

U. S. scientists to film South - West Bushmen in natural surroundings

Two Americans, Mr. L. K. Marshall and Mr. Robert Dyson (Jnr.), are making final preparations for an anthropological expedition for the Peabody Museum of the Harvard University into the remote eastern and north-western areas of South-West Africa.

The purpose of the expedition, which will number about seven and include experts from the Union, is to film Bushmen in their natural surroundings and to make extensive record-

ings of the Bushmen language.

The films and recordings will help in the research into the lives of primitive peoples by American anthropologists.

This will be the first extensive photographic expedition of this nature ever undertaken in Southern Africa.

INCREASINGLY RARE

Mr. Dyson pointed out that the opportunities of filming primitive peoples in their natural environment were becoming increasingly rare. South-West Africa offered excellent facilities in this regard. The expedition may become the forerunner of this type of photographic anthropological research in other parts of the world.

A similar photographic expedition was undertaken among the aborigines of Australia, and comparisons of the films are expected to reveal some interesting similarities.

RECORD "CLICKS"

The expedition will use some of the finest tape recording equipment in existence, and will be able to reproduce the Bushman "clicks".

Mr. Marshall undertook a three-month preparatory survey trip of the area last year during which he travelled 6,000 miles. The scientists expect to start within a few weeks, and will be away for three months. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Dyson left for Walvis Bay on Sunday to collect two heavy lorries.

March 2, 1951

Mr. Lawrence Marshall
4 Bryant Street
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. Marshall:

I am very pleased indeed that you have agreed to lead our expedition to South West Africa during the summer of 1951.

The work which you did last summer was extremely interesting and valuable as an introduction to ethnographical studies in one of the least-known parts of the African Continent. If we can continue these studies you will have succeeded in filling a large gap in our knowledge. As you know, we give courses here in the ethnography and archaeology of all parts of Africa and the information which you obtain in South West will be immediately utilized.

I think we can do no better this summer than to capitalize on your experiences of 1950 and return to the same area to get a good photographic record which does not exist at present of some of these groups. You should interest yourself particularly in the Bergdama, Muhembo and Bushmen. Mr. Ward, Professor Oliver and Professor Novius all agree that the most valuable thing to do this summer would be to get as complete a photographic record as possible of the technology of a Bergdama group including, of course, all other aspects of their culture which can be photographed at that season of the year.

We shall be able to send with you as an anthropological assistant one of our best graduate students who has had four seasons field experience and who is a well-rounded anthropologist. This is Mr. Robert Dyson. He is now enrolled in our Graduate School of Arts and Sciences and received his undergraduate degree magna cum laude.

In addition we shall make every effort to arrange to have Mr. Ward accompany you. He has been guiding Dyson's studies and is one of the outstanding experts in the world on primitive technology and on the peoples and prehistory of Africa and Asia.

It is my understanding that you will write to the proper authorities for permission for us to undertake this work and that, if such permission is forthcoming, you will proceed to

Mr. Lawrence Marshall, 2

South Africa at the end of April to make the necessary preliminary arrangements and that the rest of your expedition will leave here in June. I am confident that with your energies, organizing abilities, and technical skills, and with the advice and assistance of our leading man in primitive arts and industries and a competent, well-trained student, you will be able to achieve most important results.

In order to provide general direction of the project and to give you sources of advice on the various aspects of the expedition, I have set up an Advisory Committee in the Museum consisting of Mr. Ward, as Chairman, Professors Oliver, Mowius, and myself sitting ex-officio.

Very sincerely yours,

JOB:it

J. O. Brew, Director

Esbeck

Fidelity Onion Skin

MADE IN U.S.A.

C O P Y Z

UNIVERSITY OF CAPE TOWN

SCHOOL OF AFRICAN STUDIES

RONDEBOSCH

South Africa

April 27, 1951

Dr. J. O. Brew
Peabody Museum of Archaeology
and Ethnology
Harvard University
Cambridge 38, Mass. U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Brew:

Thank you for your letter of April 18, 1951 advising me about the expedition which you are sending to South West Africa this summer.

I have already been in touch with Senator van Zyl. Although both of us will be away from Cape Town when Mr. Laurence Marshall arrives in Johannesburg, we shall be back before he can reach Cape Town. We shall certainly endeavor to help him in every way possible and would like to thank you for your kindness in advising us.

Yours truly,

S/ A. J. H. Goodwin

C O P Y

UNIE VAN SUID-AFRIKA-UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

No. B. 13/7

Archaeological Survey
University of The Witwatersrand

Johannesburg, So. Africa.

30th April 1951.

Dr. J. O. Brew, Director
Peabody Museum of Archaeology & Ethnology
Harvard University
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Brew:

I shall be very pleased to do all I can for the advance party of your South West Africa Expedition: Messrs. Laurence Marshall and Robert Dyson, Jnr.

There can be no doubt whatever that a pictorial record in technicolour of the complete technology of the Bergdama or Bushman or both will be of great value and interest, especially, if it is made under expert supervision. I am sure the administrative authorities in South West Africa will welcome your people. Fortunately both the Administrator and Administrative Secretary of that territory are old friends of mine, so I may be of some service in smoothing the way for the advance party -- which I shall do with pleasure.

Yours sincerely,

S/ C. van Riet Lowe

Director

Barnard College
Columbia University
New York 27

OFFICE OF THE DEAN

June 7, 1951

Dear Mr. Ward,

Thank you very much for sending me the copy of the letter regarding Mr. Carey McIntosh, which I received this morning. I appreciate your promptness in getting it to me.

Yours sincerely,

Mallicent C. McIntosh

Mr. Lauriston Ward
Peabody Museum of Harvard University
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

Sept. 6, 1951

Dear Jo:

I hope you have been doing good to the great Southwest this summer.

There has been little news at this end, that I could hear of, but I have not been closely in touch.

You presumably have Bob Dyson's report that he wrote after they had finished their month's work with the Bushman group. It sounds pretty good, considering the shortness of the time. I only hope the shooting of the pictures was up to a high standard, for taking documentaries is quite a different affair from making an ordinary tourist's record of a trip.

Besides Bob's reports, I have seen several letters Lorna wrote, to Laurence's mother and a friend. She was enthusiastic and quite fell in love with the Bushmen. Enclosed is copy of part of one of these letters, which I thought might interest you.

The sixth report, written Aug. 5, is the last that I know of. Since then, however, Mrs. Marshall, Sr. had a letter from Lorna, dated Aug. 12, in which she says they were then in Ovamboland, near the northern frontier of South West Africa, on their way to Angola. They plan to take a plane on Sept. 13 and arrive in Boston on Sept. 15. All were still well.

My best to Evelyn and a cordial Hi to other Brews. Shall be glad to see you again.

Yours

Extract from letter from Mrs. Laurence Marshall to Mr. Marshall's mother, written Aug. 5, as they were coming out of the wilderness after completing their month's work with the Bushman group.

"It all exceeded our greatest hopes. . . .

"The children have been wonderful. John can do everything. He has poured himself into the endeavor, worked hard on the photographing, worked on the trucks. He was beloved by the Bushmen for his friendliness and ease with them. The head man called John "Little Brother".

"Elizabeth too has been a blessing. She has been gay and giggly. Not even tea and sugar are such precious commodities on an expedition as a gay little girl. We have been tried and strained sometimes and she and John have never failed to keep their spirits up and ours too.

"Bob is a very fine boy and very able. He works quickly and well at everything he does. He accomplishes a great deal. I think his enjoyment of the whole experience steadily increased. He was on very friendly terms, too, with our Bushmen friends -- at the end was playing games with them, laughing and thoroughly enjoying them. This is his birthday. He is 24 today. He is a very capable and mature 24. He is happy to have come. He values all he has learned and the experience he has gathered."

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Grossberg's Hotel. Windhoek So West Africa July 14 1952

Dear Lauriston, I tried writing hoping I could give you the final account of our arrangements before pushing off - but they are not yet concluded. It has been very complicated to get interpreters. Mr. McIntyre is going in to Gautcha now - it is like having the same dream twice - with a group of doctors who are making physical examinations of the Bushmen in our area for a report to the Bushman Commission. Soon the next turn of the wheel of fate for the Bushmen will have started. Lawrence is going to try to get in contact with these doctors and a botanist who is with them to see what coordination might be made - when Jo comes he wants them to meet. Mr. M. is taking Picannu with him till the 10th of August. Another interpreter the Bushman boy at Grootfontein will be free Aug 20. It is like playing chess. We are still struggling about a Herero interpreter + have found one - whether we will be able to get away from his job + not we still do not know. He speaks English very well. is an intellectual who had something to do with the appeal the Hereros made to the U.N. If he comes he will undoubtedly bring his own complications. We want to leave Wednesday to go as far as gum. If it works out Eliz + Charles Handley + I + I hope John will stay there. Lawrence + a driver will turn right around to come out to get Jo. We'll be interested in gum + would have a good chance to observe the relation between the Hereros + Bushmen there. I am more ready in my soul to plunge in. Reading all the books that Douglas Olson + others suggested helped me. I read all the time on the boat it was wonderful. We had a letter from Dana saying you had been to see her. Leaving her was the hardest thing but I am settling that grief to some extent - accepting it. Eliz and John are having a good experience. They are happy to be here and have been taking hold of their jobs quite wonderfully. Eliz. has handled all the buying of the food + the inventory of the packing. John attends to the truck. We have bought a new gigantic Chevrolet truck + so well equipped. Charles Handley is a fine, capable young man whom we all like. He fits together with us all perfectly. He has already collected on the Namib and in the highlands and got a specimen of the mouse he most wanted to catch. I hope Jo will give you a clearer account before he leaves as to whom we have + who tries to where and when. We have an excellent cook, affectionately Loua.

FIRST FOLD-EERSTE VOU

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS
NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER

Mrs. L.K. Marshall
Grossherzog Hotel
Windhoek
So. West Africa

SECOND FOLD-TWEEDE VOU

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER
WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

AS ENIGSIFTS INGESLUIT WORD, SAL HIERDIE
BRIEF PER GEWONE POS GESTUUR WORD

AIR LETTER LUG

BY AIR MAIL PER

omgewild 90c 25 ✓

London July 14, 1952



Mr. Jansen Ward
Peabody Museum
Harvard University
U.S.A. Cambridge 39
Massachusetts

Brookline, July 25, 1952

Dear Lorna:

Last Monday (July 21) was a red-letter day, for it brought your letter to me, one to Iris Thomas, two (July 8 and July 14) to Nana and one to Mary. Our pleasure is only equalled by our wonder that you find time to think of so many of us. Particularly in my case, as I have been thinking a lot but writing not at all.

It is very good to hear what you are all doing. Your plans sound excitingly complicated but will undoubtedly be straightened out somehow in successful Marshall fashion. Apparently the trip down the Nosob had to be abandoned or ~~postponed~~ postponed, in favor of a bus service between Windhoek and Gum (for Jo). Wish I were going there with you.

Things are very quiet here and there is little news to exchange for yours. Nana seems very well and cheerful. I saw her last on Monday, when we had a letter-swapping bee and I toted back the two tins of alcohol to Iris, with cautions as to its proper use. The Museum was rocked by Jo's cabled request for longhandled underwear. It came in the middle of the worst and longest heat wave New England has ever had and did not amuse Evelyn. Do you remember the story of the man who lived in that sink-hole of high temperature, Yuma. He died and went to hell. The next day his wife got a request to send him his blankets. It really has been frightful here but is better today.

I have been too busy with the launching of the new archaeological society to think much about it. Our committee had an excellent meeting at Rochester three weeks ago. As Jo will tell you, through his good offices and thanks to W.M.'s friendship with Laurence, Wesley Moffett put us up at the Genesee Valley Club, where we lived in luxury for three days -- high living and low thinking. Moffett was terribly nice to us and I am deeply grateful to him, as well as to Laurence, the innocent cause of the hospitality.

I must tell you of the lovely Spoonerism that ^{Moffett} perpetrated. He was asking about Jo's trip and then the conversation turned to the political situation in your part of the world. We asked him what he thought about it and his tongue got twisted and he said, "I understand that all Brew is helling in South Africa this summer".

My best to Laurence and all of you. Congratulations to Elizabeth about the Knopf request and do ask her what the discount is when she buys food by the ton. Also describe for me a typical big game hunt on the veldt. Do you shout Yoicks and Tally-ho when you run a mouse to earth?

Good luck to you in finding an effective interpreter. It certainly is important. Sometimes I have a feeling that

the bewilderment of humanity in the world situation today may be partly explained by the fact that the Big One up above (the one with the tin roof and white pants) has given us clear instructions in Khoisan but that they have reached us by being translated into Herrero and from that into Afrikaans and from that into English. No wonder we can't make out the plot.

Say Hi to Jo and tell him that all seems to be moving smoothly at the Museum but that it will be nice to have him back again after his travels. More good wishes than I can say, to you and all your family. I am sure you will have a wonderful time and come back crowned with laurels, or the South African equivalent.

As ever

P.S. ≠ I li ke Ike (etc - original had signs for clicks mixed in with the other letters)

(To Grossherzog Hotel
Windhoek, South West Africa)

Brookline, August 31, 1952

Dear Lorna:

The Marshall Saga comes in instalments, like a serial thriller in a magazine. It has been weeks now since the truck honked for Jo outside the Grossherzog Hotel and he and Laurence disappeared into the blue. A museum, scores of friends and all the anthropological fraternity are waiting with bated breath for the next chapter. We hope it will be up to the expected standard.

In other words we hope that you have established successful contact with your old group of Bushmen or some neighboring group and that they are as willing to be studied this year on an empty stomach as they were last year on a game-filled one. I have the greatest confidence that you will solve this problem in some ingenious fashion -- or perhaps it will prove not to be a problem after all. In any case I am really very eager to hear how you are faring.

There is not much news to give you from the home sector. I have seen Nana from time to time and her health and morale seem to be good. She misses you all terribly, of course, but she has the heart of one of your South African lions and would not have you come back before your work is done.

Perhaps Margo has already written you about Mark. He died suddenly two weeks ago. I do not know the details but Cecilia Lewis tells me that it was heart. Nothing more tragic and meaningless can be imagined. He was only 27 and leaves that nice wife and two little children. Margo of course stands up under it but is terribly shaken. She writes me "I do not know why I do not write you a letter of "brave" acceptance. I have written many of them this past week. Perhaps I intuitively respect you too much, and perhaps, also, I need for the moment the relief of saying nothing which I don't feel. My heart is like iron and there is no goodness in me". She also said, in regard to Mark, "There were two people in the world with whom I could communicate, always, who accepted and gave on equal terms -- the second is in Africa". I wish you did not have this news to sadden you.

The only other news, after this, seems trivial. The presidential campaign is beginning to warm up, with both parties split down the middle and with the actual strength of both candidates an unknown matter. The Democrats talk about Eisenhower as though he were Herbert Hoover. To hear some of the Republicans you would think that he was Henry Wallace. Carrying this idea of a masquerade party a bit further, I have a feeling that the Democratic candidate is not really Stevenson but Henry Adams, who was so intelligent that he never was able to be absolutely certain of what he believed -- and wrote long and fascinating books to prove it. No one has any idea of what the outcome will be.

I wish you could have seen the fine tennis at Longwood with me. I got two tickets for the series and one of them had your initials on it.

Please give my best to Laurence, Elizabeth and John and a friendly thump on the back to Jo. We are all cheering for you.

Affectionately

Carroll

P.S. Since writing above I have been to Cambridge (this afternoon) to see Nana. She seemed to be in fine health & spirits. Had three friends, visiting her. She said the doctor had called recently and reported that she was just as usual. She is writing, but I thought this might make you wince about her.

(To Mrs. Herzog Hotel
Windhoek, South West Africa)

Brookline, August 31, 1952

Dear Jo:

This is just a line of hello to meet you, I hope, as you come out of the Kalahari to Windhoek. I certainly trust that you had an interesting time, getting back to the primitive and seeing Anth 113 on the hoof.

Sorry I can't give you news of the museum, for although I am over there several times a week, there are no signs of anything exciting happening and everything seems to be running smoothly -- at least to these opaque eyes.

Bruce Howe and I are busy doing spade work for the Old World organization. Endless data to get on incorporation, printing costs, editorial organization and the like, before we tackle foundations in the fall. We sent a news release to a number of periodicals and Science has already crashed through with a short notice. Bruce is extremely helpful and very efficient. I form a higher opinion of his ability every day.

I took advantage of your absence one afternoon by enjoying Evelyn's company at the Longwood tennis matches. It was a very good show that day, so thank you for the pleasant time.

This note is just a budget of nothing, for nearly everyone is away, the Faculty Club is closed and those who for any reason can't get off to the Cape of Good Hope and the Bosphorus are satisfied just to relax for a little and enjoy cool air again after the most hellish July weather in my memory.

I envy you the experiences you are having, of so many different kinds. Make the most of them and then come back here and tell us all about it. Best of luck.

As always

Lauriston

October 1, 1952

Dear Lauriston: -

John's permission from the Draft Board to leave the country is good until April 15, 1953. We have been talking a lot about how closely the Bushmen seem geared to untamed nature, and how their problems change with the changing seasons - and we have concluded that we would like to be free to stay the round of the seasons ^(till June) later is still seems advisable. And we can't stay without John.

Last spring when the question of John's permission by the Draft Board to leave came up, I gathered that Harvard was reluctant for its staff to intercede for its students. Also, I am in an awkward position to certify that John's leave should be extended two months, so I have written by this post to Leonard Carmichael to ask him if he would feel free to ~~ask~~ the draft board, if he thought it proper. I gave him your name, since Joe won't be back till December, and I wonder if you would like to telephone him and talk it over a bit with him. I enclose a copy of John's request to the Draft Board.

I presume Joe has written you the news of our doings. We received two letters from you when we took Joe to Windhoek last week. It is wonderful to have news of Mother thru you. And she is so pleased that you call on her. Some writes her the news, and she probably has given you that picture.

I want to tell you particularly about John. He has taken complete charge of the photography, and is working hard. He has been accepted by the Bushmen. He participates in their hunting and veldkos gathering, sometimes taking

them to more distant spots in the jeep - sometimes just walking along single file from the work.
There have been several hunts that lasted two or three days - no guns - just arrows and the little poisoned arrows. - sleeping on little bunches of grass under a bush. helping with the kill - cutting & distributing the meat. - And getting it all on Kodachrome. He has taken 23,000 fr - we had 40,000 and have ordered 50,000 more. WE wont have a Nanook. but it should be a record.

Soma has been working very hard. She has been trying to get kinship terms and genealogies and it is hard pulling. But she has over seventy genealogies and is finding many interesting relationships.

Charlie Handley - the mammalist from the Smithsonian is a grand person. He is tireless, full of a laconic enthusiasm for his subject, and is getting cooperation from the Bushmen. Gao - the old man of our pictures is skinning for him, and the best young hunter in the country is going out with him.

This letter is being written at the crack of dawn. I had set aside today for writing - a truck was to go tomorrow - But plans changed & it goes in half an hour - We would all like to pour out a letter to you full of details. but it must be next time.

Thank you again Lauriston for all you do for us.

Best wishes to you from us all.

Lauriston

(To Grousevogel Hotel,
Windhoek, South West Africa)

Brookline, November 4, 1952

Dear Laurence:

It is all right about John.

As soon as I got your letter I called up Dr. Carmichael and had a good talk with him. He had heard from you and said he would write to the Draft Board at once. Now we have a letter from the Board, addressed to Jo, enclosing a permit for John to remain out of the country until July 1, 1953. We will hold this here. I am delighted that this is satisfactorily settled so that you can continue your studies of the Bushmen for the whole year's seasonal round, if you find it advisable.

It was very nice to hear from you. I have also read Jo's diary (typed by Evelyn -- 188 pages). Between that and Lorna's letters to your mother I am keeping in close touch. The news is all wonderful. It is certainly fine that you have so many groups of Bushmen to work with and that they are so cooperative, in spite of not having game shot for them. Lorna's genealogies will be invaluable. Also John's photos of hunting. I have always felt that he was a born field ethnologist and what you say about his being so completely accepted by the Bushmen only confirms this. It must also be a great help for you to have him take charge of the photography.

Your mother is well and bears up under your absence with her usual fortitude. She misses you terribly but would not have you change your plans. I see her frequently -- the last time a few days ago. The doctor sees her once a month, as you arranged. I think you can believe her when she says she is all right. Of course if there should be any change in her health I will let you know. She is a remarkable woman and I admire her.

My mainstay at home, Ida, had to go to the hospital a few weeks ago. Cancer suspected, but when they operated it proved to be an aneurism of the aorta, for which practically nothing can be done. She is now back from a rest home and will carry on, with some outside help for the harder work. Perhaps she can do this for a long time, perhaps not. She too is very courageous.

This is election day and I have just voted. It is a disappointment that I can vote only once. The campaign has been unusually hard-fought and dirty. The outcome is also fantastically uncertain. All the polls show an almost even split between Eisenhower and Stevenson, with Ike slightly in the lead but with a big percentage of voters who cannot or will not state their preference, so the tide may turn either way. While the popular vote may be close there could be a big difference in electoral votes. It is rather futile to write you all this, as the result will be an old story long before you receive my letter.

I am very busy with work for the new archaeological organization. For your amusement I enclose copy of a statement and questionnaire which is being mailed to about 500 people. Glance at it over your Kalahari camp fire and drink to its success -- in cocoa.

In return, I wish you all success. I think often of you and Lorna, John and Elizabeth and wish you all very well.

Carroll

(Excerpt from Eliz. Marshall's letter
February 23, 1953)

There's something I want very much to ask your advice about. I have been giving both Rorschach tests and the Porteus Maze. The Rorschach takes several hours to give, you can't give any more than 2 a day. I think that I'd need at least a hundred to make any significant contribution by it, which would be at a minimum 50 days time. - I don't personally feel that I am trained enough to make the tests perfectly valid, also most of the information comes thru an interpreter and this isn't too reliable for such a thing as a Rorschach. However, the Porteus Maze has been used several times on non literate people, (I don't know this about the Rorschach) and on Kalahari Bushmen. I read Dr. Porteus' book, The Porteus Maze Test and Intelligence, he rates with Kalahari Bushmen lowest on the scale of primitive people, with a mental age of 7.65 - as opposed to the Australian Arunta who rate (on a table of African and Australian groups) at a mental age of 12.08. I have given in the last week about ten maze tests, and the average mental age is 9.66, and this includes some very young children, say 10 years old. The average for adult men this week was 15 some odd years. Dr. Porteus only tested 25 Kalahari Bushmen, "all (he) could locate in 40,000 square miles of territory .." and I assume from his chapter "Racial Group Differences" that he hadn't stayed with his group of Bushmen long enough to establish a good rapport. (That is, it takes, as we have discovered, almost a year to do this.) I have found, so far, that the Bushmen with whom we have had little contact test much lower than those we know well - infinitely lower, in fact. One strange woman I tested couldn't even pass the first test in three trials, flunked the sixth and seventh years (you begin at year five) and ended the test. /Qui neand. didn't make a single mistake until he came to year 14, and after that passed the Adult test in one trial. He only had a score of qualitative error of 27 or so. So /qui had a test age of 16.5 years out of a possible 17.0.

I feel personally that Dr. Porteus maligned the intelligence of Bushmen, and I feel sure that I could get about a hundred or maybe even 200 tests given, and I know that the test age would be higher than 7.56.

What I wonder is: would such a study be of any value? And if so how much? I could probably do this in a couple of months, besides other work. I can take from 6 to 10 tests a day.

However, I do not want to abandon the Rorschach tests lightly. When I was taking Anth 1b with Dr. Kluckhohn he said in a lecture that Rorschachs were given to a group of Navajos with fascinating and valuable results and I thought maybe it would be a good idea to give Rorschachs to Bushmen so I went and asked him and he helped my very much with advice, and gave me the name of a man, Mortimer Slaiman, who could help me. Mr. Slaiman showed me how to give the test and so on. If

Dr. Kluckhohn feels that Rorschachs of the Bushmen are of enough value, even through the medium of an interpreter, I would be only too glad to go on with them and get as many as I can. I have so far only about ten.

I don't think I can do both the Rorschachs and the Porteus Maze and anything else besides because there is so much of the ethnology to do that I feel I help Mother with that.

Chol'ana February 27.

Dear Lauriston, Last night Elizabeth was depressed without knowing why - just that kind of depression that we all know. She came to our tent about midnight wanting company. She and I took chairs out into the moonlight. There was a puff of a cloud near the moon, silver white, and in it was a double rainbow. Not an arch but a hunk of rainbow. The night was most beautiful. The lion which had frightened Elizabeth and me while Lawrence was out fetching John was quiet. Night birds were singing. It is no wonder that we dreamed up something. This may never happen, of course, but it is not inconceivable. It is to go home by Egypt and Constantinople. just Elizabeth and I. I think it likely that, if John gets permission to stay till September, he won't want to stop work here till the last minute.

Lawrence will stay with him. They need us
 but, on the other hand they are big strong
 men and could manage without us. Elizabeth
 wants very much to go to Egypt and she
 deserves a vacation and treat after this year
 here. She has been wonderful beyond telling.
 She does all the hard jobs that no one
 else wants to do - rationing food for example.
 She does everything quickly and accomplishes
 much. She keeps all our spirits up. She
 helps her dad do anything he sets his hands
 to. She types, she mends. We would have
 disintegrated without her. But best of all
 she has swung into the ethnology. She and
 I have divided the areas we work in. I
 value her stuff very highly. I wish you
 could see her interrogating. She and her
 Bushman have a certain coziness which
 is visible. They have fun. They have tea
 and cigarettes. We find Qui to be very
 intelligent and a fascinating person. He
 loves to tell the tales. he loves gossip,
 particularly with Elizabeth's appreciative
 twinkle & open his heart. While I strain out
 the kinship system she gets the dope.

Qui says he has figured out why we want all this information and that is why they are now so willing to give it. He says he understood now that we do not want to be ju dole i.e. strangers, i.e. harmful persons.

Well - the point is this: would you send us the address of your daughter and her husband as quickly as you can? address c/o Mr. Ulock, President S.W.A.N.L.A. Grootfontein S.W. Africa

In all probability there is no need for haste in getting the address but we never know what will befall. ^{The plan is for us.} Probably ~~we will~~ all ^{to} go back to Gautscha when the rains are over. John cannot photograph much here for many reasons and is burning to get back. Although he and Laurence thought it would be good for Elizabeth and me to go home in April, we have no intention of so doing. We thought last night that we might push off in June. Speed July and part of August travelling, come home toward the end of August. The alternative in our minds, is to stay right on at Gautscha till the expedition ends.

Of course it is improbable that your daughter would be 4
in Cairo in June or July but on the off chance we would like to
have her address.

It was good to get John back. We
all feel happier, more secure, more
encouraged when he is here. We are well.
Influenza cured my dysentery and I've
been well since.

I've finished the work on the kinship
terms in a sense. Had the idea of sending
the material out for safety and possibly
criticism, if anyone would be so kind as
to look it over. However the writing it
up is turning out to be very difficult. It
is complex, awfully hard to make clear.
I don't know what is common place and what
should be especially developed and worked out.
And as I work and check and recheck I
keep getting additional bits of information
which necessitate going back and changing
little things here and there. These things take
a long time. I wonder how often anthropologists
get really to the rock bottom of things.
The Bushmen have no theory or doctrine
that they can tell - except "It is our
custom." One has to gather information
by observation of practice and then try to
get them to give reasons. Mostly they
can't. Also they contradict themselves.

When that happens you have to find out what is the overall theory which can embrace the contradictions. It never is that they lie or don't know - not about kinship terms.

We had a good example of this one day. Qui had been working with me. At the end of the time he sat back, lit his pipe, asked if he could put some questions to me. I was unchained. He began "What was your father's name?" I told him. He went on taking my genealogy till we got to my father's brothers and sisters. Of whom there were eleven. I counted on my fingers. I could only remember ten. Qui chuckled. Then came up two wives. My father's father had married twice - and a wonderful discussion about wives ensued. Next I told him about our being patrilineal. He approves of that, saying fathers are very important. Why, a woman would have no children at all if it were not for her husband. They too regard the father as the important figure, he says. Next came our names. I told him about this - but partially because it was getting late and I had to change bandages on toes, tummies, and breasts. So he asked Elizabeth about

her names - having observed that he asks the
 same questions of more than one informant.
 She told him, not that she would give
 up her own name when she married and
 take her husband's, - but that she would
 keep hers - as a middle name. Middle
 names had not been mentioned. Later
 I Qui said to me "Dankie Dankie" - I
 see it is the same with you as with us.
 It is hard to remember all these things.

As you go about the world meeting
 anthropologists who know about kinship
 systems, if conversation perhaps lags at
 dinner - no that would never be. but if you
 can get a wedge in, ask if this business
 the Bushmen have which I call a
 name relationship is common. Here the
 Kung Bushmen have a business that
 seems to me to function somewhat like
 a clan. ^{in that it extends the kinship system beyond families.} They apply a kinship term
 to anyone who has the same name as
 themselves; 2) apply a kinship term to
 anyone who has the same name as any
 kin or affine. Avoidance, the joking
 relationship, prohibitions of marriage

are observed, according to what term is used, as they would be for the kin or affine who has the same name as the non-related person to whom the kinship term is applied. i.e., - If ego has a sister named || Kushe, ^{any} he terms ^{every} woman named || Kushe !Gui (i.e. term for sister) or tsi (diminutive of !Gui), although she may not be otherwise related to him. He avoids ^{any || Kushe - albeit} her, mildly - does not joke with her, could not marry her.

If a man has the same name as ego himself the system comes into play with the man's whole family. Ego has proper terms for the man's relatives. Ego avoids the man's mother-in-law as he would his own; jokes with his brother, as he would his own and so forth. Ego and the man ^{of the same name} term each other !gu!na and !guma.

All this extends the feeling of belonging beyond consanguinity and affinal relationships. As there are only about 40 names

for men and about as many for women, and names are used generation after generation, the name relationships weaves together all the groups from Izam to Chola and into Bechucana land to Kai Kai and Kubi - according to our observations.

People as far away as Nuregas are feared; they are ~~the~~ dole. Folk here do not know what names they have at Nuregas. But we sent one of our Bushmen 40 miles north to a place he had not been before. He ~~was~~ middle aged and knew his geneologies. The people there at Radium called him ju dole. However he quickly said his name was gao, and his father's name was Debe.

"Oh, said the people, Debe! Our Hoo here has a brother named Debe. You are !gosi (ie brothers) and !Nani's father was gao. You are !quina si"
 So they gave him a present, and worked over the geneologies till they found folk who were his Tsu si and his llgasi too.

Names play another part in the kinship system. This is complex, needs full explanation - but briefly - it is the name which determines what kinship term is applied to many kin and some affines. i.e. If ego's brother's daughter has the same name as ego's mother, he calls her tsuma and avoids her. If ego's brother's daughter has the same name as ego's wife he calls her !gama and does not avoid her, etc. So for brother's sons, ^{sister's sons and daughters} daughter's sons and daughters, off spring of father's + mother's brothers + sisters. Ego uses the terms for them that he uses for the persons they are named for, and avoids or jokes according to the term, not according to their consanguinal relationship to him.

If this rings any bells in your mind or if you can ask anyone if this is a common practice among non-literate peoples, I'd be very grateful if you would let me know. I'd like particularly to know if other African kinship systems have it.

Elizabeth and Laurence are writing Jo - so I won't take the time to write him. Show this letter with him if you will.

We hope every thing goes well with you and we all send our greetings. Every time you go to see Nana she mentions you visit in her letters. I almost put a check on Nana - ! Nana, it would be.

Lorna

P.S. a little more dope which may interest you. Kump Bushmen are very exagamous. No two married persons in all the geneologies have a common grandparent.

P.P.S. Can't see that they are lineal at all. No difference in terms of behavior or authority between father's brother & sister or mother's brother & sister. No difference between cousins, cross, parallel or what have you.

But they are paternally oriented, though I'd say not patrilineal. Is there such a thing as being paternally emphasized with out being patrilineal?

Just to make thing nice and clear cut - they tend to be matrilineal - that is the word. Does not seem it should be. Men go to live with their wives' people.

P.P.P.S. Tell Jo we are finding Mongolian spots.

Mrs. L. K. Marshall
Care Mr. Vlock, President
S.W.A.N.L.A.
Front fountain, South West Africa.

March 20, 1953

Dear Lorna:

I was delighted to get your long letter of February 27 -- and ashamed to realize that it has been so long since I last wrote to you. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. I think of you all a great deal and am intensely interested in what you are doing but I have always had a kind of emotional block about letter-writing and now that I have to write from ten to twenty letters every week in connection with the archaeological organization I am promoting I find it hard to begin with the letters I really want to write.

You certainly have the gift of words, Lorna. Television could not have brought you closer than those few sentences about the calm and lionless midnight when you and Elizabeth sat outside the tent in the South African moonlight, dreaming up travel plans. I hope you do come home by way of Egypt and Constantinople. It sounds like a splendid idea.

I can't be of much help with regard to Egypt, however. My daughter Barbara and her family have left Cairo for good and are now settled in Switzerland. What a shame. They might have made your time in Egypt more pleasant. But the American Research Center in Egypt, of which I am a member, might be useful. Let me know if your plans really materialize and I will send you details. Cooney, of the Brooklyn Museum, who was the Director for this year, fell sick and had to come home, but Professor Arthur Jeffery, of Columbia and the Union Theological Seminary (also President of the American Oriental Society) is replacing him in June. I have been having dealings with him and can give you a letter to him, as well as to friends of various Egyptologists that I know. Your work with the Bushmen should serve as a passport anywhere but a personal contact does no harm. Wish I were going to range up and down the Nile with you.

Your account of the name relationship pattern of the Bushmen is ethnologically exciting. Kluckhohn cannot think of a parallel anywhere else. Doug Oliver will be consulted and Jo has already sent a copy of that part of your letter to David Schneider, a former graduate student of ours who is now teaching in the Social Relations Department. He is quite an authority on kinship systems. We will let you know the reaction. In any case your pattern is probably very rare if not unique. It ought to make a splendid paper for you when you come back. I am intrigued by the way in which the scheme functions, like a clan system, to knit together the scattered bands, although it is not a clan system at all. And what about the red faces of the authors who have claimed that the lowly Bushmen are so primitive that they have practically no social organization? It all fits in with Elizabeth's tests of the intelligence of your friends. And it only goes to show that anything which is so self-evident as to require no investigation will almost always prove to be wrong. You must write up your results. You can do it. Your work is sound, penetrating, splendid. My hat off to you.

Incidentally is there any pattern in the giving of names, beyond a tendency to name children after their grandparents, for this, as Bob Dyson was pointing out to me yesterday, would have a bearing on the problem. And what happens when ego has two name relationships with another group? For example, ego has a brother named Gao and another brother named |Qui. When visiting a distant place he finds someone named Gao who has a grandfather named |Qui. Does he treat Qui as a brothe

because his own brother's name is /Qui or as a grandfather because the new /Qui is grandfather of a man who bears the same name as his own brother Gao. Or should I muddy the waters this way?

Nana seems to be just as well as when you left her. I see her from time to time and we share letters. She has great courage and never complains but lives from day to day until you all come home.

Please congratulate Elizabeth on the selection of her story as one of the best stories of 1952. That pleases us all very much. Also her work with the Porteus Maze and Rorschach tests and her comments on the results seem to be very shrewd and sensible. I can understand what a help she is to the expedition.

It was good to see John when he was here. He seemed like the dependable and capable man that he is. I hope he has good luck with the the rest of the photography at Gautscha that he seems to think is necessary. It is unnecessary to say that Laurence has my heartiest good wishes, as do you all, and expect me at the airport with three bands when you arrive in August or September.

As ever

Laurence

Copy for
Lward

COPY

Gautscha
April 26, 1953

Dear Jo:

Thank you for your letter. We could not do without your letters, when the mails come. We expect and look for them. They mean a great deal; the sense of being in touch most of all. We are back in Gautscha. We moved last week, left Monday, April 20, arrived Wednesday, Apr. 22. The roads are what is called here heavy, and the loads were heavy. Laurence also returned from Windhoek on Wednesday. John was taking pictures of pink and white flamingoes on the deep blue pan. We heard a truck, did not look around because we thought it was Heines moving the Chev., till Laurence drove up right behind us and got out and was walking around to the cab of the Dodge. We nearly choked with surprise. Had not expected him for 10 days. He is going out again tomorrow, Apr 27, to fetch a man who is to keep the sound equipment in order. We shall make a more concentrated effort on sound recording for a while. It's been decided to catch up on that before or during interrogation on children, but to do pictures of children as opportunities come. I feel very short handed, having only two. John's plans are well set. He is going to spend the next 3-4 weeks going on foot on the hunting-gathering trips. I wish you could have heard Ftoma Gao Helmet, Gao Medicine and Gao in today saying they felt pity for John. They said they were used to going without water for perhaps 3 days when they were seriously hunting. There is no water anymore except in the pans and water holes. They say if John carries a camera, film, and a gun he can't carry enough water. They will plan somehow together what to do. John won't take the truck because he says, now that he has made several of these real trips with them, that there is a difference in quality. He came in with Gao Medicine's group on Saturday. They (not John) had shot a gemsbuck - and brought it back here to share it. They were without water from one afternoon to the evening of the next day. John too. He says it gives a different look to the party, as indeed it does. Di'ai was ill. Her lead was as big as herself. Gao carried her baby. Her milk gave out. We had not seen a party look so fagged before. John has been before with the truck, but this time just happened upon a particularly hard trip. The group on the whole looks very well. They are fatter. They have been eating Tsi 'iland nuts Tsi is one of the most delicious foods I ever tasted.

Repacking every box and bag, breaking camp, setting up again was a kind of a rest. I feel I've had a breather. Took a 2-hour nap this Sunday afternoon and am ready to begin again tomorrow. Again human relations will be what will drain our energies and emotions. Human relations here need more tending than a garden. But we are well prepared for them now. Our good relations have extended to this whole aggregation. Gao Helmet is being cheerful, affectionate cooperative. His jealousy is assuaged - apparently - somehow, Toma is wonderful, he is taking more active leadership in

advising us how to proceed and in explaining to others. They came this afternoon to say how glad they were we were back. They had been listening, listening for the trucks and heard only the wind they said. I think we are particularly fortunate with our interpreters. ~~Gami~~ Gami and Ledrmo. John takes Gami. I have Ledrmo. They are well liked and are interested, both happy to be here - doing good work.

I have been working more on the Kinship terms for father's father and mother's father. My theory that !gu'na is like ba (father) used regardless of names must be revised. I've had 10 more people say they termed both grandfathers !ga'na and 1 more who termed his father's father Tsu, his mother's father !gu'na. Where are we? I could not find out the reason for the Tsu. The man was a visitor whom I had not seen before. Had no geneological material on him. He was here too short a time to get his geneology. He said he was named for his father's brother but could give no further explanation. That throws no light. It is not at all uncommon to be named for your father's brother. He did not know whom his father's father had been named for or what chain of reasons might have started them. But it now seems that under some circumstances father's (and mother's) fathers can be Tsu (father's mothers Ilga, mother's mother?). At least I have 3 cases, Hama, the dead Luma and this man. Maybe the explanation lies in affines vs. kin. If, as Hama says she calls 2 of her grandchildren Tsuma because they were named for affines who were tsu to her. Maybe that is the law. I'll poke away at it. But the visitor was not named for an affine. But maybe the visitor's father's brother was named for an affine. There are so few cases it is hard to gather illuminating data. There is always the possibility of error, gross error i.e. that you are not talking about the same generation. You have to count the bas on your fingers. A ba a ba is your father's father a ba a ba a ba is your father's father's father - who is tsu. But Hama is not mixed up in generations. She is talking about herself and Gao's sons Gao and !Nani. That is what it takes. You have to know the names of everyone concerned and the geneology

Greetings to Evelyn and the boys, Lauriston, Iris, Bob the Oliners.

s/ Lorna

(To Goushey's Hotel
Windhoek, South West Africa)

Brookline, July 29, 1953

Dear Lorna:

Three cheers for the good news that your field work is coming to an end and that you are heading home on August 16. After nearly fourteen months this seems difficult to believe, but all the nicer for that.

This is just a pre-welcomehome note, before you are air-borne. I want to say again what a splendid job I think you and Laurence and John and Elizabeth have done and how much we have all missed you. I am now working out a program of re-education. First I will teach you English again, in twelve easy lessons. It really is an interesting language, in spite of having no clicks. Then Bob Dyson and others will take you on a few guided tours of Cambridge and Boston, until the strangeness has worn off. You may wish to pitch a tent at first on the strip of veldt along the Charles River, as it would undoubtedly be too much of a shock to sleep in a house (you remember how Mowgli felt about the dangers of a house). And when you are inured to four walls and a ceiling I shall have several lions shipped from Hollywood, to roar under your window.

There is not much news to write you and what there is is satisfactory. Nana, as you know, is well and has kept her flag flying all these months with remarkable fortitude. Of course there have been times when her spirits drooped and she had to nail the flag to the mast, but she has been wonderful

through it all. (Forgive my rough handling which tore this sheet of paper). I saw her a few days ago and she was very very happy at the thought that you would be home again so soon.

Elizabeth has undoubtedly kept you posted. I have seen her occasionally and heard some of the unpublished details of the expedition. I believe that she is busy now on the actual writing of her book -- in Canada at the moment, with Bob Dyson and his mother. Bob leaves in the fall for a fine year of experience in the Near East. Three different expeditions have invited him to be a guest excavator on their staff and he will spend a couple of months with Kathleen Kenyon at Jericho and about the same amount of time with Don McCown at Nippur and with Ghirshman at Susa. He has also had an offer of a position in the University Museum in Philadelphia when he returns and I think he will probably take it.

Jo Brew is digging in the Southwest but took a couple of weeks off to fly to Italy for a UNESCO meeting. The shooting has stopped in Korea, Eisenhower has got most of his legislation through Congress, Senator Taft is probably dying (the papers don't say, but it sounds like cancer), and Harvard has a new president. How is that for a quick summary of events in the Western Hemisphere?

Good luck to you all, as you "fold up your trucks like the Marshalls and silently steal away". I shall be delighted to see you. And please save a few lifetimes to tell me all about it.

Yours

Carleton

(May 1955)

Dear Lauriston,

I have not been able to mail you a card because the post office at Ghanzi is out of stamps. Eventually this will be taken out to Windhoek. We have made a second part of the journey - into Bechuanaland. We are camped in brush, but have been travelling through savannah. All day we travelled without stopping to eat in order to reach this place in time to settle before dark. Writing to you will help us wait more patiently for something to be made.

We have had a long preliminary period this time and are not yet really down to work. We found an "wild" band of Bushmen visiting

1

relatives who work on a farm
who are evidently the same people
as ours at Gaulticha. But, as
I expected, we could do little
work with them because they
were afraid of us. At the end
they were coming around to like
us and were feeling a bit cozy
but we had to leave. I got
some points in the Kuvshin's system
well confirmed. Never the less, they
absolutely refused to have face casts made.

We had a rare experience in
Gaulticha. As I meet many people
here in Bechuana land and see
how fragmentary their experience
with Bushman is, and how
inaccurate their knowledge, I
value more and more the information
we got. Also the more I see
other people with the more I
value our way of work. Actually
I trust our results as I trust

no one else that I have seen
 work with Bushmen. I shall
 end, I fear, in the extreme of
 self-satisfaction and ^{be an} "unmodest
 opinionated snob" of an ethnologist.
 People go at Bushman too quickly
 and think they have got at the
 bottom of things, when actually no
 one has understood any one.

Through out the farms in this
 vast flat area, the earth there
 are many Bushmen working. Yet
 we have met ~~no one~~ ^{no farmers or officials} who has seen
 a curing ceremony. What a rich
 experience we had by comparison.
 The dance you came to in 1900 —
 there couldn't be a more impressive
 one.

Late

Another camp - in a quiet stretch of flat
 veld that reaches from horizon to horizon
 without a human sign.

We are struggling with interpreter
 problems. So far we have come upon
 four Bushman languages among the
 Bushmen working on the farms. It is

4

a Tower of Babel. The languages differ
as much as the European languages
one from the other - if not more.
That and the temporary aspect of our
stay makes work ineffective. However
not entirely so. We have one language
with the kiss click in our midst
which pleases Professor Mangard.

It will be a long time before we
write again. We are going to move
toward Kihutata soon and try
to settle down to work for a time -
till we send out to get John.

It will be good to have John
with us. His not being here makes
us feel we have not yet begun
the actual expedition. Elizabeth is
pure joy to have. It will be good
to have both the youngsters again.
Have a good summer.

Lona

Brookline, May 19, 1955

(Care Thos Cook + Son
Fox + Lovejoy Sts.
Johannesburg, Union of South Africa)

Dear Lorna:

Believe it or not, I was actually sitting down to write to you yesterday when I was called to the Museum and there in the mail was your fine long letter. It was so welcome and shrank the miles between New England and Bechuanaland as though alum had been poured on them. Makes me wish that the teleportation of my Science Fiction reading was a reality and that I could join you and Laurence and Elizabeth for at least a cup of tea and an hour of conversation.

What you say about the different Bushman languages is most intriguing. Hope you will meet more "wild" Bushmen soon and succeed in placing the ones you have already studied in the larger framework of tribal and linguistic groups. There has never been any work like yours and I am glad that you are beginning to realize it. If you are an "immedest opinionated snob of an ethnologist", as you so amusingly call yourself, then let's have a few more of your kind. Here at the home base we are all proud of you.

However, you would much rather have news than praise, I am sure. There has not been a great deal of it. Cambridge seems terribly quiet since you left -- you and Laurence are such delightful agents provocateurs of social good times. Margo too has been away but a note just received announces that she is "home, home from the range, and mighty glad to be here". Nana, when I last saw her, seemed well and ageless as ever. I am going to see her again in a day or two, but from John's letters you must know more about her than I do.

Everyone here is distressed about the fantastic trouble that the Kluckhohn family are in. Clyde's young son, a graduate student of anthropology at the University of Chicago, was arrested in Raleigh, N.C. charged with murder. A shot fired from the window of his hotel room pierced the heart of a middleaged woman as she was getting into her car in the parking lot below. Apparently he did not know her and there was no known motive. He says it was an accident~~but~~ but he made the mistake of running away and now he is in jail without bail. What a terrible thing to happen.

I suppose you will still find it impossible to take in the African Congress at Livingstone. Too bad, for all sorts of interesting people will be there and they would be delighted to hear about your work. The American contingent will consist of our own Bill Howells, Sherry Washburn from Chicago and Bill Godfrey from Beloit -- all Harvard men -- and perhaps Mrs. MacCurdy, who is to all intents and purposes a Harvard woman.

Bob Dyson was in Cambridge for a few days, on his way back from Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf. After he reached Philadelphia it was found that he had picked up some intestinal worms (not too serious) and ^{he} has been running his museum job from a bedside telephone in the hospital. He writes that the doctors are much interested in him, because they have so little opportunity to study tropical diseases in Philadelphia. The other day his case was brought up at a meeting of the whole hospital staff and Bob regaled them with a short lecture on Sumerian medicine. Our Bob! The new Babylonian exhibit of the University Museum that he was largely responsible for was a great success and he has received many congratulations.

Bruce Howe, who is digging with Braidwood in Kurdistan, has had quite a bout of amoebic dysentery and Braidwood kept him company with hepatitis, neither case severe, fortunately. (I apologize for the battle-murder-and-sudden-death character of my news. Trust to have a more cheerful budget for you next time).

My son Larry is satisfactorily busy at Northeastern University, where he has a full-time job and in addition is taking two courses (for an A.M. in Education), teaching one and, in his spare time, arranging to be married next week. She is a nice girl, Dorothy Lee Jones, attractive, a graduate of Winsor and Boston University. I am happy about it. When you get back to Bryant Street next fall you will find an invitation to the wedding. There seemed to be no point in bothering you with it in South Africa.

My Council for Old World Archaeology is making faster progress. For the purpose of getting out our proposed surveys of current news and current bibliographies we have divided the Old World into 22 areas, requiring an editor for each, plus 4 "continental" editors. We have now received acceptance of appointment for 18 of these 26 posts. Quite satisfactory, considering that this is a labor of love. What pleases me most is the fact that every one of the 18 people was our first choice for the place. But my supply of salesmanship is almost exhausted.

Please give my very best to Laurence and Elizabeth. Have a wonderful and profitable time. And don't forget to come home to your friends, of whom one of the most expectant is

Lauriston

Next day

I have just had a nice visit with Nana. She seemed very well and says the slight trouble with her stomach is much better. We swapped news of you and agreed that it would be good to have you home again. My regards to all the white rhinos you meet.

6/21

Comiston

Copies for you



Molepolole

June 11, 1955

Dear Jo:

Thank you for your letters. You keep us from feeling too far away. The truck roared into camp last night bringing John and those who had gone out to fetch him. He is in fine spirits. Philip and Ledimo and Hewich were glowing with pleasure to have him back. I feel that now the expedition has begun where as we had before been merely in preparation.

I have very little time to write. We have had rain and hail, long days of travel, cold which pierces through shirt sweater, scarf and two coats and freezes the water in the buckets. The last days have been fine and sunny. It has been a major comfort to dry out our things. I have worlds to tell you but no time now if this is to be sent to Molepolole in 20 minutes.

We leave tomorrow morning to cross the trackless place. Every one is under pressure needing to do several things at the same time. I have had a very hard time working. We carry two Bushmen with us but we are a big camp and there is such a business of living when we move constantly that I can not get the work wedged in.

I had 2 weeks at OKWA which proved very interesting and tantalizing. I told you a bit about that. Am working now on the ll Ganakwe system. Our work involves five languages and a stupid informant. It is slow, but is coming along. It does make an interesting bit of data to see where kinship systems are the same and where different among a people distributed as the Bushmen are.

I was shocked to hear from Lauriston about the Kluckhohn's son's being charged with murder.

Please thank Lauriston for me for his letter. I can't answer it this a.m. I received a clipping of his son's wedding.

I have to run.

Love to you all,

Lorna

June 11, 1955

Dear Jo:

Prof. Mainguard has left us. He is in his 70's, he said 70 to me and 76 to Bill. He walks around slowly and takes quite a while to climb into a truck. He had a sore back for a few days after a jauncy ride on one of the Dodges--but that jaunciness was nothing to what is coming. He gets up at 5:30 a.m., but has been sleeping in the truck several hours a day. That is alright when on a G.M.C. on a reasonable track but sounding over grass hummocks for two weeks and bush basking is different--and I just didn't want to take a chance of ruining the old boy. So I told this to Dart. (Prof. M. came with us to Joburg when I went to get John and Storey (botanist from Pretoria). Dart talked to M. I guess, because he came over to see me (asked for an appointment for an interview!) and told me he wasn't returning with us. I told him frankly that I was concerned about his welfare (euphonius for bones & dentures) and he seemed willing to accept the working of the outcome though he refuted the theory. Anyway we parted friends and he said that from his point of view he had picked the cream of what he hoped to do at Okwa and Tackachain with the K.A. By the way he said he hadn't rec'd your letter, of which I had a copy) giving him exclusive till Dec. 1956.

I am going to send the recordings he made to Boston to be copied, when we get to Ghanzi. I should also be able to take some more en route which if Ko we could include.

Storey, asst. to Dr. Dyer, head of botany for the Union, seems a very fine person.

We also have engaged a mechanic in Joburg, Cass Kruger. Everyone likes him and he seems quite competent. His mother and father (he is 24) came to see him off. They are two of the sweetest people we ever met. They had to wait 4 hrs, we had a delay, but were cheerful and helped lots of ways. Then they both kissed him goodbye, she had tears in her eyes, and asked me soulfully to please write. I will.

On the way back from Joburg, we stayed at Mafeking. I had a fine morning with Forbes-MacKenzie, President Conant, for Bechuanaland. He is a 6'8" Scot. Pale red hair, blue eyes, 3'8" across the shoulders, and a jolly twinkle. The D.C. at Molepolole Cardross Grant is also a sweet person, a bit deaf but very helpful. We can shoot for them for all we want.

A. Knobel, son of the old missionary and later trader at Molepolole, is a grand person. He sent out 100 miles along our way, to tell a Bakalahau (who speaks Jewana, Mgikue, Mganalsue & Ko) to come with us. This Knobel is a solid strong person without any of the fast worker instincts of his brother, the photog.

Regards to your family & the staff.

Laurence.

from Louisa

Ghanzi, August 1, 1955

Dear Jo,

It will surprise me if you can read this note. It will be written in haste without pen or glasses. But I want to use the moment I have to send our greetings and report that we have reached Ghanzi. Your letters were here. They had a very good effect upon me. Home, you, friends, and all seemed very solid and real and vivid.

It makes me feel quite sick to think of Eric. Poor Eric. Thank you for telling me. I shall write a note to him and send it to your to forward. I do not have his address. Did you say you went to Denver to see him? He will be courageous. He has probably imagined death and suffering so that he has already taken them into his life and will not feel strange or surprised in them. I have so little time to write I must plunge along to tell you a few things. Reason for so little time is that I have been giving all my time--I did not even write home--to round out the work with the Bushmen of this area. Tomorrow we leave the area. The plan shifted back and forth about the route to take to Gautscha from here. Laurence waited to go through the Groot Lagta ^{the omarambas south of} ~~are~~ . . . ^{1/2 Gam.} Evidently there are Bushmen of the Gautscha variety in that area. They sometime come here to a farm, more particularly of Lewis (Leviss), They call themselves, the ones here, *ju doisi* as in Gautscha and speak the same language. They are called Makaukau here in the Ghanzi area. But John does not want the traveling through the area. Days of travel. No road. Possibly no sight of a Bushman. We would have to have gone with guides on horses. He wants to get straight to Gautscha to have all the possible time there. He feels that the smattering of contact or no contact with Bushmen on the way is not important compared to days of work at Gautscha. So we shall go *tomorrow* to *Isau*. Thence to

Kai Kai and I can thence to Guatscha. 3-4 days travel, or less. We go slowly. The 2 GMC's are like great obliging elephants. One does not hurry them. John will have the month at Gautscha, then be off home. Eliz. may or may not go with him. Laurence and I will go to eastern Ovamboland and Southern Angola. Now is a good time to do it, we feel.

As for catching the last of Bushman life, this is it. Our speaking of ten years was I believe not a correct guess. Two or three years may end it in the area we have been through in my opinion. Small pox almost ended it 3 years ago. Some got medicine, some did not. Those away from the centers did not, and they almost died out. The experience took the heart out of those who lived. They are ready to give up the veld life.

We had one of our times of being blessed with good fortune with the 'Gikwe people. Did Laurence tell you? I will in case he didn't. We had ground our way through the sand for days upon days travelling North from Molepolole across the western grassy plains where there was no track. We saw no Bushmen. Then one evening as we were making camp, 'Gishay reported seeing Bushmen foot prints and signs of their running. Next day we explored about a bit, found a Werft, ~~rains~~ skerms with ostrich egg shells left in them. No people came however. After 2 days we were packed to push on but John wanted a picture of the Werft in a certain light. He went ahead with Theunis that morning. We stayed to take the pictures. We finished and were ready to leave when Bob Store, the botanist, found a place where the Bushmen who ran had been. They had run so suddenly, they left everything, even arrows and bow. We were just looking at these things when 2 Bushmen came walking toward us. They had returned because they had heard the first truck leave and thought all of us had gone. From this fortuitous encounter came a month's fine work. A month could not have

been more stuffed with success. The material we got is, in my opinion and John's, precious. I worked a lot with an old man, *Onkwane* (?) John had a young hunter to do anything he asked. He filmed their way of life, without water. They do live without water depending on tsama melons, roots and the rumen of the antelopes they kill. They had no metal arrows, only bone and wood ones. Once over their fright, they became devoted to us and we to them. I got the kinship system, several myths, very, very interesting ones, etc. A month is very short. *Onkwane* was old, intelligent, he knew everything and was willing to explain. He threw light on several points which had been noted but not indicated at Gautsche. Onkwane was furthermore a musician who created songs, as 'Gao Music did, to accompany his moods. I thought his songs exquisite. "Better melons" was one: Another about the fact that his wife was "lazy to make the fire;" another fire song which said that when the fire was mended and blazed up it gave light and warmth; another a song of shouting which says -- all these in music not in words--that people shouted when one had been lost and joined his people again. This last was a sad song, not one of rejoicing. It's mood was that the people did not shout enough to lead the last one, till in the end he, *Onkwane*, shouted ~~x~~ enough and the man found his way. The only instrument they had was a hunting bow. Onkwane played it as I have never seen it played before, producing harmonics as well as at least five notes. We tried our very best to make a good record in sound Sync, black & white stills and a movie film.

16 more 'G.i.K.w.e.s' joined us for the last 10 days. They were harmonious, easy to be with, nice people.

Thanks again Jo for your letters. John will work on the close-ups. Thanks for every bit of news. It was good to hear that Dick Kluckhohn is not as badly off as might be.

We hope you are all having a good summer. Give Evelyn and the boys our love. Sometime take a breather for yourself and do nothing for 5 hours.

(signed) Lorna

I asked Laurence if he wanted to add a word. He said to tell you about our change of plan--not to go through the Groot Laagte. He says it breaks his heart. But not seeing it now may be the thing that will bring us back sometime. Departure delayed by Ted Story (Botanist) not returning from a trip so I had a whole unexpected afternoon off and wrote *Nana*. I have asked her to send you a copy of that letter. It tells a few things I didn't get to. . . *In yours.*

Letter from John Marshall, no date
(August 1955)

Dear J.O.

I was very glad to get your letter. It seems like everything's going along O.K. with Mr. Smith and the catalogue. The criticism he made is just exactly what I want to hear. It will be a great help to have someone who knows film look at my film. Any other criticisms will be greatly appreciated. As a matter of fact, I have been getting many more C.U. shots than I did before. If everything else stays the same and nothing untoward happens, my technique seems to have improved. At last I have a camera I like, this arriflex is a wonderful tool. I believe that the spring motor in cameras was an awful set back for anyone doing serious filming. It makes an arbitrary limit on the length of a shot and it has to be wound. Also it is too easy to shoot hand held and this never really works. The arri is a real improvement. It is a much simpler tool to work with in some ways--the mechanical ways, and much more difficult in other ways--with the freedom comes more creative responsibility.

I have been intending to put down in writing what I have thought about the Bushman films--how they began, what the original plan was, how the concepts of the first summer were changed during later work. I think that mostly it would be a description of how I began to learn the first minute scraps of the potentialities and weaknesses of film. This interwoven with the story of my acquaintance with the Bushmen. I feel that the lessons I learned were learned in the most expensive way possible but at least they have been profoundly learned. As far as writing down these things, I have had neither time nor the energy left over to do so. With the /Gigue folk I went off like a house-a-fire and since we left them, we have been traveling until now. We have just come to /Nama on the road between /Gam and /Gautcha--you know the

waterhole there--and found /Goma ^{2.} about 15-20 miles east of there. I have just got back from finding him and bringing him and Gow medicine to !Nama. Also, I Havn't organized and thought about what I would say enough to do a job on such a report. About all I can say is that the results come purely from having enough energy to go out and work in the hot sun. I did not, and am now only beginning to have the concept that there must be a reason for each scene. Ideally, there should be a complete analysis of the situation being filmed before the camera is moved or the subject for that matter. This would enable each scene to have a particular emphasis that would fit into the sequence being developed and help it most. I do not believe that taking a scene just to have footage to edit with is enough of a reason for the scenes' existence. Unfortunately, so far it has been. Mostly, I have been filming specific sequences and also trying to get shots expressive of the land--the drought, the quietness, harshness and uncushioned(?) sterility.

News: Farmers have been into the /Gautcha area. We have heard from the people remaining of at least three groups of these farmers-- one group probably including Fritz Metzgat. Old /goma, his wife /Gam, Gow helmet and most of that complex have gone to work on the farms near Gobabis.

So far, we havn't heard of any actual force involved in taking the people away. Now, my best friend, is gone. Also beautiful young Hama, Gow Scarf and his pretty daughter, /Qui and his wife /Gasa and her sister Huar//a. It seems pretty barren here. The young men and young women mostly gone. The whole thing made me sick. Qui, the hunter, was bitten by a puff adder. He can't walk and must be carried from

from place to place. He was bitten three months ago and isn't better yet. Depressing news. 'goma, however, is fine. He raised the tobacco we gave him and cured his daughter's eyes with our medicine. He is a magnificent person. Cow medicine was with him and is also fine.

I was shocked to hear about Eric Douglas. I hope he comes through, O. K. I'll see you in the end of September. Don't expect too much from this answer print of "The Hunters." It is a first draft.

Love,

(signed) John

August 29, 1957

Dear Laurence:

The reference that I spoke about the other day is:

Cipriani, Prof. Lidão - Una interessante pueblo del Sahara: Los Dauada. Revista Geografica Americana (Buenos Ayres', vol. 2, 1934, pp. 140-152. Illus., map. (Peab. no.: L. Soc. 6. 9. 77)

This may be a false alarm but Carl Coon does not think so. He will be glad to give you more information and can supply photos that he got from Cipriani. Cipriani did not realize the Bushman angle. That was only recently discovered by Coon.

Please extend some congratulatory clicks to the new generation of the wonderful Marshall family and my best wishes to all of you.

Sincerely

Laurence

MRS. LAURENCE KENNEDY MARSHALL

4 BRYANT STREET CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

Dear Mr. Ward,

I was sorry to learn this evening that you are ill. I left a message to say that we hoped you could dine with us on Saturday, January thirteenth at seven. We shall be a small party and very informal. Helen Keller will be here, and the Pfeiffers. Helen Keller is a neighbor of Malinda and Robert Pfeiffer in the summer. She has heard them speak of Laurence and John

having been to Africa, and she
wants to come to hear about
the trip, and to have some of the
pictures described to her. We
thought she would enjoy meeting
you. Malilda says we should
all enjoy meeting her, - that
she is marvelous.

We hope that you will
soon be well.

Sincerely,

Louisa Marshall

Friday



There are no women like
this walking around Rome & ^{excuse}
but we are so busy eating ^{the}
and looking that we ^{wine!}
don't miss them!! Saw some
terrible Etruscan tombs today.
Now for some pizza! Bob D.



PAR AVION
AIR MAIL



We are having to start a
new numbering system for the
proper classification of the
hardships we must endure.
Regards. Lawrence.

George Lupiana - greetings from
beautiful Rome -

At this gay party we miss
you! Greetings from Rome
Robert H. Pfeiffer
Martelee Pfeiffer

P.S. Bumped into Dr. Hanfmann

ROMA - Museo Capitolino downtown - !
Venere Capitolina
Venus of the Capitol
(RM)

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MR. LAURISTON WARD

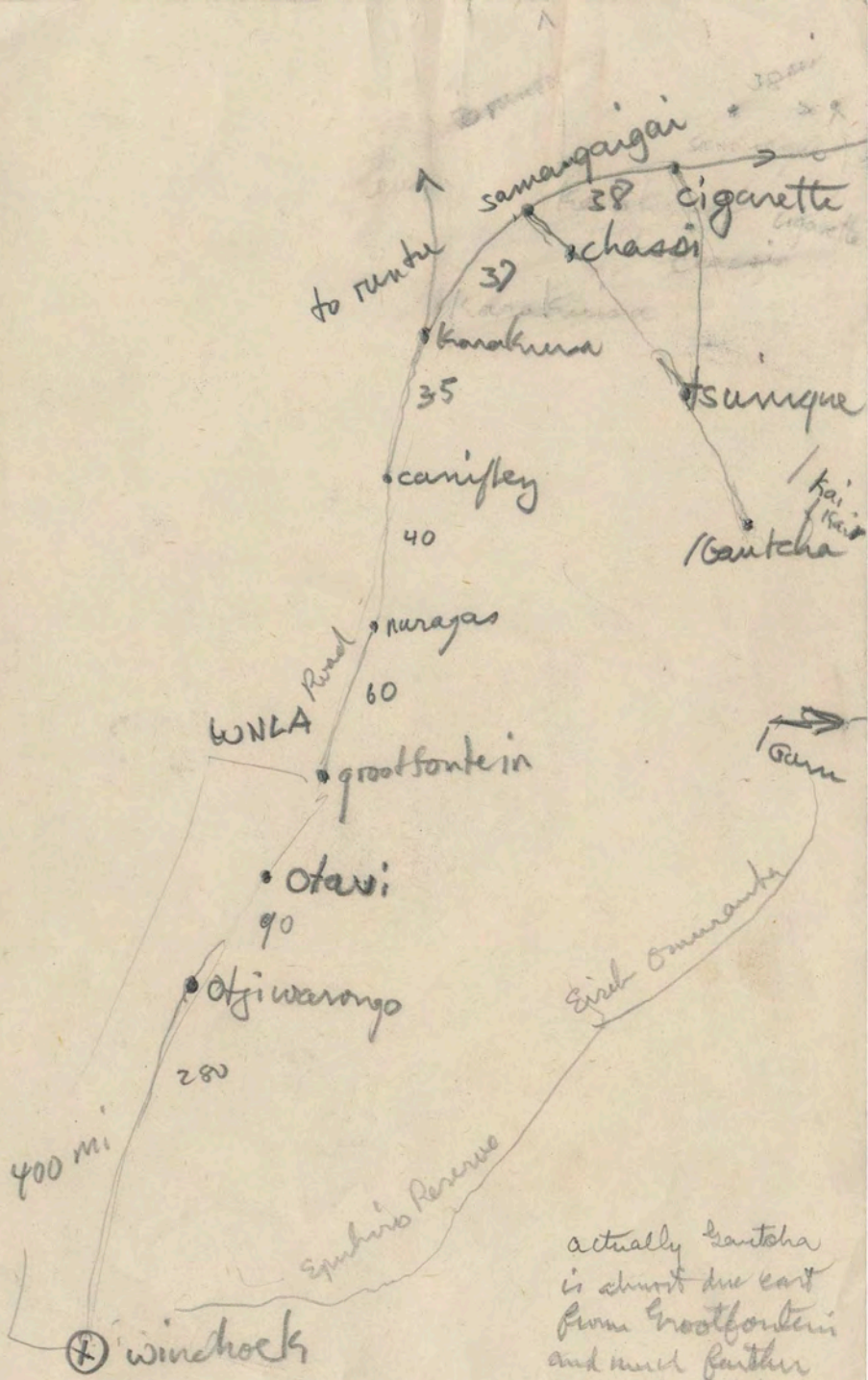
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actually Bantcha
 is almost due east
 from Grootfontein
 and much farther
 away from it.

Going, Going, Gone---But Is It Genuine?



CRIMSON—Dale B. Fruman

"Who'll give me two hundred?" auctioneer Smyth chants as the Paine Hall audience bids on master paintings and artful forgeries alike. About \$7000 was contributed by friends of the College in return for a five-year "rental" period of the Fogg Museum "objets d'art."



CRIMSON—Robert C. Hartshorne

But before the auctioneer started to peddle the wares of Fogg, hundreds of alumni streamed through the sunny courtyard of the Museum to try to spot the imitations and outguess the experts. This "fourth century B.C." statuette was revealed as a probable forgery—after it had been sold for \$450.

The Harvard Crimson

The University Daily Newspaper—Founded 1873

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Richard N. Levy '59, Managing Editor
Robert W. LeVine '59, Business Manager
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Night Editor for this issue: Claude E. Welch, Jr.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1958

Cabbages and Kings

"Caveat Emptor"

Yesterday's art "auction" for the benefit of the Program proved for all time the truth of "Caveat emptor" (Let the buyer beware). Fogg Director John P. Coolidge sold twelve works of art to charitable bidders, and immediately presented a panel of experts who pronounced half of the art "originals" fakes.

The proceeds of the auction go to the Program Fund, and the paintings and sculptures will be loaned to their "purchasers" for five years only. Fogg retains ownership. This would make enough complication, but for added enjoyment the Fund people made half the pictures true originals, half very clever forgeries. The scene was one of incredible confusion.

AUCTIONEER (William A. Smyth of a New York gallery): Here we are, our first item, a Piranesi drawing, formerly owned by the Marquis de Sade. What do I hear? Let me hear a hundred. Who'll start the bidding off at a hundred? Where are your hearts? What fine gentleman will offer—

FIRST VOICE: Fifty.

AUCTIONEER: I hear fifty, do I hear a hundred, where is a hundred, a hundred, do I hear one fifty, one fifty, who'll say one fifty, even one-hundred, do I hear—Ah! I hear one-hundred—

LADY IN SECOND ROW: (Raises finger.)

AUCTIONEER: The lady says two hundred!

LADY IN SECOND ROW: (Grins.)

AUCTIONEER: Do I hear two-hundred, who will bid—

SECOND VOICE: Three hundred.

LADY IN SECOND ROW: (Scowls.) Three-hundred.

AUCTIONEER: The lady bids three-hundred; do I hear—

The lady in the second row eventually got her Piranesi, for \$700, and confided to me that it was certainly the real McCoy. As luck would have it, she was right, and now may hang "a very rare and wonderful" Piranesi drawing in her living room for five years.

The "second voice" turned out to be a very natty gentleman in the first row, who bid on everything, and bought three paintings (for \$1,500). Among his purchases was a portrait by John Singleton Copley, an American of the Revolutionary period.

"I think the Copley is a fake," he confided to us. "I'm turning it back." Mr. Second Voice thereupon returned the painting to the auctioneer, offering it for a second donation to the Fund. The Copley was indeed a fake, and the canny connoisseur found that his other two purchases, which he kept, were genuine.

"What a steal," the Lady in the Second Row confided to us later. "That Copley isn't worth ten dollars. It's real, but it's terrible." I had to agree. The "Copley" was a fairly undistinguished canvas.

One canvas, a Renoir oil sketch, went into rental at the tidy sum of \$1850. This, its borrower probably knew, was genuine. Most of the capacity audience in Paine Hall came merely to watch others bid, and even the bidders seemed to be in a holiday mood. "Well," said the lady in the second row after winning the Piranesi, "I've had my fling for the day. Now let's see what I got."

—DAVID ROYCE '53, '55½, '56

The Moviegoer

The Hunters

At New Lecture Hall—Harvard's Day Only

The Hunters is a Peabody Museum-sponsored film (on the lives of some African bushmen) which has won a flock of awards from the motion picture people and a lot of praise from professional ethnologists. It is well-photographed, well-directed, well put-together; it will be shown at the World's Fair in Brussels this summer. Undoubtedly, in short, it is a distinguished piece of work from an academic, anthropological point of view.

Many of the finer points are, however, lost upon an uninitiated audience. To those who are unfamiliar with the scholarly brutality of such "research films," *Hunters* is liable to prove a bizarre, or downright traumatic experience. A macabre sense of humor finds much to chuckle over. But even the strongest stomach is sorely tried by the gory scenes which mark the end of the film.

Star of the show is narrator (also director and photographer) John Marshall. Marshall has given himself some wonderfully ridiculous lines, which—no matter how humorous or gory—

speaks in a doggedly deadpan tone. Truly, his scholarly detachment from his subject is marvelous to behold. But his audience has considerable difficulty in achieving a like frame of mind.

The Hunters are a tribe of pygmies living in "the bush" of southwest Africa. Theirs is a "hard, dry, bitter, far-from-generous" land. It gets little rain; its water-holes are scarcely ever wet; and the pygmies must subsist on berries, nuts, roots, and whatever game they can hound down "It is a bitter land indeed," Marshall notes, "where all the trees have thorns."

While the women dig up roots ("from the hard ground in the hot sun"), the men go off hunting where "the keenness of their eyes, the spring of their sinews, and the swiftness of their legs" are put to good use. The children, meanwhile, practice bow-and-arrow shooting in anticipation of the days when they will be grown to their full four-foot stature. "Anthills thrusting so boldly out of the grass are their targets," Marshall tells us.

The men make their kills by using arrows tipped in an insidious poison, which is fashioned from "the grub of beetles living in merulla trees." *Hunters* shows several pictures of animals writhing in their last struggles after being thus shot down—at which point Marshall draws the sober conclusion that "The poison is good. It works."

After this preliminary sequence on the general way of life of the Bushmen, the film takes up the thread of one hunting expedition in particular. This begins in a nice domestic setting. Koma and Ku are a devoted pygmy couple, recently blessed with a baby pygmy. As Ku suckles the infant, Koma looks on proudly. "The sight of his wife's full breasts and the baby she has given him makes him eager to kill a fat buck," Marshall explains. So Koma sharpens his knife, brews his poison, and, together with some of his buddies, heads off into the bush.

The first day all they find is a tortoise and some young birds, which they stash away carefully for the wife and kids back home. The second day they bring down a kudu, but the vultures get to it before the pygmies. Later on, though, one of them wounds a giraffe ("His technique is good," Marshall remarks), and a long pursuit begins. The giraffe spoor is relentlessly followed, his dung and urine are repeatedly inspected for signs of the disease which the poison must sooner or later induce. At length he is cornered, and speared to death in particularly bloody fashion. And Marshall's un-sparing camera, true to the canons of scholarly accuracy, misses none of the gory details.

The tale ends on a happy note, with all the pygmies feasting merrily around a big fire. Ku suckles her baby once again and Koma, gnawing away on a good-sized giraffe-bone, looks on more proudly than ever.

—JOHN P. DEMOS

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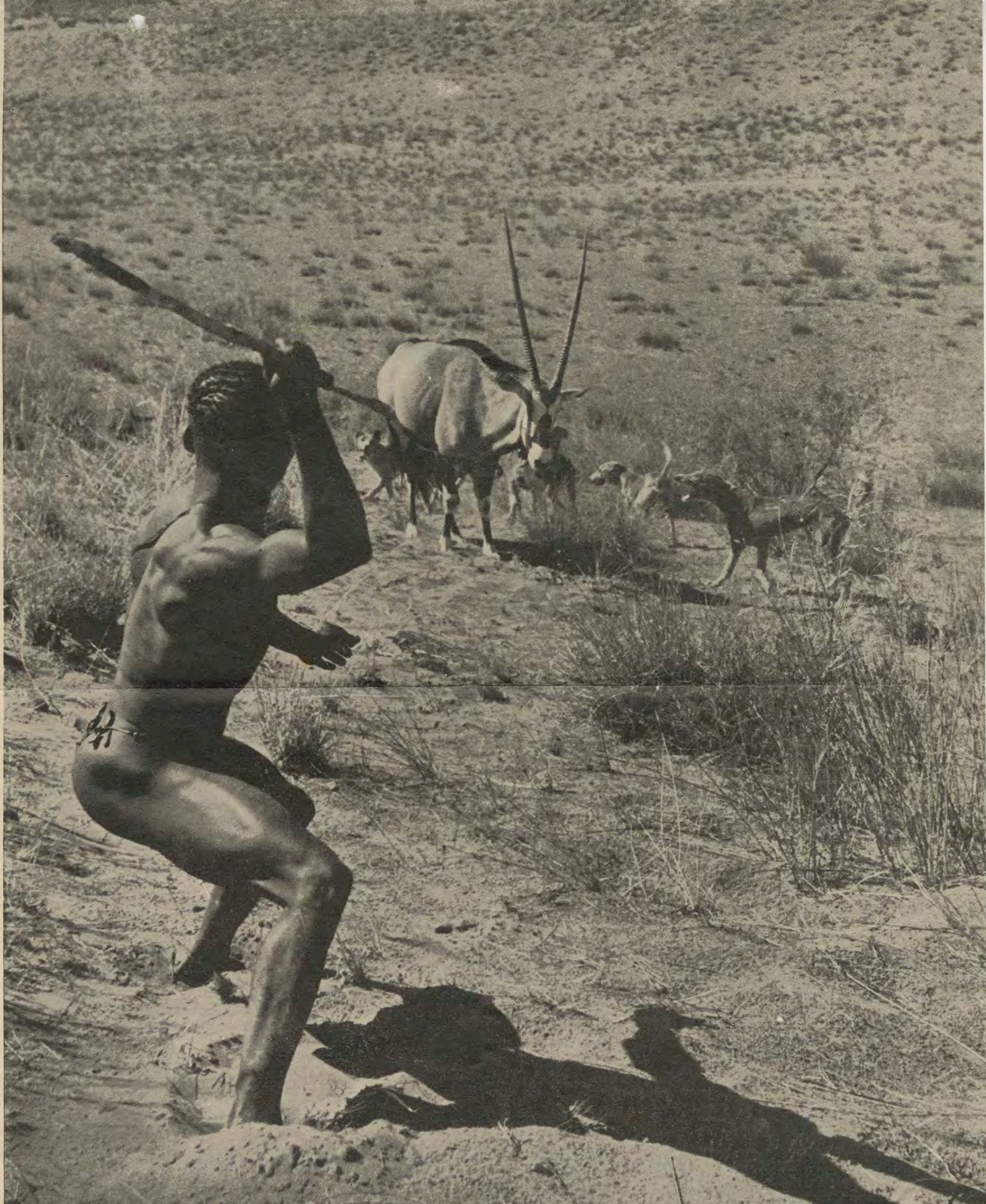
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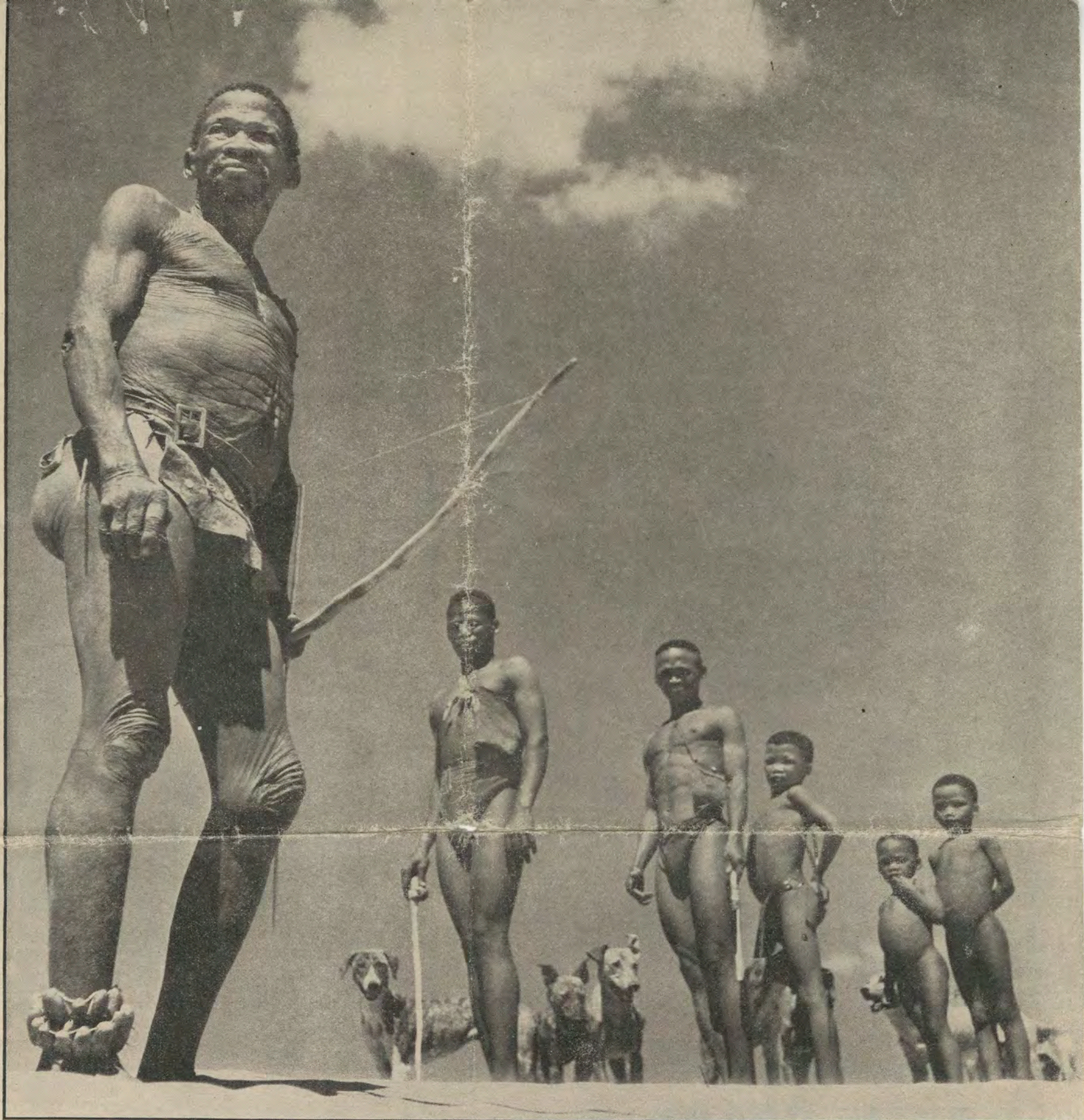
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**WHILE HIS DOGS CIRCLE A WOUNDED GEMSBOK,
A BUSHMAN THROWS HIS SPEAR FOR THE KILL**



THE BUSHMEN

AN ANCIENT RACE STRUGGLES TO SURVIVE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN DESERTS

In the arid and sun-scorched wastelands of South Africa live the remnants of a dying race. They are the Bushmen: small, yellow-brown people with tightly tufted hair, lobeless ears, narrow eyelids, dry skin that tends to become wrinkled with old age and the singular ability to store up fat in their buttocks. An ancient stock, the Bushmen have both Negro and Mongol characteristics, and others of their own. They are nomads, living without livestock, agriculture or permanent dwellings, moving as the seasons change, in a never-ending search for food and water. They are among the most primitive people in the world;

but the fact that they still exist is proof of how perfectly their way of life is adapted to their physical surroundings (see next page).

The band of Southern Bushmen whose life is shown in these pages camp among the glaring sand dunes of the Southern Kalahari Desert in Central South Africa. They are one of the few comparatively pure Bushman groups in existence. Their race is named for the bushveld where the Dutch first saw them. They once ranged over an enormous area and numbered several millions but are now reduced to 7,500 individuals, most of whom are of mixed blood. For centuries, the Bushmen were

The men, boys and dogs of a Bushman band start out for a day's hunting. They are led by their wrinkled old chief (left), who wears an anklet of dried coconuts.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY N. R. FARBMAN

victims of powerful Negro tribes that moved into their area. Later, the white settlers butchered thousands of them in bloody and useless feuds. Today the Bushmen are protected by the South African government and helped out with rations in times of drought. The surviving "wild" tribes are free to continue their struggle with nature in their desert hunting grounds.

How they are faring in this struggle is documented pictorially for the first time. To get these photographs LIFE Photographer N. R. Farbman and LIFE Correspondent Don Burke drove 600 miles through the wastes of the Bushman country.

Life, Feb 3, 1947



WHEN GAME BECOMES SCARCE OR WHEN ONE OF ITS MEMBERS DIES, THE ENTIRE BAND PICKS UP ITS BELONGINGS AND STRIKES OUT ACROSS THE SAND DUNES TOWARD A

THE BAND IS BASIC GROUP

Every Bushman belongs to a hunting band, which in turn is part of a particular tribe. But while the tribe is no more than a collection of people who speak the same dialect, the band is the foundation of Bushman society. It consists of several big families, often polygamous,

who travel together (*above*) within a large, well-defined area which they consider to be their absolute property. They camp in small, temporary grass huts which serve as their only shelter from the sun and wind. The oldest and wisest hunter of the group acts as a benevolent chief.



BUILDING SHELTER, couple fastens coarse desert grass to a frame. Wife's buttocks are typically fat.



DIGGING FOR FOOD with a long gemsbok horn (*above, right*), woman finds a root deep in the dry soil.



GETTING WATER out of wet sand, old man sucks through a hollow reed which has a filter of grass.



WATER HOLE IN ANOTHER PART OF ITS TERRITORY, LEAVING THE SHELTERS TO BLOW APART IN THE DESERT WINDS. WHEN TIMES ARE HARD, BAND MAY SPLIT UP TO SEEK FOOD

Although the members of a band are not governed by formal laws, their group life has a definite pattern and organization. Their customs are based on the necessity for doing certain things in certain ways in order to survive in a harsh environment. If a man kills an animal,

he must share its meat with the whole band, but if he finds some ostrich eggs or wild melons, he may keep them for himself and his family. Although every Bushman learns at an early age to be self-sufficient, there is some specialization within the group (*below*): men are the

hunters, butchers and tailors of the band; women are the food gatherers and cooks. Children have no special tasks to perform, but by helping their parents and watching them work (*see next page*) they learn how to do the things that will be expected of them when they grow up.



PREPARING MEDICINE, doctor mixes vegetable ingredients, stores them in boxes of horn and shell.



DECORATING CLOTHES is one of few art forms. Men make all the clothes, even the women's skirts.

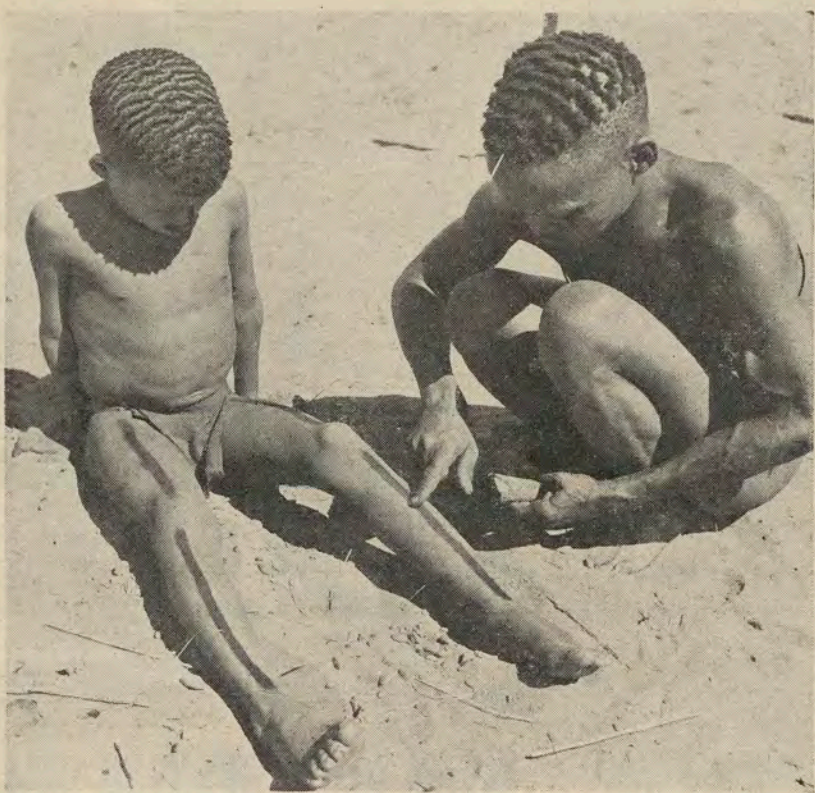


MAKING COSMETICS, young woman grinds bark to powder. It is mixed with fat and smeared on body.



CHILDREN'S GAMES are simple and unrestrained. Here a wiry, yellow-brown and completely naked youngster takes a huge leap from the top of a dune into the soft sand

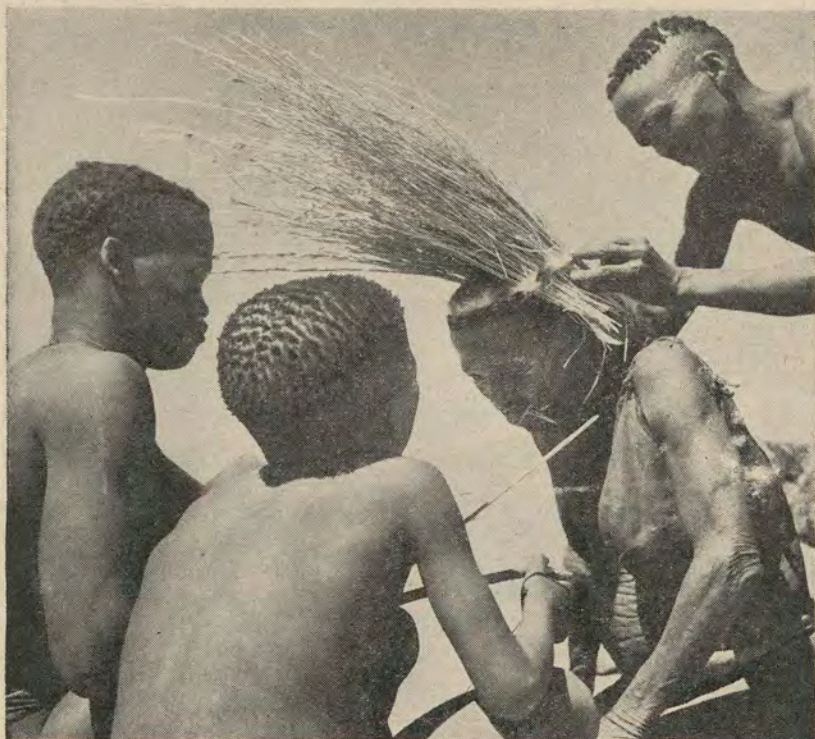
as his playmates race back for another turn. The slightly sway-backed appearance of these children is a Bushman characteristic, caused by fat buttocks and a tilted pelvis.



BOY IS PAINTED and praised by elders when he kills his first buck. The marks on his legs are supposed to give him stamina; others are for wisdom, strength.

CHILDREN'S UPBRINGING IS CASUAL, INSTRUCTIVE

When food and water are plentiful, Bushman children lead pleasant, easy lives with few rules and regulations to hamper them. Like all children, they invent games to play and burn up their excess energy in violent acrobatics (*opposite page*). Like all children, they also have a deep interest in the things their elders do and are eager to learn from them. Admiring boys follow the grown men, who often take the time to show them tricks of stalking and hunting. Little girls help prepare the family meals and go into the veld with the women to learn how food is found and collected. The children have little formal instruction, but they have plenty of opportunity to learn the things they must know to become self-reliant. When night comes and they sit around a fire with their elders, listening to an old man's stories (*right*), they begin to understand that the band is a unified group to which they belong and without which they cannot live.



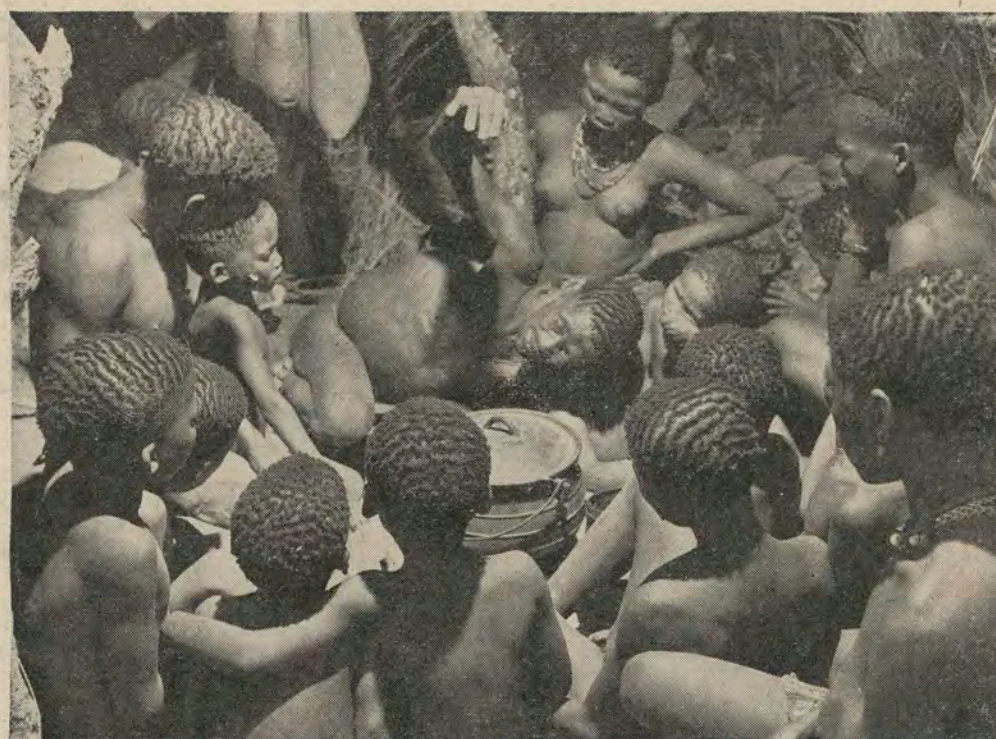
BOYS WATCH CAMOUFLAGE of desert grass being bound to the head of old hunter. With his black crown hidden, Bushman can creep close to feeding animals.



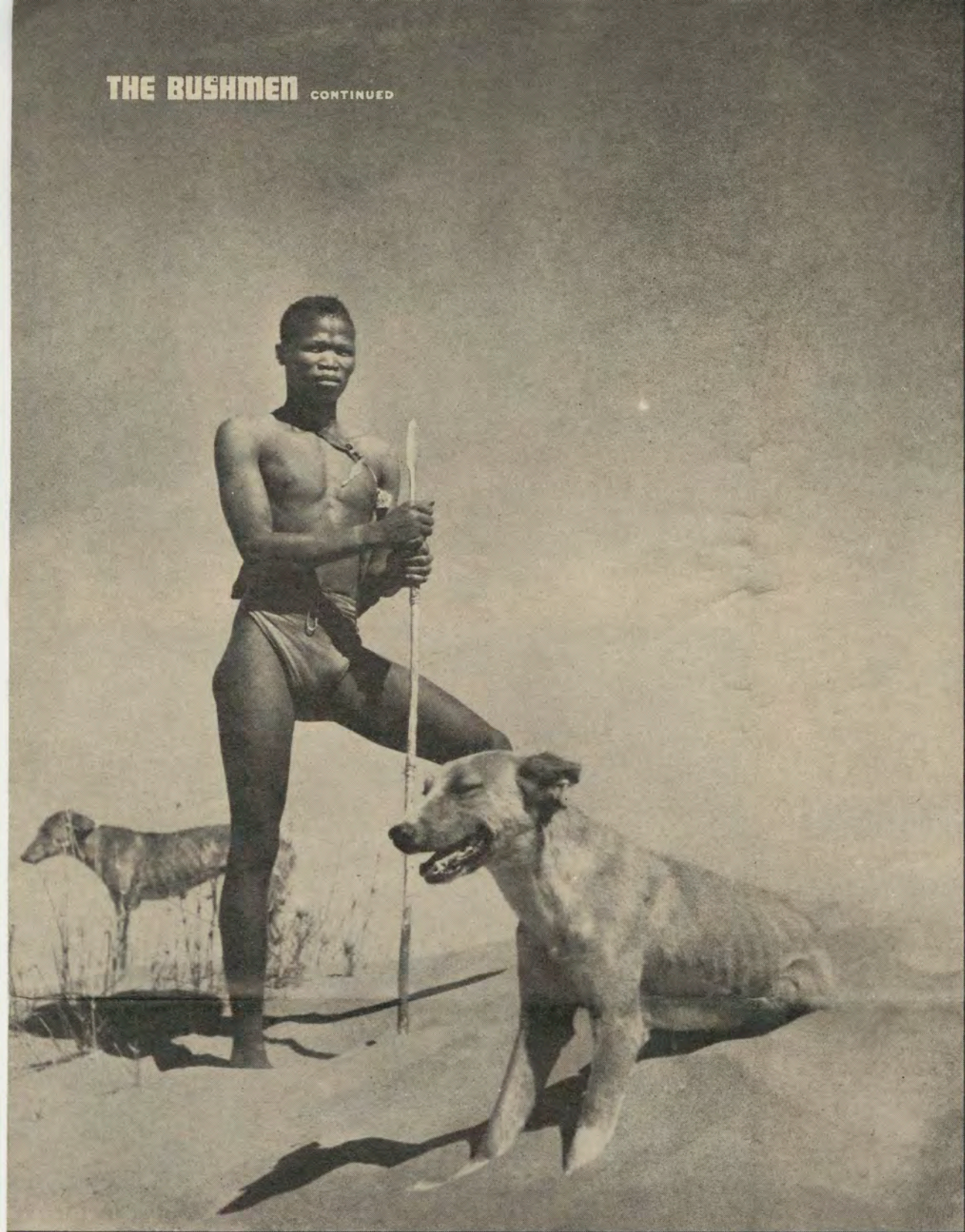
TELLING A STORY to his band, the chief acts out each event: "The Jackal and the Hyena sit inside the house they've built." Hands are held up to represent animal's ears.



"OUT ON THE VELD the Jackal stole some cows from the Ants and brought them home. Later he killed one and put its skin over the Hyena, then he went out again."



"THE HYENA PEEPED OUT with one eye when the Ants came and tapped on the skin. They thought it was one of their cows. The Hyena saw the Ants and felt guilty."



A YOUNG HUNTER rests his tired hunting dogs for a moment at the top of a rise. These ill-fed mongrels are fine trackers and will attack anything. The

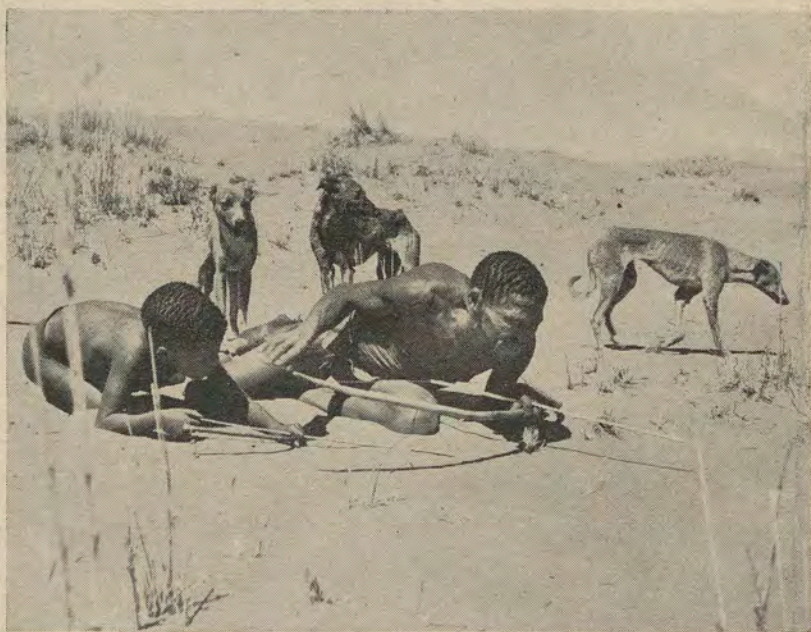
man is a visiting northern Bushman, different from others in band. His darker skin, narrower head and greater height suggest some modern Negro blood.



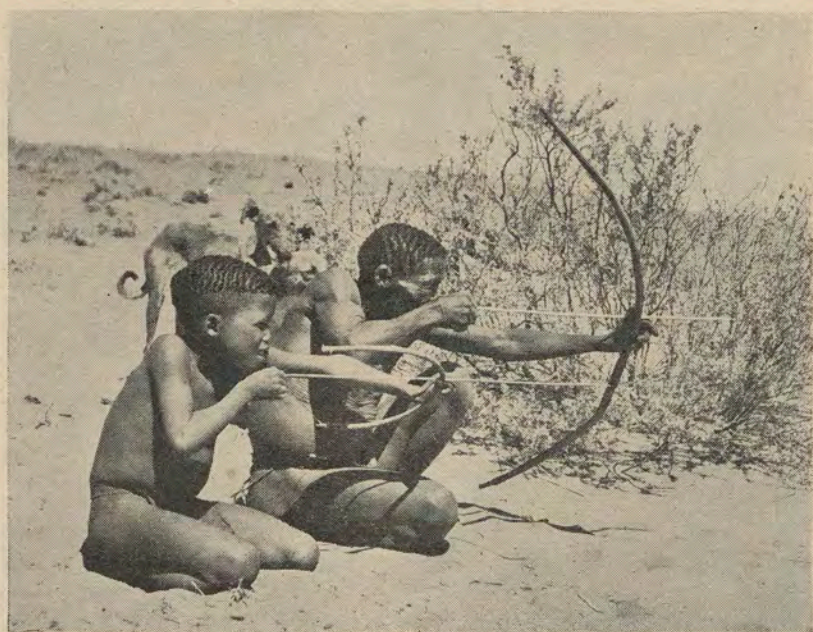
A SNARED BIRD hangs from a branch, throttled by a set noose released when its beak touched baited trigger. Pitfalls are sometimes used for big animals.

EVERY MAN IS A GOOD HUNTER

To live the Bushmen must hunt, and hunt successfully. Through the many centuries of their dependence on wild game they have acquired an amazing ability to follow a spoor across the trackless desert and to move quickly and invisibly across open spaces. Their weapons are primitive, but they use them well. Most Bushmen favor poisoned arrows, which are effective against the great variety of desert game ranging from fleet jackals to big, lumbering gemsbok (*opposite*). But the poisoned arrow has a disadvantage. It works slowly and sometimes lets a wounded beast escape into hunting territory of another band where the hunters dare not follow. Bushmen are tireless. Occasionally a hunter simply trots along after his prey until the animal collapses from exhaustion, whereupon he overtakes it and clubs it to death. But the Bushmen of this band prefer to let the dogs bring an animal to bay in the open desert (*opposite page*), then close in to kill it with a spear.



STALKING imaginary game, an old hunter teaches a boy how to move unnoticed across the bare sand toward a herd of grazing animals. The puzzled dogs follow along. The boy is now 10 years old and should begin to provide food for the band.



SHOOTING from a crouching position, the hunter shows the boy how to hold his bow. Bushmen have to creep up close to their quarry because their bows are weak and their uneven, featherless arrows are inaccurate at any great distance.

NOSTALGIA FOR CAMBRIDGE IN THE KALLAHARI DESERT

To Lorna and Lawrence
May 24, 1952

I

When you hunt the kudu
Take good care what you do,
Lest you scare a Zulu who's a lulu.
And her husband should come
Fully armed on the run
To investigate you for a ragout.
Then collect all your wits
Ere he cuts you to bits:
And assure him your meat is bad quality.
But you're willing to bring
Some good chick'n à la king,
And invite him to meet all the family.

II

Then the Zulu will see
Just inside your tepee
Doctor Brew brewing tea for your coterie.
And dear Lorna is calm
She's devoid of all qualm
About those Bushman belles ogling Lawrence.
When the Zulu at last
Had devoured his repast
And he rose to thank you with a flourish
Then he made a fine toast
To his generous host:
Saying, "You I won't roast--I am nourished!"

III

When you're giving a treat,
Shredded wheat and cold meat
To the Bushmen's good friends and relations,
They're a ravenous horde
And they'll all come and board
With the Marshalls and eat up their rations.
When you're lying awake
Near an African lake
And repose is tabooed by anxiety
I conceive you may use
Bushman clicks as you choose
To indulge in without impropriety.

"Soon as we May" - (Iolanthe)

① Soon as we may
Off and away
We'll commence our journey airy!
Happy are we
As you can see!
Farewell! Good bye! To Harvard Squarey

For we've / quite de- / cided / that we'll
With the Bushman tarry

Nothing venture, nothing win,
True love is scarce and so is gin,
Harvard is crimson, Yale is blue,
I like Ike and so do you. (Repeat)

② Once you are there
You are aware
Hardships will sorely tax your powers,
But you won't care
For in the air
There's the perfume of desert flowers;

And you'll / have fond / memor- / ies of
All those whiskey sours.

Bordeaux is red and sometimes white
Prices are high and that's not right
Tell us, oh Death, Where is thy sting?
Vive le roi, God save the King. (Repeat)

Go Down Moses

When the Marshalls were in Bushman land

-- (We must let them go!) --

They thought their Bushman friends were grand!

-- (We must let them go!) --

Go down, Lawrence! Way down in Kalahari;

You can have your kudu;

We prefer moo-moo

Home on the Range

- 1 Oh give me a home where the elephants roam
Where the ostrich and ~~karoo~~ hartebeest play
Where they seldom contrive to count higher than five
Which makes life very simple, they say.

Chorus:

Home, home on the velt ^{hartebeest}
Where the ostrich and ~~karoo~~ play
Where they seldom contrive to count higher than five
Which makes life very simple, they say.

- 2 Oh give me a lodge, on the roof of a Dodge
Where the breezes are chilly at night
But in day time it's warm, and unless there's a storm
The air is quite balmy and light.
- 3 Let Hollywood quake, as our movie we make,
But their offers we're sure to decline,
Their best we'll outdo, and when we've seen it through
The glory of Harvard will shine.

SOUTH WEST AFRICA EXPED

Dyson's Field Reports

I - VII .

C O P Y

May 7, 1951

Dear Jo:

This is just an informal note to give you an idea of our plans,- we are dog tired at this point from long interviews with interesting people. Our three days in Rome were most exciting with Prof. Pfeiffer and Lapaina to guide us. We also met Prof. Grottamelli who was interested in our work and promised to get some introductions for us in Angola. The flight down was fascinating - especially as we crossed from one kind of landscape to another. Tried some shots through the window of the plane but have doubts. Had breakfast at Kano in Nigeria, lunch in the Hotel at Brazzaville (Fr.Eq.Af.) overlooking the Congo; dinner somewhere over the Kalahari Desert, and bed in Jo'burg.

Since being here we have had mid-morning tea, lunch, mid-afternoon tea, and dinner every day with different people. Among these have been Dr. Van Sun (orchids and butterflies); Dr. Koch (beetles) at Transvaal Mus; Dr. Breutz (ethnology); Walter Battis (art and rock paintings); Father Guiseude who has spent 4 months doing Bushmen physical anthropology in North S.W.Af. (The term "Bushman" is almost useless around here since it is not defined). Mr. Giles (geologist), Mr. Nys (prospector), Mr. Davidson (executive) and so on. Today saw Dr. Van Riet Lowe who greeted us most enthusiastically and is now selecting our specimens which he wants to send to H. Movius via me after making me study the major collections for a week with him. His slowness has been due to his efforts to get comparative material from S. India. But our collection will be forthcoming. They will also allow us to keep any archaeological material we collect but would like me to bring it to them first so they can expert it for me, which is fine. Laurence and I have decided (in the light of the evidence of all these people) tentatively to work on a Bushman group near a waterhole (Gautscha Pan) located roughly lat. $20\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, long. $19\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ as we have all details for water, distance and group in this untraveled area from a prospector friend who just came back this fall right in the center of the area L.W. helped us pick out theoretically - between the Anen and Kung. It looks now like we will all get started June 14. Before that L.K.M. and I will scout around elsewhere - we have more people to see - but this looks good. Bergdama are almost definitely out. Expect to use our time after finishing Bushmen to swing up through Angola which NO ONE HERE knows at all - and possibly back down the coast.

There is much activity in the Kaokoveld now - several groups going in there. Our plans depend on how wet Angola still is. Psychology is now to do a good job first with the reward of travel with the time left after we finish. I hope it works. I think it will.

We are also on the trail of Bushmen still in the mountains around the Orange River - have definitely nailed the presence of paintings - but don't know if we can gain a sight of them. Bushmen here seem to shoot strangers. Makes it awkward but might produce results. Tracked down two unpublished descriptions of them painting in this area in 1860's to supplement the 1870 ref. (L.W. knows).

So don't think all Bushmen are gone on south - they are all along the edge of the escarpment in S.W. but in isolated areas and groups - up into Angola. It is all one big tangle as mixing is in progress in many areas - so physical type is going - but way of life not as easily. Won't belong though as are talking of a reserve for them.

Tomorrow off to Kimberly for a day and then Windhoek. No Capetown as unnecessary.

S/ Bob

South West Africa Expedition,
Windhoek, S.W.A.
May 11, 1951.

Dr. J.O.Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT I.

We were received most hospitably in Jo'burg by all the people we met and arrived at certain points of view and definite directions of investigation as a result of the data we accumulated.

1. We collected through the cooperation of the Pan African Touring Club and Mr. Giles of the Anglo-American Company all of the obtainable maps of the areas into which we may wish to go that are available with the exception of the newest map now available in Windhoek.

2. As a result of our conversations with the director of the Transvaal Museum and with Dr. Koch their etymologist we have made a tentative arrangement to have the latter and a "skinning boy" to join our party July 1 as members of the staff to make our activities from then on a joint project, with the understanding that Harvard will receive a selection of the material collected. In addition we will benefit from the presence of Dr. Koch in the field of identifying food stuffs used by the group we will be investigating. The "skinning boy" will take care of small size game for the Museum's mammalogist.

3. As a result of our interview with Dr. Van Reit Lowe of the University in Johannesburg we shall expect permission to retain possession of any archaeological materials we may recover with the expressed agreement that we shall first submit them to his staff for experting before shipping them out. He indicated that he was prepared to obtain export permission for us. In addition he stated that he had been pre-occupied with obtaining comparative material from southern India and had therefore not gotten around to making up the type series to send to our Museum. He is now beginning this and will return it with our material, so that I may personally convey his comments on it. In reply to my questions as to any material we might have to offer for exchange he pointed out that since there is at the moment no building to house collections in there would be little value in obtaining them. He wants me to "detach" myself in September long enough to spend a week with him to study the material first hand. I shall therefore reserve any further comment until after that time.

4. Through the cooperation of Mr. F.J. Uys (pronounced "ace") we obtained specific information with maps of water conditions, driving conditions and mileage as well as descriptions of Bushmen groups in the eastern part of S.W.A. lying in the 20' - 20' area. This data fits our theoretical analysis based on the literature perfectly and also is in complete agreement with the comments of all those who know the general area as being the best for what we wish to do. All of the work being done at present (including Administration efforts and Father Guisende) is done by collecting by official command large mobs of "bushmen" at

(Report 1 - continued)

different points who are then watched, interviewed and measured in order to obtain data. Our project to take a specific group remains unique. We have obtain no concrete encouragement concerning Bergdamara as a possible subject of study. We have obtained a few references but they lead us to believe that only a small handful remain in existence, and that these are married to Hottentot or settled Bergdama wives and are very difficult to track down since they live in an area which no one has ever attempted to penetrate in cars.

In view of all these interviews and impressions, therefore, it is our tentative opinion to take the concrete possibility first, and to tackle the less likely situation second. Such a program would result in a schedule about as follows: we get our trucks off the boat Monday May 14 and drive to Otjiwarango or Grootfontein and leave them to be equipped at the garage. During that week we arrange for our mechanic and two(I hope) interpreter's and cook boy. We have received excellent recommendations for several people here in Windhoek all of whom are very reliable and well thought of. Then Marshall and I plus staff of four with probably at least one more - perhaps M Uys or a Mr. Whithers who knows the country will set out and set up base camp near Gautscha Pan (about 100 miles southwest of Kai Kai). One truck will remain there while two others returns June 12 to Windhoek to pick up the rest of the party and return. A second trip out July 1 will pick up Dr. Koch and boy. We expect by July 7 to 14th to be finished there as that will be over six weeks and barring trouble we ought to be able to get a good solid record by then. We then propose to either cross to the coast and go up the Kaokoveld or else to curve up through Angola to the coast and come down. This depends on the dryness of the country. At the moment it seems indicated that it has been wet. Windhoek had its second ^{rain} in 30 years three days ago! At any rate the second phase of the program will involve archaeology, some searching for engraving and painting along the coastal escarpment, and with luck we may find a group of Bushmen or Bergdama we can use for a comparative study. If not we shall make a little ethnological survey in film of the important features of whatever we happen to find. This program will satisfy the interests of all our party by the time it is complete.

5. In addition to these above we have also arranged with Mr. Merl Voy, a photographer of repute, to place on "deposit" with Peabody Museum a copy of about 1500 feet of motion picture film on the Ovambo and other tribes of S.W.A. In return for this Mr. Marshall is obtaining an equal amount of film for him. These pictures will form a useful addition to our own studies and provide comparative material, if we can obtain them.

6. On arriving at Windhoek we have suggested the foregoing possibilities to the Administrator and staff and as expected met a somewhat cool reception. They are reluctant to allow parties into difficult areas as they do not want to finance rescue parties. We have however blank permission to go anywhere but of course wish to do it with their blessing. The pressure aimed at making us accompany the "Bushman Commission" starting July 1 into this general area. This of course would wreck our type of program. We have therefore set in motion an effort to get around this by taking Uys or someone who knows the country with us. I think we will get what we want if we work carefully. In general things look good. I will write again just before we start off and outline our final decisions to you.

Copy to L. Ward.

Sincerely,

Bob Dixon.

by Mr. Marshall

South West Africa Expedition
Otjiwarongo
(c-o African Motors)
May 29, 1951

Dr. J. O. Brew, & South West Committee
Peabody Museum
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT II.

Since the writing of the last report the members of the Expedition have been engaged as follows:

1. Proceeding to Walvis Bay from Windhoek by train we spent two days in this area negotiating the release of our equipment from the Customs Inspector who wanted us to list every single item. Finally as a result of a call to the Administrators office he changed his mind and allowed us through with general headings. Made a deposit for dutiable articles which will be returned if we take the objects back out of the country.

2. Drove to Otjiwarengo where we spent the next 8 days having the bodies of our trucks shifted, extra wheels mounted, wire screens over the radiators to keep out the heavy grass seed, compartment built to carry our sound gear, and so forth. Our three trucks are now known as the Dodge, the Chuck Wagon, and the Hotel. (The latter having luggage compartments and sleeping decks).

3. Spent two days driving to see Fritz Metzcar, author of a small book on Bushmen who lives near the edge of settled territory 20 miles from here. He was most cordial, speaks English slowly, and Herrero and understands Bushmen. Has a group of about 30 living on his place whom he has known for twenty years. He is a natural scientist but untrained. He was keen on the idea of movies and suggested if we could wait until July he would come with us with several of his people and take us out to their relatives in the bush and help us make pictures of the authentic culture. This would be interesting except there is some doubt as to where the relatives are and what condition they are in. Also waiting until July 1 posed a time problem.

4. As our permit had not been sent by last Wednesday and a telephone call raised problems over shooting game permits Marshall flew to Windhoek to straighten it out. Called that night and I flew down Thursday. Here the situation was poor. The Administration, interested in having its own work done was pressuring us to travel with the Bushman Commission and staff on our trip to Gautscha Pan, but to be independent in our activities. This was not advisable from our viewpoint as they wish to collect as many bushmen as possible to see population size, etc. and would upset any close work with one group. In addition, while Mr. MacIntyre, assigned to us by the Administration, was readily acceptable to us, Prof. Schoeman who was also slated to come posed somewhat more of a problem. We did not feel, in the light of the factors involved in the makeup of our group and its aims etc. that it would be to mutual advantage to have him along. We therefore continued hedging on times and personnel until MacIntyre got the idea and conveyed it. It then turned out that due to transport difficulties the Commission will not be able to accompany us. In the meantime full permits were forthcoming to go anywhere and shoot for the pot and the Bushmen. In addition we are being supplied a cook, two drivers, three camp boys, an interpreter and possibly his wife. This makes our total staff at present 15. In addition if the wife can speak Bushman and Afrikaans we may take

a Mrs. Scherz with us to translate to English. That would make an all-female team. In addition she is a good photographer - worked for Loeb and the California group. But she wants to be allowed to take her own camera in addition to use in spare moments for herself. To date we have been operating under the rule that ALL collections, pictures, etc belong to the Ex. regardless who takes them. We do not like the idea of divided effort. But our decision will depend on the interpreter's wife. She may not be useful. Also we have an opportunity to take along an electrician to handle our sound equipment. We haven't decided yet, but in the event Mrs. Scherz is out I suspect we will take the sound man.

5. We are now definitely committed to a schedule, though not yet to all details. Today we drive to Grootfontein to pick up information and the interpreter and wife. Then return here to finish equipping trucks. Then to the last railhead, Kismet, near our area in the bush on Monday, June 4 where we will meet Mr. MacIntyre with food supplies from Windhoek (We are sending the Chuck Wagon down today). Mac will have his own jeep. Our petrol drums are being shipped to Kismet. From here we will cut a road about 100 miles east along the Otjosondjou Omuramba - a dry river bed leading toward Gautscha. Here we will create a supply dump. On this trip we shall probably take a couple of Metzcars Bushmen and try for contact with their group to see what they are like. Then return to Windhoek June 14th to collect the rest of the staff arriving by plane. We shall then return to the east - but do not know about the group we will try to work with - probably we will slug our way through unmapped and unknown territory to Gautscha Pan which route will take us directly through the wildest remaining bushmen country with its scorpions and black mambas (this has been an unusually good year for snakes here). Then we may return this way to work with Metzcar or some other group depending on what we find. If Metzcar is not what we want we shall pick a group in farther and then probably attempt to push through to the border of Bechuanaland, the Aha Mountains (petroglyphs?) and up north swinging around as planned in August. How we get Dr. Koch in to us July 1 remains a mystery at this point. But we are encouraged as to the possibilities of Bushmen cooperative if things are taken slowly.

6. Communication therefore from June 14 to August 1 will be out of the question. I shall forward a note on June 14th stating our final plans as of that moment. The address at the Grossherzog Hotel, or here will be equally valid - probably the one here will be best. So far all has gone exceptionally well and the future looks promising providing no unexpected difficulties appear.

Sincerely

S/ Bob Dyson

P S. I have no carbon at present so please send this letter around to those concerned.

Dr. J.O. Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT III

Our plans change so rapidly it is almost hopeless to try to inform you coherently of what we are doing but for what its worth here is the record.

1. Following the last report LKM and myself drove to Grootfontein where we acquired a Hottentot interpreter, Picanin, and his Bushman wife who can't speak anything but Bushman. Picanin understands English and when sober can make himself understood somewhat in English but does best in Afrikaans. On returning to Otjiwarango, we discovered that overnight his hand had swollen to great size and was seriously septic with the result we put him in the hospital for the night with monocillon shots and treatment. It seems he had an infection which he didn't care for and having had syphilis ten years before wasn't in such good shape to ward it off (i.e. the infection). Subsequently had to treat him twice a day while under way but the hand improved rapidly. But very poor for translating without a third party to make the Afrikaans-English transition.

2. Decided against both Mrs. Scherz and the electrician.

3. Proceeded to Mr. Metzger's farm and then joined Mr. McIntyre of the Administration (also Sec. to the Bushman Commission). The following day drove 15 miles beyond the Police Zone into the veld up the Otjosondjou Omuramba without seeing any Bushmen or game. Here we left Mc., Smith the utterly useless mechanic and driver we acquired from Windhoek, Carl a colored driver, Mr. & Mrs. Picanin, a cook boy, and three camp boys plus one Chev., the Dodge Power Wagon, and the Admin. jeep truck to carry the petrol and water drums and food supplies in 100 miles to make a supply dump.

4. LKM and myself in the "Hotel" drove back to Metzgers where we stayed for several days talking to him and reviewing some of the camera problems. I got the recorder working and managed to record some Bechuana singing and talking and some Bushmen speech and singing. The clicks came out perfectly and with luck we ought to be able to get some excellent recordings. Our only difficulty has been the drop in frequency from 60 to 57 cycles due to the vibrator we must use - but by recording the sound of a tuning fork on the tape we can compensate for the 3 cycle loss when replaying the sound. The sound effect is so slight as to be imperceptible. Metzger has agreed to accompany us with one of his Bushmen - so we have a good translating team there as he understands what we are after - and his work is first class anthropology though not professional.

5. Arriving back in Windhoek we met Mc. who had returned after going in 67 miles and burning out the clutch plate on the chev. This was probably due more to poor driving by the mechanic than to the car. At any rate the Chev found it tough going. In the meantime Mc on the pretext of going through the Otjosondjou to the border, a project the Administration is keenly backing, was able to secure another Dodge Power Wagon from the roads department to replace his jeep. At this point LKM decided we ought to pull out completely and go around through Bechuanaland. This left Mc and everyone up in the air. The Chev and supplies out 67 miles with four people. Finally compromised and decided to send the two dodges through and take the two Chevs around and meet the dodges from the other side. This satisfies the Administration aims as well as our own as we will know whats in there.

6. Having decided on splitting the party we then talked it all over and decided to send the Chevs around south on the road through Ghansi, Tsau, and KaiKai and through through the veld 30 miles to the pan area. Then LKM got the idea of going up the Eiseb Omuramba instead, and so we spent a day arguing the pros and cons of this plan - the sides divided; one saying it is a very rough road, takes 200 miles without a reliable source of water, and probably has much grass(which chokes the radiators), the other adding the presence of game and possibly Bushmen(though we will not stop anywhere to any work - but might consider sending people back in). Of course it will be hard on the equipment too - probably either way. At the moment the question is up in the air with a new character named Marre, whom I don't care for personally, who has been out that route plugging it and Mc and myself against it. But LKM seems in favor of it more than against so.....

7. All this leaves us in a very complex situation. The way it stands now it is necessary to equip two complete parties with food and spare parts petrol etc. This we will try to do tomorrow and subsequently. The rest of the party arrive tomorrow including Mr. Eric Williams of the Medical School at Witwatersrand University, assistant to Prof. Dart who will do some physical anthropology and cast making for us after we get our pictures done. This sets up a nice working relationship with Witwaters. and we hope may result in our being able to get a few copy casts of some of the early fossil material they have. A word to me as to what might be liked would aid in the informal effort.

8. Friday Mc, Williams, myself, John M., Carey MacIntosh, Marre, and two boys will take the two Power Wagons and drive to Metzgers where I must try to convince him to accompany the Hotel crew via the Eiseb to the pans(he was interested in the Otjison djou). If this works the same party continues out 67 miles, repairs the Chev and then Marre, myself, the mechanic, Mrs. Picanin and the cookboy return to Metzgers. Here we fire the mechanic and cookboy and park Mrs. Picanin who is no use to us(if her husband will permit it) on the farm. We bring out the extra water drums, empty petrol drums, and half the spare parts and food supplies. Hope to do all this by Tuesday.

9. Saturday LKM, Mrs. M., Miss M., the colored driver, a new cookboy and a camp boy leave in the Hotel for Metzgers.

10. Tuesday from Metzgers the party leaves finally(I hope) consisting of myself, Mr. Metzger, one bushman, Mrs. M., Miss M., LKM, the colored driver, cookboy, campboy, and Mr. Marre and two Chevs. fully equipped to circle south either through the Eiseb Omuramba or via the road to the pan area in the east.

11. Meanwhile Mr. Williams, Mc, John, Carey, and two boys will be attempting to penetrate through the veld to the pans from the west.

12. Whole party comes together eventually at Gautschka Pan and tries to decide what group to work on.

From here on it is anybody's guess as to where or what we will do. We have however gotten wind of possible wild Bergdama in the Kaokovead so that as a second phase is not dead by any means. Right now we are fighting off head colds. It has been bitterly cold and we have had heavy frosts. So heavy that we have to thaw out our blankets in the morning before we can fold them! Nothing like Sunny Africa!

Sincerely,

(over)

Bob Dyer

Copy to LZ Ward.

South West Africa Expedition,
Windhoek (c/o Groesherzog Hotel)
June 15, 1951.

Dr. J. O. Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT IV.

Just a short report to bring the record fully up to date before leaving due to the events since I mailed the last one.

1. The Administration has decided in view of LKM's decision to go via the Eiseb Omuramba to the Gautscha pan area that they cannot permit the Dodges to go through the Otjosondjou since that would leave the two Chevs without adequate support. As a result the entire plan has been shifted to the Eiseb. This leaves our decision as follows: McIntyre, Williams and a colored driver will leave today in one Dodge to camp 3 on the Otjosondjou to repair the Chev and return with all hands, dismissing the undesirable personnel as planned and join the rest of the party some where near Metzger's farm. The other Dodge and the "hotel" will leave Saturday morning. The combined party will then set out on about Tuesday crossing to the pan area, making a base camp there from which the dodges will explore toward the interior and to the Ana Mountains in Bechuanaland.
2. Meri Lavoy has agreed to send all of his film on South West Africa to Marshall care of Peabody so that upon conclusion of final arrangements the Museum will be able to duplicate any of it desirable for use in lectures and so on. This will provide a wide range of subject matter covering both native and non-native life patterns in this area.
3. Today the Chief Judge is taking me on a tour through the jail to see the conditions and to see Bushmen there. In addition through his assistance and that of the Assistant Attorney General we are attempting to obtain several transcripts of trials involved Bushmen to illustrate for us the problems from the legal white point of view ~~in~~ the cultural conflict along the border between settled farmers and the bushmen.
4. Yesterday afternoon the remainder of our party joined us all in high spirits but mostly with colds. It was five degrees below zero Far. yesterday morning in Jo'burg! Last night we had a big dinner together and were joined by Mc. for a general discussion of plans etc. Williams is a fine chap and the group will mesh together in perfect harmony by the looks of it at present.
5. Williams is a great asset as he is up to date on all the key problems the Witwatersrand people are working on. If he can get casts from this area it will fill the major gap in their cast collections and be a significant contribution. In return we will receive duplicates of all the casts he makes plus a selection of representative samples of the other Bushmen and Hottentot groups studied pending final discussion with Prof. Day. He is also fully equipped for Anthropometry. So given whatever opportunity that may arise we shall be able to take advantage of some aspect of it.

In general I think the plans are laid out as well as they could be at this point and the staff will operate efficiently once it gets started as we are each in full agreement with each other on aims, etc.

I might add in answer to L.W.'s question that we have not entirely abandoned the Bergdama but obtained much direct evidence on the Bushmen and none except negative evidence on the Bergdama. Thus the consideration of

time etc made us feel it would be more valuable to get what we know is possible and then explore for the more unlikely material. This also gave us more time to track down information, and just the other day we ran into some via Dr. Schoeman the game warden. It seems that one of his friends has been back in the area we have our eye on and says there are very primitive people living in there who are very shy and run away and he thinks these may be Bergdama. So the whole question will come up for review the first of August when we expect to be finished with the Bushmen.

I shall try to send out a brief report July 4th when someone comes out to pick up Dr. Koch of the Transvaal Museum to add to our staff.

Sincerely,

copy to L.W.

Lauriston: Thanks for the note Lorna gave me. So far the Okapis have not been sighted "belling at sundown" so to speak. I am greatly encouraged by the presence of Williams who understands the problems from the Academic point of view if you understand what I mean. Also McIntyre and I get along famously, and Metzger shows every sign of being closely cooperative. I am a little worried over LKM's concern with the problems of photographing faces and will have to watch to see we don't get 40 feet of facial expression and miscellaneous scenery for every one showing the technical action. But I think we have done well so far keeping on the right track though there have been times.....but then patience is a great virtue isn't it. Well, I hope you will drop me a line to the hotel sometime during the summer and say whether I should make the effort to see your folks in Cairo and if so what the details are etc. I would like very much to stop in Paris and London on the way back but will have to worry about that in September. In the meantime have a good summer and take care of yourself.

Bob

South West Africa Expedition,
Gautscha Pan, S.W.A.,
June 29, 1951.

Dr. J.O. Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT V.

Greetings from the interior! We have had a safe journey to our first objective Gautscha Pan. In outline our activities have been as follows:

1. Saturday June 16: Left Windhoek in the afternoon with supplies and personnel for Mr. Metzger's farm. Camped on the way.
2. Sunday, June 17: Arrived at Mr. Metzger's farm and camped.
3. Monday, June 18: Helped Mr. Metzger around the farm, husked mealies with the Bushmen workers, took some pictures, went to the ~~size~~ store and bought pipes, jackknives for presents. Got a terrific scare when we opened a sealed package of "Kodachrome" film to find Super XX inside! This was followed by a long film opening operation but luckily no others turned up. In the evening the Bushmen danced for us and we recorded the singing for the Ostrich Dance, the Rain Making Dance, and the Kudu Dance, and a story told by one Bushmen followed by a translation in German by Mr. Metzger. The sound is excellent and the Bushmen got a great thrill from hearing the play back.
4. Tuesday, June 19: Repacked the trucks in the morning. After lunch left with Mr. Metzger and Katukwa his oldest Bushman. Joined MacIntyre, Williams, and the trucks returning from the Otjosondjou Omaramba at Oparakaan near which we camped for the night.
5. Wednesday, June 20: Dismissed Smith our mechanic and several camp boys, having replaced them with efficient personnel. Metzger and I drove to the last farm out and picked up Katembehe the oldest Bushman there, friend and neighbor to Katukwa. With these two plus Metzger who speaks their language as well as Herero, Afrikaans and German and English we have an excellent translating team as well as introduction. The camp was set up near Epata on the Herero Reserve where the natives had just killed a lion with their wooden spears.
6. Thursday, June 21: Drove 37 miles in six hours through grass and brush along the bottom of the Omuramba. At camp got another scare when one of the boys lit a fire without proper preparation and in the high wind it swept into the grass. Everyone worked like mad grabbing whatever was handy and finally got it out before it reached the tall grass.
7. Friday, June 22: Made 43 miles today. Fairly easy going. Visited an abandoned Bushman camp and found a few rubbing stones. ~~Alxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ The valley is choked with sand dunes but in places is 100' deep. Appears to be an ancient water course. Rock is conglomerate and limestone. Lots of red and white sand.
8. Saturday, June 23: Drove 47 miles. Visited a rock shelter in a high cliff but found nothing. Sides of the valley are steep cliffs. There appears to be a terrace about half way up here and there.
9. Sunday, June 24: 38 miles today. Driving difficult through short grass clumps and sandy stretches. Little game and no water. Backs all sore from constant jouncing up and down. Lead Dodge fell into a hole. Pulled out of the valley by forests of Mangeti Nut trees. The Bushmen are burning the veld in various places around us. This definitely keeps the trees from spreading. Quite tired. The Bushmen gather veldkos for

us whenever they can. We taste everything and save samples. Most of it is quite good. The days are hot and the nights are cold. The dryness is beginning to make itself felt.

10. Monday June 25: Made 33 miles over heavy sand dunes and brush. Fritz Metzger, myself and MacIntosh feeling slightly sick from the rich goat meat we had last night. Mac shot a wild pig and Fritz shot a wildebeaste two days ago so the boys have meat. Going over the dunes the water boiled due to the seeds clogging the radiator and the tubing blew open. Camped six miles from Gam. Began interrogating Katukwa and Katembehe with Metzger.

11. Tuesday June 26: In morning drove to Gam water hole and met the Bushmen there and the one Herero. Charming and helpful people. They are but slightly acculturated - having a little wire they use for bracelets and one or two with blankets. Otherwise complete down to their remarkable musical bow! Located a microlithic site on a rise above the waterhole. Suspect the culture is probably Wilton as that was identified last summer from Kai Kai 20 miles east of here. Scattered in sand. No features. In the afternoon photographed Mangeti Nut trees. Rock here is a soft eroding conglomerate filled with quartz and other rock. No large blocks however.

12. Wednesday, June 27: Spent the morning in Gam getting water and collecting on the site. Many flakes and blades, few implements. Took a few feet of film. After lunch set out through thick sand and bush. Made 6 miles before sunset.

13. Thursday June 28: Very tough going over brush and sand. Met a family of Bushmen walking through the veld to get water at their water hole. We have two Bushmen guiding us to Gautscha across country. Got photos of the water hole. Further along passed huge burned out areas with new green grass growing. Paused to take a shot at a six foot Mamba draped in a tree but it got away. Finally camped in a woods among Giraff spoor. Made ~~14~~ 26 miles though we drove 8 hours w. Picked up a lovely clay pot with conoidal base at an abandoned camp site. Say it comes from the Ovambo and is copied by the Bushmen. Were exhausted at end of day. Dodge spring broke~~14~~. Found another microlithic site near our camp in the brush. Same types as at Gam.

14. Friday June 29: Drove 4 miles to Gautscha Pan and found a vast flat sandy basin with only a damp spot at one end. Jackals wandering around on it. Lion tracks (we heard one roar last night but far away). Shot at a wildebeaste. Flocks of guinea fowl. Found the seal water off from the sand - a beautiful little pond with marsh grass, geese, ducks, snails. Located two more microlithic sites (people think I'm kidding at this point). No Bushmen here at the moment. Set up base camp. Found scorpions. Tomorrow one Dodge and one Chev return to collect the rest of our supplies at Otjinene and mail this letter. Metzger returns to his farm for several days and then all return here with Dr. Koch. In order to retain Metzger we have had to underwrite his peanut crop to half its market value. But he is indispensable to a really good record. There is no foreseeable reason at the point why we shouldn't get a good fairly complete first class record out of this.

All send their regards from this strange but lovely place.

Sincerely,

Bob Dyson

Copy to L. Ward.

Sumnerd this Aug. 25
LW

South West Africa Expedition,
Grootfontein, S.W.A.,
August 5, 1951.

Dr. J. O. Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT VI

We have now returned to civilization after a months stay at Gautscha Pan. Our activities have been very numerous and the chief ones are as follows:

1. Our group of Bushmen numbered about 36 with about 10 more that turned up but were only secondary to our work. The group belonged to the area around the Pan and were unacculturated except for some trade wire and a few minor items like that. We stayed with them for a week before we began our work. We started by just watching them as our translator Mr. Metzger had not returned, and by shooting game for them. In a short time we mastered their names, clicks and all, and had separated them into distinct individuals.

2. Mr. Metzger and the convoy returned after a few days and we were ready to begin. The first thing we did was to trace out the kinship system and the names and relations of each individual. As expected the band turned out to be an extended family group. It had an hereditary headman (with little authority) and two medicine men. No family over 5 in number living and dead included was found. To begin our work we had them all load up with their belongings and move to a new place where they set up a new werft - including fire making etc etc. This was not far from our main camp but quite separated by a hill. We fixed the hotel up as an office and moved it to the werft at the end of the open semi-circle. This gave us a commanding view from the platforms from which we could photograph at will. We moved our bedding and had our own fire here as well, leaving all the other people, boys, supplies etc at the base camp.

3. In general we had a marvellous time, getting to know each bushman as a personal friend. They soon understood the language difficulty and overcame it very easily by pantomime. The language is not so difficult as one might at first think. They only use four clicks but vary the tones.

4. Photography: we covered as much as possible with this and have ample footage on playing, misc. activities, making the bow, arrow, shell beads, working skins, cutting up meat, building skerms, making fire, using digging sticks, cooking, making their axe-adze, collecting and applying poison, hunting (staged however), collecting water, eating, making metal arrowpoints, making dance rattles, and so on. The technology was fairly simple in terms of the number of objects, more complex in some aspects of manufacture. We were severely limited by the late season and poor quality of veldkos in this area but got what we could. Also snaring and other misc. activities. Our biggest triumph however is about a thousand feet taken on three cameras of a curing ceremony in which the two medicine men outdid all expectations in their performance - which was not staged once they got going - trances and all. They did this one night earlier unexpectedly and scared poor Laurence half to death. It is very eerie - lasts anywhere up to four hours. We got about an hours worth of tape recording of the singing, wails, and shouts of the curing. In addition we got the main feature of the marriage ceremony and the men's initiation ceremony. These are undoubtedly incomplete but give some idea of what goes on. So in general we covered most of the important aspects of both technology and culture, exceeding beyond even our wildest hopes. This success was due largely to Eric Williams excellent shooting which kept the B people in good spirits while we worked feverishly, and Metzgers translating and knowledge of his group which made it possible for us to smoke out more information than would otherwise have been

Of course the results will depend on how the pictures turn out, but barring any unforeseen accidents they should be perfectly good. In addition on photography we took still black and whites of the objects with notes describing them - that is a representative sample. I feel less secure in the results of this as the close range and shift in depth of field is tricky. We have also made a full length front and side view and portrait front and side view black and white of each adult and some of the older children. These ought to be useful for physical details, but unfortunately these women were particularly shy about exposing their legs, so that it was impossible to obtain pictures of them without their kaross' on which means in most cases not seeing such steatopygia as was present. It was present to some extent but not especially pronounced.

5. Physical Anthropology; Mr. Williams and I measured all of the adults and made observations as indicated on our standard blanks. In addition I checked the teeth of each individual noting the details on additional cards, and made fingerprints of each. The latter are only fair in texture due to the dry air and the poor stamp pad as a result. The women refused any measurements about the hips. Eric made 31 casts of adult faces men and women which ultimately we will receive copies of. We were unable to use the dental plaster for casts due to (1) the tiny mouths of the people which couldn't take even the smallest of our impression trays and (2) the strange quality of the water which made the impression cream set almost instantly. This was disappointing as though the people were willing. Instead we got three pairs of ears cast. I had hoped for photos of the teeth as well but all this work was done in the last three days.

6. General Culture; Using Lauristons digest of notes plus Coon's I went over them point by point with Fritz and interrogated different people on the statements made there. There were a few deviations (for example God's two storey house now has a corrugated tin roof, and God himself has obtained a pair of white trousers! This probably comes from the missionary work among the Bechuana with whom these people trade.). We got specific information on some of the blanks in the notes which no one knew about before - for example the inheritance of the headman's position etc. This was a tedious and difficult process as the translation took a long time, but I am confident of our results as they were checked by Fritz against what he knows of his group, by me against what the notes said and against themselves from one individual to another and by crossing back in subject matter and questions from time to time and day to day. There is of course a vast quantity of data unobtained through this method, but as we could not expect to work out everything I thought it most profitable to fill in the gaps and check the reported facts for this specific group. In addition there are of course many observations with regard to behaviour which are independent of these questions.

7. Recordings; We operated under some handicaps here as we could not remove the mechanical noise from the tape to get a silent tape to record on. However, we made recordings which when played back are fairly good. We recorded a number of dances with clapping, singing, rattles, and stamping of feet, and then recorded just the clapping and singing for each. We also got the musical bow, sections of conversation, and the curing ceremony. The collection will be quite interesting I believe.

8. Collections; this side of things is rather poor as we did not have sufficient goods for trading - having been badly advised on this matter. However, we got what we could but it was disappointing. We have a number of samples of veldkos the importation of which will require a special permit.

9. Archaeology; we were unable to locate any other types of cultural material except the "wilton" which we recovered. This we obtained from near every pan in the area that we visited and at Sigarette and on the way back - which gives a spread over that entire area not before recorded.

10. Misc.; Elizabeth brought modeling clay with her and gave it to the children to try withou

the children to try without showing them how to do anything. The results were terrific - apparently they model quite a bit in mud during the rainy season and so were able to produce all the animals in clay in a few minutes. We took snapshots of the results. She also tried crayons - and at first got only jiggling imitations of our writing. After a while though they made circles, and footprints and stick human figures and animals - some not too distant from petroglyphs - of which there are none in the area - nor in the Aha Mountains to which a side expedition went for 4 days. We showed them a stereo picture of some to give them the idea. It caused a sensation. The crayons eventually gave way to poster paints - everyone enjoyed using them - and the medicine men and the headman were very good at it. The headman did a page of animal tracks for us that are hearily perfect. We got each sign identified and the whole works makes an interesting collection. We also tried a color test on them using yellow, orange, red, green, blue, purple spots. When asked to group the colors as to which were similar most people grouped the red and orange and the blue and purple. One grouped yellow and green. When asked whether any two were the same the answer always came back the each one was different. So we could find no red-green color blindness in this manner.

11. Difficulties: one of our main problems as it turned out was the difference in opinion between ourselves and our aims, and those of Mr. McIntyre the gov't Senior Welfare Officer. This created some friction, and when he tried to ration the meat supply nearly upset our whole program. As he was interested in the topography of the country he went off on side trips most of the time which was a help. The second major problem was food - for we had a total population there of almost 70 people to feed. Game was not too abundant and it was a constant job to provide meat for the people. The moment they got hungry they simply became non-cooperative. We badly calculated our own supplies and fell short of sugar, coffee, and mealie meal before we were finished. As the mealie meal was a key factor in the non-european diet, and as McIntyre thought the few animals we shot were too many for our permit we were pressured, plus Fritz wanting to get back to his farm, and Dr. Koch wanting to get to Angola or the KKveld, and McIntyre having to get back to Windhoek by August 3, into leaving at the end of the month. No one else wanted to go as we enjoyed everyone so much and a week more would have given the opportunity to polish off many details that are now unfinished. The whole thing was done with express train rapidity and it is astounding that we covered what we did in the time. We had some anxiety over the fires which were blazing on all sides but luck was with us. The key items for trade are salt, tobacco, mealie meal, coffee, and sugar. But for objects in use like mortars and pestles, one must be able to replace them with equal equipment - and this we could not do.

12. Leaving: the last day we had to present gifts to each person. Lorna took charge of this - and again we were undersupplied in key items. The acculturation and transformation that took place this day would make your hair stand on end. Lorna raided all the duffle bags and kitchen. The men each recieved some wire, nails, pipe, a shirt, pants. The headman an iron pot, our two guides bowls and the medicine men wash basins, and the others cups. The women shopping bags of net, colorful scarves, beads, plates and spoons. The young boys jackknives, the girls cups, the kids candy. Each family got a can of cocoa, condensed sweetened milk, and golden syrup, and each person a can of hostess peanuts. We had a good laugh fitting the pants and showing what the buttons, pockets etc were for and how to operate them. What a transformation! They were eager for everything but especially the clothing.

13. The return: this was a struggle. We went north to Sigarettes then west along the Wnla road to Samangegei to Karakuwise, Muragas, and Grootfontein. On the way we raced a huge veld fire in dense bush and sand and beat it by 10 minutes - through dense smoke and 30 foot high flames. It was quite nerve wracking. The second day we struggled through the white sand dunes making 5 miles in six hours! Finally out onto hard ground to Sigarette - where Bushmen culture comes up sharply against

individual pride leaves a rather sad group. They are placed under a Bantu guard whose job it is to encourage them to raise goats and corn and to prevent them from spreading the veld fires. Judging by the grey skies we experienced the latter is not very successfully executed. Apparent disease had a much higher incidence among these people - especially eye trouble. They use a small number of European goods and much Okavango material - one bushman even knew how to drum.

On the way back the Dodge chassis cracked again in the same place it had been cracked in last year. As a result we have to divide much of the Dodge load between the two Chevys and Eric reinforced the cracked place with an axe head, some wire, some bolts, and a bar of iron. It held all the way in, but we were holding our breath.

14: Plans: things are once again in a state of uncertainty. We have paid off the staff and sent them home. Fritz has gone back to his farm with John and Dr. Koch. The latter is to pick up his car and John will get supplies and return here. Then we shall most probably proceed to Angola and once there decide what direction to go in - most probably to the coast. What we shall attempt to accomplish on this trip besides just seeing what is there I am not sure. Most of our color film is used up - but we have much black and white and more recording tape. There is little doubt that we have too little time to get an adequate staff and information to do another serious job - so I suppose a general investigation into what the situation is plus whatever archaeology we can locate will probably be the total effort. It should be quite interesting. Monday is a holiday, and the truck with John won't be back until Wednesday probably which means it will be about Friday probably before we get started.

Everyone sends their greetings,

Sincerely,

Bob.
Bob Dyson.

Copy to L.W.

This has been a wild disorganized scramble with no chance to sit down and check for loop holes - so I am thoroughly dissatisfied with the quality the finished work will take - but given all factors with nothing but an advisory position it was the best that could be done - and I think there will be much of interest in what we got - but never again !!! I simply HATE the quality of a stampede !!! Otherwise it was great fun and we missed you.

South West Africa Expedition,
Cambridge, Massachusetts,
September 19, 1951.

Dr. J.O.Brew,
Peabody Museum,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

REPORT VII

In this report I shall outline for you the major events in the second half of the Expedition's field work ending with our return to Cambridge.

1. We spent five days in Grootfontein arranging our supplies, repairing the trucks and so on, finally leaving August 9 with two new boys and a mechanic. Two days later we arrived at Ondongua in Ovamboland after a sandy drive via Tsumeb and Namutoni. We were met with very cool and formal tones the exact cause of which we were unable to determine. We wondered a little whether Mr. MacIntyre has said anything in Windhoek to throw disfavor on us. We proceeded from here to Oshikango on the border where we were received warmly and made camp. The following two days were spent trying to obtain a Portuguese translator and camp boys. This was accomplished bringing our staff to four boys, mechanic, and technical staff (Williams, Koch, Dyson, etc.).

2. On August 13 after a visit to Nehemia's kraal where we were formally served beer, we crossed over into Angola passing through Namacundi and Vila Pereira de Eca where our papers were checked. On the way we stopped at Omupanda Mission and met Father Middleberger who is a key man for information in this part of Angola. (I might add that we have as translator the same man Quenton Keynes(?) had with him). We were quickly faced with a serious problem. The Cunene River was high and it seemed impossible to cross at Fort Rocardos as we had hoped in order to head into the mountains in the southwestern corner of Angola. The only other route to the area went around via Capelongo and added almost a thousand miles to the distance. This plus the factor of time plus the cost of petrol (\$36.00 for 44 gals.) made this seem out of the question. It was important for Mr. Williams to get more casts in order to justify his time in the field, and Dr. Koch was intensely interested in reaching the coastal desert where he needed to collect to complete a study he has been making of certain types of beetles. Water is also a problem.

3. In view of all these difficulties, and on the information that there were several tribes around Naulila we drove south along the Cunene River to this outpost. It is very hot in this country. We were received with the greatest hospitality everywhere we went in Angola. We remained in Naulila until the 22 of August. During this time the Chef du Poste took us on several trips to the different kraals in the area: Vaximba (sing. Muximba); Vahinga; and Vandimba. These were the main groups, plus a couple of fragmentation groups which had formed from refugees from various areas. The culture of all these Bantu groups was markedly uniform. Several days were spent photographing a few of their activities and objects. I collected potsherds from each kraal. Eric managed to get about 30 more casts from this area. Two large dances were put on for us by several groups and these were very interesting and entertaining.

4. We had now been informed that the "pont" (i.e. boat) at Fort Rocados would be ready by Thursday August 23 and we determined to cross the river and proceed as planned. Upon reaching the fort, however, it became clear at once that the large pont would not be ready for some time. In the meantime there were two small boats making the crossing and it was suggested we use these. This risk was decided upon and we offloaded all our supplies in the town square where we were camped. Then the Chev was dismantled into three parts: body, chassis, and rear axle and wheels. These three pieces were loaded one at a time in a small metal boat and ferried across to the sand bank on the opposite shore. Here it was reassembled and the gas drums, water drums, and so on were likewise brought over. We decided to send Dr. Koch and the mechanic on to Sa de Bandeira to the governor as the visa's which Laurence and I have will expire before we reach there. Then Dr. Koch will proceed to the coast and begin his work. It was also decided to store all our excess equipment in the Hotel and leave it at the Fort (including sound gear). This reduced us to the Dodge Power Wagon and the Chev. But we had by this time been joined by Senor Duarte the Senior Entomologist of the Provincial Gov't who also had a Power Wagon. The second day we took the Dodge across the river - a hair raising experience as the boat was only about 6 inches wider and about two feet long than the car and it was made topheavy so the whole thing swayed precariously as it crossed! By nightfall we were reassembled on the opposite shore. The following day we had 24 oxen on the spot to haul the trucks through the swamp that now intervened between ourselves and dry ground. Thus it had taken us three days to go two miles! A record even for us.

5. From here we drove down the Cunene to the Ruacana Falls - a mighty fall dropping perhaps 300 feet straight down into a great chasm in the floor of the level country side which up to this point had formed the bottom of the valley running between great mountains on both sides. This was a spectacular sight indeed. From here, having bathed and filled out water tanks, we headed up over the mountains on reasonably good roads via Chitado to Encocua. This entire area is rough, bush covered, and largely empty. Where it is inhabited it is the Vaximba that live here with their cattle.

6. We arrived in Encocua after another experience with bush fires. We drove right into one before we knew it was on us and only managed to keep out of trouble by reversing, and back-firing along a sandy stream bank, and then driving onto the burned off area. This part of the country had many fires burning in it, and that night we camped on a burned out area to watch a large fire sweep up behind us, climb a mountain on one side setting the whole mountainside on fire, and circle along behind us on the other and roar off down the valley. It was August 28 by this time. At Encocua we were informed of a people called Mutues who are said to have been in the Kaokoveld of S.W. Africa before the advent of the Bantu, and who lived by honey gathering and elephant hunting. We had to hike about 8 miles up into the mountains from the end of the road to reach these people. We were provided with a local headman who translated into Portuguese which Senor Duarte translated into English. Most of the time we get along everywhere with French. The Mutues were a disappointment as they had absorbed all the Muximba material culture and most of the non-material culture in so far as we could determine. I did not feel the long haul worth the effort but Lorna pointed out that there was only a week left and she didn't think we would go to another group so it was decided. One Power

Wagon was brought up to within a mile of the kraal by dint of super human effort, roadbuilding, and minor injuries including a thorn scratch in Mr. Williams eye. We spent a week here doing some interrogation, the results of which, while interesting, are not reliable as always applicable to the Mutues since the source of information was Senor Varges our translator who was on intimate terms with Muximba culture rather than Mutues. Muximba lived in this area too, and the pictures taken (2000 feet) should give an adequate summary of the general way of life of these people. I tried to obtain artifacts but could locate no sites whatsoever in the valley.

7. At the end of the week we returned to camp and set out for Sa de Bandeira(Lubango). Everyone was sick with upset intestines and stomachs. The only water supply at the kraal had been a stagnant pool in a dry river bed, and our water was obtained by digging a hole in the sand nearby and letting it fill up and some of the mud settle in it before taking it, filtering and boiling it. But there must have been some bugs still there because we were all terribly sick on the way back, and indeed, I am not yet certain that we are entirely well.

8. At Sa de Bandeira it was decided that in view of the fact that the return trip would be merely mechanical, and that the Boss (Laurence) might want to spend some time looking around for business reasons, and would therefore not want to be delaying other people, that I should continue homeward with the rest of the returning group. I arranged with Mr. Williams to return ~~the~~ the few artifacts we have collected to the Witwatersrand for inspection by their archaeologists, and, pending a decision at Peabody, I would notify them whether we wanted them sent on along with the collection Dr. Van Riet Lowe is preparing or whether we would present it to them. In view of the fact that there are so very few specimens and of such poor quality I would suggest presenting the collection to the Witwatersrand, as its only value is to indicate that an industry of a microlithic(possibly Wilton) existed in the area of the pans. In addition I recommended to Mr. Williams to duplicate the casts of the Bushmen for us, but not to duplicate the other Bantu casts since as he suggested our Museum might be more interested in receiving an equivalent number but carefully chosen to represent more types of different groups in South Africa which already have been cast. I told him I would let him know what the Museum wished, and that was quite satisfactory with him. He will ship the few other specimens we collected to the Museum and obtain permits etc from South Africa. Some of the specimens are botanical and I understand some special permit will be needed to bring them into the United States. Dr. Koch telegraphed that he had had wonderful success in the desert and was making fundamental discoveries in his field.

9. On the 8 of September we flew from Sa de Bandeira to Luanda the capital where we waited for four days. Then we flew to Leopoldville where we remained for two days, and then home via Accra, Dakar, Lisbon, the Azores, Gander, and Boston.

10. Providing the films turn out well I feel the Expedition has been very successful. I will turn a final report in later in the year incorporating my field notes and other information which the museum is entitled to.

Copy to L.W.

Sincerely,

Bob Dyson
Bob Dyson.

SOUTHWEST AFRICA EXPEDITION

INFORMAL SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF CONFERENCE AT BEECH ROAD, JANUARY 15, 1952 (4 Marshalls, Brew, Dyson and Ward)

Tentative decisions, *to be viewed as suggestions of procedure.* ~~as to way material and information should be worked up.~~

Sources: Dyson - notes; Lorna - diary & notes; Elizabeth - notes on drawing and modeling; Carey McIntosh, notes on music. ~~(Laurence & John, no notes)~~

BUSHMEN

Photographs

- Motion picture sequences by subjects - with explanatory text to accompany
- General motion picture (45 min. to 1 hour) - with explanatory text to accompany
- Curing Ceremony - with sound recording
- Stills & stereos - with captions
- Slides - make some

Sound Recordings

These consist of

- Curing Ceremony
- Five* ~~Five~~ dances
- Some singing without dancing
- one half* ~~hour~~ hour misc. conversation, including English alphabet
- A story told by a Bushman, with German & English translations
- Musical bow

The Curing Ceremony recording should go with motion picture of same and perhaps ditto for some dances (David McAlister should check on this).

Rest should be filed, with typewritten explanation.

General Report - by Dyson

To include technology and also social & religion, using all sources, especially motion pictures and Dyson and Lorna notes.

Special Reports

- Brief statement for AAA News Bulletin and Man (Brew)
- Social studies (?) - Get opinion of Kluckhohn, Paul, Oliver, etc. (especially as to women and children, education and personality studies)
- Drawing and modeling - by Elizabeth (?). Get advice of social people (above). ~~and Hooton get someone to take care of data.~~
- Archaeology - Dyson to get Movius' advice. Possibly Dyson prepare a couple of pages and a drawing for a South African publication.

Physical (incl. measurements, marks & teeth) - Dyson to talk to Hooton and Hooton get someone to take care of data.

SOUTHWEST AFRICA EXPEDITION (continued)

MUTUES (other name is VAQUISSE. Culture is Muximba, which is a Herero group).

Consolidate notes and put in shape. Then lay aside for later action (perhaps thesis of a graduate student). Some research in lit. needed on Mutues and Muximba. Perhaps Lorna try this.

Material consists of movies, stills & stereos - notes on technology & social - a little on drawing - 1 page of physical - no archaeology, sound or music.

MISC.

Movies of dancing of various Bantu groups, with sound recording

SPECIAL

Comparative dancing - Lorna would like to do an article on Bushmen, Mutues & Bantu dancing - or a motion picture, with some commentary.

Music - If Carey's notes are valuable, he or someone might write an article on the music of Bushmen, Mutues & Bantu. John will find out what Carey has. *Consultation will be arranged with McAlister.*

1/28/52
LW:hw

SOUTHWEST AFRICA EXPED.

Informal summary of

Results of Conference at Blech Rd. Jan. 15, 1952 (4 Marshalls, Brew, Byron + ^{wend})

Tentative decisions as to way material + information should be worked up.

Sources: Byron's notes — Loma, diary + notes — Ehi's notes on drawing + modeling —
Carey's notes on music — (Lawrence + John's notes).

BUSHMEN

Photographs

Motion picture sequences by subjects — with explanatory text to accompany

General motion picture (45 mins. ± 1 hour) — with explanatory text to accompany

Curing Ceremony — with sound recording.
Stills + stereo — with captions

Slides — make some.

Sound recordings

These consist of

Curing Ceremony

Fire dances

Some singing without dancing

4 1/2 hours misc. conversation, ~~with~~ including English alphabet

A story told by a Bushman, with German + English translations

Musical bow

The Curing Ceremony recording should go with motion picture of same and perhaps also for some dances, (David McAllyiter should check on this).
Rest should be filed, with type written explanation.

SOUTH WEST AFRICA EXPED.

(Results of Jan. 15, 1952 Conference)

BUSHMEN (continued)

General Report - by Dyrson.

To include technology and also social & religion, using all sources, especially motion pictures and Dyrson and Cornea notes.

Special Reports

Brief statement for Q&A News Bulletin & Alan (Pras)

Social studies (?) - Get opinion of K. Luchholer, Paul, Olwin, etc.
(especially as to women & children, education and personality studies)

Drawing & modeling - by Elizabeth (?). Get advice of social people (above)

Physical (incl. measurements, marks & teeth). Dyrson to talk to Houston & Houston get someone to take care of data.

Archaeology - Dyrson to get Morris' advice. Possibly Dyrson prepare a couple of pages and a drawing for a South African publication.

Southwest African Exped.

(3)

MUTUES (other name is VAQUISSE. Culture is Muepimba, which is a Herero group).

Consolidate notes + put in shape. Then lay aside for later action (perhaps thesis of a grad. student). Some research in lit. needed, on Mutues + Muepimba. Perhaps
Lorna
try this.

Material consists of movies, stills + stereos - notes on technology + social - a little on drawing - 1 page of physical - no archaeology, sound or music.

MISC.

Movies of dancing of various Bantus groups, with sound recording

SPECIAL

Comparative dancing - Lorna would like to do an article on Bushman, Mutues + Bantus ^{dancing} - of a motion picture, with some commentary

Music - If ~~Carey's~~ ^{Carey's} notes are valuable, he or someone might write an article on the music of Bushman, Mutues + Bantus. John will find out what ~~Carey~~ ^{Carey} has.

Mr + Mrs. Marshall

John + Elizabeth Marshall

Carry Mc Intosh

Bob Depron

Mc Intyre - saw a fox foot + Bushman song

Eric Williams (Aunt at Pham's bay)

Fritz Metzger - farmer

Solomon Maurais - guide of all tracks

2 aged Bushmen - can speak Herero

2 young Bushmen - guides for last 50 miles
before Gantsche Pan

2 Herero camp boys

1 black cook (mixed origin)

1 mechanic (mixed origin)

Picamin (mixed origin)

Mr. Picamin - (beautiful Bushman girl)

Gantsche Pan is $20^{\circ} 2'$ South + $20^{\circ} 8'$ East.

Branches of Technology

Food gathering

Hunting

Fishing

Traps

Agriculture

Cultivated Plants

Domesticated animals

Fire-making

Food, drinks & drugs

Food preparation

Food preservation

Houses

Land Transport

Boats

Materials for clothes

Textiles

Decor & ornament

Mutilation & deformation

Containers (other than pottery)

Pottery

Metallurgy

Tools

Weapons

Medical Instruments

Art

Numeration, Time reckoning, weights & measures ^{& money}

Writing

The Rideout - is that Prof. Sore
man (not Sartman) + sets
someone (who is not Sartman)

Lawrence Marshall

See him about copying auto-pictographs

ambrosia land

FRANK MARYL SETZLER

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