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1 Journal - J.O. Brew - Account of stay with the Peabody Museum  
Southwest Africa Expedition

Sunday, August 3, 1952

After depositing 31 items of mail in the Windhoek postoffice, I joined the expedition trucks at Cohen's warehouse southwest of town. The new Dodge power-wagon and the 5-ton Chevy truck are our transport. The old power-wagon and the jeep are out at camp at Gum. The trucks were all ready to go at 8:30, on schedule, when it was discovered that Karl did not have his bedding, etc., so Bryan drove back into town in his own car with Karl to get it. This, and other odds and ends, advanced the departure to 10 A.M. Meanwhile, Laurence and I had a long conversation, in French, with Cohen's warehouse man. He is a young German who came to Southwest after the war, had been in the German army and a prisoner in Italy. He wanted no more of Germany, being convinced that the next war will make a shambles there.

The Cohens, mentioned above, are Sam and Issay, leading citizens of Windhoek, the largest merchants and our main agents in town.

The outfit leaving Windhoek consisted of Laurence and me in the cab of the Chevy. in the lead, followed by Brian Enslin and Karl in the cab of the Dodge and David on top of the load in the Dodge. Brian is the Camp Manager and Chief Mechanic, a very fine appearing young man whose father has a large farm at Omururu, about 60 miles north of Windhoek, I believe. Karl is a "coloured" (that is, mulatto) part of Hottentot, mechanic and

driver, who was with the expedition last year. David (pronounced David, with short "a" as in "have") is a tall, splendid looking Herrero.

We left Windhoek heading east on the road to Gobabis. There is also a rail line to Gobabis and we were in sight of and crossing the narrow gauge for some hours, reminiscent of our travels in the San Juan country in Colorado. Just beyond Windhoek we came to Kleine Windhoek, a small settlement in the hills centered around a monastery. The effect is still surprisingly similar to southern Arizona and northern Mexico. The Monastery makes wine, some of which we had with dinner last night at the miniature castle.

Immediately beyond Kleine Windhoek the hard surface road ended but it continued as a relatively good graded and banked dirt road. We continued along it for more than 60 miles to Omitara. Near Omitara, at Orumbo farm, we visited a friend of Laurence's, Mr. F.J. (Fricki) Uys (pronounced Ace). It was a relatively large establishment with the families of two brothers and a mother or mother-in-law, of tremendous size. She looked like, and wore the clothes of, the women in the Boertrekker pictures. This was my first experience with a real Boer farm. We sat down to a monumental lunch with (along many other dishes, including game pie) some of the best corned beef I have ever tasted. Our host, with his brother, made the spoor through the wild country to the east which we shall follow for the next few days. The Uys brothers are diamond prospectors, operating on a



novel method. The basis of their theory is water-witching. When the diamond-bearing pipes were formed there was a convulsion which cracked the earth, radiating from the pipe. Along these cracks the water flows. So, by tracing and plotting the courses of these cracks, the pipe will be found at the point where they converge. Fricki's brother, whom we did not see, is the Douser. There was a book entitled "Psychical Physics", written by a professor in King Fouad I University, which explains all the things which scientists don't know or conspire to ignore. Uys is a wonderful romantic, large, very strong, with tremendously muscular legs encased in leather leggings. There was a young lad there, too, either son or nephew, who was quite obviously suspicious of our intentions.

Carl and David were issued lunch by Brian and ate in the shade of the truck. Before we left there was an exchange of gifts. Laurence tendered a fifth of Hudson's Bay Scotch and Uys gave us two pieces of biltong, the local version of jerky (dried meat).

Uys is going to Maun in a few days to repossess trucks which had been confiscated by the Bechuanaland officials. A year ago, he and his brother had been witching for their diamonds along the boarder and had experienced some sort of transport trouble, or for some other reason drove into KaiKai, which is definitely in Bechuanaland, leaving two trucks and driving home. Subsequently, the Bechuanaland administration learned of the presence of the trucks, confiscated them, took them to Maun, the seat of the



District Commissioner, and issued a warrant for the arrest of the Uys brothers for poaching, unauthorized entry into the Bechuanaland Protectorate, etc. A year of argument has brought about the establishment of the fact that the brothers had not actually worked across the boarder, had merely gone into KaiKai as an emergency, and the trucks are restored. This all fits in with the situation I may have recorded previously when we noticed a border discrepancy in the maps hanging on the walls of the office of Josh Allen, the Native Commissioner, in Windhoek. On the South West Africa map the border passes through the Aha mountains and runs only a few miles west of KaiKai, whereas on the map of the Bechuanaland Protectorate the border is considerably west of that.

On leaving Omitara we also left the Gobabis road and the railroad, entering upon the true Sand Veld. Here the resemblance to our Southwest disappeared. We were still in farming country but the road became much more primitive. The farming, for the most part, is what we would call ranching, mainly cattle and sheep. All rural operations are called "farming" here.

In the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Steinhauzen, the last police post going east. It is also the last post office. In residence was some sort of administrative official and police sergeant. Another more exalted police official was away. We had forgotten to get a driving license for me in Windhoek, not that one is necessary on the Veld, but on the return trip I may be driving on highways and insurance here is

void if the car is in the hands of an unauthorized person. The sergeant gave me a 2-minute "road test", I started in low-low, shifted to low, and then he said "O.K." I had been driving the Chev since the middle of the morning.

From Steinhauzen on, the road for the most part is only two ruts along fence lines, but still very smooth. Also gates have appeared, but very easy ones, hinged and with simple attachments. A better road is in the process of being made and we ran on it for short distances. Just before dark we encountered old friends at a newly made gate at Cala farm on one of the new highway sections, Sol Marais and a Mr. van Niekerk, local farmers. Marais is a fine appearing man who worked with the expedition at the beginning of last season and then ran Fritz Metzger's farm while Fritz went to Gautscha. It is probable that he will come out with us in September, when his spring planting will be done. After a brief visit and the presentation of Scotch for the men and boxes of candy for the women, we drove off through the dusk for Summerdown, arriving there at nightfall. Again similarities with our Southwest appeared. Summerdown bears many resemblances to a typical trading post in the Navajo country. There is a store with living quarters behind in one building. A gas pump in front, a storage building for hides, wool, etc., and other small outbuildings complete the establishment. While we were there Fritz Metzger drove up with his wife, returning from taking their children somewhere where they will get a bus for school tomorrow morning. He was the camp manager and major domo last year.

Finally we drove a mile or so to an old camping place and made camp in the moonlight. On the way we passed the fires of some native camp. It was chilly, but not cold. I was glad to have the sweater but did not need the corduroy jacket purchased in Windhoek. Brian cooked the meal and the coloured boy and native ate after we got through, like bean farmers' wives in the dry lands of our Southwest.

During the day we saw many varied birds and some guinea fowl. The only animals were cattle, sheep and goats and ridgeback dogs at the stations. Tomorrow we should see wild animals.

Monday, August 4

The night was considerably warmer than I expected. The winter here is relatively short, at least for the really cold weather, and last year the expedition, in the field only in July, apparently experienced the coldest part of it. After breakfast we returned to Summerdown. The camp by the road, whose fires we had seen last night, is a Bushman camp.

At Summerdown we filled the gas tanks in the cars, it being the last place where gas can be bought, obtained a flashlight for me and overalls for David. The load on the trucks includes 11 barrels of gas but we wanted to have every available gas container full on leaving Summerdown.

Driving away from Summerdown we encountered the Bushmen strung out along the road. In the lead was one in European



clothes. Other men had partial costume but the women wore their native kaross. We stopped and interrogated the leader. He said that he had been born on the farms, had never been in the bush, did not want to go to the bush, did not know what place his parents came from, and could not go out in the bush if he so wished because the Bushmen would kill him. This, then, was one of the groups on the fringe of the Bushmen country, working for white farmers, traders, Negro and Herrero farmers, etc.

The road today is again along fence lines, through gates. Karl is riding on the load on our truck. He jumps down, opens the gate, climbs back on as we go through, then David on the power wagon closes the gate. All gates have the names of the farm one is entering on them, and the proprietor's name; also, sometimes, a white sign indicating that the cattle on that farm are afflicted with anthrax.

After an hour or so we came to a gate signed EPIKURO RESERVE. This is our last gate, there being no fence on the eastern side of the Reserve. In a short while we arrived at the Reserve headquarters at Otjinene. It is a Herrero Reserve and is run by the Herrero themselves with no police or white officials. The only white man at Otjinene is the store-keeper, and many of the stores on Herrero reserves are now run by Herreros or Coloureds. The main building at Otjinene is a long, narrow one-story stucco affair with the store at one end. Inside the store the effect was that of a trading post way out in the remoter sections of the Navajo Reservation. The reason for this, in

part, is that although a Railways Bus is supposed to come as far as Otjinene it has not been through for three weeks, breaking down en route each time. The store-keeper asked us if we has any brandy or sugar. Sugar is very scarce and there are rumors that it is soon to be rationed in the Union.

When the power wagon pulled up behind us we learned that a U-bolt had been broken on a shock-absorber. Search in the tool box revealed no spare U-bolts, so Brian had to heat and stretch the one that had been sheared off and thread it. Then, since the nuts had and there were none of proper size, he had to take two nuts off one of the other U-bolts and saw them in half, making four nuts out of two. All this was done in under an hour and a half. This was most reassuring in re the proficiency of our mechanics. The trader brought tea out to us on a tray and Brian produced a bag of oranges from his father's farm. We had a splendid grapefruit from that same farm on Friday morning in Windhoek.

Stock kept coming and going all the time to the waterhole as also did Hereros to the store. Many of the men wore army clothes, or parts of same and all carried canes or swagger sticks or knobkerries. The women, as in Windhoek, were in Mother Hubbards, with high cloth headdresses. Again I was impressed by the dignity of their carriage. Even discounting the headdresses they are very tall, and many of them show no Negro features or few. Laurence, at my suggestion, snapped a splendid purely Hamitic profile with his stereo. There was one beautiful

creature who certainly knew how to dress herself to advantage. She had dark yellow skin and the real "melting" eyes, long and big ones with liquid yellow whites. To complement this she wore a figured yellow Mother Hubbard and over the shoulders a new bright yellow silky-looking scarf. The effect was tremendous.

There were hundreds of small yellow birds around the waterhole. Laurence photographed them.

When the power wagon was ready to go we started east again, proceeding down the Eiseb omarumba over a rudimentary sort of road to Epata, a "cream station" a few miles farther into the reserve. The development of a dairy industry is one of the recent accomplishments on the reserves. It is treated in Dr. Gunter Wagner's paper on Aspects of Conservatism and Adaptation in the Economic Life of the Herrero, in "Sociologus", New Series, Vol.2, No.1, 1952, which I read while in Windhoek.

At Epata, we saw the last of the road and proceeded down the omarumba along the Uys spoor, a spoor being merely a track where someone has been before. During the next few weeks I shall become quite accustomed to these spoors. The only appropriate simile I can think of at the moment is a plowed field, often with the crop still standing, and with big holes at irregular intervals which may or may not be visible to the driver. The holes have brought me face to face with one of life's great disillusionments. They are made by aard-varks. For some 25 years this had been one of my favourite animals. It is no longer. The next time I see one in a zoo I shall spit on it. As you know,



they are very large and they dig a correspondingly big hole. Furthermore, they love to dig, and, whenever anything tampers with the entrance to their den, they dig another one. Consequently, if you dodge one hole you frequently fall into another nearby. Also, the whole system can collapse beneath you, producing what might be described as a semi-subterranean truck on the veld. These are the large holes. There are innumerable smaller ones, ant hills, and shallow holes produced by the thousands by guinea hens scratching for oentjes (wild onions or something). These hazards along with interminable grass clumps, bushes, and occasional stones present a roadbed which resembles an eccentric agitating machine. The loose fat I still possess will soon be shaken down.

I had best here attempt to define an omarumba. It is a generic name for the shallow valleys which pervade the veld. Some of them occasionally carry water for short distances at least during the rains. The long ones, like the Eisob we are now going down, are obviously prehistoric, as watercourses, because one goes uphill as well as down going down them. Apparently vegetation-covered dunes cross them and there is never enough water to cut through them. Consequently, during the rainy season, an omarumba can become a series of marshes or swamps and thereby impassible.

The trees are very interesting, the most striking, so far, the giraffe tree (or Camileboom, Camellboom, sp.?). We have seen many ostriches; a paouw (pronounced pow), a large flightless bird

which is the national bird of S.W. Africa; red winged partridges; and a quite large bird called the khoraan. The two last named occur in great quantities as also do guinea fowl. Still no animals, though we have quitted the farming country.

I am most grateful for Eric William's hat, which is called a "trapper" and made in Ontario. When I hit the roof of the cab, which is not seldom, the only result is a funny noise and a slight shock. As long as my neck stands up everything will be all right.

We pushed on without lunch until dark in an attempt to reach a previous choice camping spot, but the broken U-bolt has got us too far behind schedule. However, we did have a nice spot under a clump of trees. This was my first camp on the open veld and it was most interesting. The trucks were arranged at right angles and our beds placed in the angle. Facing the angle was the clump of trees. Thus we had at least partial laager. Between our beds and the trees was the fire. Before we turned in, a huge tree was put on the fire, to burn all night, against lions, leopards and hyenas. Again it was warmer than I expected, although I appreciated my flannel pajamas, eiderdown and three wool blankets. Lorna had sent in a big bandanna for me to use as a nightcap and that, too, was welcome.

#### Tuesday, August 5

We made an early start this morning, getting away soon after sun-up. I drove most of the morning with Laurence beside me in the

cab with a rifle. He usually carried it on his left shoulder (the Chev. truck is a right-hand drive) away from me, but at one point he had it on my side when I hit a big one. As we bounced around in the cab the barrel of the rifle knocked off my hat and flipped off my glasses but neither touched me nor broke my glasses. Fortunately it was on the third jounce, and, since I had already made contact with the roof on the first and second and the force was reducing, even the absence of the helmet caused no damage. There was no danger from the fire-power of the rifle, of course, because there is an absolute rule that in a truck a rifle shall not only have the safety catch on but there shall be no cartridge in the barrel.

The reason for the rifle was that early in the morning we emerged from some brush and rounded a sharp bend in the spoor to find three kudu bucks not fifty feet from us. They were beautiful creatures and I was not too sorry that they were able to get far enough away before the rifle could be got out of its case and loaded for the two shots we got to miss. It was a most fortunate first view of the big game. They were closer than such animals often are in their big areas in zoos and they were large, full-grown specimens. The markings and horns are splendid.

From then on, through the day, we saw many animals. The next was a small herd eland, nine in number, also not far off, on a hillside across the omarumba. They are "Royal Game" and can be shot only by permit, which we have not got. We could, of course, out here shoot anything but Laurence, very wisely I think, keeps



to the letter of the law. Shortly after this a black-backed jackal ran along the spoor for some yards just ahead of the truck, a lovely beast, coyote colour beneath with a wide black stripe on the back which continues to form the top side of the brush.

To save time and space I shall merely list the other animals as follows: gemsbok, five hartebeeste, many steenbok, and three wild dogs. The only common large beasts, exclusive of the cats, which I did not see today are giraffes, wild pigs (wart hogs) and wildebeest (gnu). The gemsbok were at a great distance and although shots were had there was no kill. The steenbok, which are a small antelope, are also Royal Game, and the hartebeeste is not considered desirable for the pot ("It has a sweetish taste which is not attractive.").

It is really thrilling riding, or rather bouncing, through this tremendous open space with the possibility of so many different kinds of beasts. Progress is satisfactorily slow for the observer; much of the time we are in second speed, sometimes in low, and occasionally, in sandy spots with a slight upgrade, in low-low. Progress is certainly rough but one gets used to that. Our great hazard, the arroyo, does not exist in this part, though Laurence says they occur in the Kokoaveld in the northwestern corner of South West Africa. Here the country is flat, interspersed with shallow omarumbas such as the one we spent most of the day in, as well as half of yesterday.

We hoped to reach camp today as they had made the farming country in two days coming out. This is a great improvement over the seven days of the original trip last year and comes about through the improvement of the spoor, which has had enough travel on it now so that it usually can be seen. Occasionally we lose it and have to fan out on foot to pick it up again. There are given places where one always loses it and since no two trips follow the same track a proper spoor does not develop and one must search around for a place where it takes off again and beyond the indefinite area. In part this is like our trip across the Jicarilla Reservation; the running is not so smooth, but people have a better idea of where they are going.

Our aim of reaching camp today was defeated by a flat tire on the Chev. toward the end of the morning. I was driving, traversing a sandy stretch on the slope of the ovarumba. At first I thought we were side-slipping downhill in the sand but investigation showed a flat. The hillside location in sand was horrible and it took two hours to change the tire, considerably longer than did the blacksmithing and machining of the U-bolt yesterday. In the first attempt to jack up the wheel (rear, on the down-hill side), the jack slipped in the sand and we thought for a moment that the whole truck was coming over. After this, the only thing we could do was to unload that side of the truck which included four 40-gallon drums of petrol. Brian and the two boys got them off and back on again, however, as though they were boxes of cheese. The cause of the trouble was a stick of wood,

the usual cause of punctures here they say as in our West. At least here there are no juniper axe chips.

Toward the end of the afternoon we left the Eisob and started on the final leg, 40 some miles across a sandy piece of veld. We made camp, the first time before dark, at a place they had camped before where there was plenty of wood. Around us was the continuous noise of gekkos, a species of lizard. It reminded me of tree-toads, minus the squeak. This is giraffe country and Laurence was hoping we would see some, but they did not show. Supper was bacon and eggs which tasted wonderful after a long day on the spoor.

After supper Laurence and I discussed whether the moon was full at the moment or not. A few minutes later I happened to look at it and noticed a considerable segment carved out of one side. This seemed pretty rapid waning and then Laurence remembered that he had noticed the moon rising simultaneously with the setting of the sun. So we were in the middle and it was an eclipse. This is the first time I have seen one accidentally, without the fanfare of newspaper announcement. We watched it for over an hour and then went to bed with the eclipse still going strong. I am very pleased to find that I am feeling fine and that the rough trip, etc., does not seem to bother me in the least. Also, my mattress (foam rubber) is most comfortable so that sleeping on the ground is no hardship at all.

Wednesday, August 6

Not cold at all this morning. Off for camp after breakfast - across the veld, very sandy in places. Dropped into another omarumba, this one being the one in which the camp is located. The omarumba seemed full of guinea fowl and steenbok. At one point we ran through an actual canyon for a short distance, with walls 20 to 30 feet high. We reached camp just before noon. The only staff member in camp was Charles C. Handley, Jr.; the rest were up at a Bushman werft (village) on a hill across the ovarumba from camp. In camp were the rest of the camp boys and several Bushmen.

I shall list here the camp personnel, repeating those who were with us on the trip out from Windhoek.

## Staff.

1. Laurence K. Marshall, Director
2. Lorna Marshall, ethnologist
3. John Marshall, cinematographer
4. Elizabeth Marshall, primitive art and staff commissary
5. Charles C. Handley, Jr., Asst. Curator of Mammals, Smithsonian Institution, Mammalogist
6. Brian Enslin of Omururu, S.W. Africa, camp manager and chief mechanic

## Boys.

7. Karl (coloured) - mechanic and driver
8. Philip Havema (Ovambo <Bantu>) - cook. He was the camp cook for P.I. Hoogenhout, Colonel, previous Administrator of SWA, now Ambassador of the Union of S.A. to Holland.
9. Frederick Gelb (Bergdama <locally yclept Damera>) - interpreter. Good English, Herrero, Afrikaans, and German.



He is the head of the Okimbahe Native Reserve and owns a trucking business. This reserve is northwest of Windhoek. He runs trucks from the reserve to Karibib, a town on the road between Walvis Bay and Windhoek.

10. Klas Kleinkop (Bergdama), driver, mechanic, general utility.
11. David (Herrero), camp boy, assistant to cook.
12. /Gao (Bushman), interpreter - speaks Herrero, with expedition last year, coming on August 26 or 27.
13. Picanin interpreter, with expedition last year
14. Gami (Bushman) - raised on Courtney Clark's farm, speaks many languages, including English and German. Does not know Kung Bushman but is expected to be able to pick it up rapidly.  
Probably or possibly coming in mid-September
15. Gunter Wagner, ethnologist, Windhoek - has studied under Thurnwald, Kroeber, Boaz, Malinowski.
16. Sol Marais, from Cala farm, near Summerdown.
17. Maguire, botanist from the Cape who was on Dr. Brock's recent public health and nutrition survey of Bushmen in the Okavango.

There are other possibilities which are more remote, such as Prof. Mainguard, the only surviving real student of Bushman linguistics, and last year and, among other things, made excellent face masks of the Gautscha Bushmen. I saw the masks in Johannesburg and recognized some of them by name from the movies.

Charlie Handley took us up the hill toward the werft and we were met by Lorna, John and Elizabeth, who had heard the trucks and came running down to meet us. We went on to the werft. The skerms (individual grass shelters) looked very like the ones in the movies except for two which faced two ways by means of an opening in the middle. They were made of a rudimentary framework

of branches covered by bundles of grass-straw and larger than I had expected them to be. They were very clean, with skins for sleeping on, and contained many poison arrows, wooden bowls, steel knives, but much fewer imported pots than were at Gautscha last year. This may be because the pots came from the north (Ovamboland). After a relatively quick look around we returned to camp for lunch.

The camp is on one side of the omarumba. It is merely a temporary set-up with the staff at one end, the boys at the other and the kitchen in the middle. The only tent is Charlie Handley's small one where he has his laboratory with a department for Elizabeth's drawings in one end. Charlie is collecting small mammals. The Smithsonian has very few mammals from South Africa and Charlie already has over 200 specimens, not including birds and insects. The last two categories are collected incidentally, the systematic effort is going into mammals. Trap lines are laid out and today yielded a wild cat (*Felix lybica*). Birds get caught quite often in the mouse traps. He has quite a large collection of mice. Because of the mice he is called Tururib which, in Bergdama, means either one who looks for mice or one who looks for small things.

There are a number of trees, all of which are hung with various objects such as rifles, clothing, lanterns, and Charlie's salted skins in neat white cloth bundles. We stayed in camp all afternoon talking, making plans, and unloading the two trucks from Windhoek. Two Herreros have come over from KaiKai in

Bechuanaland and want to buy or trade for sugar, tobacco, etc. Attempts are being made to convince them that we are not traders, but it is being decided that we should drive to KaiKai tomorrow to pay our respects to the headman there and insure his cooperation. This is particularly important from a selfish point of view because our alternate route lies through KaiKai, eventually reaching Maun which is on some sort of road some 170 miles to the east. The two visitors, both very tall, one with superb buck teeth, apparently came over on one donkey. We will take one back, the other will ride the donkey back.

Some 50 or more Bushmen collected around camp during the course of the afternoon. Because of the drying up of some of the water holes this is at present a gold mine of Bushmen. There are four groups in the more or less immediate vicinity all getting water from The Gum water-holes. These have been numbered 1,2,3,4. Groups 2 and 4 have moved in from water-holes elsewhere that have dried up. No. 1, the one on the hill across the Omarumba from us, lives here. No.3, is not a group in the true Bushman sense but consists of the Bushmen who are resident on the Bechuana cattle man at Gum and work for him. The name of the Bechuana is Musinjan. He is away at present, the story being that he has gone off to sell an ox to get money to buy sugar from us. This creates embarrassment because we have none to sell. Another Bechuana, sort of foreman, is in charge during his absence. Musinjan's wife is a Herrero named Cavitjitua and with her is another woman who "grew up in the house of Cavitjitua's

father." The two women were at camp this afternoon. They were gathering bundles of long grass farther up the Ovarumba for a hut they are building at their water-hole. Musinjan is a Christian, and Anglican, forsooth. One of his sons is away at an Anglican mission school "learning to be either a teacher or a truck driver." Cavitjitua does our washing.

Toward the end of the afternoon the Marshalls and I went off down the Ovarumba in the jeep to see if we could get a buck. The top of the jeep is off, except for the two metal hoops which form its frame. Elizabeth was standing on the edge of the tall gate holding on to the rear hoop when the jeep hit a big rock in the spoor and Elizabeth disappeared. I was the only one who noticed her departure, so I yelled and the jeep stopped. The situation was relieved immediately by shrieks of laughter from Elizabeth to whom, lying on her belly in the dust, the sight of four horrified parties sitting upright, holding firearms and looking back in consternation from the jeep must have been like something out of the New Yorker. The only damage was a few scratches on arms and legs. We saw plenty of guinea fowl and one steenbok, but no legal bucks. In the "canyon" we saw a huge honey badger, which ducked into a hole, but we staked it out for the Smithsonian collection. On the way back we got three guinea hens. These are shot just before dark because they roost in groups in trees and many can be got at once. Yesterday John got seven with one charge of buckshot. It is somewhat difficult, however, to locate them in the grass and bushes in the dark.



Supper consisted of excellent soup and the main meat dish was guinea fowl - Philip (or Philipi, as the boys call him) is certainly an excellent cook. He makes delicious bread as well. David, the new camp boy serves us as we sit around on folding chairs, camp stools, boxes, etc. Then the boys place our beds on our chosen spots and we can go to bed when we like. After supper there was much discussion of the gift problems such as were described in Lorna's diary of last year. A handful of tobacco given to each attendant Bushman each day, also a few candies. Other gifts and major items are still to be decided. The Bushman tobacco comes in 100 lb. burlap sacks which cost \$42.00. It is quite dry and includes stalks as well as leaves but they are very eager for it. Apparently it is raw tobacco without molasses or other leavening.

Thursday, August 7

The first night in camp was very comfortable. We arise at sun-up, shortly after 7. David brings tea or coffee in a large mug and places it in the sand alongside one's bed. He and Philip watch the various sleepers and when one's eyes open they pop over with the restorative. These things are the custom of the country and everyone warns Americans against trying to change them. I certainly am not in favour of abandoning the morning tea. We also get tea in mid-morning and at 4 P.M.

Charlie and John visit the trap lines before breakfast. The outstanding haul this morning was a rusty spotted genet which is

a ferret and very beautiful. It looks like a small cat except for the long snout.

At 10 A.M. we left for KaiKai, the Marshalls, Brian, Frederick, /Gao (previously at times and erroneously spelled /Gow), and me in the old power wagon. We stopped at the Gum water-holes, 1.9 miles by road, where we picked up the Herrero (or Bechuana) passenger for KaiKai and also a Bushman boy or young man, it is impossible to tell which. Musinjan's establishment is not visible from the water-holes.

The spoor to KaiKai is smoother than usual but has branches (always with thorns) almost continually along the route which rake the sides and top of the truck so we are always dodging and crouching into the bed of the truck. Real beds, in their zippered containers, are taken along to sit and lie on. For the first time I rode in back. One gets a fine view of the veld but the branches are exceedingly trying. There were a number of recently burned areas en route but the large bushes and trees usually do not burn out.

After we had been under way about an hour an almost incredible miracle occurred. Although the nearest occurrence of anything which could be called a road in any direction in over 150 miles, two trucks were seen approaching. As the two parties drew together, various white, brown and black faces peered at each other from all over the three vehicles. The opposing party was led by the District Commissioner R. A. R. Bent, Esq., whose headquarters are at Maun in the Bechuanaland Protectorate. With

him was his veterinary officer, John or Tom Condy; an old desert character Martiny Droshky who is also an old friend of the Marshalls; the Bechuana headman, Otukile, from KaiKai, whom we were on the way to see; a black policeman with a gold plated lion and unicorn and a red band on his hat; and various drivers and camp boys. Droshky and the Marshalls recognized each other immediately, which was just as well since the D.C. thought he was encountering a crowd of poachers (they pinched a group from South West Africa with a terrific load of game, including royal game, a few weeks ago farther to the south in the protectorate, confiscated their transport and firearms, and relieved them of L2700 in fines). We have a blanket permit for Bechuanaland, but did not have it with us. The party also included Debbi, a Bushman who had been with Dr. Van Zyl, and a friend of the Marshalls.

The situation immediately became chummy, and we were soon poring over the D.C.'s maps and picking up new geographical information. There is a lingering feeling that the D.C. was pursuing the same rumour that had brought the two men from KaiKai to look into us, but if so he was also looking for possible new sites for water borings and also had brought Droshky along so that the letter could show him a candidate for the famous Lost City.

Mr. Bent is returning to England in December for a tour of duty in the Colonial Office in London, which includes a refresher course of some kind in the Colonial Service school at Cambridge

University. He gave me his address at his London Club, which just about puts the lid on this encounter in the middle of the Kaukauveld or, as it is more commonly called, the Western Kalahari. (The Kaukauveld must not be confused - as I have had it confused in my mind for some time - with the Koakoavelt in the northwestern corner of South West Africa).

After a considerable visit the D.C.'s party was invited to camp with us tonight and we continued on to KaiKai. The question of the border becomes more and more interesting. The D.C. is actually administering Gum for the Protectorate through Otukile, the Bechuana Headman at KaiKai. Musinjan, it seems, is appointed by Otukile. Yet the D. C. says the latest survey places the boundary "about 9 miles west of KaiKai." Gum is some 30 miles west of KaiKai, somewhat south of west but not enough to take up all that slack.

We lunched before Kai Kai and then drove in. Like Gum and, I gather, all the places on the map for a couple of hundred miles hereabouts, the eye is greeted not by buildings but by water holes with people and stock around them. As at Gum, there is a Bechuana kraal in the vicinity but at some distance from the water-hole and we did not see it. The reason for the removal of habitations from the immediate vicinity of the water-hole is a good functional one - namely, so that the game can water. If people live too close, the game will migrate to another water-hole. Also, during the rainy season I imagine the mosquito question may be important. There was one striking new feature at



Kai Kai, a large mealie field, enclosed within a low fence of brush and grass, about 2 acres in area.

Many Bushmen were about and a few Bechuana and/or Herrero. One Bechuana boy was taking a bath beside one of the water-holes. These Bechuana water-holes are deep, blasted out with blasting powder. Some of the Bushmen were old friends, including the so-called "extra family" at Gautscha last year. Tobacco was distributed and received with great enthusiasm. One of the small children was terrified by the white men to the great amusement of the group. With us and the D.C.'s party it is possible that there are more Whites in the area today than there have ever been at one time before.

The return trip was somewhat crowded, with seven Bushmen in addition to the one who had come over with us. They had all their gear and twice during the trip we had to stop and rearrange people and things which got completely scrambled in the jolting. One large gourd full of water was shattered, and two quivers full of poisoned arrows added a sort of fillip to the ride. The remnants of the gourd were tossed out as a great joke. These Bushmen are amazing. I have never seen such gentle, good humored people. Many people thought that Mrs. Marshall was being overly sentimental in her descriptions last year but that is not so. If anything, she understated the position. The young boys are especially sweet and many of them resemble Pan. They have large and very long eyes; this in conjunction with a narrow face results in an intriguing physiognomy, eyes continuing around to

the side of the face. They exchange greeting with each of us at all meetings and partings, smiles and eye-twinkles are always the order of the day, and all in all the effect is phenomenal.

We unloaded our Bushmen passengers at the water-holes at Gum and drove into camp just behind the D.C.'s party. They had dinner with us and we stayed up until 11:30 talking. The D.C. described some of his duties and both he and the vet. had many interesting stories. Among them was the account of a school for Bushmen which the Protectorate ran before the war (it has not been revived). The idea was to teach agriculture against the inevitable decrease of game. Almost all the scholars were women. The men had little interest but over 30 women attended regularly to learn how to raise food so that they wouldn't "go hungry when the men were too lazy to hunt." The D.C. described a number of his court cases and seems to be doing a reasonable job at reconciling concepts of justice in the conflicting cultural systems he has to handle.

Friday, August 8

The trap line produced a Cape silver fox this morning. The D.C.'s party came to breakfast. Elizabeth's interest in literature came out and the D.C. presented her with a book of poems, The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker, which he characterized as having "more imagery" than other recent poets. The D.C. writes poetry himself, also archaeological and ethnological notes. After breakfast we went with the D.C. to the

Gum water-holes near which Droszky claims there are ruins and produced an aged Bushman who is said to remember when there were actually standing walls. This is the old "Lost City" business and it is hoped that it ties in with the Zimbabwe-Bulawayo sites. Various stones were picked up which are said to be from walls and "mortar" and "slag" from iron smelting were also produced. There were no implements or other artifacts, however, and I am not at all sure that the whole are not natural formations. None of us save the visiting party were convinced.

At the water-hole the D.C. did the gracious for us with the Kai Kai headman, Otukile, gave his official blessing, and asked him to help us whenever the occasion should arrive. Laurence presented Otukile with sugar and Otukile distributed tobacco from the D.C.'s truck to the attendant Bushmen. The visiting transport consisted of a heavy Ford pick-up and a large Ford truck. The body of the latter was a huge cage, for security at night. Behind the cab was a settee going completely across the truck. Here rides the "Raj". In front of it, on the fore wall of the cage is hung a considerable assortment of rifles, with others behind and in the pick-up. There is a steel ladder for mounting into the cage. The ladder slides into brackets under the bed of the truck while running. Mechanically, and as to tires, the whole outfit was very much the worse for wear and neglect. Our mechanics were horrified, but apparently it gets around in this un-roaded country. I was reminded of Jess Nusbaum


leaving Point of Pines, Arizona, for Clifton with the fabric bare on his tires.

The Bushmen come early to camp, some are here before breakfast. The men and boys come first, the women later on, after they have got water. This morning at the water-hole we saw the process from the deep hole (about 15 feet). There were two Bushmen (men) at the bottom with two "bucket brigades" of women on two sides of the hole. on two sides of the hole. Sometimes the ostrich egg shells themselves were passed down and sometimes one of our tin cans which came up full and then a woman at ground level would pour the water into the shell. There is also a watering trough at ground level which the Bushmen who work for Musinjan fill for his stock. The latter process was going on at the second water-hole. Small herds of goats and cattle were driven up to water by Bushmen children. There is stock here under Musinjan's charge owned by other Bechuana who do not live here.

We noticed three Bushman women carrying buckets of water from the hole and emptying them onto the ground a short distance away. Following, we saw wet patches in the sand under branches of thorn trees laid on the ground. Although no shoots are showing yet, these are Musinjan's tobacco plants. The small area, about 25 feet in diameter is surrounded by a rudimentary fence of grass and brush, even lower than the one around the mealie field at Kai Kai. It is much too low to keep anything out and can serve only to mark the patch.



Among the Bushmen who came to camp early this morning was one playing a single-stringed musical instrument. The shaft was a stick 2 to 3 inches in diameter, like a model of a dugout canoe. The single string (sinew or gut) was attached to an adjustable peg at one end for tuning and at the top end to the shaft directly. The top end was inserted into a large tin can. The sound was controlled not by touching the string but by lowering and raising the thumb at different angles across the dugout part of the shaft. The instrument was played with a small bow, about 6 inches long, on which some animal hair was stretched. The bow string was frequently moistened by drawing it through the mouth. The music is simple but pleasant.

Another musical instrument is a small 4-stringed harp with a skin cover. 

Both of these instruments are probably diffused from other tribes. Neither was present in the Gautscha group last year.

I had best complete here the description of the camp set-up. In front of camp out in the omarumba is the water-boiling set-up. A fire burns in a pit in the ground over which is set a 40-gallon gas drum of water. All water, even wash water, is boiled.

A few hundred yards up the ovarumba is the "garage" where the gasoline, tools, spare springs, etc. are kept. A very full array of spare parts us on hand.

After lunch Lorna continued her interviews on genealogy. She sits under a tree with the interpreter chain completely surrounded by Bushmen. Those who are not asleep listen with

interest to the procedure and often chip in their bit in addition to the particular informant or informants being worked on. They answer all questions freely and with great good humour. The group contained over 30 men, women and children at the start and increased to over 50 as the afternoon progressed. Others were sitting around in groups on the ovarumba side of camp. The children are everywhere and are incredibly sweet and well mannered. They have a number of games, some of them very complicated, but, believe it or not, they are never boisterous or noisy. When, rarely, the smaller ones cry it is still not loud. If these are savages, as they are still called by the South African Whites, it is perhaps too bad we have evolved so far. One very beautiful young woman here today from group 3 is copiously bedecked with jewelry, copper ornaments in her hair, bead and leather bracelets and anklets, a beaded apron, many necklaces, and pendant from her neck a "Zulu loveletter" which is a beaded rectangle about six inches by four with a nice design, a gift from her man. They also have ear pendants, but since their ears have no lobes (the Bushmen ear, famous in physical anthropology) the pendants are attached at different places along the rim of the ear. The hair ornaments have a peculiar appearance, too. The peppercorn hair has a great advantage in this regard for, being arranged naturally in tightly coiled tiny tufts, things can be tied on the tufts anywhere, at will.

During the evening as we were sitting around the fire it exploded and scattered sparks and ashes all over the place.

Someone had put in the eyeballs of one of Charlie's animals which go off like a small bomb. This diversion is now firmly interdicted with extreme penalties threatened.

Concern developed about the varied measures different people assigned to a handful of tobacco. A bureau of standards was set up and an amount fixed by adjusting the lid of a small tin can. Then Brian soldered lids in that place in eight cans so we will all give the same measure.

Cans are very important. They are all saved and Elizabeth washes them as gifts for the Bushmen.

Charlie had a fine book on animals called The Mammals of South Africa by Austin Roberts, Distributed by the Central News Agency. It was a subscription job and has no publisher save "The Mammals of South Africa Book Fund." It is out of print but Laurence managed to get one through friends in the Union.

There is a distressing but also amusing development. It appears that when our new camp boy, David, signed up in Windhoek last week he thought he was signing up for six days rather than six months. He is scheduled to take his wife to a dance in the native location at Windhoek tomorrow night. The other boys think it a great joke and David himself seems quite philosophical about it. Also he had very few clothes and is now wearing under an old white coverall donated by Brian the tops of my green pajamas. I should have brought that great collection of pajama tops in the bottom drawer.

Great discussions went on all evening about the gift situation and the move to Gautscha. There is to be a trip to Gautscha tomorrow in an attempt to contact /Guma, the head-man of last year's Gautscha group. We shall stay at least one night at Gautscha.

Saturday, August 9

This morning after breakfast Cavitjitua, Musinjan's Herrero wife, came up with her sister to do the washing. She does it here at camp with our boiling water and hangs the clothes on the bushes along the ovarumba. After breakfast Laurence, Elizabeth, Brian, Karl, Frederick, /Gao and I started for Gautscha in the Chevy truck with 11 barrels of gas to be left up there against future use. The spoor north from Gum is exceptionally rough but has one advantage, for the whole 46 miles there is very little of the irritating raking vegetation. It is bad enough to be scratched by juniper branches in Arizona. Here everything, almost, is equipped with thorns, some of them thoughtfully curved at the end to insure that they don't miss. There is one vicious number called the "wait-a-minute" bush which has white hooked thorns on very dark branches. It looks tough, and is. Since we had a full load most of the party rode on the beds on top of the gas drums and the cab, looking for animals, Bushmen, etc.

Shortly beyond Gum we saw a herd (flock?) of 8 ostriches. Next were 3 wild pigs. We shot at them but they rushed off free through the grass across the velt, their ludicrously long tails



(3 feet or so) erect with little tassels on the ends. A few miles farther along the spoor we saw 2 giraffes, my first. They were magnificent and not far off. They are very curious and run a bit, then stop to look. They fooled along, crossing and recrossing the spoor ahead of us, for over a mile. I was following them with the field glasses (whenever we stopped to observe them, that is - for it is impossible to use glasses when bouncing along the spoor). At one point, when I had opened the cab door (being in the cab for the time) my sweater fell out unnoticed. We discovered the loss some miles further on. One does not retrace one's tracks on the spoor except in dire emergency but we expect to pick it up on the way back (remarks about hyenas carrying off things like that, but they do not sound too serious). With obvious reluctance, curiosity unsatisfied but prudence winning out, the giraffes took off across the veld.

The next event was a shout from Brian, on top, that there was a flat. This was followed by a tremendous bang and I looked out to see Charlie firing the rifle from the ground beside the truck. There was talk of kudu, which I did not see, and Charlie took up into the bush, which was rather thick at that point while Brian, by now under the truck setting the jack in place, was yelling at Karl in Afrikaans in an attempt to get the car jacked up before the air went out of the tire, thereby avoiding a situation similar to the one we had in the Eisob ovarumba a few days ago. To top off the excitement, throughout all this there a

stick over an inch in diameter in the side wall. This time the tire was changed very rapidly.

Meanwhile Charlie had returned announcing that he had a kudu buck a quarter of a mile off. He had quite a hunt. His impression had been that he had shot at one kudu from the spoor, then shot at another, then chased them through the brush, then seen what he thought was those two running off to the left, then seen three others to the right, bringing one of them down with two shots. When he came up to his kudu it had 4 shots in it; he had scored with each shot and always in the same beast.

Before going on we had lunch of cheese and rusks and corned beef. Charlie and /Gao were left to butcher kudu. Their beds, food and water were left in case we could not get back to pick them up tonight.

Before long we came to Nami (Nama), a small pan about 12 miles southeast of Gautscha. We walked along the west side of the pan to inspect the water situation which, it seems, is very much poorer than last year. There were thousands of animal tracks of many kinds, including a beautiful lion spoor of last night or early this morning. The paws were very clear in the loose sand. Near the one small part of the pan where open water still exists we came upon a pit about 8 feet in diameter and 2 feet deep with bundles of grass around the edge, presumably a Bushman shooting blind.

Leaving Nami we passed by, before long, the "poison tree" of last year. This is the tree among whose roots /Guma's people got

their poison grubs for the arrows. Also baobab trees are now occurring, very queer and impressive. They have huge trunks and very tiny branches which seem a terrific anticlimax. The trunks are not only large but they appear swollen and abnormal, like a tree with elephantiasis. In fact they suggest elephants in colour and texture from the distance, as well as in size. They also suggest carrots, upside down; those crazy carrots which have been grown in pebbly soil and are split up into a number of fat, stubby, irregular parts with occasional funny bends and angles in them. The silly little branches on the trees are for all the world like the hairy wisps on the carrots. Laurence says that botanically the baobab is a carrot but this may be merely because they look so like inverted overgrown carrots. A queer tree, in fact, and by far the largest thing I have ever seen. Most of the trees on the veld are small.

Finally we passed the remnants of last year's Bushman village and came to Gautscha Pan. This was my first view of a pan of any considerable size. It is like our playas of the west. Gautscha is over half a mile long and, as pans go, is still small. Some of them are tremendous and people like the late Sir Malcolm Campbell come to the more accessible ones to break records with speedy automobiles as at Lake Bonneville (the Bonneville Salt Flats) in Utah. We stopped to check the water-hole (the one you saw in the movies) and then roared across an arm of the pan, at a speed greater than I have traveled since I

left the plane in Windhoek, to a beautiful camping spot on the eastern edge of the pan.

There are no apparent Bushmen, and /Gao and Frederick covered the area reading the signs. The report is not encouraging, nothing which is not 2 or 3 days old, and very few, at that. We saw a steenbok, which Frederick called a roibok, in the grass close to camp. We walked slowly to it and it ran into a little swale only 20 to 30 feet from the little buck and it did not budge. It was not until 2 more of us were almost upon it that it jumped up and ran for the brush.

As soon as our bedrolls and grub had been off-loaded, Brian went back with the truck to pick up Charles and Karl. Returning after a quick trip, he saw a lion in the brush near Nama. Lions are very prominent here, as beside our camp is a big light grey ant hill about 10 feet high which we noticed in the waning light looks just like a lioness. I have never seen so striking a "natural" representation. Ears, eyebrow ridges, arch in nose and even the place on the side of the face where whiskers grow, also jowls. After dark it showed up strikingly in the beam of the flashlight.

We had kudu steak for supper, very good indeed. Before turning in we fired a salvo of rifle shots in the hope that our Bushmen friends would hear them. The noise echoes around the pan but it is very doubtful that it would be heard at Gura pan, five or so miles away, where it is thought /Guma may be. Charlie cleaned the kudu skull. The horns are splendid but not so large



as those on the bucks we saw early this week in the Eisob omarumba.

Sunday, August 10

This has been the warmest night yet, warmer than any of our summer nights in the West. Breakfast by the pan of mealie pap and kudu liver. After breakfast I walked over to the baobab tree which was in the movie last year with the Bushmen climbing it for observations. These are the highest things in the area and each one is equipped with pegs driven in by the Bushmen for climbing. The trunk, on close inspection, appears sort of petrified and seems very hard. Actually it is quite soft and easily carved. Under the very thin light coloured outer layer is a light green layer. At the proper season the baobab has flowers and fruit.

Brian and the boys hung the kudu meat in a tree at camp, covering it with brush for shade. They wove the brush together to make good coverings. Some was wrapped up in the skin. No signs of any Bushmen yet, so we are going in search of them. Before starting out we went to the water-hole and ladled out all the water, about 20 gallons, to find out how long it takes to refill. There is a very marshy spot near the hole where I think a big hole could be dug out which would give plenty of water. Before we left camp we took a picture of the ant hill lion which looks good even in the daylight.

Then we drove north a few miles to "the line of baobabs" which includes some perfectly tremendous ones. Brian and /Gao

climbed one to see if they could see Gura Pan. We had been trying to find Mr. McIntyre's spoor to Gura (he drove over there once last year) but without success. Mr. McIntyre is the member of the S.W.A. Bushmen commission who was with the expedition last year. I met him and his wife in Windhoek. From the baobab "something that looked like the opening for a pan" was seen in the distance in the right direction but they could not see the grey sand of the pan. The baobab near which we had stopped the truck was tremendous, over 20 feet in diameter. Although not a tall tree by absolute comparisons, in its setting it is most impressive, to me, much more so than a redwood. This one had some of last summer's fruit still on it, a large fruit with a thick pulp and a big stone inside. It is edible and under each tree are throwing sticks for knocking them down. These sticks are not carried away but left in situ for the next time or next comers. The Bushmen have a great respect for this sort of thing and, as the Marshalls reported it last year, are, in our terms, strictly honest. A long history in this rugged environment probably is the reason. They are around camp all day long and never touch anything. Even Elizabeth's little boys wait patiently until they are handed a piece of modeling clay and never take one up without permission even though they are sitting or lying alongside a board covered with them.

We decided not to try for Gura without a spoor simply on the off chance that there might be Bushmen there, fired off some more shots and drove back to Gautscha. As we approached, four small,

dark coloured figures were seen walking in single file across the pan - a welcome sight, indeed. On closer view there turned out to be 2 men and 2 boys. They had left their bows and poisoned arrows behind in the typical gesture of friendship. They were strangers to the Marshalls but, like all Bushmen I have yet seen, were very pleasant and open. When they saw our Bushmen boy, /Gao, however, they recognized him and burst forth with laughter, patting his arms and shoulders, etc. They came from Thinthuma, a pan about 5 miles west of Gautscha. They said that they had not heard our shots but had heard the car when we came in last night and again when we started north this morning.

We sat under the shade of a tree near the water-hole for a long interview. Tobacco was brought out first, and, when the Bushmen shoulder bags were opened, one of the containers produced for the reception of the tobacco was one of our peanut tins left up there by the Marshalls 2 weeks ago. Costume - breechclout, bag, string of beads on one boy. Shoulder bags like current female handbags at home and contents equally impressive. The interview developed that /Guma had gone to KaiKai 3 days ago and that it was expected that he would return. Also, that last summer's rains had been disappointing and the veldkos was scarce. This raises more problems in connection with the move north to the pans. However, it was decided to establish a petrol depot at Gautscha and 9 drums were put off the truck, also a drum of kerosene. These were left under a tree near the water-hole with bare rock on one side and the pan on the other.

Then we had a quick lunch of rusk and wieners, giving each Bushman one of the latter. Next we returned to our camp of last night to load the kudu meat. The remnant of entrails and the fore-legs were given to the Bushmen. Our Bushman, /Gao also made a present, giving them some meat he had left in the ashes and other uncooked items wrapped up in the ears. Then we were off for our base camp at the Gum at considerable speed. At one point Laurence stopped the truck abruptly for a big bump and Brian came flying forward over the roof of our cab, landing flat on his stomach on the hood, from there to the mudguard, and then to the ground, without a scratch. At Nami we put up 5 kudu does who crossed the spoor heading for the brush not far in front of us. A slight stop was made at the point where the tire was changed yesterday to look for Bryan's watch which is still missing - not found. Further on, my sweater showed beside the spoor at the place where we had seen the giraffes. Not long afterwards three more giraffes appeared, one of them very close to the truck. We had an excellent view, first of their pacing walk, then a gallop. They stopped to look at us curiously many times. The animals here show very little fear of the truck and apparently have no concept of firearms. They stand watching at a short distance, apparently relying on their own quick movement to get away if any danger develops. Still later, about an hour before dark, we came upon a gemsbok with beautiful black markings and long, straight, spiral horns. Brian shot him with the remaining rifle cartridge, but did not kill, so we followed him across the veld in the truck



and eventually Charlie stalked him through the grass to finish him off with the shotgun. We now have enough meat for some time. When the gemsbok had been loaded on to the back of the truck it was almost dark, but we decided to continue on to camp since it was only 10 miles. At a lower speed, with the lights, the spoor was usually quite plain and we were able to spot most of the holes. At camp we ate delicious soup from goat bones, and equally tasty goat meat. The evening ended with long discussion of plans.

Monday, August 11. Aralen day.

Frederick and /Gao began butchering the gemsbok before breakfast. Breakfast consisted of mealie pap, kudu steak and onions, and eggs. Charlie's trap line this morning produced a fine black-backed jackal. After breakfast, with 60 to 70 Bushmen around camp, Elizabeth began working with a group of boys and modeling clay. They quickly produced about 30 animals, mostly antelope. One boy modeled a power wagon, looking at the truck from time to time - twigs for axles - himself driving.

More discussion of plans - the main question being whether to move up to Gautscha within a few days or, the other hand, to stay here at Gum to take advantage of the large number of Bushmen here. A fifth hole has dried up. Discussion of objectives came up, as well as the moving. There is so much that can be done. Lorna would like to try getting individual biographies.-

Frederick is doing a splendid job of butchering. When I compliment him on his skill he informed me that he had worked 5 years in the "ration stores." Clotheslines and all of the bushes on the "boys" side of camp are gradually being festooned with strips of meat to dry, thereby forming biltong (the African "jerky").

In the course of the morning it has gradually been decided, subject to revision if /Guma turns up, to stay here at Gum until the other two interpreters arrive on August 26 or 27. Then, other factors being propitious, we shall move up to Gautscha or thereabouts. The most important of the deciding factors is the interpreter situation. At present we have only the one good chain of interpreters. When we go to Gautscha one of the first tasks will be exploration to the west, 50 to 100 miles. This is unknown and untracked country and it is believed that Bushmen are to be found there who have even less contact with other peoples than those at Gautscha, Thinthuma, etc. Good interpretation will be necessary for this and, if we moved north now, we could not do both exploration to the west and ethnological work at Gautscha. Whereas, on August 24, Picanin (with the expedition last year) and Gami (Courtney-Clarke's famous Bushman who speaks 6 or more languages, including English, Afrikaans and German) are coming by bus to Cigarette. This is 3 days north of us by the usual rudimentary spoor and is merely a waterhole like Gum with a Herrero or Bechuana cattle man, but it is on a road of sorts

served by a weekly bus. These two are good interpreters and we will then be able to operate at least 3 projects simultaneously.

At three-thirty the biltong was all hung and Frederick had prepared on his big table (boards between 2 large packing cases) 80 pieces of beast (odds and ends, unfancy joints, etc.) for the Bushmen. Distribution was interesting. First the headmen of the various groups were given really valuable things: the gemsbok skin, a goat skin, the gemsbok head. The skins had other things wrapped up in them, ribs, etc. (You will be distressed to learn that the heart is considered Bushmen meat). Then the individual Bushmen, now well over 70 in number, who had sometime previously arranged themselves in a semi-circle facing camp, filed by amidst considerable shouting and direction from the headmen to receive their share. There was much laughter and general good humor. Everyone large enough to walk received a share. Laurence, John, Charlie, and I stood by like a receiving line, adding to the official touch, while Frederick padded out the presents. This done the people dispersed to their respective werfs.

Meanwhile, Bryan and some of the boys had been out after tent poles and two tents are to go up. Previously the only tent had been a small one of Charlie's which houses his laboratory and Elizabeth's "studio". Laurence and John photographed the animals and truck made in plasticene by the Bushmen boys this morning.

Tuesday, August 12

Cold snap - last night's temperature minimum, 28. I am well acclimated, however, and sat up to drink my morning tea in my pajama tops, without putting on shirt and sweater as I did at first. Charlie has a thermometer which shows the daily maximum and minimum temperatures. I have a new piece of meteorological knowledge; the minimum temperature comes in the morning after the sun has come up. There was ice in the water buckets this morning, one piece about a quarter of an inch thick.

Today is designated as a "day off" for the boys. They worked all morning, however, stacking the kitchen supplies in the newly erected tent, making biltong for the staff (white), etc. This caused some consternation among the Marshalls but I tried to point out that they had wanted the day off to "arrange their own things", that this was actually in essence what was going on, that they would probably really sit around some in the afternoon, and that it would truly count as a day off.

Brian, with Frederick's help, is making the staff biltong out of meat from the kudu and gemsbok. This is against the summer and rainy season when fresh meat spoils a few hours after its killed. To make biltong the meat is cut in strips and laid down in salt and pepper. This was done in tall square candy tins, ca. 9 x 9 x 14 inches. After a day in the tin the strips are hung up in the air at night and boxed in a cool place by day until completely dry and hard. Then, kept out of the sun, they will last a long time.



Charlie put the fly on his tent this morning. He has only his two steel trap lines out at present. The mouse trap lines are not out, for the small animals lie pretty much doggo on the cold nights. Laurence and John are repacking the camera equipment. Lorna, her interpreter chain having the day off, is analyzing genealogies and headman data under a tree in the distance. During the morning Laurence and John rigged up a tarp for shade over their photo box and for a study for photographing the modeled clay animals. The structure was immediately christened "The Masterpiece." They spent the rest of the morning testing the Land camera for exposure and distance for close-ups of the animals. The Land film is causing trouble. In the sun it operates at its listed speed of 100, but the Masterpiece, in the close-ups, the computed speed, based on the results, is only about 6, a hopeless situation. When the light reading calls for 1/100 of a second an exposure of a full second produces an underexposed print.

The truck returned from the water-hole almost completely obscured by Bushmen, about 30 of hem on it. Some Bushman stomachs seem larger, or am I imagining this result of the meat distributed yesterday?

After lunch a party left to film a veld fire which was belching smoke at a distance. I did not go, staying home to write and watch the Bushmen. The boys really took part of the afternoon off, doing their own washing, lying around, etc. The truck came back, the fire being too far off. We see them

illuminating the sky every night, sometimes 3 or 4 of them, but there have been no close ones. The truck had gone 4 miles but the fire was at least 5 miles farther on. With an average of 5 miles per hour or less on the veld without a spoor this was impractical. The situation is well illustrated by Brian who walked home for exercise and arrived only 15 or 20 minutes after the truck.

Later in the afternoon John went over to the Gum water-hole to film blasting operations where the Bechuanas are trying to make a new "bore hole." The description of this operation is rather hair-raising. They are now about 40 feet down in a hole of only approximately 4 feet in irregular diameter. Men are lowered and raised in a bucket attached to a very rickety windlass. Thoria, Musinjan's assistant, was lowered down with a supply of blasting powder to set, then he was pulled up and the visiting Herrero from KaiKai (the one who was supposed to ride the donkey back to KaiKai last Thursday) was let down, then a small bucket of hot coals was lowered, then all the Bushmen and others scattered for the bush except two who ground like the devil on the windlass until the visiting Herrero appeared, followed almost immediately by a great blast. The part played by the visitor reminds me of the Somerville and Ross story about the man who came from Cork to Ausolas Castle to buy apples.

Dinner produced a delicious gemsbok consomme and gemsbok stew with dumplings. After dinner Brian hung up his biltong, 143

pieces, on clotheslines. A bent wire hook is attached to each piece.

Wednesday, August 13

A new departure - I am now interrogating Bushmen. I have the interpreter chain in the morning to inaugurate the attack on the food problems, then Lorna takes them in the afternoon to continue her genealogies and headmanship study. It was most interesting; Frederick (pronounced Freederick) and I sat on camp stools under a tree on the edge of camp, /Gao and the Bushmen forming a semi-circle in front of us, with Laurence and John on our flanks. We began on the hunting, starting with a simple list of the animals they hunt which I recorded in English, Bushman and Bergdama, the last two copied from Frederick. We both have clip boards and sit closely side by side. The four clicks are written /, //, !, and = and the same four are used in Bergdama. I merely added the Bergdama to the list as an extra when I discovered that Frederick was taking notes in Bergdama (although his interrogation with /Gao is in Herrero) and I figure we might as well have it. The interpreter chain works surprisingly well, although it is of course inferior to direct interviewing. Frederick is very good. In addition to being the head of one of the largest of the S.W.A. native reserves he has had considerable experience as court reporter and speaks excellent Afrikaans and good German in addition to several native languages. During impasses as to identifications of birds or plants he would shout

back to camp to Philip in Ovambo and to Brian in Afrikaans or German in order to establish English equivalents. The Bushmen were most cooperative and obviously enjoyed the session. Officially we were interrogating four men from Group One, including the headman, the chief medicine man, and an old man (who slept part of the time - reminding me somehow of testifying before a committee of the House of Representatives). Other chipped in, however, and the audience increased as the morning wore on.

First they listed the big animals they hunt, including the ostrich, then the small animals, including all the other birds. After getting the simple list, we went through the animals one by one, recording how they shoot or catch them; in general it is by means of poisoned arrows or spring pole traps. They made models of the traps. The spring-hare is got by poking a long pole, with a hook on it, into the hole, as shown in last year's movies, and the aardvark is dug up. The greatest excitement was evinced during the description of shooting the rhinoceros. Many people chipped in on this and talk spread all through the "audience." At the end, however, it turned out that there was not a man there who had shot a rhino. The oldest man said that once he had been with a man who has shot one. Obviously, in common with many other peoples, they talk a great hunt. The question of the overt and covert in cultural values already stands out.

During the hunting of the eland we digressed into a long session on the collecting and handling of the poison. In some



ways it coincided with the system in #Guma's group, filmed last year, but there are specific differences.

When Charlie Handley and John came back from the trap line this morning Charlie announced that a hyena had gone off with one of his steel traps. It had a 50-lb. drag on it which the beast had pulled 75 feet and then snapped off. A delegation left with some Bushmen to track the hyena. Charlie could have done this himself, but he wanted to see the Bushmen at work, tracking. They followed the hyena "as fast as they could walk" and found him a mile off. When they came upon him each Bushman closed in with a stone in each hand. They also threw sticks, but Charlie dispatched him with the rifle.

In the afternoon John went off to the water-hole to film the blasting at the new water bore, described in yesterday's notes.

It was learned this afternoon that 5 men from Group 1 plan to go for mangetti nuts tomorrow. They are going up the omarumba "one night's sleep." Our offer to take them was accepted so we shall film the process. John is scheduling the photography. There is considerable doubt as to just where the forest is. Later in the evening word came from the "boys'" section of the camp that it is in the "Gautscha omarumba." No one remembers any mangettis that way until beyond Gautscha Pan, 50 miles away, which would be much too far for a "one night's sleep."

Thursday, August 14.

The morning started with long discussions of the number of trucks to be taken on the mangetti expedition. All the staff is going, and beds and food for overnight and the Bushman, yet for a considerable time only one power-wagon was scheduled, to save gas, etc. Finally, the number of people, the fact that we really had no good idea as to where or how far we were going, and the probability that for a considerable part of the trip there would be no spoor, forced the inclusion of the second power-wagon. This was just as well for when the 5 Bushmen finally materialized they turned out to be 19. When we left camp, the staff plus Frederick and /Gao were in the first truck, with a Bushman in the cab (Gao (without a click), a medicine man) as a guide, and our camping and movie equipment; the second truck had Charlie and Karl in the cab with 18 Bushmen behind, all male save one young woman and one small girl. We went out the Gautscha spoor for about an hour, then turned off just a bid short of where we shot the gemsbok on Sunday. Then we had about three miles through the veld. The movies were nicely planned. When we had the mangetti tree well sighted in front of us we stopped and pictures were taken of the Bushmen walking across the veld toward the forest. They played their parts beautifully and to the letter. Instructed not to look back at us as they walked, not one of them turned around even after they were stopped, until summoned back. There is always this evidence of cooperation, patience and a desire to please. When we got to the edge of the forest another

stop was made and the Bushmen were filmed actually walking in. We still drove for at least a mile and a half into the forest another stop was made and the Bushmen were 3/4/ of a mile through trees two and three times as tall as the trucks. The power-wagons demonstrated their worth here, for fair, pushing these trees down and riding over them with seeming effortless ease. Movies were taken of this "for the Dodge Company" and also another part of the mangetti film showing the Bushmen walking through the trees.

At last we reached a spot satisfactory to the Bushmen and they immediately began gathering nuts at a tremendous rate, using both hands and feet to pick them up. We doubted at first that this was a normal rate but they kept it up for almost four hours, fanning out over a mile and a half radius. Under some trees there were piles of nuts accumulated in previous visits.

The nuts appear to be almonds, hard shells, very hard indeed. The fruits had an outer section, now dried, with the nut inside. They lie on small animals. The fruit varies in shape from ovoid to a larger heartshape, depending on whether they contain or more seeds. We hit them with wrenches, tire irons, etc., and can barely break into them, whereas the Bushmen crack them with heavy sticks, one as an anvil, the other as a hammer. It is like opening oysters, easy when you know how. The trick is to rap them relatively lightly a few times one the side, then upend them for a good sturdy biff.

Just before 4 o'clock the Bushmen began returning to the truck with large bundles of the nuts. We estimated one of the big ones at 70 lbs. Their small bags were also full, and the karosses were made into bags. Many of the bundles were well made, bunches of grass enclosed in a carrying net with leather straps for handles. We had seen the nets in the skerms. They had not been observed at Gautscha last year and there had been speculation as to their use, since they seemed small for rabbit nets, etc.

After a lunch we returned to camp, arriving just before dark. On the way back we noticed evidence of spring. The horrible tall dark bushes with the ghostly white thorns are sprouting beautiful small yellow flowers.

Back in camp we found that Bryan had erected the remaining two tents. We shall move into them, in part at least, in order to estimate how many more tents must be bought in Windhoek to take care of the outfit during the rainy season.

Throughout the picking of the nuts Laurence and John took pictures and feel that this will be one of their most successful sequences. They will film the handling of the nuts in the skerm tomorrow morning.

This was my first long experience of travel without any spoor at all. On the open veld, John rode on a front mudguard to watch for holes, like Rex on our car out west to get through a large herd of sheep. This was not possible, of course, in the



thick brush or trees. The holes are the big hazard and can be very nasty.

After supper I helped Bryan hang out his biltong. It is drying very nicely. Although it is intended for summer rations, we shall sample some in ten days or two weeks when it is fully cured.

Friday, August 15.

After breakfast Laurence, John, Frederick, /Gao and I, with a few attendant Bushmen, drove up the hill in a power-wagon to the Group 1 werft. On arrival we were greeted formally and with big smiles by the Headman (Gao). (Bushman names are surprisingly restricted in number. However, there are apparently 4 different Gaos, one without a click, others with different clicks.)

The werft resounds with the crackling and pulverizing of mangettis. The outer (fruit) section is pounded off in wooden mortars. This meal is eaten dry or made into a gruel with water. The nuts are then thrown over to men and boys to crack (the women do the pulverizing). Sometimes they put them in hot ashes. Later, in the morning interview, we recorded various methods of eating mangettis (//Ga). Laurence and John took many feet of the eating the mangettis and of the various methods of handling.

After about an hour of filming, I resumed my interviewing, in the shade of the truck, facing the werft. Again we had 3 main informants with most of the remaining members of the group sitting, squatting or lying about, including a few from the other

groups who have come up from camp. About 10 or dozen boys are lying in an interlocked, overlapped mass under the truck behind us. The male part of the audience listens or sleeps, the adults occasionally contributing. The women form the outer ring. The older women are very attentive, the younger ones, although listening at times, talk more among themselves and play with their smaller children who suckle frequently and for considerable periods. Lorna's estimate of every 20 minutes does not seem exaggerated.

In this morning's interview we finished the methods of hunting animals and instead of passing directly to the handling of the game after shooting we diverted to mangetti gathering, as a topical item, and interrogated as thoroughly as we could. In the course of this I discovered that they have a species of "wise woman." She had dreams and also interprets the dreams of others. I recorded two dreams (one from the medicine man and one from the headman) and her interpretation of them. They all had to do with success in the hunt. The men showed no reluctance in telling the dreams and I believe we can get much of this kind of material, I hope of other aspects besides hunting.

The weather is warming up and today Brian made a cooler. It is about the size of a smallish refrigerator at home, made of poles, with door fashioned from a wooden box lid. The walls are double sections of heavy wire screening, quarter inch, mesh. The structure is 4 feet high, 20 inches wide and 24 to 30 inches deep. The un-straight nature of the local wood gives it the

appearance of a giraffe about to take off across the veld, the main body of a giraffe, that is. The space between the two screens is in the walls, about 3 inches, is filled with charcoal from the fireplaces. The roof is of wood but has a layer of charcoal on top of it, covered with mesh. When more charcoal is made, the door will also be lined with it. If the charcoal is kept wet, the box will stay cool.

During the afternoon Lorna tried to finish her genealogies on the 4 original groups while I had a most welcome complete sponge bath in one of the newly erected tents. There is a new group, Group 5, refugees from another dried-up waterhole at a place called Gongana or Kongana. This is indeed a bad year. Last dry season (winter) only part of Group 1 was at Gum (this is their territory), in addition to the built-in-Bushmen (Group 3) in Mushinjan's kraal.

Charley had collected 22 species of small animals in 3 weeks, and many varieties of some of them. He says that our Southwest is the only other part of the world in which this could have been done.

This evening, Gao, the Group 1 medicine man, was despatched to KaiKai for news of /Guma. He started without any hesitation or bargaining or discussion of remuneration on this 70-mile trip across the veld, expecting to be back tomorrow evening. When I say "Gao, the Group 1 medicine man", this is only a means for distinguishing him from the other Gaos, and does not mean that he is the only medicine man at Group 1. While we were in Windhoek

the camp attended a dance at Group 1 at which there were 4 medicine men going into trances. I surely hope I see a dance. We missed one last night, at Group 4. It did not start until midnight. At some time during the night Laurence awoke and heard the singing in the distance, woke Lorna, told her he was getting up to go, and the next thing he remembers is waking up in the dawn, still under the impression that he must get up and go to the dance. Elizabeth heard it too; everyone agrees that the singing was exceptionally good. This was the first night that I haven't awakened at least once, so I heard nothing.

Saturday, August 16th

Gao was back before breakfast, having encountered 3 Bushmen on the trail to KaiKai who say that /Guma has gone back to Nama (near Gautscha). This immediately revived talk of moving to Gautscha or somewhere in the northern pans next week. This being the case, it was decided that Brian should make some more biltong tomorrow, so he and Elizabeth, Karl and Klas set out in the old power-wagon for kudu. They will go in the direction of Nama, where we saw so much game last Sunday.

I slept in one of the tents last night. I like being out under the stars but it is a great relief to be in out of the fine gray dust which forms the floor of the omarumba. When we make our permanent camp it will be in the red sand of the veld and much more pleasant.



The weather had warmed up sufficiently so that Charlie set out his mouse traps last night and caught examples of 9 species, 2 of them being species he hasn't had specimens of before.

Cavitjitua and her sister came to do the washing again today. The Bushmen women made a channel for the overflow soapy water from the washing, excavated a little pool, and washed thoroughly their arms and legs and torsos. It was thought that this might be an opportunity to check for steatopygia but the kaross was never removed from the waist. These people, who wear practically no clothes, still impress me as the most modest I have ever encountered.

Again we went up to the Group 1 werft for our morning's interrogation, this time in the jeep, five of us and 4 Bushmen passengers. Further pictures were taken at the skerms, where they are still working the nuts, for the mangetti sequence. We continued the food queries, getting information on the situation after the kill, including offerings for luck at the "shooting place." I am going to transcribe my interviews for the expedition and will send you the originals. It is like a detective story. You will see from today's interview how, when the meat is brought back to camp, it is just distributed, everybody gets some, and no particular people get particular pieces. Yet specific questions bring out the fact that many particular people get particular pieces. The same thing occurred in re eating at the shooting place; in reply to the general question practically nothing happened, but faced with the

specific questions all sorts of things occurred. I also commend to your attention the interrogation under today's date in re the veldkos /Ga (a big root) which they "eat every day" but do not collect and are not "thinking" of collecting because it is too far to go. The funniest, and also most disappointing, item of this kind had to do with the aardvark. After getting such a detailed account yesterday of digging up an aardvark, it seemed as though a film of the process would be interesting and valuable. Also, Charlie Handley had not yet got one for the Smithsonian collection. Consequently, toward the conclusion of my interview today, I thought to set this up. "How long is it since you have dug up an aardvark?". Much discussion, laughter, finally, "We have never done this." "Why not?" They are "too weak", it is too heavy work, the aardvark digs faster than they do, etc. Apparently the hunting of the aardvark is like the hunting of the snark.

At camp this afternoon is a variation on the 4-stringed harp. It has a horrible-looking old tin can in place of the skin box. The four curved pieces to which the strings are tied at the front are inserted in the tin. The music is very sweet, however, and goes all day long, very soft, true "background music." Our audience continues day after day, varied in personnel as people go hunting, etc., but some particular individuals seem to be almost always here. It might fittingly be asked, who is observing whom?

Today, at the Group 1 werft, a Bushman came up to John and gave him the point from a tripod foot, a very nice small piece of metal, which had been lost in the sand.

Money being of little, if any, value out here, Lorna brought out some of the fancier gift items from the stores to let our laundresses select their payment. Cavitjitua chose a pretty decorated belt from an old dress and her sister took a string of good-looking graduated light blue beads, the larger ones ca. 1/2 inch in diameter.

The hunters returned an hour after dark, at 8 o'clock. They had gone as far as Nama, had seen Bushmen there, had learned that /Guma is at Gautscha, and had brought back a Bushman with them, named //Ao, one of the two who guided the expedition last year when the spoor was made from Gum to Gautscha. The bag consisted of a kudu cow of about 400 lbs., and a duiker antelope.

This almost definite news of /Guma reopened the discussion of the move to the north. It was decided to move next week, before going to meet the 2 other interpreters at Sigaret on the 24th. This having been decided, the large amount of work to be done and movies to be made here began to worry people and it was finally resolved as follows. Laurence, with a party will go north tomorrow for a two- or three-day tour of the pans, contacting /Guma and others of last year's group, sewing them up, so to speak, assuring them that we are moving up soon, etc. This will leave at least 10 days for continuing work here with all these groups. This paragraph is an outstanding achievement of

simplification and condensation of a 5- or 6-corned dilemma which ebbed, flowed, eddied, and erupted all evening long.

In the midst of the discussion we heard rifle shots up the omarumba. This brought everyone back to earth for a moment until it was discovered that Charlie and John had slipped out for a spot of night hunting. Some of the nocturnal animals (and most of the small mammals here are nocturnal) are, like the aardvark, shy of traps and must be hunted at night. They returned to camp presently, after more shots, with a hare and a springhare. This is the first springhare I have seen and it is a beautiful creature, with long silky white and light brown hair. It is a rodent, not a hare, zoologically, with very long hind legs, like a kangaroo. Its eyes are very striking at night, reflecting brilliantly and shifting in colour of the reflection from red to green, like a lighthouse. This, in conjunction with its terrific up and down hopping motion (like a yoyo) when it runs, produces a most eerie effect on the veld. Charlie had a miner's torch on his hat for night hunting. Finally to bed after hot tea at midnight with the longest settled program we have seen yet (10 days). How long it stays settled remains to be seen. This unnaturally dry year, plus the ordinary mobility of the Bushmen and our lack of knowledge of what really happens during the rainy season, certainly poses difficulties in planning, establishing a base camp, etc. The main problem at Gautscha is to find out if a sufficient number of Bushmen can get their living there; and want to, before the rains come, so that we can work with them, film



hunting techniques, etc. Of course, we could keep them there by feeding them but this would defeat our purpose. It is really not practical to leave this ethnological gold mine at Gum for Gautscha until we have reasonable assurance of Bushmen to work with up there and under proper circumstances.

Sunday, August 17

Kudu liver and onions for breakfast. Charlie's mouse traps produced 7 species this morning, one new one. The catch included a couple of elephant shrews, weird creatures, as big as a small rat, with lobes to their ears and all sorts of queer and unlikely characteristics, including an elfin grin. Charlie thinks they are the original elves.

The Gautscha reconnaissance left about 10 o'clock, Laurence, John, Elizabeth, Frederick, /Gao, Karl, /Gui (a Group 3 Bushmen - the other one of last year's Gautscha guides - who has attached himself to our camp crew) and the Bushman brought down from Nama yesterday, //Ao. They will go to Nama, Gautscha, Gura, Thinthuma, Kautsa (different from Gautscha, which is /Gautsa - these names are frustrating and infuriating unless taken with infinite patience combined with a phenomenal ear) and perhaps other pans where Bushmen may or may not be. They plan to be gone until Tuesday. This leaves, in camp, Lorna, Charlie, Bryan, Philip, Klas, David, me and our Bushman public.

Brian set to work immediately after breakfast converting the kudu to biltong. The meat, which is very dark red, looks fine.

The small daughter of the Herrero girl at Musinjan's kraal was at camp all morning sporting the blue beads her mother earned at the laundering. They make two strands for her.

I took time out from working up my interviews for an hour's exploring on the veld and found a herd a eight ostriches less than 1/4 mile south of camp. I could not get very close to them but they moved ahead of me only at my pace so I followed them for a mile or so.

There is a brisk wind this morning so I have been working in the tent. On the floor is a ring of Bushman boys modeling plasticene. They make no noise, only occasional very soft speech interspersed with clicks. The figures are mostly animals, with some men, and another model of a power-wagon. Occasionally they have hunts and fights with the figures, long dramas of violent action, but still without enough noise to attract one's attention unless one focusses on them and watches. There was one wonderful game with a Bechuana enslaving and beating up a Bushman, then came a white man on a horse and beat up the Bechuana, then the Bushman wife of the Bechuana (Thoria and his Bushman wife at Musinjan's kraal?) came into the picture and the fortunes of war waxed and waned through all sorts of adventures. Finally the affair was settled by a kudu coming in and cleaning up the whole kaboodle. Perhaps this is one outlet for aggression, if so a very mild one. It really does seem as though these children are almost entirely deficient in aggression. Perhaps one does not need aggression when one has poisoned arrows. The Bushman women

figure was almost entirely big belly and big breasts. The legs were two straight pieces of clay terminating in blunt points, the arms two very curved pieces, and there was no head, just a short upright stem. The thing certainly looked very like a palaeolithic "venus".

This afternoon the residue meat from the kudu and Duiker was distributed. Five piles were given to representatives of the five groups with a sixth portion for the 3 visitors from Kai Kai and some for Thoria who served as interpreter for Lorna's speech about how we intended that they should take the meat back to the werfts for distribution to all (including children). There were enough members of each group present to insure that the intention, at least, will be carried back to the werfts. All evidence on behavior that we have indicates that the distribution will be made as desired. Indeed, my interview yesterday indicates that after a hunt meat is distributed to all in the werft. The reason that Thorea served as interpreter is that our regular interpreter chain has gone with the reconnaissance of the pans, where absolutely correct interpretation is essential to Laurence's arrangements. So we worked through Philip, our Ovambo cook, transferring our English into Herrero for Thorea who addressed the Bushmen with great presence in their own language. Thorea is the Bechuana, at Mushinjan's kraal, who has the Bushman wife, a very sweet and quite beautiful creature who visits us frequently along with the other Bushmen. All of these people, except the Bushmen, are expert linguists with at least 3 or 4

languages, often many more. And some of the Bushman boys at Group 3, at Musinjan's kraal, speak Herrero and Bechuana. One of them, Elizabeth's best modeler, is rapidly learning English. David, our camp boy (Herrero), now serves us with many English expressions and no noticeable accent, all learned since he came to us two weeks ago today. John is making rapid strides in the languages. He can carry on conversations in Afrikaans, Herrero, and Ovambo. When Picanin arrives John hopes to be able to work 2 hours a day with him on Kung Bushman. The temperature reached 92 today.

Monday, August 18.

This morning it was decided to see what sort of information we could get out of the Herreros anent the Bushmen at Group 3, themselves, etc. Cavitcinue (new spelling) arrived at camp, so we approached her with a new interrogating team consisting of myself, Brian Enslin, and our camp boy, David. David is an Herrero and speaks good Afrikaans. Brian translates the Afrikaans to English. Cavitcinue agreed to answer questions so we bundled her into a power wagon and drove up to Musinjan's kraal. The result of the interview was highly illuminating as you will see by referring to the interview series for this A.M. At the end of the interview I gave Cavitcinue a pair of my trousers which had become impossible in decent or any other society. Perhaps she can salvage them with extensive needlework



or at least adapt the cloth for some other use. However this may be, they were gratefully and graciously received.

In the afternoon I stayed in camp working up the morning interview and Brian with David went over to the water-hole to assist and advise at the blasting. They were both enthralled by their first experience as ethnologists this morning and, as you will see, continued interviewing even into the evening. To me they seemed to be an excellent team. Brian is full of ideas and grasps what we want more quickly and more thoroughly than does Frederick. He says that, although he doesn't think much of David as a camp boy, he is really good as an interpreter.

According to Brian, the new well is off the line of the water. The three functioning water-holes are all in a line, and in extensions each way of that line are several big trees. There are no big trees in the vicinity except on that line. Apparently, the new bore is in solid rock off the vein. He went down the well and found a wet patch on the side of the hole, toward the line. The blasters has gone by it. So he chiseled into it and they set a charge of dynamite in there in an attempt to tunnel sideways into the vein. This participation opened up by all sorts of things for Bryan. We have here a fine example of the famous negro iron working. There is a primitive bellows and Brian says that they temper the rock chisels with this and water much better than can be done in the garage at Windhoek with all the special oils, etc. He says he hammered with one of the

chisels for two hours and although the point wore down it never lost its temper.

Brian also entertained himself and the assembly at the water-hole by riding a bucking donkey, locking his long legs around its belly and holding its ears. Then our David tried. David is big, almost as tall as Brian and much heavier. He also locked his legs under the beast but ignored or did not know about holding the ears. Consequently, the donkey set off at a great clip across the veld, stumbled, and the whole outfit tumbled around to everyone's satisfaction.

The success of this rapprochement has its unfortunate side, however. In the newly developed camaraderie, the visiting Herrero, also named David, who is helping dig the well, asked for medical treatment for what is at least a secondary phase of syphilis. It is rampant, apparently, among the Herrero and Bechuana. There is not a thing we can do in a case like this. Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth run a dispensary every day, treating cuts, sore eyes, etc. One or two of the cases are quite bad, there is one wickedly crushed toe, but David (the man who came to buy apples) needs real hospitalization, long, regular (every 3 hours) injections of millions of units of penicillin etc. Our manual (Merck's), in fact, cautions severely in re the dangers of insufficient treatment. And all our penicillin is for oral use, and the book says this is no earthly good in this case.

As we were eating our supper we speculated as to the time of return of the reconnaissance party. Just as we were finishing

our meal, the lorry was heard and just at eight o'clock the lights appeared and shouting in various languages. They have had a successful 2 days. They found a small group of Bushmen at Nama (there has been a veld fire there since our visit and all the grass around the pan is burned off). But when they reached Gautscha, =Guma was there with 74 Bushmen. He had seen our barrels and they has come to Gautscha "for water and tobacco." =Guma's trip to KaiKai had been for tobacco, but he did not get any there. Nany, but not all, of last year's group were there. There has been some sort of split. /Gi!Gae is at Gura and queries about him finally brought out of #Guma that they aren't together any more. Before they reached Gautscha, 4 or 5 miles away, just at dusk, they spotted a small Bushman boy in the veld. He turned out to be Samko, one of the prize boys of last year. He had a little bow and an arrow with only a blunt point, no metal tip. He was "hunting." When asked what he would do if he met a lion he said if the lion did not see him he would do nothing, but if the lion saw him he would shoot it. Samko was known last year as extremely independent.

Laurence explained a number of times that we would feed ourselves this year but not the Bushmen as we wanted to learn how they supported themselves. =Guma agreed with this, cheerfully. Apparently, a constant tobacco supply is sufficient. When asked where we should make our camp, =Guma pointed to the other side of the pan. When Laurence objected that this would be too far away, #Guma said, "If you find a good place to camp we will move over

there." Game is plentiful, they said, and the water adequate. Laurence dug out a hole behind the reeds for a greater flow.

John got some fine pictures, including the group at Nama walking along the trail to the water-hole, then reflections of them in the water (this is an open pool in the pan, not concealed in reeds as is the one at Gautscha). He also got a good, long footage of a giraffe eating, a rare shot.

On the way back, today, at about dusk they picked up some "hitchhikers" on the spoor, three Group 1 Bushmen returning from the mangetti forest.

While the returned travelers were eating, Brian took back to Musinjan's kraal a contingent from there who had been visiting our boys. He took David along, too, and got more interview material (which see). This is the first reference we have had to infanticide, a trait attributed to Bushmen in the literature. From a Herrero source it needs checking, of course. There has to be an explanation for the small families, and there is nothing yet to indicate contraception or abortion. Brian also discovered why our David is so sleep in the daytime. He has been going to Musinjan's kraal every evening.

Brian and the boys began taking Aralen today. This puts them on the same schedule as the rest of us. They take one every day for four days then join us at twice a week, Mondays and Thursday. The maximum temperature today was slightly over 94, but the minimum is still in the 40's.



Tuesday, August 19

One of the power wagon broke a spring on the Gautscha trip and Brian with his two mechanics, Karl and Klas, are to spend the morning readying the 2 power wagons for our trip to Sigaret. This takes 3 days each way and no road at any part of it. There is, however, a spoor all the way. Because of this, my plan to continue yesterday's work with Brian and David is postponed. This morning, then, Laurence is using the regular team on his own to get his geological information, with the maps, and I am working at the table in the large tent, analyzing Brian's new information, transcribing interviews, etc.

Charley Handley (Tururib) went out on his trap lines and did not return until almost an hour after we had breakfast. The staff felt that Charlie could take care of himself, but the boys became very concerned, and when he finally came back in the jeep all six of them marched through camp in single file to the jeep to see if he was alright. This concern for our members of the staff seems ever present. Charley had been laying out a new line of mousetraps.

Later in the morning Brian got away to the water-hole with the water detail. John went along too with a movie camera and got a shot of an actual blast, as well as ride on a donkey. He had held on to the ears, but the donkey fell down, nevertheless.

Just before noon the wind got quite stiff, beginning to be reminiscent of some of the milder of our windy days at Awatovi, when I received a terrific blow in the head and was enveloped in

canvas. The ridge-pole of the tent, a sizeable sapling, had fallen. I did not black out, but a terrific goose egg, "half the size of an orange" according to eye witnesses, appeared on the front of my skull just above the hair line. I felt all right but it was insisted that I lie down. So I spent 3 hours recumbent, with a cold compress. Everyone was most considerate and came periodically to refresh the compress in a bucket of water beside me, or sprinkle fresh water on it. At three o'clock the swelling had gone down at least half and I was getting uncomfortable from lying down, so I got up and resumed work. I feel as though something has happened but haven't anything which could rightfully be called a headache.

The temperature today reached 97 with last night's minimum at 47. It did not seem particularly hot in the shade (I kept out of the sun after being socked by the sapling) and there was always a breeze or wind.

Frederick is worried that when we leave here for Gautscha the entire local population of upwards of 150 Bushmen will follow us up there. This would put a terrific strain on the Gautscha water-hole and on Guma's hospitality. I must say I have had the same idea cross my mind a few times.

Just at dark there were two shots near camp and Tururib came in with a bat which he had brought down in almost no light. He used a shotgun shell filled with lead dust, a no.12 shot, designed for small animals, etc.

It is now 9:15 and I am writing by the campfire. Laurence and John are readying the flash-light equipment and we are waiting for the sounds or news of an expected dance at Group 3. The light is provided by Coleman lanterns, the kerosene (paraffin) type rather than gasoline (petrol). They give almost as good light as the gasoline kind, with somewhat less noise and much less heat. The handles can be left upright over them without getting even warm.

John and Laurence were not successful with the flash equipment, so at quarter to ten we left without it. Philip, David and /Gao came along and some Bushmen. All of the white staff went except Tururib and Elizabeth, both of whom stayed home to write. When we arrived at Musinjan's kraal there were several fires going and around one of them a tight little ring of 16 Bushmen women singing and clapping their hands. There was one, older, than the rest, but with a child on her back, who was robed in full European dress and wore a sort of turban with a feather in it. We subsequently discovered that she is a new arrival from KaiKai although she used to live here. There were 4 young matrons, five girls and the rest pre-adolescents.

Our /Gao immediately began dancing around the circle. People say he is the best dancer in Group III (Group III consists of the Bushmen who work for Cavitcinue, et al, and a considerable number who live in a werft outside the kraal. This number seems to be constantly swelled by visitors from KaiKai). Soon afterwards /Gao appeared minus his European coat and wearing his

leg rattles. Throughout the evening Herreros and Bechuanas occasionally stepped into the dancing circle around the singers, but with the exception of a Herrero boy, son of Cavitcietue, none of them kept at it very long. The boy danced all the time we were there.

The scene is difficult to describe. It was all very pleasant and, compared with American Indian dances I have seen, had an absence of tension and excitement. People were enjoying themselves but it did not have the intense seriousness of Hopi dances nor the almost hysterical wildness of certain other dances. This was what the Hopis call a "social dance," no medicine men, no trances. We saw three different dances, Wounded Kudu (broken leg), Honey dance (bees?, honey bear?), and Ostrich. The men dancing around the circle make noises and actions characteristic of the animals.

After watching for a while I noticed that Brian and David had disappeared. I found them busy interviewing around a little fire in front of Cavitcietue's hut. There were the latter, the visiting David, two other Herrero-Bechuana men, three Bushmen men and a few children and dogs. It was very pleasant sitting around this small fire, interrogating. The low negro voices and bubbling laughter and the Bushman clicks, every thing on a quiet level, with the singing and clapping in the background made a setting in the cool evening which I thoroughly enjoyed. The temperature, I should say, was around 60, warm enough for comfort but cool enough for the enjoyment of the little fires. We got more



information on Bushman marriage customs (see transcript of even date), also more on Herrero "employment" of Bushmen. Throughout the interview there was a very small Bushman child sound asleep under a kaross just on the edge of the fire. Behind us, under a tree, was a structure completely enveloped in muslin. This is where Cavitcinue sleeps when there are mosquitoes, alone she says.

After a short interview we returned to the dance. Cavitcinue joined the dancers and did so off and on for the rest of the evening. Bushman women would get up from the circle of singers and join the men dancing for a short time, as they did in the Gautscha movies, then resuming their places in the circle. The dance here had a feature not observed previously by the Marshalls (except for the other dance they attended here at Group III earlier this season). In addition to the dance track around the circle of women, the dancers crossed the circle from time to time past the fire. The dance steps are quite impressive, the basic



one seeming to be a short step forward with a stamp followed by a single or double shuffling advance by that same foot before the second foot comes forward. The whole

affair is very small in area; about 15 feet in maximum diameter. The crossing of the circle interested us. If it has any special significance it has so far eluded us. Last night it was said to be merely a specialty "of this group here", to add "interest" to the dance. At one point, going by the fire, Cavitcinue's long

dress caught fire but she merely reached down and brushed out the sparks.

There were numerous other small fires (at one time I counted nine) in the immediate vicinity adding to the interest of the scene. Many Bushmen were present around these fires who did not participate in the dance. More old friends were encountered who had been at Gautscha last year, "Old Gao" and his daughter !Huga and also /Gi!Gae, the head of the "extra family" last year. At times there were more men dancing than at others. The dance would periodically build up a considerable crescendo of excitement. Occasionally it would stop, both dancers and singers. Then, after a bit, the women would start again, at first one or two, then more, then /Gao or some other men would merely stand dancing on one spot in the dance track and presently they would be at it again, going around the track. Sometimes, with the cut-off through the center, one or more men would meet others coming in the opposite direction, in which case one or the other would about face; they did not pass each other. In other words, there is no turnout in the track.

There is one very attractive feature of the dance circle which one does not get from the movies taken in the daytime last year. That is the effect of the fire light as the only light, the faces of the singers, and the figures of the dancers behind them, lit from below. We left at midnight, with the dance still going strong.

Wednesday, August 20

Head bump almost gone this morning. After breakfast Laurence, Lorna, Tururib, Frederick and /Gao drove in the jeep to the werfts of Groups IV and V. I drove, no spoor. We searched for Group IV, knowing the general direction. The skerms are very difficult to locate in the veld, the grass of which they are made being, of course, the same colour as that of the veld. The best way to find them is from bundles of hide, bags, quivers of poisoned arrows, etc., which they hang in trees. At Group IV we got a little boy to guide us to Group v (the latest arrivals). None of us had been to their werft before. Fortunately it was not far from Group IV, for the country between was entirely composed of large thorn bushes and small trees. There is, however, a certain amount of fun in plowing through this in an open jeep. On the way home I braved the possible charge of being a softy and put the windshield up. You can't win, however, for I found there is reason for having the windshield down (it lies on the hood). When it is up a pocket forms behind it and all the dust is sucked into the front seat. We photographed all the skerms in Group V and other features while Lorna was getting genealogies and Tururib was making a map of the werft. The skerms here are still rudimentary, with only one really built up at all. Some of them are double, each part with a fire in front. They are either side by side or back to back, belong to one family, and are interpreted a "dining room and sleeping-room."

After Tururib had completed his map on the plane table we got the names of the inhabitants of each skerm.

News come at noon that water has come into the tunnel on the side of the bore of the new well. A big charge of dynamite is to be put in this afternoon (all they have left) in an attempt to bring in the water. If it is successful it will be a great credit to us since it was Brian's idea. We start for Sigaret tomorrow morning early. We shall pick up =Guma or some guide provided by him at Gautscha. Karl and /Gui, who go with us from here, have been there. Three days are allowed for us to get there. It should not be difficult as there is a spoor. The only known point of difficulty is a fork in the spoor with the other branch going to Tsaman Gai Gai. If we get on this all is not lost, however, as Tsaman Gai Gai is also a station on the Winela Road, the one east of Sigaret. The "Winela" stands for Witwatersrand Native Labour Association and the bus we are going to meet is actually a convoy of buses operated every second week by the association taking home and picking up natives for work on the Rand. Our two new interpreters, Picanin and Gami, are coming on this transport from Grootfontein (we hope). They leave Grootfontein Saturday morning and arrive at Sigaret either sometime during the night or sometime Sunday, if on schedule, depending on whether they spend the night at the Rest House at Tsaman Gai or drive through the night. Sigaret must not be considered as a metropolis, nor must Tsaman Gai Gai. The former is simply a native Okavambo kraal, while the latter is also a



kraal with the addition of a rest house provided by the Association. The important thing is the water-hole. A place on the map here is even less than on the Navajo Reservation. In Arizona it at least represents a store; here it is simply a water-hole with some sort of native establishment usually within a mile of it. The latter is always concealed, and has to be found if no guide is around, so that the animals will not be frightened away from the water-hole. If habitations are too near it is presumed that the game will migrate to the environs of another water-hole. The trip will be 6 days or a week and we shall see much country.

This afternoon two interpreter teams are working in camp. Laurence, with Frederick and /Gao are interviewing the Group II headman on geography while Brian and David are working with Elizabeth and her boy modelers. One of the Bushman boys, /on/o, of Group 2, speaks pretty good Herrero. He has a quick ear and is learning English. (An amusing sidelight, Philip, the cook, bringing afternoon tea to his camp boy, David, this afternoon an interpreter.) When the other two interpreters arrive we should be able to get a really tremendous amount of information.

At both werfts (IV and V) this morning I saw a new veldkos =Gao, at root, which is eaten raw. It is a light buff colour, 2 to 3 inches long, more or less square and half an inch to an inch thick, with little stringy roots coming out of it.

A considerable portion of Group III are at camp today. Are they returning our visit of last night? One of the women

definitely appears to have steatopygia. They sat under the big tree at the east end of camp all afternoon, the women gossiping and laughing, the children playing and the men mostly sleeping or sitting around.

The evening was taken up mostly by assembling our supplies for the trip and locating things in the various boxes, since the camp is still in a semi-temporary condition. I had a bath, most luxuriously, with a whole bucket of hot water. We shall try to start at 7:30 tomorrow, so will probably get off by 8:00.

Thursday, August 21

We got away this morning at 8. The party consists of Charley Handley and me in the cab of the first truck, with David and /Gui up behind, and Brian and Elizabeth in the second truck, with Carl behind. We shall pick up another Bushman guide from /Guma at Gautscha, perhaps =Guma himself. The transport consists of both power wagons. Fortunately, Charley and I drew the new one, which runs much better.

We reached gautscha without event, beyond one flat, on our lorry. The running speed was approximately 10 miles an hour which is very good for the Gautscha spoor. We stopped every 10 miles for contact with the other car in the convoy. We saw only one steenbok, the first time over the Gautscha spoor this year without giraffes. At Nama we picked up 5 Bushmen and took them into Gautscha. One of them had a beaded band 3 inches wide around his head.

At Gautscha we got a grand reception, quite different from last week when we looked for 2 days for a Bushman. There was a great crowd, mostly women and children, some of them from last year's group, including =Guma's wife and Samko. =Guma was off hunting but a guide was there all ready to go, with a blanket and a very ancient toppee. The latter looks wonderful on a little fellow with nothing else on save a small beard and a breechclout. He is very nice, and is also important, some sort of head-man, believed by Elizabeth to be a claimant for =Guma's position. Perhaps he is head of some of the others of the crowd of Bushmen at Gautscha.

When we drove up, a considerable number of Bushmen rushed to the water-hole. I thought that they were anxious to get water in case we should take it all in our barrels (actually we have 2 barrels (60 gals. each) of boiled water from Gum, plus 80 gallons in the special water tank on the new power wagon and 20 gallons more in 4 Jerry tins). What they were really doing was washing their hands, after which they all came and shook hands. Elizabeth introduced all the old group.

We unloaded some material we had brought up to leave at Gautscha and continued north. After we had passed the large baobab where we had been last week the spoor became very thin. We have approximately 100 miles to cover which has been traveled only a few times by automobile. Mr. McIntyre made it last year and the Marshalls traveled it once, going out. This year, a two-car convoy of the Bushmen Commission went over it and that is

all. /Gui was with them as guide, so with him and the man from Gautscha we should get through all right.

At one point when the second lorry caught up with us we heard the tell-tale whistling, and they had a flat coming on. The first water-hole north of Gautscha was dry but there was good water at Tsumqui. Around the water were hundreds of honey bees as well as the usual water-hole birds, finches, bulbuls, glossy starlings and hornbills. I neglected to note that at Nama this morning there were over fifty vultures. We drove by less than 100 yards from them and only a few bothered to fly away. They are tremendous birds and very vulture-like in appearance. I had always felt that representations of them must be exaggerations or caricatures, but they really do look like that.

We had a terrific time with the spoor leaving Tsumqui. Apparently the Bushman Commission had lost it too. At any rate, we followed them, twisting about with right-angle turns every 30 feet through the trees, sometimes losing it completely and having to cast about on foot. It is like a fox hunt. When you lose the spoor, the personnel scatters over the veld making little dashes in various directions until someone picks it up.

Even when we got straightened out after Tsumqui, the spoor was so dim in the tall grass that we finally had to post David on the mud guard to direct us. This is not fool proof but one doesn't lose it very often with a man in front. When it gets very bad, he jumps off and runs ahead on foot following the spoor, and the driver follows him.



Not long after Tsumqui we came to our first palm, a rather pleasant tree. Soon we were seeing at least 3 kinds of palm, 2 types of tree and clumps of palm fronds growing out of the ground (with thorns on, of course - the vegetation here is positively vicious.). The animals did better by us this afternoon. While watching a steenbok leap off across the veld we saw a herd of wild pigs quite close to the spoor, again with their monkey-like tails erect. At the dry water-hole north of Gautscha we surprised 3 gemsboks and later on found 2 hartebeests quite close. We could see the latter clearly for some time as they ran off and would have had an easy shot. They are too big for our small party, however, and also are not considered choice meat as are the kudu, gemsbok and wildebeest. I have been carrying the rifle between my legs against a small antelope, but without success. The hartebeests are really funny looking, with their queer shaped heads and somewhat clownish zigzag running.

At five o'clock we had done 71 miles and decided to camp. This is half-way, and, except for a few places which will be much worse (sand) than anything we have had yet, the going the rest of the way will be faster. So we should reach Sigaret tomorrow (Friday) and, since the bus we are going to meet does not leave Grootfontein until Saturday morning, there does not seem to be any hurry. (As I am writing in camp in the firelight, jackals are barking all around us, like coyotes, and occasionally a hyena sounds off. The latter is again, as the book says, an unearthly kind of laugh). Furthermore, we had two tires to fix, we

thought, and the foot brakes had gone out on the old power wagon shortly after leaving Gautscha. So there was plenty of work to do on the transport, and another tire went flat on the old power wagon just as we stopped to camp.

While Brian worked on the brakes and Karl started patching tires (tyres) I went with Charley to put out mouse-traps. Alan and Lindsay would have liked this because Charley puts them in likely places according to the habits of the animals; at the mouths of holes, in trees for tree mice, at the bottoms of trees and bushes, in little trails, in places moles like, at the base of tall tufts of grass for the grass-climbing mice, etc. He wears an old ducks-back coat which has a complete circle of pock etc. In one of them is oatmeal. Occasionally he fills his mouth with oatmeal, like an upholsterer with tacks. This is the bait which goes on the flap of the trap. He sets them very quickly and twists a little tuft of cotton-batting on a twig or spear of grass as a marker. He also sets them at regular intervals, one every 10 paces, so he can find them easily and does not lose traps unless some animal hauls one off. After watching him a while I took over the job of hanging up the little tufts of cotton and it went even more quickly then. We laid out 100 of them in a big circle around camp.

After supper Brian was chiding Elizabeth for the flats on the old power wagon, since she had been driving when they both occurred. He looked over at the truck and noticed that the tire which Karl had put back on was down again. Elizabeth said she had

noticed it for some time but didn't want to say anything about it. After more badinage, Elizabeth announced that if it was her fault then she would jack the wheel up so it wouldn't rest on the tube all night, since Brian refused to do any more work tonight. When she got over to the tire she found it was all right. Brian had heaped sand in front of it in such a way that it looked flat.

Before supper, just at dusk, Brian had cut down a tall palm tree. He had promised his mother that he would. Tall trees are a rarity in South West Africa, and they had one on their farm which had to come down. Brian and his mother wanted to fell it, but because of the things in the vicinity this was forbidden and it had to be removed from the top down. So they had agreed between them that if he should find one on the veld he would have the fun of chopping it down. It is too bad that we can not provide him with a *Pinus ponderosa*, or even a good tall elm, which would make these palms look like dwarfs.

#### Friday, August 22

Charlie woke me up at sun-up this morning and we picked up the traps. There were nine animals, but one had been ruined by a shrew, skin and skull both spoiled, leaving eight. These were one large gerbil, one small gerbil, one multimammate mouse, one white-toothed shrew, 4 dwarf mice. Three of these were "impossible", of a colour never recorded before as far as Charlie knows. He believes that they are a local mutation, however, and not a separate species, particularly as a normal one was caught,

too. He thinks it some type of albinism but much, more than the areas usually affected by albinism are affected in this case. The entire mouse is pallid compared with the norm. The white line of the belly goes way up the sides and the little dark tail comes out of a pure white back end. The dwarf mice are all very cute, about 10 centimeters long.

After breakfast we started north once more. This time we had real battles with the spoor, except in sandy spots where one can not lose it, in fact one can not get out of it, except on sharp turns like the one you will remember at the head of Dead Calf Gulch going into Awatovi. For the most part, however, the spoor today was very smooth and we sometimes ran along for some distance at 15 miles an hour. This was in Noma omarumba, a beautiful place which we ran down for about 30 miles, tall golden grass in the omarumba and many trees on either side, almost park land. Every once in a while were patches of marsh grass, although the marsh itself is dry in this season. It reminded Charlie of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This route will, however, be completely impassible during the rainy season.

I shall not attempt to list the individual animals, as we were seeing them all along, including one herd of over 20 kudu and three lovely giraffes. They are really attractive, in the wild-giraffes. We came upon one and stopped. We looked at it and it looked at us, with the curiosity obviously equal on both sides and no animosity. After about five minutes of this we realized that we had been under observation all this time by 2



others in a clump of trees nearby. Charlie saw the head of one of them. They were beautifully camouflaged with their spots and their veld background color when behind trees.

I am still impressed by seeing these animals in the wild and by the fact that in this area where the big-game hunters do not penetrate, the animals show little or no fear, merely keeping a cautious distance. Gemsbok are particularly placid and these handsome creatures seemed to be watching us all morning along the spoor. The Noma is supposed to be roan antelope country. This is a relatively rare one and the third in size among the antelopes, exceeded only by the elands and kudu bulls. We saw none, but 4 magnificent kudu bulls crossed the spoor at one point, only a couple of hundred yards in front of us, galloping in leisurely fashion for the timber at the side of the omarumba. None of us wanted to shoot any of these splendid creatures, but, noblesse oblige, we had to have a gift for the headman at Sigaret. Here one can pick and choose, so Charlie singled out a young kudu cow from one herd and brought it down with a magnificent single shot which broke both shoulder blades and the backbone. In less than a minute he was across to it and shot it through the jugular in the neck. It was the quickest kill I have ever seen of a large animal and none of the choice parts were hurt. The shot was particularly good as we have been having trouble with the rifle, which shoots way off to the right. We are going to try to fix the sights tomorrow.

Somewhat to our surprise we arrived at Sigaret at 2:30 in the afternoon. It is 120 miles from Gum, 20 miles nearer than the lowest estimate. Also, Mr. Marshall's recollection of the spoor was based on the time it took him 3 days to go 8 miles through the bad sandy part last year with two large Chevy trucks and the old power wagon to pull them out. If we had the Chev. this time we should still be fighting that sand, but the power wagons pull right through it without even hesitating.

As we approached Sigaret we encountered magnificent cattle, huge cows, taller than any I have ever seen, with tremendous horns. We discovered later that the headman rents prize bulls from the government for breeding. At Sigaret we came to a round structure of poles about 10 feet in diameter which is the station on the Winela road. On a small hill across the omarumba was the native kraal, or stockade, the only habitation. At one of the water-holes in the omarumba were a few Bushman women and children, the tame Bushmen attached to the headman. We were making plans as to what we should do to pass the time until Sunday, when we expected the busses, when Picanin and Garni, the men we had come to meet, were recognized in a procession coming down the hill from the kraal.

The Winela busses had gone through this morning, two days ahead of the schedule given us at Windhoek, so we did not see them. There were 3 in the convoy, 2 carrying men and one petrol for depots along the way. They are 10-ton, dual wheel Albion diesels, fixed up with benches for the men. The convoy leaves

Grootfontein once every two weeks, picking up men along the route to Maun in Bechuanaland, where they are transferred to other busses to Johannesburg. The return trip brings men coming back from the mines. The "road" is two ruts, but quite smooth, like the best parts of our Awatovi road and apparently they drive along like billy-oh, the cargo singing the while. The Marshalls have been camped beside the road when a convoy went by at night.

With Garni and Picanin coming down from the kraal was the Okavango headman and the headman of his tame Bushmen. The former is named Moreme and the latter Debbi. Moreme greeted us formally and graciously. He is a fine looking fellow with a most attractive, practically continuous, smile. He may be practically enslaving his Bushmen, but the relationship among them all is obviously pleasant. He gave us permission to go farther down the omarumba to camp without having our boots, hands and tires dipped in the goo against hoof and mouth disease which ordinarily must be done at this point if one is really traveling on from Bechuanaland or the Okavango district into other parts of South West Africa. It was a vile looking mixture and we were quite happy to escape it.

Garni and Picanin are both wonderful characters. Garni is the smallest adult Bushman I have seen yet and is a card if there ever was one. Laughter surrounds him in whatever group he is with, and since he can talk well all the languages present (as well as others) he is always in demand. He is a great raconteur and quite lives up to expectations.

Picanin, who is part Hottentot, looks very competent and pleasant. There is no doubt of the excellence of our interpreter staff. I am gradually meeting all of the people in South West Africa I have read about or heard of. Although the country is so vast and communications so poor it is in some ways like a small town or a Colorado county, everyone knows everyone else, and one eventually meets them all. As for Garni, Laurence had told me about him, and when I talked by phone from New York with Long Tom Largon in Salt Lake City and with Professor Camp in Berkeley, California, and when I asked Professor Goodwin in Capetown and Professor Mainguard in Johannesburg about interpreters, they all mentioned Garni first. This is pretty good for a 4-foot Bushman, n'est ce pas?

There is so much to write about today. I asked Moreme (all syllables pronounced) to show us his kraal so we crossed the omarumba and climbed the hill to the stockade. Outside was a huge land sled made from a forked tree which is used with oxen for hauling heavy things around; Moreme has no wheeled vehicles. We entered the kraal through a very narrow opening into a true maze, narrow passages with frequent doorways twisting about until we reached the inner fastness where the family sat under a remuda remain front of a nicely built rectangular wattle hut. The scene was most interesting. There were three people, two women and a girl of about 12 years. The women had anklets or copper, coiled heavy wire, about 9 inches long, copper bracelets, and shell and copper ornaments in the hair, earrings, etc. The hair itself was



stupendous. Rising from the forehead was a solid red-brown plastered bun, behind it another, and on the sides and down the back a series of pigtailed encircled with jewelry. The pigtailed were also plastered with the paste of cow dung and castor oil and red ochre. It sounds awful and looks queer, but I assure you the effect is successful, particularly in combination with the visages presented. The lips were negroid and the noses broad but in profile the noses were also long and bent. The skin and bodies were excellent and one can readily imagine an artist or sculptor exulting over this group. Their manners were reserved but charming.

After we had been presented to the ladies, Moreme took us around the kraal. It was better than a jig-saw puzzle, and reminded me of the mazes in the books we have for the kiddies on trains, although, I am given to understand, this one is small and simple compared with some.

There were cattle pens, small ones for calfs and goats, yards with huts for grain, for machinery, etc., and in many of the sections were tall castor bean plants for the oil for the hair. All of these places only usually not so large. Among them the narrow passages twist and turn, with doorways which can be barricaded every ten or fifteen feet. In one place I saw 3 steel walking plows, the only obvious modern machinery. Everywhere were wooden containers, baskets (including conical baskets feet high and of at least the same dimension at the mouth), calabashes of all sizes, up to many gallons in capacity. In fact, not too

surprisingly, perhaps it looked like part of the African room in the museum, but rather more functional, if not so clean. There were many flies but the people and the cattle all looked healthy, including the Bushmen, who did not show any of the degeneration seen among those attached to the White farming districts. These Bushmen live in good skerms and, if anything, look stronger and healthier than any I have seen yet, and not more acculturated. They are Kung Bushmen and closely connected with our Gautscha group, apparently; at least the old man we brought as a "guide" from Gautscha (and who sat looking out the back of the truck the whole way) has requested to be left with his friends here for a visit.

Before we left it appeared that one of the ladies had an infected foot, from a puncture wound from a stick. We were Elizabeth will bring the medical kit down this evening. This was the younger woman of the two and obviously the mother of the girl, for they resemble each other strikingly. Moreme introduced her as his wife; who the other woman is (wife number 1?) is not yet clear.

We opened negotiations, at Mr. Marshall's instructions, for some meal. Moreme said he could not sell us any, for it had been a bad year, but he would give us some. He disappeared and came back with a large dish pan full of a small grain which looked like millet (laceme?) and told us that it would be ground for us by the older woman and would be ready when we came back in the evening. Then we left and drove down the omarumba in search of a

good camping spot. The headman and 3 of the Bushmen came with us. We made camp in a beautiful spot, a little grove of trees about a mile or so down the omarumba. Charlie and I immediately got to work with the mousetraps and had to work fast to get the full 100 out before dark. I tied the little cotton flags on again. He hopes to get new species in the marsh grass in the middle of the omarumba.

After supper, we presented a hind quarter of our kudu to Moreme, the neck, ribs and other parts to the Bushman headman and the other 2 Bushmen who had helped butcher it and took the two fore-quarters to the women in the kraal, along with the medical kit. Near the water-hole were a lot of springhares jumping around. Brian leaped off the truck and ran one down, knocking it over, but he over-ran it and it got up and away before he could get back to it, so Charlie will have to shoot one if he gets a specimen from here. He didn't come with us but went down the omarumba with his light and shotgun to see what he can get.

When we reached the narrow opening in the kraal stockade it was all closed up with poles. The headman took these away and we went in. There were 2 boys added to the family under the remuda, fine looking lads of about 4 and 6, again like the girl with a strong family resemblance. There was also a circle of Bushmen to see the doctoring as well as 4 dogs. The second woman kept driving them off with a switch and they just moved way a bit and came wiggling back at another part of the circle. We warmed up a bowl of disinfectant solution and soaked the foot for half an

hour. The wound is, I believe, actually healing. Elizabeth washed it carefully and then drove back to camp with Picanin to get aureomycin ointment out of my suitcase as there was none in the medicine kit. On the way she saw 2 wildcats. The patient said she had pains in her legs and back and head yesterday but none today. When Elizabeth returned she put a dressing on and a fine bandage, held in place by a "shoe" made of black electrical scotch tape. This is superb stuff and we must get some to have in the house.

The meal had been brought and the meat given to the women when we arrived. During the hospital session a man was milking one of the huge cows in me of the divisions or the kraal. Everything was interesting in the firelight and we were there for about an hour. When we left the kraal we were handed a pail of fresh milk which Picanin succeeded in getting back to camp intact.

#### Saturday, August 23

The trap line yielded 14 mice, six multi-mammates, three brush rats, one large gerbil and 4 dwarf mice. The marsh grass section which it was hoped would add something new produced nothing save one dwarf. However, Charlie had got only one brush rat at Gum. The specimens here are darker in colour than the one at Gum, as is also the gerbil, which was expected as there is more moisture here. It appears that desert specimens are more pallid in proportion to the dryness. Charlie prepared his



specimens while we went down to the kraal, after a breakfast of kudu steak, to put another dressing on the injured foot. While Charlie, Garni and I were out picking up the traps we met Moreme and a couple of Bushmen on the way to camp with more milk for our breakfast, this time in two wine bottles. At breakfast, our /Gui, in addition to blue jeans and a T-shirt with which Lorna had provided him for the trip, was sporting a dilapidated blue cap with visor which we had picked up on the Winela road yesterday afternoon on our first trip down the omarumba in our search for a camping place. Presumably it had fallen off one of the Winela busses that morning. At breakfast we also solved the problem of the two women. Moreme has only one wife (not a very big headman, you see), Mikena by name, she of the injured foot. The other lady is Cunganda, his niece, daughter of his youngest sister. She is, however, obviously older than his wife. At the kraal we found the wound improved and put on a new dressing, also leaving some aureomycin tablets with instructions as to use. We soaked the foot extensively again, and while this was going on Brian and I did a bit of interviewing. There are 29 Bushman men attached to Moreme's establishment and over 40 women. Some of the Bushmen are agricultural and not only work in the fields for Moreme but have plots of their own. When we rose to go, and had given the pills, and some aspirin for Moreme who describes symptoms which seem to indicate high blood-pressure, we received a parting gift of a bowl of monkey-nuts, a root nut in a thin red skin; like

peanuts (the skin, that is - the nut does not taste like peanuts).

Moreme came back to camp again with us and we packed up, Charlie had processed 8 of his mice. He skins them, then draws the skin, now inside out, back again most realistically over a wad of cotton. (Previously the skin had been dried with sawdust and powdered with arsenic against bugs). After the skin is back in place, realistically, over the cotton, thin wires are inserted into the tail and the four legs, and the specimen is affixed to a board with pins.

Back again, now, to the water hole. We had used all the water in the Gerry cans and part of that in the power wagon tanks, so we filled all these from the barrel of boiled water we had brought from Gum. Then we filled up the barrel with Sigaret water, hauled up in a bucket with a windlass from the water-hole. While this was going on, Charlie took pictures with a stereo-realist (we shall have copies) and with the aid of Garni interviewed Moreme about the wild animal situation. The mice are a nuisance to the grain, and also around the kraal. Calves have to be kept shut up in the kraal else hyenas will get them (there were at least two, judging by fresh tracks over our tire marks in the spoor, around camp last night). Since the omarumba here (the Noma) looks as though it is quite wet in summer, Charlie thought buffalo may come up from the Okavangos during the wet season. This, Moreme says, does not happen, but elephants do come up. One did last year and Moreme described in full detail, and

pointed out, exactly where it went both on the way up and back. Like our, Bushmen, and the Bechuanas and, Hereros at Gum (Herero is correct, not Herrero, as previously), these Okavangos go to great lengths in their desire to answer one's questions. For instance when we asked Moreme about the number of Bushmen he had about him (answer recorded above) he and two of the Bushmen went through all the men, by name, while Moreme kept tally. Incidentally, as with us to the south, there was a great preponderance of /Gui's and Gao's, but there were few names I do not remember hearing before.

After the barrel had been filled (we will boil it and leave it at Gautscha) we gave our parting gift, tobacco. Moreme dispatched a Bushman up the hill to the kraal and he came back with the big dishpan in one of the mammoth carrying baskets. We ignored the basket but emptied considerable tobacco into the basin. This was presented to Moreme, for himself and the Bushmen. We thought this the proper procedure, rather than giving it out to the Bushmen ourselves. He indicated that we should do this, however, and Picinin gave each of them a brimming handful, including a group of about eight who arrived while we were getting water with all their belongings and 8 cattle, evidently in "off the range." This is really a nice little cattle and farming business operated by Moreme with Bushman labour. Obviously he does not pay them in cash, but equally obviously they are well supplied with necessities and the relationship it impressed me yesterday is good. Orders are all

given and received with smiles and in a soft voice. Moreme does not shout and bark at them as do the Hereros, and as do the whites at all natives. The liking and mutual respect and interdependence are noticeable. Of course, Moreme gets the gravy, in return for providing the opportunity, organization and leadership. This may be owing to the individual personality and policy of Moreme. Certainly it is the first really decent inter-racial situation I have seen in South Africa.

I do not seem to be able to get away from Sigaret. It is a truly pleasant place and I am glad I came on this trip, although it was difficult to pull out of all the interesting business at Gum. Fortunately, we shall be getting back there 2 or 3 days ahead of schedule.

We did get off, actually, at 11:30 and started up the beautiful Noma omarumba. Before going, we learned from Moreme that the spoor downstream to the Okavanga is very good and that a car starting in the early morning should reach the Okavanga by one o'clock. This revives the possibility of our going out this way in September (along with the fast nature of the trip north from Gautscha to Sigaret. Laurence, judging from his last year's experiences, had just about abandoned the plan to go out that way as too time-consuming. Brian, however, thinks he can get the Chev. through the sandy parts without sticking, and I believe he might, but I would want to see it. I have made him a L5 bet against it, if we come this way, which I shall be most happy to lose.



To point up the last paragraph, we averaged 20 m.p.h. for the first hour out of Sigaret, knowing the spoor now, the smoothest ride I have had since Johannesburg. And we reached our Thursday night's camping place by 4:30. The animals put on a fine show for us. We saw a "big cat, larger than any wildcat" (this from Charlie), "leopard" (this Elizabeth), which crossed the spoor some distance ahead of us. I vote for the leopard, for I haven't yet seen one, and when we stopped for lunch, shortly after, there were fresh leopard tracks in the spoor. We also saw, at close to the same place, the large kudu herd from which we extracted the young cow yesterday. The cows worked off into the brush immediately but a big bull ran ahead of us and crossed the spoor in front of us in the opposite direction from that taken by the cows. This follows the book, the head bull drawing off the enemy from the cows, but both Charlie and I are skeptical. It looked more like a somewhat confused animal attempting to save its own skin in a not too intelligent way. At least it was quite a spectacle.

The real show was yet to come, however. Shortly after lunch we came upon two gemsbok bulls, again in about the same place as we saw 2 yesterday. After the fashion of gemsbok, they stood still, about 150 yards from the spoor, as we passed them by. Then, when we were well by, they began to run in our direction, as though they wanted a race. It is quite possible that the lorry intrigued them, as it does dogs, and I suppose they had no reason to fear it so long as they did not let it get too close.

We had a fine view as there had been a recent veld fire at this point and the ground was bare of grass. Charlie was driving at the time, the spoor was good, and he pushed our speed up to 25 mph. The gemsbok passed us as though we were standing still. They must have been making close to 40. Then they swerved sharply and crossed the spoor not 30 feet in front of going full out, with beautiful running action. With their light colour, beautiful markings, and long horns, this was a picture one could not hope to see.

The whole ride was delightful. We knew that the spoor was passable so we had no fears in that direction. The tree growth is lovely, and the country is full of the large gray ant hills. We did not see any so good as the "lion" at Gautscha but there were all sorts of sculptures, a sealion, a camel with a pack on its back, a rather good sphinx, and a calm and sedate Buddha seated partially secluded in a little thicket of small trees.

When we reached the palm country, away from the omarumba, we did not see our giraffe friends, but we were fully occupied watching Picanin, who was seated on a little cushion on the right front mudguard, pointing out the spoor and warning as to holes. He is magnificent in his knowledge of the lay of the land and in his sharp eyes. He reminds me of a good master of hounds or, better still, of the good master's good huntsman. When a bad thorn bush appears sticking out into the spoor he grabs his cushion with his right hand and crawls up onto the hood in front of us. Also, he rolled and smoked 3 cigarettes, like a cowboy on

horseback, and took off and replaced his leather gaiter which a tough yellow bush had disarranged, with complete nonchalance on one of the roughest sandy sections of the spoor. When we came to a mile-long grassy section where every previous traverse had got lost and gone a different way, where we had roamed around completely at sea for over 20 minutes yesterday, and where our following car today spent a confused half hour, he took us directly across by dead reckoning.

We decided to stay at our Thursday camp overnight. The trip is easy, though bumpier, for the rest of the way and Charlie wanted a second series of small animals. He would have to come back here from Gautscha to get enough for a good series, so we decided to let him get it now. We have had good luck on tires, no flats yesterday, but we had one today to be patched. (A flat tire is called a "flat wheel" here, as in England.) There is an odd feature of the palms here. When they die, the fronds all fall off and they resemble telegraph Poles for all the world like the Rural Electrification poles which were sticking up along the Largo last summer in their "wireless" condition, an eerie feature in the landscape. It is even more peculiar here.

We had plenty of time to put out 100 traps before sundown, dined on delicious kudu steak, and I have spent most of the evening on this at the campfire, after supper. Brian dug up a round, hairy root (veldkos), yelled "look at this great spider" and tossed it at Elizabeth, evoking a wonderful screech and a

back somersault. It is now 11:30 and since I have to help collect the mice tomorrow morning I am going to bed.

Sunday, August 24

We were off on the trap line before sun-up, 3 of us this time Charlie, Garni with a large bag for the traps, and me with a small bag '3 (for the mice and the little pieces of cotton. The flags have to be picked up in case Charlie traps the area again, when the old flags would cause confusion. We got 11 mice, 2 more than last time here, but only 4 varieties against 6 on Friday morning. Eleven is over 10% and Charlie says that is about as good as one should expect. He had set the traps in considerable part with dwarf mice in mind but we got only 3. One of those was the local variation with the white backside. There were 2 brush rats, the first for this location and 6 large gerbils.

I am writing now while Brian is cooking steaks on the lid of one of the iron pots (upside down in the fire, since they are not made for cooking on the lid as are our camp pots - the so-called Dutch ovens - evidently it was not the Cape Dutch that they were named for). Weather continues fine, nights cool but not too cool, the morning sun quite warming and then, between nine and ten, just when the temperature is beginning to impress one, a brisk breeze comes up which blows until about 4 o'clock, so it is always cool in the shade. The sun sets daily as a red disk; last night it was a brilliant vermillion. We have the new moon now, but it is rather silly, upside down, and it merely pokes itself



up briefly in the western sky and then disappears. I saw it once last night and the night before, and when I looked again it had gone.

Garni is taking down the biltong which Brian made Friday night at Sigaret, from the tenderloin and sirloin of the kudu. It had been reposing in a bucket with a salt and pepper brine since then until last night when he hung it on a tree at the edge of camp-a biltong tree. I had a startling moment last night. After I had finished my journal I found that I had got so interested in it that I had forgotten to smoke my cigar down. So I tried to light it. A brisk breeze came up, however, as they do sometimes at night, though they last but a few minutes. This spooked me a bit as the dry fronds on a nearby palm started rattling before I realized that the wind was blowing. The breeze defeated my cigar lighting effort, so I went into the lee of one of the power wagons, lit a match, held it up to the stub under my nose, and there 2 inches in front of my eyes was the kudu hindquarter we had kept, hanging on the side of the truck.

A big fire was burning at the boys' camp. They run as sort of watch, out on the veld, whether formally organized or not I do not know, but when one awakens during the night it is quiet usual to see a boy sitting up by the fire, and sometimes two.

#### Sunday, August 24

At the Tsumqui water-hole, 7 miles from our night's camp, we encountered what appeared to be a hunting party of 6 men and

4-boys. Two of them were known to Elizabeth and one was /Gi!Gae, a medicine man of last year's group, not previously located. The latter had also been Mr. McIntyre's guide when the spoor to Sigaret was laid out, also the one from Tsaman Gai Gai to Tsumqui. These two came along with us. The other was Sam!Go, the husband of Bau, daughter of /Gi!Gae. He is son of /Guma's mother's brother.

Shortly after leaving Tsumqui, Picanin, from his post on the mudguard, stopped us and said that the spoor was turning off the original one, which was straighter and less rough. We agreed that it would be desirable to have the original spoor opened up and we then embarked on a most amazing career of Picanin guiding us with his arm along a track in the grass and brush made by one car passing over it twice (and in several places probably only once) more than a year ago. For miles of this it was necessary only twice for search to be made on foot. Vocal help was forthcoming from the Bushmen, Karl, and garni's "whiskey tenor" from the top of the truck. Garni's voice is indescribable, a quiet but penetrating nasal tenor, if you can imagine that. The oddness of the noise, coupled with the fact that, unless he is talking directly to one, the language he is speaking may be almost anything, makes him very hard to understand. I expect, however, that I shall become accustomed to it soon. He is very jolly and full of fun along the route, reminding me of certain jolly "outsides" in descriptions of coaching trips by Dickens and others.

To our surprise, the old spoor brought us to the water-hole at Gura, which we had wanted to visit in search of Bushmen on Sunday, the 10th. It is rock-floored clearing in the veld, with a sink in the middle of it where grow many reeds and grasses and where there was a good water-hole. When we arrived it was surrounded by sand grouse and 5 wild pigs were wallowing in the water. Here, also, I found another Bushman shooting blind, like the one at Nama. It was circular, 6 feet across and 2 feet deep.

From Gura we could see what seemed to us to be the "line of baobabs" which we had been to on the Sunday when we were searching for Gura. The line, actually, passes right by. We started driving and after twisting around considerably came in 8/10 of a mile to the baobab under which we had parked and on which Frederick and Karl had carved their initials. The one that Bryan had climbed was only 200 yards from the water-hole. He had seen the opening but had been looking for a pan like Gautscha.

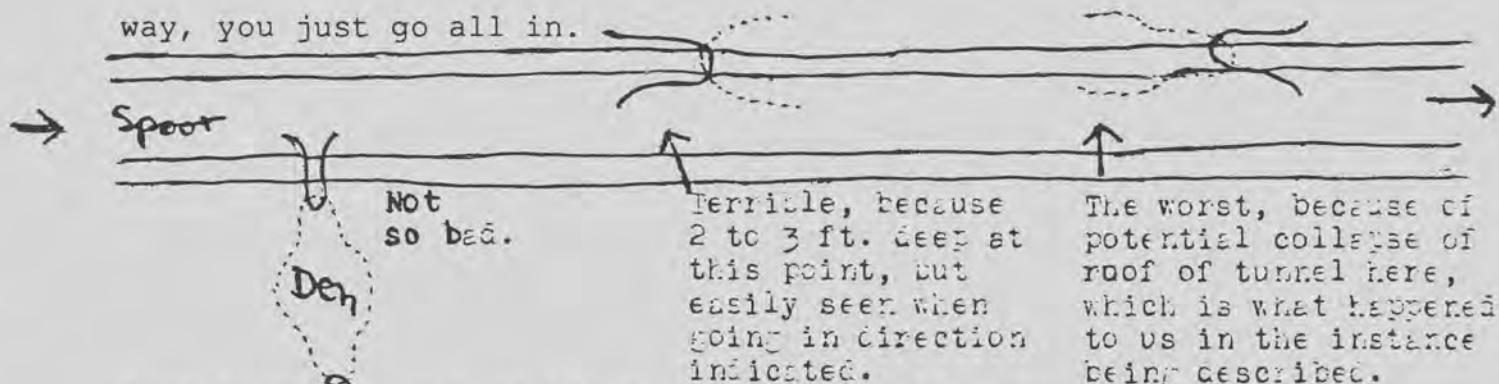
Shortly beyond the tree we left the spoor again because it deviated from the original and followed a very straight line for most of the remaining five miles to Gautscha. In the course of this we had a lesson in the value of the convoy rule for travel in the veld. When we turned off the more recent spoor, or rather kept straight on where the track we had followed on the way north bore sharply to the right, the second lorry was in sight and we assumed that they had observed our maneuver. Then, when we saw them swerve to the right, we believed that they had vetoed any more reopening of old spoor and, since it was less than 6 miles

to Gautscha, had decided to go in on the better worn track, which, though longer, would, in the present relative condition of the two, be smoother, and unload the gas and water barrels, electric motor, and other freight which had been carried to Sigaret as security and ballast. Actually they had not noticed that we had left the spoor, believing that we had merely pulled ahead out of sight as we always did when the going was at all good. Consequently, we cursed them when we saw them rolling off on the other spoor and they cursed us when they reached Gautscha, did not find us there, and thought we had gone on for home, leaving the unloading of two full 60-gallon barrels and a heavy motor to them and whatever Bushman help could be impressed.

This, then, the only time we had broken convoy, was the only time anything happened. Both trucks had tire changing gear but the major tools were all on the 2nd one. And, in turning out to avoid one entrance to an aardvark den, Karl dropped the left front wheel into the other hole. We were going very slowly and it made very little noise, although quite a bump. Picanin had shouted but the circumstances were against us. The first hole was pointed our way, a yawning cavern and easily avoided. The second one was pointed exactly opposite and consequently was not obvious. We would still have been all right, for Karl would have had time enough to turn out after Picanin's shout to avoid the actual hole, but the roof fell in under us (just as the book says) and there we were. This is the worst situation on the holes. If they run across the spoor, one can get a bad bump, but



particularly with the whacking big tires on the lorries, not too serious a one. But, if the whole and spoor are going the same way, you just go all in.



Karl backed up out of the hole, without difficulty (this was a break; sometimes one has great difficulty getting out), and then went to have a look under the truck. When he straightened up from his inspection, I had confirmation of the truth of an idiom frequently used by novelists which I had always felt to be a purely literary business, like "hair standing on end" for Karl certainly had "a long face", at least a full inch longer than usual, mouth open, jaw sagged, and a sort of hurt expression around the eyes. The cause of all this was a broken main-spring. We had a complete spare spring assembly aboard but, as stated, the necessary tools were on the other power-wagon. So there we were, not exactly high and dry, for without a spring we were low, and we had plenty of water, all the food and the beds. This was at 11:30. So we dispatched /Gi!Gae for Gautscha with a note to Brian. He started at a dead run with the note in his hand and the truck reached us at 12:40. The arrival of the note at Gautscha was the first indication Brian and Elizabeth had of our

whereabouts. /Gi!Gae arrived all in, having run at top speed all the way, somewhere around 5 miles.

The spring was soon installed, we had lunch of cheese, rusks, kuku biltong and canned pears and proceeded following the new-old spoor in an almost straight line to Gautscha. There we saw more Bushmen, picked up load of them for Nama and continued south. There were no more real events. We had a shot at a gemsbok (for more biltong for the summer), had a flat on the new power-wagon, waited 3/4 of an hour a tone of the 10-mile convoy halts and then started back after the second truck just as they showed up, having had motor trouble which they cured effectively by removing the filter from the gas line, and reached camp at 8 o'clock, just as dinner was beginning. We startled them, since they were not expecting us for 3 or 4 days and, when they heard the noise of the approaching car, thought something must have gone wrong until they heard also the singing from the top of the truck. It has been a fine trip indeed.

While we were away Lorna discovered that our numbered groups actually have group names.

#### Monday, August 25

Movies for the Gum water-hole sequence this morning. In the afternoon I worked with Frederick, /Gao and /Gui on hunting territories, trading practices, and work relationships with the cattle stations.

It is decided that we shall move north to Gautscha on Friday. Mr. Marshall, Picanin and Tururib will go up on Thursday to select the camp spot. This is to be the permanent camp through the rainy season. A situation is developing in re mealie meal. The boys' ration is 1 1/2 lb. per day and we have only 300 lbs. left for five weeks. We had hoped to cover this by purchase at Sigaret but could not get any. The count in the boys' camp is now 10 men; the six listed in the notes of my first day at camp plus Garni, Picanin and 2 local Bushman, /Gui and Gao, the guide (as distinguished from Gao, their interpreter) - revision, Lorna says it is not Gao the guide but //Au, who is related to =Guma. We shall solve this difficulty by means of kodus (they prefer meat to mealies anyway). Also, now that Garni and Picanin have arrived we shall lop off /Gui and //Au when we move north.

I neglected to record that we were planning to send some mail east into Bechuanaland by agency of the Winela Convoy from Sigaret, on the hope, a sort of outside chance, that it might percolate through to somewhere from Maun faster than the regular mail we shall get off in mid-Sept. from Windhoek.

Picanin had brought in word that Philip's wife is sick. She is a fine looking Herero gal whom Laurence and I went to see at the Location in Windhoek and who gave us a letter and presents for Philip, then. She was pregnant and perhaps something has gone wrong with that, but we do not know the story. Perhaps Philip will have to go out with us in September.

Tuesday, August 26

The morning's program called for movies of net-making and interviews at Group 1, up the hill across the omarumba from camp. Elizabeth was treating a child's eyes and the departure was held up, so, for exercise, I decided to walk up. As I started across the omarumba there was a considerable group of Bushmen squatted along the water barrels. This gave emphasis to their characteristic squat, about 25 men, women and children, all close together, as they usually are, with their heads not coming within a foot of the tops of the barrels. They must have wonderful squatting facets. Their rumps touch the ground and their lower limbs are pressed against their thighs so they sit quite erect, but also quite low down. When they get up they have little patches of dust on their backsides. These were Group 1 Bushmen and when they saw that I was going up the hill toward their werft (I think my previous spelling, werft, may be incorrect) they all got up and followed. So I had a trail of Bushmen behind me all the way. When I reached the werf, it too was full of people where I had expected to find only a few "guarding" the werf. We subsequently learned that two sets of Group 1 members had rejoined them yesterday from elsewhere. The population of these werfs fluctuates up and down considerably. And then, all at once, they are all gone. When we got back from Sigaret we learned that Group II had pulled up, bag and baggage, and gone to KaiKai, because "the veldkos is better there." They had come in a body to camp the day before and had all said goodbye to Lorna.



She had, however, set it down to their ordinary politeness (which is really not ordinary but most extraordinary) and had taken all their handshakes and waves with an "I'll see you tomorrow" sort of thing, and "tomorrow" they had gone.

In my walk around to greet the people in the various skerms of the werf I noticed the young baby of one of the women had very bad looking eyes, with the flies working on them, so that after the cameras, interpreters and the usual complement of Bushmen had been off-loaded from the power wagon, Elizabeth drove back to camp for a medicine kit. In a nearby skerm I noticed a wooden cylindrical vessel about 8 inches high and 3 inches in diameter. Some 2 inches below the rim a fillet had been left when the vessel was carved and the band above the fillet was full of incised designs similar to those made on paper by the children for Elizabeth. Later on, she copied the designs and photographed the vessel, learning that it had been made by one of the men of the werf and that the decoration had been applied by one of the children.

Lorna, Frederick and Gao were quickly surrounded by a circle of Bushmen and started interviewing, beginning on the genealogies of the newly arrived members of the group. They were all related somehow. Already these genealogies have seemed to establish the fact that all members of a Bushman band are bound by ties of close relationship, either directly, or through the spouse. She intended to interview /Guse, the "wise woman" to get her own story of her dream interpretations and whatever other magical

practices might develop, but she was away, visiting at Group IV (interpreting dreams, perhaps?). Garni sat with them as part of his task of learning Kung Bushman. He says these Bushmen "do not speak properly" and he really has trouble with it. He is a Kalahari Bushman and is also said to speak Heikum Bushman.

John, with Picanin as interpreter, began filming Gao, the medicine man, making one of the carrying nets. He was set up in front of his skerm which made a magnificent background, the shell of the skerm (they are shaped, in miniature, like the Pops orchestra shell on the Esplanade), his wife and baby daughter, ostrich egg shells of water and other gear in and hanging on the skerm, hides hanging or rather lying in the branches of a tree, his dance rattles hanging stretched in a double line about 4 feet long, between a branch of the tree and the front of the skerm frame, etc. After she had treated the baby's eyes, Elizabeth came over and took notes on the exposure and filming from John and on the technical process from me. They are working on the films together and study each operation for flaws, gaps, improvements, etc.

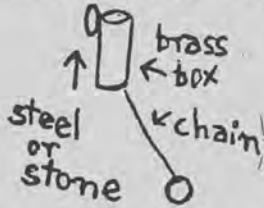
The manufacturing process is very simple, a rectangular net of approx. 3 inch intervals between the knots. The shuttle is simple - a yellow-bush twig about 4-inches long (plus) and 1/4-to 3/8 in diameter. A double strand of cord is wound around this and paid out as needed. The other device is a larger stick, ca. 2 feet long and 1 to 1/4-inches in diameter which is stuck in the

sand. The beginning of the web is looped over this, and it provides what little tension is necessary.

After the net was well started we left it for a while and moved to another skerm where Gao showed us how the fibre is made. He took what looks like a frond, about 14-inches long, of some sort of aloe. Then he beat smartly with a small but tough stick (yellow brush?) until it separated into its component fibres, then he scraped off the remnants of soft parts with the stock and shook out the bundle of fibres vigorously. They make a nice handful of parallel fibres all ready to twist into cord. For an anvil to pound out the fibres on he used a leather sandal, upside down. He spun some of the fibres for the camera with backwards and forwards strokes of the palm against the thigh. Then we returned to our netting. Incidentally, I wonder if any etymological connection exists between knot and net, a net being made by means of knots.

When the net was about half done Gao stopped for a smoke. We then filmed our "strike-a-light sequence," an acculturation episode, which will, go very nicely with the primitive fire-drill technique filmed last year. Many of the Bushmen have a cylindrical brass box which they carry in their bags. It has a little lid on a chain. There is an elliptical steel gadget which is kept hanging on the chain when the box is not in use. The procedure is as follows. A pipe is filled with tobacco. The box is taken out, the lid taken off and the striker (steel gadget) removed from the chain. Then, from the box itself is taken a

smaller, thicker piece of steel and a little leather bag containing tinder. Some of the tinder is poured into the bog, then the bog is held in the left hand with the thick piece of steel held tightly against it and projecting somewhat above the rim. This is struck briskly by the elliptical piece of steel held in the right hand. The whole affair is arranged at such an



angle that the sparks generated by the striking fall on the tinder. Sometimes a piece of quartzite is used instead of the thicker piece of metal. The lighter is very efficient; a few quick strikes and the tinder is ignited. It is then poured into the pipe on top of the tobacco and smoking is in order. The light is obtained more quickly than many people are able to get a light with a recalcitrant cigarette lighter. I have not yet found out what the tinder material is.

The pipe Gao was using completes the acculturation angle, it also being of metal, a cartridge case. Many of the Bushmen have them, in two sizes, one apparently elephant gun cartridges, the other probably war surplus from World War I. They also have other straight pipes. The earlier local type seems to have been an elbow pipe, however, and one sees an occasional briar and a bowl pipe with a pointed bottom to the bowl, the last perhaps traded down from the north (they resemble Congo pipes I have seen. We must obtain specific information on these uncertain points. As Lorna says, "There is so much to ask and so little



time in which to ask it." The expanded interpreter staff should help materially here.

The pouch from which Gao filled his pipe was a bird's nest, bird as yet unknown. I am most particularly encouraged about the movies. The netting sequence will serve admirably for introducing spinning and weaving in my technology course. In fact, Gao's Pole and shuttle are the beginnings of all textile machinery and the great banks of power looms, spindles, etc., one sees in Lawrence and Lowell are merely improvements or elaborations of these simple tools. It seems more and more probable that, if they are then ready for use, I can build the course next time around the movies, for the simplest or relatively simplest phases of most branches of technology are clearly shown in them.

After the net had been completed and hung up in one skerm I returned on foot to camp (ca. 11:30) and entered into conversation with Laurence about cameras, sound equipment, etc., in the field. He believes that a "relatively small sum (\$30,000) spent on research and development will produce improvements in still and sound cameras, recording equipment, etc., which will make them really practical for field work such as this, instead of being, as they are at present, a more or less constant pain in the neck. Practically nothing is really right except for use under perfectly controlled (Hollywood) studio or expensive extensive field laboratory set-ups. John is making notes on

points in this direction, and I have asked Laurence and John to prepare a memo after they get home.

Laurence has everything in order under the "masterpiece" for sound recordings, so any interviews under the tree can now be put on tape. There is a microphone hanging from a branch in the area where the interviewer, interpreters and the chief informants usually sit and another on a cord which can be carried around and put close to mouths, musical instruments etc. After lunch musical instruments were recorded; the 4-stringed instrument and the single-stringed dug-out played with the littlebow. Schapera thinks this little bow represents diffusion from European violin playing. Perhaps it does, but I suppose it might also come from the musical bow itself with a reversal of roles, the bow becoming the "pick" when the new instrument was developed or adapted. A woman played the former and a man the latter. John took movies, too. When the players finished in each case, the tape was played back to them, a great success. Our boys were amused and interested, as well, and the entire camp was assembled along with the many Bushmen, in and about the "Masterpiece." The player of the instrument also sings or hums very quietly and the sound machine is able to amplify the play-back so that this can really be heard. Many of the Bushmen came forward when the play-back started to look at the girl and see that she was not playing the instrument, merely sitting there, holding it. Their expressions and general attitude showed only interest, plus a desire to check

on the facts, not fear, bafflement or astonishment. One feels it might be difficult to astonish a Bushman.

After the two types of instruments were recorded, attempts were inaugurated to get a girl to sing. For the first time since I have been here there was reluctance on the part of Bushmen to do what was wanted. It was, however, exactly the same sort of reluctance one gets at home so often when a young girl is asked to sing or play the piano. The reactions were very similar, to say the least, giggles, eyes cast aside, hands over faces, much talk and laughter among the girls, girl x being pushed forward, girl x running back into the group, etc. Finally a little girl of 10 or 11 sang very nicely in a most quiet fashion, accompanying herself on the 4-stringed instrument. After her, a young woman sang, also accompanying herself. The young girl was assisted and egged on with singing by our //Au. The singers were from Group 1. I am still amazed by the quietness of normal Bushman activities. Of course, they are always so close together that nothing need ever be noisy or boisterous. I am sure they could defeat all comers at a contest for the largest number of people in a 30-foot square, and I am equally certain that more Bushmen could be got on a subway train at 5 o'clock in Times Square than can New Yorkers, and further more that they would all be sitting down.

All sorts of little things went on along with the recording. Picanin was patching a pair of khaki shorts with a springbok tobacco sack. Frederick, /Gao and I bargained with

Gao, the medicine man, for the net he made for the movie this morning. I want it for the Museum, to go along with the movie, Gao said he wanted my shirt. Fortunately, I had my oldest one on which had been included in the packing as a gift to Bushmen.

Out in the omarumba, Elizabeth and Brian were experimenting with fires, for smoke. John has found an iminence in the veld whence he wishes to get pictures of smoke rising from the 5 Bushman werfts (Schapiro uses this spelling). He wants it for the water-hole sequence to show the five groups using the water. He already has shots of people approaching the water-hole from the 5 directions. The experimenters built up good-sized fires and got little smoke. Some of our ever-present sage-brush would be wonderful for the purpose. Finally they tried aloes and round that they produce a good smoke. Before dinner, Brian and Elizabeth went hunting in the jeep, in accordance with the plan to supply meat for the boys' mess, and also for more biltong for the summer. They got no meat but did get 2 wild dogs for Charlie, mean looking things they are, indeed. They are really wild, not reverted domestic strains, and not a true dog, as is the wolf, but another genus in the Canids. The book says they have "a strong musky odour. It is the worst animal smell I have ever encountered. A fox is perfume in comparison. Charlie is very pleased, because he had none, and they are rarely met with. There were 3 of them and Brian brought down the two, a male and a female, in 2 consecutive shots. They hunt in packs and bring down prey as large as kudu by running along, biting chunks out of



it until it drops exhausted. Just before it was time to eat, Gao the medicine man appeared with the net and a bunch of laughing Bushmen, so I immediately peeled off my shirt and gave it to him. He put it on, and looked rather funny but quite happy about it. The whole transaction was a huge success.

After dinner we heard sounds of song from Group I on the hill. The singing started for the recording under the Masterpiece in the afternoon apparently kept going. So up the hill it was, with flashlights and heavy coats, in the hope of seeing a really good dance. The new arrivals make quite a crowd at Group I and the last dance the expedition attended there (before my arrival) had 4 medicine men. As we neared the werft, the sound of the singing and clapping increased and we began to see the fires in front of various skerms.

In the center of the village were a number of fires, away from any huts, with groups of people sitting around them. One of these was the dance circle, women (old, young and children) seated side by side around the fire, singing and clapping while the men danced around them. Most of the dancers had leg rattles and with the heavy stamping motion of the dance these make a splendid sound. They are made of cocoons, 1/2 to 2 inches long, strung on leather, two strips with the cocoons suspended between them. They are wound around the skin, extending from the ankle to just above the knee. The dance steps are staccato but very small forward motions in various rhythms. One foot ordinarily makes more than one short forward motion before the other. The

stamping is unusual in that it seems to have great force yet the foot is raised very little off the ground. The effect, the place of the stamp in the rhythm, that is, seems to be that of the drum, which the Bushmen do not have. (The local Hereros have solved the vexing problem of the Bushman- Bushmen business--singular, Bushmen; plural, Bushmens).

It would be difficult and very lengthy to try to describe the dance in detail. Actually there were many dances, one following another, with discussions as to the next number during the intervals, just as there were discussions as to the next song to be sung at the ranch sings last summer. At the height of the evening there were over 60 people, including the singers, dancers, and people sitting, around, and not counting infants attached to women's backs. And there were still some at their individual skerm fires. These latter fires formed a nice background. At one time I counted eleven of them in a large semi-circle, and behind them, on the horizon, were the lights of 6 veld fires.

There was serious business afoot, too. Two medicine men worked regularly throughout the first part of the evening, that is from 9:30 until 1 o'clock. There were at least 3 other medicine men in the dance: Gag; Bo, from Group IV; and/ Gi:gae, whom we had brought down from Tsumqui. Gau was dancing in my shirt, which, although an incongruous sight, gave me quite a kick. He was carrying the stick he had used this morning as the pole for his net-making. Most of the men, except the operating

medicine men, carried something, a stick, a bow, or a quirt with long hair. These they held over the women or each other, or poked at people. As the men danced they indulged in considerable posturing, varying with the dance, actions imitating characteristic behavior of animals, pantomime illustrating the song, etc.

The individual dances and songs seemed to be quite independent of the curing function of the medicine men. The two who were working among the newly arrived members of Groups I, who had been away. They would begin making odd noises, drop out of line, stumble about as though drunk, and fall on the ground. There they emitted more noises, then got up and began treating people, going from one to another around the various fires and around the circle of singing women. They would bend over the squatting patient from the rear, place their heads upon that of the patient, place their hands on chest and back or limbs then move around to the front of the patient and repeat, all the time making loud sounds, sometimes high pitched like the Navajo screeches, at other times deep and low from the stomach. It was very like the movies and recordings of last year except quieter and without a deep trance. At the end of each treatment, the medicine man would stand erect behind the patient, emit a screech and fling the evil he had extracted up in the air.

The patients paid little attention, seemingly. The young ones seemed serious and usually sat motionless. In one case I thought I saw real concern in the expression of a young girl.

The older ones often kept on talking with their neighbors or singing and clapping as though nothing especial was happening. Almost everyone received a number of treatments from each medicine man, except us. We were hoping we might but they always passed us by, probably having found that visiting Bechuanas and Hereros did not appreciate such attentions and assumed we would be the same.

During the early part of the evening we sat more or less together, close to the dance circle, Lorna, Elizabeth, Brian and I, with Philip, our Ovambo cook, and Frederick, the Bergdama interpreter, nearby. The last two, apparently recognizing the seriousness of this occasion, did not join in the dancing as David, Philip and the local Hereros did in the purely social dance at Musinjan's kraal last week. We walked around a bit of course, observing various things and greeting people. John, however, sat visiting with the groups around the fires.

The dances became more intense as time went on and the medicine men worked harder and harder. By 1 o'clock, all of our outfit had gone home save Lorna and me. We decided to stick it out and, as events developed, we were very glad we had done so. As it was cooling off, we moved in on one of the little fires, still within 3 feet of the dance circle. The dancers would come and sit at it between dances and some of them also during dances, particularly as the night wore on. Only occasionally, when the dance hit a very high point, were almost all the dancers going at once. Then there would be well over twenty men in the ring.



This group also occasionally danced through the circle of women singers, but not so often as at Musinjan's and not at all during the final two hours or so.

The singing and clapping of the women was really good. Often the clapping was syncopated (unlike that at Gautscha last year) and most effective. It sounded more like an instrument (castinets, bones, etc.), than simply human hands. The end of each song was marked by a rapid increase of tempo and one final tremendous clap, like a pistol shot. Then they all said "well danced," "good song" and such and began discussing the next number, etc. Individual women, and occasionally men, would sing a few measures of a song they wanted, or dance a few steps, and then one woman would be joined by others and they would be off again. At the opening of each number only one or two men would start dancing, but soon others would get up from the fires and join in. As the fun and excitement (always, however, by our standards terrifically subdued) increased, the intervals between dances became shorter. Sometimes a few of the women would keep on singing and clapping throughout the interval, merely shifting to the new song.

Throughout, women would occasionally get up and dance a few steps and sit down again or take a turn or two around the circle in the line with the men. One woman, however, who obviously took a leading part in the singing when she was in the circle of women, danced a good deal of the time with the men, particularly during the first four hours.

I find myself unable to isolate any impression which I can set down as the outstanding one. The obvious good time being had by all, the absence of stimulants except tobacco and their own emotions, the quite concrete feeling of well-being, these were among them. Perhaps, above all, was the feeling of security. I have never before been at a "native" dance, day or night, with a total absence of any feeling of possible danger or trouble. It was impossible to feel an intruder, to feel unwanted, or to conceive of an unpleasant incident. The whole thing was so patently arranged for pleasure and the curing of all ills, and, although we did not receive the ministrations of the medicos, we could not but feel included in a general sense. It was a pleasure to be seated by a little fire, with a medicine man beside one, still erupting in little snatches of song, and not to feel, as at a Navajo dance, that probably one shouldn't be there.

The fires, as are all Bushman fires, were tiny but the logic of them was fully impressed on me by a whole night beside one. Indeed they are tiny, but one gets really close to the heat without being driven so far away that only one side feels the warmth. Furthermore, at our grand roaring fires of big logs at camp we are driven continually from place to place in a sort of round game avoiding the smoke. These little fires have so little smoke that one is able to sit in one place for hours. The smoke is either dispersed or diluted below the nuisance point before it attains the altitude of one's eyes, nose and throat.

We had been watching our Gautscha /Gi!Gae, who had been the outstanding medicine man in last year's films, and a much more violent performer, but, although he dance almost all the time until about 2 o'clock, he showed no signs of going into action. The field is not restricted to in group medicos, however, for at around 2 o'clock Bo, a medicine man from Group IV, which had many visitors in attendance, began staggering about and went into a much more violent trance than had the other two. He lay in the bushes, groaning and singing and screeching for some time, then was led back into the circle by one of the other medicine men. he stumbled about, then pitched toward the fire as though to fall into it. The other held him, however, so that he merely arched over with this head just above the flames, close enough so that I, seated to windward, could smell the singeing hair. He was pulled back, and pitched forward again, this time getting his chest just above the flames. I feel that we have the answer to their "falling in the fire." The theory in the books is that, when in trance, the flames do not hurt them. Obviously, even dead flesh burns, so that he is caught before a real burn can be received. Often when the other two medicos were treating patients from the front, that is, with the back of the medicine man toward the fire, the patient or the persons on either side of him would arch their arms around the medicine man's legs so that he would not back up into the fire, which he seemed to ignore completely. One of them had a long leather tail, on his kaross, like an elongated swallow-tail coat, and this was carefully kept

out of the fire by the audience. Their feet, with the heavily calloused soles of perpetual barefootedness probably can stand occasional brief contact with coals without damage.

When Bo began to perform, /Gi!Gae came and sat down with a group of Group IV girls (and very good looking ones, too, with very lively eyes and mien, and breasts still in aesthetic shapes) at a fire directly beside ours. After Bo had treated a number of others, he came over to /Gi!Gae and spent over 5 minutes on him, much more than the usual length of treatment. After the usual attentions to back and chest, Bo put his hands, from the rear, a number of times over /Gi!Gae's eyes, each time straightening up and tossing off an evil. This suggests that /Gi!Gae is having eye trouble. Since the other two medicine men were bedecked with considerable jewelry, making them stand out from the other men and Bo was not, perhaps he, as a visitor, had not expected to "practice" but was requested to do so by /Gi!Gae. It will be interesting to check on this and, if /Gi!Gae does have eye trouble, to find out if Bo is supposed to be particularly good for eyes, etc. (again, there are so many questions to ask).

Again Lorna and I discussed leaving, again we decided to stay, and again were rewarded, this time with a completely new thing to us. At about quarter past three I was watching the circle of singing and clapping women, admiring their indefatigable performance when I was attracted by the expression on the face of the one whom I mentioned above as having danced so much with the men and being so lively. I called Lorna's



attention to her and we watched her as she went into a trance, shouting and groaning and singing wildly as had the medicine men. She did not, however, get up from the circle of women. One beside her held her and after a few moments she collapsed on the ground where she sat. Another woman brought some water and she came to. After that dance had stopped she continued singing as do the medicine men during treatments and later had considerable conversation with one of the medicine men. Lorna had never heard of a woman Bushman going into trance so we have something else to investigate. Is she a "wise woman" like ?Guse, is she actually a medicine man, or what?

When the next dance started she joined in with the rest of the women, as before. It is interesting to see the recovery of these people after a trance. For some time now, Bo had been sitting beside Lorna and opposite me at our fire. He had given the most striking performance of the evening yet after coming out he seemed just as before, smoking and talking like any of the others. By now the number of people had decreased, the children had gone to their skerms or were asleep by the nearby fires, and some of the men were also asleep. One had been asleep for about an hour at our fire, with //Au sitting on his legs for a good deal of the time without disturbing him in the least. He now got up, put his dance rattles back on and went back into the dance. Others, however, like our /Gao, had been dancing all the time. Gao, the medicine man, had resumed my shirt but it was still not unpleasantly cold, with the fire.

At 4:10 there were still 10 women in the circle and 10 to 12 men dancing but we felt that the party was about over. There was no lack of enthusiasm, particularly among the remaining women, but people had dropped away considerably, and, except for the conversation around the 4 pretty girls from Group IV, the audience was definitely tired out even if the performers were not. So we said goodbye to Gao and Bo and started home, pursued by the same sounds of song and clapping that had led us up the hill some 8 hours before. When we reached camp at 4:35, we could no longer hear them, though perhaps this was merely because of the smaller number.

As we walked down the hill, the difference in temperature between the high places and the omarumbas was impressed on us. The air become progressively colder and before the bottom was attained it was all I could do, in a heavy sweater and lined corduroy jacket, to keep the shivers out of the torch with which I was lighting the trail for Lorna. The shivers were not caused by fears of lions, tigers or hyenas. Actually, we did not see even a springhare, but I must say I was not disappointed, particularly. I would like to see a lion before I go as it is the only important beast common locally, except the wildebeest (gnu) that I have not seen, but I should prefer it to be on another occasion than in a party of two armed only with flashlights.

Laurence awoke and asked about the dance. This has been a full day!

Wednesday, August 27th

Last night's minimum temperature was 38 degrees, the coldest for over a week. After breakfast we found that /Gi!Gae is having eye trouble and Lorna treated them with aureomycin ophthalmic ointment. This should help out Bo's treatment.

The problem of a Bushman to help Charlie was discussed at some length and it was finally decided to ask one of the many ?Gui's, this one at Group I. He has impressed Charlie as being a good hunter, very handy and knowledgeable. He wants to go. His wife, it appears, is a relative of /Guma, at Gautscha, so they could live in his werft. The ever-present problem of feeding came up. If /Gui works for us, we shall have to feed his wife and child and how can this be done without causing difficulty with the other Bushmen with whom they will be living who are not getting food from us. /Gui thought this a great joke and laughed and laughed, saying they would "eat at night." The solution was left for the event itself to decide.

Lorna went up to interview at Group I. She found that the lady who went off into trance last night is, in fact, a female medicine man, and that she can perform curing ceremonies, as do the men. /Guse, however, is not a female medicine man, but something else. Lorna planned to interview /Guse today, but the old lady was ill, tuckered out by last night's party. Instead, she spent some time with one of the medicine men who officiated last night, the older of the two, the one who spent so much time at our fire. his power is entirely for good, for curing. He

does not work in the reverse fashion. He only takes evil out of people, does not put it in. Whether or not there are people who put evil in remains to be determined.

Charlie spent part of the morning working over his salted skins. The process is to rub salt all over inside the skin, then roll it up, with salt in and hang up the bundle in a tree. It can be a plain bundle or, as in this case, can be wrapped in cloth. The salt forms its own brine inside the bundle. After two or three days or a week, the process is repeated with fresh dry salt. It is repeated 2 or 3 times and in this way the skin is dried thoroughly. The danger is that the outer surface only becomes dried, leaving moisture inside which later rots the skin.

This is our final work day here. Tomorrow will be devoted mainly to packing. Consequently such clean-up jobs as possible were done in the interviewing. We are still under interpreter handicaps, however, as Garni is not yet an independent operator. He says he understands "these Bushies" better than they understand him. This may be partly due to his peculiar voice which takes a bit of getting used to.

There was also discussion of the new camp at Gautscha, how it should be laid out, etc. Brian says that the boys will be happy only if they have "a tree for their own." Apparently, whatever else they have is relatively of secondary importance to this. They don't have one here, are merely attached as an appendage at the west end of our camp.



Just before dark I found a Sapota Lark, a beautiful little grey bird, hopping along a trail near camp. A wing injury prevented its flying. Since it would have no chance worth mentioning against all the predatory beasts around, I presented it to Charlie. There are really fine birds here and they have a tendency toward the most extraordinary names. I shall get a list of some of them for the journal at a good opportunity.

At about 11 o'clock in the evening we heard Garni's voice in the distance, returning with others of the boys from an evening at Musinjan's kraal. Voices carry for great distances here, in the night, almost as well as over water, and it was more than 15 minutes before the contingent reached camp. They are very considerate, much more so than the Whites, and when within a few hundred yards their voices were reduced to whispers at which level they remained until they had turned in. Garni's whisper, like his voice, has a rasp in it.

Thursday, August 28

The last full day at the Gum (/Gam) camp. After breakfast Laurence started for Gautscha in the jeep, with John, Picanin, /Gi!Gae and the other Bushman we had picked up at Tsumqui (Tsumkwe, one map says) on our way back from Sigaret (also variously spelled). Spelling here is relatively unimportant since most of the place names, as they appear on maps and in print, are merely attempts on the part of different foreigners to render native names in English, German, Afrikaans or Portuguese.

I have finally decided to use Bushman for a single Bushman. It seems to be the less confusing way. (Editor's note: We have already taken a stand on the Bushman-Bushmen controversy, so this remark applies only to the original manuscript. All other inconsistencies we have gone cheerfully along with.) With beds, food, and water, etc., and 5 people, the jeep was crowded.

Brian, Elizabeth and the boys assisted by various Bushmen and a contingent of natives from the kraal began packing up the camp. Cavicitue and her sister are also here. They did washing yesterday but are doing more today. Cavicitue sewed the springbok tobacco bag patch on my pants. It looks splendid. On the left leg just above the knee, in front, with the two green emblems of the opened-up bag. The bag is about twice the size of our Bull Durham sack. The patch is very well made with a double row of stitches all the way around. Thoria, one of the Bechuana, worked around most of the day and kept asking me for a shirt, as did also some of the Bushmen.

In the middle of the morning I drove Lorna, Frederick and /Gao up to the Group IV werft in one of the power wagons to make our farewell gifts there. Including children there are 53 people in the werft (last count). We had a string of white beads and 2 tin cans for each. Pipes and long spikes for the leading men, bottles, safety-pins and cartridge shells to be divided somehow, by themselves, and tobacco for all. The shells are used as ornaments by the women, who hang them in clusters in front from the midriff, so that they dangle down in front of their modesty

aprons. These "modesty aprons" impress one, in some cases at least, as being a misnomer. Beyond any doubt they cover the immediate pubic region, but some of them are so gaily ornamented with beadwork that they certainly serve to call attention to the area, particularly when they are squatted on their buttocks, knees vertical and wide apart, the usual sitting posture.

One of the men present at Group IV has a hat which is actually the collar of a khaki shirt, collar and neckband, that is, sewn together in front, and open at the top. There were very few people there when we arrived but a group of women and children returned from the water-hole laden with ostrich egg shells, gourds and bladders. I had noticed women leaving the water-hole with the bladders (or maybe bags made of stomach linings). These apparently are for more immediate consumption, for a woman brought one to each of the men in the group with which we were talking and the man in each case drained it, swallowing continuously until the water was all gone, then squeezing the bag. Devi, the headman, had a very large one and he left a little in it which he gave to a man whose wife apparently had not been in the group who came up from the water-hole. We completed the gifts by giving everyone 5 pieces of hard candy, that is, we put them in 53 of the cans. We tried valiantly to convince Devi (Debby) that each of his people was to get one of these "packages" but are not convinced that it will go like that. This seems to me relatively unimportant since everyone seems very pleased and happy.

Back in camp we found much of the small stuff packed. Laurence and John had packed the photographic material yesterday. There is a carton in camp with a wonderful legend, FATTI'S & MON'S MACARONI, (Durban Road, Bellville). And, at least, a woman with a good, well-developed case of steatopygia. One of /~A!Nau's wives seems to have some but this woman has a terrific protuberance in the rear, obviously shaped like the pictures (and the life casts at Capetown), that is, flat on top. Unfortunately, she had a dress on, in fact 2 dresses, for she is the old woman I mentioned among the singers at the dance at Musinjan's who was wearing the red dress. Today she is still wearing the red dress, with a brown one on top of it. /~A!Nau's second wife also has on a dress. It is amazing that the only 2 women I have seen who really have this traditional Bushman feature should also be the only two Bushman females I have seen in a dress. Not that it makes any difference in re getting a look at the steatopygia for I have also seen /~A!Nau's wife in a kaross and equally covered.

In the afternoon we went up to Group I. Again I drove. It is a pleasure to drive the power wagons on the veld. They push over all before them and never even act as though they are going to stall. Incidentally, these commercial power wagons are comfortable, not the bone-shaking vehicles like those we rode in at Cerbolleta Mesa last summer. They are much better on the veld than the new Chevy truck, not so bouncy; one very rarely hits the roof of the cab.



Farewell gifts had been given Group I some time ago, during one of the earlier threats to move north to Gautscha. However, at that time only one tin can each could be given and now there are more, more tin cans and more people at Group I, so each can have 2. Also, spikes were given to the important men and the newly arrived medicine man interviewed yesterday was given a pipe. Also candy and tobacco to all.

While this was going on I paced off the dance circle of the other night. It is not more than 11 feet in diameter. Magnitudes are much different in the firelight - the circle seemed larger and the skerms with their fires in front of them seemed to be farther off than they are in actuality. I also looked at the baby whose eyes were so bad when we treated them on Tuesday. They are quite cleared up, apparently. This, it appears, is the wife and child of the /Gui who is coming with us to Gautscha to help Charlie. The wife's name is !Huaga.

An incident occurred as we were leaving concerning the gifts. A Bushman brought a goat skin and gave it to our /Gao. This was the skin of one of the goats we had bought from Cavicitue for meat. At that time we had also in camp a kudu skin and a gemsbok skin. It was decided to give a skin to each of the four groups (this was before the advent of Group V). Skins were presented to Groups II, III and IV and the fourth skin was seen disappearing under the arm of man from Group I. Since they were supposed to have that skin, it was assumed that someone had given it to them. Now it appears that he was merely taking the skin up

to the Group I werft to tan it for /Gao. This leaves Group I short in Lorna's attempt to keep the gifts balanced. What to do? Give the headman another of my shirts perhaps.

In the late afternoon the tents were struck and rolled up. Most of the packing is now done. The big Chevy truck is heavily loaded and the two large aluminum boxes are on the new power-wagon, one of them containing the photographic equipment.

There is another peculiar development at Group I. Frederick, when we were up there, told /Gui, who was to be Charlie's helper, to bring his family and gear down here this evening so as to be ready to go with us in the morning. Then /Gui said that he is not going. The reason behind this is related to /Guma, headman there. There is indefinite talk about //Au, who has been working for us. It appears that he wished to go to Gautscha with us, but is not being taken. /Gui is reported as not going because //Au is not going. No one feels that we have the whole story here and there is the feeling that we are in the grip of some Bushman political ploy.

Some of the boys, including Garni and David, went up to the kraal for a farewell party this evening, returning again at about 11:30 with the same pattern of Garni's voice in the far distance, and whispers on nearing camp. When Cavicitue said her official goodbyes at camp this morning it is reported that Philip kissed her on the cheek. Remembering Margaret Mead's question as to whether Bushmen smacked when they kissed their babies, Lorna asked about this, but the evidence was lacking on the point. I

could not help here as I had merely given her a blue bandanna handkerchief, which she had just washed, in return for the springbok patch on my trousers. She produced an amazing request, before leaving - that she be invited to Gautscha for Christmas.

Friday, August 29th

Bright and fair. The weather here is an enemy of conversation. It is always good morning, never a bad morning. One can never say "it looks like rain," "what heavy clouds" or anything like that. The sun comes up and the sun goes down. The only thing else in the sky is dust and smoke from the veld fires (and the eclipse of the moon, which we saw on the way out here. When I pointed it out to our Herero boy, David, he glanced at it briefly and said "cloud." I seems that at the /Gam camp, our Bushman /Gui did the same. They must know, however, particularly at this season of the year, that it is not a cloud. But maybe they don't. It seems that they both turned their glances away immediately, though no apparent fear of disturbance was observed.)

We rose at daybreak and had an early breakfast. Everything was then packed onto the trucks and we were ready to leave before 8:30. There were many people around. The men from the kraal and a considerable number of Bushmen, including almost all of Group I, who came down the hill at sun-up. /Gui and his family, who had reneged from going with us, were absent. Had they been sent away, or did they merely absent themselves from embarrassment?

It was a real parting, many friends having been made. //Au, who is said to have wanted so much to go with us, sat with his back against a tree in the bare camp area, and twice I am sure that I detected tears in his eyes. After being here a few weeks one forgets that many of these people here at /Gam had never seen a White man until the advent of the Expedition. A very few had seen some of the Expedition last year, a few had seen Mr. Uys two years ago, a few have seen Droshky, and that seems to be it. Our /Gao is an exception, having been to Windhoek. The D.C. from Bechuanaland coming this year and the member of the Bushman Commission going through must almost seem like an invasion. Some of their forbears would have seen the few Whites who have been through here previously and there must be old people around who have seen fugitives from the Boer war and the First World War. Wilhelm Mattenklodt, for instance, had been at Gautscha during the four years that he was a fugitive from the British after they had taken South West Africa away from the Germans, early in World War I. Yet in every group of Bushmen one meets there are adults, as well as children, who have never before seen a White man.

When we were all packed up the remaining tin cans and bottles were thrown open for distribution. Thoria still wanted a shirt but, since he had been given an almost new pair of blue denim pants yesterday, which fitted him perfectly, I continued to ignore this. I got out those two dark green shirts which I bought last year and which were so hot to wear last summer, or seemed to be. They are uncomfortable to me and, being worn only



a few times, are a good gift. I thought one of them might be appropriate for Gau, the headman of Group I, and might also equalize the business of their not getting a skin. Lorna, however, felt that to give it to him would be an offense to Devi, the headman of Group IV, who also wants a shirt. Unfortunately Devi was not present. This was solved by dispatching a runner for Devi, who went off at high speed, so I make my presentation to Gao. The shirts are greatly prized, partly I suppose because the Bechuanas and Hereros wear them, when they can get them.

At about 10 to nine we left the camp in the omarumba. The new power wagon was in the lead with Charlie, Mrs. Marshall and Elizabeth in the cab and Philip and David on top. Next came the old power wagon, Karl, Klas and /Gao in the cab, and finally the Chev. truck with Brian and me in the cab and Frederick and Garni (/arni) on top. The plan of convoy is to stop every 5 miles, since the trucks are all overloaded as to weight. Brian and I stopped at the trail leading from the spoor to the Group IV werft and waited for Devi, who came down at a run after we had been there but a few moments. He was very pleased with the shirt, putting it on immediately, over his kaross. He got his arms and head all tangled up in it and laughed and laughed and laughed. He is a small, oldish man, very pleasant and attractive. We said good-bye to him and started up the spoor to Gautscha, 46 miles to go. The spoor is the roughest I have encountered and a slow trip was in prospect. A broken spring would mean that much of the load would have to be taken off that truck and much time would be

consumed. Actually, we average close to eight miles an hour when running, and a little better than six miles an hour all told, including stops and lunch.

At the first stop, 5 miles along the spoor, we checked over the loads and found everything in order with no serious shifting. Brian and the boys had packed them very well. The meanest one was the old power wagon which had the "junk," that is the odds and ends, packing cases which had been serving as benches and tables, kitchen utensils, shovels, etc. On the second stage an empty wooden box fell out of this truck. We picked it up and that was the only untoward incident of the whole trip.

We saw no large animals. The first truck saw a giraffe with a tiny baby giraffe, but either they had moved out of sight or we missed them. It is surprising how a thin like a giraffe can blend into the veld. They stick pretty well to the parts where there are trees. These are about the same height as the giraffes and when the animal remains motionless, as it often does, looking at you through branches, it is very easy to pass them by.

We passed through two large areas of burn where there had been extensive veld fires since we came through last Sunday on the way back from Sigaret. Laurence is beginning to worry that he will not get a good movie of one before the rainy season starts. I imagine that not many here share that worry. The stories about people caught in veld fires seems to indicate that there is little danger if one has matches. Then one starts one's own fire and finds refuge in the area that burns before the big

one reaches one. Brian told me a number of stories of people caught out without matches. One man lay down in a trail, but he took off all his clothes, as he didn't want anything catching fire on him. This was the wrong thing to do and he was terribly burned all over, but survived. His hands are practically useless, however, and he is real cripple. Another man who was ringed by a fire and who had no matches, plucked great handfuls of the tall, dry grass and lay down on the veld with the grass heaped over him. He was almost cooked, and almost suffocated, but when the fire had passed he did not have a single burn. The heat was terrific and he had an awful time with his lungs, but 10 minutes after the fire had passed, he was all right. The top of the pile of grass over him burned but the fire had gone by and he was safe before it burned through to him.

We got through the bad sand stretch near the Nami water-hole without getting stuck. Brian drove it in masterly fashion. Although I have driven in worse spots in Arizona it was always in a light car, never a heavily laden big truck, so I was very glad that Brian was driving. We reached Gautscha at just before 4 o'clock, without a broken spring or a puncture. This is really the best speed for these spoors. I did not hit the roof of the cab once, and one can see the holes in time to turn out for them.

There were a considerable number of Bushmen at the water-hole but practically no water. Neither Laurence nor John was there but we were told that they had camped where we had on our trip to Gautscha on August 9-10, by the "ant hill lion." Brian

drove off and returned presently with Laurence. John had gone to Tsumque in the jeep to take /Ge!Gae and Samko home. They have a camp site picked out for the permanent camp awaiting our approval. We drove to the temporary camp and then started out to see the new site. We drove up over the rocks on the east side of the pan, just north of the water-hole. Presently we came to an avenue, lined with stones, a surprise indeed, with Laurence chortling at our amazement. A few hundred yards of this (for all the world like the Irishman of the 18th century who is said to have built his demesne wall and driveway before starting on the house) and we came to a group of trees on the only appreciable eminence in the vicinity, overlooking the pan to the west. Just behind it, on the veld, is =Guma's werft. It should make a good camp site. At first I was distressed because of the rocks, but it appears not to be a ledge, and one can sink post holes if one picks one's spots carefully. It will get whatever breeze there is. Although it is exposed to the storms, there is no place where one can escape them (they are torrential thunder storms preceded by a high wind, like ours in the American Southwest). During the summer there are not steady high winds here. August is the windy month (August is winter, remember: I have finally got used to this, though I still get spring and autumn mixed up occasionally)and, compared with May and June at Awatovi, there has been nothing heavier than a good breeze; even the one which bopped me on the head with the ridgepole was not much of a wind



and the devil-whirls I have seen a tiny. I imagine the wind does blow harder some winters.

The tree situation at the new camp should satisfy everyone. Now that it is getting warmer I am beginning to appreciate this. At about 9:30 in the morning one begins looking for shade. It is surprising to me the difference a little tree with no leaves on it can make. Certain trees have leaves left over, dried, from last summer and there are a few which seem to be some sort of evergreen (small hemlock or something), but a little wisp of a tree can give enough shade with its tiny branches to make all the difference between roasting and comfort, particularly since there is always some breeze, as yet, often a good deal, between 10 and 4:30. It is not complete shade, but the partial cutting of the sun's rays is enough. As I write now there is a pattern of light and branches on the page, more light than shadow, but I am perfectly comfortable, which I would not be were I to move out 3 feet into the full sunlight. One just works around the tree as the sun moves.

Back in our temporary camp there were approx. 60 Bushmen, all squatted in the shade of one small tree. There are 3 groups here, =Guma's and 2 others. There was talk and introductions, then tobacco. Shortly afterwards I noticed /Gao approaching camp with a log on his shoulder. He was followed by a single file of Bushmen, each bearing firewood, up to 4 good-sized pieces per man. Two more such parties arrived and deposited their-burdens

by our fire or took them over to the boy's fire on the other side of the Ant Hill Lion.

Brian, John, Charlie and some of the boys went to clean out the water-hole. They returned at supper time covered with mud but triumphantly announcing that they had removed 117 buckets of mud and had a water-hole 8 feet deep which could be made much deeper and larger if necessary. This is excellent news indeed, but there is a reverse side to the coin. Lorna had not realized that they would have to get into the water to clean out a hole and is worried about bilharzia. One can only hope that this water does not have them. I am glad now I stayed to talk to the Bushmen.

At sundown Frederick collapsed. His breath was short and he seemed to give up entirely. He did not lose consciousness, however, and his pulse was strong, though somewhat irregular. After lying on some bed rolls for an hour or so he was able to go over to his own bed in the boys' camp without assistance. He says he has these attacks once in a while and that he will be all right tomorrow. Some sort of mild heart attack, I suppose. He is a wonderfully fine fellow and I hope this is nothing serious.

Brian put his bed a considerable distance from camp in the direction of the pan despite pointed suggestions about his face being eaten off by hyenas, lions and such. He said he preferred that to the ants. Last time we were here they ate a number of holes in his blanket. He has no sleeping bag but a bed-roll like

a cowboy, without the tarp. He has one of the expedition mattresses, however.

Saturday, August 30

The new water-hole was full of water this morning. Three barrellfuls were taken out and it went down very little. A boiling station is set up on rocks nearby. The water is boiled in the barrels, all water, wash water as well as drinking water.

I neglected to note that Philip gave us a chicken dinner last night, which you would have enjoyed, canned chicken, not guinea fowl. He does very well and under circumstances which would drive the cooks at home quite wild. There are no regular meal hours, the meal coming on whenever the party is assembled. People go about their affairs and there is a 2-hour range, at least, in the times for each meal, including breakfast. For instance lunch was after 2 today, almost 2:30. Dinner comes between 7 and 9, etc. No one seems to mind, certainly I don't, though I think it phenomenal that it does not ruffle Philip. For instance, at 7:30 tonight, there was a party out on the pan chasing a jackal in the jeep.

But I am getting ahead of myself. The morning was spent by Brian and most of the boys clearing the new camp site while Lorna and I were in camp surrounded by Bushmen. Charlie was walking the country, making notes, observing the birds, which are many and varied, and planning his trap lines. Elizabeth has found Bushman engravings on some of the baobab trees. This is

wonderful. There are no large rocks or cliffs for the typical Bushman engravings so they use the baobabs which are rather like cliffs and much easier to carve. So now she has graphic arts on wooden bowls and on baobabs to go with her children's drawings and sculpture. She made tracings of some of the tree-trunk drawings.

Lorna is beginning here by going after the kinship terms. There is a difference in man and woman speaking, and elder son is a different term than younger son. Pronouns were picked up, too. I think that many of the staff will know a considerable amount of Bushman speech before long. Frederick already can do quite a bit on the genealogies directly, without going through /Gao.

It was very hot this afternoon and, for the first time, everyone took siestas. Later, Lorna, Frederick, /Gao and I interviewed =Guma. It appears that his present group are relatives of his wife =oo (or =Goo, pronounced very long). Most of his own relatives are dead, all except 2 women and 1 man, and the man is the //Au who worked for us at /Gam and who wanted to come here with us. =Guma had come over this afternoon to tell Lorna about his wife's pains (she is well along in pregnancy), so after an hour of interviewing we asked him if he had anything which needed doing and indicated that we wanted him to feel free to leave. His response, with a laugh, was that "he liked sitting around in the weft better if he could spend some time over here."

Two sand grouse were found drowning in the water-hole this morning. They eventually revived. Logs were placed over it and



a sloping log in it in an attempt to avoid a repetition of this. The extensive water (the surface of the hole must be about 4 feet by 5) seems to be leading the local wild life to ruin.

Lorna has a revival tonight of the light fever she had on Thursday night at /Gam. Brian, John and /Gao also have bad colds, so we have a sizeable contingent on a chloromycetin schedule. Nothing seems to be serious, however. Frederick was all right today.

There is a large Bushman werft in the veld across the narrow eastern extremity of the pan from us. The skerms are not visible by day, in fact one can almost bump into them while walking on the veld without seeing them, but the fires in front of them look lovely a quarter of a mile or so across the werft.

Laurence and I talked for a long time beside the fire tonight. He told me how he got into electronics and some of his early adventures in the construction game. He was a tunnel man and his first job was on the Fort Point channel extension of the Cambridge tube from South Station to Broadway, South Boston.

#### Sunday, August 31

We awoke to great excitement this morning. There was a lion in camp last night. The first we heard was that lion tracks had been found where the boys cleared the ground yesterday for the permanent camp. Lorna and I were going to visit =Guma's werft after breakfast and went that way to see the new kitchen set up. Then we followed his spoor (tracks) from there to the werft with

Frederick. It seems that Frederick awoke sometime between 4 and 5 A.M. to hear =Guma emitting great shouts. Then he saw a tremendous fire kindled at the werft. He thought that something must be wrong, that /Guma's wife had her baby or something. Then Picanin woke up and they went over there to discover that /Guma had seen a lion directly outside his werft. The shouting was to frighten him away and the big fire was to keep him away. The tree picked out by the boys is near /Guma's werft and Karl and Klas were lying down there (this is a day off) talking about the lion. Lorna and I went down to the water-hole (more about that anon) and then back to the current camp. As we approached Frederick called us over to the boys' fire. There was a big square tin can on the ground not far from the fire and also a piece of paper held down by stones. Under them were lion tracks, one being only 3 feet from where Picanin was sleeping.

Backtracking Leo it was found that he (or she) came down upon camp from the north, investigated Brian who was sleeping fifty feet outside the camp area to the west, then went over to see Picanin and the boys, then up to the new camp area, and from there to the werft where /Guma's attentions frightened him off. I imagine we shall see some really big fires around us tonight. Apparently he did not visit the large werfts (there are 2 of them) on the south side of our end of the pan but they are all talking about him and everyone has been over to see the spoor. Parties of young boys were circulating all morning, probably

laying plans for valorous deeds tonight. I shall take one of the heavy iron cooking pots to bed with me.

The water hole is wonderful. It represents a great shift in values, looking upon a little pool of dirty water as a wondrous thing. The whole area was full of birds, large and small. Every tree and bush was loaded, magnificent hoopoes with beautiful crests and various little birds in brilliant colours. There were 4 more sand grouse (the double-banded sand grouse) in the water this morning. Two recovered but two were completely drowned, a hen and a cock, and went into Charlie's collection.

The various colds have responded to the chloromycetin and everyone feels better. I have been writing under a tree at camp, catching up on various things. The wind is stronger today than it has been for a couple of weeks. Lorna is writing in a chair about six feet away. A few minutes ago Philip brought our morning (or rather, noon) tea and just as he was turning back toward the fire a body fell from the tree above, landing in the middle of the tree of us with a heavy thud. I picked it up and it was damp and quite dead. Looking up I saw another one on a fork in the branch just above my head. They were Charlie's sand grouse, put up there to dry out. This will be all for this morning.

(Resuming at 5 P.M.) I took my siesta today in front of the Chevy truck where Bryan had his radio on the bumper. It comes out only rarely but we had some good music from Lorenzo Marques, Pretoria West, and Sa de Bandiero, the last being the leading

city in Souther Angola. To this list should be added "The Radio Club of Mozambique." (/arni has just come with the afternoon tea). We also heard the S.E. Asia news broadcast of the Voice of America which I thought an excellent job, restrained but concrete, with news of the President of Indonesia visiting universities in California, Mr. Austin's reiteration to the U.N. in New York that we would continue to fight aggression in Korea, news of Point IV, etc.

Brian has gone for a barrel of water. John is reading in the cab of the new power-wagon with his feet out the window. Elizabeth is modeling. I don't know where Laurence and Charlie are. The wind has kept up longer than usual today but is now going down.

After tea Laurence, Lorna and I went up to =Guma's werft to make our duty call on =Goo and to treat the eyes of Di!Ai's baby. It is a small but very nicely arranged werft of 3 skerms aligned in a semi-circle. The southern one is occupied by =Guma and =Goo; the middle one by Gao and Di!Ai; and the third by /Gui and /Guse. Gao is a medicine man, one of the two in last year's movie. Lorna treated the baby's eyes. He was a little afraid and cried. This is most unusual. Ordinarily they submit to treatment without a murmur. We had a pleasant visit during which the word "cocoa" popped up. (You will remember the evening cocoa parties in last year's journal). So we engaged to bring cocoa this evening.



When we arrived at the werft both men and women were bringing in wood, not the usual small branches customary for the Bushman fires, but whole trees as big as those we use. This is attributable to the lion. There will probably be tremendous fires at all the werfts tonight, including ours. Before we left the sun set, again brilliantly red in the smoke of veld fires. After it had set the columns of smoke arising from two fires turned purple, and with the wind gone seemed motionless, like a movie picture stopped at a single frame (that is the stillest thing I can think of).

/Guma and /Gui had both seen the lions and shouted at them. They solved the problem of the number. We had found small tracks as well as large ones. According to the Bushmen there were 3, papa, mama and a cub. They showed us in pantomime how they had got up, looked over the top of the skerm, seen the lion, and jumped and shouted, while the women and children huddled under karosses at the back of the skerm. Then they showed how the lions ran off, toward the north.

Talk at supper was mostly about lions and defenses against them. Philip and Frederick have a fine collection of gruesome stories and the Marshalls have picked up quite a few on previous trips. Philip has been present when a person was killed by a lion. In the days before the Winela transport system was established in Ovamboland (which was only done recently), the Ovambos used to go in to Tsumeb on foot, then by train to Johannesburg. Returning groups used to walk home in groups of

hundreds in single file, sleeping on the trail. These lines of men used to attract the lions, of which there are large numbers in Ovamboland (because there are great herds of zebra, their favorite prey). As they were sleeping one night a lion grabbed one of them and hauled him into the bushes. They heard his cries and his bones crunching in the lion's jaws but could not save him. It is said that a lion will not harm you if you lie still, that he "throws sand on you" and when you wake up and sit up or try to run away, he grabs you. At the same time, there is a story of a lion taking a pregnant woman out of bed, carrying her off and dispatching her, without so much as waking her sister who was sleeping in the same bed with her. Actually, I imagine lions vary a bit in their technique. Also, the stories are in part, I suspect, like our rattlesnake stories, subject to some check for accuracy.

After supper Laurence, Lorna, John and I went up to =Guma's werft with a pot and the makings for cocoa. It was a pleasant and successful party. Puns were made by the Bushmen on cocoa and kaokao. The 3 families were in their three skerms when we arrived, the women lying very comfortably on masses of silk-like fibres, in their karosses at the back of the skerm. All three are good looking and jolly and looked, believe it or not, in the firelight, like so many Cleopatras. We set up our pot at /Guma's fire. /Gui came over and joined us but the others remained at their own skerms. They are so close together that conversation could be carried on between them without the soft Bushman voices

being raised at all. Their attention must be very good and their ears very acute for sometimes one does not even realize they are talking. This was a reunion sort of party like ours at Mishongnovi with the Hopi. The resemblances between these people and the Hopi continue to impress me. They are about the same size as the slender of the 2 main Hopi types. The little graceful hands and feet, correlated with the soft voices, politeness, and continual smiles and laughter are startlingly similar, particularly the women and girls, old women, too. The men are gentler even than the Hopi men. I felt completely at home last evening and I think that this was primarily the reason. I did not list colour, which is also similar. They are in no way that I can see like negroes (not surprising since they aren't Negroes).

They were all eager to teach us Bushman words and there was much fun on both sides over our struggles with the clicks. The veld fires I mentioned earlier are now red glows in the sky. One to the south shows flames occasionally. These brought on, after the cocoa was brewed and distributed, the song "Scotland's Burning", which was referred to in last year's journal, a reference I never understood. The denouement is that it is translated into Bushman, "Gautscha's burning, Gautscha's burning, ding dong, ding dong, Throw on water, throw on water, etc." "laucha da, laucha da", etc. Then I pointed to the west where the horizon was bright red for a considerable distance, with six brighter centers of fire, in the direction of Thinthuma pan and

sang "//in/uma da, etc." (one of my rare successes as a songbird). Then they all started. Gura da, Nami da, Tsumque da, etc., going through all the neighboring pans. Then they told us about the lions all over again with much laughter. These beasts must be a real threat to them, nevertheless.

We left earlier, about 10:30, and returned to our temporary camp. As we passed the boys' camp we saw that they had made a laager with a power wagon, the jeep, logs, water cans, cartons, a tarp, etc., and were bedded down inside it with a tremendous fire. After more discussion of the lion situation we all went to bed, in a much smaller area than last night, with our own big fire, and the rifle hanging in readiness in a tree. At 3:30 I awoke to see Laurence pushing the logs, which had died down to a mere glow, into the center of the fire, but there were no alarms.

Monday, September 1

No lions. Apparently they didn't like us. After breakfast Lorna and I stated out on an exploration trip to find the werfts on the other (west) side of the water-hole. We stopped first at the water-hole where there were some Bushman boys and young men. Some of the boys up here have ostrich feathers in their hair, mostly black but one boy this morning had a white one. Another boy was playing the 1-stringed instrument with the little boy squatted down on his haunches, "Orpheus on the rock." We also saw 2 young boys washing their hands. They did it very-



thoroughly, each one pouring water from a tin can, in turns, over the hands of the other.

Our program for finding the werfts was to follow the trails from the water-hole. There are myriads of trails, of course, but most of them show only animal and bird tracks, or have just a few Bushman spoor. We followed the main Bushman tracks and when we came to a fork took the south fork, away from the pan, figuring we could work around toward the pan, picking up the werft or werfts which the right fork led to.

Before long we came to a small werft, not however as small as /Guma's. The skerms are quite rudimentary. Only women were in camp. Almost immediately an old woman began giving Lorna the names and relationships of all of them and a young girl began playing on a 4-stringed harp. I sang a little bit and danced a few steps like a Bushman and they immediately began to sing and clap and the old woman and a young one both got up and danced a bit and sat down again, all very jolly and seemingly quite prepared to be interviewed on genealogies. This will be Group 7. =Guma's is Group 6.

We gave tobacco and then went on after enthusiastic hand wavings and "Morrows." There was a baobab tree nearby with a trail leading to it, so we went to look it over. It was a tremendous one, quite unreal. I feel about these just as Watson does about some things out West. They are quite impossible and I don't believe them. This one, like the one near camp, looks like a rhinoceros (among other things) many times life size, with the

main trunks growing out of its body and a little one (a good-sized tree, however, when compared with ordinary ones) growing out of its snout.

There are a number of inscriptions on the tree, including the simple numerals, 1951, apparently from our expedition but with no initials. I am in general very much against marking up natural objects, but out here in such a remote spot, they are beyond any doubt an aid to historic record, like El Moro. The inscriptions on the tree are:


- a. I. (?) BERGER      The 83 is centered under the name and it  
83      84      looks as though Berger returned again in  
84 and added that year's numerals.
- b. W. MAT              This is the man who wrote "A Fugitive in  
TENCLO T              South West Africa." Note Backwards "D".  
17
- c. J. LEWI              Unknown. Note backwards "S".  
1945
- d. J. McDONALD          No date. Unknown.
- e. 1951                  No name, probably made by one of our group  
last year.

From the tree we walked toward the west in an arc toward the pan, figuring that we would cross any trails from the water-hole, and if we did not then the remainder must be between our arc and the water-hole. As we neared the pan we saw Bushmen ahead of us and found a werft on the arc we were making. This is a large werft, with many people, at least 40 I should say, perhaps more. Again the skerms were very rudimentary, mostly just fires and the masses of fibres for sleeping, with gear hung in trees and bushes, very little brush or grass structures. This corresponds

to what was observed around /Gam, this kind of encampment for a while, then, if they decide to stay, they make the good grass skerms. This is called Group 8.

These people had lots of gear, many bows, arrows, and assegais; skins hanging around; also a straight horn, closed over with skin at the large end, looks like part of a gemsbok horn, is this a "moose call?" We saw one of these at the first werft, too. Also, at both werfts we saw heavy stones hanging in the string bags, one stone in each, (Is this to keep them stretched out, or what?)

This is a very interesting group, very cordial, and showing many things not seen before. There is a long-haired man with the peppercorns ending in little tails, 1 to 2 inches long, and seemingly greased. Also, a young girl with grease in her hair and red colouring matter. Lorna says that Bushmen have 2 reds, from a stone (ochre) and from bark. This was the latter. it was not like the women of Sigaret, however, but applied to a regular Bushman haircut. The red was in a large circle on top, which was



cut shorter than the sides. There was a greater variety of hair cuts hatched portions being longer than the plain in the diagram.

Here, a little girl began playing on a harp and I noticed that it had 5 strings, instead of the 4 I have seen heretofore. When we showed interest, the man with the haircut diagrammed above took it and played and sang some very nice songs which I hope Laurence will record on the tape. This occurred while we

were seated with a group watching a man work a skin. It was a worn piece which had sections of hair left around the edges. He was scraping off the hair with a metal scraper in a wooden haft. Often he would sharpen the scraper on the blade of a large knife, keeping it quite sharp. There was one oldish woman who, judging by the bulge of her kaross, had considerable steatopygia. The leather worker used a sandal for a work bench. The sandal is apparently of eland hide ("Blue leather") which is so tough that it is stretched under gas tanks, etc. underneath automobiles by the Whites against high centers. When he trimmed the edges of the skin with a sharp knife it did not even mark the sandal, yet at one point when he used the burl of an axe-haft for the same purpose the knife cut right into the hard wood. The sandals are just soles, with a toe and heel tie of leather thongs. A raised welt is made on the bottom by means of pounding and chewing so that a characteristic spoor is left clearly outlined on the sand by a person wearing them. While this was going on, the women were pointing out their children, husbands, etc., to Lorna. They have an intriguing way of indicating children, by grasping the breast and waving it in the direction of the offspring.

As I was watching one group at a skerm a tall distinguished-looking old man with a beard lifted down a bag with his stick from a bush and took out a chunk of punk-like material which he offered to me in pantomime for a box of matches. Further pantomime developed that this is the tinder in the strike-a-lights. After the trade he gave me a second piece.



While we were at the Group 8 werft I noticed people coming in along a trail from the west. Not far off, in that direction, was another werft, which we are calling Group 9. When we went over there we found all except one of their number had come over and got tobacco at 8.

The kitchen is completed at the permanent camp, the photographic tent is up, and several of the other establishments are well under way. After lunch, the remainder of our temporary camp was moved up and I am writing now under a nice tree and looking out over the pan. The kitchen was set up by Brian, using a big tarpaulin for roof and one side. The other sides are made by wooden packing cases, cooler, boxes, brush, etc. The cooking is done outside.

The boys' kraal is being made with great care. After rejecting the tree we had picked out for them, and trying out the one mentioned in yesterday's notes, they finally have gone to ground at a group of 3 trees, among other small ones, east of the kitchen. They have piled in brush, actually weaving branches of yellow-bush together, to make a tight little enclosure. Although not quite so close as the tree they were lying under yesterday, it is still the nearest of our installations to =Guma's werft. There are more of them than of us (8 to 7), yet they are occupying, I should guess, less than 1/10th the area. Perhaps they are right.

Charlie is putting up the Smithsonian tent not far from them. He has cleared and leveled a square around a tree and is

placing his tent for morning shade. He will, in general, work on his specimens in the morning and do field work, including ethno-zoology in the afternoon. He is, of course, as a straight taxonomist, as far removed as a zoologist can be from anthropology. He is, however, much interested in the uses made by the Bushmen of the animals, the sinews, linings of intestines, etc. The attendant magic and religious tie-ups are a different matter though. "What do you mean by magic? Superstition." We have explained what we know of hunting auguries, dream interpretations, and behavior at the "place of kill," but I doubt that he goes very far in this direction. The information on the more material aspects will be a very valuable contribution, however, and he is considering a paper "The Ethno-Zoology of a Kung Bushman Band of the Western Kalahari", "if I get enough information." I feel confident that he will get enough.

I think the boys would prefer that their nearest neighbor was some other branch of the Expedition. The lion scare is still having effect. On the other side of the boys' kraal from his tent Charlie has selected a tree for hanging his salted skins. Even though they will all be wrapped up in tight little cloth bundles, the boys take a dim view of this. Says Frederick, "What, you want lions always come here?"

Ever since I have been here the wind has blown from the east and north-east. So Charlie set his tent north-south. Today, shortly after breakfast, the wind started strongly from the south and kept up all day. It was much cooler, of course, than the

wind off the Kalahari, although a cold wind from the south seems strange to us from the northern hemisphere.

South of the boys' kraal is a tall grey ant hill. Philip has made an oven out of part of it and has a fire roaring in it, burning out the ants. I shall get a picture of this for "Field Methods", to go with Sam Mills' oven made from stones from the Pueblo. Philip is going to bake us a cake in return for his new kitchen.

Before dinner we had a "sundowner" of Hudson's Bay Scotch to christen the new camp, the first since Windhoek. The South Africans do not understand these Americans who do not drink. The Whites here always have "sundowners" and wine or beer with lunch and dinner, and the natives drink "Kaffir beer" every day and anything else when they can get it. The American miners and business men follow the White pattern. "The only people who do not drink are the 'Expedition Americans' and the Bushmen." The latter are among the few people in the world who have no alcoholic stimulant.

After dinner (Duiker antelope which Charlie shot last night while we were at our cocoa party - he got a Duiker, a rabbit and a jackal on the pan) Laurence, Elizabeth, Brian and I drove down to the water-hole in the jeep. When we got there we heard singing from the area of the werfts we had visited this morning. I thought it was a dance, possibly the outcome of our interest in the music this morning. Elizabeth said, however, that it was not a dance, just curing songs.

We left Laurence at the water-hole and drove back for warm coats and other people who wished to come. Lorna and John came and we took a power wagon as well as the jeep in case some wanted to leave early. Leaving the cars at the edge of the pan we walked toward the lights of Groups 8, the large werft. As we drew near there was no evidence of a dance circle and no sound of clapping. Elizabeth had been right, though we had no previous knowledge of medicine men curing without a dance. When we were in the werft we could see medicine men working around one fire. People at other fires were singing, in subdued fashion, the same mournful tunes.

There were 3 medicine men working over a reclining patient, who seemed to be seriously ill, although conscious. People showed obvious concern although there were occasional jokes and laughter. Two fires were close together and the medicine men sometimes treated the people at these two fires as well as the main patient who was at one of them. A group of boys, including the one with the white ostrich plume, were gathered around a third fire, very close to the patient. They greeted me with their wonderful smiles and expressive eyes (it is very difficult to describe these people without seeming hopelessly soupy and sentimental - they are incredible, and must be experienced to be believed - like the baobab tree) so I sat at their fire, where I remained all evening.

The medicine men worked very hard on the patient, often all three of them at once. One seemed to concentrate on the head



(again the question, are there specialists among the medicine men for special ills or special parts of the body?). They did not go into deep trances but they did occasionally walk in the fire and singe their hair in it. One picked up a coal and rubbed it between his hands as they do to cool a tubular pipe, though this, I suppose, was to get heat or power from the fire into the hands to apply to the patient.

After a while I found myself humming or singing in a low voice, with the boys, following the song of the medicine men. The Bushmen seemed to welcome this participation. I suppose the more people working for the recovery the better, and I found myself hoping it would do some good. Mother would have liked that, for it follows her ideas of "suggestion." The Bushmen would certainly have agreed with some of her theories.

After about an hour the patient sat up, much to our relief. The solemnity and the attitude of the patient had led me to wonder, at first, if we were to witness a death. Neither that, nor a birth, have been seen yet by the Expedition. From the appearance of many of the matrons, the latter should be observed a number of times within the period the Expedition plans to remain here. Two of the three ladies in =Guma's werft are well along, and I wouldn't trust the third.

The patient lay down again very soon. There was one startling occurrence, at least it startled me for I did not see it coming. One of the medicine men approached the nearest of the evening to real frenzy and started cruising around some distance

from the fire. Then he rushed "blindly" forward, running full tilt into a skin which was hanging up, unrolled, on a small tree. The skin was completely dried, of heavy parchment quality, and the impact made the devil of a racket. I had my back to it also I was taken completely by surprise. When I whirled around he was fighting the skin with arms and legs, making even more of a racket. People ran toward him, some grabbing the skin, some grabbing him. He was led back to the fire and the skin was taken away to safety elsewhere.

From time to time I passed out tobacco from my pouch. I was seated so that by looking to my left I could see the back of the patient as he lay in front of his fire about ten feet from me. Straight ahead I had a view over the heads of the boys opposite me at our fire, over the people at the second fire, mostly women, down to the pan, light grey in the moonlight. The moaning singing, the Bushmen in the firelight, the enveloping moonlight and the seriousness of the occasion combined into a moving experience, tempered and perhaps enhanced by the sympathy and good humour of these amazing folk. Another unbelievable facet of the Bushmen business is that they are almost all good looking and, with middle age, mostly distinguished in appearance. Even the really old, although probably the most wrinkled people in the world, are not unattractive. What price civilization?

After an elapsed time of approximately 2 hours (I do not know how long they had been going before we got there) the treatment stopped and the patient sat up. We stayed for a while

and then went home, the patient waving us goodbye and giving us "morrow" with the rest. It was exhilarating driving the jeep across the smooth pan in the cool night air and moonlight with the windshield down.

Tuesday, September 2

This morning Charlie is continuing work on his tent and lab., Brian and the boys are setting up the big tent (office) and the south wind is still blowing cool. The rest of us participated in an interview of =Guma and some of the men from the other werfts in the boys' laager. There are 3 distinct groups of visitors here, all related through some member with someone in =Guma's group. They are here to "get tobacco" and also to visit.

Some information was obtained about last night's curing ceremony. The medicine men were all members of that group, 8. The god //Gawa was present not in the werft but somewhere "in the background." The medicine men have medicine which //Gawa has given them, but 'not now." He gives it to them when they first become medicine men at two ceremonies 6 days apart. The medicine goes into the body of the medicine man and he also has some in his pot but others can not (or do not?) see it. When the medicine man sweats some of this medicine comes out in the sweat. i have noticed, in the two ceremonies I have seen, that, when the medicine man moves from one party he has just treated and stands erect behind the next patient for a moment before bending over to

lay his head against the head of the patient and place his hands on back and chest, he often rubs his hands over his own body. This presumably is to transfer sweat, and the medicine therein, to his hands for application to the patient.

The main patient last night was the man who met us here on August 10 when we had almost given up hope of seeing any Bushmen. He has "pains in his head, neck and abdomen."

Lunch today was lentils cooked with pork scraps and fritters. There are always Rose's lime juice and a lemon squash concentrate on the table for putting with the water.

This afternoon there was another joint session of staff members and interpreters with =Guma, this time at Charlie's tent, now completely erected and with his boxes and trunks arranged on the borders of his cleared area. Laurence began with a good statement about the fact that Charlie had got a lot of animals at /Gam which he would show to =Guma, if =Guma wished to see them; that these had been collected "our way" but that we were also very much interested in how =Guma and his people caught animals; we want to learn "their way", too. Further, that we have many uses for animals, for meat, shoes, etc., and we would like to have =Guma and his people tell us the ways in which they use animals.

Charlie added that he also wanted them to tell us about animals around here which they know but which are of no use to them at all, all kinds of animals, that is. Also, we have books which tell the names of the animals in our language but we also



want to learn their names in the Bushman language. "There are many, many kinds of little things, and I want to get them all."

Then Charlie opened one of his cases and showed /Guma (and Gao and a few others who were around) the trays full of mice, springhares, shrews, etc. The Bushmen were very interested. Charlie and Laurence asked a few preliminary questions about Bushman names. The mouse-shrew distinction was there, but we have much finer taxonomic distinctions on the mice. //Guma has only 2 names for a number of our categories, seemingly based on colour, the yellowish ones have one name, the grey-greenish ones another. He insisted that the dwarf mice were merely young of the large gerbils. When Charlie showed him a grey pouched mouse he said that it was the female of the other mouse name he had given. The squirrels, on the other hand, which are very similar in appearance, he differentiated. Again, however, there is a colour basis possible here. He had the tree squirrel and ground squirrel distinction.

Then Charlie showed him all of the plates in "The Mammals of South Africa." I was reminded of stories of primitive people being baffled by pictures. /Guma showed not the slightest difficulty and discussed various points in the different animals, pointing with his finger to the illustrations. The only hesitations were on the taxonomy of the smaller animals. There was a plate of rabbits which had a group of 5 at the top which /Guma said were all the same. Actually, they were, more or less, being 5 sub-species, of which only one probably occurs here. He

did a fine job on the roan antelope (/No). The picture of the roan on the plate was very poor, but there was a good picture of a sable antelope. /Guma pointed to the sable and said that there were antelope like that here (he saw one recently on the Gur flat) but the colour in the picture was wrong; it should be coloured like a gemsbok. This is fine, because the roan antelope is like the sable, except that it is the colour of a gemsbok.

The scaly ant bear (anteater), "a man who sees one is a lucky man" (diffusion from Herero?) is eaten but ?Guma says the scales are thrown away. Frederick says the Bergdama use them for heart trouble, smelling them, and eating a bit.

I asked /Guma about aardvarks and got the same story about digging them out when tracks go in and not out, as we did at /Gam, except that he has done it. "There aren't many around here though, they are hard to find." Perhaps we shall get our aardvark movie after all.

When we came to the plate which included the buffalo (/Gao), /Guma said that they come into this country during the rainy season. Charlie then said we would like his help and that of all the Bushmen here. /Guma said that he did not catch the small things, mice and shrews, but that the women do catch these things.

During this session I notices a bloody welt on our /Gao's back just above the belt line, horizontal. It was 4 to 5 inches long, about a quarter of an inch wide and raised considerably above the surrounding skin. It appeared to have considerable

foreign matter in it. Then I noticed numerous scratches up the middle of the back between the shoulder blades. All of this was new, with fresh blood oozing out, as though /Gao has fallen backward into a thorn bush. I called this to Lorna's attention and she asked /Gao what had happened to his back. He said, through Frederick, amidst laughter, that he had hurt his back when he fell off a horse at /Gam. Since this must have been at least 5 days ago it hardly covered the situation. The final finding was that his back has continued aching and these embellishments were a treatment, administered this noon by /Guma, with his knife!

I am writing now again under our tree and have just looked off into the distance over the pan to the west. The pan looks like a lake, but now I see three dark specks moving on it. They are 3 Bushmen walking across the pan. It is only against the light grey of the pan that they can be seen in the distance this way. In the veld they disappear into the landscape rapidly and materialize practically under one's nose (which does not mean that one smells them; one is rarely conscious of any body odor, and when one does detect some, amongst a great mob of them in the truck, for instance, it is not disagreeable. This is partly because the smoke of the wood in their fires is neither pungent nor acrid and, I suppose, partly because the very soft leather of what clothing they wear does not retain odors as cloth does.

Brian is digging garden beds south of the kitchen. He has a box full of tomato seedlings which he planted at /Gam, and also

plans to put in peas, beans, and potatoes. The peas and beans are now soaking and will be planted in the morning; the spuds go in tonight. They will have to be irrigated until the rains come, at least, and he has a water-barrel and hose there. The beds are small rectangular plots with a raised bank of earth around them. The tomato bed is being prepared but the plants are still too young for transplanting. It is suggested that radish and other seeds be purchased in Windhoek on the next trip out. Brian says the earth is very good.

For supper we had a delicious Duiker stew and new bread from the ant hill oven. /ani (Garni) is now the waiter. He is very fast and can serve a whole meal between our tree and the kitchen in not much more time than it takes David for one round trip. He wears a cloth over his arm. He has a pet expression, which is now a camp cry, "What for now!". It makes me think of "What's your name, Gibson?" The advent of Garni and Picanin has added to our babel. Garni and Picanin both talk to Frederick in Nama (the Hottentot tongue, also used by the Bergdama) and Garni and our /Gao, although both Bushmen, address each other in Herero because of the differences between Kung and Heicom Bushman. So if one has an interpreter line-up of Picanin and Frederick, there are two click languages, Bushman and Hottentot, before it gets into English. And, if the team is /Gao and Garni, all those involved are Bushmen except oneself, yet the interview goes Bushman-- Herero-- English. Garni is making progress with Kung, however, and before long should be able to operate directly between the



Bushman and English. I should say that he will never be as good as Frederick. This is because of intellectual rather than linguistic factors. Frederick is actually an anthropologist, very much interested in cultural details and, as I believe I have mentioned before, takes notes himself during the interviews, in Nama.

After the session with =Guma on the animals, Lorna, Frederick and /Gao went to Group 8 for further work on kinship terms. They discovered a new taboo. A person can not speak to or use the name of his father's elder brother's wife. "She is too important a person." If he must tell her something, an intermediary is necessary. Apparently this can be done in one operation - all three being present, he addresses the third party in the hearing of the taboo aunt.

They also learned that last night's patient had recovered sufficiently to go off somewhere "after food."

After supper we paid another visit to =Guma's werft, this time with a pot of coffee which was warmed up in a pot at =Guma's fire. /Unka and old Gau (pronounced Gow-oo') arrived today from /Gam. Old Gau is the fine craftsman of last year, shown in the movies making an axe, working leather, etc. There was more singing, "/in!uma Da, /in!uma Da, Na /o Michi, Na /O Michi, " etc. The "Na" is "bring", "/O" is water, and "Michi" is "bring me." The tune and emphasis is more Bushman than the original, naturally enough. Afterwards, seated around our own fire before

going to bed, we could hear our boys talking in their kraal and the Bushmen in =Guma's werft.

Wednesday, September 3

At 1 A.M. Brian awoke and went to the kitchen to get a drink. Before going to sleep again he heard a lion roar, on the other side of the Bushman werfts south of the pan, he thought. Elizabeth was mad because she had not been awakened to hear it too and vows she will stay up all night tonight.

I arose at daybreak and at sun-up we could see Thinthuma pan in the west and trees on the veld beyond it. It is considerably larger than Gautscha. Very shortly it disappeared.

Jungle oats (oatmeal) and scrambled eggs for breakfast. Work program for the day includes the setting up of the garage under a tree about half way between camp and the water-hole in a direct line, not via the "avenue"; construction of a washstand; erection of the final tent (others will be borrowed and/or purchased in Windhoek); preliminary investigation of veldkos collecting at =Guma's group by John, with a view to eventual movies.

Lorna, Frederick, /Gao, Garni and I went to Group 9 to continue interviews on kinship terms. We are still working on the "man speaking" list. The terms are different if a woman is speaking. The first thing we saw was an old topee and there was our "guide" of last week, returned from Sigaret. This event,

plus the arrival of /Unka and Gau from /Gam yesterday should help Laurence in his quest of travel time.

We saw two kinds of veldkos not observed before, one a small nut or seed, the other apparently some kind of root or fungus. We also saw again a woman we had noticed before with a really fine large full kaross with red ochre rubbed into it. The leather in these garments is very soft (suede?).

The interview proceeded slowly. The terms, now that we have got away from the immediate father-mother business into father's and mother's elder and younger brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands, etc., become difficult but the incidental knowledge and familiarity picked up en route are priceless. Other taboos are appearing; for instance, one can talk with the mother's eldest brother but can not address him by name.

Also, another mystery is solved. Two nights ago, while we were attending the curing ceremony, John thought he had heard a dog bark. We tried to convince him that he had merely heard something that sounded like that but we could not shake him. This morning we saw it. There is a dog in the werft, a brindle beast. Bushmen groups nearer outside contacts are recorded using dogs for hunting. We must find out if and how this dog is used.

We started interviewing 3 men, but others gradually collected, including children and women until there were 30 to 40 people in little knots. I noticed one of the women working through the hair of a child. Neither this year nor last has any member of the Expedition seen any vermin on a Bushman head. The

peppercorn growth makes this readily observable and also probably easily caught. The fact that they shave so often is probably to combat same. On the other hand the principle cause may be ticks, which are all over the place here (although I haven't found one on me yet). I also observed a trait which I saw at /Gam. When a child has a "drop" on its nose, a woman picks up a little twig and flicks it off. One woman has a striped robe, red and buff - the buff having pencil lines - instead of a kaross. It is very attractive and worn like a large kaross.

After giving out tobacco we returned to Group 8 and, after straightening ourselves out as to which was which of Groups 8 and 9, we began interviewing on the veldkos we had seen. Two of them were, it seems, different forms of the inside of the fruit of the baobab. They also had a pot of mealies "from the other side of Sigaret", obtained at Sigaret. Mealies come from the Okavango. The Bushman name for Sigaret is Zo/ana. The mealies were "his rations" (the guide's) at Sigaret "the same like we give them tobacco." At Sigaret he got the food from his relatives. He also got millet, as we did. Baobab is =om, tree and fruit both. Some blankets were hanging upon wires at 8. These people obviously are more in contact with the outside than the regular Bushmen around here like =Guma's and /Gi!Gai's groups and seem to be the traders with the north. These large werfts, 8 and 9, are impermanent groupings for this visit here. "There are people from more than one group, when they go home they will go their own groups."



The heavy stones hanging in the nets are to stretch them. John, Elizabeth and Picanin, with cameras, in search of veldkos pictures have arrived. This gives us more interpreters and we are finding out about a number of odds and ends of things in the werft. Elizabeth has found some ostrich egg shells with engraved designs on them and I have found a gourd with a painted, or



burnt, decoration, see sketch. The band is made by scratching with a knife, the little circles are not scratched. Then

fat is put on and it is put in the fire, the scratched part burns so. An "Old Bushman" thing. The sketches are generalized, the design and the arrangement of spots is seemingly irregular. Perhaps as a result of the firing, the entire surface of the calabash, with the exception of the scratched area, is crackled, making a very attractive looking deep golden yellow container. Because of the crackle and the symmetry of the gourd (the gourd itself is much more regular and symmetrical than I have drawn it) I thought at first that it was an ostrich egg shell that had received some sort of colouring treatment. It was lying in a skerm among a group of ostrich egg shells.

Back across the east end of the pan at 35 miles an hour, for lunch. We would have attained a greater speed before reaching the rocks on the edge if John hadn't lost his hat. At camp we found that /Gi!Gae has come, with 4 men from his werft in the vicinity of Tsumqui. There is a rumor that some at least of the werfts the other side of the water-hole are going to move over

here. "It is too rocky" where they are. Laurence had expressed surprise, previously, that they were there, because all werfts he had seen previously were back on the sand of the veld. Groups 8 and 9 certainly look like temporary camps.

At about 5 o'clock John, Charlie and Elizabeth started out in a power-wagon to attempt to film a veld fire to the north-east, thinking, from the smoke, that it was not far from our spoor to Sigaret. About a mile north of camp they came upon /Gi!Gae and his men on their way home. They were apparently a hunting party (confirmation for the five-man hunting party) and had come in from the veld on a visit at noon, when the animals are less prevalent. When our party encountered them, they were just retrieving their bows and quivers of poisoned arrows from a tree in which they had cached them before coming in, the typical Bushman symbol of a friendly visit. The fire chasers went as far as Gura water-hole but, finding the fire still as far away from them, to the east, as it had seemed at Gautscha, they came home.

Some of the boys are laid low with headaches and pains in the side or stomach. Philip, David and Picanin are ailing. Also, John and Elizabeth have intestinal upsets with nausea, and Brian has a deep wound in his leg which has some infection. So Lorna spent about an hour "on hospital" this evening. She herself does not feel too well. Perhaps this is an adjustment to the new water. All that we use is boiled, so, if it is the water, it should not be a biotic business. I imagine John and Elizabeth have a mild dysentery. They, batting around and having

a wonderful time as "desert rats" are less careful than the more experienced members. Brian asked Lorna if she had smelled the breaths of the boys when he heard of the headaches. They are presumed to concoct beverages based on their sugar ration.

Thursday, September 4

This started out as a rather grim or at least frustrating day. We had another lion scare at 4:30 A.M. I was awakened by a racket which did not sound in any way like lion roars I had heard in zoos. But, having learned that the characteristic noise of a leopard is a cough, I was not prepared to dispute the identification as lion, particularly since the question has been so prominent recently. It awakened Lorna, too, and our talk brought up Laurence. He got up and roused Charlie, the fire was built up and Laurence got out the rifle in readiness. We saw the fire built up in the boys' camp, too. Nothing developed and we went back to sleep. In the morning the cry was identified as a hyena, which seemed reasonable for it sounded like the one I had heard at /Gam, but the latter was much farther off and only a few bleats, not the extensive performance of last night. Anyway, hyena tracks were discovered near the latrines, which was about right for the noise, but beyond them were fresh lion spoor so the relief was only partial.

This now becomes serious and we had a conference on defense after breakfast (eggs and wonderfully crisp bacon cooked by Brian in the continued incapacity of Philip). It was interesting,

though weighty. The question of our points of view, inability or lack of desire to take the threats of the country seriously, John and Elizabeth roaring around snake country, which includes mambas and cobras, in low sneakers, shorts, etc., the question of not wanting to be "sissy", the question of camp lay-out - our decentralization versus a kraal, etc. The result will be more precaution, insistence on boots, sleeping in tents, increase in size of the cleared areas around the tents, and such reasonable provisions which have been at least partially ignored during this preliminary period of temporary camps.

The day's plans call for craft movies by John and Picanin at /Guma's werft; interviews by Lorna on kinship terms at Group 8, and a trip to Thinthuma pan to the west so that Charlie and I may see this larger pan (it is variously estimated as 5 to 10 times as large as Gautscha).

Lorna started out with Frederick, /Gao and Garni in the jeep but was back in camp before we had left for our exploration. People at Groups 7 and 9 and some at Group 8 were already away, gathering veldkos and hunting, when she arrived. There was a considerable group at 8, however, just finishing breakfast. Two men, including one of the old men, came over to where they had set up "office" in the shade of a tree to continue interviewing. Then came the little man in the toppee, our "guide" to Sigaret, with a long speech delivered with vehemence which when translated said, in summary, that we came and asked them many questions but did not give them food. Lorna explained that we could bring only



camp supplies and food for ourselves in the trucks and that we were not eating, and did not intend to eat, the Bushman food (the pattern of no hunting at Gautscha), and that we wanted to learn how they did it and that this had all been made clear and agreed to. He said he had heard that. Then Lorna said that we do not wish to keep them from their work and food collecting, that we want to talk only with those that want to, etc., and, after a considerable exchange of this sort of thing, got up and left, everything being smiles and "morrows" and hand waving. Nothing was said on either side about the tobacco which has been given out every day to all. Lorna, however, took away the tobacco bag without giving any today. Laurence agreed that there was no point in doing anything further this morning. This chap has been described to us as aspiring to headmanship, though he is not headman of any of the 3 visiting werfts. He knows about our last year's business here, having visited /Guma for a few hours when the Expedition was here, and apparently wants to establish last year's pattern of our hunting for the Bushmen while they answer questions and perform for the cameras. This point of view had been expected, and there is no doubt that this man, at least, came to Gautscha expecting much more than tobacco. It is not thought, however, that he will be able to carry all these people away if he decides to leave.

After we had heard the story we left for Thinthuma in the new power wagon, crossing the pan to the western edge, where I had not yet been. We had thought to take the jeep, after it had

returned from the werft, but the party grew too large, consisting of Laurence, Charlie, Brian, Elizabeth, Garni and myself. At the west side of the pan we picked up a spoor but lost it very soon. Then began a regular needle in the haystack business. Having no local Bushmen along we had to go by last year's spoor. Laurence thought it would be plain because they went over there a number of times. But after a few hundred yards we found no plain spoor. We would find a very weak one, then lose it, then fan out over the veld until someone found something and go on. There was nothing, however, that looked like more than a single car passing once, perhaps one of last year's hunting parties. We had intended running over and back before lunch, so, when at 11:30, returning from a fruitless foray, Garni noticed a wheel going flat, we changed the wheel, put a new tube in the punctured tire, pumped it up so we would feel better with a pull spare, and came home. Laurence believes that there is a spoor which we can find and follow and we didn't feel that the trip was important enough just to crash through the veld to Thinthuma and probably punch more holes in the tires unnecessarily.

After our return to camp, while I was jotting some notes on my pocket pad (which is how I marshall all this information) and ruminating that this certainly had not, so far, been one of our best days, Elizabeth came running up from the kitchen, all excited and beaming, "Have you heard the news? =Goo has had a baby, a baby girl!" This changed the whole atmosphere. John had been at =Guma's werft all morning where he had filmed Gau, the

craftsman, making a splendid net and also a small snare trap. And, because of the incident at Group 8, Lorna and Frederick were there, too, so the set-back at 8 turned into a good break. John noticed =Goo leave the werft but thought she was merely "taking a walk" (the camp term for certain natural functions).

Approximately 20 minutes later she came back. John noticed that she was carrying something under her kaross. With his mind on his veldkos research, he went over to see what it was and it was a baby! As simple as that, just as the books say. Another woman, a relative from Group 8, was visiting =Goo at the time but she did not even say anything to her when she went off into the veld. The baby was curved around against her body above her hip and sucking on a teat.

She said nothing to her husband, either, who was lying under a tree watching John's movie operations. When she came back, he went over to look at the baby, then returned to lying down under the tree. There was absolutely no hooroar or any indication that the event was at all out of the ordinary, which it probably is not.

We went over there, of course. =Guma was with the men and part of us under the same tree mentioned above and =Goo was lying down under a tree at the opposite end of the werft. Over her and the baby was a blanket. She looked very happy and even jolly when I approached, and turned down the blanket so I could see the baby. It is, of course, tiny and quite light coloured. John had got movies of her and the baby. I gave =Guma a cigar. They were

obviously pleased by all the attention but I got the impression that they considered our attitudes the only unusual thing about the event.

I haven't reported on Charlie's activities since the "conference" with =Guma on the animals. The results of that were good. The next day, yesterday, someone in =Guma's werft (Group 6) caught a mongoose in a spring-pole trap and gave it to Charlie. They said it was "women's meat" and that ordinarily the women would throw it on the fire and roast it whole (and uncleaned, like the Hopi with prairie dogs) but that because he was interested in the small things they were giving it to Charlie, only could they have the meat back, because he does not want the meat.

The boys' objection to Charlie's "animal tree" near their kraal has stood up, and he now has a new tree the other side of the photographic tent, beyond the opposite side of the camp area from the boys.

At noon today Charlie announced an interesting development. He had been questioning the Bushmen about their food and asked them if all the baobab trees had fruit. The answer was that there are man baobab trees and woman baobab trees, and only the woman trees have fruit. Some with mangeties, and another fruit-bearing tree. So they know about male and female trees and describe them in those terms.

At about 3 o'clock great clouds of smoke appeared to the north of us, seeming quite close. The Bushmen said that it was



far beyond Gura. Charlie climbed Elizabeth's big baobab, cutting steps in it so he could get to the top, and reported that the fire was definitely between us and the horizon. So he and John and our /Gao went off in the jeep to film it.

Laurence, Lorna, Frederick and I walked over to /Guma's werft (200 yards from our camp) with cocoa and presents for the baby. Lorna gave /Goo 2 nice squares of printed cloth for scarfs for the infant and a bundle of strands of the white beads. They asked to await sunset for the cocoa drinking. Frederick was as much intrigued as anyone by the ease and lack of excitement about this delivery. He says that his people, the Bergdama, were like this in olden times but that what with clothes and Christianity and medical doctors they now have to stay in bed 3 weeks. =Goo said she needs kudu soup (perhaps the second ploy today toward our shooting for them). One of the interesting things about the baby business is the attitude of the other children. Unlike the men, they show great interest and solicitude.

When the fire brigade returned it proved that Charlie had been right. The fire was just this side of Gura, at the big baobab which we stopped at on September 10th. They got good pictures. It was a good fire to photograph because, like the one we saw in the Eisob on the way in, it moved slowly so that John could cross and take it from both front and rear. Then it would hit a bit of thick grass and flare up. The best pictures they got will probably be of a bit that Charlie set. Fed up with the deliberate progress of the fire, he picked out a likely looking

place in advance of it and got a good blaze. This takes care of one type of fire. We still need a film of fire roaring through a thicket of yellow-bush. Everyone agrees that the best and safest way to get this is to set it ourselves.

Charlie reports flocks of drongos and swallows following the progress of the flames, gobbling up the insects which the fire drove up into the air. The entire scene was surveyed by a martial eagle (the one with white feather pants on its legs) from the very top of the big baobab (on the watch for small antelopes, etc., which might be driven by the flames?).

After supper I had a long conversation with John about the problems of filming the hunting. /Guma, much to John's delight, has agreed to attempted pictures while he shoots a buck.

Lorna has a fever of 101 tonight. The fever seems to come and go, every two or three days.

#### Friday, September 5th

Last night everyone slept inside, John in the photographic tent, Lorna and Elizabeth in the office tent, Brian and Charlie in the kitchen, and Laurence and I in the tent which is eventually to be Elizabeth's. It was the warmest night so far, 55 degrees minimum.

After breakfast, John, Picanin, /Guma and Gau the craftsman went off in the jeep for movies of trapping. Elizabeth went with Garni for veldkos dope and Laurence, Lorna, Frederick, /Gau and I went to /Guma's werft with a movie set-up and the medical kit.

The movie was as a standby unit for developments in re the baby; the medical kit for Old Gau who has a swollen jaw. The latter looked as though it might be an ulcerated tooth or a swollen gland. Apparently it is the latter as his teeth seem all right and he says he has no toothache. He has no temperature and his throat does not appear to be inflamed.

At the werft I noticed a pot about 9 inches high with a 6-inch mouth which had a considerable amount of branches with green leaves in it, also some water. I thought this might be some medicinal set-up but it turned out to be a device for keeping the water from sloshing and also for keeping it cool on the trip up from the water-hole and in the werft. With all that shade, the pot could sit out in the sun and perhaps works like our canvas water bags. Frederick says that his people, the Bergdama, use a particular bush which serves these purposes and also imparts to the water a desirable "sour" taste.

=Unka has returned from her visit to the north. The fire brigade met them yesterday, =Unka, Di//Ai, little /Nai and other young, and were disappointed not to get pictures of them crossing through the fires. Laurence asked =Unka the purpose of the trip. The answer was "beads." It seems that both these women have relatives in /Gi!Gae's group. They trade ostrich shell beads, make by themselves, for clam shell beads from the Okavango, "The long river that never ends." I am, however, still intrigued by the status and function of this young widow, =Unka, who travels around so much, Gautscha, Kai Kai, /Gam, Gura, etc.

=Goo's breasts are much more full than yesterday. We did not interview her, however, as she said she must "rest today." She was very smiling and cordial but again brought up the question of soup made from meat. "When a woman has a baby she needs soup from meat. Mr. Marshall is a big man and he must get a buck so she can have soup." I wonder if we would have had the interview if we had gone out early this morning and shot a kudu? I imagine so. Also, I wonder if a bowl of soup made from canned meat in our kitchen will meet the bill? I double it.

Charlie says the most conspicuous birds around here are: white backed vultures, white headed vultures, secretary bird, lanner falcon, martial eagle, bateleur (no tail, soars), chanting goshawk, gabar goshawk, swainson's francolin, crown guinea fowl, button quail, white quilled korhaan, crowned plover, double banded sand grouse, namaqua sand grouse, turtle dove, grey lourie, scimitar billed hoopoe, rosey faced lovebird, monterro's hornbill, mozambique roller, rufus naped lark, sabota lark, fork tailed drongo, ashy tit, white babbler, rey eyed bulbul, crimson breasted shrike, three streaked red winged shrike, marico sunbird, great sparrow (wild edition of the English sparrow), sparrow weaver, red headed finch, melba finch, scaly feathered finch, black cheeked waxbill, violet eared waxbill, black throated canary, ostrich. These names came out of Austin Roberts' "Birds of South Africa." There are many other birds which may be seen around here but these are the common ones. Many of them are very colorful.



Laurence is distressed because of trouble with 2 of the 3 new Bell and Howells cameras. The gate sticks and vibrates. John wrote up the trouble last night and we will cable from Windhoek. There are 4 other movie cameras but some of them handle only 50-foot magazines, which are in short supply.

Charlie has come to the conclusion that the dwarf mice with the white backsides that we caught north of Tsumque represent a new species. There is one specimen like them which has been described from an area way south of here. Someone got two dwarf mice, one of each kind, and described them, attributing different species. Roberts (Mammals of South Africa), however, said it was preposterous to have 2 species of dwarf mice in one locality and called the incident individual variation, which could be done, of course with only one. This group of them up here throws a different light on the situation. Charlie is filling in his labels today, preparatory to shipping the specimens accumulated so far when we go to Windhoek. He catalogued them as he processed them, by number, and recorded them in his book. Now he has to put identification and certain other information on the label which is attached to each specimen.

I have enjoyed watching a zoological collector at work and look forward to the possibility of his being with us if we open our camp on the Largo next year. The boys would enjoy it, too, and I am sure Charlie could keep them from being a nuisance to him. I do not remember whether or not I have recorded in this

journal previously my discussion with him on the subject. He says that at one time the Smithsonian was the leader on Southwestern mammals but a long time ago. They have had no real collections from the Southwest recently and many of their old specimens have decayed. Also, other people have been active so that new types exist in other museums of which the Smithsonian has no examples. Furthermore, it is unlikely that any collecting has ever been done in the region where we are working. He says that he will be away so long this year that, if he goes out next summer he would wish his wife to go also (a position with which I fully agree). This would be very good, it seems to me, because she could help him, and, in addition, being a trained stenographer and cataloguer, she could share those duties with you.

/Gi!Gae and his 4 men have just come into camp again. Shortly afterwards came 6 more men, whom I do not recognize. One of them has a musical instrument of a type I have not seen here before hanging on his G-string belt. It is a board about 6 inches long and 4 wide with metal vibrators. In my quick look at it I did not get the exact number of bars, but there were at least 5. They all said "morrow, morrow", waved their hands and smiled broadly. Two of them exchanged words with Philip in Herero (I believe) and then went over to the boys' kraal.

John and his sportsmen returned just before one o'clock. They had been after an aardvark. The Bushmen are certainly entering into the spirit of our interest in their hunting

techniques. Yesterday Gau the craftsman located an aardvark's house with the last tracks headed in. He built a fire at the hole and at all other holes in the vicinity which he could find, the purpose being to suffocate the aardvark. He and=Guma took John there this morning and =Guma crawled right into the main earth which tunneled under a big ant hill. He apparently went down into the den for they could hear him digging around with his digging stick way underground for about 15 minutes, but no aardvark was found. Then they located another hole out. Either Gau had missed that one or Mr. Aardvark had succeeded in digging a fresh way out before the effects of the suffocating process laid him low.

They also brought back with them a Leguaan lizard. The name is a corruption of "'Iguana, a misnomer since it is not an iguana. It belongs to the genus Varanus, of which fossil forms run as long as 30 feet. The Bushmen attacked it, belabouring it with their digging sticks. The lizard fought back but eventually having had enough took refuge in the underpinning of the jeep, where they finished it off with jabs of their sticks. They brought it back for Charlie, but want the meat. He would prefer the whole specimen, but thinks it better, this early in the game, to play it their way. So they will skin it this evening and give Charlie the skin and skull. It is (or was, before half its tail was knocked off) about 3 feet long and is reposing in the shade outside our tent. John and his crew, with 4 Bushmen instead of 2, went off again after lunch. This time /Guma has his bow and

poison arrows and I think they hope to get a kudu. If they do, John will try to film the stalking and shooting, which will be very difficult. Should they shoot one, he will be left alone for the poison to work, then tomorrow they will track him down from the shooting place, dispatch him with an assegai if the poison hasn't completed its work, and butcher him. This John will be able to film completely.

Brian has all the boys, including all the interpreters (except Picanin, who is with John) clearing the area around the garage, against fire. Charlie is going down to the water-hole to build a blind so that John can sit in a tree and film Bushmen, birds and beasts at the water, unbeknownst to some of them, at least. I shall go help him.

The hunters returned empty-handed, having been to Thinthuma and elsewhere. The only casualty was a 3-inch scratch on the backside of one of the Bushmen when the jeep hit a stone while they were chasing a fox and some metal part scraped him. /Guma, who was standing at the back, got jounced off but motioned them to continue the pursuit. He was not hurt and apparently considered it great fun. They certainly love to ride in the jeep. I had been leery of all that crowd going off in the jeep with four quivers of poisoned arrows, but John says they are most careful with them. They are in covered quivers in the shoulder bags, and, just as we have a rule that no shell be in the chamber of a rifle in a car, so they never even took the quivers out of the bag in the jeep, even when it was chasing an animal. They



wait until they figure they are close enough for a shot, then jump out of the jeep and, only then, take the quivers out of the bag and the arrow out of the quiver, which they do very rapidly. They will go out early tomorrow morning, when there will be more chance of getting an antelope. They viewed kudu today but could not get close enough for a shot. With the tiny "toy" bows of the Bushmen, they must get very close. The reliance is entirely in the poison and stalking. The bows are not only small but also weak.

Down at the water-hole six women were washing themselves. They scrubbed their arms and thighs very thoroughly. This seems to demonstrate that, despite popular theory, Bushmen do wash when water is plentiful. This goes on every day at the water-hole. They do not disrobe but then they can do a very thorough job of washing without doing so.

Before supper we dug out a small white-ant hill near the kitchen. These are the ants which "eat you up." Most of the ants around here are not troublesome. According to Brian, when such a hill is dug up the queen is destroyed and the ants "finished", the "inside" categories die off and the "army" is eaten up by other and larger ants, birds, etc.

After dark we began burning the fire-guard around camp, with all personnel assembled. The major weapon is a branch of yellow brush which makes an admirable beater and sweep. Two men also used shovels to throw earth on the bad places. A path was burned about 10 feet wide on the east and south sides of camp. These

are the most dangerous. The remainder will be burned tomorrow. Everyone enjoyed this, including the Bushmen.

Saturday, September 6

The hunters were off again in the jeep before breakfast; John, Picanin, and 4 Bushmen. They had to fix a tire before starting. After breakfast, Laurence, Karl, Elizabeth and a group of Bushman women and children started out to record and film a veldkos search. The women apparently planned to go after Gum, but Elizabeth thought that a veldkos expedition should have digging sticks so a man was sent back to the werft for them.

Lorna, Frederick, /Gao and I went to the werft, where /Goo was nursing the new baby. The umbilical cord fell off. She placed it at the base of a tree within reach. We could not find out what will happen to it for again she was "not well enough" to be interviewed although at one time earlier she was on the truck prepared to go on the veldkos expedition. I still wonder how much kudu has to do with her indisposition. Laurence sent over some biltong yesterday. Of course, there may be some ceremonial business necessary before she can do anything more than lie around and nurse the baby, but that seems highly theoretical.

Old Gau, with a bandage around his head (the jaw seems better -- he had a course of Aureomycin yesterday) was very carefully skinning the big lizard for Charlie.

We all tramped back to camp where kinship terms interviews were resumed with attendant Bushmen, primarily //Au, one of last

year's guides to Gautscha. The sister of /Gui of the sore toe, who did not come from /Gam to work for Charlie at Gautscha, is here, having come yesterday from Kautcha. She is staying at Group 8.

((Bibliographic references - Reptiles and Amphibians of Southern Africa by Walter Rose. Maskew Miller, Ltd., Cape Town, 1950. The Birds of South Africa by Austen Roberts, H.F. and G. Witherby, Ltd. London and Central News Agency, Ltd., Johannesburg, 1940.))

The man from Gura who speaks such good Herero will guide us to /Kai/Kai on our way out on Wednesday next.

Charlie caught a new type of mouse this morning, that is, one that he hasn't caught before, the pencil tailed tree mouse. He got it in a trap at the base of a tree. Sometimes he puts traps up in the trees. He had only 50 traps out last night but got 13 specimens. Once, in Guatemala, he got 76 mice in 75 traps, 2 in one trap. They were, however, practically all the same kind of mouse, a dwarf but not the same one as here.

During the interviews this morning someone produced a forked stick and Frederick asked me "What is this stick?" So I held it like a divining rod and made it dip. /Gau then played with it for some time, while interpreting. Is this Bushman? (asked later. answer: No.).

The interviews on kinship terms are developing interesting taboo and respect relationships, particularly in-law set ups. There seem to be patterns of speaking directly every other day,

every 4th day, every 6th day, etc. There is also avoidance of using name, avoidance of looking directly at the person, etc. The detail of all this is building up in the interviews.

At about 2:30 the veldkos expedition returned. They had been to Gura and it was the men who dug the veldkos. Movies were taken. The women sat in the shade of the truck most of the time. They collected one piece of gum, which Samko ate with a movie accompaniment. Brian says that the time to collect gum is early in the morning and late in the afternoon when the sun shining through the trees reveals the gum in the distance. The women had wanted to start at dawn but delays held the expedition up until after 9 o'clock. (see below).

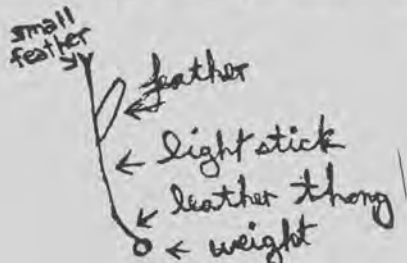
After lunch Charlie and Brian built the tree-house for photographing at the water-hole. Charlie and Samko had cut the poles for it yesterday afternoon.

I drove the interview team over to Group 8 in the old power wagon, driving all the way across the pan first with the water tank petcock open. The purpose was to drain the tanks with the car in motion in the hope that this would rinse out some of the accumulated sediment. The old power wagon is slated to into Windhoek for a ring job and complete overhaul. It surely needs it. I opened it up full on the pan and it would only do 40 in high.

There is still considerable uncertainty and discussion as to who goes out to Windhoek next week. The last formal plan was that Lorna and John would stay here with Picanin, Garni, Karl or



Klas and /Gao, the rest going out. Laurence is now trying to work out some plan which would permit the entire white part of the staff to go out. Boys playing with sticks and "birds", very



effective. Keep it in air. Bird comes down slowly but revolving rapidly. When it gets within reach boy flicks it with his stick getting it at leather thong;

wt. around stick permitting him to shoot it up into the air again. Good for Cub Scouts? Perhaps I can get Gau the craftsman of Old Gau to make me a couple.

At about quarter to six this afternoon, when I was wondering how much longer we could effectively continue the interview, Gau of the toppee, who was our principal informant, ended it for us in an amusing fashion. In response to a question about restrictions on speaking to some in-law relative he said, "If he has food I speak to him, if he does not have food I don't talk with him at all." Then he laughed and laughed and the audience laughed and laughed and the interviewers laughed and laughed and everyone got up, and we started giving out tobacco, Gau calling to all the other people in the werft to "come and get it." We left, also, some tin cans and empty Rose's lime juice bottles.

Laurence and Elizabeth had a successful day, even though at first it seemed as though they were not going to. They drove 2.4 miles east of Gura where there was considerable veldkos. Five different kinds were collected, including one of the succulent "water plants" upon which they can subsist in the absence of

water. It is about as big as a basketball and has a very thin skin. The inside is more or less the consistency of a watermelon. They ate this immediately. The man who dug it up ate a considerable chunk and the rest was cut up into small pieces and passed around. Laurence had a piece and found it thirst quenching, with a pleasantly acrid taste. When the veldkos party had arrived at Gura the women had walked rapidly from the truck to the waterhole and washed their faces, apparently to get off the dust from the ride. This washing continues to be an item of note because of the popular belief that Bushmen in their dry habitat never use water that way.

The hunters also had an active day. They went down the spoor towards /Gam and about 10 miles from there, beyond the mangedie forest we visited with Group I, they saw some animals in the distance. At first glance they thought it was wild pigs but soon saw that it was a lioness and 2 cubs. They drove toward her in the jeep and she walked along the edge of a brush area for some distance, then went into the bush. They followed, John wishing to get a picture, but could never get closer than about 500 yards. The picture of this jeep load of John and the Bushmen pursuing a lioness with cubs, armed only with cameras, bows and assegais (no gun) says something for the Bushmen's fear of lions.

Another picture I wish we had is that of this same intrepid coterie running a herd of wild pigs in the jeep. One swerved across in front of the car and they ran over it with no result beyond making it real mad and knocking out one of the big tusks.

A Bushman then broke one of its legs with his assegais (spear). It then really tried to fight them and, while John was getting his camera into action, another assegai hit rendered him hors de combat. he was then dispatched by a carefully studied assegai thrust in a vital part. John succeeded in filming the final stage. It is now being butchered at the werft.

They also got a shot at a gemsbok at beyond 100 feet but the arrow missed by 3 feet much to Gau's chagrin. This is a big distance for a Bushman arrow but John thinks it would have been a hit save for a strong gust of wind ("almost a whirlwind") which deflected the arrow from the target. They also saw giraffe but could not get close enough for a shot. These are royal game but legal for the Bushmen with their own weapons.

John has set himself a terrific task in his hunting movies, but, if he is at all successful the results will be not only superb but unique. The difficulties, however, are enormous. The filming of the Bushmen hunting it itself presents great problems but in addition John wishes to open the sequence for each animal with shots of it in its ordinary pursuits in its native habitat. It would not be too hard getting pictures of them running but he wants them in repose, grazing, standing around, lying down, etc. The possibilities of this for most of them seem remote. He already has a shot, previously noted, of giraffe eating but to get anything like this for the antelopes is a large order. Pigs at the Gura water-hole may be possible, and I think he can get a gemsbok standing looking at him, for they do this, but even the

gemsbok does not relax its alertness when the enemy is around. He will get birds and small animals from the blind at the Gautscha water-hole but there are too many Bushmen around, it is believed, for the big game to come there.

The help of the Bushmen in this aim also poses a policy problem. If they are to help put him onto game for photographic purposes alone, this is only fair, and probably only possible, if they have plenty of meat in the werft. Also, even the photographing of the shooting of game alone, without the introductory business, may result in the loss of game. Thus we are in the midst of a paradox: the present policy of not hunting for them in order to get them to do it themselves, to gather veldkos normally which they might not do if we were gorging them with meat, and to let us see how they really live on their own, in part at least clashes with the probability of obtaining their aid toward photography which might place in jeopardy or nullify their chance at a kill.

Sunday, September 7.

Day off, although John and his hunters went off again in the jeep at daybreak and Elizabeth, with Garni and Bushmen women from Group 6 for veldkos. Laurence got his first really good pictures of the new baby this morning, as it was the first time /Goo has been willing to have it out in the sun. (Is there any correlation with the meat of the wild pig, which, though killed



by the Bushmen, was secured through the agency of John and the jeep?).

Both the veldkos and hunting trips returned before lunch. The hunters drew blank again so /Guma said they would go home and tomorrow morning early they will mix a powder and put it on to bring fame. If that doesn't work, then the next day they will burn the powder and see what that will do. They did have an interesting experience, though. Out in the pan near the Thinthuma water-hole (I have been calling it Thinthuma pan, but that is erroneous; its name is one I can not hear well enough to write and have not heard when there was an interpreter around to ask, something like /Ung!o)) they came upon the remains of a carcass of a buffalo which had been killed and eaten by lions not long ago. This is particularly interesting because, when looking at the book with Charlie, /Guma had said that he had seen the tracks of a buffalo not long ago at Gura. Charlie thought that he must have mistaken the picture for a wildebeest or something, for buffalo are rare here and theoretically only occur, if at all, during the rainy season, when they drift down occasionally from the Okavango, where there are thousands of them in the Okavango swamps.

/Guma and Gau broke open a remaining shin bone and extracted and ate the marrow. John wanted a picture of this but they had on some European clothes so he asked one of the other Bushmen with him to eat some for the movies. While he was shooting the scene he noticed that the chap, a young man probably in his early

twenties, was merely holding the stuff in front of his mouth and pretending to eat it. He asked, "What's the matter? Doesn't he like it?" and /Guma answered, "He is too young to eat it. Only Gau and I are old enough to eat it." They had broken the bone with a stone and extracted the marrow. This is one of the reasons why John thinks the kill was recent, that is, the marrow had not dried up.

During the morning John was talking about the poisoned arrows and /Guma said, "Don't worry, we'll help you if you get stuck." This, he assumes, indicates an antidote which he hopes to find out about. In reply to questions about antidotes for the poison, Bushmen answer "No." There is believed to be one, however, and, if that is so, the denial is probably because it is their one security against enemies and the local neighbors are still terrified of the arrows. They, therefore, do not want it known that an antidote exists. John may get it. One of the great advantages of going about with them in this way is that he becomes a hunter with them and gets information which possibly would never be forthcoming during interviews in the werft.

/Guma lost an arrow this morning and will be given a piece of wire out of which to make a point for a new one.

Elizabeth walked out with the women this morning, hunting veldkos. They found 5 kinds, 2 berries and 3 roots. I hope that Maguire, the botanist from Cape Town, comes out to identify these.

After lunch we started for Thinthuma again, this time with John and two Bushmen. He was there this morning, making twice in the last 3 days. One of the Bushmen rode on the fender, the other in the body of the power wagon. The staff members consisted of Laurence, John, Charlie, Brian and myself. We left camp accompanied by remarks from Elizabeth, who could not come because she was in the middle of a bath in the office.

We reached Thinthuma (/in//uma), which is a water-hole, without incident, on a reasonably good spoor made by John's jeep. There was high grass, up to 10 feet there. It has good cane and arrows are said to be made from it. There were huge tassels, reminding me of the pampas grass in the tall vases in the drawing rooms of Irish country houses (I have also seen it on Beacon Street). The water was over 2 feet below the surface in a small hole not over a foot in diameter. One of the Bushmen cut a reed and drank through it. John got movies of this.

From the water-hole it was exactly 1 mile to the large pan. Unlike Gautscha it is grass grown, except for the north end which I did not see. The remains of the buffalo were out in the pan close to where we came into it. Charlie did not take the skull because the lions had eaten off the snout and also it had a badly malformed horn on one side. Brian thinks it hasn't been there very long because there are vestiges of meat and cartilage at one or two joints. This country is so very dry in the dry season, however, that neither Charlie nor I would want to bet too heavily that Mr. Buffalo had not been there since April or May. Brian

says not many weeks, else the ants would have taken every soupcon of meat. On the other hand, although there were a few beetles working on the hide, there were no ants in evidence, and if they aren't working on it then a long time can go by before they finish it off. It was so dry that the skin was completely hard and there was no odour about.

There was another inhabitant in the skin, however, a nice little lizard which we shook out of its home and tried to collect for Charlie. When it found itself loose on the pan, with hands grabbing at it from all sides, it naturally looked for a new sanctuary. Brief experiments with clumps of grass quickly proved insufficient. There is little shelter on the pan and no holes to pop into. Then it discovered John's pant leg and popped up that. It raced up and down and when the chase got too hot subsided into his boot. Fortunately for Science and the Smithsonian it did not discover the Northwest Passage to the other pant leg. All efforts being unavailing, John hopped over to the truck, pinching the bottom of the pant leg, in which pose we boosted him in, where he peeled off his pants and the specimen was finally collected.

We then drove south, through a series of pans with narrow, rocky ridges between them. These divisions between the pans were only one or two hundred yards wide, and only a foot or two above the level of the pans. The final pan we visited was Kabi which, although grass-grown, was almost as smooth as the completely bare pans. It was quite large and gave an impression similar to that



of a Kansas wheat field. From there we drove northeast to Gautscha. Here we fully appreciated the Bushman look-out on the fender, for we were following, for the most part, the single track of John's jeep, a twisting spoor indeed in heavily grown country.

Between Kabi and Gautscha we came upon 2 large kudu bulls and John and Laurence got some movies, at first from the truck and then with John following them on foot. The kudu were less skittish than any I have seen and were evidently completely baffled by and quite curious about the truck, but we probably did not get anything very good.

Shortly thereafter we came upon a hunting party of 2 men, who were filmed and picked up. Just before we reached Gautscha we encountered a veldkos party of mother and daughter who were likewise filmed but refused a ride. I imagine they reached their werft before they would have with us. Reference. Star Lens Gauze, U.U.P. 313C type 1. 100 sheets - 50 cents)

Brian had suggested taking the old power wagon instead of the new one because "it has fewer flat wheels." This certainly has been the case so far this year, but partly, at least, because we use it less and also do not drive so fast in it as in the new one. Anyway, the ploy proved out, for we had no flats en route. Shortly after we reached camp, however, the left front went off like a safety valve.

Philip, the cook, presented me with a pretty brown stone with sparkling quartz crystals in it which I shall bring home to the boys' museum.

Our boys at camp had the veld decorated with drying wash and Klas was cutting Picanin's hair. Brian went down to the water-hole and lay perfectly still for a long time. Crowds of little birds then came to drink, some of them approaching within a foot of his head. At sundown I went with Charlie while he laid a trapline in the grass along the south edge of the pan. This is a specialized lay, in search of a supposedly common type of rodent here, the small eared jerbil, which he has not seen yet. Their habitat is supposed to be along the borders of the calcareous pans in this region and great congeries of mouse holes occur on the borders of this one. While returning we followed a group of about 20 guinea fowl who were walking across the pan from their feeding grounds of today to their roosting tree. They are very interesting to watch, preferring to walk rather than fly. They can walk very rapidly, up to 20 miles per hour for short distances. They can drop down behind a bush, form a branch or from the air and then, out of sight of you, run off so quickly that they seem to have disappeared into the ground.

Supper tonight was a birthday party for Elizabeth (21) and Lorna, who have birthdays on successive days while we shall be in Windhoek. After supper we went over to /Guma's werft and sat around the fire, singing, first us and then them. /Guma made clear that it was not a regular sing, sanctioned by Gawa (God),

but just for the pleasure of Mr. Marshall. Despite this, one man put on his rattles and, at about 11 o'clock, Gau began making the medicine man noises. He did not get up from the fire and the man with the leg rattles stood over him with his hand on his head, and bent down over him to sooth or steady him. We considered it best to leave at the first break in the women's singing after this because /Guma had said earlier that they were tired and that we could have a real dance when we wished. Their own enthusiasm seemed to be on the verge of getting the best of the situation, however, so we retired, taking our /Gao, Garni, David and Philip, whom the singing had attracted from their kraal, along with us to insure that the Bushmen could stop if they wished to, which they did. I hope I can always recollect the pleasure of sitting around the fire singing and talking with these nice people.

Monday, September 8

I went out with Charlie on the trap line. The catch was disappointing, none of the expected small eared jerbils, and only 9 mice altogether, 7 large jerbils, one dwarf and one multimammate. We saw the guinea fowl again, this time going in the opposite direction to feed on the other side of the pan. They follow regular trails through the grass and brush, just like animals and men.

This is my next to last day in camp, somewhat dimmed by a tummy situation which had been building up by recognizable degrees. I am trying Dr. Fine's milder treatment of 8 drops of

tincture of opium every 2 hours today. If this does not work I shall take aureomycin tomorrow.

After breakfast a party of 3 men and wives who have been visiting /Guma from Gura for the last few days left for home. One of the Gura visitors remains, however, to guide us to Kai Kai on Wednesday.

Visiting is the order of the day, seemingly, with Bushmen, for ?Gi!Gae and some of his men from Tsumqui (although they probably have been staying at Gura) returned with our hunters. The hunters got a kudu this morning, put a poisoned arrow in it and will track it down tomorrow. So the powder worked!

(Note: acetate fibre tape (Scotch), particularly good for reinforcing repacks)

There was a weird development after lunch. I asked John if the kudu they had shot was one of the 2 large bulls we saw yesterday. The reply was that it was down by the "poison tree", 7 miles down the /Gam spoor, and that it was a giraffe. This, of course, surprised everyone. It appears that the Bushmen had put 4 poison arrows in a giraffe. Then Picanin got spooked by the Royal Game restriction and John's complicity with the jeep and everything was roiled up. Laurence quite properly decided to play it straight and went over to the boys' kraal, telling them about it, and that we would describe the whole affair to the officials in Windhoek and pay a fine if necessary. I doubt very, very much that they will worry in Windhoek about how the Bushmen get to the game. When all this was explained to /Guma, who knew nothing about any such thing as game restrictions, he was immediately



concerned about trouble which might come to us. He is certainly an outstandingly fine fellow, very quick at understanding, and also deeply intelligent. The tricky point here, if there is any serious point at all (which I very much doubt) is that, in the excitement of the chase, the Bushmen for the first time shot from the jeep. Previously, they have carefully refrained from even taking out their quivers, much less the arrows, until they were off the jeep. The sight of all that mass of meat within reach was just too much. Without any prompting from John, and actually against the intentions of Laurence, /Guma told his people, when he found out that John's trouble was in regard to the shooting from the car, to say that the Bushmen were out of the car when they fired the four arrows. I imagine that it will be a simple matter for Laurence to clarify this whole situation with Mr. Nesor. The only real difficulty I can foresee would be if the administration should think the Bushmen should refrain from Royal Game and I do not think they are that unrealistic.

I am feeling much better this evening. The dysentery factor is, to me, the most unpleasant component of anthropology. One of the Bushman babies has a bad case and Lorna is treating it with sulphur and considerable misgivings. I think this will be one of the major problems during the summer season here. Laurence is going to get a big pump for DDT, similar to the ones Brian's father uses on their farm.

Tuesday, September 9.

My last full day in camp. This has been a grand experience. The hunters went out early this morning to track the poisoned giraffe and Laurence and I went around taking pictures with the Land camera, so I shall have some to show people en route. This is the Polaroid film where one gets the printed pictures one minute after making the exposure.

The hunters returned shortly after lunch. The giraffe is still going but getting weaker, still too vigorous for them to get near it. From the signs they expect to get it tomorrow. Sorry to miss the finish of this for there should be real rejoicing with over a ton of meat on hand.

Everything now is preparation, list making, etc. Brian caught a bird snake this morning at the foot of the tree where we eat our meals. Charlie announced that it was one of the world's most poisonous snakes, though only a few inches long, before he revealed that it operates only on birds and small animals. This finally brought Elizabeth to promise that "after this afternoon" she will wear boots. The disregard of the snake menace has been a worry to Charlie and me, and we have tried, without being great spoil-sports, to get people to view it realistically. Combat boots and marine jungle boots being available in all Army surplus stores makes it relatively easy to take ordinary precautions. Neither of these boots is hot, in fact to me an unlined leather boot is cooler than sneakers, but anything on the limbs is, psychologically, a restriction to some.

we sent over. Lorna brewed up 3 bucketfuls of cocoa, a novel feature for a Bushman dance.

When we got to the werft, it was already started and numerous visitors were there from the other werfts. Before the evening was out I imagine that practically all the others were there, around their little fires. Certainly there were well over 100 people, probably the largest crowd ever at Gautscha.

The early part of the evening was just singing and dancing and we had about concluded that it was only a social affair to wish us godspeed. So the cocoa was put on to heat in its big pails. But then Gao and another medicine man from one of the other werfts began curing, so the cocoa simmered until 1 o'clock. /Gi!Gae, who did such a sterling job as medicine man last year, did not perform. He is "too old" (actually still a young man). His main contribution to the entertainment was a perfectly ludicrous burlesque of Garni's style of dancing, which is quite unlike the local one - probably just his own. Having noted that outsiders always seemed welcome, I got into the circle tonight, dancing 3 numbers. The steps are not difficult to do, merely tiring, especially to inexperienced leg muscles. I noticed, however, while watching the feet of the man in front of me to keep in rhythm, that they do not keep up the step all through the dance but take rest periods when they merely shuffle around the circle without attempting to do the step, sort of marking time. Also, the long sticks which many of them have are sometimes used as canes, as they go round. This, too, is functional, for the

circle is so small in diameter that one occasionally gets dizzy and I wished for one of the stocks more than once. Perhaps that is one of the reasons for the crossing through the inner circle of women (which we observed at /Gam and which was done a few times, but not often, up here tonight) for after the diameter is traversed the dancers usually turn into their circular dance track in the opposite direction to that in which they had been going previously. My participation was received with enthusiasm and I certainly enjoyed it.

At 2 o'clock, the cocoa having been mostly consumed, we left for a few hours' sleep, but the dance kept right on. I woke up occasionally and could both hear and feel it. Actually, it is more impressive to hear a few hundred yards off than at the scene. The clapping sounds like an instrument and the stamping really sounds like drums. In my sleeping bag on the ground I seemed to feel the vibrations of the stamping but this may have been an illusion. At daybreak, when I got up to pack my bags, they were still going strong. At 6:30, however, they stopped and /Guma, /Gi!Gae and others came over and went off with John in the jeep hoping to get the giraffe today.

Then the rest of them came over to camp and all sat around while we had breakfast and left, a real farewell. Formal statements of good wishes for the journey were made both last night and this morning.

Thus endeth my Bushman adventure, on a high note indeed.



Wednesday, September 10

We left practically on schedule. With the exception of those who had gone on the second day's quest of the giraffe with John, the Bushmen from the dance were all over to see us off. This included, I am sure, practically all members of the 4 werfts. They sat around in compact masses while we ate breakfast and departed. Leave taking always have their traumatic side and this was no exception. Lorna and Elizabeth were the only staff members left in camp as John had gone hunting. Lorna has no desire to go out and I can understand her point of view after so much experience on the spoor. Still, the isolation at Gautscha for 2 to 3 weeks is not something to be considered completely lightly. John, however, is capable and I have developed a considerable confidence in /Guma, not only as a leader of Bushmen but also as a master of a given situation.

I rode with Brian in the Chev. truck with Frederick and Philip out back. Charlie and Laurence were in the old power wagon with Carl. The old power wagon is being taken out for a motor overhaul, etc. We carried a supply of our good firewood so that we can camp at will without having to worry about the wood supply. We have a barrel of gasoline and, I believe, 3 barrels of water, plus full tanks on the lorries.

About a mile south of the water-hole at Gautscha came a shout from Frederick on top. We stopped and could not find the fuel pump which is necessary to effect the transfer of petrol from the drum to the gas tanks. Apparently it had been taken off

the Chev. this morning to put gas in the jeep and not returned. So back with us to camp for a fuel pump.

We had with us a Bushman guide who was to show us a new and shorter route to KaiKai. At the poison tree, 7 miles south of Gautscha, we turned off the Gautscha-Gum spoor toward the east. We drove right by the poison tree and stopped to look at it. The entire ground around it was full of holes, like small-scale placer mining, where the Bushmen had been digging up the grubs which live alongside the roots of this particular tree. Not long afterwards we passed another poison tree which we had not previously heard about.

Before very long the Aha Mountains came into view ahead of us. It was a surprise to see them so soon and this is probably a very good route. It was very easy going all the way to the Aha Mts., although we were cutting a new spoor. It was hard ground and almost all burned over so the holes were easily seen. The Aha Mountains are nothing but a group of low hills, and the closer one gets to them the smaller they seem. Nearby they are only 150 to 200 feet high. Then we encountered sand and had a few miles of rather hard going as far as the Chev. was concerned. The power wagon fell in a hole, its right rear wheel, and we pulled it out. Fortunately there were no broken springs. The sanded region was also full of yellowbush and we began to get punctures. The first was due south of one of the Aha peaks, at high noon. It was very hot but we had a small tree for partial shade so we had lunch. Brian told me how one man can pull a car

out of a hole, or sand, or mud. He says it is really very easy if one has the necessary equipment, which is a tow cable. This must be fastened between the car and a tree or other stationary object and make very tight. Then if a man pushes on it the leverage is tremendous and the car is extricated.

Brian also described an aid to navigation during the rainy season in the veld - a "poking rod." This is a thin, pointed metal bar with which one may probe the veld for rock beneath the surface. Apparently one can travel for great distances in very wet weather by following rock ledges which outcrop occasionally but are never far beneath the surface. One gets stuck, but neither badly nor for long. The ledges are twisty and the progress is very slow, only a mile or two a day, maybe, during the wettest time, but one can move cars this way when otherwise movement is impossible.

South of the mountains we encountered the nearest thing I have seen to a road for weeks. It was a well-worn spoor consisting of 2 real ruts, with wagon tracks too, a combination apparently of Uys' road from KaiKai to the mountains and a route used by Herero farmers. We had a final puncture on this, when one of the yellow-bush twigs worked through a tire. Nearby was a tree with spherical things hanging from the branches. We thought it would be last year's fruit but on investigation they proved to be green. The veld is truly amazing. Dry as a bone, no leaves on the tree, but green fruit. They were about the size of a baseball, almost perfectly spherical, and very hard. A dark green,

sort of Dartmouth green. When opened (by pounding a hunting knife with a wrench) the inside, though green, smells like a watermelon. The Bushmen call them =No. Frederick says the Ovambo word is Moanie (sp?) and that if kept in a dark place they will ripen, so we collected some.

On arrival at KaiKai we were enveloped in a great crowd of Bushmen, Hereros and Bechuanas. Many of the Bushmen who had been at /Gam were there, including Elizabeth's favourite John o. He typified our impression of KaiKai. At /Gam he was very clean but here he was caked in dirt and I did not even recognize him at first glance. Also here for the first time I saw a sufferer from that disease which eats away the nose. The Hereros looked very ratty, too, and we quickly passed out tobacco and shook the dust and grime of KaiKai off our tires as soon as possible. This is easier said than done, for although there is a spoor from there to Tsau, to the east, the exit from KaiKai is marked by a thorn bush thicket. In the rear car we had a fine view of Laurence's assaults on this, in an attempt to find the road. The power wagon would crash into the brush with Carl and Charlie leaping off the top. Finally Carl went into the cab while Charlie hung on the back, letting himself down at arm's length at the rear as the thorns raked the top. Finally we got on the spoor, which was actually quite good and camped before sundown 11 miles east of KaiKai. There was evidence of a large mouse population so Charlie set out his trap line, with me assisting.



After dinner there was an interesting incident. The boys got into a tremendous discussion about relative times and asked me what time it was, at the moment, in "America." So I told them the times in New York and San Francisco. This expanded into astronomical matters when it appeared that it was still daytime there. They were baffled by this and then Karl said that when he was in school he was told that in Sweden the sun shone all day and all night. The upshot of this was a demonstration of the diurnal rotation of the earth and the annual changes in axis, using as an example an onion in the firelight. I don't know how successful it was but perhaps it got across. I am reasonably sure of the day and night part, the midnight sun business I am less certain that they understood.

Thursday, September 11

The mouse catch was very disappointing except for the occurrence of a live shrew, a very rare thing as their nervous system is so delicate that they sometimes die of shock when the trap goes off, even though it does not touch them. We started out at a good rate on a fast spoor. In the middle of the morning we had a flat tire and found that the spare, although it had a new tube, had no air and all the pumps were on the power wagon ahead. So we waited until they came back looking for us, which they did in about 3/4 of an hour.

During the morning we passed through another group of mountains going up a veritable gorge in the process. these are

the mountains which contain Drotsky's famous caves visited by Laurence and John 2 years ago, and by Brent, the D.C. at Maun, a few weeks back. Shortly after this we found ourselves heading in the wrong direction and Laurence's memory of the lay of the land saved us from getting into some very mean country. After 10 or 15 minutes casting around we found the right spoor and continued. I noticed an odd visual phenomenon. Although we had our usual cloudless sky, patches of burned veld, where one can see a goodly bit of the country, are so much darker than the unburned portions that the impression is one of cloud shadows.

The day ended with excitement and adventure. Laurence's aim for the day was to get beyond Tsau before camping. The delay occasioned by the absence of the tire pump on the Chev. had held us up so much that when darkness shut down we were still some distance away. Although the spoor continued good it became more and more overgrown and we ripped off some of the fence around the truck bed which elicited a certain amount of adverse comment from our "outsides" (to borrow a partly applicable term from ancient coaching days). After about an hour of driving in the dark the country becoming thicker and thicker in brush, the front car began to lose the spoor at intervals so that we were following them into dead ends, backing up, etc., although finally we gained enough confidence not to leave the spoor when they did but to continue, watching for their returning tracks. When we finally caught up with the power wagon it developed that there was some uncertainty as to our position. Brian was positive we were on

the right track, but Laurence thought it possible that we might be lost. In any event he wanted to continue to some positive indication before camping. So we continued, with the Chev. now in the lead, driven by Brian, with Charlie and me in the cab. The ruts were still good but the brush was terrible and we crashed through it in exciting fashion with Brian doing some magnificent driving. The thorn trees got worse and worse, we lost some more of the Chev. body, but before long we began running into sled tracks, in increasing numbers, indicating approach to something. The sled tracks are another hazard to driving. About twice the width of a toboggan, they are still narrower than a car tread and since they scoop out a considerable trough in the loose sand they presented quite an obstacle - to the Chev. that is, the power wagon ignores such minor hazards. The sled tracks continued to proliferate and at last there were lights. Laurence then began to look for a particular camping space he remembered on this side of town. Men began to appear and, after consideration, we picked a fine overhanging tree and outspanned. Charlie immediately began to process the mice caught last night which had been wrapped up in wt cloth. Visitors stood and squatted around as supper was prepared. Sounds of singing now came from the kraal, loud and somewhat undisciplined. Laurence says "a beer-drink." After dinner everyone was too tired for anything but bed, it being by then after 10 and the singing quit shortly after that too. There was a vicious looking spider near my bedroll which we killed. An occasional voice can



be heard and dogs barking in the kraals. While supper was being prepared one of the welcoming committee tried to interest me in the she-stock. When I affected not to understand he went into a fine pantomime of copulation. Laurence says this is a regular occurrence at these towns on the "main drag." The really funny part of this is the kind of road which constitutes a "main drag" out here.

There was a sort of thrill to be going to sleep with all sorts of people and habitations nearby yet with no idea of what it all looks like.

Friday, September 12

Morning revealed wonderful houses and kraals nearby, unlike anything I had seen before. Everything looked very clean with kraal walls and huts of clean straw. Brian had been licked in the face by a dog during the night but otherwise all was serene. Trees are much larger than in our part, and full of birds, many of them with magnificent plumage. There are some quite large birds, hornbills, rollers, etc. The latter are quite gay with varied plumage of blues and purples. People came again, one fellow bringing 4 eggs with apologies for there not being more but that was all his hens had laid this morning.

After breakfast we went to the center where there are two trading stores; one, the Ngamiland Trading Co., under an Afrikander trader called Von Studen; the other, more extensive, run by a Greek, with an English "old timer" in the country



working for him. the last group was known to Laurence from his visit of 2 years ago. While we were visiting the traders, Philip bought a goat and Brian and the boys had some fun with a group of women who were working grain. Brian tried to buy mealies and was greeted with great laughter. The arrival of Philip to translate developed that they were not grinding mealies but preparing grain for beer.

After taking a few pictures we left town by the Winela road, being guided to the outskirts of town by the boy who had given us the eggs. The Winela road, which we had seen at Sigaret, running from Grootfontein to Maun, comes in here and we followed it north of east. The country here is different, on the edge of the Okavango swamps. The trees are larger and the land more park-like in places. The road is well cut, in fact, too well, deep ruts, often very sandy, which are passable for powerful trucks but would be very difficult for ordinary cars. This is a great disappointment to Brian who had planned to drive with his mother next year from Grootfontein to Maun and down into the Union. After a few miles we came to a long stretch of actual corduroy road, that is, made of logs laid side by side, which would be fatal to passenger cars.

During the morning Charlie shot some ground squirrels, which are very numerous. At about 11 o'clock we came to another large town, Situwe, quite a collection of Bechuanan kraals, with still considerable numbers of Herero. Here came a surprise. This was our junction with the road from Maun to Khausi and Gobabis.

Laurence suggested that we leave the Chev. truck with the boys here at Situwe over night and that Charlie, Brian, he and I go into Maun on the power wagon, coming back tomorrow. Since we all wanted to see Maun, this was a most agreeable proposal. The boys selected a tree, the necessary transfer of stuff was made between the trucks, and we were soon headed north to Maun on the first approximation to a real road that I have seen for six weeks. It was good only in parts and some of it was very mean indeed but at times we could go at 30 to 40 miles per hour.

The country immediately north of Situwe was as completely grazed as any I have ever seen, but the grass will return when and if the rains come. Twenty miles or so from Situwe we came to a real river, water flowing under a bridge. This was a Toten (pronounced Toteen), a native town. There were birds fishing in the river and as we were taking pictures and reveling in the sound of bubbling water, some boys came up stream with a few brace of wild ducks they had shot.

We now have met other cars. As we were leaving Situwe a lorry drove in from the north which was immediately recognized as belonging to a traveling salesman all the way from Swakopmund, near Walvis Bay, on the Atlantic Coast of S.W.A. After crossing the river at Toten, we met another conveyance, which baffled us completely as we approached it, even as to which way it was going. It turned out to be an old Chevy truck, about 1935, which was set up with simply the steering wheel sticking up through a plank flooring on which were a couple of water tanks. It was

driven by a bearded farmer, with 2 natives draped over the tanks. Again, after a few miles we found a Winela truck with its load of natives spread around a Winela depot (one hut without walls and a couple of gas barrels) on the river bank. We left the new, partially graded road at this point for the old road, which is better, winding along the river bank for the final 30 miles or so to Maun and here caught up with the Winela bus which had left Tsau at 7:30 this morning. The bus consists of a big diesel truck with wooden benches, the whole covered with a barn-like ridge-poled roof. The power wagon had been boiling at intervals so, instead of passing the bus, we stopped to cool the truck and to have lunch. The trouble with the cooling system is grass seed in the radiator, one of the greatest hazards of the country, which we will have blown out at Maun. The extra screen in front of the radiator helps but can not keep it from getting plugged up once in a while. In ordinary years this situation is much worse than it is this year when, because of the poor rains, the grass is neither so high nor so luxuriant as usual.

The country here is again different. Along the river it is, of course, more lush, more like one's visualizations of African scenery. Many of the trees are in bloom, including one covered with small blossoms of wisteria color. Tropical vegetation is present here, but it is still not like the Congo.

At about 3:30 we began seeing large kraals and then "real" buildings, including the white churches, hospitals, etc: of the Mission and official establishments of Maun. Presently we came

to large radio towers, an air field and Mr. Riley's hotel and garage. We were received enthusiastically by Mr. Riley, another old friend of Laurence's. The hotel has a large porch overlooking the river. In front of it is a swimming pool at present being filled for the first time this spring. The set-up is interesting and presents some charm, though it also has the rickety aspects of a remote outpost. There are real automobiles here, however, as from this point east to Francistown and the Rhodesian Railroad there is a more or less honest-to-goodness highway, still a dirt road, but one which receives a measure, at least, of maintenance. The cars and trucks in the garage, however, bear witness to the toll this country takes on automotive equipment. The hotel is full, having had two plane loads in today, one a group of technical men serving the air beacons. Although this is but a minor airport, some of the main flights, including the famous Comet, passover it, so the beacons are of great importance. This, however, produces a congestion in the hotel and there is a discussion of cots on the porch, etc. I have strong recollections of the cordial invitations of the District Commissioner, Bent, and the Veterinary, John Condry, when they visited us at /Gam, to stay with them at Maun. So, after tea, Charlie and I walked up to the government buildings. In the general office we found that Condry was just recovering from a bout of malaria and was at home, although up and about. I spotted the D.C. walking across the "parade" in spotless whites and hailed him. He greeted us most cordially and immediately



expressed distress that we had gone to the hotel first. I explained that Mr. Marshall and Mr. Riley were old friends, etc. The D.C. said that the hotel was full and that, even when he is not previously acquainted with the guests, he often puts people up for Mr. Riley under such circumstances. We walked to his residence nearby, where there is a splendid cool guest room with 3 beds, also a big bath tub which looks very enticing to me. the D.C. dispatched a "prisoner" to conduct Charlie to Condyl's house and then showed me over the rest of his house, the fine library, etc. and told me to move in whenever I wished. This looks very much better to me than the hotel. Mr. Riley provides the sheets and towels. So I walked back to the hotel, bearing also the D.C.'s order for a bottle of his favorite brandy.

Back at the hotel, with the afternoon heat relaxing, I found an old friend, Drosky, Brian resplendent after a thorough bath, and Laurence and the Riley menage quite happy over the D.C.'s solution of our overnight problem. The pilot of the beacon boys, a R.A.C. man, was selling wings for some air corps benefit, so I put 2 bab in the box and have wings on my lapel. the pilot was very familiar with New York. I thought at first that he had been stationed there with the R.A.C. but it turned out that after the war he had got a job flying for the Swedish air lines and came into New York once every 2 weeks. The whole atmosphere of the hotel is that of a British colonial station and a very welcome change after our tour of dirt in the bush. I collected Laurence and the brandy and some towels and returned to the D.C.'s

bungalow, by this time with BATH as the be all and end all of existence. In the bush one is not troubled this way, but an hour or two in the presence of clean individuals changes one's point of view radically. The D.C. came back from his office shortly after we had moved our bags into the guest room and I had a very pleasant scotch and water with him while the bath was drawing. Condyl appeared with Charlie; he was somewhat yellow, but seems O.K. They had some paw paws (papaya) from the D.C.'s garden. Charlie will stay with Condyl and they are having dinner with one of the doctors who turns out to be, like Charlie, a University of Michigan graduate. They will also put out a trap line.

The bath was a complete joy and, although I have only work pants, i put on a real shirt and a TIE. We went down to the hotel for dinner. The bar was full of people, about 40 or 50 being around there, mostly British but there was also a group of South African doctors and dentists (the 2nd plane load). There were one or two professional hunters (though no "customers" at the moment). This is one of the main centers for the real "Big Game Hunters."

We had a reasonably good dinner, which, as the first for weeks in a room, seated at a table with a cloth, etc., seemed probably much better than it was. After dinner there was a movie in the hotel sitting room, which has a projection booth built onto one end of it. We had news, a short of Canterbury including beautiful singing by the boys' choir, and an excellent, although old, British movie, all quite nostalgic, although the development

of air travel has changed the atmosphere of this sort of gathering considerably. With the air field merely across the road (Mr. Riley has a plane which lives in a hangar not more than 100 yards from his bedroom), Piccadilly, Times Square, et al. do not seem so remote as they did in such places a few years ago. After the show we went back to the D.C.'s and sat up until about 1:30, talking, mostly about Ireland. we noticed a bunch of animal skulls on the power wagon, including a buffalo. These disturbed the D.C., who said we could not get them into S.W.A. on account of the hoof-and-mouth and sleeping sickness controls. Apparently they had been obtained somewhere this evening by Charlie. According to Laurence, we have a permit from Neser but it specifies scientific specimens "specially prepared and packed."

Saturday, September 13

Awoke this morning after a refreshing sleep in a real bed, had another bath and then breakfast with the D.C. Charlie came in later, having spent the night with Condy. The trap line produced interesting specimens all darker in coat than those in the desert. The skulls were presents from Condy, and he will pack and ship them to the Smithsonian. This avoids any border difficulty and will be easier for us anyway. Condy has become quite interested and will collect for Charlie, sending the specimens to Washington. Thus, from Charlie's point of view, the Maun trip has been quite worth while.

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The radiator on the power wagon was flushed out yesterday but we are to fill the water and gas tanks and barrels this morning. Also Laurence and I are to call on the Princess Regent, Mrs. Moreme, who rules for her small son. The Bechuana so not permit queens so the mother serves as regent during the boys minority. Laurence saw her 2 years ago and says she is a very pleasant and intelligent lady with good English. The appointment is for 10:30. Brian drove us out to her headquarters, an office building in the main native town. Brian had a fine time yesterday, going out on the river in a dugout poled by a native who later turned out to be the waiter at our table at dinner.

The office of the Regent was very business-like. Unfortunately, the Regent is ill so we wrote her a note on the tribal letterhead, thanking her for her favours received through the D.C., asking about the health and progress of her sons who are away at school, etc. A gracious reply having been received we walked back to the hotel. The Raj operates in traditional and punctilious fashion here, definitely as a protectorate, with the authority residing in the native rulers. On the way back we watched for a few minutes a man building a house out of bricks of cattle dung. He had water in a pot very like a Pueblo water jar in shape and design. Back in "town" I sent off some postcards to the boys and we called on the D.C. to say farewell. In the mail this morning he had received copies of his book, "10,000 Men of Africa," published by Her Majesty's Stationery office. It is the record of the Bechuana regiment in the last war and outlines

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their campaigns and reactions in North Africa, the Near East, Italy, etc. Bent was their commander and he seemed to have done a fine job. I shall get a copy in London. Among the illustrations I noticed as officers 2 of the boys who were with him at /Gam and whom we have seen here. Apparently he developed a splendid esprit de corps which still exists. We said goodby to the hotel and to Mr. and Mrs. Condy. The latter are a fine couple, both Rhodesians. We left town for the south at noon and had an uneventful trip to Situwe, this time without the Dodge boiling.

At 3:30 we made contact with the other part of our convoy at Situwe. Following instructions of yesterday they had been ready to go since 12 and, after paying a few debts they had contracted, we left immediately for the south. We were delayed slightly by the discovery of a crack in the frame of the power wagon and the water barrels were emptied to lighten the load. We still have the water in the special tank and a barrel on the Chev.

Since the main Winela traffic turns west at Situwe, the road south to Khansi is less good than the one we have just been on. It is a well marked rut, however, but has long stretches of bad sand. Laurence and Brian want to get through to Khansi tonight so we will not have to run the sand during the heat of the day. This really makes considerable difference to the Chev., not only in re temperature alone but also because the sandy ruts are much easier to negotiate mechanically in the cool hours with dew on

them, etc. Khansi, however, is some 120 miles off and, leaving Situwe at 4:30 we can hardly expect to get there tonight.

Shortly after getting under way we crossed Lake Ngami, similar in some ways to the Plains of San Agustin in New Mexico. In Livingston's time it had water in it and there is some this year in one part, where the river we crossed on the way to Maun comes in, but we did not see this. There were many cattle on the plain and a considerable number of springbok. These are the first springbok I have seen but they were at a considerable distance. We carried a passenger out of Situwe whom we let off at a water-hole not far beyond the lake. Shortly afterwards we met a family in a new Ford truck limping along very haltingly. They were working north from Mafeking, had blown 2 cylinder heads, and had used 44 gallons of water since the last water hole. They can get fixed up at Riley's garage at Maun, of course, but will have a devil of a time getting there. We gave them some water and told them they were only a few miles from a water hole.

The road then became very sandy and, for this country, hilly. We went ahead in the Chev. so we could hit the sandy stretches fast, with out having to slow down for the power wagon. We saw more springbok and several kudu. There are also baobab trees, even larger than the ones at Gautscha, with bigger trunks. At sundown we stopped for supper and then continued. At one point we saw a fire ahead, but it was a little one, and when we came up to it found it to be a campfire with a Bushman and his



wife at it. They were going our way so we loaded them in. We passed a house with lights and then at about 10 o'clock came to another collection of buildings. Bechuana there told us we were still 60 miles from Khansi so it was decided to stop at a good camping place for the night. So, presently we pulled up and Philip brewed some tea. Charlie immediately began processing his last night's catch from Maun. Brian helped him with some of the skinning. Brian also is going to collect for Charlie at his farm at Omururu. I awakened when Charlie was finally going to bed at 3:30.

There is a plan for Charlie and me to go to Brian's farm for a few days next week while major repairs are being made on the trucks. This will depend on many circumstances and may not come off.

Sunday, September 14

This morning we got off fairly early despite our late stop last night and reached Khansi at noon. On the way we passed one Boertrekker farm with 4 windmills. We came to the Bijwoners' farm first (the steward, who can keep some stock of his own) where there was a tame kudu doe, a beautiful creature. Khansi was very quiet, not a soul being visible around the store and government buildings, a true Sunday morning situation. The only life was 2 camels; the police here ride them on patrol. There is a D.C. here and the Station Commander of Police, Sub-Inspector Nixon, is an old friend of Laurence's who spent some time with

him 2 years ago when Nixon was working for Winela. Since then he has married and returned to the police with whom he had been before. Winela, we learned, is carrying many of the boys by air now, which must be quite a thrill for youths out of the kraals. We went to Nixon's house and were pleasantly received by him and his wife. Laurence and I had tea and Brian had beer (Charlie was asleep on top of the power wagon). Nixon was very glad to see us and we had a good talk about the country, the Bushmen around here, etc. The local Bushmen represent the common degenerate condition among the groups tributary to farms and there are 24 in the lock-up for the moment for cattle stealing. There was a murder case recently with a poisoned arrow and he has the analysis. It seems to be different from our poison. In fact, there may be 2 or 3 different systems among the groups here and they will not handle each others' arrows. To me this strongly suggests that they do have a specific antidote to their own poison but won't take any chance on other people's. We also saw the "love bow", of which we have heard. It is a very small bow, a foot or so in length, made from a strip of gemsbok horn, with arrows of the same material. It is supposed to be connected with love feuds and other fancy occasions. Nixon says he will cut a spoor northwest from Khansi to /Gam and visit camp. This would be splendid, not only for the visit but also because this may be a good way out during the rainy season. The long route we have just followed does not look too attractive as an emergency route. From /Gam to the Khansi-Gobabis road, although probably somewhat

better than 100 miles of new spoor at shortest, is thought by Laurence to present possibilities free of omarumbas, and Nixon, with his extensive Winela experience in the country, thinks the route would be easier in the rainy season than now (I suppose, therefore, sandy). I asked him about the camels and he said he didn't have to ride them; only the native police boys did. He also said we should call on a farmer named Hardbattle who was the richest in the region and who "knows more about Bushmen than everyone else put together." In fact they call him "Father" with some reason, it seems, for we were cautioned to be careful with regard to his family life.

