt in search of firewood for the night, returning from long distances with enormous loads on their shoulders. Tiny, four-foot-six Sechwe, her baby still on her back, would return to the werft carrying a hundred-pound load of wood. As they picked their way slowly back through the bush, even the old woman would be loaded with several logs, the biggest of which might be a half-foot in diameter and six feet long. Back in the werft, she would carefully lean over and her load would crash to the ground. To keep from trespassing on their sources of life, we picked none of the melons in the area, and sent the jeep in search of firewood beyond ~~there~~^{where} they would go. Every evening it would come back buried under such a load of wood that it would recall the moving forest of Macbeth.

Because of the paucity of both plants and animals in this part of the desert, a large part of the Bushmen's life was spent in an endless search for food. Consequently, anyone that we tied up with interviews or picture-making would have to be supplied with food and water from our own stock. They were glad to eat anything we offered, including "ripe" meat, left-over

canned peaches, hot chocolate, or mielie meal porridge. I was told that they ate, when available, flying ants and a delicacy called "Bushman's rice," consisting of a white mass of termite eggs. If a thing was edible, they ate it.

Some of the meat we had given the Bushmen continued to hang in their werft long after we had finished ours. The odor, which at first was only faintly noticeable downwind, began to permeate the entire werft with a foul stench. I watched Oukwanay and two of the boys carefully pick the maggots from this rotting meat and then cook and eat what was left.

Another time while hunting for food, Wilhelm shot a gemsbok shortly after he had seen it chase away a leopard. Nearby, he came across the half-eaten remains of the gemsbok's day-old calf. After a two-hour jeep ride under the hot sun, the mother's body arrived in camp so bloated with the gas pressure that had built up within her intestines that she seemed ready to burst. The Bushmen rushed over, and reaching under the now stiffened body with one hand, milked it into the cupped palm of the other and lapped up the warm white liquid it contained. When they left to cook the ravaged calf with its torn-out innards and half-chewed head, I took a turn at milking. Although the flavor was strong, I found it palatable.

One day, Mr. Marshall, Thunis, and Cas took a couple of the trucks to complete the path through to Ghanzi as there was a young, sixteen-year-old girl in Gobabis that Thunis had met in his previous occupation of cream-lorry driver, and he had

arranged to marry her at the end of July. (We later learned that this completion of the trip from Molepolole through to Ghanzi made the front page of the Johannesburg newspapers. They played it up as the successful completion of such a dangerous mission -- with tales of those who had died before in the attempt -- that had I read it before we left I would have been afraid to go.) Another purpose of the trip to Ghanzi was to replenish our diminishing supplies so that we could prolong our stay with this group of Bushmen.

Bill, as camp manager, announced that until they returned, we would have to go on austerity rations. We were all too busy to take time out to go hunting, which meant eating the less desirable cuts of meat from an animal which was already starting to show the effects of hanging a long time from a thorn tree under the hot sun. We had also run out of vegetables, and our meals were rounded out with large helpings of mielie-meal porridge. This white mush had both the consistency and flavor of wall plaster and, if Bill could be believed, was even less nutritious. Philip disguised it in every way possible, but no matter what he did, it ended up being mielie-meal porridge. A large bottle of vitamin capsules stood in the center of our dining table to insure a safe though revolting diet. To boost our sagging morale, Bill introduced us to a new desert. Placing one of our metal dishes in the center of the table, he emptied into it the contents of a jar of peanut butter and a can of jelly, side by side. Reaching in from all sides of the table,

~~Johannesburg - Sunday Times~~

July 19, 1953

Three Weeks In the Kalahari

"Sunday Times" Reporter

The Harvard-Smithsonian Expedition, led by Mr. L. Marshall, completed the crossing of the Kalahari Desert on Friday, after a journey of three weeks. The party took the trackless route from Molopolole to Ghanzi Farms, a distance of 420 miles.

Other members of the expedition were Dr. Story, of Pretoria, and Mr. Kruger, of Johannesburg. They were guided through the trackless waste by Theunis Burger, of Ghanzi.

The crossing, which is one of the most difficult in the Kalahari, has been responsible for many deaths during the past 50 years. The last expedition to complete the journey was that of Burger, Drotzky, and the late Dr. Kotze, of Maun, in 1952.

The object of the expedition was to make a study of plants and the few surviving bushmen in this area.

The earliest expedition to cross the desert was that made by Joseph McCabe in May, 1853, a journey which took nearly four months.

we each scooped up a teaspoonful of first one and then the other. To our bored appetites, it was a wonderful change, and we immediately christened it "Donnelan's Surprise." We really thought it was wonderful, and happily had it for des^sert at every meal for the next two weeks. I recently tried it again in the comfort of my home after a good meal, and was appalled that we could ever have scraped a plate clean of the stuff.

Mr. Marshall always served as bartender for our sundowners.

Back in the United States he mixed drinks with a heavy hand that had me glassy-eyed after one round, but out in the bush his servings of two pre-dinner cocktails left me completely rational. Now, in his absence, Bill took over the role of mixing the drinks and poured the liquor with abandon. As we polished off his first one, it took effect in much the same manner as Dr. Jaekel's magic potion. Months of isolation together had inevitably created interpersonal friction, but we had managed to keep ourselves under control. Now as Bill's strong drinks went to work, our civilized veneer slipped away and we began to attack each other verbally. With rising spirit we deftly pricked into each other's opinions and mannerisms with needle-like punctures. The second round of drinks increased our enthusiasm for battle but blunted our subtlety, and we slashed at each other more crudely with wildly swinging outlasses. Philip came over to tell us that dinner was ready, but we quickly shooed him away. Bill broke precedent by serving a third round and, with thickening tongues, we bashed at each other with loose clods of invective. Philip's repeated pleas that we come to dinner went ignored as we ~~mentally~~ verbally wrestled each other into the mud.

Eventually having exhausted ourselves we turned to face a furious Philip and sat down to our cold dinner. But now the air was crisper, our eyes clearer, and the weight which had been slowly accumulating on us over a long period of time seemed lifted. The next day we went back to our work refreshed; but nevertheless Mrs. Marshall took Bill aside and advised him to make the drinks less potent in the future.

We continued with our work of recording everything we could about the Bushmen's lives and tried something that had never been done on the Marshalls' previous expeditions, the making of sound movies. I had hoped to convince them that this would not be an impossible task under these conditions, and now set about to prove it. It was to be a complicated process, with John, Elizabeth, and myself working as a team. I showed John the modifications required in the movie camera, taught Elizabeth how to operate the tape recorder, and myself acted as coordinator. I had brought along a special motor for the camera, and *also* a device which generated a signal keyed to the speed at which the camera was running. This inaudible signal, mixed with the sounds heard by the microphone, was recorded on the tape. Half a year later, back in a studio with some equipment I designed, I was able to combine the sound from the tape and the picture from the camera into a single piece of film, the extra signal recorded with the sound indicating how fast the camera had been running, and allowing sound and picture to be synchronized.

During close-up scenes, the noise made by the camera would have been picked up by the microphone, and so the camera was placed in a padded box (known technically as a "blimp") to muffle the sound. Not certain as to how well I had sold the idea of making sound movies, I had brought along a home-made blimp instead of one of the expensive commercial ones available. I don't think John ever forgave me for the struggles he had to go through with my nightmarish contraption of plywood, carpeting, and the multiple hinges which were supposed to permit easy access to the camera.

To make a sound movie, I placed the microphone near the subject, but out of view of the camera. Standing in the middle of the scene to be photographed, I would hold up a small blackboard carrying a chalked number to identify the scene. When John signaled he was ready, I would call out "Sound," and Elizabeth, sitting at the tape recorder with earphones on her head, would raise her hand to show me she had started the machine. I would then call out "Camera," and after pausing an instant to make sure it had been started and was up to speed, would call out the number that the camera saw written on the blackboard. Thus, my voice announcement on the tape would later make it possible to pair it with the proper piece of film.

There was still one final piece of business to be done before the actual scene could be recorded. Mounted on top of the blackboard that I held up in front of the camera were two long wooden sticks painted with black and white stripes for good

visibility and hinged together at one end (known in Hollywood as "clapsticks.") I would swing them quickly together, and they would hit with a resounding bang. Later, in putting the film and sound track together, the picture on the film of the sticks hitting and the tape recording of the sound they made would serve as reference points for accurately matching them together.

Having completed the above rigmarole of calling "Sound," "Camera," "Scene number _____," and banging the clapstick, I'd run out of the way as quickly as possible, leaving the camera an unobstructed view. (Until they grew accustomed to my antics, these actions so startled the Bushmen that they would stop doing whatever interesting thing we had started filming, and would turn to watch me instead.) During the rest of the scene, I'd quietly work my way over to Elizabeth to see how the sound was recording. Among our many problems was the noise the wind made by blowing on the microphone or the sounds Philip made in his kitchen, pounding away at a piece of meat to soften it for dinner.

In the rush of leaving for Africa, I had never had a chance to try out the overall system, and I spent the rest of the expedition worrying about whether the picture and sound were really synchronizing, or whether all this hard labor was for nothing. When we finally saw the results, they were better than I had hoped, and some of them were shown on television by a national network.

Though we had already covered many aspects of the Bushmen's life with sound recordings and silent movies made independently



Setting up for shooting a sound movie. John on the camera, me
with the earphones







●● Cass helps me with the "clapst" ●● while I hold the microphone at the
start of a sound film shot of the loud dance going on in back ●●



Making sound movies of a Bushman dance

of each other, once we had started to combine the two mediums into sound films, we realized its enormous possibilities and began making sound movies of anything that would move and make a noise at the same time. The action to which we gave our highest priority was Oukwanay's playing of music on the hunting bow. He sat on the sand with an empty, dried-out tsama melon open side down in front of him as a resonator. Placing one end of his wooden bow on the melon and the other end on his shoulder, he reached his foot around so that his toes rested on the central part of the bow which arched closest to the ground, holding it firmly in place. In his right hand, he held a grass reed with which he rhythmically struck at the lower end of the bowstring, while with his left hand ~~held~~ ^{occasionally plucked at} the middle of its length, ~~he occasionally plucked at it~~ or else, touching it lightly, selected harmonics. His chin was suspended above the upper end of the string, and he would occasionally push down on it, raising the note it played, or, rocking his head so that his chin rested lower down on the string, would raise it to still another note. The melodies he played, though repetitive, were hauntingly beautiful. He explained that he had composed all he played and, ignoring us and our cameras, was soon carried away in the melody. The old, wrinkled-skin man squatting there in the empty quiet of the desert, closed his tired eyes as he lost himself in the soft melody that he picked out of his hunting bow. Then, so feebly at first that it could barely be heard above the lightly tapped string, his voice would emerge softly humming the song,

and slowly evolve into a few mumbled words sung over and over again. The music from his voice and his bow intertwined in a simple, lovely pattern which, against the background of the desert quiet, was as soul-filling as an entire symphony orchestra.

The first time we recorded his music, it held us so spell-bound that we were finally startled back to reality by the camera's running out of film. Though he sang a word or two, his songs were in the nature of tone poems, each reminiscent of a different incident. The song whose melody moved us the most was one he called "Bitter Melons," describing the time they had located a new batch of tsama melons to quench their thirst, only to find them bitter.

In somewhat similar manner, two of the young boys would get together and play the hunting bow cooperatively. One would hold and play it the same way as Oukwanay, except for the striking of the lower end of the string with the grass reed, which was performed by the other. In addition, the one holding the bow rapidly beat it up and down on the melon resonator, adding a knocking sound. We recorded many of the songs that the boys played, each having to do with some different animal. Sometimes, they ^{would} sing along with it or make animal growling sounds. In the middle of filming their hyena song, we were startled to see them drop the bow and, while our camera took it all in, enact hyenas copulating. We recorded some of the other ways in which they made music, including Sechwe's rhythmical beating of her palm and wrist with a bundle of dried grass held in the other hand;



Oukwanay sings a song, accompanying himself on his hunting bow



Oukwanay plays a song on his
hunting bow







Oukwanay tries to teach me to play the hunting bow

the young boy, Guyamaquay (which he insisted we pronounce with the accent on the last syllable), holding a piece of grass against his teeth with one hand, plucking it with the other, and changing the tone with the shape of his mouth ^{similar to the way} ~~like~~ a Jew's harp; ^{IS PLAYED} and /ai/ubbie whip out a snappy marching beat with a "bull roarer" (made in ^{SLIGHTLY} different ways around the world, but in this case a feather was ^{LINKED} ~~connected~~ to one end of a stick ^{BY} with a two-foot length of string ~~between~~. Rapid ^{WAVING} ~~shaking~~ of the stick caused the feather to ^Whip through the air at the end of the string, producing a loud droning buzz).

We filmed a men's ostrich dance in which the women remained in the background clapping out a rhythm. The men stood in line, stamping their feet and grunting in time to the women's beat. They took turns at being bull ostriches. One at a time, the other men left the line to challenge the one who stood alone. In time to the rhythm, he would bend over while the other passed his leg over him and then moved on. Some of the twisting, thrashing, rhythmic body motions were beautifully graceful, while following closely to the persistent beating rhythm.

Still another game had its practical side. The imperfect tanning of their animal hides required constant attention in the form of kneading, and as the curing and making of clothing is considered a natural extension of the original hunt for the animal, it is considered man's work. Men and boys gather in a circle around the skin to be softened, and singing a special song, join in folding and pounding the skin in rhythm.



Women, at dusk, bringing in wood for the evening fire

Bill, as a surgeon, became interested in the Bushmen's concepts of how the body's organs functioned. The next time a springbok was shot, he questioned Oukwanay about it, using Wilhelm as interpreter and Elizabeth as recording secretary. As we squatted in the sand around the animal, Bill carefully dissected out one organ after another. Pointing to each part in turn, he asked Oukwanay its function. ^{OUKWANAY EXPLAINED} ~~He was told~~ that the testicles were the place where "baby springboks were made" and that it was through the penis that they were transplanted to the female, but ~~Bill~~ got confused in tracing the channels which connected them, and ended up tying the bladder into the process.

He knew that food went into the stomach where, somehow or other, it was turned into fat and distributed to the rest of the body. He didn't know what the lungs were for, nor most of the other organs. He didn't know that the blood ^{CIRCLED AROUND} ~~was~~ through the body; but, not knowing the difference between arteries and veins, believed that the heart caused the blood to pulsate back and forth along each. Interestingly enough, until three hundred years ago, our own ancestors believed the same thing. Darkness fell, but the anatomy lesson continued by the light of a kerosene lamp until long past dinner time.

Though the Bushmen's relationship to each other was a passive, cooperative thing, we were told that at times it was hardened by the cruel necessities of the desert. The children nursed any time they wished and weaned themselves when ready,

so that occasionally a five-year-old child would still be seen at its mother's breast. It was explained that as the milk supply would be inadequate to feed both a large and small child simultaneously, throughout the period that an older one nursed, any newborn infant would have to be killed. (However, at a later time with another group, I did see a woman nurse an older and a younger child at the same time.)[#] Though the Bushmen were strongly cooperative and a person unable to hunt, like Oukwanay, would be fed by one who could, like /Gai, the dependent one could not be allowed to jeopardize the life of the others. Because of some chronic infection to his eyes, Oukwanay was slowly going blind, and he stated simply that his hindrance to /Gai's traveling in search of food was growing so acute that he expected that within a year he and his wife would be abandoned to die in the desert. (Bill treated his eyes as best he could and left him a tube of aureomycin ointment to be used for as long as it lasted after we had gone, but felt that because of the long neglect, it could only delay -- and not prevent -- his eventual blindness.)

Despite the grim possibilities that life seemed to hold in store for them, these were a cheerful people. The tiny two-year-old infant waddled trustingly from person to person and received unstinting love from each. Nestled on his mother's breast during the cold night or sitting contentedly on his father's belly while he lay stretched out in the noonday sun, he basked in a life secure with love. The older boys would



The children are allowed to wean themselves when they want, which

sometimes leave their games to play with him, and the old women took turns at fondling him.

The three older boys played at their games together, seemingly never tiring of each other's company. Oukwanay and his wife huddled together in the wordless association resulting from their many years together. The old woman whose husband had run off in fear joked about all that he was missing, and seemed confident that he would return to her safely. (He never did show up during the rest of our stay.)

The overall atmosphere of their life was one of quiet confidence and a strong sense of security despite the surrounding dangers. Without homes, without agriculture, without cattle, without possessions, without even water -- life was worthwhile to them.

Our own hardships at this time were many, but trivial. As our own inadequately washed bodies made the Bushmen's odors less apparent, we became more cognizant of our rationed water supply. Despite all precautions, the hoses marked red for gasoline and green for water would get mixed, and for a week our drinking water, cups of tea, and even our sundowners would be infused with the oily taste of gasoline. A five-gallon galvanized tub that Philip washed our dishes in had not had a change of water in many weeks. The greasy brown liquid had acquired the same color and consistency as the rusty drainings of a defective automobile radiator. It was vigorously debated

as to whether immersing our dishes in this concoction was any more sanitary than leaving them unwashed. Cleaning them with sand was rejected, as it was still necessary to use the same water to rinse off the clinging grit.

I had long since made the mental transition from the gleaming, white porcelain refrigerated showcases butchers display their meats in, to our method of skinning a bloated animal carcass as it lay on the sand, and hanging its dismembered parts in a thorn tree, which, though it kept away jackals and hyenas, had no deterring action on insects. Finally, when breaking camp, we tossed the meat on the back of a truck, to be buried under spare tires, boxes of supplies, or walked on with boots. (One evening, such a stench came from a truck that we spent the next half-hour hunting with our noses and flashlights among the gasoline drums until we located a piece of rotting meat which had lain forgotten among them for the past several weeks.)

4 It was now the end of July and the middle of winter. Although the temperature was ninety during the day, it sank to twenty-five at night. The transition at dusk was so rapid that within a few minutes ~~of dusk~~ ^{OVER OUR KHAKI SHIRTS,} we'd all be wearing several layers of sweaters and windbreakers. ~~4~~ The cold did discourage insects, scorpions, and snakes from visiting our camp at night, but one morning we discovered the tracks of a twenty-foot-long mamba (a deadly snake whose poison kills within ten minutes) which entered a rodent-hole right in our camp. We cleared away all the grass from within ten feet of the opening and from a distance

of twenty feet, John held a shotgun pointed at it while by his side, Mr. Marshall used a mirror to reflect a beam of sunlight down the dark hole. While we all watched tensely, Cas poured a gallon of gasoline into the three-inch-wide hole and then dropped in a lighted match. Yellow flames came out for about five minutes, but no mamba. We concluded that one had been there in search of a rodent, and then left before we had first noticed its tracks. Simon explained that the snake had not dug the hole himself because, as he put it, "A snake has no feet to digging with."

We continued our work, with Mrs. Marshall learning the Bushmen's stories, their groupings of the stars into constellations differing from ours, and the tales that they wove about them; while John went off on side excursions with the Bushmen to film other aspects of their life. Once they took him to a place where the sand was right so that they could demonstrate how they kept cool during the heat of the summer's day. When the temperature might reach 130 degrees, they scooped out a shallow trench in the sand, and after urinating on it, lay down in the moist center and covered themselves with the remainder. They would remain buried there until the cool of the late afternoon.

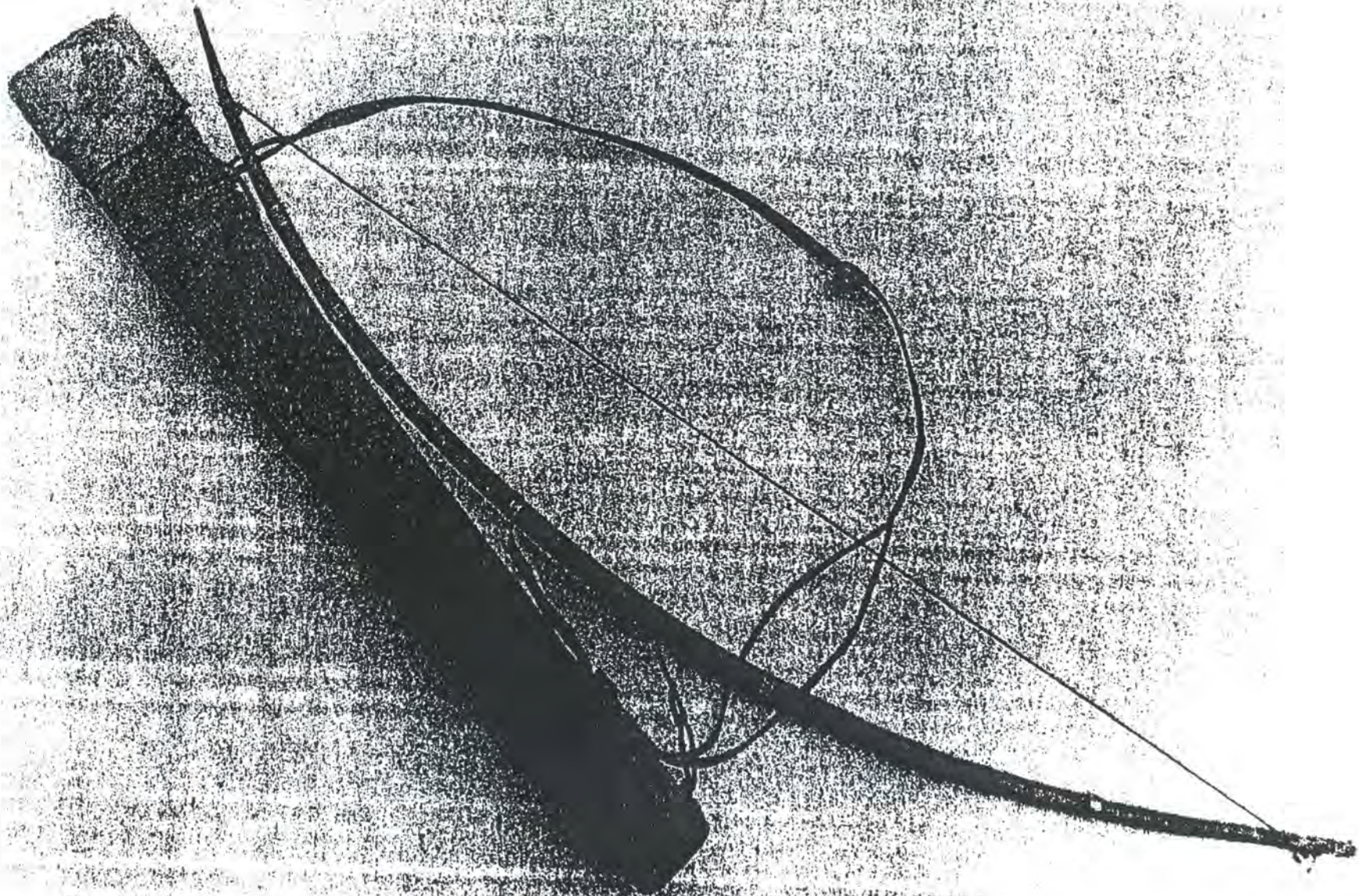
Elsewhere, they demonstrated their occasionally effective "sip wells." When the underlying sand retained any moisture, they would dig a small hole down to the damp layer and pack a handful of dry grass at the bottom. A long hollow reed would

be inserted ^{VERTICALLY} and the hole refilled with sand. By sucking at the exposed top of the reed, the moisture would be drawn from the damp sand into the wad of grass, and the accumulated drops drawn up through the tube into the mouth. The laboriously gathered water would be emptied through another reed into an empty ostrich egg shell container for later use.

Elizabeth continued to load movie cameras for John and to work the tape recorder for our sound movies. I continued in my multiple role of taking still pictures, coordinating the sound movies, making tape recordings, and keeping the equipment repaired. During this one stretch, I had to disassemble the mechanism of two different movie cameras to remove the sand; repair the damaged workings of another; align the view finders, disassemble the lens from a miniature camera and reinsert the screw from inside its jammed focusing mechanism which had worked its way out of place and ended up in a critical spot; and repair the hole burned in the shutter of another by the rays of the sun focused through its lens, developing a roll of film to check the results.

To supplement our supplies, Bill, Cas, and Bob followed the spoor laid down by Mr. Marshall's truck and made another trip to Ghanzi and back. We were using up film at a rapid rate, and we sent off several large cartons full to be processed in the United States. We hoped the truck would return with the new film Mr. Marshall had ordered on his previous trip to Ghanzi; but, as it had not yet arrived, we began to ration what was left.





Hunting bow and quiver

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One evening before turning in, I strolled over to that PART of camp where our boys were located. Their fire was still going, and by its light I could see Philip, Ledimo, and Heinrich sitting on their cots talking softly. Stretched out on his cot, Wilhelm listened quietly to what was going on, while in the darkness of the last cot Simon lay asleep. They greeted me as I came over and sat down to join in their conversation.

After a while, Philip started to ask me something. Then, abandoning English, which he sometimes did when trying to explain complex thoughts, he ~~spoke~~^{SPOKE} instead in the low, soft rumble of his familiar Herero tongue. With his greater fluency, Ledimo translated, "Doctor Mongano asks why it is that Christmas is to be found all over the world." ("Doctor Mongano, Commissioner of Food and Sanitation for the Kalahari" was Philip's self-appointed title for the purpose of impressing the Natives he had visited back in Molepolole.) I answered that Christmas wasn't uniformly observed throughout the world and pointed out the people of India and China as exceptions.

Understanding what I had said, Philip said something else in Herero, and again Ledimo spoke, "But isn't Christianity being taught all over the world?" "There are many trying to," I answered. "But all the people in your country believe in Christianity." "Most of them do." The questioning continued along this line for quite a while, with Ledimo translating for Philip or sometimes originating a question of his own. Philip could follow most of my answers unaided, but Ledimo would occasionally translate them into Herero.

Heinrich leaned forward on the edge of his cot, keenly interested in everything being said, while Wilhelm -- somewhat

indifferent -- looked out from under his covers with one eye. Finally, Ledimo blurted out, "Kopperendee, you are giving very clever answers; but you don't tell us what you think." I said that I had no religious beliefs, but they didn't understand what I meant. I explained further about being an agnostic, and they were incredulous. "You must believe in something! Weren't your parents Christians?" I explained that, although my background was Jewish, I myself had no beliefs. Speaking for the first time, Heinrich looked at me and said softly, "I pray that you will find God," and Ledimo and Philip nodded their heads in silent assent.

There was a long pause, and then the questioning started anew. Now that they knew where I stood, they spoke out with what had been at the bottom of their hearts the whole time. "Why have the missionaries taken us away from the gods of our people? Some of us have two Gods, the old and the new. We don't know what we have. The missionaries brought us Christianity and they brought us sin. We used to have no evil, and now we do. Before they came, a child did not have sexuality until he was thirty; now little three-year-old children have sexuality. Our fathers used to be happy on the kraal; now we go to the city where there is nothing. We have no happiness in life. What is to become of us?"

One afternoon, while busily at work in the werft, we saw a half-dozen Bushman men approach through the bush, walking in their customary single file. They were from the same tribe as, and were therefore relatives to, Oukwanay and the rest. While they sat about, we questioned them about many things, including where their women and children were, and whether they were coming also. They said they didn't know, and Mrs. Marshall explained to me that this could mean anything, but that most probably the women were just out of sight, waiting to be reassured that everything was all right, and might well show up within a half-hour. Exactly thirty minutes later, a line of nine women and children filed into the werft. I never found out how they had been given the "come on" signal; nor, for that matter, how the men had known it was safe for they themselves to approach us in the first place. Somehow or other, they had learned that food and water were being given out here and had decided to risk it.

It had to be explained to them several times that we only fed those that we kept from hunting. This really meant little, because their culture demanded that all food be shared. The one we fed was thus required to divide what he had with the others. That evening the new arrivals and our old friends clustered together around a couple of fires, one for the men and another for the women. By means of a microphone dangling from a tree over their heads and a long wire which stretched back to our camp, I recorded their animated conversations. There were

always several people talking simultaneously, and it seemed impossible to pick out one conversation from another. There were moments when I was sure that everyone was talking and no one was listening. After a couple of hours, the conversation died down, and I heard a new sound, like the tinkling of oriental bells. I later saw that the newcomers had brought a musical instrument which had been borrowed from the Negro cultures of South Africa. This was a "finger piano" consisting of a thin, wooden, four-inch-square board with one face covered by a dozen flattened iron wires fastened firmly at one end, and the open mouth of an empty tin can held lightly pressed against the underside of the board to act as a resonator. Using the fingers of both hands the player plucked down on the free ends of the iron wires, which sprang back, producing a dainty chime-like tone, a different pitch for each length of wire. Sounding several notes at a time and running through a rapidly repetitive pattern, the music produced was not unlike that made by the oriental chandeliers ^{WITH} ~~were~~ assorted pieces of glass suspended from strings ~~and~~ blown against each other by the wind ^{PRODUCING} ~~with~~ a tinkling sound. Though pleasant to listen to as background music, it did not express the deep feelings released through Oukwanay's bow.

Later that night the newcomers established their own werft under a tree fifty yards away, soon had a half-dozen tiny fires going, and by next morning were firmly established as part of the scene.

One evening the combined groups wanted to have a dance in celebration of a gemsbok we had shot, but we asked them to delay it until morning when we would have enough light for our cameras. They agreed, but in the heat of day their dance did not have the fervor that it might have had the previous evening when their enthusiasm was still high and the temperature low enough so as to stimulate motion. However, it was sufficiently emotion-packed that one man fell into a deep trance, but we didn't film it because of one of the many difficulties that we had with making sound films. In this instance, I was shouting the scene number into the microphone, trying to make myself heard above the loud noise of the dance when, unknown to me, the Bushman fell to the ground. When I looked up at the camera to work the clapstick, I saw John signaling me with his outstretched arm pointing vigorously to one side, while his father, standing next to him, was motioning to me just as strenuously ^{P=H-V, H/G} in the opposite direction. By the time I found out that one was trying to show me that there was a prostrate Bushman to my left, and the other was telling me to get out of the way to the right, the incident was over.

We would have liked to stay with these people much longer, but there was a schedule to meet. On a previous expedition a couple of years earlier, the Marshalls had spent fourteen months living with a group of Bushmen on the northern edge of the Kalahari, and wanted to revisit them to get additional data. As John would soon have to return home to start the new term at college, we began to wind up affairs with the /Gikwe group.

Mr. Marshall left a week ahead of us so as to make the round trip to Windhoek to pick up fresh film and still be able to meet us at Ghanzi, our next stop. He had a parting conversation with Oukwanay, who said that in the future he would camp near the trucks' spoor so that he would not miss us should we ever return. Mr. Marshall warned that, though we had come wishing him no harm and sought only to learn about his people, not everybody felt the same as we, and that after we left others might come along the track we had made and take him away to work for them. Oukwanay's final statement to Mr. Marshall was, "You came in peace, and you leave in peace."

Mr. Marshall and Bob climbed into one of the trucks and left for the long trip ahead of them, while the rest of us returned to our multifold jobs at an increased pace. Finally the time came when we too had to leave, and we broke camp. Mrs. Marshall distributed presents of penknives, short lengths of iron wire, files, pieces of cloth, and -- the best present of all -- blankets. She asked Oukwanay for, and received, the hunting bow with which he had given us such beautiful music.

We had been deliberately conservative in calculating our water supply, and now had a surplus, which we distributed. In anticipation of this, we had saved all our empty bottles and now, filling them to the brim, left them in Oukwanay's care. Calling all the Bushmen together, we pumped water into every open container that they could drink from, and these we refilled as quickly as they were emptied. It was the first water some

of them had seen in many months, and they made the most of it. I watched as one man held the edge of a deep wash basin up to his lips and gulped down the several quarts it contained. Nearing the end, he stopped to gasp for breath, and then continued. With a great effort, he forced down the last few drops before handing back the basin.

Four men congregated around a pail of water and standing in the cold morning wind, splashed it upon themselves and then rubbed from head to toe as an ineffective bath. While packing away the last odds and ends, we said goodby, and Oukwanay, wishing us well, hoped that we would have much rain for our journey. We started up the trucks' engines and maneuvered them into line on the track to Ghanzi.

Suddenly, and spontaneously, we all burst out of the trucks and ran over to the collection of watching Bushmen. With tears in our eyes, we hugged, patted, shook hands, and hugged again. We spoke English, they spoke /Gikwe, and all understood each other perfectly. A few moments later, our emotional outburst having satisfied some of the feelings we had need to express, we climbed back onto our trucks and started off. A group of the younger people ran alongside the trucks for about half a mile, waving to us as we waved back. After a while they tired and stopped.

As I looked back at the people we were leaving behind in the distance, I realized that this four-weeks acquaintance, which had started with fear and ended in friendship, would be for me a life-long memory. My mood of nostalgia was quickly dissipated

by the caravan's coming to a halt because of a flat tire; but it was soon fixed, and we continued on, leaving the /Gikwe people behind us for ever.

PART 12

We had a hundred miles to go to reach Ghanzi, but the two previous trips there for supplies had laid down a good track which so increased our speed that we would be able to cover the distance in just a few days. A holiday air prevailed as we drove, for it had been almost two months since we left Molepolole, and after spending all that time in the bush, Ghanzi with its population of twenty-five beckoned with all the allure of a glamorous city. Elizabeth and I shared the truck and on the second day, as she drove through a pan, I sat on top of the cab with a shotgun in case we came across any Guinea fowl. The edge of the pan was surrounded by heavy bush which suddenly parted before a truck that emerged into the open and raced over to meet us. It held a party of half a dozen hunters from Ghanzi who had followed the newly laid track in their search for game. Though the back of their truck had dried blood everywhere, they insisted that they had so far been unsuccessful in finding anything. Among ourselves, we concluded that they had shot an eland, and hid it in the bush when they heard us coming. (In Bechuanaland Protectorate both eland and giraffe are classified as "Royal game" as a conservation measure, and the stiff penalties for shooting them include a five hundred pound fine and confiscation of the rifles, truck, and any other equipment used in the hunt.)

We chatted for a short while, with Cas carrying on most of the conversation in Afrikaans, and then continued on our way.

About an hour later, as dark was falling, we caught up with the rest of our trucks where camp had been started for the night.

Later, while relaxing before dinner by sitting around drinking our sundowners, Cas told us that the hunters had asked him if we had any liquor; but knowing the enormous quantity they could consume, he had answered that we had finished our last drop weeks before. Chuckling over Cas's duplicity, we smugly got halfway through our drinks when Philip cried out that he could see the headlights of an approaching truck. Realizing that it was probably the hunters about to pay us a social call, we sprang into hectic activity. Gulping down what was left of our drinks, we threw the empty glasses into Philip's wash bucket while he quickly brewed us some strong coffee to mask our breaths. We slid into place around the table and gave the appearance of just starting dinner when our visitors arrived. Having already eaten, they declined our invitation to dinner, but accepted a cup of coffee while we ate. Afterwards, we had a pleasant conversation, so that when they had gone we felt a bit ashamed about our little deception.

The next day we came across another truck with some Natives who told us they were with Mr. Midgley, the Ghanzi District Commissioner, who was on a hunting party. Several miles further, a Native ran out of the bush and signaled furiously for us to stop. He told us that the District Commissioner's camp was nearby. Hearing John and Mrs. Marshall go by in the jeep, Mr. Midgley sent the Native out to flag down the other trucks which he knew

must be following. We were told further that we were being invited to meet some visitors he was entertaining. Elizabeth looked at me and I at her, and we each agreed that the other looked like a derelict. In a frantic rush of activity, we buttoned shirts, tightened belts, rolled down sleeves, and passed a comb back and forth between us. We still looked terrible, but there was nothing to do but drive up to his camp.

Only three months had passed since we had seen him on our trip through Ghanzi, but he seemed like a long-lost friend. With him was a man with his wife and two children, whom he had brought down from Ghanzi for a week-end's hunting. While we sat down to tea with them in the shade of an overhanging canvas, the children played in the sand nearby. Bill, readying tall tales of hardship and endurance for home consumption, complained that it was ego-deflating to be voyaging through what he jokingly referred to as "The Big Thirst," only to come across a family on a Sunday picnic, their children unconcernedly playing marbles in the sand. We were told that they would be back in Ghanzi the next day, and after a brief discussion as to whether an animal they had shot was a hyena or a wild dog, we continued on our way.

Bill later told me that the gentleman with Mr. Midgley was a doctor just released from jail in South West Africa after having been imprisoned for six months for performing an abortion. His license to practice was revoked throughout the entire British Empire, and, in an effort to rebuild his life, he was contemplating opening a tiny hotel in Ghanzi, a project which Mr. Midgley was

delighted to encourage. In addition, since there was no medically trained person within several hundred miles, the inhabitants, not overly concerned about his lack of credentials, were probably glad to have his medical skill available.

I was witness to a pathetic scene several days later when the doctor asked Bill to write out a prescription for one of his patients, adding "I'm not in a position to do it myself." Technically, neither was Bill, for he had no license to practice in that country; but that was something readily overlooked.

We stopped for the farm Bushmen who came to the side of the road seeking tobacco. Late that afternoon, we spotted a windmill in the distance. As we approached, we saw the farmhouse beneath it, a squat, white stucco building with a metal roof. In front was a small vegetable garden, the first bright green we had seen in quite a while. This was Thunis's home, and as we pulled up he came out to greet us, surrounded by an assortment of small dogs. He showed us into his house as we were watched by dozens of Bushman and Native farm workers.

He seated us in his cool, dark living room and brought out his young bride for introduction. She was a plump girl of sixteen (not an unusual age for a bride here), and speaking little English, busied herself during most of our stay with serving tea. The room in which we sat was filled with furniture which must have been in the homes of many generations of farmers. In one corner stood a pedal-operated harmonium, with a small battery-operated shortwave receiver resting on top. Every

available shelf and table top carried photographs of relatives and ancestors. Thunis brought out a stack of photographs of his wedding which had taken place a few weeks earlier. The pictures showed enormous, stocky, mustached Afrikaans farmers standing stiffly next to their short, fat wives. Uneasily dressed in their best clothes, the ruddy complexioned Boers glared sternly at the camera as if posed for a nineteenth-century daguerrotype.

A young man entered the room from somewhere within the house, and Thunis introduced him as his brother-in-law who, like his sister, could not speak English. Shortly thereafter a young boy and an older man also emerged from inside, and without introduction sat quietly observing us while we talked with Thunis. It was late in the afternoon when we drove off, seeing Thunis ~~FOR~~ the last time as he stood next to his new bride in front of his house.

We had gone only two hundred yards when the entire differential system on Bill's truck broke free, bringing him to a complete halt. Cas and John climbed underneath. While they grunted, and splattered themselves with oil, Elizabeth held a spotlight to illuminate the source of the trouble which lay in darkness under the truck. The rest of us hunted through the spare parts for bolts of the right size. An hour later, just as darkness fell, we were on our way again.

In another hour we drew abreast of three houses side by side where we stopped. Inside one of the houses was a patient Bill had previously acquired, an eighty-year-old Afrikaans woman

with a severe scalp infection. With no doctor available, and refusing to go to the Catholic hospital in Gobabis two hundred miles away, she had remained untreated for two months. As this was to be Bill's last time through, he would have to treat her now, or never.

After digging out the various sections of Bill's medical kit from the back of the big army truck, we climbed down its sides and entered the farmhouse kitchen. Bill told the farmwife that he would have to operate on the old woman and asked for some hot water in which to scrub. She set an enormous white basin on a table in the middle of the room and filled it with steaming water; placed a huge bar of white soap nearby; and hung a big white towel on the back of a chair. Bill rolled his sleeves up beyond the elbow and scrubbed vigorously. When he finished his arms, he proceeded with his face, the back of his neck, and finished by shampooing his whole head. Having washed during the past two months with nothing more than a cupful of lukewarm water, a sand-covered bar of soap, and a filthy towel, the rest of us looked on with deep envy.

John asked if he could help during the operation and was told that someone was needed to point a flashlight at the wound. Volunteering to be the assistant, John stepped up to the tub of water and soon had his head immersed. When Bill announced that he would need my help too, I quickly rolled up my filthy sleeves and joined John at the basin. Feeling sheepishly like an impostor taking advantage of someone else's troubles, I plunged my arms

deep into the luxury of the hot water, which by now was turning black. I also washed my face, neck, and hair; and for the first time in its young life, my beard received a thorough shampoo. I dried myself on the towel which Bill and John had made black, leaving it blacker still.

Finally the three of us marched into the bedroom where, in a dark corner, the old Afrikaans woman lay in bed. By the light of the kerosene lamp on a nearby table, we could see her stretched out, dressed in a cheap nightgown. She was pale, weak, and in pain. In a feeble voice she questioned Bill in Afrikaans, which was translated into English by the farmwife. Only a few wisps of white hair were left on her head, which had been denuded by the infection. Because of long neglect her scalp was now covered with several sections of gangrene, visible as black patches of skin several inches in diameter. Each of the black areas bulged away from her skull because of the pressure from the pus which had accumulated underneath, causing all the pain.

Bill had decided to lift the scalp at several points and drain away the underlying pus. He explained that because of the woman's age and the fact that she was diabetic, the use of any anasthesia would be dangerous. The additional knowledge that he had really no right to practice here in the first place convinced him to operate on her without any sedation. My role in this bizarre procedure was to hold the woman's hands to keep her from interfering. While John illuminated her scalp with the same hunting lamp that had been used in shooting the lions, Bill went

to work. As the old woman gasped, "Doktor, seer!" she clutched at my hands tighter than I held hers.

She became nauseated, and when Bill had finished with one patch of gangrene, she made use of the basin placed by her bed. Asking for a rest before he began again, she sat up in bed and the two of us clung closely to each other. In a while, Bill began again on another patch, while I shrank with her in her pain. After completing each section, he would pause so she could rest, and then start again, hurriedly finishing the last section when she cried out that she would die. He left a sterile cloth protruding from each patch, so that any new accumulation would drain out. While the woman and I clung desperately to each other, he swathed her head in a bandage.

We ^{LAD} ~~lay~~ her back gently on her pillow. Walking on rubber legs that could barely support me, I dragged myself out of her room. At Bill's suggestion, we washed our hands again and then sat down to rest. The housewife offered us cookies. It was now late at night, and we hadn't yet had dinner, so though I ate the first cookie with indifference, I was soon gulping them down. While we ate our cookies, the farmwife told us that the rest of the family agreed with the old woman's decision not to go to the Catholic hospital in Gobabis as the nuns there would kill her by starvation. Not only did they give the patients too little to eat, she said, but they prevented families from bringing extra food. (I shuddered to think of the heavily spiced fried boer-wurst and the other similar delicacies that well-meaning

families would try to bring to a critically ill patient.) Because of this fear, the woman had been allowed to suffer for the past two months while her condition grew worse.

While Bill was writing a note reporting what he had done so that Midgley's ex-physician guest could remove the drains, I went back to the bedroom to visit the patient. She seemed to be feeling a little better; she gave me a wan smile and gripped my hand for a moment. Waving goodbye to her, I joined the rest who were climbing back into the trucks. I was still feeling weak, so Elizabeth drove the next few hours until we made camp by the side of the road on the outskirts of Ghanzi.

We awoke the next morning to find ourselves surrounded by cows. We broke camp, and in a couple of hours had our trucks ^{LWEN} ~~to~~ up in front of the District Commissioner's home. He and his wife invited Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth to stay at their house. The rest of us dragged our sleeping bags to the small guest house of the Police Commissioner, who was away on a hunting trip at the time. We set up our dining table on the front porch of the guest house, and our boys made their camp in a backyard a few hundred feet away. It was a strange mixture, this camping-out indoors.

Later that afternoon Bill, Cas, and I were sitting idly on our front porch when Elizabeth approached. She had bathed, put on a dress, fixed her hair, and applied make-up, which created such a spectacular transformation that the three of us couldn't contain ourselves and howled at her lustily. In a frenzy, Bill unlimbered his camera and between animal cries took pictures of

her from every angle. It took us a while to regain our composure, but we slowly simmered down and eventually regarded her again in a more civilized manner.

While the Police Commissioner's Native servant shoved wood into the outdoor furnace to heat water, we took turns at using the bathtub in the house. Eventually my golden moment arrived, and I sank gratefully into the deep tub of hot water. I steeped there happily for an hour, and though leaving the waste water jet black, I emerged so pale that when John saw me a while later, he commented, "God! You look like a dead man." Dressed in clean khaki slacks and bush jacket, I may have looked like a dead man but certainly felt like a new one.

The next day Bill and I went to the trading post for supplies and while there tuned in a shortwave radio operated from a storage battery. We came across one station which carried some violin concerto unknown to us, and not having heard any music in months, thought it the most glorious we had ever heard. While we were listening, a Bushman woman from a nearby farm came in to be treated by Bill. She had a bad arm infection and, with the proprietress as chaperone, he took her into the back room for examination. When he emerged, he told me that she had suffered a sprained arm which she had treated, Bushman style, by making scars with a sharp instrument. The scars had become infected, and were treated by cutting still a new set of scars, which became infected in turn. Bill dressed the wounds and gave her a shot of antibiotic, which he hoped would take effect before she

was tempted to create any more scars.

The Midgleys were invited to dinner on our porch for the following evening; but during the day Philip developed a bad knee, and Bill prescribed bed rest for him. Rather than call off our dinner party, Bill announced that he himself would take over as chef. We predicted that by serving one of his meals to the District Commissioner we would all be thrown out of the Bechuanaland Protectorate; but, with Philip supervising from a bed in one corner of the kitchen, a fancy omelet was served up which did us all proud.

When dinner was over the District Commissioner invited us to his home across the way, where Mrs. Midgley played an accordion to entertain us. After a while she put it aside and sat down before an old upright piano where, by the mixed lighting of a kerosene lamp on one side and a carbide lamp on the other, she played songs from the sheet music propped up before her. We clustered in a circle behind her, and reading over her shoulder in the yellow light, sang more or less together. We bellowed out such South African songs as "Sugar Bush," "Marching to Pretoria;" international old-timers like "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and here, in the center of the Kalahari Desert, clapped our hands vigorously to "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

The following morning we took our accumulation of letters to the post office for mailing. During the four days of rest in Ghanzi we had written a prodigious amount of mail and once again, as on the first time through here, we had to substitute internal revenue stamps after we had bought out their stock of postage stamps.

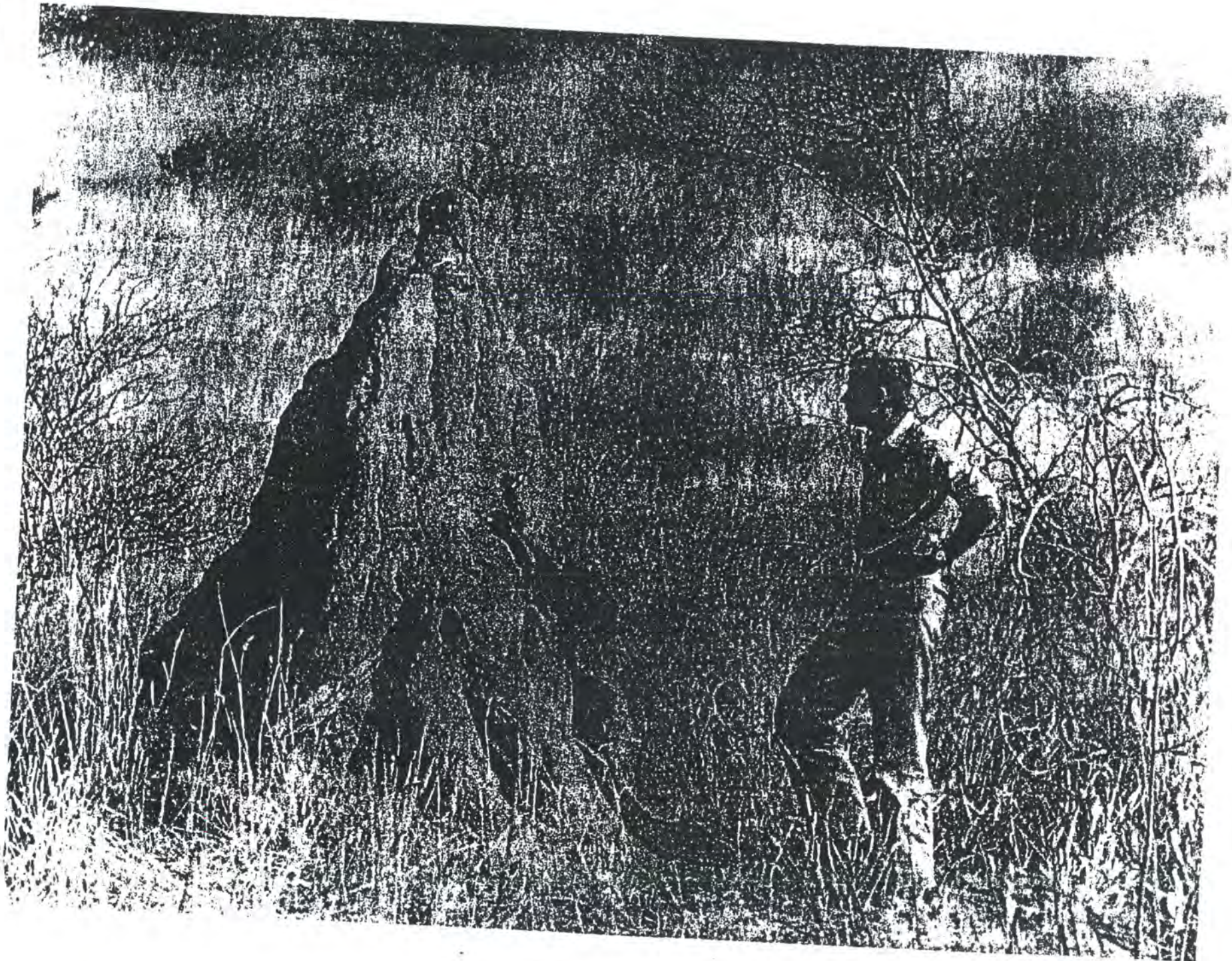


Back in Ghanzi after a bath



Dressed formally for the party to the District Commissioner

Leaving the post office, we waved goodbye to Ghanzi and its city life and headed north. Three hundred and fifty miles away, on the northern edge of the Kalahari, we would search for the tribe of Bushmen that the Marshalls had visited on their previous expedition.



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PART 13

We started off on a northeasterly heading; following established tracks, we covered the first hundred miles in a couple of days. En route we went through areas scattered with giant anthills, some of which poked their tops higher than the adjacent trees. We traveled over terrain different from that we had experienced before. Having grown accustomed to endless stretches of flat land, we were taken aback by the mountains which, in the distance, loomed enormous, but, on arrival, were only small hills.

We passed through the large Native village of Sehitwe and continued to the edge of Lake Ngami which, because of the unusually heavy rainy season, contained extensive water for the first time in fifty years. Lining its shores was an entire forest of bare gray trees, long dead.

We arrived at the large Native village of Tsau, where we saw large teams of cattle towing enormous sleds resting on two skids made from eight-inch thick logs. The two logs were toed in at the front, forming a "V" somewhat like the bow of a ship. The sleds were ten feet long, four feet wide, and had fenced sides reaching up five feet high. Filled with a mixed cargo of possessions and people, the huge apparatus was slowly hauled along the sand by a dozen oxen.

This was fairly close to Glishay's home; ^{and} because he could not speak ~~King~~, (the language of the Bushmen we were seeking), we



Earning my keep as [unclear] and Wilhelm look on

parted company here. Waving goodbye to the skinny little man still dressed in the oversized brown coveralls we had given him, we followed the track as it turned west.

Once the road came to a rivulet forded by a tiny wooden bridge made for small ox-drawn loads. Fearing that our lumbering trucks might cause it to collapse, all but the drivers dismounted and walked; the trucks, one at a time, gingerly felt their way across.

It was a great relief to see water again, and the many areas covered with green growth.

The track reached Kai Kai, where it ended. We stopped in the middle of the village, amid a mob of hundreds of staring Natives, until the rest of the trucks caught up; and then drove on. There was no more track beyond the village, and we followed instead a footpath three feet wide. It had been used only by people and cattle. It twisted and wound its way among the trees of a small forest. The big trucks slowly fought their way along the trail, widening it as they went. The path snaked and turned tortuously among the trees, and I was kept busy vigorously winding the steering wheel from one extreme to the other. Miscalculating one turn, I sideswiped a tree which knocked a ^{REMOVABLE} panel off the side of the truck and punctured a tire with a piece of bark. Bill, who had been following last, charged up beside me in the jeep and, surveying the mess, blustered out in mock ^{BRITISH} military manner, "I won't have this! Who's in charge here?" As we started off again, ^{J.H.H.} immediately behind me, ~~Bill~~ proceeded to ram his truck into the same tree I had just tangled with.

Ultimately the forest thinned out and the green growth faded back into the dried tan texture of the desert. Occasionally we passed through long stretches of heavily burned-out areas where the terrain around us was dead black as far as the horizon. The sky was heavy with smoke, reducing the sun to a deep red disk while it was still high in the sky and obscuring it completely in the late afternoon. Several times we traveled through patches so freshly burned that the flames were still visible ahead. We altered our path to remain upwind from the flames.

Weaving our way through still smoldering rubble, we were surrounded with logs which occasionally burst back into flame. The somber look of the smoke-filled sky which hemmed us in, the dull red disk visible through it, the eternity through which we drove across the ~~SMILES~~^{MILES} of smoking, charred black earth with tiny wisps of smoke rising here and there, and the occasional flames from a log was ~~like a glimpse of hell.~~^{LIKE A GLIMPSE OF}

Eventually we left this area and reached infinite plains of ^{TALL} grass ^{STRETCHING TO THE HORIZON.} Traveling along with no sign of the truck ahead, I marveled at the skill I had developed. I noticed myself driving along confidently with no obvious mark ^{THREE FOOT HIGH FIELDS OF} in the grass to indicate the path taken by the previous truck. I was amazed and tried to analyze how I knew where to go. I soon realized that it was only an occasional ^{SUBCONSCIOUS} tiny clue that I needed. In a broad, unbroken field of grass just a handful of bent blades was all that was needed, and I could continue on for another fifty feet in the right direction before needing another such cue.

At other times, when the spoor disappeared into a forest, I followed the most likely gap through the trees, subconsciously following the old concept, "If I was a truck, where would I go?" (Liz and I would occasionally have arguments as to whether we were really following the right path. Almost invariably, whichever one of us was at the wheel at the time was correct.) Usually ~~I would follow the spoor~~ ^{I WOULD FOLLOW THE SPOOR} without conscious thought; but occasionally I would spring alert with the fear that I wasn't really on the correct path. At moments like that, the familiar ^{SUBTLE} telltale marks were not adequate to bring back confidence, and peace of mind would be restored only by ^{STOPPING TO GET OUT AND FIND} a sign that was indisputably obvious, such as tire marks left in a patch of bare sand. At such times I was amazed at the accuracy with which I had been driving -- my own wheels usually had been heading directly ^{ALONG} ~~toward~~ the tire marks left by the previous truck, and were about to follow right in them.

There were times when Ledimo, better able to see the track ^{IN THE TALL GRASS} from the top of the truck, would call out corrections; ^{AND} other times when we all lost sight of it and fanned out on foot in search of it.

Occasionally we passed pans still partly full of water because of the heavy late rains. As we neared a spot called "Gum" where there was a possibility of finding some of the King Bushmen ~~THE MARSHALLS~~ ^{THE MARSHALLS KNEW FROM A PREVIOUS EXPEDITION,} we became more and more excited in anticipation. John cut out of line with his truck and passed me so as to be one truck closer.

We came upon a clearing which housed a single mud hut where a couple dozen Bushmen watched our approach. As we ground

to a halt, all the members of the previous expedition (the Marshalls, Philip, Ledimo, and Heinrich) jumped off the trucks and headed for the Bushmen. At first they were met only with stares; but when recognized, those who knew them raced over. There was laughter and chattering and hugging as they swirled around for several minutes. During the next hour, whenever a Bushman came out of the bush to investigate, the commotion started all over again.

The hut belonged to a Native woman for whom many of the Bushmen worked, and she looked on quietly.

While the Marshalls continued to reminisce with the Bushmen, the rest of us drove on a couple of miles to the bottom of an omarumba where they had made camp on their previous trip. Four foot tall plants topped with lovely orange flowers were scattered about the sloping wall of the omarumba presenting a welcome spot of color in the otherwise drab background of the tan dried grass. Bill uprooted one of them and transferred it to the middle of our camp adding a festive touch. With nothing else to do for the rest of the afternoon, we amused ourselves by decorating the area with elaborate care. Carefully placing small stones we encircled the flowering plant in a white ring and then continued on outlining the entire camp. We shaped one edge of the clearing to conform to the semicircle of chairs which we placed before the campfire, with the firewood stacked neatly nearby. During all these ridiculous preparations a herd of wide-horned cattle stood about, indifferent to our labors. In levelling the area we occasionally unearthed broken pieces of glass that had been buried by the Marshalls several years earlier.

At dusk the Marshalls arrived, bringing a dozen Bushmen who had related that after the Marshalls' departure at the conclusion of the last expedition, some white farmers had used their spoor as a guide to locate the Bushmen. Arriving in trucks they offered the Bushmen a ride, tricking them into returning to their farms to serve as involuntary workers. One woman and her brother, they said, had escaped and managed to walk several hundred miles through the desert back to their own people.

Mr. Marshall wanted a sound recording of this story, so I set a microphone in the circle they formed around the fire and then I returned to sit with my tape recorder on top of the jeep, thirty feet away. Ledimo translated both the Marshalls' questions and the Bushmen's answers. They interrupted from time to time to throw a stick on the fire or to pass a bucket of hot tea to stave off the numbing cold that settled on the bottom of the omarumba. As I shivered at my post, the night quickly blackened, leaving me isolated in the penetrating cold. In the distance I could see our boys huddled for warmth around Philip's kitchen fire. Meanwhile Bob, Bill, and Cas sipped their sundowners, snugly comfortable around the main campfire. I had armed myself with my own sundowner but, while setting up the tape recorder in the dark, had managed to knock over the glass. Sitting alone in the night with the earphones over my head, the icy wetness of the spilled drink soaked into the seat of my trousers, placing me in intimate contact with the cold metal of the jeep. Not wanting to interrupt the recording, I signaled back to camp with my flashlight for a

cup of hot tea, or at least a dry towel to sit on. But as they all sat contentedly around the fires sipping their drinks, they were too occupied in conversation to notice my plight. A chilly misery swept through me as I sat alone in the dark feeling completely neglected. The interview ended in an hour, and I rushed over to a fire which, with the aid of a warm dinner, raised my spirits back again.

The next day we broke camp to head back in the direction of Gautscha Pan about forty miles away, where the Marshalls had previously camped with these Bushmen. About a dozen of them chose to come with us, and we helped them into the trucks. Bob stood aside, carefully nursing a finger which had been numbed by a tiny scorpion which had found its way into his sleeping bag the previous night.

Because of some filming that John wanted to do, we didn't get underway until four o'clock in the afternoon but, once started, we moved steadily onward, stopping only to admire a herd of a dozen giraffe that passed in front of us. When we made camp that evening, we left the trucks standing in a line on the spoor, which was unusual for us. Often when making camp we would move the trucks in a circle, stretching the tent ropes between them; but even when not using them for that purpose, some compulsion remaining from city life compelled us to pull the trucks off the path, leaving it clear for non-existent traffic.

The following morning we continued, coming to a stop at Nama Pan. The pan was a hundred yards in diameter with a light

gray surface of hard, baked clay which had cracked under the sun, leaving knee deep crevices and pockets.

The general shape of the pan was that of a shallow dish, and though it had been many months since the end of the rainy season that filled it, the central half still contained a pool of crystal-clear water. Within the very center of the water a small forest of green reeds grew. A group of ducks floated lazily in and out among the reeds. Occasionally frightened into flight, they made several large circles around the pan, soon landing again to resume their peaceful swimming. The coolness of the water, the green of the reeds, and the motion of the ducks were a refreshing contrast to the outer rim of the pan. The rim's bare baked clay was shrunken into a tortured surface naked of any color or object except a lone kudu skull which lay bleaching under the hot sun. Surrounding the pan was a dense growth of bush, dried grass, a scattering of thorn trees, and a solitary baobab tree looking like a huge vegetable towering above the brush. Its circumference of thirty feet and height of forty feet were covered with a silvery white skin which, when cut away, revealed an interior consistency like that of a raw potato. Most dramatic, however, were its ugly, leafless arms which sprouted naked from the top. I have heard the baobab described as a tree which God uprooted from the ground and thrust back into the earth upside down, its roots high in the air.

We waited at the edge of the pan while John and Elizabeth, with several Bushmen, rode off in the jeep in search of

others from the tribe. They returned several hours later with a few; and we drove on a few hundred yards to make camp -- the Bushmen settling twenty yards from us.

I was introduced to !Toma, who was "head man" of the group. The Bushmen have no chiefs or any official head. However, if I understood correctly, they have a leader whose advice is sought, but whose decisions need not be followed. He has no authority, nor does he derive any advantage from his position; rather, because he is frequently called upon to make personal sacrifices, he is occasionally known to renounce his role.

That night we recorded several hours of an interview with Toma in which he brought Mr. Marshall up to date with happenings since his last visit, including hilarious accounts of what transpired when a group of Natives and Bushmen came face to face with a lion.

The next morning Mr. Marshall announced that, because of the late heavy rains and the large amount of water still contained in the pans, the Okovango River (which lay to the north) and its surrounding marshes probably would be impassable for our trucks. We had intended to cross this river later into Portuguese Angola in search of tribes of River Bushmen, but because of the unusual amount of water we were finding, we would have to abandon that phase of the expedition. Our plans were now changed to permit us to spend more time with our present group of Bushmen and then head back to Windhoek, terminating the expedition.





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The beard's last moments

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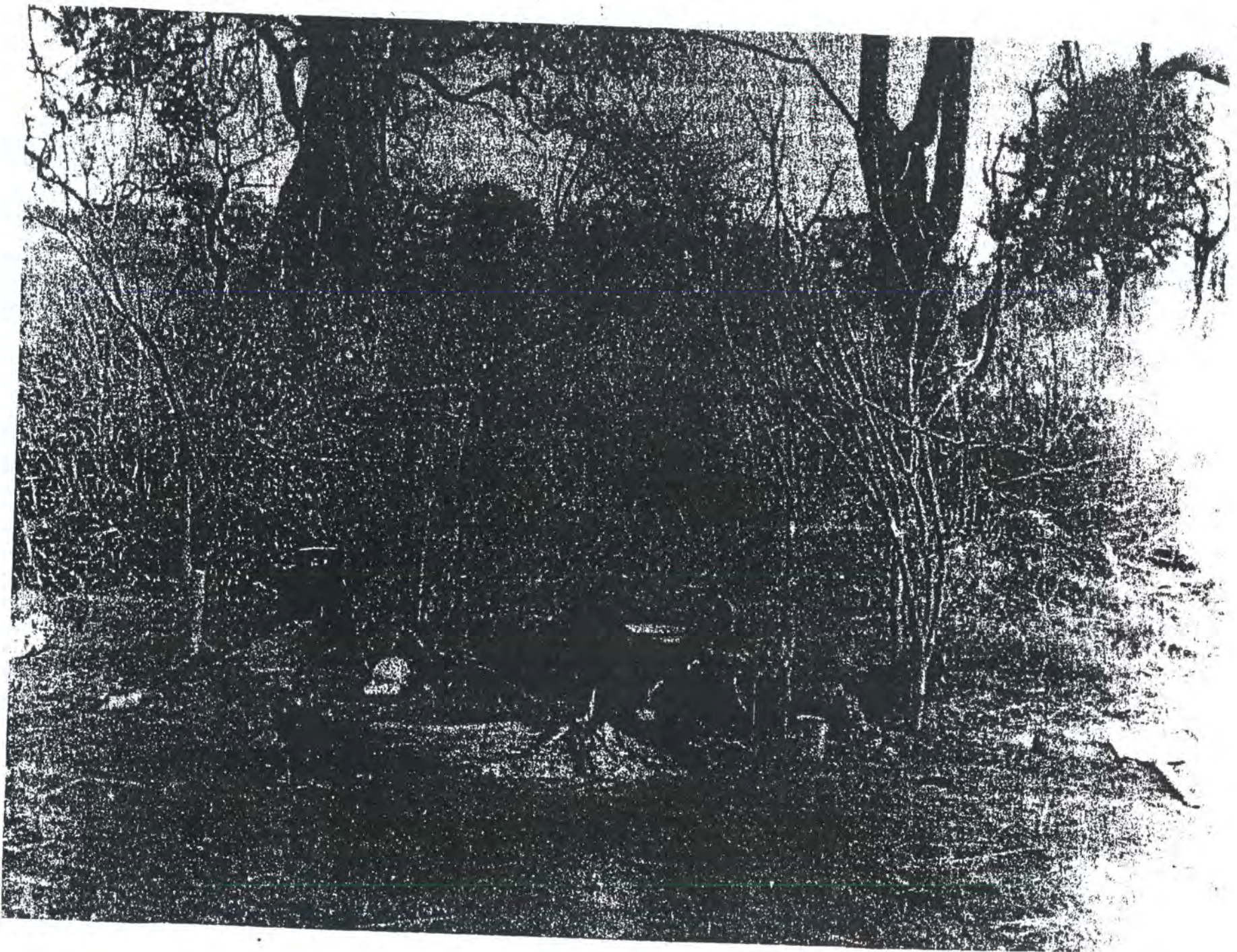
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Experiment vilous

Bill and Cas would leave for Windhoek that afternoon to make known our change of plans and to bring in adequate supplies for the rest of our stay. I hastily scribbled a letter and a few radiograms and, mindful of how Bill had forgotten to send my letters from Johannesburg, bet him the five dollars he owed me from a previous wager that he would forget to send these. (This apparently did the trick. My messages got through.) Realizing that in another month I'd be back in civilization, the next afternoon I got out my electric razor and did away with my beard. (Despite television advertising claims, it took an hour for it to come off.) I removed it a section at a time, stopping to see how I would look with a Van Dyke beard, handlebar mustache, or a Hitler brush, while Bob stood by with a camera photographing the various phases. Later, when I sat before the fire with the Bushmen whom Nature had left beardless, they pointed and joked about my newly naked face. With a sweep of my hand to indicate where the beard had been, then a thrust into the air to indicate that I had thrown it away, I got my Bushman audience howling with laughter. From that day on I could always be sure of bringing down the house by repeating the gesture.

News about our presence quickly got around to the rest of the tribe and every few days a new hunting band showed up from out of the the bush to settle down in its own area with its few little fires. One night we counted eighteen separate fires within a hundred yards of our camp. Though most of the groups



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Be it ever so h...e.....

either dropped their possessions on the ground or hung them from an adjacent bush, several hung them from structures which they assembled as a form of symbolic hut. Starting as though making rain skirts, they thrust a half-dozen one inch thick, six feet long branches end-on into the sand, to stand erect in a circle four feet across. The top ends of the sticks were forced over to meet, and were then fastened together to form a round arch. Here the construction stopped. Hanging their possessions from this framework and building a tiny fire in front, they settled into the skeleton structure which was four feet across and four feet high. Wide open, it offered no protection from the wind, animals, or prying eyes, but represented home.

Among the last to show up was "Lame" Kwee, with his wife and infant child. (As many Bushmen within a tribe bear the same name, a descriptive word is often added to distinguish one from another.) His thin, twisted legs could barely carry his weight and he walked with the aid of two pruned branches as tall as himself, which he grasped at eye level for support. Accompanied by his wife and child, he had struggled through the desert to see us, trailing far after the others, who could move faster. Though I was told the Bushmen shared their food, it was obvious he received less than the others, for he and his wife were far thinner than the rest.

There were several other "Kwees" in the gathering that surrounded us, and one of them, who had the appearance of a Neanderthal man, solemnly announced at the fire one evening that

he was naming me after himself. I was flattered, but never understood why he had made the gesture, for there had been no particular tie between us. My new name, Kwee, placed me within the framework of the Kung Bushmen's kinship system, for I automatically acquired all the relatives that belonged to anyone else of the same name. As the code of conduct between individuals was governed by their relations^{SHIP}, the Bushmen now approached me in various new ways despite my being kin in name only. I became aware of this the next day when Toma, who in the past had been quick to joke with me, suddenly became very formal. As I was lighting my pipe, he addressed me earnestly in a long speech which Ledimo translated simply as, "He wants some of your tobacco." I shook some out of my pouch for him but, out of curiosity, asked Ledimo to translate his entire statement a little more exactly. Taking a deep breath, he recited something like this: "I beg of you, I am ashamed to ask, I shouldn't ask, but I beg of you anyhow, I really have no right to ask, but I will ask anyhow, even though I shouldn't ask, and am ashamed to ask, could I have some of your tobacco?"

Along with my new name came other knowledge. When addressing someone of the same name, you should call him "Little Name" or "Big Name," depending upon your relative ages. "Little Name" was pronounced "!gu ma" but "Big Name," a little harder to say, was "!gu !na."

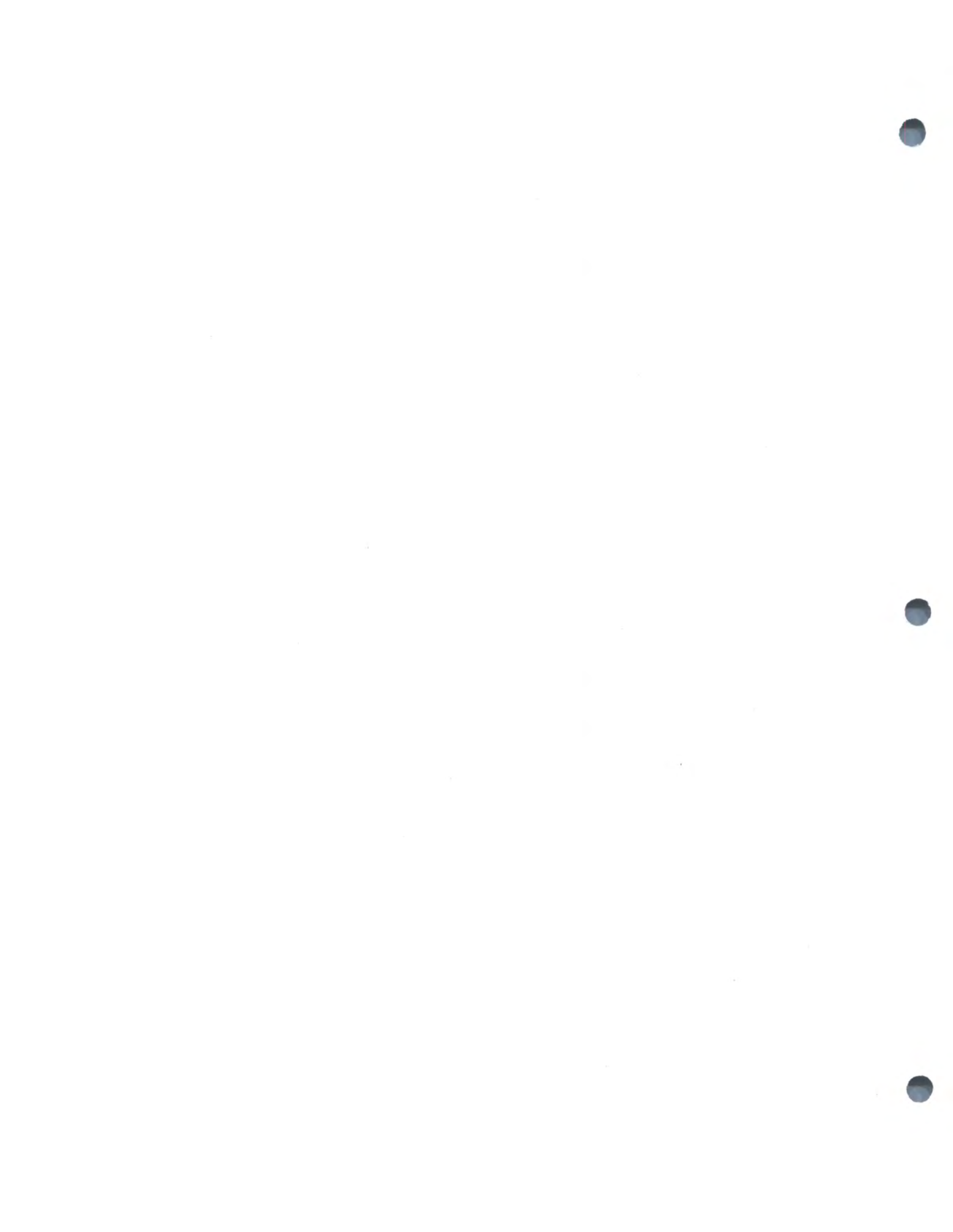
One of the tasks requested of the expedition was the observation of the incidents that made up a child's life. After



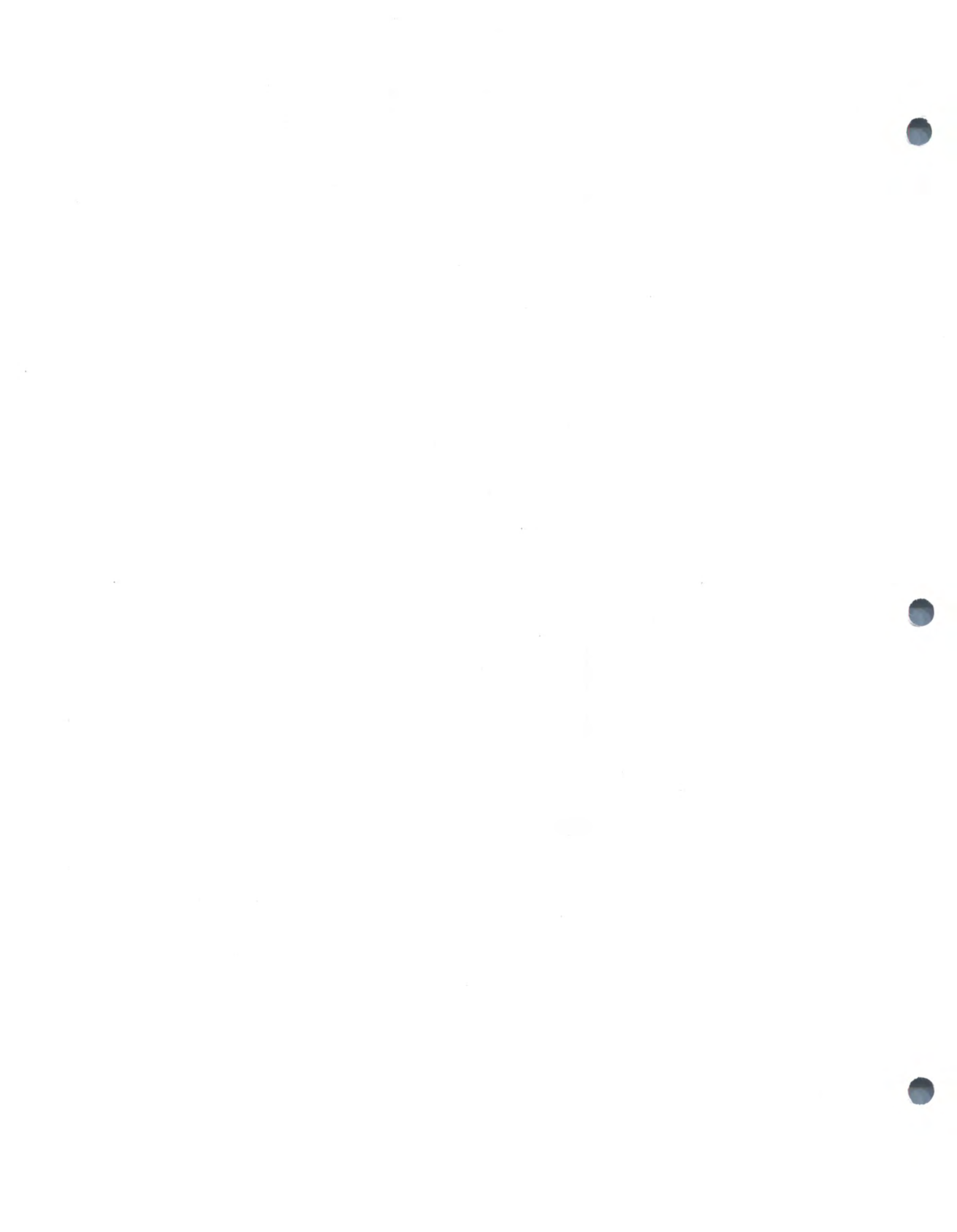
Kwee, who gave me his name













Joh, Bob and Ledimo



selecting a child between two and six years old, we were to follow it about from morning till night, recording all we saw. Elizabeth and I teamed up to spend the next week on this program, with Elizabeth jotting down in her notebook everything that happened to the child and its reactions, while I took illustrating photographs. As we squatted on the sand, looking across the fifteen foot span of the verft to the unsuspecting subject we were to snoop on, I sighed with the thought of the many boring hours ahead.

However, as the two year old boy we were watching switched his attention from his playmates' games to his mother's nursing and then on to other attractions, we went through a frenzy of activity to follow his pace. Elizabeth's rapid notes flowed down one page and on to the next, while I took picture after picture, calling out the identifying number to be recorded at the proper place in her notes. Often she would still be writing when the child would start some new little episode, and I would have to tell her what she had missed. There would be long quiet spells in which we would have an opportunity to discuss what we were seeing, and other times when one event led to another so rapidly that I would take ten pictures within as many seconds. Ignoring all else, we watched one child's activities exclusively, opening our eyes to things we had often looked at but never seen. Whereas normally our attention would have been drawn to a child's behavior only by attention-commanding acts, we now saw the long sequence of events that had been leading up to the act. The

boy we were watching "unaccountably" ~~was~~ broke out into furious tears at his mother's slight delay in presenting her breast. (He had just come from playing with his uncle and cousin. We had watched them take turns teasing him by repeatedly pretending to offer food, and snatching it away from his open mouth, eating it themselves.)

The boredom that I had feared from this project soon turned to fascination; and both Elizabeth and I followed the child about at a discreet distance the entire day, stopping only for lunch and tea. By evening we were exhausted, but content with the fruit of a hard day's work. Elizabeth had filled up many pages of her notebook, and I had taken two hundred pictures. We continued again the following morning, immersing ourselves in our study so completely that during the afternoon, when Bill and Cas returned from their long trip to Windhoek, Elizabeth and I agreed to wait till dinner before looking at our mail.

During the next week we watched five different children, and noticed many different attitudes. One of the men had two wives. We waited while the child of one wife slept peacefully alongside the reclining figure of the other ^{wife}. The mother was sitting six feet away, occupied with some other matter, when she turned and saw her baby dozing next to the co-wife. She ran over, dragged her sleeping child back to where she had been sitting, and forced its mouth upon her breast. Startled by his rude awakening, the child began to scream and struggled free of its mother, running back to the co-wife. The

mother dragged him back a second time and forced his face against her breast until his desire to nurse overcame his need to cry.

Another attitude was displayed by the head man's wife, Di'ai, who completely ignored her two-year-old girl, ^{NORNA,} treating her like an inanimate object. The child spent most of her day standing at the side of her sitting mother, holding onto her shoulder with one hand, watching through unfocused eyes the other children at play. The few times that she joined them the others steered her through every movement. When she wandered over during a game involving a piece of rope, another child placed one end in her hand, which she stood looking at uncomprehendingly. Eventually she dropped it, returning to her mother to nurse. Engaged in a conversation, the mother made no move to unfold her hands crossed on her lap. Ignoring the child's presence, she continued talking, while the little girl climbed around her unyielding arms until she could reach her breast. She was a cute child, and others would occasionally pick her up and fondle her. Without any sign of awareness of their presence, she allowed herself to be carried about and played with, never responding to any attention. She smiled only once during the two days that we watched, and then only momentarily at some passing activity.

As we followed the children about day after day, we found that most of their time was spent in the werft itself, playing with the others but usually within a few feet of the mother. Occasionally Elizabeth and I would shift positions for



Norna's usual stance throughout the day

a better view, frequently finding ourselves planted adjacent to their latrine area where we were overwhelmed by the odor of the stools baking in the sun. We tried to be discreet, but it wouldn't take long for a child to realize that he was under surveillance when, after every action, he would look up to see my camera pointed at him. He would freeze into inactivity for a while, occasionally looking up at me to see if he was still being watched, but after a while would slowly regain his composure, and within a couple of hours, would ignore me completely.

One exception was a boy of about six whom we had been asked to observe because he was known to have severe tantrums. He quickly realized that my attention was centered on him and eyed me sullenly, hiding behind the nearest person whenever he saw me with the camera. I used long ^{RANGE} telephoto lenses to photograph him from faraway; and various trick viewing methods, seeming to be sighting through the camera in another direction; but not fooling him for long, I returned to my original, and less cumbersome techniques. Once during the observations, he walked off twenty feet to the latrine area and squatted in the grass to defecate. When he rose, he saw me with my camera pointed at him and howled with fury. The others in the werft, who had been watching, laughed, raising his anger further. His fourteen year old uncle ran out to where he was and, scooping him up in his arms, carried him back kicking and screaming to the werft, causing the others to laugh harder still. His mother took him from his uncle and held his mouth against her breast to pacify

him. Suspicious, he turned his head away from her only to spot my camera pointed at him from several feet away. He screamed and struggled in his mother's arms and gesticulated toward me, but she forced him back against her breast.

I knew I wasn't being fair to the child, but I had been told to take pictures of a tantrum, and here was a dandy. Struggling against his mother, he looked up again only to see my lens staring him in the eye. He broke free and ran over to a vacant werft where he rummaged through a hunting sack hanging from a bush. I became alarmed, for I had been told that during the previous expedition the same boy, during a tantrum, had thrown a hunting assagai at Elizabeth, and now here he was rummaging through the sack that held poisoned arrows. His uncle ran over and dragged him back to his mother, with whom I agreed it was time to stop taking pictures. I had Ledimo question the uncle as to what the boy was looking for in the sack, but he shamefacedly refused to answer and walked away. Two minutes later, however, he returned, volunteering a story that the boy had been looking for a kaross under which to hide his head so he couldn't be photographed. (The Bushmen normally handle their weapons with a sense of great responsibility. One day, while photographing from various angles a hunter with his bow pulled back ready to release the arrow, in order to show the specific grip in which his fingers held the string, I asked him to point the weapon directly at me. When about to take the picture, I noticed that this time he held the arrow loosely against the

string. When I asked him to draw the bow taut the way he had for the other pictures, he refused, explaining that he might slip and fire the arrow at me accidentally.)

We hurriedly switched our attention from the angry boy to a three-year-old girl of opposite temperament. This quiet little girl had a calm association with her mother -- an almost wordless bond. Elizabeth and I trailed them as they strolled down to the pan for water. The child would occasionally stop to examine some little attraction in the grass while the mother, a few steps ahead, waited patiently until she chose to catch up. Wordlessly they walked on, an occasional soft glance tying them together. As we approached the pan, a beautiful odor from some trees that were blossoming filled the air, following us out onto the pan itself. Stretched before us was a harmonious scene. A half-dozen young boys were wading knee-deep close to the tall green reeds in the clear water at the center. The white spray flew into the air as they splashed along. A dozen women and girls knelt at the water's edge, slowly filling the ostrich eggshell containers they had brought with them.

The blue of the sky reflected in the water, tranquil except for the ripples set up by the boys playing in the center. The dried clay of the pan's edge encircled the pool with a broad elliptical frame of light gray. As I stood immersed in serenity, an old woman came over to me and, with a sweep of her arm to indicate the peaceful scene, softly said with great feeling, "Chi ja!" meaning, "Good thing!" Surrounded by the warm, quiet,

fragrant air and watching the cool, clear water dotted with the green reeds, and the peaceful dark people softly chatting as they filled their water containers, I could only answer, "Chi ja!"

During the next hour, with no other vocabulary common to us, the woman and I, awed by the peace of the scene, would feelingly exclaim back and forth to each other, "Chi ja!" Slowly, the women filled their eggshell containers with water ^{AND PLUGGED THEIR HOLES WITH GRASS,} putting the full ones to one side, until each woman had assembled about thirty. Adjusting the karosses over one shoulder, they picked up one eggshell at a time, placing it carefully in the kaross, draped like a sack on their backs. When their packs were bulging with the entire load of the water filled containers, they straightened up under the sixty pound loads and slowly walked back the few hundred yards to their werft.

We continued observing the children as their parents let them have their way with a laissez-faire attitude, and they played with each other in improvised games. Several boys huddled together while disappearing down the tunnel of a deep antbear hole. A small boy and girl hid under a kaross; (The giggling which emanated sounding suspiciously of the exploratory game of "doctor" which the young children in our own society play surreptitiously) until one of the usually non-interfering fathers removed the kaross and put it away. Three boys spent an entire afternoon probing with their fingers, puncturing with sticks, and otherwise mutilating the testicles removed from a kudu we had shot for food.

Bill and Cas arrived back from Windhoek, and while Cas tended his trucks, Bill was kept busy treating the hundred-odd Bushmen that had assembled around us. We learned that several months before, their best hunter -- while concentrating on stalking game -- stepped on a puff adder and was bitten on the leg. The Bushmen treated him as best they could and he survived; but the poison caused his leg to swell up, gangrene had set in, and he remained ill. Bill and John went off with a few Bushmen in the truck to locate the group with whom he lived. On the day they arrived the gangrene had caused the leg to separate below the knee, and they found him trying to push it back into place. With the aid of their head man, Bill was able to talk him into relinquishing the leg, which they buried. Bill cleaned and dressed the wound as well as he could, and the entire group started on the long journey back to our camp.

On arrival it was decided that the best course of action was to take the injured man on the long trip to a hospital in Windhoek where his stump could be cleaned surgically and fitted with an artificial leg. We called the Bushmen together and explained the situation. They were told that when he recuperated, a truck would bring him back to his people. They were unhappy to see him go but, trusting our recommendation, agreed that he should be sent to Windhoek. His wife and five year old daughter would be sent to keep him company. None of them had ever been out of the bush before. We hoped to shield them from the city life with its double hazard of diseases, to which they

had never had a chance to develop immunity, and the disturbance of their cultural outlook which might result from exposure to a completely different civilization. Though the operation would take place in a hospital, he would be taken to recuperate in the isolation of a Catholic mission fifteen miles north of Windhoek.

While Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth made dresses for the wife and daughter to wear to the city, the injured man was given underwear, khaki pants, and a khaki shirt, all of which were far too big for him. After Bill redressed his stump in a big knob of white bandage, a couple dozen Bushmen gathered to watch the patient put on his new apparel. Though only men were watching, he removed his loin cloth shyly, taking a long time to change, with the lower half of his body hidden beneath a blanket. A running conversation, half-joking, was carried on between the onlookers and the central figure. Lame Kwee, struggling with his crutches, arrived late and stood alone unnoticed at the edge of the crowd. Silently he watched the preparations; after a while, shifting his grip on the crutches, he slowly limped away.

The joking conversation stopped as the wounded hunter was lifted onto the top of the truck where he was joined by his wife and daughter, with Bill and Dabbe as attendants. Cas and Mr. Marshall got into the cab of the truck which pulled away, leaving behind the crowd of silent Bushmen looking after it in despair. When the truck disappeared from view, they slowly turned and the group dispersed, still in deep silence.



Watching their wounded hunter being taken away by our truck

At eight-thirty that night the Bushmen gathered into three small groups to hold the most gripping medicine dance I ever witnessed. The loud staccato handclapping, the shrill women's voices, and the stamping of the men's feet were carried on with a fervent intensity. The three flickering fires, only fifteen feet apart, illuminated the taut faces of the three groups of men and women as they pounded out their depression into the night. Repeatedly the medicine men went into deep trances, sometimes three of them shrieking in the dark at the same time. We had recorded many Bushman dances, but this one was so deeply emotional that I gathered my sound equipment onto the jeep and drove over to capture it.

At two o'clock in the morning the dance was still ^{GOING} on, but I was so exhausted that I climbed into my nearby sleeping bag and, despite the loudness of the dance, fell asleep. Just before dawn I woke up to find a handful of Bushmen still feebly carrying on. One, in a trance, was being ministered to by another, but all showed signs of exhaustion. At six-thirty, ten hours after they had started, the remaining group dissipated, leaving all quiet. During the day there was little activity among the Bushmen, many of them sleeping in their werft. That night, a new dance started, lacking, however, the fire and depth of the previous one, but lasting until midnight nevertheless.

Ten days later Mr. Marshall and Cas returned in the truck. Bill and Dabbe were behind in Windhoek to take care of the patient. Again the Bushmen were called together and told



Early the next morning of the all-night medicine dance

239-270



Medicine man bends over, giving medicine to the man sitting in front of him

100



Man being revived from a trance

239-240
3



1-1-1962

what had transpired. Mr. Marshall explained that the operation had not taken place before they left on the return trip. The doctors in Windhoek had not yet decided whether to trim the leg at the point where it had separated below the knee, or to amputate just above the knee. (Before being found, he had kept it doubled up. As a result, it might never straighten out, thereby interfering with the action of a peg leg.) Despite the fact that no word could be sent out from here to influence the course of action the Bushmen immediately got into a deep discussion as to whether or not the knee should be amputated. Mr. Marshall carefully explained that the decision would have to be up to the doctors in Windhoek, but the argument continued undiminished. All but one were won over to the point of view that the doctors knew what was best and their decision would have to be accepted. The only holdout was Unca (a woman who had somewhere acquired a pink cotton dress which she wore unbuttoned down to the waist, presenting a much more disturbing sight than the complete waist-up nakedness of the other women. The presence of that dress upset the primitive atmosphere of many of my photographs). She continued to argue her point that amputating the knee was undesirable, but the men finally shut her up. There now arose another source of complaint - the injured man's mother-in-law wanted her daughter and granddaughter back. It was pointed out that the two of them were staying with the sick man to keep him company during his convalescence, and that all would return together in a short while. This did not satisfy. She wanted them returned immediately. This too

led to a long argument, but as they were unable to shut her up, they turned away and ignored her. As I watched the serious discussion and the deep concern of the Bushmen crowded together on the sand, I thought of a phrase commonly said about primitive peoples, "Their lives are cheap." Undoubtedly, their lives meant little to someone ^{ELSE} situated far away but, here among themselves, the dangers inherent in their everyday existence detracted not one bit from its preciousness.

Before Bill had left for Windhoek, he had turned over his Bushman medical practice to me with general instructions as to what to do. The chief complaint was a combination of nausea, headache, and diarrhea which they all developed shortly after arriving, probably a result of drinking the parasite-laden water from the pan. Bill had mixed up a concoction of sulfaduxadine flavored with powdered cocoa to be administered along with a teaspoonful of paragoric. I made the rounds of the various Bushman werfts with my supplies carried in an empty ammunition box. One of my patients to whom I attempted to spoon-feed the medicine was a baby who was successful in his attempt to dribble it all down the front of his naked chest. The mother, in contrast to a mother's concern over her child's cleanliness in our own culture, asked whether the ^{BROWN} ~~black~~ goo that streaked his chest was harmful, and would she have to wash it off? With Ledimo's help I assured her that it could safely stay there indefinitely, and moved on to the next patient.

Ledimo's time as interpreter was in such great demand that I made future rounds by myself, aided by a dozen stock phrases he taught me. I soon became sufficiently proficient so that his help was only occasionally required. I soon learned how to ask a Bushman to return to me for further treatment by saying, "Tsia me," meaning "come to me," and then, in their manner, indicated with outstretched arm where the sun would be in the sky at the time I wanted him. Methods of counting were out, as I was told that their numbering system went "One, ..two,..many." I traveled from one werft to the other inquiring, "Ahdjwehreh /gasee quee?" meaning, "Whose eyes are sore?" - prepared to treat all comers with my little tube of aureomycin ointment. However, my proficiency with the language remained sufficiently poor that my most frequent reply to a statement was "Me /kwa tsa," - "I do not understand."

There were also more serious things to be treated, such as severe burns and wounds that had gotten infected and were full of pus. I timidly approached my first badly infected wound, but following Bill's instructions, gingerly cleaned away the white dead tissue until only raw, red flesh was left. After performing similar surgery several times without losing a patient, my self-confidence soared. With an aplomb matching that of an experienced surgeon, I was soon attacking severe wounds with brazen incompetence.

I had been unsuccessfully treating an eight-year-old boy for what I thought was simply an infection between his fingers. I called a consultation of the others, and his condition was rediagnosed as "scabies," brought about by tiny parasites that tunnel into the skin. Their nocturnal movements cause great

itching. This leads to scratching and the subsequent infection that I had seen. The bottle of scabies lotion described the method of treatment in which the patient must first be washed thoroughly from the neck down and then coated liberally with the chemical. It further stated that though the parasite tended to live between the fingers and in the genital region, it was necessary to get at every square inch of the patient's body, to prevent reinfestation. Not trusting the boy to correctly follow my instructions, I treated him myself. I washed him down with a cloth dipped in a pail of soapy water until I got to the area of his G-string which he wouldn't let me touch. When he refused to remove his loincloth despite the infestation which I showed him existed under it, I called over Ledimo and the boy's mother, and all three of us tried to convince him. He broke into tears under the verbal bombardment and finally agreed to go out into the privacy of the bush ^{WITH ME} and remove his loincloth where he would wash his genitals himself.

The two of us disappeared into the depths of the grass and, still tearful, he removed his scanty loincloth. While removing it, however, he reached for his penis with his left hand and held onto it firmly throughout the treatment, allowing me to clean all other regions, only letting go to shift hands when I had to reach around his arm. When finished, I sprayed his loincloth inside and out liberally with a DDT solution. I prevented him from putting it back on for an hour until it had dried, giving him a towel to wrap around himself in the meantime, but he cried

all over again, refusing to come out of the bush until he could appear decently clothed in his tiny loincloth.

Every few days a new group of Bushmen arrived from out of the shrub to a joyous reception; but one afternoon four men carrying bows, assigais, and other weapons came into camp, causing consternation. First of all, I was told, it was bad Bushman etiquette to arrive carrying weapons, the proper procedure being to leave such equipment out in the bush when approaching a new werft; bringing it in only after the initial proprieties had been observed. Furthermore, the leader of the group was one who had objected to the presence of the previous expedition and had refused to cooperate with any attempt to gather information. Also, he had partly succeeded in dissuading others from helping. This time he remained only a few days during which he could be observed talking earnestly to small knots of Bushmen, stopping whenever we appeared. I never learned what he tried to accomplish, but he left without having caused us any trouble.

I continued on with my work, recording photographically how a woman made beads from pieces of ostrich-egg shell. ^{DRILLING} ~~Piercing~~ holes in the fragments, she strung them on a piece of sinew, and rolled the entire string of beads against the flat side of a rock until worn into perfectly round disks an eighth-inch in diameter. Ten-foot-long strings of these would be looped many times around the neck as a necklace. The individual disks were often restrung onto smaller lengths of sinew, and fastened side by side to form small sections of what looked like white chain

mail. These were hung from the hair as ornaments, or worn by young girls as tiny aprons. One woman acquired some of our safety pins which she looped through holes pierced in her ears. Another pounded a mixture of herbs into a red powder, smearing it on her face in large splotches, for decoration.

I continued photographing everything in sight, including the way the children would loop a thread back and forth between the fingers of both hands, forming different patterns which the children in our culture call a "cat's cradle." I followed Di!ai as she beckoned me out into the bush to observe how she cooked the head of a kudu. Lifting the enormous head onto her shoulder, she carried it to a nearby pit and dropped it on the live embers at the bottom. With her hands and feet she filled the pit with sand until nothing was to be seen. Later she dug the head out and beat it free of sand, distributing the parts to members of her family. That afternoon she told me that as Elizabeth had the same Bushman name as herself it was within her power to offer me Elizabeth's hand in marriage, which she was now proposing. When I told Elizabeth the good news, she explained that the offer had been made because Di!ai was hoping for a present in return.

Cas had moved our two big army trucks to a clearing in the center of camp and here established his workshop. A hand-lettered sign on the windshield of one proclaimed, "Cas's Kalahari Garage." A vise attached to the front bumper was his workbench, and he, Heinrich, and Simon were continually busy patching up the trucks from the beating they took. More than any of the rest of us, Cas abounded in simple good humor and youthful enjoyment of life. Late each evening, while the rest of us still lazed around the campfire where John strummed the few tunes he knew on a guitar, followed by Elizabeth, who endlessly played the several sets of chords she was trying to perfect, Cas would retire to his tent to write an enormous amount of mail to his multitude of girlfriends and ~~would~~ end the day by reading his Afrikaans bible before going to sleep. Because of his unpretentious good nature I was surprised one day by his angry voice raised loudly at Simon. Attempting to remove a huge tool chest mounted beneath the truck, Cas had ordered the powerful Simon under the truck to push it out with his feet. Impatiently, Simon kicked at it with a sudden burst of power that made the hundred pounds of steel fly through the air, missing Cas by inches. When Simon crawled out from under the truck, he found himself facing Cas, livid with rage. Pointing to the tool chest on the ground, he bellowed, "What are you trying to do, kicking like that? I told you to push it!"

There had been a continuing series of situations in which Simon, apparently deliberately, had twisted around Cas's instructions.

His answer now, "You told me to push, and that's what I did," only inflamed Cas further. The two of them -- the heavy, blond, six foot tall Cas and the still taller, jet-black Simon -- stood waving their hands at each other and arguing loudly. Waving the hammer that he had in his hand in a threatening gesture, Cas roared, "You be careful, or I'll hit you over the head with this hammer!" Simon answered sullenly, "You don't hit me with any hammer," to which Cas replied, "If you don't do as I say, I'll have the police in Windhoek arrest you." I looked on, confident that Cas, despite his rage, would carry out none of his threats. Though South African attitudes were such that a Native had poor protection in a conflict with a White, the advantage taken of this depended on the individual. (In Windhoek I had watched as a White man had come upon two children, a Native and a White, playing together in the street. He broke up the game, shooing the White child off but hitting and threatening the Negro child until he ran off crying.) It seemed to depend on each White's own personality as to whether he would actually make full use of society's permissiveness to satisfy his own inner needs. Despite the manner of Cas's threats toward Simon, which reflected his cultural background, his own peaceful outlook on life was such that I knew his gesture would go no further. Ten minutes later Cas and Simon were once more struggling with the truck instead of each other.

The closer we approached to the day of our departure, the more frantically we worked. With a final burst of energy we

made sound movies of a man playing a //gwashi, a stringed musical instrument made from a foot and a half long log which had been hollowed out from one side, so that it looked like a small model of a boat. A flat, thin sheet of wood covered the open side like the deck of the ship, forming the sounding board. Five strings were stretched along the length of the deck, transmitting their vibrations to it by a crosswise stick wedged between. Five long curved twigs stuck out from the ship's bow, bending upward to receive the strings which were tied to their ends. The strings were tuned by twisting the sticks in their sockets. Holding the instrument in his lap with the sounding board facing upward and the tuning twigs away from him, the musician used the thumb and forefinger of both hands to pluck the strings. Despite the relative sophistication of the instrument and the harmonizing of the three men who sang along with it, I found the music monotonous.

Our final sound movies were made of Toma telling another Bushman a story in a highly formalized manner. He sat on the sand and recounted his tale in high excitement, shouting and throwing his arms about wildly to illustrate the narrative. Facing him an arm's length away, the other Bushman was an enthusiastic and active listener. At the end of every one of Toma's sentences, his one-man audience repeated the last few words as loudly and enthusiastically as they had first been said, uncannily starting his echo before Toma had even finished. Just as accurately, he mimicked Toma's gestures, so that the two of them sat there on the sand, shouting simultaneously and waving their arms

about in unison in a hilarious display. So proficient were these two actors that, when we interrupted them to change film, they sat quietly until I had finished my routine of shouting out the scene number and banging the clapstick in front of their faces; then, the instant I got out of the way, they started up from where they had left off, just as loudly and violently as though they had never been interrupted.

After I had shouted, "Scene 131," we filmed them from a distance, showing these two small solitary figures who sat close together, shouting and echoing their story into the quiet desert, and then we nostalgically put away our sound equipment for the last time. We had so thoroughly unpacked our trucks at this camp that we allowed the entire next day to put things in order in preparation for breaking camp the morning after. In a flurry of activity we loaded our dozens of gasoline and water drums on the backs of the trucks, gathered together our spread-out equipment, and pulled down some of our more sturdily constructed installations.

While resting against the side of the jeep during a pause in our labors, a fifteen-year old Bushman boy approached me and, motioning with his hand, indicated that he wanted to take my camera. Surprised, for none had shown this interest before, I gave it to him to see what he intended doing. He walked ten feet away, turned to face me, and kneeling on one knee the way I usually did to photograph the short Bushmen, held the camera up to his eye, as if to take my picture. I took the camera from

him and, making the proper adjustments, showed him which button to push. He knelt once more, and I returned to pose at the jeep. Watching as he held the camera tilted at a crazy angle, I saw the shutter flicker as he pushed the button. I had taken thousands of photographs of Bushmen, and I smiled at this turnabout as "Primitive Man Photographs Explorer."

Mrs. Marshall spent a day giving out an assortment of presents to the hundred Bushmen around us; iron files, beads, penknives, lengths of iron wire, pieces of cloth, iron kettles, and, prized most by the Bushmen, blankets. Additional amounts were given in exchange for ostrich eggshell beads and other example of Bushman handiwork. With the help of Ledimo I asked /Kwi, after whom I was named, to barter one of his poisoned arrows, and he asked for one of my shirts in return. When I gave it to him, he insisted on giving me two arrows, saying that one was insufficient payment. I explained that I wanted to take the arrows back to my people to show them the things the Bushmen made, and as I had no intention of actually using them, suggested that he save the best ones for himself and give me the poorest. In reply, I was regaled with a speech to the effect that he didn't make poor arrows, and besides I bore his name and therefore would receive his best. Wrapping them carefully for protection against the poison, I packed them away and returned to the business of dismantling camp. The next morning the last items were stowed in the trucks and we made our farewells.

Thirty of the Bushmen were going in our direction and climbed aboard, half of them getting off after ten miles and the rest in another ten. Turning away from my last look at Bushmen, I started up my truck after the others for the three hundred mile trip to Windhoek.

PART 13

We drove south passing through large areas blackened by fires but now sprinkled with the bright green of the newly sprouted grass which was growing in its wake. We came again upon the endless plains of deep sun-dried grass as high as the hood of our engines. Continuing south we came to forests of small trees which were bursting with flowers at the approaching spring. That night we made a hurried camp, putting up a tent only for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, with Elizabeth throwing her sleeping bag on top of one of the trucks and the rest of us sleeping on cots around the fire.

We traveled on the next day coming to a forest of large mangetti trees, the sand at their feet covered with the countless nuts that had fallen. We stopped to gather several sackfuls which we gnawed at while driving. Each nut had a rock-like core surrounded by an eighth-inch thick layer of tissue-paper consistency having a delicate flavor. We gnawed away at the outer layer, not bothering to save the core which could be made edible by roasting.

At noontime we stopped for lunch on the crest of the enormous Eiseb omarumba, the biggest we had come to. We could look across to the other side a mile away and down to the chasm in between, five hundred feet below. We were to follow the bottom of this omarumba as it went west for the next hundred miles, and I let the other trucks go ahead so that I could take a picture as they crawled their way along the bottom like tiny ants. I followed

the rest down onto the spoor which twisted and turned to avoid the innumerable deep holes which pockmarked the hard clay bottom. The hard surface increased the speed of our trucks, but we restricted ourselves to ten miles an hour to keep from breaking our springs as we slammed into the occasional holes that the spoor had not succeeded in avoiding. To aid us in seeing the holes, John went ahead in the jeep with a roll of toilet paper and a spool of black electrician's tape, from which he periodically tore pieces to fashion white streamers having a black sticky fastener at one end. Without getting out of the jeep, he leaned out and stuck the markers to adjacent bushes as a warning of defects in the spoor. As a result the omarumba was decorated every few hundred yards with long white banners that whipped about in the strong wind.

That evening as we made camp on the bottom of the omarumba, we were suddenly besieged by swarms of bees that hovered about anything moist. When we opened our jerry cans to get water for washing and drinking, dozens of bees dived in through the openings and drowned. Even after we closed the lids, others continued to swarm around the moist covers. We traced them coming from a huge abandoned anthill and, rather than move camp, we set out pans of water nearby to decoy them away. We soon got interested in their behavior and cautiously watched them as they struggled over the twigs that we threw into the pans of water to give them a foothold. With growing sympathy for their search for water, we recklessly used our bare hands to move about the twigs on which they crawled.

to rescue some that had fallen in. As the approaching dusk brought darkness and cold, they left us for the security of their hive. It was still freezing when we left the next morning, so we saw them no more.

I now joined John in the tiny jeep, and the two of us decorated the scene with our toilet paper streamers. That afternoon John switched over to a truck and I continued on in the jeep with Wilhelm as an assistant. The jeep's broken windshield had been turned down to lie flat against the hood, and the harsh air whipped against my face as I drove frantically to stay ahead of the trucks. At each of my frequent stops to plant markers, I looked back to see the huge trucks overtaking me, and hurriedly raced off. The wild driving had broken the jeep's springs, and I continued without stopping for repairs, resulting in the jeep's occasionally going its own way regardless of the direction in which it pointed or to which side I turned the wheel.

As we drove along the deep gorge of the omarumba with the surrounding flat terrain high above us on either side, I felt the illusion that we were at the dominant level and that the walls of the omarumba were only hills rising to each side of us and must certainly drop down on the other side to the same level as ourselves. As we drove on, the omarumba became shallower, petering out so gradually that I was only dimly aware that the terrain had changed.

We continued on west, again passing through huge black fields that had been left naked by fires. The spoor, passing through

one such barren area, wound its way close by the only thing within miles that stuck up above the charred rubble, a single bare tree. A few feet from it a cardboard sign on a wooden post pointed in the direction we were heading, saying simply, "Paris.. ~~5162~~ 5162 miles," a reminder left by Bill on his earlier trip that we were on our way home.

Late that afternoon we came to a spot where the spoor ^{had} ~~showed~~ several branches going off to the left and right. These were the roads left by hunting safaris which had come out this far in search of game. We were getting close to civilization.

That night we made our last camp. As we drank our sundowners, our gay mood was mixed with sadness. Phillip came over and asked permission to make a prayer before dinner. Withdrawing to the familiarity of his native Herero tongue, he spoke softly in a rapid monotone, pausing every few seconds to let Ledimo translate while the rest of us stood about in a semicircle listening with bowed heads. "We have come through the desert with its many dangers. We have all come through safely. You have saved us from thirst, you have saved us from hunger. We have not been sick, we have not been hurt by wild animals. For all this, God, we thank You."

The next morning we broke camp in a gay mood and, after the trucks were packed, made the rounds of all the boys, shaking their hands, joking, and indulging in a little horseplay. We drove all day, coming first to an occasional Native kraal and then upon herds of cattle as we drove through a Native reservation.

Late that afternoon, we came to Steinhausen which had a trading post, a gasoline pump, and the first telephone pole of the line that led to Windhoek. We stopped to buy some candy, chatted, and then continued on a broad dirt road which had recently been scraped. In excitement, we watched as our trucks' speed climbed to twenty, thirty, and finally forty miles an hour. Occasional patches of the road's surface were sandy, slowing us down to twenty, but soon we'd be back up to forty *AGAIN*.

As we left the desert behind us, the surface of the road became firmer still, increasing our speed to fifty-five miles an hour, the safe limit of the trucks. Elizabeth and I took turns in driving, exhilarated at our speed after having spent the last four and a half months continuously shifting gears and engaging the four-wheel drive in a vain effort to keep our speed up to five miles an hour. Occasionally, we would ~~have~~ stop to swing back the cattle gates which blocked the road; then, after having driven through, close the gate and start off again, slowly getting up to speed. We stopped in the late afternoon at a tiny inn where we had beer and sandwiches, sitting at tables, under a roof, and served by a German-speaking waitress. After the short rest we drove on and late that evening stopped at a tiny hotel sixty miles from Windhoek.

Bob and I shared an unheated room and, not having electricity either, undressed by flashlight. We chortled with glee at the thought of sliding into a real bed with sheets.

The next morning, wearing shoes instead of boots, and dressed up in fresh khakis, we drove the remaining distance to Windhoek in high spirit. During the hour and a half that it took, the signs of civilization burst upon us in rapid succession; the wires carried by the telephone poles on the side of the road became more numerous; the road itself hardened into a tar surface; wire fences appeared on both sides; a tiny steam engine chugged into view approaching on the track that paralleled us; little white farmhouses sprouted here and there, and then larger warehouses. With increasing frequency trucks and cars traveled up the road going in the opposite direction, and it took conscious effort to remember to keep left instead of sailing straight down the middle.

The flat terrain became hilly, and after struggling to the top of the range, we raced down the other side where concrete sidewalks lined both sides of the street and a row of stores stood side by side touching each other. We were in Windhoek.

Our trucks came to a halt, waiting for Cas, who was driving the last one, to catch up. ^{STANDING ATOP OUR TRUCKS AS WAS OUR HABIT WHILE WAITING IN THE BUSH WE SURVEYED} ~~and~~ With a strange feeling of ^{THE CITY} unreality, I looked about at the people in the street who were staring at our wierd caravan. When we had assembled, we drove in line to the warehouse, where we would spend the next two weeks unpacking the equipment from the trucks and recrating them for shipment back home.

Once more we were registered in the Grosshertzog Hotel and I again enjoyed the luxury of soaking in a bathtub. I smiled

with pleasure at the naked electric light bulb which hung on a wire from the ceiling of my room. We were invited to a party that evening, and I felt wonderfully debonair as I looked in the mirror at the fellow dressed in a clean white shirt, a tie around his neck, and wearing a business suit. Leaving the hotel, I headed the jeep down the main street where I was overtaken by a motorcycle policeman who signaled me to stop. Marveling at how quickly I had been able to run afoul of the law I slammed on my brake, wondering what I had done. Starting with a "Good afternoon," the standard South African police introduction, he complained about my registration numbers which were almost invisible on my front bumper. (The South West African government issues license numbers but not plates, requiring each owner to label his vehicle as best he can. Metal frames with interchangeable numbers may be bought in the stores, but frequently the numerals are just painted crudely somewhere on the front and rear of the vehicle.) I apologized for the scratched, illegible lettering, but when I explained that we had only been in town for a few hours after having been four and a half months in the bush and that I was now on my way to the garage to have the numbers repainted, he let me go.

The next morning we took John and Elizabeth to the airport and watched as they left for Johannesburg on the first leg of their journey home. There was another plane leaving for Johannesburg two days later, and we again made the morning trip to the airport, this time to see Bob off. He alone had left

his beard intact, saving the luxurious one-inch growth to show his wife. At a party the previous evening Bill had met a man who was taking the same flight, and thinking that he would like to meet Bob, suggested that the man introduce himself to the one on the plane "with the long beard." We were chagrined to see among the passengers climbing aboard the plane an elderly gentleman sporting a magnificent set of whiskers which reached halfway to his waist. We waved goodbye as Bob meekly followed him aboard the plane, an envious look in his eye.

The days passed rapidly as we sorted out the things from the backs of the trucks, cataloged them, and prepared some for shipment and others for sale. In the evenings I went to the bioscope, or leafed through magazines to learn what had happened in the world during the last several months.

One afternoon Bill and I drove fourteen miles north of Windhoek to the Catholic mission where /Kwi was recuperating from the operation on his leg. Turning off the main road we drove another mile to reach the tiny mission buildings which huddled at the foot of a mountain. The nuns proudly showed us their several classrooms filled with adolescent Native boys who were being taught to read and write. After a tour of inspection of the church, dining room, and kitchen, we were shown to the abandoned storeroom where /Kwi and his family were hidden from prying eyes. The contents of the small, dank, concrete-lined storeroom had been pushed to one side, making a dusty pile which included a broken pedal-operated organ, several

iron-pipe bed railings, a dressing table with a broken mirror, outdated calendars, rusty kettles, and miscellaneous pieces of farm equipment. The rest of the room was left bare except for the corner where /Kwi lay stretched out on a mattress placed on the cement floor.

By the light of the single tiny window we could make out his wife and daughter, and Dabbe, who stayed with them as their only means of communication. Leaving the door open so that he could have more light, Bill unwrapped the bandage around the stump of his leg and after expressing satisfaction with the way it was healing applied an antiseptic and redressed it with a smaller, less complicated bandage. To encourage him back to physical activity, Bill had /Kwi exercise by hopping around the room on his remaining foot. Except for Dabbe, who was anxious to be returning home to Ghanzi, the Bushmen were in good spirits, and were seemingly indifferent to the black faces which occasionally peered through the open door at the curiosities within.

We were invited to sit on the porch with the black-robed nuns who served us tea and cakes (which they themselves refrained from eating, saving it for visitors). This mission had originated in Germany, and Bill and I tried out our high-school version on the nuns who, though German-born, spoke excellent English.

Returning to the storeroom, Bill explained to /Kwi that a truck would take him back to his people when his leg was healed. Saying our final goodbyes to the Bushmen, we left and drove back to Windhoek. Bill left the following morning, flying

half-way up the west coast of Africa in order to spend a few weeks working in Dr. Schweitzer's hospital located near the equator.

While rushing about the streets of Windhoek I came across Philip and his wife who had left their location to do some shopping. He asked when I expected to leave and then added, "Kopperendee, will you come to the location to say goodbye before you go?" When I assured him that I would, he looked at me pleadingly and asked, "Will you come and shake hands goodbye?"

The evening before I left, I drove out to the ramshackle collection of the thousands of broken-down shacks that made up the Native location and sought out Philip's home.

He, Wilhelm and Heinrich were there, but I was disappointed that Ledimo was gone for the evening and couldn't be located. After joking and reminiscing for several minutes, we shook hands, said goodby, and with deep regret I drove away.

That last evening I tried to assemble in my mind a coherent picture of what I had seen during the last several months, but all I could conjure up was a confusing melange of the many incidents that had taken place. Realizing that it would take a long time to digest and assimilate it all, I summed up the more tangible aspects. We had been in the desert four and a half months, driven 3000 miles, and in addition to the volumes of notes taken by Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth, had recorded fifty hours of sound, shot 50,000 feet of color movies (twenty-five hours worth), and taken 2,000 color and 4,000 black-and-white photographs.

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End of the Line

The next morning it was my turn to be escorted to the airport and, waving goodbye to Cas and the Marshalls, I turned my back on South West Africa, walked out to the plane for Johannesburg, and climbed aboard.

THE END

UPDATE 2009

In 1966 Bechuanaland Protectorate became the present independant country of Botswana and in 1990 Southwest Africa became Namibia.

Two years after the expedition, John Marshall's hour-long film of the Bushmen, 'The Hunters', won the Flaherty Award as the best documentary of 1957 and was shown nationwide on TV. Even now, a half century later, it is still being shown in many anthropology courses. John, who died in 2005, won many awards throughout his life for his various documentary films and also for his vigorous advocacy for the rights of Bushmen (who are now called 'San'). He repeatedly returned to Botswana to argue for permission for them to return to their old desert areas after having been forcefully moved by the government to distant towns.

Three years after the expedition, in 1958, Elizabeth, under her married name, Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, authored 'The Harmless People', a book about the lives of the Bushmen. It was on the New York Times Best Seller List for many weeks. She has since written other well received books about both tribal people and animals. Her most recent book, in 2006, 'The Old Way', tells about the destructive change in the Bushmen's lives from their forced relocation far away from their traditional remote desert life. She gives me credit in her Bushman books for the photographs in them.

Lorna Marshall, the expedition leader's late wife, wrote many anthropological papers, articles and books and is recognized as a pioneer and leading authority about San Bushmen.

After the expedition I returned to my life as an electronic engineer doing systems research and development in a company of which I had been one of the founders. Several weeks after returning home I dictated this recollection of the expedition from memory on a whim, without notes, not having anticipated doing any writing.

Over the years my wife and I have visited remote, isolated people in many parts of the world, but never had the opportunity to live among them with the intimacy that the expedition provided me of the Bushmen.

