

And today I cleaned the tent and reorganized the Medicines and did not tell Gao : u's brother whose house it was how I felt. Instead I was busy. I gave people tobacco. Oh!

Elizabeth and I talked at supper about why Bushmen don't make pots. If we knew that we would know what is important to know. They trade for pots. They could ask how they are made. They have clay here at Chov'ana and at Gaultcha. The children play with clay. Tsam Gao - 13ase have made clay wheels for their autos.

Elizabeth and I think that Bushmen do not want to stand out. They do not want to take leadership - for 2 reasons. 1) They know so well what it involves they shrink from it. 2) they do not want to remove themselves from their fellows to the degree that leadership would remove them. That is because, we think, their world is so very small.

The veld is not ~~vast~~ to them. It is only vast to people who come to it from the great world who know from reading books that it is vast. It is never seen as vast. One sees the bush ~~was~~ is standing beside and a few feet beyond. There is nothing in Bushman life to give them the concept of big news. Home, security, everything that makes life for them is the being close together in a little wicket with sheeps a few feet apart. There is no scope. No variety. No place to go to be away from others. They are fused together and their life depends on that. In the largeness and variety of our lives ~~one~~ can be different from many and still have a nucleus & a place. The Bushman has ~~not~~ such retreat. They draw together. They fear the strange. There is no incentive to be different.

¶ Tuma has been behaving in such a way as to throw light on this - Elig & I think. Here he is headman. He knows we would give him anything he

wanted. We have offered much. He refuses. He says he does not want us to give him pants or shirts. He takes less food - less sugar less tobacco than the others, saying he still has some, ~~he~~ has enough. We follow his every wish to the best of our understanding. I have been thinking about this. He has dignity and integrity. He does not want to beg for things, and always asks for hand outs, as he sees others do. (He has said twice he thinks less of Bushman than he used

- to .
- 1) When they ~~grabbed~~ (2) clustered around the load of manjhettes.
- 2) when we did more than any Bushman to care for the sick during the epidemic

I've been attributing his behavior to dignity. That is there, certainly. but I wonder now, if he ~~does not~~ wants not to have more - particularly as headman - because people would be jealous of him and be against him for that very reason of his having more. They could think all

Manner of things. That he sold information
 in things - That he sold his soul to
 the devil. He is intellectual enough to
 think this consciously (Some thing is
 inside my shirt walking about.)
 was bitten by a scorpion two days ago.
 Found another big one in the bath
 towel this morning. The creature in my
 shirt seems smaller. I Where as other
 act on the impulse of just wanting
 some thing they see.

I wish I could talk to ~~the~~ ~~James~~
 in his own language. Oh!

Anyway I think that is why
 Bushmen do not make pots.

Till see if I can stay awake & say
more about the dance.

! Nani, a solemn broad faced young
man had one of the most frenzied
suzurs we have yet seen. He had
been given medicine recently. This was
the first time it had operated in him.
It was something to see. how the whole
dance reached a fever. It had been
lax, classical before. The other medicine
men were imbued with the strength
of the new medicine. They all went
into frenzy. ! Nani shuddered, sweated,
ran about, fell into the fire, lunched
over the circle of women, fell into
them, for an hour. One other young
man Dan, was like Gao say. He
had his arms around ! Nani's waist &
clung to him being half dragged by
! Nani, his face pressed against ! Nani's
back. The two were like a strange creature
with four legs, four arms and two heads.

Delbe, qi'gae's brother is a medicine man too. He made low funny grunts. We'd even find out why.

qi'gae did not come. The dance was Qao's (Ti's ho) who is a medicine man. He gave the dance to cure #Tuma. He worked over him assiduously. He is a small man, weirdly like a non-man from perhaps. With his pants he got for #Tuma hung on behind like a big tail.

Choplin I feel sure, felt he was there to protect us. He had never seen a Bushman dance. If I moved around in the shadows, to better see who was in trance - he came too.

Sedimo did better at telling me what was said, I still had to ask every time but I got this information - piece meal.

Qao who before! Nani burst into spectacular dance (these words don't go together I'll say funny) was the leader. Sang his songs, making in sentences as Ogden Nash

! Go m.s.w.s

T^{on} m.s

! go is used for kin m.s.w.s. ~~not~~ after m.s.
may for wife's sisters husband's m.s.

ticks things into a metric line.

He said over and over, There are strangers here. The song would go in and at intervals these words would be squeezed into the beat - There are strangers here. There are strangers in our country. Then he said Bring dagga that we may smoke. I have

I Qui bring dagga. (There is no

I Qui in the group) He said things about "Tsam Gao" and Johna that they were among things that when about then the hyena howled so near us it broke our train, thought.

Next day Tuma would not have his temperature taken, nor have any medicine. He said he still had 2 pills - The alabum he was supposed to take yesterday!

After the dance he went away for a day.

Dances Saw Honey Mamba giraffe Elaud.

Gao + others complained that the girls did not sleep well. The girls said they wanted to get sleep. Qui said no, they were to sleep all night. But we went home at 3. and our crowd came with us.

Sat Feb 21 -

398 408

Elizabeth and I are troubled with a lion. It keeps us awake. We are very funny, sitting in the dark, smoking, figuring what we would do. The pistol is in the file, filed under P. Eliz. says. We think we would like to have fire wood to start up - in case - so we could throw fire brands as the Bushmen say they do.

Feb 20 and 21
 †Toma is still sick - going a lot better
 ordinary day. I cleaned the Medicine boxes. Not good. Zuma's breast is a worry to me. I wish there were some miraculous way to heal it - as she asked me to do.

In the evening the Bushman ~~Feb~~ boys came to the tent ~~at 5:30~~ saying there was going to be a dance across the Omarumba. They asked us to go and wanted to borrow a flash light. We gave the flash light + if they were the young bloods, Tsangao dressed up in an undershirt. We talked over going. It was already almost 10. Eliz did not feel well I was tired. Sedimo, Cleopha didn't want to go. The jeep was immobile, the Dodge starter wouldn't work. There was a storm brewing. And there was the lion. We finally decided not to - when the rain actually began. †Toma insisted that he was going - to be cured. Iqigae said he was going hunting next day and wanted to dance to bring him luck. Nevertheless when it began to rain hard, he tucked in with †Toma and neither of them went. We went to bed but not to sleep. The lion began to roar just up the Omarumba. We worried about the boys in fear they wouldn't hear it at the dance and would start home. We got up + went on

Sat Feb 27 408

to Roma. He had decided not to go but said the
boys would stay there all night. However Giga +
another man went home then, across the mountains
in the darkness. Undeterred by the lion. We went
back to bed. Got to sleep at some point.

Then I heard voices then a truck. I thought
it was the 2 day overdue convoy and buried my
head in the pillow till the truck turned
into the camp road. There were Laurence and
John and Gani at 5:30 AM.

They had been on the road since Tuesday.
South west is in flood. Every dip in the road
is a river. They had been stuck in two of them.
burned out a clutch. Slept in the truck - a little
in the pouring rain waiting for dawn. John's
story of the Appakaana who tried the river -
an ordinary car - but new. Went into a hole -
could not get out even with John's help -
tried his car to a tree on the bank with
a rope. + also waited till dawn - John
should write.

Out of Grootfontein they were all right till
they got to the flat this side of Karakawana -
all except for having to take off a break before
Namagar. The truck had been so deep in the
river where they stuck they had had to wait
half a day to get the insides cleaned out.

It was clogged with silt & grass. But one break had been overlooked & burned out deep. Nuregas. At Kurakawais they had to get natives to push & shove four times.

They were exhausted. John slept till five Saturday afternoon. Then we talked till midnight. about the trip from land back, the trip home the friends & the film. The film evidently is not too bad. John is wonderful. We are so happy to be reunited it was like homecoming.

There were wonderful letters from Nana Reed, Mabelda Mayo, Alice Ellis, Jo. Nina and some Christmas cards. The news of Robert's appointment to Hancock Professor is the best. happening the moment contact was out. I want to do nothing but write everyone.

Sunday Feb 22

We lathered and poked around most of the day. I worked on kin terms some. At night there was a dance here. No ceremony or ceremony. No dances, just a social dance and very nice. I listened just to the music very carefully, tried to take notes of the rhythms. To bed at 3. Oh Zuma's breast. We milked her with the snake bite pump. Had a harrowip tinis. Jan so worried about her. Her poor baby Debe put up a terrific fight at first. Now he is subdued and happy.

Feb 22

409A
410A

We talked all day long. Lawrence and John had slept the whole of the day before. They had had only a few hours sleep on the whole trip through the floods. John is wonderful. His account of being home and seeing all "our people" he calls our friends made me feel near.

In the evening Igi'gae asked to have a ~~ceremony~~ dance here ~~that people from other might~~ because some people were going away the next day. It was a pleasant dance. No ceremony took place. I tried to take notes on the rhythm. Our sound equipment is out of order.

Monday Feb 23

Zuma's breast is a little better. Khollo's has recovered.
Did not get a lot done. Every one sleeps. Worked
with Leelmo on names - spelling - check.

We think there are 2 clicks. At least
we do not know why 4 are recorded and the
other three sounds are not called clicks.

Elij. is taking Porteus Maze tests. Getting
good results which disprove Dr. Porteus
finding of lowest racial group recordings. He
took tests of 25 Kalahari Bushmen, he
said the only ones he could find in
40000 miles. Elij. says she is going to
publish her stuff saying she took ^{tests} ~~test~~
200 tests Bushmen, the only ones that were in our
camp that day.

We are beginning to plan the return in.
to stay till August. Lawrence wants to stay at
Deborah. He want us to take a trip to Runka
first. John will stay here. Elij. - I want
to go. though we are torn about taking that
much time away from our daily grind.

We started at 11 A.M. John and #Toma had shot a buck the evening before and tracked it Tues. Morning but did not get it. John was disappointed not to leave some meat for #Toma. The 2 gemsbeck had lasted me 3 days. All the Bushmen had some given them by #Toma.

Elizabeth and I were in dresses. We hesitated about it. Lawrence encouraged us to wear them. It was odd travelling in a dress & stockings.

We took Philip Gani & George with us. Lodimo came along as far as his home at Nau Nau. He has a few days vacation there. We were glad to have him away from camp during our absence.

We traveled to the turn where the Runtu road branches from the W.N.T.G. road, 30 miles before Nokaneng. It was late and raining. We decided not to go into Nokaneng to visit the Wrights but to push on. Made camp late in gentle rain. To bed about 12:30. Tiring day. The chow boiled because of grass seed in the radiator - Every few miles we stopped to brush it out.

Wed March 11

We reached Shakawe at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Randall greeted us cordially and settled us in Mr. Mathias house in his absence. We put our beds on the floor and were very comfortable. We enjoyed having lunch and dinner with the Randalls. They are fine people, and very easy and comfortable to visit. We sat over our sundown tea about 10, then dined. There was no strain or anxiety. Interesting easy conversation. Mr. Randall

assistant to Mr. Mathias who is ^{Beckmann's} ^{and} ^{is} ⁴¹³
is the head of W.N.A. for the area. He told us
there used to be 10,000 Native laborers from Angola
who passed through that station. Now there are
only three thousand a year. He says due to
Marshall aid opening Angola. Coffee plantations
etc. take up the Angola labor now.

W.N.A. provides 300,000 laborers a year to the
many many mines on the Rand. It that is
what the long gold bearing reef is called.

He recruits from the Many Tribes, along the river
across the swamps. He takes people only from Bechuanaland
and Angola. The Angola men walk here to volunteer.
South West recruits its own labor within its boundaries.
S.W.A.N.A. gives some to the mines.

Thursday March 12

We pushed on to Andara Mission. Father Frölich
Father Thurnyssen and Sister Chriantha welcomed us
cordially. We had beer and cheese and bread and
coffee. Then went off to set up camp beside a
waterfall, in one of Mr. Morris' camps near Andara.
We returned to dinner at the Mission. The Mission
as a well built church made by Father Frölich
He did the wood work, painted the arches, the
windows and an altar piece himself.

Friday March 13.

Before lunch Father Frölich took us on the
river in his boat, a remarkable dugout which
held us all comfortably with 3 old Natives to row.
Father Frölich says the young Natives don't know
how to row.

We went among the islands and across to the other shore. This remarkable rice spread out in channel among the islands, & seeps through swamps, sometimes along this stretch it is a mile, sometimes three miles wide. At Runtu it is narrow. Below Slikawe must be 10,000 square miles of swamp full of paperus & reeds. It is in this swamp that the Okavango ends. Perhaps water goes underground. Much evaporates.

Father Fioliel took us on to an island to walk around a rapid. It was the stronghold of the chief when the Mission was first founded. In honor of M. Mon and the Missions Elig and I were in skit, & I in stockings. Ironic to go through the only patch of jungle we have been in in nylons.

We saw the rapid, where a woman was thrown in by the chief as punishment for stealing food from the chief. This was the last execution by native law of the area. She swam with her shoulder, survives the rapids, to be eaten by a crocodile in the pool below.

Audara Mission is rich with old world flavor. The nuns are German Benedictines. Father Fioliel is German, a young father Thurnyssen is Dutch. They have brought their old world skills. The beer the cheese, the ham, the bread and pastry was wonderfully good. Father Fioliel has been a good agriculturalist. His oranges and other fruits are luscious. His field and beasts are well cared for. It all made me think of the Spanish Mission of 2 centuries ago.

Sat. March 7

414

415

We went on Friday and camped in one of
McMoris camps just this side of Nyangami
Mission. The camp is high on the bank of the
river. Swamps stretch across the other side for
a few miles to the Angola land of trees and shrubs.
For the first time we could see a great distance
Africa's vastness ^{emphases} was visible, not only imagined.
We had a wonderful evening talking together
over our dinner and supper, just the youngsters
Lawrence and I. We talked about books, remembering
Water Babies, the wind in the willows and such. John
says he will be glad to have children to read
them to, as we read them together as a family.

Saturday March 14

In the morning we stopped for coffee at
Nyangami. Father Batson was there and the
old Brother who had built their church
and old father S —. We had a very pleasant
conversation about cannibals. Father S. says there
are cannibals across the river who file their teeth
and ate human flesh for meat. Not practical.
We doubt it. But he says he converted one of them
who confessed all. There were tales too of
witch doctors who kill children to provide a
soul to satisfy the gods in order to cure a patient
whose life will then be spared. And tale of
burying babies alive with their dead mother. One
of the priests pulled a baby out of a grave and brought
it to the Mission.

and had the man come up between his legs when he was on the job

There were tales too of the founding of the missions early in the century, Andara being the first. In those days the fathers trekked across the great continent by ox wagon, taking 2 months.

Once Father Goddard who is now Bishop of South West Africa had ^{an ox fall sick on the week out} a sick ox. He left it with a band of Bushmen near Kaduam. Telling them to care for it, and he would bring them tobacco on his return. Months later he returned. The Bushmen were waiting for him, the ox fat and well and strong.

On the first expedition out, two stayed and two returned. The ones who stayed were a father and a lay brother. They both died. Their graves have never been disclosed by the Natives.

Visited Nyangama Mission briefly, had refreshments with Father Schag and Father Badzen.

On Saturday afternoon we arrived at Sombio Mission and spent the night there. Father Hartman the great father is away. He is the one who lost an eye when a bullet ricocheted when he was shooting a leopard that got into the boys' sleeping room. He also is the one who collects stone implements. His implements look very exciting, big early ones as well as wilton tiny ones. Steller back. I wonder, as the big one. They look chellean to me. The levels are not needed. Sombio is the Mission of the wonderful Sister Leopoldine and Father Van Rodsmalen & the beautiful brother with the big nose, the Nursing sister who looks like Saint Cecilia and the 20 other vigorous old sisters. Staying over night with them is enough to convert one to Catholicism.

Sunday March 15 416
417

We went to Mass and attended the ceremony of the Stations of the Cross. It was very moving to see that little church crowded to overflowing with the children of the Mission and other prisoners. The singing was beautiful, in the native language. The mass was conducted too in the native language. We shall never forget Sister Leopoldine's Mouth when she was singing.

We left after lunch - having taken Paul camera pictures of the father & sisters to their great pleasure. Gave \$10 to the Mission.

Arrived at Mr. Morris' about 5. Had bath, dressed up. Sundowners on the lawn. a lovely dinner, talk over coffee and to bed in beds in embroidered sheets from Finland.

Monday March 16

Attended Mr. Morris' annual tribal meeting. There are 21 tribes in his area. 5 principal men. The 5 chiefs (one is a chief^{ness}) sat on chairs. Left Mr. Morris, the tribesmen on the ground behind. Over 300 were there.

I am not going to put down all we learned and thought about the Okavango. I'm not going to take the time. We like Mr. Morris very much. Think he has a tremendous and different job, sympathetic with all his efforts.

Tuesday March 16

417

415

A witch doctor was tried. His case had been brought to the chief by a headman. The chief brought it to Mr. Morris. The witch doctor pleaded guilty. His punishment was to have his kit confiscated, and to be given six lashes with a whip. The witch doctor did not seem very upset. He had not always been a witch doctor. He had been to govt fountain to work and on his return had traded an overcoat & a hat for the witch doctor equipment. It was a very poor kit, a boat and clay. When asked what each thing was for, he would say to cure this & that - with the help of God Mr. Morris gave us the kit.

People arrived. Mr. Matthias & the W.N.T.A. inspectors - Mr. Warren and a girl, Miss Millar ^{Clair} among ~~others~~ others. Mr. Randall & others. The girl wanted to come with us to Gualscho. We said no. They invited us to go on the barge from Sopopo to Saronyo. We accepted & made plans. J. & John went off to see Father Cooper at Buiyo mission that pm. so we could start early Wed. M.

Wednesday March 17.

Left the Morris. They have been very kind to us. It was pleasant to stay with them. Drove to Shikaua. Arrived about 9:30. Stayed with Mr. Matthias. 10 C.T. or Old Man River.

Thursday March 18

The Barge left about 4:30 or 5 pm. We travelled till 10:30 then made camp on the bank. Can't take time to tell. It was very pleasant.

Friday March 19

Arrived Saronyo before lunch. Lunched. Returned to Sopopo, arriving at dark. Camped there. It was all like being inside a moving picture.

Papyrus, crocodiles, Conversation. Drive. good food ⁴¹⁸
419
of like Bechuanaland people. The W.N.A. people
at Shikana are very libal - Mr. Mathias particularly
and Mr. & Mrs. Randall.

Saludy March 20
Long hard day driving back to camp. Went to
Gomari to get a drive. Drive was sick. No go.
Arrived home about 8, too tired to eat or drink.
Elizabeth is sick.

Sunday March 21
Moremi's son's wife's younger sister menstruated.
There was a party in honor of her coming out -
which she liberally did after being confined in -
but for 3 days. She was brought out by Makiana
covered with a cloak which Makiana removed
like unveiling a statue.

Something is on Makiana's mind. Also
on Moremi's. He talked a great deal about our
friend ship. How we seemed nice & friendly
but he did not know ^{what was in our minds} what we were going to
report to Mr. Morris. All whites stand together.
he said. He said he hoped we would not report
his drinking beer at the party. It was a custom
he said, but since the white man's rule,
the native customs were almost all prohibited.

Monday March 22
Two babies, Debe, Zuma's son, and Debe Kheo's son
are very ill. I am afraid they are going to die.
I worked all day over them, getting medicine from
beards into them. Elizabeth is sick too.

Tuesday March 23. 420

I am in an agony of worry about the babies.

I write again on April 29. I do not keep up the diary - something has to go wrong I can not do any more than I do. The choice I made seems at the time to be the most urgent. I'll write what I remember of this interval.

The babies recovered. Now both are blooming. They can walk again and smile. I do not want to remember too vividly their being near death. I wonder if all babies die quietly. I never saw babies so ill as these. They had given up, they made no struggle, no cry of protest. ^{They did not nurse.} They lay inert drifting away into death. We set up a hospital for them in the round table, hoping Mr. Morris would not come to see. Both the mothers brought their babies each morning. We did nothing else but care for them. We would rouse them to lay clothe them with medicine, let them rest in hour, rouse them again for milk "a soup" orange juice. I squashed ^{the inside of} vitamin pills + rubbed the stuff on their tongue. They were too weak to nurse. I'd have to get every thing down half spoon full by half spoon full. I slipped into the sides of their mouths. I wished I'd worked in the children's hospital & see how they do things. They would vomit - and it would all to be done over. But I made beds for them on the ground with covers over them so in between efforts they lay down & slept.

The mothers patients lay close beside them all day long. After 4 days they improved so much that the care was not so constant. They made steady gains. Now I see Zuma's Debe every day walking again and gaining weight.

One baby died at Cho'ava - at this time. The parents brought it for medicine which was given 2 times. The baby looked so fat and blooming that I did not have it much on my mind. When they did not return with the child I assumed it was all right. Then I was shocked to hear it had died. The father said they had come back for medicine but that Franz had driven them away. He said the evil spirits of his ancestor the 'Ngawa' had entered the child.

On the 25th ^{F 27th} March John & Henrie went to Gantschu & Debnagu to decide where we would settle when we go. They were away a few days. Decided not enough water at Debnagu. John was enchanted with the quiet country & the pass now blue lake. He wanted to go back for pictures & hope we all came to mess things up. This they did. He & Henrie went back on ~~the 28th~~ ^{29th} Mar 30 - Apr 4

On Thursday Mar 26 Elizabeth decided to go home. On Monday Mar 30 she left - Laurence taking her out. She flew to Johnsonburg. Had to wait for reservation on Pan Am. Tied Thurs. Apr 9.

Ma Riema was very ill. Ledumo & I took care of her assiduously. Laurence wired to Dr. Kuske. He sent a

trick down to her - + took her - Moreni to Reuter. Her temperature of 104.4 had responded to aures + was down to normal when the truck came on April 1.

Laurence was away from Mar 30 to Apr 8 taking Elzy out. Sedmo Philip - I were alone while John + Heiner were away from the 30th to the 4th. It rained a good deal. The Bushmen men were with John the Bushmen women were bored + lonely and very glad to talk with me morning + afternoons. Had good interviews.

Laurence was in camp from Apr 8 to 13. He left again to go out to find a sound engineer. He had brought a boy named Joan with him as a mechanic. When he went on the 13th he left Joan with me. On the 11th John + Heiner had gone back to Gaultsche with the first load of things and all the Bushmen. Some: a Sam gas / gas noma + gas 'Quil Keshay, Naisi + gas / gas Xama Zuma. Gas Debe. I thought John + Heiner would be back on the 12th or wed, the 14th or 15th. They did not come till late at night on the 19th. I got terribly worried. The ~~Dodge~~ Chevy had no tools. Not a jack nor a spanner. I felt helpless. Sent Bushmen to find John. They returned saying they would perish in the rain. It was a torrential rain. One of the heaviest we had had. I had repacked + sorted + aired my things. When J. + H. returned they rested 2 days. Then we loaded the Chevy + Dodge + started for Gaultsche. It had taken 3 days to go

on the trip with all the auto equipment - the
 Bushner. They had stuck in the nose. It
 took us 3 days too, Chew had to be pulled,
 there was water in the gas. Grass seed in
 the radiator. One thing and another.

When we arrived at 3 pm. Wednesday
 there were flamingoes on the pan. John took
 pictures. As he finished we heard a truck and
 there was Lawrence right behind us. With him
 was a Mr. Kiroch who had my kudy
 brought him in. Mr. K. has a garage at Grootfontein
 He was a pleasant guest during the days of
 setting the camp. Wed then Fri Sat -
 Sunday we rested. Monday ^{Apr 27} Lawrence & Mr K,
 went out taking Ivan with them. I will
 bring back a sound engineer. I began
 work again. I am troubled about the Sound.

I'll have to stop all else to do that
 The man from the U. of London gave Lawrence
 lists of sentences and words that he wants recorded.
 Lawrence thinks it will be very simple to record this
 material. I hope the sound engineer can do it
 himself. I'll be very happy if he can. I have
 a few plans of my own: To record for instance
 words which show not only the 4 clicks
 but the 3 other sounds that Shapana
 does not list as clicks. I wouldn't know
 what to call them; and the long and
 short pronunciation of the same syllable, the
 more and less explosive pronunciation. All names
 and Kiri Terms. Songs

424

Telling a story, conversation. sounds of the weft
Night sounds day sounds of the weft. Wind. bird.
To fill into blank place in the film instead
of leaving them as dead vacuums. Also how the
birds sound different when different people say them.

Sunday Apr 26 We had a conference
about plans with #Toma, I Qui, Qao Med, Qao Belmont.
We asked #Toma's advice. We proposed. he agreed.
#Toma tends more to agree than advise, except
about Tolun's plans. There #Toma advises
strenuously. We plan to give tobacco
every 3 days. We took #Toma measure,
what he thought enough and have a
tin. It is 2 g my handsful. We give to
every one and have explained that
we expect to take pictures & ask
questions at the weft of anyone. When
the time involved in each is short. For
long interviews I will have people come here
to the camp and will give ^{for 2 hours or more} ~~measure~~ ^{the cup is my yellow}
one cup of Mealie Meal. The ~~cup~~ ^{measure} is my yellow
cup. This has worked well so far. We
expect to shoot one buck a week and
give it to each head man in turn.
Golun wants to spend this month
going on trips for hunting & redkos
on foot. He says if he takes the truck
or the jeep even part way. The party
has a different quality. People look less

425

tried. He has been several times already
this way. He carries film and the heavy
Bolex and a gun. Gani carries 2 blankets
and a little food and water. He cannot
carry enough to supply John & himself
they have to manage as the Bushmen do.
Last time they were without water
from one afternoon to the next night
with about 20 miles to walk in heat.
John says it is best to try not to
think about water.

Tom's advice about this is not to do it.
He says they feel pity for John. They are
accustomed to being without water, and can
go three days without. They are afraid
they say that John can not do this and
that he will become exhausted from thirst.
Of course this makes John the more determined
to do just as they do. Lawrence is confident
that John will not die of thirst.
Somebody ought to remember that when
the Bushmen follow game for 3 days without
water they carry only their bows and arrows.
When the game is killed they have to get back
to water and the rest of the band and then
plan how to carry the meat.

In the conference on Sunday the men
said they were glad to have us back. They
missed us. They listened for trucks and
heard only the wind.

When John left on the Tsi trip on Wed. Apr 29
 # Toma said to me that it was all right
 for John to come on this trip. It was not
 far. Heiner could bring him food + water
 + flem (as he did thru Aug.) But # Toma
 said he strongly advised John not to come
 on the next trip which would be far away.
 # Toma said they might meet hostile
 people there. He said he was telling me
 because I listened to his advise
 whereas Lawrence and John did not.
 He said Lawrence persisted in thinking
 Bushmen were like other people who
 met each other in peace and were glad
 to see each other. Bushmen he says are
 not like that. They fight each other when
 they meet unless they are used to each
 other. And they could on this next far trip
 meet people who would resent John as
 a stranger. He made gestures with ^{if shooting} as with
 bow + arrow ~~shoot~~ at this point. Evidently
 # Toma does not want John to go on that
 trip for some reason. How to evaluate what
 he says? There are like the dangerous people
 at Nurigas? or reality? or some reason
 hidden? # Toma talked about his fear, trust
 for John on Sunday. Now it is hostile people.
 John takes his gun to do his share, hunting
 only his share - to keep up his end of the food getting
 He lives like the Bushmen when he is with them.
 Sharpen pipes and everything else blankets pots
 eating beef + their meat

cooked their way

1900
1901
1902
1903

Sat. May 30

427

This is May 30. For one month I have not written a word in the diary. I do not bemoan this. Much must be left undone. One makes the best choice one can as to which to do which to let go of the unnumerable necessary interesting things to do.

I am sitting at the dining table just before lunch. The day is clear and breezy. Cool enough for one jacket. We have fires at breakfast and dinner time, rounding out the year when we began sitting around the fire. This morning John and I went together and got a picture of \ne Gao putting his umbilical cord under a bush. A little ceremony. It was very simple. No no-alls, no formalities were observed. \ne Keshap took the cord from a bag where it had been since \ne Gao's birth - and took him by the hand to a bush 60 feet from the skeren. She gave him the cord told him to lap it under the bush. He did as he was told, reaching away in to the center of the bush. Among the stalks as they came out of the ground.

\ne Keshap says it does not matter which kind of bush is used. Then we asked \ne Nisa the old medicine woman to show how they put sa powder on the head of a guest and around the eyes. \ne Gao the lunch back was the guest. John got the making of copper beads too. It was a good morning.

Mi d'air is used as an honorary term of affection. I've been called it lately a lot. People seem very pleased with us, gracious, willing to work with us. More so than ever. I wonder if the little bit of meal we give them to do with the good mood responsiveness, politeness, affection that we receive? Is it that it helps with hunger or that the symbol of giving food is pleasing to them?

\ne Gao arrived 2 days ago. We are giving to him. Gao helmet left Friday. It is said he is taking Xama on his way with his husband to the place the husband lives. Xama made nothing of saying good bye to us, though John + I were there.

This time 11 Kushay² went peacefully. The time before she had refused at the last minute to go. Qao seized her baby to coerce her. He walked off with her. 11 Kushay hit him with her digging stick. He glared and yelled but did not hit back. He kept the baby. 11 Kushay walked around in a big circle. Finally followed after the group.

This time there was an interesting scene. Every body was talking at once, waving arms. I thought another argument was in progress. It was a discussion about gifts.

Demi sat on top of a mound of ashes and pronounced. He said the Bushmen must stop together. They must continue their custom of giving gifts. Presently 11 Kushay² gave a fine ostr. egg head head band to Qao. Her father. Qao helmet took off the head he was wearing, handed them to 11 Kushay¹ who gave them to her mother. I gave John got a picture.

Laurence went out again Sat. am. May 30.

We took Frank Hesse and Mr. Ernst Westphal with him and. Henrich. Henrich replaces Adah who wanted to leave and to do so claimed he was sick. He dumped him into the hospital the last trip out. Frank Hesse had been loaned to us from his job in Pretoria to work on sound. Another young man will come in to take his place. If he is half as nice as Frank we shall be lucky. Frank is a darling. and very capable with the equipment. We have 16 reel of recording, singing and talking. One session on language. Mr. Westphal found it impossible to record vocabulary.

Sunday May 31 was a quiet day. I thought all day with my note book and the golden Bough in my lap. I felt as though I thought with ~~insight~~ ^{penetration}, and that the religion and taboos began to take shape as at one time the kinship system did - after a long period of confusion. I even thought about the kin system and got some idea which I still believe - days after - is the real form - reason.

twi ma is regret
not to be
the absent one.

Monday, June 1, John and I took pictures of
 Beni showing how he lied in a battle between
 German and Hereros. To give a date. He was a
 young man then. It will give a measurement, when
 the Choana came. And Masaka wife of 99. Carrying
 1 Khua and Khani. I love to work with John. I
 know the strain of very wind of the camera - every time
 373/ we look at the light meter. My blood heart bleed for him.
 yet. There is compensation for him - for me - and for
 us both together. Both of us are happier at the
 moment than we some times are. The strains are real.
 The human relations with the Bushmen are so
 good that we find nourishment to our souls in
 minds in them instead of starvation, as we
 do when relations are strained. I have never
 lived day after day in such manifestation of affection
 as surrounds us these days. † Nisa No. portrait taken.

Tuesday June 2. John took a group of people
 to Tsi. We asked U to perform the ceremony of washing
 Noma and she said she would if John would
 take her to get Tsi. So John did - and so many
 people wanted to go that he had to take the
 power wagon.

- U + Tona + children U do + Nisa
- Qao + Di'ai (Hagoa is not here. Don't know where she
 went) and children Naito
- Qui + Hushay and children.

Remaining here are:

- Qui hunter { Qan Be † goma + Igan
- † Qao + women { Khani + children
- † Qao children

Qao lunch back + band
 Qui' Gas and an enormous aggregation

Herna + I alone for supper. And now writing in the tent. Cold.

But as for the rest of the unrecorded month. I am too cold to want to write more. Let it go. I'm going to bed at 8 pm. to read the Golden Bough.

No. The Coleman Camp in the explorer's tent warm it enough so that in sleeping bag blanket + with a sweater or I can face writing now. Let us take up wild life. No lions - except one early morning roar. but a leopard passed so close by the tent I thought it was Bark snoring beside me. The leopard stirred up some birds I heard near at night heard such a hubbub of birds. A Kudu snorted no morning - again so near the tent I thought it was the puppy from Gijgas's place. Heine + John heard it - ran in their guns. Shot it before breakfast. F. Goma said to give it to Gijgas which we did. That is very important to note + think about. Last one he said to give to old Goma which we did. He had not wanted the first one - which we gave him. He had gone away hunting all day Thursday, and chided us when he returned for not having done what he said - which was to give it to Goo helmet. After the long talk with Goo helmet took place I understood Goma all the more - or at least what we had thought might be the situation was confirmed. But wild life - Lawrence got a lizard in his sleeping bag. He was both brave and active. But the wild life of the month was snakes. First Heine found a

snake in the bath room - we put that into Charles's
 jug. That afternoon it was Sunday - while I was
 bathing peacefully in my tent - as I reached for
 the talcum powder I saw a puff adder nosing
 along the netting of the tent - about 3 feet from me.
 I dressed quickly and went out the other
 end of the tent. I called Frank & Hedwig. You
 came too the puff adder after scrutinizing the
 collection of people went under the tent floor.
 Stretches, boxes, table & chair had to be moved.
 Eventually Hedwig caught it through the floor
 of the tent, ^{by means of wire his hand} with a pole. Frank worked it
 out. He caught it on the stick, tossed it
 on to Jim. The snake was too upset to
 bite Jim. Jim did not wait for it to
 collect itself. I took moving pictures. We
 killed the snake, took it to Di'ai for her
 supper. A few days after that - Lawrence
 was back. We were quietly at work at the weft
 when ~~the~~ man from Gi'gai's weft came
 running to say there was a Mamba. The
 stream of people out of our weft was impressive.
 I marvelled at Mr. Westphal continuing his
 work on vocabulary with out ³⁷⁵ finding out why
 every one else dropped every thing & ran.
 Heiner had been notified. He came along with
 a gun and all our bags. John remembered to
 bring a camera. Lawrence pushed along to the
 head of the crowd looking very grim. People
 from Gi'gai's weft had been returning with the
 evening load of wood and had seen a Mamba
 sunning itself on the side of an ant hill in

432

the late afternoon glow. When they approached the snake went into a hole in the ant hill. It was at the ant hill we congregated to talk things over. Everyone talked at once, of course. But Lawrence led the maneuvers. Gasoline was brought + poured into one hole on the far side of the ant hill. We surrounded the hole where the mamba had gone in, all + use John with his camera. Heiner with his gun, everyone else with a stick + a shovel except me. I kept looking about in the grass + trees around us in case there be the mamba's wife wishing to join her husband. A match was tossed into the gasoline filled hole. After a startling whoom a column of fire rose steadily from the hole and burned for half an hour. We got tired waiting. Everyone shifted about a bit. It was next decided to try kerosene. A gallon was brought and poured into the hole the mamba had entered. John got his camera to his eye. Heiner cocked his gun. We waited. Nothing happened. It was getting dark. We decided to give up and I went off to get my coat. John folded up his camera. Heiner let down his gun. At that instant the mamba came out and glided into the grass. The next period I do not like to remember. When I returned with my coat John and Ftoma were beating about in the grass. Ftoma poking with an unforked stick, John with a

broken sticks like a flail. Lawrence was more
 and more worried but felt there was nothing
 more we could do then in the twilight. He
 planned an organized search in the morning.
 We went back to Slupper. All the Bushmen
 went to their homes. We were having a
 sun downer when a great shrieking and
 shouting at 'gi'gae's weft roused us
 to run again. Herin with his gun the
 rest of us just coming along. Tsangao
 Pan's husband, had heard the snake
 walking passed the weft, he said
 and turned to look - and there it was
 gliding toward another ant hill a
 few feet from Tsangao's skum. Its
 spoon was there. No doubt. The

Bushman begged us to leave it for the
 night saying that if it were disturbed
 again no one could know where it would
 go - but if we left it in peace it
 would stay in the ant hill. We did
 as they said.

Next morning at dawn Operation Mamba
 began. The area around the ant hill was
 cleared of grass. Again gasoline was burned
 the holes in the ant hill & in the
 surrounding ground were plugged. Gasoline
 again was burned. Mr. Westphal had a
 mirror to reflect light into the main hole
 so John could get a picture. The snake
 moved from the heated area crossed the
 main entrance tried to escape through another

439
hole which was plugged. Kerosene was poured
down this hole - 2 qals. The snake came to
the main entrance and coiled there. John took
pictures then Heiner and Lawrence shot
Heiner with the shot gun. Lawrence with his
revolver. Heinrich was ordered to pull the
snake out. He got a stick and cautiously
approached the hole saying, "K'omst du
hier, my little friend." He poked and
pulled. Got hold of a tail - about 3 feet,
snake came out. He then poked out the
head; but that was not all. At last
he reached in and brought out a third piece
put together. There was eight feet of
horrible black mamba.

Sunday

June 7 1953

Again a delayed attempt to write a letter.
At about four thirty, Sedimo and I were at the verft
when Gani came over to say Lawrence had arrived.
We hurried back and from the rise beyond the camp
saw a strange truck. With Lawrence were both
Dr. & Mrs. Scherg and Hans Ernst. Mr. Scherg is to do still
photography, Mr. Ernst is to do sound. Dr. Scherg came
because the Dodge had burned out a bearing very badly
at the bridge at Otjivarongo - a quarter of a mile from
the African Motors Garage. The ways of the guardian
Angel are mysterious and not for man to fathom.
The bearing might have burned out between
Gaulscha and Sam Angai gai, or it might not
have burned out at all. Dr. Scherg borrowed a
truck from a friend to bring Dr. & Mrs. S. back.
He will return this week. Mrs. S. will stay a month.
They ruined two tires on the way out & have no
spare now. One vehicle should not go alone in this
country.

Dr. & Mrs. Schery are delightful people, full of enthusiasm in photographing and collecting. The only adverse aspect of such enthusiasm is that they burst at things and require us to follow after them. She reorganized my material from the Golden Bough again and buys and reads 590 ahead with 4 more pages, questions on subjects not yet touched, or in sufficiently defined m. But this next week - any way - will be given to photos. I must do this. John is going to take ceremonies. Mrs. S. must be guided to take what is significant to us. She takes pictures very quietly. She must have taken 50 or 60 this am. so much film gone. But I. says quite rightly we owe it to her to get her just enthusiasm satisfied. We are employing her at 2 guineas a day to take pictures for our purposes. She is a very very nice woman. speaks almost no English - but will do anything we can make her understand to do.

John returned from the tai trip today. It was a very successful trip. The group brought almost as many tai as we brought mangratts. Also John got a gems buck. He (Ganited) it. There had been no clouds for weeks. A few moments after he killed it - it has long hours - clouds appeared. We noticed them from camp. He was on the other side of Nama. He got some good hunting pictures. He hopes they will come out well. Has skinned a stien buck.

I had the best week of the trip last week. It was like a harvest. The old men have been talking to me, apparently not only willingly but enjoying teaching me. I filled 2 note books on religious matters. I had absorbed all I could from the Golden Bough by reading it twice, setting thinking, waking up at night thinking, trying to penetrate and relate material I had and to think of penetrating questions. I feel that very much was accomplished in my understanding and in the detail gathered.

The name of the wife of ~~g~~ had been with her there is a strong fear to say it, but the old men

Basal fruit water bottle
sieve

Don't forget to send Books to
Mr. Randall's children -

told me my name and certain things about her. And
 one day I asked Igam and Kluaella to whisper me
 the name that may not be spoken. I promised I
 would be very careful. They did whisper it me. It
 is We di. Unfortunately the day after they whispered
 it Igam was very ill with a burning fever, and
 Kluaella's son's mouth inside - and his lips
 broke out into a terrible inflammation and little ulcers.
 Igam's mouth too is inflamed and has ulcers. Does
 this end the possibility of learning more about the wife
 of qao'na, Klwova.

I notice that I use the same words as they.
 I say I fear to say the names that must not be
 said. They too say they fear to say them. My
 reason for fearing is different from theirs but the
 effect of the fear is the same. The reason is an
 intangible and has to do with belief - that disaster
 will befall and that they will think this the cause.

At this point Dr. Scherz came in having collected
 a basob fruit water bottles from qiqae's old skum. I
 said we would take it back. There are many things
 left in the old skum. It's bag^{9 1/2} from the first trip
 is hanging full of things. Several steel egg shells. I
 explained we did not collect Basobmen object.
 Then Dr Scherz showed us his lizard, which he
 sends alive to Europe. He is a great collector. He wants
 tins and piece of screen for them, and boxes for
 beetles, and magazines for grass seeds etc etc.

lizards

Toma was given the gemsbush. There is meat
 and tsi and all are of recreation. Groups large
 groups sit to talk. Boys and girls play. Someone
 is always playing the /qua shi. It is lovely.
 The girls are as gay as in the spring. No flowers
 in their hair but in full regalia of beads. They
 play games every evening.

cup

A Kudu was killed just before the 1st trip left. I was dressing in the better tent I heard a bark just outside. I could think of nothing to account for it but the better dog at Gijae's weft. I thought it did not sound like a dog. When I came out I found it had been a Kudu. Henia & John had run after it and Henia shot it. Foma gave it all to Gijae and Gijae gave it to his people - but none to our weft. So when Foma got the gembruch I saw no meat go to Gijae's place.

Bepe that a wild beast had been shot by Henia at Shin Thuma. That - agreed by John & Foma together was given to old Foma. He shared it all around carrying the hind quarter here the fore quarter there passing fauenc & one each time to show what he was doing and saying chi ja and nodding and smiling to us.

The episode of the cup occurred. On Thursday 4 men who had been working for Moremi arrived here with their women. Visiting their weft I saw one of our yellow cups. Qui had it (others are ! Nani Bo & Gumbasa.) He said he had found it. I believed he could have as there was a possibility. The question was whether he had found it before or after we left. He said having found it he had the right to keep it, but later thought better of this and gave it back. I gave him a small white cup in return and a tin. This Philip said was a great mistake

And it may have been. Philip said Bushmen would not steal everything and bring things back for reward - saying they had found the things. I do not think this will happen, but the episode may have been out of proportion some other way. #Goma (old) and others supported Iq. Well. it is done now not to be undone. I want not to encourage the visitors to be here eating up every morsel food. And have said we would give tobacco when they come and when they go. We do nothing with the cigarette group. Take no pictures ash for no interviews.

Out a few days later people from Keeli came six women, 5 men. None of the women married to the men. They reminded me of the Iq situation

June 12 1953

June is almost over. So far it has been spent in trying to work out the problems of stills and sound. Neither are under perfect control. Mrs. Sherg is a sweet woman, an able photographer, energetic and eager. She goes ahead taking pictures by the score which interest her. I can't stop her and try to keep ahead by organizing the pictures I want taken, with only partial success. She wanders off on her own account, fascinated by all she sees. I run to bring her back. I find her taking pictures of all the things I said we did not want picture of - tripod legs, me, etc. She assures me that they are just for fun, or that they will be of interest to people in south west. I want to control the pictures that are released so that they represent our taste and our values and our estimation of significance. Not children playing with yellow balloons or Mr. Ernst doing magician tricks. These will vitiate a truth. They make the Bushmen look like shun folk in a location smeared with sentimentalizing, which is in no wise a truth.

After supper Hans Ernst talked about his capture by the Russians on May 10 - 2 days after the war ended. With 20,000 others - soldiers of all kinds, civilians of all kinds he ^{was} marched from west end of Czechoslovakia to the other and then sent to prison camp at Constantinople. He was there 1 year. He had nothing to eat but a watery soup with a few beans. He said he could scarcely get up from sitting. Everything would be black for a while when he stood. Then he could move. He was 20 and strong, so he survived. But when the female Russian doctors examined him, and other prisoners, to determine whether they were fit to work in Siberia a while later, and he was rated No 1. He escaped. He was 2 months with a friend Franz, walking to Vienna. There friends smuggled him ^{up to the border} into Germany on a train in a little compartment for dogs. He & his friend then had to cross the border ^{with} guards at night. The story is too long to write. How they met 4 girls and a man with a rucksack, running the border. How they were caught, Hans & his friend escaped while the guards were diverted - how they came to an American Red Cross & were given food and railway tickets home.

I do not remember if I wrote about Mr. Morris coming to Gaultscha. I should do so, but it is late and cold. I wish I were cozy ^{at home} and had a story to read in bed and that Laurence was happy asleep, and Elizabeth and John safe at home and Nana well and that we were going to have a party with all the friends tomorrow.

#gao, husband of Bau. Iglia had been to Kai Kai to visit. He returned saying Mr. Morris had been in Kai Kai, was going to Kuli, and then coming here.

One Sunday afternoon. May 17, 1953 it was, we had caught the puff adder who had tried to get into my tent while I was bathing, and had taken it to Di'ai for her supper when we heard a truck. By the time we got back from the west Mr. Morris and Mr. Matthias had party unloaded. After ^{our} greetings, they told us that Dr Tschoke (sp?) was left. Leaf was between here and Kuli, with Mr. Matthias luxury vehicle which had a hopelessly burned out bearing. John set off at once with the Dodge & Mr. Matthias, to pull in his car. Mr. Morris and I had supper together and a long talk. I like him very much. He told me about having to leave his 7 year old son when he went to war and wept while he told me. We talked about many things beside. About nine thirty John and the others came along, the Dodge roaring in low gear & 4 wheel drive, hauling Mr. Matthias truck. It was a happy arrival. We all had a drink and the late comers had supper and so to bed. Laurence & Heiner were away Frank Hesse was here, John & I. Next day Frank and Mr. Matthias worked over the radio to send a message to Sha Kawe to send a new engine down by truck. They failed to get contact in the morning. I took Mr. Morris Mr Matthias Dr. Tschoke #goma gao Ledimo Goni & some of their boys to Shin Shuma. We took Mr. Morr's truck & the Jeep. Had lunch there and a drive around the pen. I was relieved to get them all safely back. Frank had got contact at 3 pm with Sha Kawe and arranged for a talk next morning. Dr. Tschoke took over the kitchen. I was like a guest enjoying excellent food which I had to take no responsibility for. Tuesday afternoon they left. John escorted them in the Dodge. They slept on the road, reached Sam angai gai Wednesday

441

John waited for the rescue truck. Mr. Morris took it back and John brought the part & the mechanic here. arriving Thursday night. Did he leave Monday & Tuesday? And what was his name?

While Mr. Morris was here he held a meeting of the people at the wharf. He & I sat on a log under the big tree. The entrance was arranged. Cigarette, Supo and Chakunga, Mr. M's interpreters, gathered everyone in a big semi circle facing the tree. When they were assembled Mr. Morris & I entered. Everyone stood, raising their ^{right} arms, shouting "Morrow" all together and then sat down, as we sat on our log.

Since then the children have been playing Morrisi occasionally. !Nai shi. I gase. + gao will see me coming. They squat down, stand up, shout "Morrow" with their hands raised. sit right down again.

Mr. Morris spoke at the meeting on the following points:

- 1) The Law: They are forbidden, Mr. Morris told them to burn the field or to shoot game or to kill each other. ~~except~~, Mr. Morris, added that if a man killed another because the other had taken his wife the law would be lenient with him, keeping him in prison only a few months.
- 2) The road: Mr. Morris had had the Sambugai Bushmen work on the road down here. They had widened and grassed the spoor as far as the Noma omarumba and finally found a better place to cross the Noma. That had taken the time that would otherwise have been spent on the stretch between Sambugai gai & Chokana. The road they grassed was very heavy in the sand. I heard Hui & John talking about hardly being able to get through though I don't fully understand why.

Mr. Morris had said he would not open a post at Gautocha unless the road were maintained. At this time he had said this. Here at Gautocha he said the rest of the road could not be built at present. (The Bushmen he + Tona Qui at least had said they did not wish to work on a road and had asked us to be sure to take them with us + not leave them to be made to work on a road)

3) Mr. Morris said if there were a very grave sickness with many people sick he would send a doctor if some one would come to see him, but that he could not send a doctor for just a few persons or a minor sickness.

4) Mr. Morris told the Bushmen they were free in regard to employment. He stated explicitly that no one, not the Herero or Bechuana or anyone should enslave them. They could seek employment if they wished, and should receive compensation to be agreed upon. They are free to go when they wish, he said.

He asked if anyone had anything to say. None had. Mr. Morris then asked that the

head men come forward to receive a bowl of tobacco and one of salt to be distributed. No one came forward. No one admitted he was a head man. Finally Gao Medicine pointed to old + Goma and some one pointed to Gao (fa.) Keshag. There was a flurry of talk and they came forward to make the distribution.

+ Tona lay wrapped in a blanket looking sick - to the side. Gao Keshag sat in the middle forward part of the circle and had a lot to say, sort of agreeing with things, looking pleased. Old + Goma sat near him with 11 us beside him a bit forward & near Gao. Gao Medicine sat back to the side, his people around him. Gao sat in the back row. None else was distinguished by position either forward or back.

Jan 1-9 ad
Peter + letter
Eve Belmont
F. Tomar
A. + Tomar
Quadruman

I asked #Toma when it was over and Gae was busy distributing if he would suggest to him Gae that he tell Mr. Morris about his son Gao being detained by a Herero (see note) #Toma said Gae would know himself what he wished to do, and would need no suggestion from #Toma.

I spoke myself to Mr. Morris about this. Mr. M. said the Bechuan officials would not want to have anything to do with the matter unless one of Gao's family came in person to identify Gao. He said a Herero would never say he had never heard of a boy named Gao and the official would look foolish and could do nothing. I can see that point.

Gao did not come to Mr. Morris so the matter dropped. When Nupka returned later from Kai Kai she said she heard her brother had gone to Maun. Nothing will be done.

Next morning Mr. Morris held another meeting with the Bechuan - for anyone to attend who had anything to say. The question has been asked has been skirted on in our conversation as to whether the Hereros and Bechuan slave and intimidate the Bechuan, and whether they coerce them in Mr. Morris name or what they do. Gumtša was here from Keeli - having guided Mr. Morris over. After the meeting which I did not attend, Mr. M. said their only complaint is that the Hereros & Bechuan charge too high a price for tobacco.

Pot for 1100
Blankets
Shirt
Pants

Qui pipe
Khu 110 pipe
1900 "

Deni blanket
1 Khu
+ 900
Khu 110
qasa
Di 11 Khu
old qasa

Make list before next trip out.

count yards of material
" scraps left.

Shirt + pants

Watch Philip
qani
Boots pedimo

Pots
Fire sinker
knives
pipe
blankets
scraps
beads

zunku
giri

Khanu 110's breast

Sat.

June 13 1953

444

I am sad tonight. Everything seems pathetic to me. John returned with Gani and Gao 11:00 having hunted for two days and got nothing. They were cold hungry and dejected. They had seen game & all missed their shots. They are all at the boys for making a little merry with the guitar & mouth organ. I have not been tending my relations with Philip and Gani very well. I hardly see them. Philip seems depressed, as well he might be being away from home so long. I work till I am used up and have been sitting by the fire talking to the guests of an evening, making no friendly talk or a little gaiety with anyone.

Today also I feel depressed about the people from Chio'ana and Keeli. Both groups left this morning early without saying good bye, nor asking for tobacco. There are things more important than tobacco. What is it. They may have felt rejected, proud, resentful, at not being taken into our joined group. We did not want a marriage visitor who would not otherwise be here by giving tobacco. Especially after the cup episode we wanted to hold back.

As to the Keeli group old Goma said when I asked why they left so without receiving their parting gift of tobacco that he suspected something from their behavior but did not know what.

Land of release of arrow

write up bands
statistics
marriage

gas's talk about #Toma.

My whole week went into steel pictures & one ⁴⁴⁵ sound recording. More days will go into both. The whole matter is not too well thought out. I've been giving my best to get it in hand. The way I work though is to go to the way to see who is there & what can be arranged. Mrs. Shery is still taking everything she sees. An ardent, energetic woman, a very nice woman. But God only knows what we have pictures of. If I accept a sort of broad side - hundreds of pictures. Some will be useful, and relax in that it will be best. I've accomplished on my side of things - I extended family ^{900 med.} - fire making, oracle dolls, portrait of Demi & a few ornaments - hair cuts. Qase & Qao dancing & dog showing steels.

On June 21 Lawrence and I will have been married twenty seven years.

I must write about Qao helmet & his talk about Toma. The lamp is flickering. Tomorrow will be Sunday.

Sunday June 14 1953

Bo and I Qui from Cho'ava are back. They may have moved only a short distance. That is what Lawrence thinks. This proved to be the case.

Dam & Qia went to Kai Kai without asking for tobacco.

!Naoka & I Qui hunter's baby I Khoa has a badly burned leg. I put on the Tanifox which Dr. Tseloche sent for burns and see worried about it. Wish I hadn't. It hardens over. I'm

afraid of infection inside. She has a temp of 44.6
109.4 under the arm. Looked at her this a.m.
bandaged Khualla's breast. Sent meek to Qui
took a bath. cleaned both tents, aired bedding.
The day is almost gone. It is a beautiful
beautiful day, clear warm and still.
A perfect day for reading. Lawrence is asleep.
John is testing a gun sight. Hans Ernst is
out to shoot a goose. Which shall I do
next? Write up gas helmets talk?

Qao expressed dissatisfaction with his
gifts. I was annoyed and said we gave
to the ones who did the most for us. What
brought it up - I remember now - was the
first buck John killed after returning here
from Cho! Cho. He gave it to Foma.
This was at my instigation - I feeling we
should show our position in relation to Foma
and our gratitude by giving the buck to him. John
had thought to give it to old Foma, with a
kind of intuition - which would have been the proper
thing to do, according to gas helmet. Gas helmet
this morning objected. Foma asked me for
something, I said I had given her a blanket.
Gas helmet said he had not received a blanket.
I was annoyed and bothered by leaving this talk
at that moment when I wanted to get on with
something. I snapped something - I forget what.
Qao blazed at me saying he would take his
people all away. I said he was free to take his
people all away, that we covered no one to stay.
I softened my words and said I understood

that the Bushmen must go to get food. We went on, again the statements that we did not take their food. Had to get our gun far away. That truck could carry more than a man - but there was a limit. They would break if to heavy a load were put on. That we had only enough for ourselves. (This was before we started to give Meade's meal.) Gao helmet said yes, he understood that. I said that no one should force Bushmen to do what they did not want to do! Mr. Morris had said / ^{38%} / no one should keep them if they wished to go. Gao said he understood that. Then we worked around to the real issue. It was, in short, that #Toma (our #Toma) was not a head man really and that we were saying and acting with him as though he were. #Toma - to go back to the bush Gao had killed - had gone away. The bush had been brought in at night. It was skinned in the morning, one portion taken to the rest taken to the west. Everyone knew Gao had it. But in the morning early #Toma was gone - for an all day hunt. We left the bush at his return. In the evening when he returned he said he had told Gao to tell us not to give it to him! Gao had told someone this, but too late & too mildly, and not to one of us. So we had gone on with my wish that it be given to #Toma. #Toma had held back, I could see in the light of Gao's talk. He gave all the meat away except a piece that would do for one good meal for his family. (Among we say meal for a report, and meal for a round grain) I told Gao that #Toma was

our headman, that when we first came to the country that we had made our arrangements with him. that he had given us permission to drink water here that he had helped us, more than anywhere else in our work. I meant to express loyalty to Foma and to say that we were his personal guests, and that we were under his law, as his guests. This was not the way my statement was taken. It was all wrong to have said it, and it brought an avalanche from Gao of accusation against Foma obliquely stated. He did not actually accuse Foma of setting himself up as a headman when he was not, deceiving us thereby, but his statement skirted around this point till I was frightened again for Foma.

We had heard that Gao said ^(Gao is impetuous, easily jealous, speaks out too harshly.) "Who told whom should be killed." Who told whom?

Qui Neander told Ely. I think it should be in her notes. I hope, Gao talked on. I drew back and made the point that we wished to learn. Gao said he was not blaming me, a charge, for not knowing who was who. He was now telling me, he said. I never came to clear position on the point that Foma had not set himself up to deceive us. The conversation did not give me a good opportunity. I decided to let it slip by instead, dragging it in in a vague hope that the least said was soonest mended. As it turned out I think this was all right. The point subsided - and was better left unsaid.

Gao's information was - that old Toma was really headman of Gantscha and that as his son was to be the next head man. I asked about it. Yes, said Gao, it had the power. Toma was wif her husband. I asked if she had the right to drink at Gantscha. Gao said she did. Could she give us permission? Yes but we should have asked her instead of Toma. I said was it their custom to ask the man or the woman. Gao said the woman, if she had the inherited power (ownership, position) I said we assumed that we were given permission by both it and Toma, we all let it go at that.

A lot of people were listening. I sat by Toma a few minutes, afterwards at his pie, but said only that we had had an interrupted and tiring morning.

Next day, I never did explain to Toma all we had said - it seemed as well to let things be understood tacitly between us. Next day in some conversation Toma, said before others, that he had no family here, that he came from another place, that all his family was dead, except his sister who lived in Kai Kai. It was a perfect opportunity for him to say in public, before us, that he made no hereditary claim. We made no emphasis of the matter but said yes, we had known that.

areas of fear
 but it's not well
 men control that
 I am not prepared to
 say these are directives
 could be potential situation which
 they skillfully + care fully
 avoid. Skillful + successful in working them
 are caught
 in any reason
 Another fear - laziness in hunting
 in each of success in hunting
 Another solution -
 resignation

Another fear - laziness in hunting
 in each of success in hunting
 Another solution -
 resignation

Human relations are tending like a garden
 each given attention like a garden
 like an art - Not a system

Do not live in fear because they attend to
 what they fear and do not allow to happen
 deep fears. The whims of the gods & their spirit
 suffer from sickness & disruption of the bands & quarrels. fights with
 other bands - disruption of their social solidarity -

More about distribution of meat
 Needed - If 2 hunters?

- 1) 2 points -
 hunger of gods
 sickness & hunt
 disorder & loss
 Disruption of taboos.
 social solidarity
- 2) Tended - awarded by
 distribution of food
 gifts
 Place making by turning who
 people who are groups who
 quarrel who gets
 the ship system

Since then + Toma has been playing down and quite purposely thinking it best for him have been working with other people - all over she went. Not with him at all. After a while I asked him to do some things, but he feel I did not want to work with him. He refused four times. I was very pleasant about it. Said I understood he was busy and that we stand. I think we understand each other alright.

Two more points, The next buck was given to old + Goma. +Toma (ours) said to do that. That + Goma was an old man. We had said to him that we wished to give the buck to old + Goma - did he approve. The third buck + Goma said to give to Kpi'gae the whole of it. + Goma received nothing from it - nor any me. etc in our weft. Kpi'gae does nothing for us. This giving to him is one of those things. But his wife ! Naska has been very, very nice and cooperative. Did the choa ceremony for picture, a long talk & other things.

Old Goma on the other hand was a pet. He distributed his buck at once, giving large portions all around. Gao helmet had left at the time. He left soon after our talk but not in protest. To take Xama's husband home a part way home - Near Epala.

Monday June 15, 1953

I've given all my time to steel pictures and recordings - for the last 9 days. It seems an age in time, and a 2 ringed circus in form. Things are not easy to bring about & have not gone perfectly. Feeling at weight good - only everyone wants meat. Gao helmet steel away.

Laurence - I had a conference today with F. Toma old F. Toma, Gao, Qui. Others come. Demi among them. We asked about the choona. They said they would not have it this year. Reasons - there are not the old men who are the owners. here is plan it.
 (But there are many old men, owners, here)
 2) there are not enough young boys grown old enough.
 (But there are many)
 3) No one not an owner could come - not Laurence John or Sedwin - they said. I certainly come not as a woman.
 4) It takes lots of food gathered in preparation. The boys eat little during the day, & the choona but they need meat & veal for afterwards.

So the matter rests at present.

I asked about the girl's ceremony, if some girl & woman would show it & let us picture it. F. Toma said he had no girl. Gao said he had no girl. Everyone laughed. Wished if it would be proper to ask a family who had a girl. They said we could ask, and the people could refuse or acquiesce as they wished. F. Toma said some old woman could go through the ceremony & show us. It would not have to be a girl.

June 18 1953

452

We heard a truck. Philip came to the west to say there were guests. Guests! Laurence left his evening photographing from the truck. Hans Ernst + I + Ledimo continued recording Mr. Schey went a photographing. Some Bushmen went with Laurence to see who had come. We continued recording. After a while Kluuulla, the sister of Igasa, daughter of 'Nai'shi, - an unip she is - returned with the news. A large group of men were setting near + Toma's skem in a close ^{son of 'Nai'shi} bunch talking about with Iqui and + goma + who had returned this afternoon. It was that group that Kluuulla said that Europeans had come from Sam Angai gai for the purpose of castrating certain Bushmen. She pointed out the ones that would be castrated and those who would not. She said they had already castrated the people from at Sam Angai gai. We have a recording of the laughter this caused.

I went back to camp when we finished and found three men, prospectors. Mr. Brusso, Mr. Peller and Mr. Blume. Mr. Blume, a young man, was with Mr. Keys when they came out the Eisib to 'Nava + the Ah ha Mts. Mr. Brusso has worked on the Rand. Mr. Peller also a young man ^{about mining} refers, when speaking to Mr. Brusso to the modern methods.

They are from some company
have a permit to prospect in this area but not
to shoot for the pot, and not to enter Beekman land

Mr. Brusso is of German origin. His father had
a farm in the Union. Somewhere they lost the farm &
Mr. Brusso took to the mines. Mr. Brusso's grandmother
believed in witches and may have been one herself
for the animals on her farm in Germany never fell ill.

Mr. Brusso's aunt is a spiritualist, but she has
gone too far in this. When the trolley car lights shine
on the wall and move across the room she
thinks it is her grandmother's spirit. Mr. Brusso
is not a practicing spiritualist, but is a believer.

He went to the seances of Mrs. Ritchie. Mrs. Ritchie
can preach a good sermon and Mr. Brusso likes a
good sermon. She can preach for 20 minutes
without repeating herself - about love. With her
went a friend who was an atheist. They went

to three Sunday meetings. Nothing happened.
But the fourth time Mrs. Ritchie said to Mr.
Brusso, "There are 2 spirits behind you." "Yes,"
said Mr. Brusso, "Have they any message?"

Then Mrs. Ritchie described them. They were his
father and his brother. How could she have
known the years of their death and what they
looked like? said Mr. Brusso. She had the
details quite correct. The friend is no longer an atheist.

Mr. Brusso knows a place in the Namib
called Bushman's Paradise where there are
diamonds. A friend, an Irishman, now dead, was
there, told him the secret and left a sketch.
Mr. Brusso has been three times to look for
the place but did not find it because he
approached from the wrong angle. The

found had been 25 miles of his reckoning of the starting place. Now Mr. Brosso knows where it is. A Mining Company wants him to show them. He would do so if they would give him enough money or shares — before they put the stock up by millions. With the news of the find. If they do not come to his terms the secret will die with him.

I am interested in Mr. Brosso's English. He says "educated" purely, with no j sound in the U. What have we done in making tracks into this country? If we could go back three years and clone again in the light of what we know now, I would not come here and would hope that many more years would pass before anyone came in and that the Bushmen might have their life here unmolested that much longer.

June 20 1953

We are preparing to film a dance today. Last night Laurence visited the important men to ask if they would dance. He went to #9ma first, he suggested going to Gau, old #9ma and Demi. Later Laurence asked about going to Iqi'gae and #9ma agreed. #9ma ~~made~~ Laurence said he wanted to conform to the customs of the Bushmen. #9ma replied in a long speech that it was well to ask for advice. All the old men agreed to dance today.

However, it is now 10:45 and we are not organized. Laurence filed all the film of yesterday. John is reorganizing cameras & film after his hunting trip. I am sitting writing & hoping for some tea. Mrs. Schery is restless. We shall film in the afternoon instead of the morning.

We got very good recordings yesterday of women singing with the 11 zwa-shi. A whole new (to me) concept of music was revealed. The longer we stay the more I wonder how wrong can one be. I should have said something about music that would have been entirely false had it not been for yesterday's recording. I did not suggest to them what they sing - though I had a list of songs I wanted. I asked them what they were going to sing and out came the songs about the two Baws, that is, 'u and Kluwova.

John + Choama

June 31 1953

Last night, June 20, 1953, while we were recording quiet conversation in the weft, a Choama dance was started. A few young men (4) who had been sitting at Hao's stem with Fina and our !nyka went to the dance circle and began to sing and call to others. Soon they gathered. Heiner sent someone over for John - who was in bed. When John arrived the dance was in progress.

Hao told John to come and dance. John went over and then went into the middle. The following took special care, John - hurrying him back if he got out too far were Bo, bro. ! Haoga, ^{Tushay} Haa? from Gashuk back Gao med. particular ^{to} Qui, hunter, John's Haa. Demi danced at the very outside of the circle and held ^{the animal} his tail ^{to} over the circle like a blessing. Our # Goma blew in John's ear at the end. ! Qui ! Gasa's hub. led him out after the dance ended.

Hao, h. of Khuanua dan, old, gass. rebbed the legs of the young men and went hula and then they hopped on one leg a few hops.

The young men must not laugh or talk. The others who already have the Choama song can laugh and talk and play. The older men can dance as they wish. The young men must be circumspect. John says that # Goma told

1 gunda not to dance too fast. John think
 they must not show off - Not put everything
 they have into the dance - but be
 moderate quiet unobtrusive. They
 must not "go off" - What does that mean
 "bugger off" i.e. not stop nor put nothing
 at all into their dancing.

The boys were:

1 gunda ^{h. j. nai} + goma son of Jau, Kaula son of Dewi
 gao son of !Nai si? with blue beads
 gao son of gao + Khollo

July 11, 1953 458

Blank white paper instead of writing. This is my diary. I have not wanted to write down what happened or what I thought or felt. But this is a loss of experience. I shall remember much but not all. Not enough. As I go over the pages of notes or diary that I wrote at the time I realize how very much is lost in memory. It is so vivid for the moment we think we shall not forget - but this is not so. I shall regret every day I did not write. There is no use now in going back to recapture the forgotten days. But tonight it is only ten o'clock. I am in bed in the queer little tent, the lamp buzzing beside me. I'll write a while for my very own sake just to keep experience.

The time is fulfilled. The end of it has come. As a life begins fulfilled stories and ends so has this experience. We must go very soon. Perhaps we shall go in ten days. That would be good. We should stay no longer. It is best for the Bushmen and for us that we go now. They have been strained by adjustment to us. I want them to slip away in little family groups into the veld and slip back into their own ways. I have one passionate desire for them, that they remain as they are as long as is possible on this earth. They have had a fine life, in a delicate balance. I wish them to have as much of it as they still can.

This last period is a hard one for me. I feel as though I were in the surf and remember the two times I almost drowned. I miss Laurence so terribly. The hurricane time comes into my mind and the night John did not return. I want us not to be so separated. Elizabeth John Laurence and I. I know I can't be unseparated from Elizabeth and John any more but Laurence - I need not set up situations like this when he goes out on these arduous trips. I am tormented about the gifts as well. I thought this is mine to Laurence's trip. I might I walked back - forth in the tent listening, hoping I would hear the truck. Undoubtedly however like the rip tide in the surf is a joy at the thought of going home. I think of Elizabeth and Nana and Tom and Kusti and all our friends and imagine greeting them.

I worked all day on gifts - lists - planning how to keep things even. I missed being at the West. My theories are that human relations among the Bushmen are more important than anything else. More important than food - given enough food so that people are not desperate. The jealousy that could arise if the gifts were not even would disrupt the delicate balance they live in. Harm could come to ~~the~~ Toma. Left alone with their own things & own customs. This has all been worked out and adjusted. Our things are different they have no pattern established for the relationships our work puts upon them. No our things.

I feel the best we can do - since we have been
 here a year or over and they have the feeling they wish
 with us to further our desire - do our bidding, is to
 make them feel satisfied, to give evenly - even to some
 and then leave. It is not too hard to create the
 Dallen, who should receive. Certain groups have
 staged and all, them have been willing to do
 anything we asked. What they want is clothes.
 It is a poor idea. but I do not wish to try to
 discipline them or teach them. I wish to satisfy
 them. The gifts must be alike - even. or there will
 be disunion & hard feeling

The sunset was beautiful tonight I walked
 alone in the last warm glow, it thinking
 gave vast quiet need that we know is around
 us but do not see. I have been me to the
 next - on camp back and forth since June
 I have not even been to the Baobab tree. Such
 is work. I work all the time. I feel as if
 there were 20 precious bundles for me to
 choose among. Each precious. I can carry my
 two. Which shall I take, which abandon.
 Each day's work is based on such a choice &
 rejection

The morning sky is something I wish to
 remember. Orion and Venus Betelgeuse and
 Altan in the dawn, the horizon smudged
 pink with the smoke of bed fires.
 We shall have mail soon - when Lawrence

Tom said: We are in our country.
 meaning he had no insecurity about other peoples
 complaints or coming staying or going. He was in his place

returns. I think I never suffered so much about his
 being away as this time. All my worries anxieties
 and regrets seemed to fill the vacuum of his absence,
 I am going to read a little of Shapera - lacking an
 Agatha Christie - on Hottentots in order to stop
 thinking (hope I turn out the Camp.) I wonder if we
 shall ever meet Shapera. He will never know how
 a person he never heard of read and reread his
 book of a night in a little tent. He has tried
 to be judicious and cautious in his Khoisan People
 He had little enough to go on and handled the
 little very well.

It was Fraser who put life into my work.
 The Golden Bough and I belong in the same
 area. I thought of the Golden Bough when I saw the Cham plants
 on the edges of the pans before I had any inkling that they were called Cham.
 Notes and Queries is my technical preparation.
 The publication about children which says it
 hopes to improve reporting on children is Note
 & Queries did on kinship just didn't help me.
 It threw me off. Made me feel hopeless, defeated
 hope I started. What I tried to do, taking
 its guidance as best I could, didn't come off.