

As though the interval of two years did not exist, the journey began where it had left off. This expedition left Gobabis on Thursday morning. We breakfasted at the hotel, The Central, at seven. We had steak and eggs, tea, toast, marmalade, fruit juice - delicious and plenty. The boys had mealies and a hunk of dry bread and coffee. I grieved that they could not have had one good breakfast of meat before they went into the empty land. Laurence does not want me to interfere by requesting of anyone that the boys be given special food. The situation is the same as it was before.

In other ways too it was the same. When we had driven 20 minutes the old Dodge Power Wagon which we had bought from the Bethlehem Steel Co., or rather from Terry's who bought it from them, jerked to a halt. The gasoline has water in it. It was bought at the Gobabis Motors (Terry's branch garage). Six times we stopped during the morning to empty water from the line. My imagination made an image of the dozens of times John emptied out cups full of water from the carburetor. The illusion of continuity was established.

Dan took a few shots of our leaving Gobabis. A few miles out we stopped and took a sequence of a nice farm. Mrs. Gordon, whose farm it is, came out to greet us very cordially. She invited us to tea, which we had to decline. This sequence included the Railway Bus, which collects cream for the new and successful (but non-cooperative) creamery at Gobabis.

We lunched comfortably with chairs and tables at two. By three we were at the border at Sandfontein, where Sergeant Smit was prepared to receive us and pass us through without delay. Three miles farther we signed into Bechuanaland at Oliphants Kloof, a most picturesque border station of conical tents, native police in big hats like the Mounties in Australian troops, and spotless, fresh, well-ironed uniforms. Sergeant Martins of the Ghanzi police was stuck in the camp waiting for a part for his truck to be sent from Gobabis.

Laurence asked for Sergeant DeFries who was at Sandfontein when he and John went through in 1950 and 1952 with Jo Brew. Sergeant DeFries is farming now 20 miles from Gobabis.

At 5 we camped under a camelboom at Picanin's Wells in a cleared place where other travellers had camped 26 miles from the border. By 8 we had tents up, gear of all sorts found, supper on the table. By 9 we were in bed. The shakedown (first night of camping) was very easy and successful. Bill had things beautifully in hand.

We had travelled 106 miles that day.

A herd of springbok paused in their leaping to stare at us.

Everyone is well and rested. By ten we were packed, with everything in another better degree of organization. We are at present waiting for William Camm. He is a Coloured man who walked over from his farm two miles from here to say he wanted to work for us. We have employed him as interpreter of Bushman languages.

Professor Maingard has just come and said he has evidence of fish being here. I thought of Professor Dart wanting us to ask all Bushmen if there is a word for fish in their language. Prof. Dart has a theory he wishes to test that the use of poisons commenced with the poisoning of fish and then was adapted to hunting. My mind was turning over the possibility of Prof. Maingard having found a fossil of a fish in a stone when he reported that a sardine can had been found.

At 11:30 we reached Karakubis, where a trader has a little pink store.

In Bechuanaland the European language used is English. It is pleasant for us to be able to speak to all the natives.

117 LJM
~~101226~~
535

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 4
Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghansi

At Karakubis Matlamme Leatswe (Headman of Thousands) had a long talk with Laurence. We saw the first Bushman who works for the headman. His name is ~~Toma~~. His father's name is ZanKe. They say he is a Narron. We asked if among his people there were the names Di!ai and Di//khao. Yes, he said. (The latter is his sister). Tsangao is also a name used by his people. He says di qui sa is his sister (I.E. term for) He speaks Tchuana.

Professor Maingard asked questions of ~~Toma~~ through Ledimo about dances. He wanted to know if he knew of choma. He said he did but only old men danced it.

We are on the road to Rietfontein. We cut back into S.W.A. for a bit. We saw the fence and the sign - S.W.A.: B.P.

117 LJM
101
551

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 5
Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghanzi

Rietfontein - Bushmen group here speak Narron and Makoko. They are mostly Narron.

Names - /KuKuri (man)
Thu!Ko (woman, as at Gautscha) Speaks Kung
/Gasa (" " " ") " "
Th!ko (a young girl)
!Koba " " "
/Gasa - her mother is !Nobi
!Kukx'e
!Kobo//ah - mother of !Kukx'e
//Ah//ha - her mother is !Au
Zebe - Gautscha
Hhome /Gasa - understands !Kung

They look very like our Bushmen, but more red. /Gasa looked like Di!ai (wife of /Qui Guide). She spoke !Kung with Ledimo.

117 LJM
177
197

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 6
Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghanzi

Laurence asked about people who speak !Kung coming from the north. They said none visited but some had come working with well drillers and had been taken away by Europeans. She, /Gasa (above), says she lives here; is one of the people here.

Hhome /Gasa worked for Makalahari and was paid in steenbok skin kaross. Worked on mealie fields in Kalfontein.

When Ledimo speaks they understand and they say that Ledimo is not speaking !Kung. He is speaking Kau Kau. William Camm says this too.

Thu!Ko has a fresh scar on her forehead cut because her eyes were sore.

We lunched on sausage, peas, carrots, guava juice, bread, butter, jam, apples and tea and finished lunch at five. It was serene. The Bushmen went away. Two riders came and returned, having galloped for snake-bite serum to inject a bitten horse. They rode well, but slumped, not like Western riders. They looked thick in the waist. Behind them rode a Bushman boy, bareback, galloping, graceful. Like an Indian. Beautiful fowl quacked and clucked around us. A pen full of tiny kids bleated. It was a bucolic scene, a pond to reflect it and the puff clouds in the blue sky.

We drove on along the single track road till 6:30. Theunis chose a lovely camp spot for us near the farm of Mr. Ramsden. We had driven through the slanting evening light across a wide savannah. We were now in silvery green bush. I was having a bath when guests arrived - Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Flattery. Mr. Ramsden's brother is one of the oldest residents. He came to this country about 1902. The Boer War ended about the turn of the century or 1901. Rhodes died just before 1900. A proper old timer he is, says Mr. Flattery. Mr. Flattery says his name used to be O'Flattery but they have dropped the "O". He buys and sells cattle, gathering herds of 400-800, driving them with 7 or 8 herdsmen on horseback to Lehututu and Labotsi to sell. We talked about Mr. Matthias. We told about Mr. Drotzke's brass knobs on his bedstead.

117 LJM
533
106

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 8

Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghanzi

Bushmen were singing the gâraffe song in the distance, for all the world like the Gautscha song. Perhaps they were dancing. We delayed so long over our drinks. Eventually, though, our guests had had supper, we after 9 asked for our supper to be served. The two guests, who said they were bachelors, seemed to enjoy us.

We spoke of Mr. Hardbattle wanting to send his children to a white school because he had the right, he said, but, said Mr. Ramsden, he advised Mr. Hardbattle not to as it would be an unkindness to the children. Laurence said it was the same everywhere, even in Brazil, where he said the upper classes were "as bitter and hard" as anywhere.

The three most sure things to come up in conversation here as in S.W.A. are lions, race, and Bushmen (a fourth thing is politics after the others have been exhausted). We got on to Bushmen but not to politics this night.

117 LJM
177
657

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 9
Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghanzi

Mr. Ramsden said when he first came into the country to farm he had no labor. He was told he might be able to get Bushmen, so he set out to try. He rode out into the country till he saw a Bushman standing on a pan. The Bushman ran for his life, but Mr. Ramsden on a good horse caught him before he got into the bush. He made the Bushman take him to his werft. Then he told the people they must come and work for him and (perhaps as a hostage) tied a rein around his captive's neck and took him home.

Mr. Ramsden says he understands Bushmen and treats them well. He feeds them and if they leave him they return again and he takes them in. He believes they do not understand the value of money and that it is best to pay them with a blanket or a shirt. The government, eager to pinch tickies, has put a hut tax of £1/13/0 on Bushmen (tame ones) which Mr. R. feels is very wrong. The Bushmen resent it. It has sent some back to live among the wild Bushmen upon whom a hut tax is not enforced, for the government, already short of police, would have to have three times the number to enforce it. This is unfair to Bushmen and farmers alike. Mr. Ramsden has told the D.C. this right out. A fine fellow Mr. Ramsden says he is, but he did not like being told he was a tickie pincher.

117 LJM
423
101

JOURNAL, 1955 April 30, 1955 p. 10

Road between Oliphant Kloof and Ghanzi

Mr. Flattery says each Bushman feels he belongs to the area where he was born. They do not encroach upon another's area. He agrees with us that the veldkos is the important measurement of belongings.

Mr. Ramsden says it is the hunting area. He says the road we are on is the dividing line between Narron and Makaukau.

Mr. Ramsden then went on to say he quite agrees that a Bushman belongs to his land and cannot bear to leave it. He said it was worse than death to one of his Bushmen to be sent to prison in Gabor (?) But he says Bushmen can't stand prison anyway. He sent seven to prison once for shooting cattle. All but two died. He says they are hungry when they shoot cattle; anyway, you can't expect a hungry man not to. He feeds his, and they appreciate this and stay with him.

Now Mr. Ramsden is a genial nice person. He is reflecting the ideology of the place and time in which he has existed.

Elizabeth went to bed miserable.

To illustrate the fact that Bushmen do not know the value of money, Mr. Ramsden said a Bushman might pay a pound for a comb, break it the first time he used it, and throw it away.

Sunday, May 1

Sunday morning was beautiful. We rejoiced not to have to push on and settled quietly to do things.

Dan gave me a lesson in taking moving pictures with my new camera. It was a fine lesson. Dan has a lucid mind, infinite patience and a clear firm way of putting things into words. I learned much and practiced finishing a roll.

Before we had finished guests came to lunch, unexpected by me, invited by Laurence, who neglected to say. The guests were; Mr. Frank Ramsden, the elder brother, and Mr. H. Ramsden, the younger brother; Mr. Hardbattle. Later Mr. David Flattery and Mr. Lemke joined us. We had a drink and lunch followed by tea all around. We thoroughly enjoyed the party.

Mr. Hardbattle, tall, with bright blue eyes, and a very pleasant, cultivated pronunciation, won my heart. He spoke movingly of Bushmen, with sympathy, understanding and respect. He said they would all be destroyed within ten years and that it was a pity for they had much to teach us. We asked him to come to see us again. He said it was hard for him to leave his place. He had a boy he said (a son) and he showed the child's height. He said, "He is not white, but I think as much of him as if he were." "He has light hair," he said. Mr. Hardbattle was a policeman in London, then in the Boer War, then in the Bechuana police, then a rancher here.

The elder Mr. Ramsden had been a trader I believe and knew Seretse Kama's grandfather and father. He came here in 1898.

Mr. Lemke who has a mouth like a Finn - a straight, wide mobile mouth - has been a great deal with Bushmen. He has been to Gautscha. He says the Bushmen call him !Kau !Kaune, White God. This is Prof. Maingard's spelling. Mr. Lemke says he had a tame eland which he rode. When he left the bush he did not want to turn his eland loose, so he killed it. He had to serve 14 days in jail for doing so. He now drills wells.

Mr. Lemke says that the Bushmen at Gautscha are Makaukau, not !Kung, and that there are !Kung away to the south, around Lobatsi way.

Ledimo says that before he came with us he thought that the Bushmen he grew up with were !Kung and that to the west, over the border of S.W.A. (i.e., where we were) there were Makaukau Bushmen. He is confused. He says our Bushmen said they were !Kung.

We have this to straighten out.

Six little girls came to look at us. I asked them, through William, their names and a few kinship terms. Their names were /Gasa, //Kushay, !Khoa, !Naoka, Bau, ≠Nisa. Mother is d'au, father is ba, elder brother !go, elder sister !qui. Younger Br and Si tsi. One of the girls said her tsa was her FaBe, //ga her father's sister. This girl was named for
tsu
her mother's mother. It all seemed to indicate a similarity with our Bushmen.

Professor Maingard quotes Schapera as saying to distinguish the Bushman groups on the basis of language only, not to depend on customs for the evidence of destruction.

At supper Theunis Berger told us about his life as a plague control officer. One time one of the islands on the swamp had plague break out. 57 people died. Two were saved. The doctor ran away, afraid of his life. When Theunis crossed the country we want to cross they had no water all day for ten days, could not cook anything in a pot, boiled meat on the coals and had tea once a day. They found the sand very very heavy. Got through in spite of a burned out bearing and broken piston, with 15 gal. of water over.

Laurence, just before turning in, said Mr. Hardbattle in his sympathy had appealed to the authorities to stop farmers from S.W.A. coming over the border to Rietfontein, luring Bushmen with meat and tobacco, offering them a ride, and with them once in the truck abducting them, driving hell bent to S.W.A. This has now been stopped.

An odd item came last. Bill says Mr. Hardbattle told him he had a half Bushman daughter by a Bushman woman. She, when she was about 20, began to go with Bushman men, so he told her to get out. Mr. Hardbattle says that a Bushman woman can have a child by a European, but only one. He has known this to be true in many cases as it was with him.

Mr. Ramsden told us that Quentin Keynes had been through and visited him.

I can give only a brief resume of the days at Windhoek. I did not write a diary and am too tired now to go back in any detail.

MacDonald Hastings, "Investigator" for The Eagle wrote about finding the Little Yellow Men of the Kalahari in journal~~ize~~ which we found excruciating.

In Windhoek we had the Rounds to dinner one night, the McIntyres another. Both evenings we thoroughly enjoyed. One day, the Tuesday, after the Monday on which Elizabeth and I arrived, we went to Rohoboth, Dan, Elizabeth and I with a driver, to take pictures of the Bastards. The location of Berg Dama there was an experience. Laurence and Bill returned from Walvis Bay on Thursday. From then on everyone worked like fury to make the deadline set by Laurence for Tuesday.

Elizabeth and I went each day to see Gani. He has tuberculosis and is in the Native Hospital. It breaks our hearts. I brought him books to learn to read by and gave him a reading lesson every day. One of the patients in the hospital was a teacher and would carry on with Gani and give him a reading lesson every day. The doctor now at the head of the hospital is Dr. Loener. He was very kind to Elizabeth and me, drove us down to the town twice and took us to tea at his home. He seems kind. It is our only comfort that he is gentle and is interested in Gani.

Tuesday we got away at 5 and drove to Gobabis that evening. We stayed at the Central Hotel. At the other hotel is Mr. Ga? the young Swiss who was cook at the Grossherzog last time. He is married to the nice girl. I hope things go well with them.

Mr. Buchner of the bank invited us to a Brifleisch next evening (Wednesday, April 27). We met everybody in the town. The Chapmans invited us to lunch next day. Mr. William Chapman is the grandson of the Chapman who travelled to the Falls from Walvis Bay with Baines just 100 years ago. We enjoyed the day with them. Mr. Chapman lived in Malay for years and managed rubber plantations. They are liberal, pleasant people. Mrs. C. is vigorous and forthright, despite the fact that she is a spiritualist.

On Friday the 29th we left Gobabis and camped over the border of B.P. beyond Rietfontein at Picanin's Wells. Next day, Saturday the 30th, we went on to Mr. Ramsden's farm.

117 LJM
101
484

JOURNAL, 1955 May 2

p. 18

Lewis Farm (near Mr. Ramsden's)

A group of about 50 (men, women and children, exclusive of those we saw working) Bushmen live on this farm. They come from //Gaua to the north. They have been here about a year. How many days is it for women to walk? Many. They do not say how many. When we told our names they were friendly, smiling, amused.

Again they said many seasons ago they came. All the babies were born here. Laurence asked what children were born in //Gaua. A boy of 5 or 6 was born here they say. A boy of 17 they say was born here.

Ledimo can talk to them all right.

The above information was amended by Mr. Lewis whom we talked with after leaving the Bushmen. They are not working on his farm. They come to visit for a while and then leave. He expects them to go soon. They have been before, several times. Theunis says they probably came originally from this country and feel it is theirs. They may have relatives working as Mr. Lewis' permanent farm laborers. Mr. Lewis does not feed them. He says they find plenty of veldkos, especially now after the rain. He says that they come from the north where they now live.

Frank and Bert Ramsden and Mr. Flattery, Mr. Hardbattle and Mr. Bruno Lemke (who drives wells) came to lunch. Mr. Lemke lived with Bushmen and rode on an eland he toldus. When he left the veld he did not want his eland to fall into misfortune so he killed it, and had to spend 14 days in jail for doing so. He is an afrikaans speaking person. Professor Maingard could talk to him but the rest of us could not get very much out of his stories. We enjoyed the Ramsdens very much and Mr. Hardbattle, who is a most unusual person. The Ramsdens know Mr. C.J. Mathias and Drotske (Martinsch). We had a good gossipy time.

Monday, May 2

We went to the Lewis farm and took the names of Bushmen who are visiting there from the north. They say they are ju /doisi just as our Bushman say. They say there are !Kung to the south and Makaukau to the north (cf. notes).

We tried to get face masks of the group at the Lewis farm. They refused, saying they were afraid. Instead we talked about kinship. We offered for a face mask the payment of a pipe, a file, 8 short strands of beads and tobacco. They were not mercenary enough to submit for these things. An old headman spoke for the rest. It was an interesting interview.

Wednesday, May 4th

Elizabeth, Bill and I went to Hardbattle's farm. Bill treated a sick Bushman who has a much enlarged liver. Mr. Hardbattle told us how he had bought up ~~x~~ nine farms, as people wanted to leave them. He has 100,000 acres. He ran 10,000 head of cattle, but has sold most now. He lives in mud huts, thatched with old thatch. They have no windows and have not been cleaned, I should think, since they were put up, about the time of the Boer War. Mr. H. sleeps in a small hut. His storehouse is about 75 feet long. His kitchen is an open-sided roofed hut. Bushmen work for him. He is said to have 2 Bushman wives. Now his present mistress is half Bushman and half Afrikaans. A two-year-old son looks like a Rubens, and lives in the Bushman skerm just like a Bushman child.

We are in camp near Theunis Berger's father's farm. Tomorrow Theunis is going to bring Guqua Bushmen for us to work with. He is going out soon to be married and to fetch the G.M.C. from Walvis Bay for us. We shall wait here for him and then start off to Lehututu, then Molepolole. From there someone will go for John, then we shall come across the sandy waterless place.

Professor Maingard took recordings from a Bushman who said he was a ju /doisi.

I had a short talk with an old man from Mr. Ramsden's farm. He was named for his mother's brother and termed his mother's father tsu. It was wonderful to get this so perfectly confirmed.

The setting up of camp tonight was very well done. We were cozy and collected in no time. A little fire now has burned down to embers. Dan, Elizabeth and I are beside it. The others are in bed. I am too drained or unalive to write this diary well, but I have almost caught up in this scrappy way.

Today we went through Ghanzi. Mr. Midgley, the D. C., was very good to us. We got a hunting license for £10. Paid duty on each case of liquor. Have to go back to get our permits confirmed. But all went well. Mr. Midgley gave us a copy of his proclamation.

We camped by 5:30 two miles north of Theunis Berger's father's farm.

117 LJM
197
601

JOURNAL, 1955

May 6
Friday

p. 22

Near Theunis' Fa's farm

We had come here because Theunis said there were 3 types of Bushman, three language groups, that is. He has been most helpful in understanding our needs and trying to provide what we want. However, a group that he was counting on have taken to the veld, vanished.

We had 3 Bushmen to work with yesterday. Prof. Maingard got a recording with a young boy (Naron) who was frightened almost into a faint by the microphone. I worked with a man who speaks the same language as at Gautscha and has the same kinship system. I am trying to solve the problem of the !gu!na. His answer is the reason may have been known by the old people but I do not know. His name is //Aie/We. I paid him 2/6 at his request. He works for the van Lewis.

117

551

After breakfast, Laurence, Dan, Prof. Maingard, Elizabeth and I had a conference on objectives. Laurence has some notes in his book on general purposes of the expedition. We took up music a bit and then went on about language.

Laurence says he agrees that a list of key words is important. L. wants a translation in English so that others besides Prof. Maingard can use the records. (Prof. Maingard yesterday, using Wilhelm Camm as interpreter, took the whole recording in Afrikaans, which would be of no use to most scholars.) Prof. Maingard said to me that to have to put things into English would require so much time that he would not get as much Bushman language recorded as he had expected or hoped. He said this was a pity, but it was necessary if the records were to be used by other persons besides himself.

Laurence says to record names of the man, his wife, the man's Mo and Fa, and children, for the purpose of identification, and for collecting names. I too think this about the right amount of time and space given to this. I will get the naming of the children with respect to Ego's Fa and Mo out of this. I said not to try to collect kinship material through the linguistic interviews. This should be done in a systematic thorough way, otherwise it will be a waste of time.

Professor Maingard wants to make a comparison between Hottentot languages and Bushman languages. He has studied Nama and Korama. He finds the Naron language like Hottentot in structure, though the vocabulary is not the same. He finds Korama more archaic than Nama.

Prof. Maingard wants a list of key words for comparison, and he wants sentences. Laurence suggested that we all think of material that would make sense to Bushmen to be used for the sentences and think how to induce them to give a connected account about something. Prof. Maingard wants standardized material. He has used sentences about making karosses and hunting to which he hopes to get sentences in answer.

No Bushmen have come.

Theunis and Bill went in Theunis' Chev. to Schitwe on Lake Ngami to find a Bushman Theunis wants as a guide through the dry lands.

Two new boys were employed yesterday. One is Simon, who looks like an ebony mask. The other is July. He refused to iron for us. He said he might drop a coal and burn the clothes.

Words for gather - pick berries, pick up (nuts) dig - roots. Medicine.

In Hottentot God's name ~~xxxx~~ means "wounded knee."

I

Mr. Midgley's proclamation about the hut tax is filed in the notes. He ends it by saying that slave labor of Bushmen must end. They must be paid cash wages and pay the hut tax of £1-8-0. The farmers are opposing this. There was a big meeting about it today. The farmers say the Bushmen leave from time to time and find the tax too much or leave it for the farmer to pay.

Mr. Burton and Mr. Lewies near Ghanzi invited Laurence particularly to visit them. They wanted to talk about Bushman affairs and to ask him to use his influence. He said he had none but nevertheless they went on about the hut tax. Mr. Lewies, like the two Ramsdens, is against it. Mr. Burton, a wealthy man, says he wouldn't mind paying 10/- for the Bushmen who work for him, but £1/8/- is preposterous.

Mr. Burton says he has about 100 Bushmen who live on his land. He pays them nothing and gives them no mealies. However, he does not milk his cows and says the Bushmen and the calves compete for the milk. Mr. Burton employs a few - 4 at each cattle station. They have only to see that the water troughs are full. To those that are employed he gives mealies - but nothing to their families. Mr. Burton believes in paying in blankets, shirts, etc.

177

~~252~~ 222

Theunis Berger says that Bushman laborers are given - for themselves only - not their families - 1 lb. mealie meal and 1 quart milk per day. Sometimes they are paid 10/- per month or might be paid a pound. Sometimes they receive no cash wage.

Everyone speaks of the fact that Bushmen may leave for the veld any time they so decide. A group of /Gikwe left the Bergers' farm recently.

Laurence has heard that veldkos is good in the area. Tsi (called qui by the !Kǀ is abundant now. Dabe's wife gave us a present of 2 plates full.

We are going to pay Dabe 1/0 per day. A large wage. I expect he will be happy. ≠Gishay will get . He was in such ragged clothes I gave him an undershirt, L.K.'s oldest pants (brought for just such a purpose) and a marine corp jacket with a red paint stain of Elizabeth's.

117 LJM
194
124

JOURNAL, 1955 Monday, May 9 p. 27

Professor Maingard and I worked with Ledimo, Wilhelm, Dabe, the #Ko Bushman. The Makaukau //Ai/We never came back, to my great disappointment. We had a difficult time in the morning. Got farther along in the afternoon. !Kǝ has the kiss click and is very hard to hear. I must learn the phonetic script.

Tuesday, May 10

Last night, Monday, it rained. Elizabeth and Bill got up and put everything under canvas and put up the green tent to put things into and for Ledimo to sleep. The green "umbrella" tent has a floor sewn in, a zippered screen. It is insufficiently ventilated to use in the daytime.

We had expected to leave today, but the big truck has something wrong. It was taken to Mr. Craal to be repaired. We spent the day drying out and getting water. I worked with Wilhelm and first #Gishay the /Ganakwe from Sihitwe, then Dabe the !Kǝ on kinship terms in each of their languages. Elizabeth worked a while with Dabe. Dabe the !Kǝ and #Gishay the /Ganakwe are both in our employ now.

July has been dismissed. He will work for Theunis making brick. Dabe's wife, with her children, will go to Theunis' sister in Maun to be washwoman. Simon is staying with us. He is an Ovambo, a good lorry boy they say. We have to ~~trim~~ trim our staff as much as possible for coming through the dry area.

Tuesday I worked with Wilhelm, Dabe and #Gishay while Prof. Maingard worked with Ledimo, translating the text he took on tape from a Makaukau speaking Bushman - the one who was so frightened. It took hours to translate. Prof. M. thinks 3 of translating to one of recording. Ledimo finds it slow and difficult to translate from the tape.

We broke camp about 8; Laurence and I drove first in the big truck, stopping at Mr. Craal's. His wife sent us out coffee. We paid for his repairing the truck, and for sugar, mealies and fat which Bill had bought. Met a Mr. Gower whom I enjoyed talking to about Afrikanders.

We reached Ghanzi before noon to send telegrams and postal cards. Telegram to John, saying to bring an ampax motor and coat; to Westphal saying to state what data he wanted recorded. A telegram supposedly sent days ago to Cohn had not been sent.

At Ghanzi this is the day of the fête to raise money for a power plant for the school, so there can be moving pictures.

Mr. Martins, the police sergeant, is here at the office ~~by~~ but Mr. Midgley, the D.C., is not. (Later he took us to lunch.)

We expect to push on to Okwa this afternoon - 50-60 miles. We hope to find !Kō Bushmen there and have Dabe to speak. #Gishay is more of a guide. Theunis values him very highly as a direction finder. He said to give

he gave up trying with a compass and map, and put ~~the~~ Gishay on the bumper to be guided through the dry area.

5:30 p.m. We are just outside of Ghanzi (pronounced Hansi or Xansi), stuck. The green Dodge has a defective pump. No one can fix the trouble.

We spent the afternoon with the Midgleys. They took us to lunch at the schoolhouse, where a hearty cafeteria lunch was being served. We had meat balls, potato salad, other salad, bread, butter, ginger beer (home made) very sweet and good. About 60-80 people were there at lunch, the farmers from all around, young and old, with their wives and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Wehe are the teachers and she (? This could be "there") is a blond young woman who poured out her anxieties about her husband who is in Outjo. Mr. Wehe is a nephew of the famous traveler, Chapman. Mr. Midgley expects the school to be rated by the government as a 3-teacher school. Mrs. Midgley teaches now, but she can not speak Afrikaans, and there are for the first time today, 3 English-speaking children in the school. Mr. Midgley is ambitious to improve his district. He has been in this service for 29 years.

Elaine Millar stayed with the Midgleys two weeks. Mrs. M. at first enjoyed her and liked her and now says she found her behavior to be impossible to accept, so she broke off their friendship and wrote Elaine frankly and clearly. Mrs. M. says that Elaine prejudiced them against Mr. Westphal, and she is sorry. I had a good opportunity to say we had liked Mr. Westphal very much.

117 LJM
177
657

JOURNAL, 1955 Wednesday, May 11 p. 30

Mr. Midgley told us that the Bushmen were getting used to civilization. When they were put in jail in former days they used to pine away. He had to ask the government to release them. Now for some time he has not had to release a Bushman from jail to save his life. They have become less frightened, he says.

Mrs. Midgley gave us presents of grapefruit and lemons from her garden.

We moved from our camp place of midnight to a permanent camp, near the kraal and omuramba at Okwa. There is nothing else here. A silent place far enough from the kraal for us to receive visitors but to hear and see nothing of the kraal itself.

The foreman, Boys, is employed by Mr. Hardbattle to tend the farm. The kraal is his home. His brother (cousin) is visiting him. Topo. Topo is a garrulous man who talks for Boys. They came saying they were offended at the way Elizabeth approached the kraal. We never did understand why. The conversation moved to our employing interrogants. Topo insisted on 3/- per day for the use of a man whom Boys pays 10/- per month. We refused and selected other Bushmen.

Prof. Maingard worked with Wilhelm and a Bushman in Naron. Elizabeth worked with Theunis and a Bushman in !Kǃ. I worked with Dabe and Ledimo in !Kǃ ~~thru~~ through Sechuana. Nothing went very well.

May 13, 1955

See report of interview with Topo in notes. I worked as yesterday. The morning work went slowly but I gained a little bit in checking terms. I felt miserable and gave Ledimo to Elizabeth and spent the afternoon alone down the omuramba lying under a bush.

Water is being organized. We have begun to get drums from the well here and boil them.

May 18

Laurence's birthday was forgotten.

May 20

The intervening days were spent in Okwa.

On Saturday, May 14, Theunis and Bill left to drive out in Theunis' Chevrolet truck. They left after an early supper to drive at night when the cool sand would be more compact. Theunis is very anxious to get his mail to see if his divorce papers have come through so he can marry before he returns next week to us. He wants to bring his wife here and we have been adamant in refusing.

After they left we settled down to work, knowing we had about ten days. Our camp is organized. People are settling down to their jobs.

Rationing of the boys is begun. It was finally decided, I think, to give one tin of meat a day each, and to give the 2 Bushmen the same ration.

We sent a young man who had originally volunteered to do so to fetch a group of Bushmen who live in the veld and do not work for the farm people. He returned with them on Sunday evening.

We are giving mealies, fat, sugar, tobacco to them in return for their working with us as informants.

We slowly ~~are~~ became acquainted with them working on kinship terms. By now (May 20) they are relaxed and open and have begun to tell stories when I ask instead of saying I don't know.

These Bushmen are a mixed group whose parents are both Naron and !Kǀ. Few of them have both parents of one or the other. The wives are the same, of Naron and !Kǀ parentage. A few are /Gikwe. They are pleasant attractive people. I find them nice looking.

I have almost finished the kinship terms in !Kǀ.

I have worked a little on residence, marriage and avoidance. I find it impossible to proceed effectively with residence and marriage without having full genealogies. It takes so long to get them I could do nothing more but that if I did it thoroughly. I am working with Ledimo and Dabe in Setswana and English. Everything said goes out in three steps and back in three steps.

Professor Maingard has used Wilhelm when making his list of key words and the sentences he uses as test or comparative material. He has made several recordings.

The question now comes up what to choose to do with the remaining time.

We have not been intent upon pictures. Have taken some as though a travel episode, not a study, taking what comes up, hit or miss, black and white or color.

I do not feel I've come to grips with the choice of what to do in pictures or notes. We have to make our guess in relation to what is next. We expect to have 4 days apart from the travel days between here and Molepolole. If we take 2 stops of 2 days where there are Bushmen what shall we try to do with each 2-day period? That is the question we must have conferences on. Or shall we stay here?

Laurence inclines to go because these Bushmen are too near a farm situation and are mixed Naru and Kō. To weigh against going is the fact we have made such good rapport in the 8 days we have had with them that 4 more days here might give us more information than 2 days with 2 other strange groups.

117
535
756

LJM

JOURNAL, 1955 May 20, Okwa p. 35

There was a dance last night, the night of the 19th. A young man from the kraal came over to say they were going to dance the gemsbok dance. We all went except Prof. Maingard. The kraal people were sitting by a fire. Our 12-mile Bushmen were by another. The Bushman women of the kraal werft were sitting in a circle as the Gaultscha women do and the men were dancing around them. They were dancing the Gemsbok dance. It heartened me to see them. The dancing was excellent, though not so beautiful to see as at Gaultscha because of the ragged pants and coats which half covered the graceful bodies. The clapping was excellent.

Three medicine men were active. They gave our Dabe and Gishay a fine curing treatment and one of the men went into trance in as fine a way as I have seen. I felt comforted that they had a strong medicine and an ardor in the dance.

We had visitors yesterday. After we finished lunch and were resting a little the sound of a truck brought us all out. I took a terrible breath-stopping fright thinking it might be bad news being sent us. Instead it was Mr. Flattery, with Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Gowar, catching up with Mr. Flattery's cattle that are being driven to Lobatzi to be slaughtered. We gave them a fine lunch of gemsbok steak, had a pleasant talk, and they pushed on. They gave us a jar of cream. Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Gowar are very attractive men; Mr. Flattery too, but he is less sophisticated.

Topo and Boys and their pretty wives came up and wanted their pictures taken with the land camera. They brought leopard skins for a backdrop and Boys wore large black sun glasses.

(Takachu is the omuramba we passed last evening. Takachani is where we camped. Barachu - Wm. was talking about.)

May 27

A good deal has happened. I have written no account of events since May 20th. We are now sitting beside the road as camp is being broken up. We are near Takachani Omuramba. We are only 3 trucks. Bill and Theunis did not come back with the other one from Windhoek. We have been listening for almost a week for the sound of their coming. One night, Monday, May 23d, just as we were finishing our sundowner we heard a truck. People climbed to the platform on top of the Dodge, as to a widow's walk, to watch. We saw the headlights and rejoiced. Then we saw two pairs of

headlights. That was something else again.

In a few minutes they arrived; out stepped not our longed for Bill and Theunis, but eight strangers, an expedition, in fact two expeditions combined. One was Mr. Knoble and Mr. Nel of the Kalahari Films making a geographic film of the country. (Louis Knobel, Prod. Mgr. Union Film Div., Dept. of Education, Pretoria; Henery Nel, camera man). With them were an Old Timer, Oum Pete Odendaal of Lobatsi; a very pleasant farmer from Middlebury Dist., Transvaal, named Mr. Terblanche; and Mr. Knobel's brother, J. Knobel, a trader in Molepolole, whom we liked as well. Also there was a Mr. W Loots, a reporter with Die Transvaaler. He soon had told me that he had shaken hands with a native chief, as he felt befitted the office of the chief, but that he would not do that with an ordinary native. The other expedition combined with the film takers and the friends vacationing with them was Dr. J. F. Murray, Supt. of Routine Diagnostic Div., S. A. Institute for Medical Research, who was on a U. N. survey of the country, the purpose of which was to see if a large program would be feasible to eradicate syphillis around the edge of this part of the desert. He seemed to be a very fine man. I think we would be congenial. The eighth man was Dr. M. Patz, general practitioner, Middlebury District, Transvaal.

The party accepted our invitation to dinner. They all had a drink while Philip prepared a fine supper for thirteen. Ledimo and William trotted back and forth setting the table and serving. They did themselves great

honor and they did us great honor.

Elizabeth and I made tea about ten. After that everybody settled down to sleep, the guests in our cleared area beyond the tents. At eight next morning they were all away, and we worked that day listening constantly for the sound of our own truck bringing Bill and Theunis.

Today, May 27, we are 60 miles farther to the south, at Barachu Pan, and still Bill and Theunis have not joined us.

The work of the days from the 20th to the 27th consisted for Laurence principally in getting water. Seven barrels at one time from the well lowered the level only 11 inches. It is a fine well, constructed by Europeans. Water is drawn up by hand by a bucket. Bushmen boys draw the water for the cattle stationed here. They work for hours upon hours and are patient and thorough filling the big rumbling stomachs of the cattle, and later dipping on and on for the donkeys. It was William, however, who dipped up our seven barrels full. William is a strong man. Simon stood on top of the truck and little Gishay handed barrels to him. Laurence also had to get wood and go hunting. He got a gemsbok one morning.

Elizabeth and I worked at interrogating on kinship, avoidance, and other things. I became discouraged about the kinship and residence matters. I had tried to take short cuts and had not taken full genealogies of the 12-mile group. These are the group of people, half !Kǝ and half Naron, who were living 12 miles southwest of us, and whom we sent for. I had thought we had very little time and was trying to snatch at a sampling of things. The result is I hear that they are patrilocal because they tell me but I feel very shaky about the whole of residence.

Our plan has been to go farther south as soon as possible to country where the people are all !Kǝ and to check the !Kǝ material there. This influenced me to work with /Gani.

Our plan has been to go farther south to check the !Ko material. This influenced me to work with /Gani.

/Gani came into our lives one morning as we were talking with a group. He is very old and as small as our /Gani, probably weighing less than 80 pounds. I had come to some questions about conception in my inquiries as to what words they express relationship by, and how do they distinguish between blood relatives, affines. One of the !Kō men advised me to take /Gani aside in the bushes alone with Wilhelm. He said /Gani was so old it would not matter if he talked to me about such matters. But for young men it was bad talk. This I did. /Gani proved to be willing to talk with me. I never came to conclusion as to why. He seemed to take pride in the attention I gave him and to enjoy my appreciation which was great and genuine. He was so unusually willing that I am not sure that the guess above is enough to account for it.

/Gani was smug and not a little righteous. He readily attributed evil and unseemly behavior to the !Kō or to the Makaukau and had heard of various goings on that he described. But, on the whole, except for his grandmother, who had two men live with her simultaneously, the Naron, at least the old ones, are a virtuous people. He had reached an age, though, when he disapproved of the doings of the younger generation, who he said did not beat their children enough and were indifferent to behavior they should have corrected in the young.

117 LJM
115
124

JOURNAL, 1955 May 27

p. 42

I got a great deal from /Gani apart from his gossip. He knows a great deal and has the faculty of mind of giving me what I wanted to know. He told me his version of the story of the people who eat the sun; a version of the moon story. He described the choa ceremony and the umbilical cord ceremony and told the reasons, the reason why duiker, steenbok and springbok are taboo to young girls (See Notes). He told me the name of God and his wife. He described childbirth, demonstrated the cutting of the cord by getting a stick and acting it out.

/Gani left no doubt in my mind, when we were talking about sex, that a type of foreplay is practiced and that Bushmen women do have orgasms - at least that the orgasm is known and desired. Also that the position for the sexual act is for the man to be at the back of the woman. As to conception, he believes that there is a substance in the woman like the semen of a man and that for the child to be conceived these two substances must come together. He is unlike the Gautscha Bushmen in this. They believe the menstrual blood is what unites with the semen. The Naron word for semen is chum. It sounds to me like the Gautscha name for the Pleiades.

117
177
776

LJM /Gani

JOURNAL, 1955

May 27

p. 44

At our last talk we spoke of God. He peered at me and asked me if I had seen God. I said no. He said he thought perhaps I had because he had seen airplanes. They occasionally fly over on their way to Ghanzi. And he thought the White people up there in them might see God for that is where he is said to live.

There is a lot which should be written systematically by someone about what people call themselves.

The Okwa Omuramba is the point of reference in this area. Those who live to the north of it are called by those to the south !kxoto. Ledimo interprets this to be a derisive or making-fun-of word. The people to the south are said by everyboey to be the real !Kǃ. The !Kxote have another name - ~~Aikwe~~. This means people who have both !Kǃ and Naron blood. We have now come south in search of !Kǃ and the first man we meet at Barachu Pan is Naron. The others here though are !Kǃ.

117 LJM
177
685

JOURNAL, 1955

May 27

p. 46

The Naron is a man who was in jail for cattle stealing. He had had kanga (canker or cancer) of the nose. While under the law he had been sent to a hospital in Maun and the canker had been arrested. He has a !Kø wife.

Wilhelm knows all this (about the Naron with nose cancer who had been in jail for cattle stealing). Wilhelm was once in the police force and was stationed in this area. He knows a lot about it and its people. How ever is it we have such fortune as to have Wilhelm walk into our lives, just coming up the road? It isn't merely that of course Laurence talked to him for ten minutes and hired him there and then at the wage Wilhelm asked. Wilhelm speaks 9 languages, including Naron and /Gikwe. His English is his worst, but we get along very well. He is gentle and has a quietness about him which I've been thinking about. His quietness makes other people seem a bit childish. He is half European and half Camm is a Scottish name, he says. I have thought in meeting Dr. Bunch and Odile Sweeney that Negroes can have a degree of maturity which seems to surpass that attained ordinarily by Whites. To be a Negro and to come through to greatness without revenge, malice, defensiveness or envy means a great measure of maturity. Wilhelm seems not to have precisely that but to have accepted his fate, through what seems to be a deep humility natural to him, to such an extent that he is quiet. His quietness lets perception enter his consciousness more than it does readily in persons who are thrashing and flouncing about. I do not know anyone I would rather work with than Wilhelm in such subjects as we worked in with /Gani. He laughs a little sometimes. I did not know that laughter could be so tender. It has absolutely no derisiveness in it. It is an expression of delight in understanding.

Wilhelm helped Elizabeth with the drawings that she discovered on the wall of an abandoned hut. She has a lot of material about them and a full set of pictures. The drawings were made by Bushman children. About a year ago a young man of perhaps 18 or 19 returned from a farm the other side of Gobabis, where he was working. The farmer came through Okwa, persuaded this boy, !Namshi, and another, the brother of Sobo, to come to work. !Namshi got desperately homesick, left the farm and walked home, 100 miles. In Gobabis he saw pictures on something - newspapers or magazines that were thrown out on the street. When he returned to Okwa he made a drawing on the wall of an old abandoned hut. (There are no Bushman drawings in the area that we could find. The only rocks we saw nearby were a pink granite outcropping in the omuramba. The Bushmen without exception declared that they had never seen any drawings on rocks, or anywhere). The inside of the hut had been decorated with a band of white lime plaster. It was on this the drawings were made. !Namshi showed us the drawings he made. They were an airplane, an aardvark and 3 other animals, fairly realistic in profile silhouette, scratched with a little stick through the white plaster to the mud wall beneath.

From these few small drawings, the idea caught the younger boys, and a number of them drew. It is a most most interesting collection of child drawings.

- 117
177
224

LJM

JOURNAL, 1955

May 27

p. 49

I

Dan and I made a color movie series of the kraal, its purpose being to show Bushmen living as workers for Bechuanas at a cattle post. We did a poor to fair job I should think. We spent little time. Dan has a broken rib. We took what came up.

What came up was picturesque enough, though all of it was not caught on film. Boys and his brother, Topo, went leopard hunting. One night they came back with a leopard, which early next morning was skinned. The meat was cooked in a big pot and eaten by the Bushmen. Next day the men went hunting again. At the "cow dust time" as it was called in Mandalay, they came home, a cavalcade on horses and donkeys, followed by six dogs, ambling toward the kraal with the setting sun turning all the dust to gold. Slung over the backs of the donkeys were two leopards and a duiker on which the leopards had been feeding when they were shot. Next day our pictures included the cooking of leopard in a hole with a fire of dung. We also got pictures of Boys' house, work on mealies and a dance.

It was a Monday afternoon. In the midst of husking mealies Boys started his phonograph. The Bushmen who were working, Boys' and Topo's wives, all fell to dancing what seemed to be a sort of Charleston. They danced for half an hour or so and then went back to work. It made me think of Laurence's Hardships number this and that. I told Boys I should like to send him a record for a present. He was pleased and said he liked Tchuana and Debele music best. I hope I can do this.

It was at this kraal I saw something I am not sorry for. The creature is almost the only thing in Africa I am not sorry for. It does me much good. The something was a magnificent cock. He is tall and stout and brilliantly black and gold. He allows no one to impose upon him. We saw him attack a middle-sized dog, who howled as if he were half killed and was so afraid he dared not turn to run but had to face the fury of the cock with his bare teeth as best he could.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-26, we just worked on. We are anxious about the truck not coming and wishing /Gishay had not left his oracle disks at home. We have had to reconsider plans and possibilities. We expected the return of Bill and Theunis by Wednesday.

Thursday, May 26, Laurence decided to move along without the others. We stopped work in the middle of a sentence and started to get ready. I gave gifts and payments.

I gave 5/- and a pipe or file or knife to the men, a scarf to each wife. To old /Gani I gave a ragged leather coat. To /Gasa I gave Laurence's bathrobe and a file. He was the first to begin work and had been faithful and cooperative. Besides that we had given 2 cups of mealies to each man each day, 4 tbs. of fat, 2 tbs. of sugar, 1 handful of tobacco. They were all very nice about it all and seemed satisfied, but said they had no way to spend the shillings as they did not trust the Bechuanas to take their money to the store to buy for them. We had been led to believe, through so much talk of wages and taxes - 10/- per month; £1-8 per year hut tax - that these Bushmen wanted money in this area. I believe the 12-mile group of Okwa to have been more natural than we first supposed.

We left at 3, gave a dress (Nana's old blue one) to Boys' wife, left notes for Bill and Theunis and water barrels to fill, and drove till sunset. We reached the Takuchu Omuramba, crossed it without knowing, stopped at Takchani. We were soon settled in a cozy camp (no tents),

had supper, and then Laurence took a quiet moment of talk with Wilhelm and found that they had misunderstood each other. They were talking of 2 different places. The place where Wilhelm said there were Bushmen (interpreting for L., Boys and Topo) was Barachu, not Takachu. Barachu was 30 miles farther!

Next morning we pushed on. Elizabeth is driving the 6-wheel-drive truck. I drive with her. I love sitting beside her. We talk little as it is too noisy; I never was in such a noisy vehicle; but I love being with her.

Elizabeth makes up in agility and fine timing what she lacks in long-leggedness. She is like a lively sturdy little midget throwing herself upon the gears. Once she gets them in she says the truck is like a big slow-obliging elephant. She feels she could set its gears, put it upon the spoor with a note and it would take the note by itself to Ghanzi.

We travelled so slowly we picked /ole berries from the bushes as we passed. They are ripe and sweet now.

The country is beautiful. Its grass is gold and silver, its bush the infinite shades of olive green and gray that we love. It is flat and empty. A sweet wind blew from the north, the //Gai wind, from which the wife of God takes her name, the old Naron told me - //Gai woman, she is.

The camp is set up. The sun has set. I have written these pages this afternoon to have put something down in the journal which I've so neglected. I must stop now. A Bushman woman is singing. I wish there were no separations between those who long not to be separated.

Sunday, May 29, 1955

The trucks arrived. Bill and Theunis are well. There had been a delay in the landing at Walvis Bay. It had been quite a struggle. Bill had stayed at Walvis Bay 3 days waiting for the ship to come to dock from where it was lying out in the harbor. Things could have been worse. Three days' delay there is not too bad.

We had decided that very morning to return to Ghanzi Monday if they had not come. I'd written a telegram to John to send when we got there.

Now we shall go on with our plans to go through to Luhututu, Molepolole, and to meet John in Johannesburg.

I worked on !Kǝ terms woman-speaking. I got thoroughly discouraged and frustrated. I could not bring the system to heel. The difficulties are using 2 interpreters who relay English to Naron to !Kǝ and back, and the complexities of the relationship I want described like brother's wife's brother's wife, and the hearing of the !Kǝ term. I must make no mistake between /kan and //kam, ǝxa and ǝwa - it makes all the difference.

It has been decided to move along. I may never conclude the !Ko terms. I am discouraged. I struggle so hard I need a little success.

Actually the time at Okwa was very fruitful. I'm not so far from concluding man-speaking terms. I'll know again it can not be hurried. In my opinion genealogies must be obtained. One can not be sure in these complexities unless one can say what term do you use for so-and-so and what term does he use for you.

I made everyone laugh by telling that I had asked a man what the name of his !uncle was.

It is so long since I have written I forget what I've said, and have filed the former papers.

Bill brought mail which was very precious. Elizabeth had letters from Tad and Steve. I had a lovely one from Matilda. It enclosed a card written at a party by all the crowd. John was there too and signed a !kai /oma /gaishay. In a few days now we shall see John.

Dan has a nice wit and makes us laugh at his very engaging association of ideas. He was describing Elizabeth's being interviewed by a society reporter when she returned, saying, "When greeted by the reporter, Miss Marshall answered 'Tsam.'" One day when there were no bushes near he said, "I think that I shall never see a John as lovely as a tree." (or should I spell john without a capital?)

The sun has risen after a night of rain which half filled my little steel bowl. Cascades of water are flowing from the tarpaulins which Simon and Heinrich and William are lifting off the truck. Our tents are sagging and soggy. Prof. Maingard's leaked so that he abandoned it and took to the cab of a truck. Bill's fell down. The boys' blankets are wet. They are good sports about it.

Yesterday, Monday, May 30, we left Barachu in the morning. We got up at five. I enjoyed the sight of Venus, the morning star. We did not ~~have~~ leave until after 9:30. There was a big packing. We had set up camp very well to stay a while. As it was taking so long, I dug up a plant to have it identified. The old !Kö Bushman who had worked with Prof. Maingard was there. He gave us the name //kã. I thought this might be the plant described to us at Gautscha which we had not seen an example of. It is a question if it is poison or not. Prof. M. understood from his old Bushman that it is. Wilhelm and Dabe say it is not.

I have just discovered that Professor Maingard slept on my hat. He got into the cab of the truck where I had stowed my hat and camera and slept on top of the lot. He declares, however, that he did not sleep actually, but only rested till five thirty, when he got up and sat by the fire.

(This is the initiation dance - /gaoshay, name given it by the !Kö. No apparent reference for this statement.)

On Monday we had not traveled an hour from Barachu before we came to Massering Pan. I was with Theunis in the first truck. The pan was alive with springbok and wildebeest. Theunis got out to shoot. He ran crouched, like a Bushman, running swiftly and strongly. I took my eyes off him for a moment to look around the pan. He fired in that moment and fired again. I got out and ran across the pan to him. He had got 2 springbok with one shot and a wildebeest with the second. We were standing thinking things over when another shot rang out and Bill had wounded a springbok. Theunis gave it another shot. (He is a fine shot. He hit a bullseye one evening at 100 yards.) /Gishay, Ledimo and Bill tracked the springbok and brought it back. We had an abundance of meat.

After preparing the meat and giving some to a Bushman and to some farm natives (Lewies') who were passing, we went on. We had a talk with the Bushman. See notes. He is a !Kö. He has relatives in Barachu and Okwa. He terms anyone who has the same name as his mother N'Kai!gao (check this) and anyone who the same name as himself N#Herj.

The country is beautiful. Golden grass waving in the wind in small parkland areas alternate with rich brush. We saw many herds of springbok and one of hartebeest.

In the evening we came upon Manyane Pan. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. Herds of springbok, hundreds of them, leaped and ran and stopped to look at us and ran again. Herds of wildebeest against the sunset sky looked like a Babylonian frieze. We shall never need to go to the Sarengetti Plains.

We camped near the pan and were well set before the rain came. We saw 2 Bushmen who live with the Makalahari who tends the pump. He rode with us next day to Tsane. The police station there has a wireless - 12 miles beyond Luhututu.

The day of May 31 was the most enchanting day of travel I have had in Africa. We were late starting because of the rain in the night. We felt unhurried as we still had a day to spare in reaching Molepolole, or so we planned. We watched the game, took pictures. I rode on top all afternoon, Laurence in the morning. We had sights of the time primeval when the herds were unafraid. We saw thousands of springbok and hartebeest and wildebeest. We saw one great herd of eland. We saw loefleund and many little bucks. The series of pans between Barachu and Tsani held the most.

Luhututu is a native town with a headman and an Indian trader. We did not stop. We reached Tsane at dark. The D.C. was away. L. could send no telegrams. A big handsome Negro clerk, neatly dressed, spoke good English in a booming voice. Professor Maingard said he was a fitting representative of the Queen.

INSERT

Sunday Morning, Cambridge, January 29, 1956

Hard particles of ice are bouncing on the windows and porch steps. The house is empty and still. Laurence and I are in the living room working on the slides. We got maps and the calendar and diary to look up the location of some pictures.

In the diary I find a page missing. I remember taking it out lest someone read it and burning it. ~~Several unnumbered~~

The page follows p. 54. Several unnumbered pages follow it. The date of writing was May 31, 1955. The place was the place we camped after Tsani. I remember distinctly walking in the veld that night.

....nine when we sat down to eat the steak, about ten when we, over our coffee, had the talk flare up. Bill and Theunis and Elizabeth and I participated - some 20 feet from the boys who heard their names spoken and probably could not follow everything that was said.

It was precipitated by Ledimo saying that Philip had not given them any meat to eat. Bill could not understand this. Theunis plunged into blame of Ledimo with his expression which was so eloquent. He said that he never saw boys so spoiled. He said that when boys worked for him they bought their own food, they walked behind the truck from 6 a.m. to dark, cutting branches to get the Chev. out of the sand, and they did not complain. And they got £1/15 and nothing else, unless he shot meat for them. He said that one of them had to cook for him and wash and iron for him for no pay at all.

I felt that this - the question of being spoiled - was not what was behind Philip's being upset and acting in this strange way. I said to Bill it was a problem of communication. I thought more which I did not get to say. I am in an untenable position about what I say and don't say. I've got to resolve this in a better way. I do not want to go counter to Laurence, nor to be subversive nor two-faced. I try not to say anything which would differ from him. Yet I feel differently and I sometimes burst out in spurts and fragments which are not explicit. Therefore they then become interpreted by others according to their own

mind-sets. What I did not finish saying to Bill was that there is some value, interpretation, event or something that he does not know about that is making Philip and Ledimo behave the way they do tonight.

Bill spoke of the Navy and how people took advantage. He said something else - that if people were doing a good job they liked to have it appreciated; this makes for good morale. This is so true. I fear, however, that he said it in some belief that a good job is not being done.

He is in a very difficult position. He has had no experience in this country and everything is expected of him. He says he deliberately let things go for a while to see how they went; then he suddenly instituted rationing; then he left, and the rationing was to be carried out by others. Now, he believes, the boys are trying to put him on the spot. ~~Max~~ His expectation is that people will shirk and cheat and chisel - I think it is that. And I think he does not really know with deep quiet security how to control all this supposed exploitation. Charlie Handly seemed to think it helped to speak up quite sharply. Bill speaks very politely but firmly. What he really knows is that one has to know all about a situation in order to be able to control it - and he does not know. What I fear is that he has stereotyped ideas and that he may fail to recognize what the real situation is.

I think there is a great lack of grasp of the situation. I feel
1) that Laurence is the leader, the final authority, and that he has a

I
theory of action which in the leader is sometimes very difficult for others to work with here (not in the U.S. in Raytheon). His theory is that an executive's function is to employ able people, then not to dictate to them but to help them do the job assigned them, assisting them with confidence and support of every kind. They are the ones to do the job - not the executive. If they fail, the executive's job is to get someone else. Laurence lives consistently by this theory and it is very right, but in the actual daily work of ordinary folk it does not always become clear to them and especially in these extraordinary situations we get into, more systematic presentation of information - and the positions and attitudes people have - would be helpful. I think people are bewildered sometimes and do not know where they stand or exactly what is expected of them. Laurence does not see it this way because he does not mean it to be this way. I think Laurence wants to have faith in people and is led by that desire to great hopes and great disappointments.

2) I feel that being all men and not housekeepers that the housekeeping situations are not fully understood. I think that too much is being put on Philip in proportion to what is being put on some of the others. I think Bill and Laurence do not notice how late Philip works, or if they do they think it is all right, whereas I see the others snoring in bed while he still washes dishes. .

3) I think something serious has happened in the human relations. Something is being misunderstood, not understood at all, or something is

happening that Laurence and Bill are not cognizant of. Bill, I believe, looks for the trouble in the rationing problem, expecting resistance to rationing and attempts to get around it. Laurence I think feels that everything is going well in the food matter, but I feel or fear there is something the matter that may be far more serious, which may take overt form in the food problem. I think it has to do with concepts of confidence. I think it has to do with Philip's reporting to Laurence that Dabe and Wilhelm were not loyal to us - and Philip's feeling that he was over-ridden in this and that his loyalty is not believed or appreciated. Or there may be things going on that I know nothing of.

What happened about Dabe was as follows. Philip came to Laurence and said that Dabe and Wilhelm had put the Bushmen at the kraal up to asking 6/- (six shillings) apiece for letting us take face masks. L. thought that a price which was out of the proper proportions and scheme of things and we gave up the face masks. Our faith in Dabe and Wilhelm was napped in the bud. Laurence later had a talk with Wilhelm and Dabe and they promised to be good. Dabe denied having said anything about 6 shillings. He said it was one of the boys at the kraal who had put that price on. Now perhaps Philip feels he was not believed or knows more than he was saying.

When Dabe and /Gishay came to us /Gishay was in such rags that his behind was bare - not properly as in a breechclout but through having no back to his pants. We gave him a shirt and pants. Dabe was jealous I am

sure. He asked for a coverall like the ones we have issued to all the boys who worked for us. Last Sunday when Bill returned Dabe and /Gishay came together to ask if coveralls had been brought for them. Bill said no, they would have to wait. He turned to us and said one must go slowly in these matters. I don't know if he had been told about the 6/- or not. I felt awfully sorry for the two little men who turned silently and went back to their place. The whole grief of Africa came down upon me. It is cold at night. /Gishay has a cough. They sleep on the ground with the cotton blanket we gave them. I see Africa as the mirror that reflects the whole world of fear and lack of understanding. Something is happening to me which is making it harder and harder to bear. I want to go home, away. Mother used to say she wanted to get into a hole and pull the hole in after her. A funny saying. I wonder where she got it, but I know what she meant.

The episode tonight ended with Theunis and Bill going over to the boys' fire to thrash things out. Laurence cut me very short and went to bed. I followed right away because I did not want to be led into any discussion with anybody. I tried to settle down, but I could hear the talk going on and on. I heard "Ledimo" and (who ate?) "fat cooks."

Both Theunis and Bill have antipathy for Ledimo and suspect him. I think he has worked very hard and loyally. As Elizabeth says he is often made the spokesman to ask for things. Be it as it may, he has Theunis' antipathy which is a danger for him. Where can he go if people are

against him? I got up and walked in the veld. Now that I have written all this ramble I am beginning to think in terms of what can be done. I must try to change. I bring distress to Laurence, hatred of Theunis, additional trouble to Bill, heartache to Elizabeth, and real danger to Ledimo, for my favor is like a curse to him.

June 1, 1955

We left camp beyond Tsani the morning of June.1. At lunbh on the roadside we were eating cold roasted haunch of springbok. Bill said that the day before nothing had been issued to the boys for lunch and they had gone all day till 10:30 at night without eating. He said that was what they had complained of the night before, and what the ill feeling had been about. It is possible we shall do better now. Laurence was thinking all was going well and had assured me they ate though I did not see them. He is afraid I will break up the solidarity of the white group by showing concern in excess of the others as though I were the only one that is humanitarian.

June 2

(Note written in Cambridge Jan. 29, 1956) June 2, 1955, was the day we met Afrika and The Lion at Kang or near it. See note, Laurence thinks Kang was not the name of the village. I think it was. Kang Pan and huts on map is further on.

We are a trifle lost. In the bushes we heard human voices, but no one came out to speak to us. Wilhelm has found meat hanging in a tree, and Theunis with a chuckle says the people are running away. Wilhelm has called and called.

We are on the sandy shore of a huge pan. The sky is entirely overcast with clouds that are moving swiftly in the wind so low one could throw a stone into them. They are gray and blue gray and steel gray and pearly white. Birds like shore birds with long pink legs are swirling and crying in protest to our being here.

Theunis says the people must have shot an eland to run so far and so fast. Wilhelm spied one and has now run after him. Wilhelm has sharp eyes. The native is a Makalahari who shows Bushman admixture in type of hair particularly. He is a funny man. He tells us we are on Choane Pan.

It is a huge pan, pink and gray with patches of water in it that play blue and green. A springbok is bogged to his knees in the mud.

A mile or so before reaching the pan the spoor forked. We took the left fork although it had no truck marks on it. It turned out to take us to the middle of the pan. The spoor across was two gleaming hollows of water. Theunis proposed to drive around the edge to cut across the spoor at the other side. This we did, but missed the spoor.

Theunis must have been right about the eland. Wilhelm says that when he

caught the Makalahari he came to him on his hands and knees. Perhaps his relief that we are not police accounted for his volubility and his pouring out information.

We passed his village, got onto the road again, and had an uneventful day with good views of hartebeest but little other game till noon. The fields of kaffir corn (Prof. Maingard says this is sorgum. I and I think sorgum is a kind of sugar cane in the Pacific Islands). The fields we were told belong to Bechuanas.

The Bushman in the road proved to speak !Kǃ, but was named Picanin. His father was named a Sechuana work Mahokoamoswe which means "Bad Words." (See notes on him for more data. He was at Lozi, just before this settlement.)

We had lunch in the road with all the settlement around us. As we left, Bill suggested we give the wildebeest away as Philip thought it would not keep. (Theunis by the way had tried for a gemsbok last night. Wounded it but could not get it.) Laurence said to give 1 leg. I saw more being given. It turned out that Theunis had said to give it all. The people are Makalahari. This incident later caused a quarrel between Theunis and Bill. (Written in Cambridge, Jan. 29, 1956. Theunis had told Simon to give all the meat to the Bakalahari at the lunch stop. This was discovered at Luthe where we found there was none to give in return

for the pictures we took. Bill was angry. Bill told Simon not to obey Theunis but to take orders only from him or from Laurence. This was what made Theunis so angry and what was somewhat resolved when Theunis talked late into the night with Elizabeth and me as I say presently.

At Lutlhe we found the most opulent settlement we have seen on this trip. Fine houses with glass windows, storage houses, big cattle kraal, a reception place. The owner of the biggest house is a Machuana. He was away. A minister with an attendant was there. The minister was in an American army coat. The attendant wore a vulture bone as we saw on the witch doctor. The people would give us no information so we gave no present. Dan and I took pictures.

There is a store near Lutlhe.

We proceeded. About five we were overtaken by a storm. Thunder and lightning, rain and hail enveloped us. We camped in the rain just as darkness fell. Poor Laurence! If he goes on some are not pleased and if he stops some are not pleased. The boys are being fine sports, laughing and struggling to get wood and get tents up. Dan adds a lot. He is cheery and gay, unfliningly. I am obeying ~~his~~ Laurence's orders to stay in the cab and keep dry. Elizabeth is helping everyone. I'm worried about the Bushmen - both of them already are half sick. Their rags are drenched. 6:30. The darkness is enlivened by horizontal streaks of

lightning on the horizon. The rain is stopping. Things look more cheerful.

A tree for firewood was pulled down by throwing a rope over a high branch, tying it to the truck and backing the truck.

6:45. Bill has his tent up. Ledimo put up the professor's. The professor's old tent (the little old one like ours) ripped to shreds one night recently. It was like the one horse shay. He now has the office tent which is more comfortable for him. Elizabeth is helping to get ours up. It is pitch dark.

Theunis and Bill do not understand each other's pronunciation. One often misses completely what the other said.

Finally in the wind, darkness and rain the tents were up, a canvas stretched for the boys to sleep under. We used that for cocktails and supper. The drinks warmed us and drew us together. Theunis stayed with us and talked as he never had before. He told us about these boys having been with him all his life and that they would obey him before anyone else. It was unthinkable that they should not. I said again our problems were problems of communication. I could body forth that theme. We moved to Philip's fire and sat around it till late. Theunis told us about shooting leopards with his father. It was too bad that Laurence and Bill had gone to bed so early. The night was a night to remember. Elizabeth and I felt happier and went along the spoor for a bit of a walk playing the flashlight into the wet grass on the watch for lions, enjoying being

together for a little talk.

We have seen less game, as Prof. Maingard said we would, in the days since the 31st. He says people from the Union come up here to hunt.

Saturday, June 4

We are supposedly one day's run from Molepolole. The petrol was not correctly estimated. We shall have enough if the distance is no greater than estimated, but we have none to spare - unless the distance is quite a bit less than the maps record. Laurence thinks there is at least a 29-mile error. Kang to Luthe on the map shows 63 miles. By our speedometer, 92. So far we have travelled 29 miles more than the map shows. It is 9:45. Everyone is still busy doling out the petrol among the 4 trucks and counting gallons. It is planned that if we run out one truck will take a reserve of 4 gallons and go into Molepolole. We are as if on a ship, unable to move without our vehicles. Bill says this is a good experience to have where the situation is not serious.

The rain stopped. The whole cloud mass which had carried the storm last night sank down on us. When we got up the fog was so thick one could not see from one end of our camp to the other. Every seed on every stem of grass held a drop of water. Now the wind has blown away the fog and the sun is beginning to warm us. The Bushmen, who looked quite stiff, are moving now more relaxedly.

I think everyone who goes on an expedition needs to wear the same amount of clothes that the least clad one wears. It would be a lesson in empathy.

We started at 10:30 and in 15 minutes came to a pan where a large herd of springbok stood. Theunis stopped and shot one. They stood watching him. Laurence tried a shot too. In all the springbok stared at us while 4 shots were fired into them. Elizabeth had been reminding me this morning of De Villier's poem - "Dieu que le son du corne
Est triste au fond du bois.

Nothing - I believe over and over again - is so important as literature save life itself and what sustains it. I said to Elizabeth this morning that the Afrikaans people need a great writer to create them; not someone to write about them with however much sympathy and understanding. They need to be created to themselves and then to others.

In the road this morning we met a ~~zaka~~ cavalcade of Natives on donkeys. The women were in bright flowered dresses, their children riding behind them in quite decent clothes. They were without water and begged us for some. We gave 4 bottles.

We have been having only fat cooks for breakfast, no porridge. A fat cook and creamless coffee is not sustaining. I ache and faint with hunger. No snacks are provided. Laurence, anxious about time now in getting to Molepolole, does not want to stop for lunch. But we had to stop to fix a clutch so we ate cold meat and cold fat cooks.

Among the people we met at that place were women in karosses. One had a fine skirt made of pieces of skins, hair on, in a fine pattern. She ran away, afraid of our picture taking.

One early evening before sunset (after Kang) when we were driving across one of the vast plains we have seen so many of - how can land be so flat? pearly clouds had gathered and a rainbow appeared with the pale moon in its arch. That same late afternoon we came to a tremendous pan. The springbok all ran to the right and the gemsbok to the left. Ahead were 3 creatures which Wilhelm said were loeflehunds. I ran to head them off to have a look at them.

The day's trip was very interesting. We came through villages from time to time. The roads were wet from the rain. The G.M.C. went down in one rut to the axles. A winch to a tree drew it out easily.

The villages are Bakalahari largely and there are some Bechuana in them. The fields of Kaffir corn were ripening. The fields are huge. The country looked like a Breugle in scale and color, with little figures smaller than the corn.

117 LJM
177
567

JOURNAL, 1955

Near
Molepolole, June 4

p. 72

Laurence feels that there must be hundreds of Bushmen working these fields but few are to be seen. We met four, I think, including Picanin and one at Luthe who looked Mongolian enough but spoke only Bakalahari.

Mr. Knoble, the trader at Molepolole, says (or said later) that the Bechuana and the Bakalahari hide the Bushmen who work for them and deny there are any, keeping them far in from the roads in werfts at the outskirts of their lands. They want no investigation.

Mr. Knoble speaks of the Bushmen as Masarwa and does not know what different languages they speak. He says they speak Masarwa.

The villages of the Bakalahari and Bechuana are neat, the houses round with mud walls and thatched roofs overhanging the walls.

Letlaking is in a valley something like a deep omuramba. On the top of the bank is an Indian trader in a big compound.

Beyond Letlaking the country rises. First it seems to be a huge sand dune that one is climbing but one keeps on and on grinding up the sandy track and comes eventually onto a flat plain at another level from the basin we have been in since Rietfontein. I think we must be about a thousand feet higher.

We camped late and quickly 9 miles west of Molepolole.

LKM - resumé of place.

The night of May 31 we camped beyond Tsau.

The night of June 1 we camped before Kang.

June 2 was the day we went through Kang.

Laurence says the people - Afrika and The Lion - of the Bakalahari village were before Kang. My note of June 2 (see it) says their village was Kang.

On June 3, Choane Pan in morning where natives had eland meat. We passed Luthe in the afternoon. (Lunch that day was where Theunis gave all the meat to the villagers and where the kaffir corn fields were lush.) It rained that night. We camped during storm.

On June 4, measured petrol in morning (after rain), left camp 10:30. Shot springbok in pan 10:45. Met native travellers on donkeys and gave them 4 bottles of water. Lunch time, fixed clutch. Tried to get picture of native woman in a fine skirt. She ran into kaffir corn field. G.M.C. stuck in mud, had to be winched out. Letlaking we passed through after lunch, has Indian trader on top of bank. L.K. had to drive through mud. Pictures were taken. Country rose 1000 feet after Letlaking. We passed Bakalahari village on top. Then on to camp 9 miles before Molepolole. We do not know the name of the village where the G.M.C. stuck. We had difficulty getting through that village.

The place where we went out of the village on a road that we were then told was too wet was Letlaking, Laurence is sure. After this we returned, took a higher road branching left. Met. W.N.L.A. bus as we started out this road. It was after that we went through the long muddy place where L.K. and John drove all the trucks through.

At Kudumolapswe was the last store.

June 12 - night of lions. Camp was beyond Kudumolapswe. At Kudumolapswe there was a store which was closed. People, natives, met us and directed us on other side of K. They did not want to come very far with us, but took us a ways. We passed on right the Bakalahari village where the cattle was tightly squeezed into a small kraal. We took pictures. We camped about 5 miles beyond this village. This was the lion camp. There were hunters beyond the lion camp. The road forked and petered out. Theunis took left fork. It was wrong. We crossed back to right road.

June 13, Monday. Rain in morning, left lion camp at 4, camped 4 miles before Kungwane. Theunis shot 2 springbok.

June 14. Reached Kungwane waterhole at noon. Afternoon spent taking pictures of village near Kungwane. Camped at pan with soft gold grass. John followed hartebeest that morning.

June 15. Wednesday. Old blind man (55/24-25) was in slide before Khutse Pan. Saw Khutse Pan where hunting blind is in morning. Camped in sea of soft gold grass at 5:30. Prepared camp for lions.

June 16. Thursday. Took pictures of Kukama, a Bakalahari village which showed mixture of Bushman and Bechuana culture. People were reluctant to have pictures taken. Bill tried to hunt for them, failed. Men were disappointed and refused more pictures.

June 17. Friday. Saw cold front. Saw 3 villages. At 1 meat hanging and white horses, 2 abandoned. Group of Bakalahari abandoning their village which is called Manatse.

June 18. After Manatse was the pan with water - Kusi - reached in morning.

117 LJM
115
601

JOURNEY NOTES, June 1955

p. 1

Between Barachu and Luhututu, at
Masering Pan.

May 30, 1955

I

A Bushman named Kanake, on the road, a !Kō. /Nor in Gue ga (Kwe ka); N/ole N/Kweika; n/ole, etc. is clay pan. His name (or "he is named?") for the place - the pan. (A quick sampling of information obtained in a talk before lunch on the road.)

L.K. Is he related to anyone up where we were? Ans. He and his wife and 3 children are here only these. Does he know the people (i.e. where we camped)? No. He came from ~~where~~ Where was he born? He does not know. He was small when both his Fa and Mo died. His wife? Comes from Morichi. His wife comes from there. The other side of Luhututu. There is a pan, Oihe, before Luhututu. He was born there between Oihe and Luhututu. His wife also was born there. His Fa-in-law and Mo-in-law live at that pan. They come up here to get veldkos sometimes. He is going south of the pan to Okwa. His wife's country is from Barachu to Oihe.

Does he know /Quinte at Barachu? He is his M @xa (elder brother in this case). He says M @xa na. They have the same Fa, 2 different mothers. N/Kan is what /Quinte calls him. His wife is /Kūn haka.

Purpose here is to find out whom he knows. Does he know !Ani, wife of Naboshi? His term for !Ani is N'Kai!Gao. His Fa name was /N//ei. He

does not know his mother's name. Whom did he live with as a child? His Fa (ans. to ques.) - his Fa he says married !Ani's Mo. He called !Ani's Mo N//Kam and !Ani he calls N'Kai!gao. Does not know !Ani's Mo's name. He knows !Nabashi. L.K. asks if he knows !Gani, the Nahru at Okwa. Yes, he knows him. He saw him last rains at Okwa. Does he know ≠Gasa at Okwa? (What does he call Okwa? (should this be ≠Gasa?)) He is his FaBr he says. What term does he use? M^owa Na for ≠Gasa. !Gani he terms N≠hey . !Gani's Wi he says is Aluka N//Kam na. Why is she his //Kam? She is y.Si of his Fa. She calls him N//Kam. He says she can call him N'aa !gao.

If he meets a man with the same name as himself what does he term him? N≠hey . Anyone from afar he would call that. If e Br son? Yes, same. N≠hey Na. Same name as his Mo? N'Kai.

Does /Gani in Okwa ≠Ganake or ≠Kanake.

If he has a y.Br with same name as himself what would he term that boy? N≠Kan - the term for y Br. Note, not N=hey . If FaSiSon M^owa !gao has same name as himself he terms him - he keeps the term N^owa !gao.

Interview with ~~Kan~~ ke

May 30, 1955, cont.

Does he know /Goin//ai in Barachu? No. Does he know Gai~~Kai~~? No.

What is his word for Okwa? Koe.

Does he know anyone in Luhututu? His Fa-in-law is there? Does he know Rietfontein? No. Kalkfontein? Yes. (Prof. Maingard asked) ≠0η/a.

Does he know name of people who go to the west from Luhututu? The other side of Luhututu - the !Kō call the people south of L. ≠z/ani. He does not know the names of the individuals. Has he relatives amongst them?

Spelling of name of people between Luhututu and Oliphantkloof sounds like Hei//kom. He says he does not know of any people called that. He knows Tsani (ans. to ques. of LK) but does not go south of Tsani. Are there Bushmen there? Yes. He works for Makalahari. Others do too? Some. Others not.

June 2, 1955

Notes on Kang between Luhututu and Molepolole.

As we drove into the settlement we encountered Afrika Katai (Afrī'ka; katai rhymes with eye.), a Makalahari of the settlement. The village is spread out. There are 5 or 6 clumps of huts, each group having 3 or 4 huts. They seemed well constructed and kept up.

Before reaching the settlement we had seen a fine herd of cattle. The horns are very wide; the colors vary even more than usual in native cattle. The creatures are large and rather long-legged.

Afrika speaks English. He went to school. The school was closed in 1951, he says, but he is expecting it will be reopened soon.

Mataung Taho is the headman at Kang. (Pronounce Mā tā ung Tā ho, rhymes with hay ho). His name means Mataung the Lion. He is a witch doctor, Afrika told us, and the bone hanging from a string of fine black and white beads is the bone of a vulture. With this bone Mataung can stop lightning.

Several men joined us. One was in pants made entirely of patches of blue and yellow with a bright red one on one knee, a Joseph in many colors. Others were finely tailored pants and coats of leather tanned to a soft suede red-brown in color. The faces were varied. One man looked as I have imagined Othello - Afrika was very tall, 6'4" I should say. The others were of average height. Their skin color is quite black. I saw

nothing about them to suggest mixture with Bushmen. ~~Theunis said~~

Theunis and Dan laughed at Professor Maingard when he did not hear well what Afrika said to him and mistook Afrika's English for Makalahari.

We inquired about Bushmen. Afrika assures me, as others have, that the word Masarwa is the word for Bushman in Sechuana. The Bakalahari use it too, for any Bushman.

Afrika has Masarwa working for him. He said, "They live with me to eating the corn and the beans."

Masarwa is Afrika's word for all or any Bushman. He speaks of 2 kinds of Bushmen in this area. 1) Ba/Kasi (!KÖ) and 2) Bakuti (//Ganakwe). He has Bakuti working for him. He says the Bakuti come from the north. After a long involved muddle of questions with Theunis answering from his own information instead of interpreting and the Professor getting in a key word or two, we came to the conclusion that the Bakuti are //Ganakwe.

/Gishay, our Bushman that Theunis fetched from Lake Ngami's south shore, is a //Ganakwe and /Gikwe mixed. His Fa was //Ganakwe, his Mo was /Gikwe. When Theunis asked why he had not spoken up and said when Afrika illustrated the language, /Gishay answered that at that point he had still been thinking.

Afrika says the Bakuti come from the north - which fits with our information.

The Ba/kasi we take to be !Kō. Afrika points to the south and west. Hesays they are far but not too far. He has none working for him. We discovered again through the language that they are !Kō.

(Cambridge) Insert, written Jan.29,1956

Laurence this Sunday morning says the place where we met Afrika Katai and Mataung, the Lion, was not Kang. We have read the diary where I find no other data to clear the problem. I remember the camp beyond Tsani, my walking alone at night. My memory that was the night of May 31, 1955. We camped before Kang on the night of June 1, 1955. On the night of June 2 we camped beyond Kang. The place where we met Afrika and the Lion was between Tsani and Kang. The map shows the sharp right turn before the place on the map called Kang Pan (Huts). We remember the turn. A kraal had been abandoned. The manure was 2 feet thick above the ground. We took the right turn there and followed a track that ran S. and then gradually E., south of the main track which we had heard was too wet. I seem to remember Afrika saying something about the village of Kang moving. If the village where Afrika and the Lion lived was not Kang, what was it? It came before the right turn. I could swear to that. After the right turn we were in the flat plains where we saw the moon in the arch of the rainbow and the loefflehunds. I think the village where we talked to the Bakalahari in the road was Kang and the pan and turn were connected with Kang.

Resume of camping spots and Bushmen we worked with or met on the road.

Ghanzi Area. Mr. Midgley, D.C. Stayed and camped on Thaunis Berger's father's farm. Elizabeth had 2 interrogation periods with 2 Nahru. I had 1 interrogation with a Makaukau. Not satisfactory. He was a farm Bushman who came after hours, only once.

I started genealogies with /Gishay (a /Gikwe) and Dabe (half !Kǀ and half Nahur), the two who have come with us as interpreters.

We gave up the idea of working in the area as it was unsatisfactory, and went to Okwa.

Okwa, May 12-26, 1955

14 working days.

I worked on !Kǀ kinship terms. There were !Kǀ and Nahru (Narron) Bushmen working at the cattle station. A Tchuana, Boys Killibimng, and his family are there. The land belongs to Mr. Hardbattle. Boys is employed by him in some sense, but Mr. Hardbattle has no cattle there. The herds belong to someone else. To whom I do not know. Boys and his spokesman, Topo, the elder brother of boys wanted 3 shillings a day for the use of one of their Bushmen workers who speaks Sechewana and could work with Ledimo. I felt that the price was excessive and that we were

May 12-26

Ghanzi

being taken for easy marks. He refused. There were several other Bushmen present from a werft near the Okwa kraal. The Bushmen in this werft are not regularly employed and paid a salary but are in a sort of relationship. I saw them working at husking and scraping mealies, and being given food for their work (namely a plate of cooked meat). I did not make a study of the place.

It was some of these Bushmen who offered to work with us. We chose Djo//ko, #Gasa and a young man. Another young man, Tsa ra, said that his group was at present living 12 miles down the Okwa omuramba. He agreed to go and get them to come to work with us. He left on Friday and returned turned on Sunday, May 15.

The group that came we called the 12-mile group. There were 7 men with their wives and children and 2 old women besides. The mother of Tsa ra was one. The other I didn't see till the last minute and do not know who she was.

One man, //No#Ke, brother of Dabe, was unmarried. He said his wives all leave him. Wilhelm said he had syphillis. His behind was broken out in sores. The others seemed well enough except for sore eyes which cleared up quickly with ointment. One baby got badly burned. She fell sitting in the fire. Elizabeth tended her.

These people are most of mixed Nahru (Narron) and !Ko parentage. /#Aikwe is the name applied to them. It is a Nahru word, according to Wilhelm. Dabe says he knew it as a !KØ word as a child. He is an !Aikwe.

These people are mostly of mixed Nahru (Narron) and !Kǝ parentage. !Aikwe is the name applied to them. It is a Nahru word, according to Wilhelm. He says both !Ko and Nahru use it. Dabe says he knew it as a !Kǝ word as a child. He is an !Aikwe. The word means the above mixture of !Kǝ and Nahru, not mixture in general. It is for example not used for a coloured person - i.e. a mixture of white with Bantu or Bushman blood.

Dabe says he is an !Aikwe. His father is Nahru and his mother !Kǝ from whose breast he sucked the !Kǝ language. He knew the word !Aikwe as a child.

Using the 12-mile group who are all !Aikwe and ≠Gasa, whose Fa and Mo were both !Kǝ, and /Gani, an old Nahru, and Djo//ko, a !Kǝ, I worked on kinship terms, religion, sex. I tried residence and gave it up.

Ledimo compared !Aikwe with "bastard" as a name of a people.

I thought I would try being quick with the kinship system this time and did not spend the time to take full genealogies. I took only scraps, F₂, Mo and Wi. It does not provide enough data to be of much use. It turned out to be very difficult to get the terms without having actual persons in relationships I already knew to ask about. The difficulties are compounded by having to use interpreter teams. Ledimo speaks to Dabe in Setchuana and Dabe speaks in !Kǀ to the Bushmen. Or Wilhelm, whose English is the least good of his 7 languages, speaks in Nahru to Dabe and Dabe speaks in !Kǀ. When it is the term for your mother's elder sister's husband or your father's younger brother's daughter you need to know about the troubles are further increased, by the Setchuana and Nahru classifications, as Mother's sister may be termed mother, etc. One thing fortunately works in one's favor. People are not consistent in error. Only truth is consistent, and eventually it comes out. I tried the interpreters in various combinations. I worked with 10 Bushmen on the !Kǀ terms - man speaking, so perhaps I am not far wrong. However, when I tried later to hurry up the woman-speaking terms I got into a morass as sticky as if I'd had no experience at all. No, that is not so. I know enough to know when I am probably right to suspect the accuracy of what I wrote down.

In fact I've had a shove from one position pendulum-wise to the other. Whereas I was so foolishly insecure and lacking in self-confidence and

diffident about being an amateur, I have swung to the other extreme. At present I do not trust anyone's work on Bushmen but my own. I must hasten to come to the happy mean. But I have now seen people quickly conclude and accept information as correct which they had no right to accept without further checking and when its accuracy was to me clearly to be suspected.

In brief, the !Kö system includes the name relationship, but not as highly developed as among the Gautscha people. It seems there are terms lying under the terms which are applied if the names warrant. It seems that only names of Ego's Fa, Mo, So, Da, Br, Si take precedence over the other terms in the case of blood relations, but that in the case of persons not related by blood, any term may be projected from any blood relative to anyone having the same name as the blood relative.

The other feature I notice is that cross and parallel cousins are distinguished by different terms, all cross being alike and all parallel being alike.

Another bit. The term that is used for a person having the same name as oneself is the same term that is used for FaFa and MoFa as in the Gautscha system, but the word does not mean name. (Check)

The other subjects of investigation were so interesting that I was loathe to leave this gold mine of comparative material. I got data on the choama, the sun story, the fire story from the old Nahru.

Also, he (the old Nahru) being so old that nothing worse could happen to him, he agreed to talk to me about sex. He left no doubt whatsoever that foreplay, at least of a type, is known, that Bushman women have orgasms, that the sexual position is for the man to be at the back of the woman. He believes the substances that create the child are the man's semen and a similar liquid in women, not blood.

In addition to the above subject, Elizabeth worked on rain and avoidance. She also found children's drawings on the walls of an abandoned hut which are exceedingly interesting. Dan took pictures of them. She has full notes.

Dan and I did a moving picture (color) of the kraal in a superficial way. We had a picturesque episode, the leopard hunt, but did not get shots of the leopard being brought in because it was too late in the evening.

Barachu

We left Okwa on May 26, camped at Takuchani one night then went on to Barachu to await the truck which came Sunday the 29th.

On the road we saw 1 Bushman before Takuchani. He brought his group next morning to our camp spot, but we had left. We do not know how many. He was !Aikwe (Half !Kö, half Nahru).

At Barachu there was a group of !Kö and !Aikwe with whom we worked for 2 days. The group comprised 3 men and 5 women, an unmarried girl of 18 or so, an unmarried boy of the same age, about 6 children, one of whom was an orphan who was living with his deceased father's sister.

Laurence has notes on one of the women, !Ani, wife of !Nabashi. He was the Bushman Wilhelm had known in prison for cattle stealing while Wilhelm had been in the police. He was also the one who had canker (cancer) of the face, which had been arrested. While in prison he was sent to the hospital. He was the second husband of his wife. A child of about 5 was his. She is a bright young woman, very pretty and pert. She laughed at Professor Maingard's pronunciation. I think he was quite chagrin, as he prided himself on his ability to pronounce well. She laughed harshly at me too. She, Laurence learned, is the owner of a tsi field, which she inherited the right to from her father.

I accomplished nothing but the terms woman-speaking, and am fairly shaky about those. I shall try to check again with Dabe.

It is hard to get one's work done. Rain, hail and cold quench desire to work at night.

May 12-26-30

On Monday night, May 30, we camped on Nangane Pan. Two Bushmen appeared with a Makalahari they lived with. In the morning of May 30, soon after leaving Barachu, Theunis Berger shot some meat on the pan of Barachu. A Bushman came along the road. We had a talk with him and gave him some meat. He asked us to take him on the trucks with us for a little distance because 2 natives came along. They were farm boys of the Lewises whom Theunis knew and to whom he gave meat. Nevertheless, the Bushman wanted us to take him lest they force him to come with them.

I am convinced that capture of Bushmen is a fact. It comes up too often not to be. The boy who drew the pictures, this man, the implication Mr. Knoble made, others. What degree of capture and what method we do not know.

We have notes of the interview with the above Bushman, where the meat was slaughtered. (To slaughter is used by Afrikaans-speaking people to mean what we mean by to butcher.) He is !Kō. He has relatives in Okwa and at Barachu. There are name connections as in the Gautscha area in this area. The man's name is (see notes of May 30). He too has the name relationship to some extent, i.e. onto people not related to him by blood or marriage he projects terms if they have the same names as his relatives.

We continued our journey through Luhutu to Kang. We did not stop at all at Luhututu so do not know anything about Bushmen there. Luhututu is the headquarters of the Bakalahari people. A minor chief lives there. (See additional notes from Ledimo at Molepolole.) At Tsang, where the police post is we went through with only a few minutes stop. At Kang we spoke to some of the Bakalahari who live there. It is quite a large settlement with a chief whose name is Mataung Taho (the Lion). Afrika Katai also spoke to us there. (See notes of June 2.)

Ledimo tells me there is in addition to the Bakwena reserve a Bangwaketse (kaytse). Kanye is the capital. The chief is Bathoeng. Kanye is about 30 miles from Labatse. These are Bechuana people. Ledimo does not know where the boundary is between Bakwena and these and does not know if the Luhututu people are under chief Bathoeng or chief Sechele.

Beyond Kang we met 3 Bushmen in all - 2 living with Bakalahari at the place where all the meat was given by Theunis, and one named Picanin along the road. All were !Kǀ speakers, but had lived with the Bakalahari so were not wild.

At Lutlhe, where we took still pictures, the people said there were no Bushmen in the area. They knew nothing of Bushmen. Mr. Knoble later in Molepolole said there were many (as Laurence and I thought) but the Bakalahari do not want anyone meddling into their affairs with their Bushman laborers and keep them in the outskirts of their lands. The fields here are huge and very well tended, with abundant crops. The kaffir corn is yet to be harvested. The golden fields are so large they make people look very small, like Breugle's paintings. One cannot imagine the few Bechuanas and the wealthy looking Bakalahari doing all the labor necessary for those huge fields. The fields are by far the largest we have ever seen natives have.

What a native territory means is coming more into my consciousness through visual forms. I wonder if the Union will ever get hold of this country. It would be tragic if they did.

The above resume is the account of the extent of our meeting with Bushmen.

Chief Kgari Sechele, Chief of Bakwena Tribe.

Other Bechuana tribes are:

Bangwato (or Bamangwato, as in book in P.M. library) - chief
Seratse Khama - in northeast.

Batawana - Mrs. Moremi, wife of former chief is the ruler, for her
young son, Letsholathebe.

The Bakwena means the crocodile. The chief venerates the crocodile.
Other parts of the tribe venerate other animal. (Ledimo is a Batawana
from Maun. He venerates a hippo.)

Reception - or Kgotla: reception place. Ledimo says word refers to the
place marked with poles. In old days women avoided the kgotla. Ledimo
remembers his father's kgotla. Women menstruating could not go to the
kgotla or to the kraal of cattle. Chief's kgotla is used for trials.
Ledimo wonders how women could avoid it in this case.

Bangwaketse - chief is Bathoeng with his seat in Kanye.

(Who buys the school uniforms? Govt or family of child?)

Near Kologwane Village, a few miles before the camp where Theunis shot the 2 lions, we were escorted from the old road to the new. /Gishay had taken Theunis by the old road the day we travelled from Molepolole, not knowing that a new one had been cut by people boring a well. The inhabitants of Kologwane village were waiting for us, having been told by Theunis to do so, to lead us through their corn fields to set us on the track again. They were a colorful cheerful lot running before us, 6 or 7 men, some girls and boys. Some were in European clothes, some had the fine leather pants of the Bakalahari, and the patterned karosses. (We had seen a boy by the way in Kudumolopowe who had the finest ever of suede pants and a coat, beautifully tailored and decorated with buttons.)

While we were thanking them some Bushmen came running. They showed the apparent mixture of Makalahari and Bushman blood. A tall black pock-marked spokesman of the Bakalahari said that the Bushmen were Bakalahari and spoke Makalahari. Possibly this was an instance of the claim we heard the Bakalahari make that they have no Bushman workers. A bit of questioning with Theunis and /Gishay indicated that they speak /Gikwe. There were 7 men and as many women in the group.

Near where we camped, perhaps 5-6 miles before Kungwane, we passed a Bakalahari village with a cattle kraal full of cattle. We got B & W and color slides. The village was very picturesque, the people friendly. They were dressed in fine skins. The small, full kraal was the right size to seem like something in the Tres Riches Heurs. It was very decorative with the wide horns of the cattle seen just over the brush fence.

There were no Bushmen to be seen in this village (5-6 miles before Kungwane, Bakalahari). When Laurence asked the answer Wilhelm gave was that only white men pass here. The people vouchsafed the information that there were many lions about. They said /Gikwe lived to the north.

Later /Gishay, lying by the fire at camp while everyone else except Dabe and John took to cover, said that we would see few Bushmen because they had mostly been eaten by lions. He told of an instance he heard of recently of a Bushman being eaten.

June 14

Kungwane. Gabuaha - Kalahari name of man at village. //Ei/kxa Nai, rising inflection on Nai. His Bushman name. Tell him my name is Di//Khaona. Did he ever hear of that name? No. Nor /Toma, nor /Gishay, nor Dabe, Bau, /Nisa, //Kushay, nor /Ti!kay.

What people does he belong to? Ans. Bomuguma - a Kalahari name. //Kau Nāba is his country - to the north. Two months ago he came. Many days away. The group, Wilhelm says, is talking /Gwikwe. Se ho' tsau is the name of the headman - a Kalahari name.

The man we talked to spoke of Kukumago and Kokobe who went hunting. Kokobe had been to Molepolole to sell skins. The village had 3 large skerms.

Greeting word is wa la tsu he li.

101 LJM
-117
177

A Makalahari, Theunis says, is owner of the village. His name is the above Kukumago. The other man said Sehotsau was headman. //Ei/kxa Nai refused to let us take pictures. Kukumago also refused (back at the trucks,) saying a European had taken pictures once and a person of their group died as a consequence. Theunis, interpreting, said they believe in magic.

We are looking for the man Mr. Knoble said he was arranging to hire for us. No one knows anything.

Wilhelm said they were afraid of whites because they said some had come and beaten them with reins.

When we first came to the village, one woman came out to greet us, then turned and ran, picking up her baby. She ran to the mealie field where others were. They came back and talked to us. Others had come to the truck to talk to Laurence.

They seemed to be very mixed and have interesting skerms, as big as small huts, a sort of interim.

Village of Kukama (pictures)

At the village of Kukama. 6 women who look to be Bushmen, 2 young men, fine looking, who look to be Bakalahari, 1 sick-looking boy. Wilhelm and Ledimo say it is the effect of fire on his skin. 1 woman is blind; another has sore eyes. Children.

Old woman's name Nakazan. Banbe. Has she a Bushman name? No. She says she is not a Bushman; she is Bakalahari. Her Da is the lively looking young woman. Her name - she says she has none. I gave her mine and Elizabeth's, telling her not to be afraid. Have they ever heard Di//khao? This woman's name Mohatsa (Motshewa) - Mogatsa - Mo. Tshegwa. Her FaFa was Motschegwa - Mogatsa is the word for wife. So she is called wife of Motschegwa. Her husband is not here, she said.

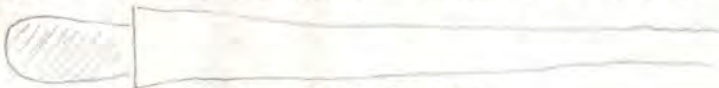
Who is the chief man? He is dead. He was MM's Fa. What was his name? Ramaile. Whose house has the melons? The Mo of MM. She was wife of Ramaile.

How long has Nakazan lived in this place? A long time. She was born far away. Her Mo brought her here to this area when she was a baby. MM was born in this area. Old Nakasan says her husband's Fa lived in this area. His son, her husband, stayed in the area and they lived here. In the culture, the wife goes to live with the husband's people.

They have a fine herd of goats.

Do they have mealie lands? They have small areas of mealies. They do not plough with cattle. The old lady says she tried to plough this year but got

When they plough by hand what instrument do they use? A piece of metal - an axe in wood - a hoe. They got up and fetched one to show. It is a cross between a hoe and a digging stick.



Metal is thrust into crack in the wood. Not bound.

Wooden spoons. Made by them? Yes. Men make them.

Beads - old worn glass on old woman. New store beads on young woman.

MM is from Kungmane. Her husband is there.

Ostrich egg shells.

Mat - made themselves? Yes, women make. Do they sleep on these mats? No. What do they use them for? A sieve, to sieve out seeds from ashes.

Skin karosses - a big subject.

Feather broom to fan the fire - paouwe feathers.

They opened a pod and gave it with beans to a child - the kind we took pictures of. Mogose (pronounced mohose or moxose) they call it.

Who goes to find veldkos? Women & children. They say the veldkos is poor.

We are going to employ another Bushman at Kungware. This was arranged for us by Mr. Knoble who said he had promised 2/- per day, though the man who was the intermediary for him asked for 2/6. Laurence said to Mr. Knoble that we would pay the 2/6. Returning the man through Maun and the W.N.L.A. convoy will have to be arranged.

Tuesday, June 7

Dan and I spent the day in Molepolole. We had morning tea with the Knobles (J.C.Knoble). We shopped at their trading post for trade goods with which to buy from Bushmen garments, implements, ornaments, musical instruments, weapons. We bought 2 cotton blankets and 4 cotton small karosses. Mr. Knoble said that cotton was good enough for Bushmen. I want to buy a fine kaross and the undergarment with these. We also bought 4 small pots, 2 cans with handles, 10 small bowls and 6 larger bowls. Mrs. K. gave us a few beads. We bought a few more at a ticky a spoonful and some cheap 2/- knives. Laurence in Johannesburg got 3 lbs. of beads, and later at Molepolole 12 shirts and 6 blankets. These are to pay for the Bushmen's being with us when we work at Chukudu pan.

We had lunch with the Knobles too. Their saying grace made me homesick for Nana. They had invited us when they had come out to the camp the evening before with 11 drums of petrol which they had picked up for us at the station at Gaberones where it had been sent by Coln, as Laurence had requested from Ghanzi.

In the morning the D.C., Mr. P. Cardross Grant, was busy at a meeting on taxation with the chief. In the afternoon we called on him. He took us to tea in his garden with his beautiful young wife and his four enchanting children, Susan 6, Anne 5, John and Jane the twins of 4. The chief came driving along to see us instead of waiting for our call. He is Chief Kgari Sechele, chief of the Bakwena branch of the Bechuanas. We all had tea together.

His grandfather was a famous and very fine chief who went to see Queen Victoria to ask her protection for his people. A book is written about him by _____ who was a D.C. at Molepolole.

This chief has been educated at an English school in East Africa, I think. He speaks English well. He is not a great or strong chief, unfortunately. He drinks.

His wife is an interesting woman. She speaks English very well. We met her at the Knoble's store. The Knobles tell us that she is much interested in her crops. Last year she produced 800 bags of grain. This year she expects 1000. Whenever any of the whites meet her, they find her grain a topic of conversation. She is quiet and does not speak up readily, but when they ask her how her crops are she smiles and says they are very good.

An old half breed Herero Hottentot mixture of a woman, one who fled from the Germans with the Hereros who took refuge in Bechuanaland, spoke to us at the Knobles' store, too, about the chief's wife's grain. She predicts 1000 bags for her. Mrs. Knoble says the chief's wife is the one who holds things together. She has no children, Mrs. Knoble says, which is a great grief to her.

At the end of the tea party I gave the chief a blanket. This is one of the things I hope to forget with time. The Knobles had said it was the custom to do so. Mrs. Knoble had selected and sold me a blanket, travelling rug, fringed type, for £4/10/0. I had expected to take it to his kgotla, to wait upon him, and give it. Instead I found myself at tea with him. It seemed utterly wrong to give it, but I expected to have no opportunity again, so I gave it. I do not think well or quickly. I should have sent it to his house, at any cost of time and effort.

I introduced Ledimo to the chief with Mr. Grant's permission.

Dan took pictures of the children and the chief and everybody with the Polaroid. They were pleased to have the pictures and that went all right, but then he took more with the Leica, asking people to move and pose, interrupting my speech to the chief, making conversation impossible.

I am becoming more irritable with age. Things bother me more.

Dan spent the day taking Leica color slides of Molepolole. I worked with /Gishay, and Wilhelm all day on kinship terms. We got into the usual mess. My hope was to work it through to some order before we move on into the country we are going to work in next.

We have language complications. Wilhelm and I speak in English. Wilhelm speaks Naron to /Gishay who is a mixture of //Ganakwe (his Fa) and !Aikwe (his Mo.) who is half /Gikwe and half Naron. /Gishay speaks these three Bushman languages. I found him giving me 3 terms for FaBr, for instance, but not because of the name factor, as among the Gautscha people. I found after a day of confusion that he was obliging me with the Naron and /Gikwe terms too, or when he did not know the //Ganakwe he supplied me one of the others. He then told me he speaks //Ganakwe least well, for he lived mostly among the /Gikwe. When you ask him what he is he says //Ganakwe. His father is //Ganakwe but evidently was matrilocal.

The Knobles came out to our camp to supper. We enjoyed them very much. They are very nice to meet. They seem so together.

Thursday, June 9

This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday. It was celebrated at Molepolole with a ceremony. Theunis was going in to try to send a telegram. He is so disturbed about his divorce and remarriage arrangements, and separation from his girl, that he walks in his sleep. He dressed in city clothes to go to the ceremony, and, though he is a man who feels he is to obey his

boss and make no suggestions (especially if he can figure out who his boss is) he did say he thought we should come. I had just enough sense to know I should dress. I had been at tea in pants with the chief - to add to the elements of that occasion I should like to forget. I got out the suitcase and in a fury of haste pulled on girdle, stockings, necklace, earrings and a jersey print dress which does not crush. We arrived, Dan dressed very nicely. We took all the boys except the 2 Bushmen.

Dan and Theunis and I were escorted by a clerk to chairs on the porch of the D.C.'s office. A square was formed with the flagpole in the center by hundreds of school children, in neat ranks, some in blue and white school uniforms, some in Scout and Girl Guide uniforms. A sergeant stood before 4 soldiers (or police) the starched uniforms and red hat bands a brave sight. A group of Indian traders joined us on the platform. Next the doctor and a sister from the Free Church Scottish Livingston Mission came. The doctor explained that he was English but that the nursing sisters were Scottish.

Townpeople and our boys made a group of 50 or 60 people to our left. There are 16,000 Bechuanas living in Molepolole. Their winter homes are there. Neat rows of conical huts, the color of the brush with their gray thatched roofs but with neat mud walls below the shadowing roof. Often the walls are painted or decorated with moldings. The town lies at the foot of a rocky ridge of low hills. These homes are their town houses. They have lands throughout the valley and are at this time living on these

lands, working their fields, preparing to harvest the rich abundant crops of Kaffir corn. So few were home to be present at the ceremony.

The Knobles and the Mans, the two Afrikaans families who are the traders here, were not present.

The chief's arrival made Danny and me feel that we were in a page of Kipling. He came in an automobile, in full uniform. His uniform is one which Queen Victoria awarded his grandfather on the occasion of his visit to her. Mr. Cardross Grant said that the old Sechele was told by the Queen to select what he wishes for his uniform and that he selected a helmet from the cavalry which guarded her and something from the horse guards and so forth. I feel the details are not sufficiently established here or checked. Be that as it may, the chief's helmet bore white plumes and a golden strap.

Mr. Cardross Grant and Mrs. Cardross Grant then took their places in the center. Their children chatting in our truck, and the Cardross Grant dog gave a touch of informality. After the ceremony began the chief's wife gave a touch of much more than informality. She is a fat woman, a deep chocolate color, not black, with a serene and modest expression. She wore a European suit of gray and a black European hat. The skirt almost touched the ground, as the skirts of Queen Mary would have. No one paid any attention to her. She walked up alone and took a seat near her husband. Mrs. Cardross Grant introduced us to her afterwards, and she spoke of having met us at the Knobles' store.

The ceremony proceeded. Mr. Grant reviewed the four police and the school children. God Save the Queen was sung, by one man and a tiny female voice, though it was for all to sing. A cheer was given. Mr. Cardross Grant's voice is very gentle. The sergeant and the 4 police, however, made a resounding hurrah and then gave the Bechuana cheer which means "rain! rain! rain!"

Mr. Cardross Grant spoke simply and charmingly of the Queen's coronation. He described the procession through the rainy streets and the tall Queen of Tonga in an open carriage. He then asked the chief to describe what he saw in the great Abbey church of Westminster. The chief had been the one chief of Bechuanaland to be invited to the coronation. He, chief of the Bakwena, is the senior chief. Indeed he is the logical one for other reasons. Mrs. Moremi of the Batawano is only a regent, and Sereste Khama of the Bangwato is in exile with his white English wife.

The chief spoke in English and was interpreted by the official interpreter to his own people. He spoke briefly and not too well. I supposed that Mr. Cardross Grant had written or helped him write the little speech, for it had a wistful charm. The chief described the kings and princes and chiefs from all the lands paying homage to the beautiful young queen, and said that the first to kneel before her had been the Duke of Edinburgh, her husband, who swore to be forever her obedient subject.

After the ceremony Dan and Theunis and I went again to tea in the Cardross Grants' garden. This time we were more acceptable.

We listened for our returning truck. It arrived and the jeep with John, Laurence, Elizabeth, Dr. Bob Storey, Cass Kruger, a new mechanic, and Bill about six. The feeling of the expedition changed with John stepping from the jeep. Laughter rang out. Professor Maingard did not return.

Saturday, June 11

We spent the day packing to make ready for the trip which is the main object of our expedition. All had been offloaded. I worked all morning trying to get clear to do some anthropology but never did get clear. I have had only about 18 days of work in all since we started. I can not work at night. It is too cold or rainy or too something.

Sunday, June 12

We left the camp near Molepolole in the morning of June 12. We got started about 11. Our first objective is Kudumalapswe. Then we go to Kungwane where the last water is. Then to Chukudu Pan where Theunis saw Bushmen when he went through in 1950. We expect to stay there for 3 weeks if we can manage about water. Laurence suggests we do not wash the dishes.

(This was the night of the lions in camp between Kudumolapswe and Kungwane.)

Camp near Kudumolapse

Last night just before supper was to be served Theunis called out that he saw lions. There they were, their eyes gleaming green, four of them about thirty yards from camp. I said to do what Theunis said to do, as everyone scrambled up. Theunis got his gun and a big flashlight. He shot one and appeared to have hit it. He called to John to bring the jeep. I thought it was to stand on to see better, so I climbed in. Elizabeth too climbed in. Next thing we knew we had moved out into the dark bush to find the lions. Elizabeth held the flash for Theunis. John drove. Theunis has sharp eyes and is a fine shot.

He shot at all four, one galloping away, another slinking, another crouching. We circled and circled about in the jeep or tore in pursuit. In the end we found one half dead. Theunis shot at point blank six more shots before he killed it. It was too heavy - a well-fed young male - to lift into the jeep so we returned to get the boys. Theunis and the Bushmen skinned it after supper. Theunis I think is very glad to take lion skins home to his fiancée.

In the night last night it rained again.

This morning we were up soon after six, awakened by the rain, restless, cold and damp. Before I had my hair combed Cass and John had found the body of another lion, one of the ones Theunis must have wounded in his first shots. It was no more than 30 yards away from the camp. Beside it was a dry place, with dry spoor, where another lion had spent the night beside the dead one, and had left as we were getting up when the rain stopped.

I am not going to write about this experience. Theunis said lions hide their bodies but not their eyes.

John, hearing the lions before we went to bed had gone around the camp with a big flash. He told Theunis he heard them far away. Theunis with his gun and Elizabeth holding the flash and John and Wilhelm had led this little party on foot in the thick brush around for half an hour or so. They came back excited but they had shot no more. People become drunk with excitement. Theunis was more than a little so.

It began to rain again at breakfast. We had started to break camp, gave up and took cover. I've been writing in my tent. I am so cold I feel nothing belongs to me below my thighs. I see my feet as though they lay there detached.

A bite of lunch, cold meat and cold fat cooks, before we left increased my longing for tea. Bill said we were not to have tea. This led to an unfortunate exchange. Laurence had told me we had 1 1/2 gallons per day of water per person for everything. We were to be careful of water, not to bathe or wash clothes, but we would have enough to drink. I begged for tea as we have always had it. Bill said there was no need to drink so much; it only resulted in pouring the water out again in pee. We weren't going to have tea. I was offended by everything he said and angered. I am too easily angered by Bill. I said I would like to have my ration of water so I could heat it for tea if I liked. Bill said he would be glad to have me take a ration in a jerry can, one can for ten days. That was

agreed upon. Then, after Laurence had left, he said it would be better if one disciplined oneself and he added that if two trucks sent out from Chukudu pan were to break down what did I want - no one to have any water? I said I was not asking for more than the ration planned for but I wanted to do as I pleased with it and not be fussed at. In the end Laurence, I think quite rightly, said I should not have my ration of 3 pints per day but just use water for the tea. Result - later - is no tea and I use less than 3 pints by far because I am still angry at the way Bill spoke to me and because I am quixotic. I wish I could be better.

We camped about 4 miles before Kungwane. At Kungwane there is a bore hole. It is raining a little and is very dark. I do not feel in good spirits, myself, so must make an effort to be a bit cheerful. I wish I could be with the boys more. They always give me something I am glad to have, information or good feelings.

Theunis is riding with John in the jeep at the front of the convoy. They will be good for each other's souls. Theunis shot 2 springbok tonight.

Tuesday, June 14

Kungwane is the place where the government dug a bore hole while the project was being undertaken to establish a short cattle route from the Ghanzi area to the railroad at Gabarones with bore holes 20 miles apart. Mr. Knoble's father had worked on the project and Mr. Knoble had been with him. The bore hole at Kungwane had not been poisonous, but 2

others (one at Kutche - Wilhelm's version, Laurence thinks Kutse) were poisonous, with copper sulphate in the water. This caused the abandonment of the project.

This was the morning John followed the hartebeest and gave us such a scare. He was contrite. He had got lost trying to cut across to the camp and had had to retrace every step following his own spoor.

By noon we had reached Kungwane. We saw no bore hole, but there are 2 dug water holes, fine big ones, which had rain water in them. Theunis says they are not springs. We began at once to fill an empty drum and jerry cans. Theunis, Cass and Laurence and John bathed. Bob Storey was concerned that we took so much of the natives' water and came to me about it. I asked Theunis and he said there was plenty, that the natives at that place were there only temporarily. Their village is where we saw the cattle in the kraal at evening he said. Theunis says the bore hole is somewhere there but has no engine.

Bob, Dan, John, Wilhelm and I went to the village to ask to take pictures (See notes). When we arrived a woman at first came to greet us, then ran, snatched her baby and made off to the mealie fields. (Mealie comes from a Portuguese word). When she returned she had with her a Bushman and other people. We asked to take pictures. The pictures were refused. A Bushman there had never heard of Mr. Knoble's arrangement for us to take a Bushman with us. He was in that state of knowing nothing

and said the headman was on his way to the lorries.

We never did get any information about the guide we wanted, but we did eventually get pictures. I had said I did not want to force the pictures. Back at the trucks, Theunis tried and was refused, and we discussed the idea of magic. Theunis said they did believe in it and this was why they refused. I pointed out that if they believed we were not evil sorcerers they would not be so afraid possibly, and I said we had often given a present of tobacco all around, before it was asked for. In my theory, this surprises them and makes them think we are friendly. Theunis tried giving cigarettes although they had refused, and they relented. So, although we were under way, we stopped and spent an hour photographing the village.

One woman protested loudly. She said she had known of 2 people who were killed by pictures (They had said in the morning that Europeans had once come and whipped them with reins to try to take them away and this is why they had run away at first.) People all laughed at her. This made her furious and she said if she died of this she would report her husband. She did not say to whom.

When we left Kungwane we gave everyone tobacco and then Theunis asked me if I would agree to giving them half a springbok, as that would still leave us a whole one for ourselves, and we would get more chances to shoot soon.

Let this be a lesson to me, of only it would and could allow it to be,

to be more patient with people. I forget now how much I have told about Theunis. I remember I think putting down his saying about the boys who were paid 1 bob a day and had to feed and supply themselves and for no extra do his washing and cooking. It was not what he said so much as the way he looked, like a red-gold Mephistopheles in an aura of gold hairs with the fierce lamp behind him. Then came the episode of Bill telling Simon not to obey Theunis but only Laurence. Theunis, like Achilles in his tent, went alone and sat in glowering silence on his heels. After Bill and Laurence and Elizabeth went to Johannesburg, Theunis told Dan and me alone at supper that a bad thing had happened then, when a white man told one of Theunis' own boys not to obey him. After that Theunis' worries became agonizingly acute, so much so that he walked in his sleep. He told Dan and me that about his divorce. He said he was a man to obey his superior or his employee and not to make suggestions or complaints. He was doing his best to behave with us, though such a bad thing had happened and, although many times he knew something, having lived his life in the country, and other people, strangers from outside the country, told him what to do and how, he tried to keep his silence. He was obedient and reserved in this way with a man who was making love to his wife. Everybody knew it but Theunis. When a friend told him, he could not believe it. But he found it to be true and he found his wife had taken all his money and sent it to her brother in Capetown. Now, after 2 years of chagrin and disappointment, he was ready to be married again. The date is set for July 14. We have promised to be out. A telegram from

his girl to Molepolole threw him into a state of great anxiety and depression. Laurence's return, however, brought him news from his lawyer at Mefeking that his divorce papers were in order, and his mood became more hopeful. At the same time John's coming seemed to put us all into a better mood. There was laughter wherever he was. Theunis enjoyed John's Afrikaans. The lion hunt released him. He was a man in his element and at his best.

We left the village at Kungmane with everyone in fine spirits, the natives pleased with us, we pleased with them.

Theunis set off with John, driving the jeep, Elizabeth and /Gishay behind, the gun sticking up over the cameras, to lead us into the desert. They are a jolly sight, Theunis' bright hair, John's red scarf, Elizabeth's blue-green shirt, the cozy jeep all bobbing in the gold grass.

The reason for my wanting pictures of the 3 hut village was that it showed so many similarities to a Bushman werft. The huts are like huge skerms.

We camped at a small pan covered with soft golden grass a few miles before Khutse. In the evening after supper, I asked Dabe to tell me a story. He told me the story of Eyes-in-the-Feet. In the story was a part about a bean. These were the beans we tasted at the Bakalahari village that afternoon, lightly roasted and pounded to sweet powder. It is a fascinating version of the story and suggests an ancient vegetation myth which has to do with seeds in the ground or the grave and resurrection or winter-spring concept possibly - or some tale of edible plants, for Eyes-in-the-Feet had coals poured over his feet, fell down and was eaten by Pisiboro, after he had prepared a long hole into which the beans were to be put to be cooked. It is a garbled version, I believe garbled long long ago, like the sun story. June 15

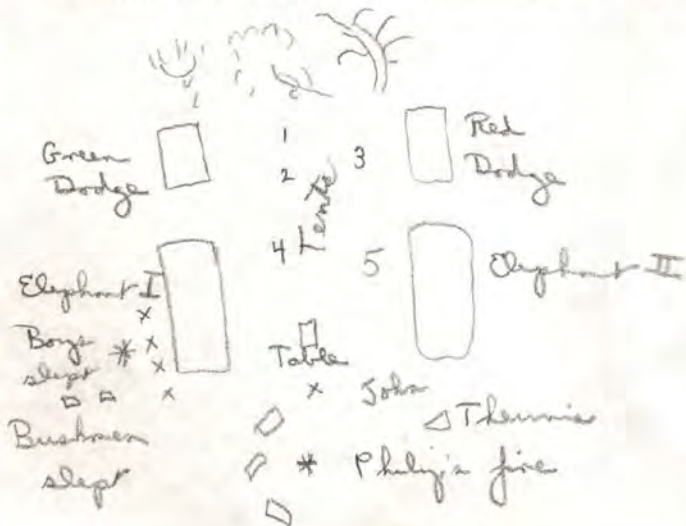
We left a cozy camp still damp but not more damp as it had not rained again. We were on our way about 9. We passed Khutse Pan and moved on and on through golden grass and patches of thorny shrubs. A big pan, Khutse (or Kutche) is all golden grass except for a small mud hole, now dry, where there was an interesting hunting blind, sticks coned up over a hole, with an opening in the back for a man to get in and a small gun opening facing the water hole. There are countless tracks. Through the day we saw eland, giraffe (huge), gemsbok, lion, everything. For game we saw hartebeest and springbok. Vultures made us think the lion spoor of the next big pan had to a kill, but it was only a leopard's kill. John, Elizabeth, Theunis and Dan rode over to try for moving pictures.

John is trying to get game pictures. When Theunis had been through this area before there had been hundreds upon hundreds of game, he said, more than in the Lubututu area. We had not taken the time for pictures, therefore, back there because we had to get to Johannesburg. We are a cumbersome expedition because of numbers and stuff and are of stopping to take pictures. We took stills in color of the animals. We are keenly disappointed to have seen so little game so far. There is always hope, however, in the unknown future.

Today at 4:45 the rear drive shaft of the red Dodge broke. At 5:05 it was repaired. At 5:30 we camped in a sea of soft golden grass. The camp is shaped for lions. Thorn hedge is piled at one end. The trucks make a wall. Fires fill up the other end.

No lions came. We had a quiet night.

(Was old blind man before Khutse? He is in pictures.)



The country is very flat on the whole. We crossed one sand dune running from NE to SW with a long slow slope. The sand is white. The golden grass grows in tufts. It is tall and delicate and bends most gracefully in the wind. In the flat plains there are sparse shrubs and small trees; very sparse they are, but when you look to the horizon it is so distant that the random distribution of the sparse shrubs has made them look like a low green rim to the world. Sometimes there are areas of high yellow bush, or low yellow bush, or thick dark green thorn bushes with feather-fine leaves which have torn Wilhelm's coat into a fringe though he climbs from the fender to the hood to escape them. He is a fine spoor finder.

Bob Storey gets out whenever there has been a puncture (we have had only 2) or an air lock (we had one day of having them every half mile in the green Dodge) and collects. He comes back to the truck looking like the figure of spring as I imagined him when reading the Golden Bough, covered with green leaves. Though what Bob is decked with is not always green, the grasses and vines and branches are always beautiful. He presses his specimens as soon as he can, and in spare moments opens his presses to take out the specimens to be photographed in the middle of the road by Danny.

Bob has been to Italy in the war. He and John were talking about Florence the other evening and John told Bob of his experience with the motorcycle. He told of an English couple racing before him - a part of the story I had not heard before. He said, "The guy had his wife plastered right onto his back. They leaned together and knew how to do it so well

117
~~117~~
744

LJM

JOURNAL, 1955

Trip from Khutse June 16-18 p.92
to Chukudu

they could take curves other people couldn't take." It was Bob John told the story to. Many people must tell their stories to Bob. He is so quiet, usually crouching on the ground. He is gentle and kind, and has spoken to me several times in ways that show his consideration of others.

The first people to cross this country were a camel corp sent by Bechuana-land British Government soon after the British took over the Protectorate, around the turn of the century. The Vernay Lang Expedition in 1936 went across, collecting mammals for the Transvaal Museum and the Natural History in New York. This is the one Dr. Fitsimons was on. The next was Theunis Berger, Rodent Inspector, S. F. Kotze, Health Inspector, W.A.J. Drotsky, and their boys. They had 2 Chev. trucks, 3-ton. They came on a plague control (Bubonic) sent by the B.P. Gov't. in 1952 after there had been outbreak of plague in the Protectorate. Theunis had worked all over Bechuana-land and in Gobabis, too, in S.W.A. This was an unknown spot so the gov't sent him through with his party to see if the area was a source of plague. He killed rats and innoculated people. The innoculation is 45% effective, Theunis says. He took penicillin all the time too. He is a brave man and a very capable one.

The 2 trucks had not got 4-wheel drive. The boys walked all the time, cutting branches to put under the wheels. One truck would roar ahead, back up, roar ahead again, and so they gained yards. They worked from 4 a.m. till after dark each day. They went through in 8 days.

On Thursday, June 16, we made only 20 miles. The sand is heavy. We stopped, furthermore, to take pictures in a Bakalahari village, called Kukama. It showed interesting combination of Bakalahari and Bushman features. The people looked mixed, the women showing most Bushman characteristics. The objects too showed both Bakalahari and Bushman features. The skerms were between huts and skerms, built like skerms but bigger. There were ostrich egg shells, stamping bowls. A hoe was like a digging stick with a metal blade thrust into a crack in the stick. I think these people would make an interesting study but they might persist in being difficult because of their fears of Europeans and witches.

We had a discussion in the evening about the slow progress we were making. Picture taking was decided to be largely the one thing which could be altered to make our progress faster. We decided to give it up. Theunis, used to travelling so hard (viz. 8 days for this whole trip of 340 miles) must feel it as bad as having a circus on his hands.

Laurence mislaid or lost his clipboard with his map and all his notes of the trip - mileage and any information he had. We fear he left it on a running board of a truck in the morning after shaving, and no one saw it and we drove off. There is still hope, however, that when we offload it will turn up. He has another map, foresightedly. (The clipboard was never found.)

Friday, June 17, we travelled 26 miles. The sky was overcast Thursday all day with solid gray. It made the day gentle for our eyes. On Friday morning we saw a cold front push back the clouds. Across the whole sky they had a sharp edge and from it dark streaks slanted to the earth.

We passed 3 villages that day of Bakalahari people. Friday. At one there was meat hanging from every branch. Dan saw 5 eland before we reached the village. They must indeed have been glad we pushed on without stopping to speak to anyone.

They had a white horse grazing near their village. Laurence took that as evidence they have water.

Two others were abandoned.

In the afternoon about three, we saw people coming. We had thought we would see none after the village with the eland meat. But there were many, 20 or so, with 5 or 6 laden donkeys. They were carrying all their belongings. Ledimo said they were people who were leaving their lands and villages near Manatse Pan because of their thirst. He had talked to one in passing.

Dan rushed out with his camera. They - the women especially - fled, as if he were going to shoot them. We use the word "shoot" for taking a picture. I never realized who so clearly as when I saw Danny aim the camera. An instrument pointed at one does look like a weapon. Poor things, they will blame all their ills on this episode, and they will

117 LJM
106
821

JOURNAL, 1955 Trip from June 16-18 p.95
Khutse to Chukudu June 17

suffer fear of ills that do not befall them. A few moments later after the group had disappeared, three men followed. These we gave tobacco to. One had cancer or yaws of the nose. They told us that there was much game at Chukudu, and that there were Bushmen but that there were many lions who ate the Bushmen.

A little farther on was the village that these people had left. They had closed their houses' doors with poles and had left inside many ostrich egg shells and big tin buckets. Did this mean they expected to return or that they had no water to put in them so did not carry them?

In that village we met a Bushman and his 2 wives, who came with us and spent the night at our camp. They are //Ganakwe. He told me about the stars that evening after supper. He, like the handsome old Dabe in Gautscha, has a name for the planet near Spica. The planet is Saturn. It is in Libra now. It was in _____ in 1953. This man calls it a name which is something to the effect of firewood all gone, for he says when it sets the firewood gathered for the night is all gone. He calls the Milky Way "God's Path", the coal sack "God's Patch." The points of the cross are male giraffes, the cross 4 female giraffes.

We gave water and food to these people.

In the evening after Laurence had gone to bed, Theunis told us how worried he was about this dangerous country. A young man who was going to marry his sister had died of thirst in this desert on the eve of his marriage. Theunis says he could not endure the anxiety of splitting the party, taking 2 trucks out and leaving two, with he said the water going down in the barrels day by day. What if the trucks should break down. They can, he says. He broke a cylinder head 128 miles from his destination, near Chukudu, on his plague control trip. They fixed it somehow, but he has imagined the worst in this implacable land. I assured him that I shared his anxiety, that I had all my eggs in one basket and more, and desired an extremely wide margin of safety as to time we stayed using water. I fear being lost and running out of petrol, as well as breakdowns. I fear breakdowns least. With five vehicles, 2 of them pairs, we could rebuild 2 trucks with one of each pair. Cass Kruger is a good conscientious mechanic.

John, later, speaking of this to Laurence, said he too was very anxious. This land is not like the Gautscha land, where he feels he might be able to live. Here he would feel it impossible to survive. He spoke of our camp, should Laurence go out for more petrol and water, leaving us to wait his return. John said of our group, "There is so much inexperience and so much divergence." I feel so too; where there isn't one there is the other. I would not want to face an emergency here. I am strongly in favor of not separating.

-117 LJM
106
177

JOURNEY NOTES, June, 1955 June 16
Village of Kukama (cont.)

p. 25
I

Bow and arrow? No. Rifle? They have but do not use them. They do not know how to shoot.

They spoke of a clinic sending to vaccinate them from the direction of Maun. This must have been Theunis.

Is this young man in coat her son? No. He wears a breechclout like a Bushman's. He looks like a Makalahari. Her son (the old woman's) is at Kudumahapswe. Her Da.

No European clothes but 2 guns and 1 pair men's boots were seen and an enamel bowl or two. Did anyone see water root being put on fire? Ask.

John took movies. Dan took B and W. Laurence took Leica color slides.

The goat kraal was about 4 feet deep in dung. The little cage for the kids was full of very young ones.

The digging stick was used with motions of the digging stick, not like a hoe.

The mat which was used as a sieve for ashes, as I think it over, may be of interest. I told Dan to get a picture. I did not check if he did so.

The people were afraid of pictures and refused at first. Theunis persuaded them to let us take some in return for our shooting something for them. This was agreed. Theunis walked ahead on the spoor to see what it was like. Bill went shooting. He returned in about 45 minutes without success. The Makalahari with him said that God had the bucks. About the time of Bill's return the women began to object more to pictures and to complain that they would not get any gifts. We stopped, gave tobacco, 4 sweets each and a handful of salt.

They showed a most interesting combination of Kalahari and Bushman Characteristics physically and in their possessions. The men were more Kalahari, the women more Bushman.

There were skerms which interest very much. They are almost as big as Bechuana huts. The huts are reminiscent of the skerms with conical thatched roofs. The skerms, however, or huts are like Bushman rain skerms. The sticks which form their structure are thrust into the ground as in the Bushman skerms, arched together at the top. They are covered with grass laid on all over like a rain skerm. The doors are openings between the sticks. When people are away they put poles up in the doorway. The huts are high enough for a man to stand and about 8' in diam. Some have open tops and are mere walls. One had branches woven around the walls to a height of about 2 feet.

The people use grass beds as the Bushmen do or at least grass to sit on.

They were quite wealthy with fine soft karosses and well-made garments of skin. The women were so modest we could not get them to let us take pictures of their skirts. They were skirts decorated with borders and patterns of different kinds of skin about to the knee behind, flared on the sides and crossed in front. Underneath they wear a sort of pair of breeches; a soft skin like a diaper wrapped between their legs. In front of that they wear a modesty apron. Their breasts are bare. They wear a small kaross, not as large as at Gautscha over their shoulders. I fear we did not get any kind of a study of these clothes. Dan had a hard time catching anything. They ran and protested.



The beads of the old woman were beautiful. They were so old they had a pearly luster of infinite tiny scratches. They were beads to collect.

The old woman's house was large and had a courtyard. The kraal for the goats was made in traditional Bechuana manner. The same kind of posts formed the fence of the old woman's courtyard. Her husband had been headman. She had a pile of furs to sit on, a pile of melons to eat, 200 or so.

Curled horns were to hold milk or brains. Brains would be used in the tanning of hides. The horns are about 2 1/2 feet long and twisted.

There was a kxotla with ashes of a fire, and logs ready for the next fire.

These people claim to be poor and to have had their crops fail because the rain came at the wrong time. They also claim they have no water except the melons, water root and what they get from the stomachs of the game. Yet they have goats and donkeys. They showed us their water root, before putting it on the fire.

They said they thought we were the clinic coming. Someone said, hearing our trucks, that the clinic came from the other direction. That would be Theunis Berger's plague control of 1952 which innoculated them. Several people looked sick, 1 boy pale and with skin trouble, 1 woman with very bad eyes, 1 woman blind, 1 child with sore arms. /Gishay's father-in-law had died in that village last year we heard.

The next village, Manatse, was the one which the Bakalahari group had left. They had put up poles in the doorway of their houses. Inside they had left ostrich egg shells and bowls and large tin containers like square oil cans. We wondered if that indicated that they would return in the rainy season or that they had no water to put in their shells and cans so had not bothered to carry them empty.

The 20 or so people with their 5 or 6 donkeys from this village had run from Dan's pictures but one had spoken to /Gishay.

Lethlakane is the place they were going. Lethlakane is the place where there is an Indian trader at the top of a hill. Where we had to detour

around a puddle. It is far from here, maybe 100 miles. /Gishay said they were tired of thirst, they had told him.

The ones who ran got no tobacco in reward for our stolen pictures. (John got movies, Dan B & W, Laurence color slides.) Three men came later, one with an eaten away nose. We gave them tobacco and said to share it with the others.

Manatse had an entrancing pen for kids. It was a round pit about 3 feet deep. The kids would be dropped into it and branches put on top to protect them.

A huge root had been left. Bob will give the name. It is not for drinking but for washing hands and for tanning leather. One scrapes it with a stick, takes the shreds and squeezes them. The root is as big as a huge watermelon. It is about as watery. Bob says it is not poison to drink and that people do drink it in extreme need. Dan drank some. We saw ~~Tom~~ Toma use a root in such a way, I think, not to drink. Ask John.

At this village we met a Bushman and his 2 wives who had come to visit the Bakalahari and found them gone. They came with us to our camp spot and spent the night. The man gave me information on the stars. He has a name for Saturn which is now in Libra - as Demi did. He called the Milky Way God's path. See notes.

The 3 last men at Manatse who talked to Laurence said at Chukudu there was lots of game and many Bushmen and lions and no water. The lions they said were eating the Bushmen. (2nd or 3d time we have heard this.)

The country we are travelling through is grass covered veld. There are areas of thorn and yellow bush. The sand is white. We travel about 25 miles a day.

Bushman met at village where Bakalahari had left whom we saw on the path. The Bushman looks mixed Makalahari and Bushman. The 2 women look Bushman. He says he is Bushman of the Ba kute. Theunis says //Ganakwe are the ones called this by the Bakalahari. Dabe says that this is a name given by the Bakalahari. Dabe says the /Gikwe and //Ganakwe are called this. The Bushman tells Dabe he is //Ganakwe. The women say they are //Ganakwe.

The man's name is Nwahetse (my spelling) Ngwagetse (Ledimo's). There is another village not far - to northwest of Bakalahari. This village is Manatse. The one to the north !Kusi. L. thinks it is Komodimo.

The names of the women - Genitsu (hard g) the elder, and Rukan. Are they his wives? Yes. Where does he come from? He points - Bah pe. It means a stone or a hill. He does not know Kudumulapswe? No. Komodino? Kungwane? No.

(Scarification on women - little all way up outside of legs. None on face.)

There is a pan here at Manatse. What is the hole? For baby goat. Water root - a big one.

The name of their slender yellow dog with its tail curled like a spring is Tsetsabe, which Ledimo says means antelope and which Laurence says is a swamp antelope. - Tse Se be is dog's name.

Baby is named /Twama ðn. They have 5 children. Others left at home - left with an old man.

In the evening we gave a pot of meat, tobacco, water. They were at the fire. I am asking about the stars and stories. He heard of the story of the moon and the hare but has forgotten it. Did his wife know? He said that his wives would not know something he did not know.

Group: 1 young man, 4 women, 1 young woman, 10 children. The 3 men of the group are away to gather tsi.

A woman told us (at this point Ledimo, LKM and I) that all the Bushmen who were here died about 2 years ago of small pox. ~~This~~ That it is small pox is established by her description of the disease, making pusu spots all over.

Ledimo is talking Sechuana. The woman is talking Bakalahari. The word of the sickness in the language is Sekgwarikgwari. The exact word is Sekgaga. Does the woman know this? No.

Laurence asked what her little daughter's name is. Basikwe. She says her children were dying and she gave no name to this one. Basikwe is a nonsense name. Kai kibo kupe. I donot ask for it. Is name of other Kastogela - I lef it.

They say the Bushmen who used to be here spoke the same language /Gishay was talking. Then Se/kakwe Se/Ka:Kwe. Ba/Ka:Si. A man at said the Bushmen around here were Ba/Ka:Si (Look up notes.) These are not the same as the //Ganakwe - /Gikwe. The Bushmen who lived here were reared by Rakgantshang. He was a Makalahari. His father was Se/oi/we. She does not know because she is young, but she thinks the Ba/Ka:Kwe are not the same as /Gikwe. She says people who do not know the languages

well think that /Gikwe and //Ganakwe are the same, but they are not the same. There is a difference. Is Se/Ka:Kwe different from both /Gikwe and //Ganakwe? She says now it is the same as //Ganakwe.

Theunis Berger says the Nahrú word for people who live in the veld is /Ka:Kwe.

The prefixes Ba, Ma, Se are Sechuana. I put them in because the information is coming this way. Ma = 1 person. Ba = 2. Se = language.

They told Theunis and all, while we were all listening, that to the north are Bushmen but that there are hundreds of lions in that area. Theunis asked /Gishay how long it would take to go there in a truck (they said a day to walk). /Gishay said there were huge holes and the truck could not go - much to Theunis' amusement.

/Gishay knows these people. He grew up with some of them and is related. Theunis was offended with us that, after he walked off and /Gishay followed, we continued with Ledimo instead of calling him back.

A woman spoke to us. Laurence asked what her little daughter's name is. Basikwe. She says her children were dying and she gave no name to this one. Basikwe is a nonsense name.

The woman who spoke to us is the sister of the headman's wife. Our speaker comes from Kudumulapswe, where her husband is now, to visit her sister. The sister has had yaws or cancer of the nose. Our speaker is a niece of the blind woman, Nakazan, at KuKama, who is the wife of the late Ramaila. Our speaker's mother was the younger sister of Nakazan. (All this heard once. Not checked.) She is also the niece of Itutang, the man we did not meet at Kungmane. She says Itutang lives at Kudumulapswe and is there now.

They are reluctant to have us visit their village. They make excuses.

The village is 1 1/2 miles from Chakudu Pan

The young man is the one who first came with /Gishay. He wears mine boots. His elder sister is Ba:li. His younger sister is Habakiati. Habankiaki is the way it is pronounced in Bakalahari. Ledimo says the word in Setswana is pronounced Habanthate. It means "They do not like (or love) me."

The young man and Dabe are speaking //Ganakwe. The young man's name is Tuelo. He pronounces it in Sekgalagadi - Kuelo. People are Bakgalagadi in Setswana they change a T to a K. Tuelo means payment. Does Tuelo speak Setswana? Ans. He was born here and lives here and does not speak Setswana. How did he learn Nahru. He does not know it. They are speaking //Ganakwe. Dabe knows that too.

Abolatsaha - he does not know what it means. His younger sister.

Baipono - his younger brother. In Setswana Baiponi. It means "People see themselves." For instance a mirror is seiponi - it sees itself.

Kxaodushela - Dabe says the word means "I am leaving you" or "I leave you." Ledimo says Kxachothuhela means "I leave you." The above name means "I leave it." Kxaoduschela is the young man's younger sister.

His father's name is Shekxalabu'i. They do not know what it means. His //Ganakwe name is /Kueioh. He is away gathering tsi. What is their word for tsi? /tui - a long u and a little high, with a little guttural sound. It sounds separate from the i. The i pulled long. Not the name /Qui of Gautscha which is a short word and all one piece.

His mother's name is Haukikue. Haulikue in Setswana. Gaolekwe. Ledimo thinks it might be that it is a word referring to god, meaning God is not tempted.

Nis MoSi is Mogatsipoze (woman who gave John sound sync.) Her Mo and Fa were cured by a Bushman medicine man. When she was born they gave her this name which means Wife of Poze.

No sheu. His Fa y. Br. A //Ganakwe name. How is it he has a //Ganakwe name? His mother was a //Ganakwe. Is he away with Tuelo's father gathering tsi? No, he is here. We spoke to him last night. (He looks pure Bushman.)

!Ngwa aie ya is the y Br of /Noshua (/Nosheu).

Zuba or Zoba - the wife of above. The da of Zoba is Topa. Daroma (rolled r) is Da of /Nosheu. Nu~~Ma~~ aieya is wife of /Nosheu.

Where did he get his boots. His uncle in Rakolo (?) gave him them.

Dance circle - was seen like a Bushman one in abandoned village of Manatse. No circle seen here, but Tuelo says they have medicine dances.

Nu~~Ma~~ aie ya's younger sister is Buakile mu//gai. Has this name a meaning? He does not know. Is that a //Ganakwe name? Yes.

Kiu e//oi is his Fa y Si. Huama is the husband of Kiu e//oi. Where is Huama? Away with T's Fa, getting tsi. Who else is with Tuelo's Fa?

5 people in all - Tuelo's Fa, Shekxalabui; #Tau; Huama, Hu of Kaie//oi; //Kuakwe/ !Ngwaaieya, y Br. of /Nosheu. Who is #Tau? His mother terms him brother, so he terms #Tau his uncle. What terms do he and his Mo use for #Tau?

/Nosheu - does he live here all the time? No, he is visiting. He comes from 60 miles away. He said last night from the east.

//Kxamhe is the man who was here with /Nosheu last night. Is he related to Tuelo? //Kxamhe uses the term uncle for Tuelo's father. What is that term? Ba/twa.

What is the name of this village where the huts are? He gives the word for village. It is //E. Ans. When people come they say they are coming to /Kueich's village. What language do they talk together at home? //Ganakwe. (Tuelo seems unafraid of us.)

Checked terms: Fa, ba: Mo, gieshi e Br., gياهو yBr, debaho
son, ba:e Da, ba:

//Khan/ai is other Bushman woman. No, another name was given by Theunis. Maybe she has 2 names.

Mutchungwe is the man from the east with the beard. He is brother of !Noseu's father.

Chue//twa (I have it Kue//oa. She is the one who was with M. for

sound sync.) She is a sister of !Noseu. Her mother's name, Na!uri. She was a //Ganakwe. Her father's name, Lakoha (European) He was Makalahari. These are also the Mo and Fa of !Nosue.

Chue//twa lives always here. !Noseu belongs to them but goes away often. Where is !Noseu's wife? Looking for tsi. Does she usually stay here with them. She has been living where !Noseu came from - day before yesterday, but goes with him wherever he goes.

The Bushman girl who made snuff is We~~K~~Kebi. Who is her mother? //NaiKue. She is dead.

Who were the 2 who came for pictures? One was Kue//oa. The other //Kaotsum//ghe. Who is Kue//oa? His FaSi. Her other name - Kxaoguela.
Kiue//oi

Who is //Kaotsa//ghe? His Mo y Si. Does she have another name? No, Yes, she does. Mogatsipoze. (What confusion is here we never straightened out.) What term does Tuelo use for Kiue//oi? FaSi? Ma: What term does he use for //Kaotsa//ghe? Gieshi.

Do they have medicine dances in this village? Yes, they do. Do they have the gemsbok? Yes. Do they have fire dance? Yes. What other? Dove. Giraffe, I asked? No. Ostrich, I asked? No.

Dabe says children of //Kaotsa//ghe are called giahoo and debaoo by Tueloo. Dabe says children of Kiue//oi - Tueloo - geaoo and debaoo. Dabe says he heard them terming this. (It is not clear who calls whom these terms in the last sentence. EB)

We want to know if his Fa has more than 1 wife and if FaFa had more than 1 wife - i.e. was Mo of Shekxalabui same woman as Mo of !Nosheu.

Is ≠Tau Tueloo's MoBr?

/Gishay lived with these people. The woman with the eaten nose is Haokikwe. Has she another name? No. /Gishay terms her

Mmakorobole is other name for Mogatsipoze. This name was her son's name. She is called mother of Korobole. The son is dead. She is younger than her sister, Haukikwe. What term does Tueloo use for Mmakorobole? They give a Setswana term - gie /toa (hard g). Does he use a //Ganakwe term too? Mmakorobole does not know //Ganakwe. Haukikwe speaks //Ganakwe because it is the language of her servant? Who is her servant? ~~Mmakikwe~~ Mmakorobole says they are no more living. They all died except one whose name is Mohopo and he is away getting tsi. Does Mohopo have another name? Yes, ≠Tau.

Shekxalabui's mother's name? Mogamorapedi. Shekxalabui's Fa? Lckgoa. This word means a European. Was he a European? No, a Machuana. Did

Lckgoa have 2 wives? She thinks not. Is /Nosheu related to Shekxalabui? He is Shekxalabui's father's son, by another mother. /Nosheu has a brother - not son of Shekxalabui.

Tuelo has here the following relatives:

e Si	Bali
y Si	Habukiate
y Br	Baipono
Fa y Br	/Nosheu
" " "	!Ngwaaie ya
Fa y BrDa	Zoba (da of !Ngwaaieya)
" " " "	Daroma (Da of !Nosheu)
Fa y BrWi	Nu/Ma aieya
Fa y Si	Kiue//oi - term Ma
Fa y SiHu	Huama
Mo y Si	//Kaotsa//ghe - term gieshi - i.e. Mo

children of Kiue//oi

children of //Kaotsa//ghe

Who is Kue//Kua or Kue//Koa? Is she related to the 2 sisters? She is a sister of /Nosheu. Is We/Kebi related to her? Her father was brother of Kue//koa - but not related by blood, just by terms.

Mogatsipozi showed us her hoe - like a little spade thrust into the handle. She kneeled and cleared grass with it.

All day she has been patient and obliging - a charming subject to photograph as she was yesterday in the sound sync.

She got seeds, on request, and walked about dropping one into a hole. She dug with her feet. She covered the seed over with her foot. Took 2 steps and did it again. Carrying her child.

The goats and kids are kept in separate kraals. They have about 30 goats. In the morning the kids were let into the kraal - after the goats had been slightly milked. The kids had a frantic drink. Then the goats were taken to the veld to graze and the kids spent the day eating melon rinds. About 4 the goats came back. The kids heard them and ran in a bleating line each to its mother to butt and suck and butt against the mothers' bags.

- X = Thorn fence
- O = Skerm
- ||| # Tall branches behind a sitting place
- a # donkey's tree

Plan of Village

13 huts



2 visitors came - /Gikwe Bushmen from a place 15 miles east - at a pan. There are 7 in his village - Gookaogh Guxao. The man //Gaka and his wife and 2 children. And his son /Kao/Ko and his wife and one child. They left this morning to come here.

The visitors do not know there is water in !Kushi. They do not want to go there, even though they are told now. The elder one has black over his eyebrows and on his cheeks. L.K. said they had enough water, didn't they? They said they ate the water root and anyone could see from their stomachs that they were hungry and thirsty.

372
825
-117

LJM

JOURNEY NOTES, June, 1955

June 21 p. 45

The visitors produced fire sticks and made fire. He got smoke in seven seconds. He rolled for 60, making a pile.

The rolling stick is made of !Nai!Nai in Nahru. In Afrikaans it is called vaalbos - gray bush. Cataphractes is its botanical name (Bob.)

The lower stick here (of the 2 /Gikwe Bushmen) was Grewia wood. Nahru name is //gani; the Afrikaans name is Suurbessie bos - sourberry bush.

Dan to take picture of fire stick.

~~Bob~~ Bob purchased fire sticks for a box of matches and a Nescafe tin of tobacco.

Now that the sun is setting the children have got up to run about and play chase. 4 of them about 3 are running.

All day they sat by their mothers and nursed or dug into tsama melons. Those of 5 or 6 opened tsamas for themselves with digging sticks. They gathered about perhaps 3 together, dipping out the pulp - and like the adults saving the seeds to be roasted, pounded and eaten.

In the middle of the afternoon two of the children, those of the headman's wife, were given a drink of milk, milked from the goats this morning. The person who gave the milk was the young Bushman girl servant.

Boy with boots was given the boots at Rckoba by his uncle whom he visited there. It is about 170 miles to north, said Theunis.

John is taking picture of horns with the headman's brother !Nosheu holding them.

Inside the huts people keep stores of tsamas. There were about 240 tsamas lying in the sitting place.

' This is our wedding anniversary, the . The people were utterly obliging and pleasant. At about sunset they said they must get firewood and at the end of Laurence's giving tobacco and 4 bits of candy to each they said they were hungry, that they had not been able to go out to get food. With Dabe their spokesman, they asked to be given food. Theunis was in favor. They discussed hunting and Laurence was agreeable, but then they said that we would give our meat.

Things hanging at Kxola.

Fly swatter

Bits of hide for patches

4 horns - brains are kept for tanning skin (brai - Theunis word
for it) They are the horns of cattle

Skulls - springbok and steenbok skulls.

Axe, like a Bushman axe

European axe - scraper

Forked stick

Heavy piece of iron rail - from a wagon. (The word for iron is
!Kei Na - !Kei rhymes with ray)

Piece of iron for pounding - Badoro

Theunis says they sleep around the fire in cold weather in the Kxotla.

Snuff making. Pictures taken.

Tobacco ground in broken piece of with a red stone. Mixed with a bit of ashes from fire, then with moisture from the pulp of the water root (in //Ganakwe called Bi), squeezed into the container, stirred with the empty pod of a bean. She has volunteered to do all this.

/ga is the one we saw at Kukane which is poison if uncooked, edible if cooked. It was put in the ash to cook at Kukane. It is pulpy white. It is not a water root.

Bi is scraped, the pulp squeezed. We have pictures of it being drunk, and a woman cooling herself by rubbing it over herself and pouring the juice down her nose, catching it with a thrust-out lower lip.

Snuff was put into a cartridge shell with a stopper of grass. She takes it out with a little stick. The girl's name is We/tibi.

Musical instrument observed is the one they pluck. In //Ganakwe and native language Sestwana Setenkana and Sekalahari and //Ganakwe. (??* It is played with a tin can as a sounding board. Tin is bound around the top and a hole in the side.

John got a picture of sifting tsama melon seeds which had been roasted in ashes on the mat. Then pounding with a pounding stick enlarged at both ends. Bob says he has seen this shape at the eastern Cape.



The mat is about 18" long by 12" wide. It is made of reeds bound with string. The string is made of vegetable fiber. Sansevieria. Wide leaves mottled green and yellow. This is the fiber they use for the string.

They sieve the seeds from the ashes by tapping the mat and rubbing the seeds with their hands.

Bob says they peel the husk off the beans after they are roasted but these tsama seeds they pound with the husks on.

From the back of a cigarette box, notes taken by Laurence the morning they went to buy the kaross.

Purchases

kaross (man's) - paid a blanket and a knife

musical instrument - paid a piece of wire and a knife

fire sticks - Bob, a box of matches and a Nescafe tin of tobacco

pants - gave pants - old ones of LKM

kaross (man's) - blanket, a cotton one

Root was given to Bob - //ga, edible root.

(Note below from L.K.'s cigarette box - Theunis.) Other Bushman woman Nga osi. Her Fa was Makalahari, her Mo was /Gikwe. She is /Gishay's MoSi. /Gishay is married (?) !Noseu's aunt. Wexebe is niece of /Gishay's wife. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

X/gaga is from a pan 20 miles E of camp. He is not a relation but friend of Bushmen here. He never saw a match before. He saw the Vernag Lang Expedition. They gave him tobacco at Kaotwe. His son has been to Kudu-molapswe. This man and his son arrived at the village at Chukudu on the afternoon of June 21, while John and all of us were working there. L.K. says they come from 20 miles east. They are /Gikwe.

Wexebe (the girl with the shaved head with 2 delicate lines of hair left to ornament it) is the wife of Tuelo. She is //Ganakwe, her Fa and Mo both being so. Her Fa grew up near Chukudu; her Mo grew up in Thussi. Wexebe's Fa is a Br of !Nosheu's Mo. (Theunis spelling Nxosoi. Does this mean for !Nosheu?) !Nosheu's Mo Twex/on. Kue//oa is a Si of !Nosheu - born of the same Mo and same Fa. She is the one who squeezed the root. (This makes her the sister of Tuelo's father.)

Mat'mwe (Makalahari) or X/gambe (//Ganakwe) - 2 names, bearded man who came with !Nosheu is the brother of !Nosheu's Fa, also therefore Br of Shekxalabui's Fa.

Ostrich eggs were found cached at an abandoned werft this morning near camp by Ledimo and Heinrich. Dan took pictures. The egg shells were buried in ashes of an old fire. Ledimo says the reason may be that ants do not eat things that are in the ashes. A gemsbok had dug up two of the shells. Ledimo and Heinrich found others below the ash. We are leaving them now as is for John to take a movie before examining if any have water in them. We are leaving a tin of tobacco on top of the shells.



The abandoned werft has 8 skerms.

The circle is where the fire was where the ostrich egg shells were found. There were fires for each skerm and piles of bean shells.

There was a //ga root left in one skerm. In front of or beside the skerms are many

of the bean shells. One skerm, No. 6, had thorny branches placed all around its back. The skerms were rain skerms, well grassed and braced, but small. Two about 5'4", others only up to my chin, fairly rounded and closed. One had branches on top.

Yesterday, nearer the pan, John took movies in the evening of an abandoned werft for the poetic value. It was a pathetic looking group of skeletons of skerms.

The skerms this morning are very strongly made. Large branches closely set and well placed in the ground. Woven at top. No different from Gautscha type but well done. Deeper and more round than winter skerms usually were at Gautscha.

Ledimo found one skerm with an ostrich egg hidden in the grass near the top. Heinrich found another. Some quiver bark was found by Ledimo. A tree is nearby - called Mokgwegwele in Setsewana. Get name in other languages.

Why do they put the egg shells in ashes. To keep them from the wolves. Theunis says that wouldn't keep wolves (i.e. hyenas) away. He had one tip over the boys' pot at Sihutway. He scoffed the meat, T. says.

There are 6 eggs in the ashes. Two others are hidden in the tops of the skerms.

* Thuenis and /Gishay at plot.

/Gishay, ans. to question, says Bushmen planted this plot. He says, ans. to question, that Bushmen plant melons. When did he see? When he was a young man before he was married he saw Bushmen plant. One of /Gishay's children died near Okwa Omuramba near here. His father died there too.

These are ordinary melons - Makatana melons and tsama. They had seeds of both. Makatana seeds are red. Do they eat all the seeds? Yes. The plot is 30 x 50. Has brush around. Did the Bushmen always put brush? Yes, to keep steenbok out, etc. 2 old worn through pans. And 2 sticks to make snares for steenbok.

What kind of an ax cut the fence - the adze type /Gishay says - that looks like a hoe.

There is a big hole dug by Bushmen after an ant bear. Porcupine it might be.

A Bushman last night, June 24, 1955, was hiding near what Theunis calls "the lands", the melon plot. When Theunis and /Gishay came looking about he ran and hid. They found his spoor.

If people found tobacco left like that would they be afraid to touch it or what? They would not touch it. They would fear it was Europeans trying to kill them. They would go away from this place and never come back.

Theunis and /Gishay at abandoned werft.

There is a root in one of the skerms, freshly picked. Theunis says a week or so. /Gishay does not know what it is. There are many of the brown bean shells. Theunis calls it wild coffee - /Ni~~Ke~~.

-117 825
312

Theunis and /Gishay

I

What is the brush around the skerms. It is a protection against lions. What is his interpretation of fact it is around this skerm and not others? These must have been more scared. What about the two which are touching. For protection from lions - to help each other quickly.

Ostrich eggs in ashes. /Gishay says this is a main village, that they ran out of water, buried the empty shells till the rains come again. This is a sign they will be back.

Laurence asked if /Gishay heard us and were going to run away where would he run? /Gishay says he would not run away. That these people are just dogs. He now says something that causes Theunis to giggle and him to roll on the ground. It is about the tobacco. They won't come back till the rains he says.

I asked about the size. /Gishay says these are "low class" not much human beings - /au /Xgaua "wild" (Theunis words are in /Xgaua) The huts are small, he says. He feels more civilized.

To go on with the planting. When he was a boy did he live near Bakalahari people? He says his grandfather was a Bakalahari. He bought cattle from Rabobs and Letlaking and goats, and gave them to /Gishay to look after. /Gishay used to travel with the cattle. In the rains he would go to pans to stay till the water was finished, then he would go where there were tsama melons and stay till they were finished, and so go on. He found it very hard with the cattle. So his grandfather decided to move to Ngamiland with the cattle. On the way they met natives who said they could not cross into Ngamiland, that their cattle would be shot. So they turned back and lost most of the cattle from thirst on the trip back. The rest they took to Letlaking and left there. There are still some of the cattle there. He returned here and lived with other Bushmen till he found life too hard and decided to move nearer Europeans. When they were on the track they had ox wagons (an ox wagon?) which is still lying west from here. The oxen died. They had to leave the wagon.

His grandfather (Laurence figures) would have been a young man in 1860. L. asks if he ever saw the Boers. Yes. They picked up his grandfather in the veld and he guided them to Ngamiland in ox wagons. Did his grandfather ever say the names of any of the people? Tom was one Caselis. They bought gemsbok tails and gave blankets for them, up to 15 bob.

-117
159
177

LJM

JOURNEY NOTES, June, 1955

June 25

p. 60

Theunis and /Gishay

Did his grandfather stay and live in Leilaking when he took his cattle there? The cattle stayed with the grandfather's sister's son. Where did his grandfather go? He stayed till the first rains, then came back here, where he died. Was it /Gishay who took the cattle back to the grandfather's sister's son? He and Tuelo's Mother and his Brother-in-law moved the cattle. He left the cattle - i.e. /Gishay - and came back and lived. They got hungry and killed some of the cattle in the veld and had some meat. Why did he take the cattle back after his grandfather's death? He got thirsty again, he decided to take the cattle and not bring them out again. Are any of them his? He did have some but he does not know now.

Was the grandfather hisMMoFa or FaFa? Father's father. HisFaMowas Bushman. She was Kō from Okwa. Her name? Gio/Kai.

177
241

Theunis and /Gishay

Do all the Bushmen of this area plant melons? Yes. As a child he saw them eat a melon, put the seeds in their pocket and plant them when the rains start. ~~They~~ They chose a pan which holds water after the rain. They live on the rain water while the melons grow.

How do they prepare the ground? They take the grass out like the woman at Chukudu with a digging stick. Do men or women prepare the land? Both. He used a thing like the woman. Wild Bushmen use digging sticks. Both men and women plant.

Real Bushmen who never were in contact with natives would not plant, /Gishay says in ans. to question.

Can cattle live on melons? If they get enough. This is how, T. says, they could take cattle through the Kalahari to market. Have to have a lot.

Where would he find some? He said he would have to look and look. What does he need for equipment to start this. What Theunis said was what payment would he want. He laughed and said it was difficult and he might not find any.

Skerm at abandoned rain-time werft., with egg shell and heavy branches on top. The branches of its structure are firmly set in ground. Are as close together as can be. Skerm is about 5'6" to apex, about 6' in diameter.

We took interior black and whites^{and} movies of the interior lighted by reflectors.

422

177

On the way to the melon field Bob found the place where the Bushman who ran away had been living. They had run leaving all their possessions.

List of things left:

Wide fire paddle, tied with net like an arrangement of fiber rope with quiver and a stringless bow.

Digging stick, well sharpened.

Carrying bag with things in it.

Sieve mat

2 small karosses

large carrying bundle in carrying net wrapped in a skin with hair left on

another bow and arrow - this bow is strung with quiver, hunting bag and small kaross

6 small melons by bundle, 13 by mat

beans in shells in some profusion.

The spot shows 4 fireplaces. There are 3 cucumbers by the outside, west end fireplace. Theunis and /Gishay did not report this spot. They saw footprints of a man who ran, crawled on his knees under a bush, ran again. There were footprints of women and children too. Theunis pointed those out in the melon patch.

Theunis, Elizabeth, John, Wilhelm, /Gishay left at 8:30 this morning in one of the G.M.C.'s to approach the next pan more quietly than the whole caravan approaches. John hopes for movies, Elizabeth for a sight of lions, Theunis and all for Bushmen.

While we were photographing two Bushmen appeared. Their first word was "Morrow." They had been looking for cucumbers and heard the lorries and came along. They stopped at the village after we left - i.e. at Chukudu. They followed us.

They come from the west. Laurence asks how many sleeps. One night's sleep to west. One has a large breechclout, one a small one. The large one has fringe and has tipped tabs. Do they know people? Their wives are where they started from. How many people are there where they live? Two women and one baby. The young man's baby.

Do they know the people who left this place? He does not know them. They are speaking /Gikwe. They are of this nation. Dabe and Bob are interpreters. They heard the lorries at sunrise this morning.

The Bakalahari found Dabe's jacket after we left at Chukudu.

These 2 who do not know who ran away look at the place and say they left day before yesterday. They say they will wait till everything is quiet and then come back.

The young man is scarified. 9 on left arm, 1 center of chest above breasts, 2 on each side under breasts. 1 middle of back.

1 more on left arm above wrist, vertical 4" long. Head very closely shaved. In this condition it does not show peppercorns. scarification on right arm. On forehead between eyebrows.

The scarifications are \\\|\\| \| about so life size, showing vertical cuts fairly wide apart.

Laurence asked if they wanted water. They thought we were asking for some and said there was none about. When it was clear they said they would like some.

The young man has very Bushman ears. I asked how they determined that the Bushmen left 2 days ago. Bob asking Dabe answers by the age of the fire. When I wanted to know if they could show me something about the fire that would teach me how they knew Bob answered that he thought they put 2 and 2 together, knowing we had arrived 2 days ago. He did not ask them.

L.K. asked if they knew any of the Bushmen hereabouts. They know the ones we saw at Chukudu, but know no one here. They know the 2 men who came the 2nd day, the Fa and son. Their names they say are //Ga'aka and /Au o kxo.

Is there game here, Laurence asks? They have been hungry for a long time they say. They do not have bows and arrows with them. There is so much a lack of game. Do they have assegais? No. This is where my doubts begin.

L.K. Has this man any brothers? He has one near Chukudu (Bob pronounces it Chukudu.) He says that his brother is the Fa of the tall mixed boy. His son went to get tsi. What is the name of his son? !Naru ku kwe. The name of this man is U Kone. The young man is !Gae.

Later Ledimo, LKM and I asked if they know Shekxalabui. Yes. They give his //Ganakwe name ~~ix~~ as /Kueich. This checks.

Haotsuko is the name of his wife, they say. The name they gave for the visitor //Gaka and his son. It checks. o.k. /Nosheu they say is the brother of /Kueioh. This checks. /Kueioh and others are half Bakalahari. These 2 men are Bushmen. !Nosheu's mother is of their people.

Do they know #Tau? Yes, Are they related? Yes. Where did he go? Are they back at Chukudu? They left to go there. They are now at Chukudu. When? He says they arrived the day we left. Shekxalabui heard our shot before they arrived home. Came to see, found us gone. They have donkeys. They passed to the east. Was it at Okwa they heard us? They slept at the Okwa.

Laurence asked again what were the names of the people here. They say they do not know the people here. Laurence laughs and says "e". Have they gone to the tsi place in the past? (I know they said they did not go on this trip.) They say they do not know the place. Though the place is far they would have gone, but are staying here and watching the snares.

Note: They are saying they are snaring in an area where they do not know the people. Nothing makes sense yet.

End of notes taken Sunday morning.

In the night I thought of leadership while I was not sleeping. I'm a wee bit sick. A leader, I thought, does not order people about or force them with disciplinary measures, threats or promises. He receives them when they come saying, "We wish to do this thing. You have the ability to help us. Come with us." That is what we would all do with Laurence and with John. A leader's plans and exhortations are then in the nature of showing the way and helping. The fact that I differ in so many shades and degrees with Laurence about the boys' welfare and rewards does not alter the basic situation.

When we had met the Bushman at Manatse Laurence and I had asked him about distances and what people were nearby. Theunis had told /Gishay to bring him. He meant to show the way out of the pan. We thought he meant to bring him to camp. Theunis took offense and said that he and /Gishay thought we did not have confidence in their guiding and were turning to a strange Bushman instead.

In the morning of Saturday, June 18, we came to !Kusi Pan. There was water in a round shallow mud hole about 100 feet in diameter, perhaps 8-10 inches deep. There had been springbok and wild pig on the pan. They fled before the jeep with John, Elizabeth, /Gishay and Theunis bouncing and veering after them. We all drove up to the water hole. Off from the loads came tires, grease pails, pumps, hoses, in preparation for filling

empty drums. Along with it all came the 2 lion skins. Dabe and /Gishay sat down amidst the pumping and people nathing and Elizabeth washing her hair and at Theunis' orders skinned the lion paws.

The air was sweet. The pan was covered with grass. The rim of the pan was covered with gray thorn. The world was perfectly quiet except for our own cheerful and moderate din.

There were 26 miles between us and Chukudu pan, now. We travelled on from one to 6, and camped, having made 18 more miles during the afternoon. The sand is soft, but not too. There is brush and thorn and grass, but the ground is not very difficult. However, that was our time.

A conference led to a different order of travel. Our order up to this point had been the jeep first, with John and his camera, Elizabeth because she wished to be there, Theunis standing up holding the windshield, /Gishay to show the way. Behind them came Laurence and I in the green Dodge with Wilhelm on the fender and Dabe on top, alert to reach down for whatever peanut or toffy I held up to him. We ground along in low at 2 miles an hour. The jeep spoor does not fit ours, nor any other in the convoy. Then came Danny driving the red Dodge with Ledimo on top. Then came the 2 elephants. Philip rode on Bill's. Simon and Heinrich on Cass Kruger's.

We changed the order. Laurence had Bill's elephant go first. It made a good spoor for us. We did not heat up so much, and instead of having an air lock every half mile it was an hour or more between. After the G.M.C.

came Elizabeth and the jeep, then us, then Dan, then Cass. We made much better time. The sight of the elephant and jeep ahead is a delight. John took to riding on the elephant to be in the front car for photos. Philip and he make an interesting silhouette. Wilhelm carries a branch. He pretends he is driving oxen and switches them with his branch. He indicates the spoor with it too. The ponderous elephant makes a deep visible fine spoor and everyone can follow it without having to stop and search. All the trucks track this time except the jeep, but other trucks like Allions or Chevs won't. The Government was so glad we were coming through here. It did not come to their attention that our track is especially wide.

Speaking of the Government, I neglected to mention that Laurence enjoyed meeting Mr. McKenzie, the D.C. at Mefeking. He finds him an interested and understanding person. Mr. McKenzie asked about Laurence's women (Elizabeth and me) and what sort we were to travel to Luhututu, etc. He says he doubts if more than 3 white women ever were through that road. Laurence's description of us was that we were small and very wiry.

I wish I felt wiry now. I've been a bit sick and I feel as low and depressed as ever I did. I can't care what people do and want to do nothing myself but crawl away into a silent hole - a warm one. I think Professor Maingard must have suffered from the kind of depression I'm feeling now.

The lion skins have begun to smell. It was amusing last evening to see all the young people clambering over the G.M.C. looking with flashlights for the smell. Bill in his booming voice called to Dabe to get those lion skins out of camp. They are Theunis' present for his bride. He cherishes them. Bill's not speaking to him about them, Bill's tone of antagonism as he shouted an order to Dabe about Theunis' possession, offended Theunis again. His released spirits, ~~gaily~~ gaiety, his new being with us and participating in the talk, his little laugh so like a giggle and so near the surface ready to bubble out vanished like the flame of a candle and he went to bed without having dinner with us. He turns to Elizabeth for a helpmeet. She is that to us all. She gave me a hug, both her arms around me, to cheer me up. It does unfailingly.

Tomorrow we shall reach Chukudu Pan. This has been our objective since March. It is like an explorer reaching the Pole - our goal. What Laurence has been told to expect is much game, so much that Bushmen can live without a water hole, from the moisture in the rhumen of the bucks they kill and from water roots and tsama melons. They will inevitably be without much contact with Europeans. Only 3 times have Europeans passed through this country. They are 128 miles from the Ghanzi farm lands and about 230 from a European settlement at Molepolole. We have travelled 8 days, having calculated that the trip would take 3 days. We are impressed the more by the effect of time as an aspect of distance.

We are all very tired. Philip has had to stay up after midnight to keep things cooked up for the next day's travel. He has no cook's helper assigned. Wilhelm helps him with the dishes. I think the men know so little about housekeeping that they do not realize how much time things take. Laurence does not want me to put my oar in. He believes so strongly that the person who has been given the job of managing must do it in his own way. Laurence and Bill both go to bed early and do not see Philip up so late. Theunis sees, but feels he is an employed person and his code is to obey and make no suggestions. It strikes me as stemming from the code ~~of~~ they expect of the natives; rather put it the code works 2 ways for an Afrikaaner. We are longing for a stop. I've had wet socks and pants in my box since Molepolole. No good chance to dry them since they

were washed there. If it does not rain, the dew is heavy, as heavy as a light rain at night. Everything is wet every morning.

How long we shall stay depends on what we find. John is hoping for a fine chance at pictures. I am hoping they will fulfill my wished-for theme - little people under the sky; the being at home under any bush; the daily life, the satisfactions and anxieties. If John takes the pictures this can be done. As he says it requires a feeling. The pictures will be catch as catch can what happens. One's feeling does effect what one tries most to catch, as we both think.

The total game we have seen on the trip is 5 eland, 2 giraffe, 3-4 springbok, 2 wild pigs, 1 ostrich. Theunis has shot 1 gemsbok and 2 springbok since Molepolole. He is astonished that the game has moved. He saw thousands when he came through before. We have regretted each day more and more our not taking the opportunity to take motion pictures of the game in the Luhututu area. In this country one should assume nothing and grab every chance.

Sunday, June 19

We were up before dawn and packed and off by 8:30. It takes us about 2 1/2 to 3 hours. There are the trucks to tend to, fill with gas, or tires to repair, tents to take down, food to prepare. Everybody works. I work on notes or on the dawn stars with my star map while the others stir about.

We had good fortune and good going. Theunis is driving the front elephant. John and /Gishay, Wilhelm and Philip are on top. Elizabeth, alone in the jeep, is driving behind the elephant. She looks so pretty in her little vehicle, just the right size for her. Her blue-green shirt is lovely with her bronze skin and hair.

At 10 Theunis got out and came back to us saying this was a famous spot. It is a valley called Xgakgaru. We were on the far (i.e. northwest) slope of it. Theunis kicked around in the grass and sand looking for something. This was where he split a cylinder head on his 1952 trip. He fixed it with doap and went on. He was looking for the traces of their working there in the sand.

It is nothing short of a miracle that we can travel for eight days in a sea of brush and grass, one spot distinguishable from another only by most observant and attentive people with fine memories, and come to the spot, the very spot, under the very tree, where years before Theunis stopped to repair his truck.

True - up to Manatse we followed a clear footpath of the Bakalahari people kept open by their feet and the feet of the donkeys and the game. Game loves a path. In the morning it is my delight to walk back along the spoor to see who has been abroad in the night. (Did I tell about the leopard and hyena tracks - away back - coming to a fork in the road? The

hyena went to the right, the leopard to the left. Presently the leopard crossed over and followed along the right path where the hyena walked. Dan said he could just hear the hyena say, "Let's take this path" and the leopard crossing over say "O.K.")

At 10:30 we arrived at Chukudu. We all got out and walked on the pan. It is not an open pan. It is overgrown almost entirely with the gray thorn bushes with white thorns 2-3 inches long. There is some grass. There are a few dry gray mud holes. It was absolutely silent except for the swish of a cold south wind in the thorns. There was no game, no signs of people. Bill found a cracked ostrich egg shell which I appropriated for Peabody. We stood or sat or walked about a little, letting ourselves settle. After a while Theunis got /Gishay and they found the path to where the people lived whom /Gishay used to know. /Gishay set off and vanished silently into the bush. After another while when an apathy seemed to have its way with us. Theunis thought about where to pitch camp. We chose a spot on the bank, downwind from the pan. I was so tired I went to sleep on top of the cameras. Hours later, as though everyone had been working in the slowness of a dream, the camp was partly set up. Philip brought me a cup of tea, the first since Bill had decreed we should have no tea.

Then I heard someone say, "Here comes a Bushman." I called to Danny to bring a camera and ran around the trucks. There stood /Gishay with a young man, tall, black, with the glorious teeth of the Negro. He wore mine boots. He had Bushman ears, however.

Soon the women came, as /Gishay had asked. This is a Bakalahari group. They knew /Gishay when he was young. He is related to one of the group who is one of three women who look to be pure Bushmen. As at Kukane, there seem to have been Bushman wives taken by Bakalahari men, and there are also Bakalahari women. Two are sisters. One has had cancer or yaws of the nose and is pox marked. The other has unblemished skin. They look, otherwise, exactly alike. Both are beautiful. The 3 men of the group are away gathering tsi.

We talked, first Theunis, Laurence and /Gishay had a time of asking them questions, then Ledimo and I talked a bit, he in Sechuana. Theunis later objected to this, saying this was /Gishay's country and he should talk. But Theunis had walked away and begun doing something else, leaving me sitting there. Ledimo and /Gishay have no common language.

I have a few notes of what was said in this first interview with the people of the village.

When we asked where there were Bushmen the beautiful woman (who is from Kudumalapswe visiting her sister who had the yaws or cancer) said that the Bushmen had all died of smallpox two years ago.

Dan and John broke out the sound synchronization instruments and set them up in the morning. In the afternoon Mogatsipoze and Kue//oa came. /Gishay had been sent to ask them. John and Dan took a sound sync. picture of the 2 women talking. Theunis did a fine piece of work in talking to them. He was out of the picture, bringing out Mogatsipoze's charming smile and gracious response. She is a lovely woman. So is Kue//oa, but M. is particularly so.

Tuesday, June 21

This is our wedding anniversary. Laurence and I have been married for 29 years. Laurence says he is a very lucky fellow and that he is extremely fond of me, bless him.

We went to the village of the Bakalahari people and spent the day working there. John took a photographic record in color movies of their daily doings. Dan took 100 black and white stills. I worked a bit on getting information and have some pages of notes. John took hold of his job magnificently. Elizabeth helped him wonderfully. It was a fine thing to see them working together so vigorously and creatively. Elizabeth gives her whole self and ability. She is so fine, so altogether wonderful. Laurence and I sit together speaking of her often, and hoping she will marry someone who will cherish her.

The Bakalahari people of the group, and the Bushman members of the group and the 4 men who came as visitors (see notes) were all most

obliging and cooperative. They did everything any of us asked, graciously and smilingly. They went to all manner of trouble to do things over, to stop and start at John's request. Mogatsipoze got her hoe and showed John how she would clear land and plant seeds in a patterned motion like a dance.

They went out to look for roots. They scraped the water root they had. I have never had people do so much with such gracious patience and smiling compliance. /Gishay must have given them confidence. He has before - for instance when he told the people at Okwa that we were good folk, saying we were "as good as the government." /Gishay knows the people at Chukudu and is related to one of the Bushman women here. They received Theunis well, these people. His manner with them is not harsh or overbearing. It is clear he would have no nonsense, but he

Laurence would not allow me to give any gifts of cartridge shells or beads or scarves. He is quite clear and sure and fixed in this. He said he regretted not being able to make me happy in this matter. He gave a little tobacco and four pieces of candy to each. No salt, though we had taken the salt over with us. Theunis, however, brought up the fact that the people said they were hungry. He became their spokesman. He and Laurence planned then to give them the meat we had in camp. Since this came from Theunis himself, and we were not going against or overriding what Laurence thinks are his values, nor were we being the ones to give,

this went smoothly. Later Theunis shot a steenbok with a soft-nosed bullet which blew up the middle of the animal into shreds. Its legs and all else were good. Theunis said to give that to the people too. This is a gift he can give of his own giving. He is the hunter and the giver. I was at last content at the people having received something from us commensurate with their giving us so much.

Days later - I am inserting a note that this was the evening when Theunis accused us of using an interpreter other than himself and /Gishay, said we should wait till he returned from hunting to ask any questions. He was in a fury, and turned on me, saying he could not stand Ledimo's snuggling. He said we had moked up all the arrangements about the morning, that the Bushmen from whom we wanted to buy karosses would now run away. Laurence went to talk with Theunis and learned the depth and the reason of his suffering so. He feels that he is a failure, and suspects everybody of saying bad things behind his back about him. He thinks when I work with Ledimo I am going behind his back and checking up on him. I have stopped working with Ledimo (June 27).

Wednesday, June 22

In the morning John took pictures of the digging of a water root. Theunis and Laurence at the village bought a man's kaross - the gay (or gray?) one with the scalloped border which I admired, for a small cotton blanket and a knife. They bought the musical instrument for a piece of

wire and a knife. Bob Storey asked to have fire sticks bought for him. He wanted a Nescafe tin of tobacco to give for them. !Noshue returned with them, saying he wished to sell his kaross for a blanket. I suggested, since it was pants I wanted, i.e. a breechclout, not another kaross, that if we buy the kaross he sell us also his breechclout for a pair of long pants - old ones of Laurence. This was done. I

By one we were ready to leave. Mogatsipoze and the other women had come to say goodbye. They kissed Laurence's and my hands in parting.

The Bakalahari would make an interesting study. Mr. Cardross Grant says to his knowledge little is known about them. They show either an interesting transition in culture - or an adaptation. If they are the more primitive form of the Bechuana culture that would be most interesting to establish. On the other hand, if they once had the same culture as the highly developed Bechuana culture and lost it due, as we have heard, to falling upon bad times of drought and loss of cattle, and as a consequence adapted their culture to this circumstance, that would be interesting to establish. In either case, they are intermarried with Bushmen and their culture is mingled with Bushman culture in the villages we have visited on this route - i.e. Kungmane, KuKama, and this one, Shekxalabui's village at Chukudu Pan. John sees the Bakalahari culture in the aspects we observe in these villages as the perfect transition between the Bushman type and Bakalahari type culture. The digging stick is an example.

There it is the shape of a digging stick, used like a digging stick by a woman sitting on the ground, wielding it like a digging stick, not like a hoe, but with a sidewise motion. (He has movies). However, it is tipped with metal by having a blade thrust into the crack of the wooden handle, as an extension of the handle, not with an angle as a hoe has. It is not bound in, i.e. not hafted). They gather the wild foods as Bushmen do, they plant a little in small fields, dropping the seeds into shallow holes, merely covering them with the foot. They have goats but not cattle. Goats can share their foods - the roots and tsama melons for water, whereas cattle could not. It is an adaptation to dry land certainly.

The mixtures of persons were as follows:

The headman is Makalahari

His wife " "

" " 's sister "

His Sos & Das "

His half Br is half Makalahari and half //Ganakwe

" " Si " " " " " "

" So's wife is //Ganakwe, full-blooded

We left at one, drove 18 miles, camped at 5:30 at Kwale Omuramba. I had a troubled night. There are always things that worry me and in the half conscious state between sleeping and ~~walk~~ waking they drift through my mind. I have a bad conscience about my failings and in addition other things to worry about.

Dabe has had 2 misfortunes. He stepped in the fire and has a second-degree burn on his foot, which Bill is caring for. He also lost his coat. He put it on the jeep ready to go. The jeep started first. The coat has not been found. We fear it fell off. Laurence growled at Dabe when he wistfully told him he had lost his coat. I hope everyone understands what Laurence's growl is composed of. Sometimes as I watch their faces I think they are feeling hurt.

June 23

In the morning I called a conference and said before all that I had a coat which might be lent to Dabe. I thought it an appropriate time as there was still frost all over things. I said I was giving that information for Theunis and Bill to act on as they saw fit. Theunis said we'd see if Dabe complained of the cold. Theunis does not know how plaintively he spoke to Laurence and how Laurence growled at him, though a bit playfully. Bill said he would only consider a loan, not a gift. This led to a conversation about suspicion. Bill thinks I may be wrong in assuming that people suffer from being suspected as much as I assume they do.

What is suspected is that Dabe did not lose his coat with his keys, knife and pipe in it, but that he is deceitfully and slyly pretending to have lost it in order to trick us into giving him another. That could be, but I do not think that Philip or Ledimo suffer less than I think they do if they are suspected. When Philip has a bad headache it is assumed he has some home brew hidden. When Ledimo made a request for something on behalf of the boys sometime ago Bill said he was worried about him at first, but he has been working well now. And there was Theunis' remark about snuggling. It must be a bitter thing to live without possibility of doing anything freely on one's own initiative in such an atmosphere. It is as though people had come into my house where we had had no cause to suspect each other and had brought suspicion of us with them and that we had to endure it and keep our feelings resolved as best we could. I must be very circumspect, lest harm come to one or another of the boys.

I am sitting at sunset on top of the red Dodge reviewing the day. I crave a magic carpet to take us all swiftly from here and place us gently beside Tom and Kisti's fire in Peterborough - or, I forget it is summer there, - to place us in the garden. We have camped on the ridge above Kwale valley. We camped at 10 a.m. only a few miles from where we spent the night. We camped because the spoor was seen of Bushmen and two lions with cubs. Theunis, Elizabeth and John went off and shot a hartebeest to use as a lure. They are going to set it out tonight and in the morning try for pictures. Lions with cubs are much more dangerous than without. Theunis says the male springs on anything that comes to allow the female a chance to get the cubs away.

In the meantime a grass fire has started about 1/2 mile away. The whole camp is cutting and backfiring a fire break. The trucks have been huddled together in the middle of the cleared circle. The wind is swinging around in a whole circle, slowly, gently. It takes an hour to make its round. When it gets behind the fire the thing bears down upon us in black brown billows of smoke. When the wind swings around it subsides.

Night came. Everybody came home. It was /Gishay who had set the fire, lighting his pipe. He found the Bushman werft, but found they had all gone, he thinks about a week ago.

We had a council after breakfast to decide what to do. Our days are few now. Theunis has to be out to be married. We decided to push on, still hoping to find Bushmen, at least to within reach of the road. We shall decide there what to do next. I want very much to get through because of emotional strains, oil, water, petrol, etc., to not too far a point from getting out. If we find Bushmen on the way we can stay long enough to appraise them and perhaps go out to the edge to lay a spoor and come back.

Another day of travel was begun at 10:45. We crossed the Okwa Omuramba, a beautiful place, followed by a stretch of country covered with the high waving golden grass, one of the most lovely sights of the world. The country is empty of people and of animals. A sweet breeze moves.

We took pictures at the Okwa of the place where Theunis spent 3 hours going 1/2 mile on his way through to Molepolole in 1952. The branches still lie in the spoor where he laid them. It is a miracle of memory and observation to have come 270 miles through brush and grass to put the wheels of his truck into the exact spot where the wheels of his truck had passed 3 years ago.

We passed a huge burned-over area, one about 2 miles wide, near it another 1/2 mile wide. Who made the fire? There were, I should have said day before yesterday before we camped at Kwale, 2 fires to be seen on the horizon. That was the afternoon a giraffe followed us, loping gently along beside us, a half mile or so away, his long neck against the horizon. John wanted a picture. He told Danny to shoot off the shot

gun to make the giraffe run more. Dan did, but forgot to hold it to his shoulder. The gun took off into space, hauling Dan with it. Dan caught the edge of the truck and saved himself, letting himself down like a circus performer.

We have seen small birds right along. Must they have access to water? It seems impossible. A pan here where we have stopped had a water pool which is as dry as mud can be now. A bird once tried to fly into a jerry can of water.

At this pan Theunis before saw hundreds of springbok and wildebeest. Now there are none. He does not know why the game has left the country.

/Gishay speaks of having seen the spoor here 36 miles from Chukudu of the party from Chukudu that went to pick tsi. They have donkeys. They were heading northeast.

We camped near the pan. Its name is /Nau /N'u. Theunis had taken a walk around for about 2 hours. John and I had taken pictures of an abandoned werft - a little skeleton of a werft. The trucks left us when they turned off to camp and we walked a mile or so across the veld after them.

Theunis and /Gishay had seen the spoor of Bushmen who had evidently run when they heard our coming.

While we were having cocktails Bill started to operate on Philip*s head

for his headaches. The instruments were all laid out on the kitchen table and Philip was on a stretcher when Laurence and I found out. John just said, "You know what is going on, don't you?" We rushed to stop it, and told Bill that major activities and decisions must be cleared through the leader of the expedition.

Theunis and his brother-in-law, Mr. Drotzki, each drove 3-ton Chevrolet trucks when they came through on the rodent control trip in the government's project to eradicate Bubonic plague. I shall try to put down scraps remembered from his conversation. They were to find if Bubonic plague existed, to kill the rats in the kraal and vicinity, to vaccinate people for smallpox. This they did. They went through to Molepolole, then to Gaberones, where they spent a week having their two trucks repaired, then they returned on their spoor through this dry country.

On the way back in 1952 at Xka Kgaru, just before one reached Chukudu (kudu means turtle - kudu molapswe means muddy place where turtles come) they split a cylinder head. They had a spare with them. (Laurence's version of repairing it with soap was not correct.) Theunis says he knows something about a truck engine, but there was never such a man as Mr. Drotzky - his brother-in-law, for fixing things in the veld. By 11 that night they had replaced the cylinder head and the bearing too, which they found in need of fixing.

Theunis must be one of the bravest of men. It is a horrible thing to work with plague-stricken rats.

Once when plague had broken out on an island, Theunis was sent with a doctor. The doctor ran away. Theunis came out after him and phoned his headquarters saying he would resign on the spot if the doctor didn't come back. He did come back, but it was a long time before he spoke to Theunis.

Theunis has other stories I'd like to remind myself of briefly. There was one time when he came upon 2 police boys in uniform, red bands on their hats and all, when they had shot an eland and were cutting up the meat. Theunis said they "spoke very nicely to him" and offered him meat not to tell. He did not take the meat, but he did not report them.

Last night (June 23, 1955) he told us of finding a truck, 60 miles from anywhere, on the track to Victoria Falls. It was down to the running boards in a mud hole. There was no food or water in it. They took it in tow and 20 miles later came upon its owner. He had started to walk out but could not have made it. When he was rescued, he started on a bottle of brandy and did not stop till he finished it, plying drink upon the whole company, Theunis, his mother, his sister and brother-in-law.

One night when Theunis' uncle was sleeping in the veld, rats made off with his false teeth. His Bushman had to track the rats to their hole and fetch back the false teeth. Theunis says there are 3 kinds of jerbels and a shrew which carry ?

This was the day Bill got lost. He went alone without telling anyone into the veld with a shotgun. We heard a shot about 11. Everyone said, "There is Bill shooting guinea fowl." We had a late lunch, about two. Bill did not come. I, using my usual poor miserable way of murmuring, trying not to be officious or offensive and being instead needling, said maybe he was lost. It was finally decided to shoot from here. Bill had been sitting all day in a tree. When he heard the shots he answered and started toward us. We shot again. He arrived safely in camp. We had a good conference at dinner time about what to do in such circumstances, first of all saying not to go.

We photographed the abandoned werft and took notes, which see.

We had decided to move on. The G.M.C. with Theunis, Eliz., John, Wilhelm and /Gishay started ahead at 8:30 to approach the next pan quietly. We were finishing up some photography, the boys were packing, when Bob Storey found a place where Bushmen were camped. (See notes) Two Bushmen then appeared. Laurence sent Cass and Bob in the jeep to bring back the others, saying 2 Bushmen in the bush are worth a tank of gas. When the party returned we found that they had seen a male lion with a black mane, that Theunis had not shot it, that John got a few feet of film.

We then started to find out about the Bushmen. Confusion was confounded. Bill had said he wanted Ledimo to stay to pack camp, so I didn't have him. Bob found Dabe an inadequate interpreter. Theunis and /Gishay had an interview, we all staying away, not feeling free to be present or to put questions of our own. John and Theunis had such a falling out over it all that Elizabeth had to talk to Theunis next morning. It took from before breakfast till 10 to get Theunis into a state fit to carry on. John said he was blessed in having such a sister. There is no use putting down all the confusion, but one item must be recorded. Theunis says there is a rumor among the Bushmen that 2 Bushmen were caught and put in prison for killing some farmer's horses, and that hearing our trucks they think the police are after them and will run away. The rumor is unfounded. Theunis says he would know if it were so. It is said to have sprung from Chukudu, to have been told the Bushmen by the people there.

It was decided that John and Bob should go to see the werft where the 2 Bushmen live, not to take pictures but to have a look around to appraise the situation. Elizabeth went for decoration. She looks so un-policelike.

I worked with Ledimo on witches during the day.

In the evening the jeep group returned having made good contact with the people. I had a long talk with Theunis in the evening. He told me of his former wife, of the gun, of her letter later. He said that Elizabeth helps him. He says she is clever. I said it was not so much that she is clever but that she is sweet. I added that she helped me too. He said he had noticed that. The tensions were relaxed this evening.

Bill gave shots of tetanus to Bob, Cass and Dan.

Bill told us that while he was waiting in the tree he heard footsteps coming and was glad, thinking /Gishay had been sent for him. What came out of the brush was eight guinea fowl.

John seems to have things very well in hand for his work. He has made good plans and decisions. We - Laurence, Elizabeth and I - are feeling in perfect harmony with John in the work.

Laurence worked in the office tent making calculations as to how much petrol to order to be sent ahead to various places. He prepared a telegram to Claude McIntyre. The petrol was checked in the drums. We have 50 gallons to spend on this project.

The work with this /Gikwe group will be described in Notes.
Elizabeth thinks she will return in September with John.

I've been thinking with admiration of the boys, how emotionally stable they have been while we had strains among us.

One morning after Dan had put the jeep into an aardvark~~k~~ hole, he thought he heard guinea fowl near the camp and started to get the shotgun. Theunis pointed out that what he heard was fat sizzling in the frying pan. Dan is such fun about his mistakes. He laughs, puts us all at ease, ~~xiwxi~~ alleviates tensions with laughter.

Tuesday, June 28

Theunis, John and the others found the people at their werft, as I said. They persuaded them to stay and work with us. So Tuesday morning we went on. It is 6.2 miles. We go in the jeep; it takes less gas. We have an estimated margin of 50 gallons.

We have notes of our work in the werft during the days, beginning Tuesday, June 28 to Saturday night, July 2. Laurence and John stayed over at the werft. We went over every morning and back every night. On Saturday afternoon we took the Bushmen back to camp with us. We are getting along very well together, these people and ourselves. I would say we had taken a fancy to each other.

The plan is to film the melon land and the old woman preparing her magic root and sprinkling it on the land on Sunday - and to move on Monday to the next pan, where Theunis, Elizabeth and John went, where they saw the lion and where we sent to call them back. It is only about 9 miles. It is called /Gau!U Pan.

Thursday, June 30

We had an episode this morning on the way over. Gasoline was leaking from a jerry can that had a poor gasket. With every bounce the gas slopped over. Bill said no one must smoke. Theunis lit a cigarette. Bill asked him nicely not to. Theunis said the fumes were all blowing back - though we could certainly smell them. Theunis refused and went on with his cigarette, tossing ashes off, backward toward the can - 3' from it. Bill said jokingly he wanted to get off to walk. Next /Gishay took out matches and pipe. Bill stopped him; he was almost on the can. Bill again asked Theunis to stop smoking. Theunis paid no attention for a few moments, then he stopped the jeep and we all climbed out. The can and place it had been set were dripping with gas. Theunis, cigarette in mouth, put the funnel into the tank, took the can, poured some gas from it into the tank. Ledimo helped him do so. We - Bill, Dan, Elizabeth and I - walked back on the spoor - half joking, but still not half joking. Bob remained with Theunis and Ledimo.

Sunday. We all had a restful day except John who worked on the root in the afternoon. We wrote letters and Elizabeth and I had a long afternoon of mulling over her feelings and plans.

It is Sunday night. Laurence and Elizabeth have gone to bed. The young men are around the fire. I am here too tonight, for I wish to copy some notes of John's. John has a mouth infection. Bill boiled in a big black bucket a needle to give John a shot. John said, "God, what a needle!" Danny said, "It has to reach up to your gums, John."

This is the night before the Fourth. We have spoken a little of history. Now there is a project underway of sky rockets - wrapping a match in tinfoil, heating it with another match till it rockets.

Bob was speaking tonight of the language of the Bushmen being so much like Hottentot. He asked on what authority Bushmen are separated from Hottentot. We went on to say that the Hottentot have cattle. Perhaps that (+ higher social organization) is the difference. But then Bob said that a wedge of languages - !Kǀ among them with the click - relating to the Southern Bushman (now extinct) group comes in between those languages that are like Nama (i.e. Naron is very like Nama (Nama?) says Bob as well as Professor Maingard.

Bob says his interest is in learning a language, how it works, how it makes plurals, what pronouns it has. He is interested in the dual plural.

He finds it in Greek, but in no other modern languages besides the Bushman ones. Bob makes it clear he is not prepared or fit to work on language. He is thinking of going home before Gautscha. This I understand and expect, but it is a pity we do not have a linguist at Gautscha. Bob is like Charlie in devotion to his work. He has a superb collection already.

Dan is deciding about his beard. He is letting it grow to see if it will be wise and silky. If it turns out not to be wise he will cut it off.

July 4

Theunis began the day by shooting four times to celebrate.

We moved to the next pan.

We moved to the next pan. John, Elizabeth, Dan and I, Ledimo and Dabe stayed to film the magic root process. The others went ahead. Theunis had taken the jeep about 7:30 to try to hunt. They will establish camp.

We finished about 1, had a bite of bully beef and an apricot, then loaded the Bushmen on top of the red Dodge and set forth about 2:00. !Gai was with Theunis. Two old women, //Ku#Tera and Da Si !Na, had been carsick on the previous ride. They preferred to walk 10 miles, so had set out early in the morning on foot. That left Oukwane, /Twikwe, Tsekue and her baby and the 3 boys. We were reasonably comfortable and not too crowded. Eleven on top, Elizabeth on the fender, John driving. He was very careful and went slowly. We passed the 2 women walking about 9 miles from camp and gave them water. They drank an apricot can full each.

We drove over the flattest plain I have ever been on. It had almost no trees, none to the northwestern horizon. We saw a whirlwind amidst the smoke of the huge veld fire to the south which we have watched for 9 days. It rose in a graceful dark funnel above the line of haze which the smokes make. We saw 3 other fires - another to the south, one to the west or a bit north of west and one to the southwest. The Bushmen boys pointed them out. They said the two to the west and southwest were made by Bushmen whom they know. The tsi place is to the west.

The camp was set up, a mile or so before we came to the pan, named

/Ai ha !ho. It has fine trees but under the trees are tampons and scorpions. We saw 4 small ones and one as big as a lobster, Dan said. John took a picture. We feel uneasy.

Elizabeth is in a troubled mood.

Tuesday, July 5, 1955

At 6:30 the party was ready to leave. L.K.M., Theunis, Casper Kruger, Simon, /Gishay. They looked small and few in the two huge empty G.M.C. elephants. Laurence will be out a week or 10 days.

We had a conference last evening about authority and hunting, etc. Laurence said Bill would run camp. Any decisions about anyone's going out into the veld must be made by John and Bob, as they are the only ones with experience. Either's veto is to have dominance. I am to have final say on any subject. There is to be no hunting. If we come down to 2 1/2 drums of water for any reason we are to start out.

We have little food. We have run out of milk, vegetables, flour, etc. We have meat and sugar and 11 tins of fruit, and 30 lbs. of mealies. Theunis left us 2 gemsbok. Bill called a conference. It was voted not to use tsama melons and to share our fruit with the boys.

I have not written in the journal for several days. Laurence left on July 5 to go out to take Theunis to be married and to fetch fresh supplies. We were on austerly diet, meat and a bite of mealies, no vegetables or milk, bread, macaroni or rice. Philip had dried onions and managed miracles of sauces with them. Ledimo said he would sell a sweater for a melon. We had voted, as I said, not to eat the tsama melons which the Bushmen depend on for water. We are certain they live on tsamas only, no water, and here nompisture from rumen - the meat we have has been hung in the trees and is dry. Laurence thought he would have to stay out about 8 days. Casper Kruger was with him. Simon, /Gishay, Theunis will remain at home when they return.

I shall note what our plans of work were. John wanted sound and film synchronized of Oukwane playing and signing on his musical bow, and the boys' games. There are a great number of them. Rhythm and sound quite interesting, some resembling the axe and the assegai at Gautscha, others different. It was very hard work. We all poured ourselves into the project. There is a great deal to set up. Elizabeth monitored, John filmed, Dan was everywhere. He is an angel of patience with people's mistakes and tensions. He gets tired out from it all though, but never expresses irritation. They would be more than half the morning getting organized, and perhaps get 2 takes. It should be lovely stuff. I kept quiet mostly, helped a bit when I could without adding any demands, and took notes on child behavior. N!WhaKwe is a fascinating subject.

Elizabeth monitored the sound tape, changed film, recorded film and sound reels, took notes. It could not have beendone without her. She is writing a journal of the werft.

Laurence returned Sunday night to our great surprise. We had not expected him until Tuesday or Wednesday. He had had a successful trip and was ready to return - except that he did not wait for an answer from Claude McIntyre, whom he is asking to join us.

117 LJM
137
85

JOURNAL, 1955 /Ai ha !ho July 11 p.129

/E Kxao Pan

Bob Story tells us that seedlings are coming up. He does not know how they do with no rain or dew. Laurence has noticed green grass shoots coming up.

Dabe is getting injections. He blood count is better. He feels better, looks better, has gained weight. He is our best example of steatopygia.

We saw a mosquito. I had seen 3 but had not believed my eyes. Bob caught one and looked at it with a magnifying glass. There is no doubt. Elizabeth says it looks like anopheles (sp?) July 15, 1955 at /E Kxao Pan.

Bill has undertaken to make observations on children and to take photos in black and white. We had a long talk about this and other things on Sunday. Bill has read the Field Manual of Professor Whiting. He is going to see what he can see about what socializes children treated so gently and permissively as N!WhaKwe is and what makes them conform to the group so thoroughly as we observe the adults to conform. (Later: He did not carry this through.)

Our problem now is when to leave. John and I are finding the work here so rich we can not bring ourselves to leave it. Laurence arranged to meet Claude McIntyre on the 20th. We would have to leave on the 16th. This we can not do. We are thinking now of staying until the 22nd, keeping C.M. waiting till the 24th. On Sunday the 24th Ghanzi will have a visit from 11:30 to 2:30 of the High Commissioner of B.P. We have been invited to lunch with him but probably will not be there on time. It is problematical if C.M. will come. Even if he does not we must push on to Gautscha. Time flies so John and Elizabeth will have a very brief time there as it is.

Elizabeth is going with John and will go almost directly to London. This is momentous. What Laurence and I will do is still open. We may go to eastern Ovamboland and southern Angola. Laurence has wanted to make this survey. This seems a good time to do it.

I am finding these /Gikwe people with whom we work intensely moving and interesting. They are so moving I do not attempt to write down what I feel. Their possessions, their food, their hold on life must surely be the minimum. Less and life could not be sustained. And as John says they are among the finest and nicest people we ever met.

would give him a thrill. Tearing along they hit a hole and threw the chief out of the car. They thought they were in for trouble, but he got up and apologized to them, saying he had not yet learned to ride these things.

I write in bits and pieces, finishing nothing, in the odd moment when the trucks stop. We camped late and received a visit from 4 hunters, Mr. Swartz, another Mr. Swartz, his brother, Mr. Goosens and Mr. Molman. They are hunting and also looking for news of the seven horses that wandered away. They belonged to Mr. Swartz. One was his race horse. Old farmers race against new farmers.

Perhaps I can begin with the present and work back and catch up with time and fill in this journal. The reason for not having written it was the pressure of other work. Every moment we could have with our /Gikwe was precious. I used all my time and energy. So did John; we drove ourselves, but not the Bushmen. We would change off and let each one rest while we worked with another and they lived at a normal pace. There would be no end to the things we could learn from these people. They trusted us completely. They were fond of us and grateful and honored to be asked about their customs. No one before had taken an interest in them. They were eager to teach us. Oukwane said so often he wanted to tell me things correctly and he said he never lied to me. What he said was what he knew to be the old custom or meaning of something as he was taught it or as he experienced it. He was intelligent and very knowledgable.

117 LJM
177
533

JOURNAL, 1955 /E Kxao Pan July 29 p.134

I consider the collection of myths from him of utmost importance. The music too I believe will be of outstanding interest. And I shall never forget that old man singing so softly the songs which came out of him in his moods of chagrin or comfort. His delicate and deft touch upon the bow and the fine notes and the harmonics which rippled out of it from under his fingers will be a memory for me which will weigh in the balance with the pang of parting. Oukwane said goodbye knowing we would not meet again. He had said he would live by the road so as to hear our truck when we would return. He had said he would come to live with us were it not for his longing to see his son who was with the Bakalahari people at Chukudu. I told him we would not come again, putting it on the basis that we lived far far away and were too old to come on such journeys any more. Oukwane said it should not trouble us to travel. All we had to do was to sit in a truck and be driven. We need not go afoot. But I think he believes we shall not come back. He gave me his bow for a remembrance, he said.

These /Gikwe people must have as little as anyone on earth. Their hunting is evidently not developed highly. They had no metal arrows, and few bone ones though there is nothing to keep them from making more. They have developed snaring more than the Gautscha people, and the men have several snare ropes, made of the strong string they make so well. But nothing is abundant. And when I think of the hot dry months without water or tsama melons I shrink from imagining them.

117 LJM
177
515

JOURNAL, 1955 /E Kxao Pan July 29
written Aug. 3

p. 136

We gave Oukwane a blanket, a pot, a pipe, a file, wire, 2 nails, cloth for a cap, needle and thread, and Bill left him medicine for his eyes. We gave to all the others in proportion. It was a great solace to us to do so. William shot a gemsbok so they were well supplied when we left.

The gifts were made on Thursday afternoon, July 28th. In the morning, on July 29, we were loaded and ready to leave early. John and I took a few more pictures. We could not bring ourselves to give up and go. In black and white we got the 2 groups sitting in 2 circles. John had had no hope of getting the little boy standing on his mother's shoulders without being held or holding on - but he had but to ask and the child ~~x~~ climbed up and stood, and even danced a little dip or two.

Then we saw an extraordinary sight. Three of the young men took a bath in the dishwater that was about to be thrown out. It was very cold. They stood near a fire they built with coals from our kitchen fire, with goose flesh all over them. They washed their faces, arms, stomachs, chests, legs, not their backs or under their breechclouts. They looked very fine and shiny when they had finished.

117 LJM
177
271

JOURNAL, 1955 /E Kxao Pan July 29 p. 137
written Aug. 3

Our last gift was water. We had been giving a bucket of water a day to each group. It was only a treat because the tsama melons this year were abundant. They ate tsamas all day and were not in need of water, but they loved it. Even the water that tasted of petrol was delicious to them. We had got extra in when the trucks returned and were safe in giving, but thought we must not give too much, to seem too effulgent or careless.

We gave mealies and meat to Oukwane's group the whole time. With their tsamas they made stews, using the melon skins for pots, sometimes one on top of another for a double boiler. They were better off than we were for we had no fresh vegetables and did not touch their tsamas.

And we gave pots of cocoa, or rather a bucket full, enough for both groups to have a cup. Also we gave tobacco. We feel they fared very well. I was content for once, and they were very grateful.

As I started to say, our last gift was water. We filled their pots and let them drink all they could. Oukwane drank 3 16-ounce tins full, another man drank the brown basin full - the basin we wash in. Others all filled themselves up as fast as they could. They we shook hands and said goodby.

Oukwane gave us his good wishes for the journey. The best thing he knew to wish for us was that we have rain for our journey. Of all things that was what we did not want.

Oukwane gave us good wishes for the journey. The best thing he knew to wish for us was that we have rain for our journey. Of all things that was what we did not want, but we actually feared his wish would be granted, for the sky began to cloud up by eleven. By evening it was solid gray and threatening. It did not rain, but it did spoil some of John's pictures. There had been clouds for several days before - the white ones like those we saw flying down in the Sabina plane. This is July in Africa where there is never a cloud in the sky in the dry winter season.

One night those white clouds gave us a wierd image of the universe. They were blue white, like whey half-clotted. The moonlight was brilliant. Only the bright stars showed, and they shone through the thin skimmings of the clouds. Between the clouds were open places and in those the stars shone against the deep black sky. The clouds were very low. A west wind blew them eastward over our heads. They were so big and flat, the spaces between so small that it appeared as though the stars, not the clouds were moving. And in between the clouds one saw parts of Scorpius, or Centaricus or Crux, racing toward the west.

117 LJM
101
115

JOURNAL, 1955 /E Kxao Pan, July 29 p. 139
written Aug. 3

I was very sad to leave Oukwane. He probably will not live very long. He is nearly blind and dependent. He told Laurence that if !Gai ever left them he had no one else to take care of them and feed them. They would die, he said. He meant the old ones. His band was almost destroyed by smallpox. He has no young men left except his last little son /Giamakwe.

/Giamakwe kissed me goodby. The others kissed our hands. I wonder if kissing comes from their culture or some other, particularly kissing of hands. I saw Bechuanas kiss. A relative of Ledimo's in Sihitwe kissed Ledimo. The two young men seemed so very glad to see each other.

It was July 29, the day we left. I rode in the jeep with John. It was a happy day for me. He took pictures (movies) of the game we saw and I think may have got some very fine shots of gemsbok. A steenbok stretching himself under a bush with his ears laid back like a rabbit. At one pan a hartebeest stood with some gemsbok for a long time trying to make out what we were. I enjoyed seeing the game and the world around. Being in the jeep was like riding on the Montanaplains, almost. John said one difference was that one does not become accustomed to the motions of the jeep. In a jeep one is so near to the land, so aware of the sky. It is quite quite different from looking out of a window.

The country we came through had several pans. Between them, around them lay a vast golden plain, from horizon to horizon, flatter and bigger in appearance than the high veld or Kansas or the pampas in Argentina. The clouds were very low. John and I felt we could have shot a rifle into them. They were large and flat like the clouds the night before. They made the dome of the sky a flat elliptical one instead of half a sphere. The clouds were blown from the east and were streamed out. They made the horizon to east and west seem enormously distant.

We camped 42 miles beyond /E Kxao Pan, near a long pan where Theunis' spoor turned left. Some hunters from Ghanzi were camped near and came out and spoke to Bill and the rest. John and I had got along without seeing them. When Bill and the others caught up, they were full of the account

of having met four thugs who had killed an eland ~~and~~ and were hiding it. They were covered with blood, they said, and were huge strong men. One of them had said to Danny to take the picture of another of them, telling him he wanted it because he was the ugliest man in the world. Dan had said, "Who, me?" "My size and tell him that?" They were laughing about this at camp, Bill saying their arms were as big as his thighs and that 2 of them were - some diseased condition which makes heads and faces grow abnormally large (acromegaly?) Cass said they had asked him for brandy.

About this time Philip saw headlights. We hid away our drinks, got out some coffee and said we would not ask them to supper. Up they drove in the darkness, out got four typical Ghanzi farmers. Large strong men they were - undoubtedly pillars of the church, the salt of Ghanzi. One of them, Mr. Schwartz, was the man who had lost seven horses eight or nine months ago. They were believed, we heard, to have been shot by Bushmen. One was his race horse.

The farmers of Ghanzi have what I think is a good institution. They have races between the new farmers and the old farmers. For such difficult, truculent, stubborn, suspicious, hard, selfish people this must be a mitigating factor of great importance. It must produce some cohesion between halves of the population. Like moieties the old farmers would cohere and the new farmers would cohere and the rivalry between them in racing would enable them to let off steam.

Mr. Molman is a new farmer. He is an interprising person who is learning to speak English. The others speak only Afrikaans, or at least did not speak English to us. These enormous taciturn men are a little frightening, but I was quite taken aback to have had Bill and Dan speak of them as thugs. We gave them coffee. They had had supper. They visited with us while we ate and we had quite a lively chat. Mr. Gooseus speaks //Ganakwe. Without asking my permission or explaining his purpose he took /Gishay aside to question him about the Bushmen and the horses. We told them we had seen a white (gray, I said) horse between Kudumalapswe and Chukudu and a dead horse.

Saturday, July 30

Next day John had a project. He got out the breechclout, bow and bone arrows and had /Gishay dressed in the breechclout stalk gemsbok. As we were getting ready for this we heard a shot and then saw a lorry in the spoor ahead. It turned out to be Mr. Midgley's boys whom he had sent out hunting. He was camping just ahead - 8 miles - with Dr. and Mrs. Crowser. They - spelling I do not know - are going to settle in Ghanzi. He is a doctor who lost his license to practice - he is forbidden to practice in any British territory - for performing abortions. His wife is the blond school-teacher we met at the school fair that was to raise money for a projector. (They have it by the way - raised £400) He is going to open a hotel with a liquor license in Ghanzi. Many people are protesting this.

Mr. Midgley is in favor of it. He is convinced that Ghanzi is going to grow and will need a hotel. It might well be that he is influenced by the fact that he has to put up any visitor who comes now. Mr. Midgley says that the railroad from Livingston to Walvis Bay is a strategic necessity and will be built. It has been proposed for decades. Laurence doubts it will be built. Mr. Midgley has a touching concept of Ghanzi. He says if you draw a circle on the map with Ghanzi its center and with a radius of 500 miles you take in Johannesburg, Walvis Bay and I think he said Livingston. It makes Ghanzi sound like the hub of the universe.

To go back in this rambling hodgepodge, John and I did not visit his camp. We did not see it. He sent a boy out to the spoor and all the rest went in and had tea. John and I were glad just to wait for them in the sunshine and the gold waving grass. It was quiet. The grass smelled very sweet. The sky was again a low ellipse.

I thought about John a great ~~big~~ deal that day. He is looking very well and has a radiance about him. He is freed of strictures he used to have and his creativeness, imagination and energy pour out. He must have some magnificent material from the /Gikwe group. I feel free now of the anxiety I used to have about his being unhappy. I feel he is adult and powerful, creative and in command of himself. This is the greatest joy I could have. I should love to be with him more but that cannot be. I told him I thought of him as an elixer. I was thinking about his ~~singing~~ singing the evening before by the fire. His songs carry one away. One

hardly thinks of him as singing. It is the song itself that enters one's mind and heart. A potent magic comes from him.

After the convoy joined us the two golden days ended. We merely travelled after that. My mood was gone. I felt lonely and I felt I had to push people - some - for we were supposed to get to Ghanzi to meet Laurence and we had to call on Theunis Berger and his new young wife, Marguerita, and William had to catch the cream lorry.

John had promised to clean up. We didn't get lunch till almost 4. Bill preferred to go on to a spot he remembered. John and I bathed and changed in the golden grass behind little bushes to meet the world with a gallant air. I said - and I meant it - that something had to be done to offset the beards.

Beards have beset us. Casper Jan Kruger has grown a Van Dyke that makes him look like an ancestor out of a painting of the Rembrandt period. John too has a Van Dyke. ~~He~~ His is curiously enough congenital - as Dan said - he has no whiskers on his cheeks, only a ~~few~~ fine mustache and beard on the chin. It is slightly wavy and blond. He looks very well I think. I begin to wonder how right I am in an absolute sense and how prejudiced as his mother. I think - as honestly as I can - it is a handsome beard. I love Bob Storey's beard. He is Willy in Mauldin's cartoons, alive and with us. His beard is brown to sandy, the play of the two colors all

The plan had been to push on to the next pan, thought to be about 10 miles away. Theunis in one G.M.C. with John, Elizabeth, /Gishay, went ahead, starting at 8:30 Sunday morning, June 26 to go more quietly than the whole convoy can go. They left. Later we learned they found no Bushmen but did see a black-maned lion.

After they left we (Bob Story, Dan, Laurence and I and Dabe. Bob and Dabe were the interpreters. Bob feels that Dabe's Afrikaans is insufficient to work with and that information does not come through him adequately.) went to photograph the rain skemas of the deserted werft previously described, and the melon field. Walking from the werft to the melon field, we found a place where Bushman things lay, left when the Bushmen ran. We were taking pictures and notes when 2 Bushmen appeared walking toward us, a young man and an old man.

They claimed they were not the owners of the objects and that they did not know who the people were who owned the werft. They claimed they were tending traps and snares "for someone." They had no bows or arrows with them. It was something that needed explanation. For Bushmen to travel without is unheard of. They either owned the ones lying by the fires, or had left them back, as a gesture of politeness or something else.

Our questions included - I have notes, see June 26, 1955 - questions about Chukudu. They knew the people there. Names and relationships

checked. They said they had seen the party which had gone with donkeys for tsi. It is not clear as to whether they saw them before or after their return to Chukudu.

We ended in confusion. Laurence asked the men to come to the werft with us and was convinced that they walked to it knowing exactly where it was. We took them from there to camp - or rather followed them, for they seemed in this case too to know the way.

Laurence sent Bob and Cass in the jeep to make contact with the party in the G.M.C. They left at 2, returned at 4:30, bringing the whole party back. They had seen a lion. John got a few pictures. Theunis had wanted to shoot it. Elizabeth and John had kept him from it.

Theunis and John reported on their day at the werft. The people started to run, but then came back except one man. One of the women recognized Theunis. Her name is /Twikwe. She told me later she had visited her sister at Ghanzi and had seen Dabe and knows his wife - on Theunis' farm. Others had seen Theunis when he came on the pest control trip in 1952.

The one man who did not come back is the husband of /Twikwe. She said later to me that it was childish of him to run. It is clear, she said, that we are not harmful. Did we not give meat, which made her feel so much better. Theunis thinks he may have gone to warn the others at the next pan.

The ones who remained here, 9 of them not including a baby, say they planned to join the others in about a week. We think we will move them with us to the next pan, ask them to find the others and settle to work there for some time. In that case, Theunis would go out, someone with him in 2 G.M.C's, Laurence plans, and then come back with supplies for the ones who stay in camp.

Tuesday, June 28

We came over to the werft for the first day's work. It is 6.2 miles from camp. We cross three pans and a plain of golden grass with almost no trees. Then we come into very thorny bush. This is where the werft is. (Dan says after the spear has been gone over many times it could be seen as a road running between 2 places with nothing to mark them. It will bewilder airmen and hunters.)

Theunis had shot a gemsbok on the way over on the first pan, and all this day John took pictures of the cutting up of the animal and the preservation of liquids from the stomach and of the blood. They cut in a different way so as to lift the stomach out whole. He got the 2 men drinking the liquid they squeeze from the rumen. There are notes of mine and of Eliz.'s as well as pictures on this.

We worked till we were almost caught in the dark. It is difficult to see the spoor in headlights. The gold grass shines in the light and does not allow one to see the shadow. I apologized to Theunis for not letting him kill the jackal. He was sweet about it. We got back to camp safely - and left John and Laurence at the werft. The Bushmen visited their fire in the evening and in the morning. They had a huge fire of their own - to roast the head.

I have neglected to say, I think, writing in such snatches and fragments I don't remember and have not time to look back - that when the gemsbok was off-loaded John took pictures of it there - some 300 yards from the werft of the Bushmen. He wanted them to move down to it, to show how that would be. But they did not wait till he was ready. That evening they came down to live beside the gemsbok. They had a fine feast.

It is no trouble for them to move; they have few possessions. I will make a list.

All day John worked on film - finishing gemsbok sequence and moving of werft. I did not try to work. It would, I thought, put more pressure on, to arrange anything. John wound up with their bringing a big load of wood. We left for camp. The Bushmen visited J and L's camp again.

Thursday, June 30, 1955

We arrived about 8:45. I got to work in the morning with Lediso and Dabe to ask about music in preparation for recording. The old man Gukwane, whose expression made me wonder if he would tell anything, proved to be a good informer, and was very pleasant to work with. He began to play the bow to me and played 11 songs - mood songs like those of /Gao Music at Gantscha.

In the afternoon we took sound sync. recordings. It requires a lot of shaking down to get organized for these. We were not ready till four o'clock. Got four songs of the music which imitates animals.

John filmed werft scenes and went out for tsama melons with the group. I got Oukwane to tell me stories. They are very interesting and important versions of Eyes-in-his-Foot, Pisiboro in a cycle of familiar tales, making fire, seeing his wives in a tree, the excrement episode - in some new detail. Oukwane is a fine informer.

It was decided to work one more day at this werft.

Saturday, July 2

We went over early. The morning got away from us in a way because John and Gai went out after a leopard. We watched and listened and heard a kudu and wild dogs. Theunis went hunting in the morning and later in the afternoon but did not get anything. John took werft pictures in the afternoon. Oukwane made a cord for us, showing the total process most clearly and thoroughly.

117 LJM Resumé, 6/26- /GIKWE MISC. July 3, 1955 p.11
241 7/2/55

John wants pictures of the magic root that /Twikwe uses in the melon patch. He had to drive all the way back to the other werft to get it. There was none nearer. The rest of us had a quiet Sunday of letters. I had a talk with Elizabeth.

Laurence closed the conversation by telling them not to expect that all white people would be like us, nor all black ones like Ledimo. He added again that we wished to help them. I thought it a very good conference, not raising hopes too much or being too specific, not on the other hand raising suspicion as to why we were delving into their lives.

Our plan now is to go back to our camp at h. Theunis is hunting now. We shall take the Bushmen in the red Dodge. Tomorrow John will photograph the melon lands (Sunday). On Monday we shall move to the next pan. On Tuesday Laurence, Theunis, Cass and Simón and /Gishay will go out. The rest of us will remain at the pan.

Oukwane says if they find their friends at the next pan and there will be more of them together they can show us more things.

through it. It grows stiff and straight out like bristles from a brush. His pale blue eyes and round head, smooth and small with its straight fine mousy hair cut short. His reserve, his enigmaticness and misanthropy I find quite pleasing. We have not the slightest clue as to whether he detests us or ~~likes us~~ likes us - or I had better say detests or tolerates us. He is a fine man in his profession. I rather enjoy him and would feel warmly grateful if he would help me even a little. No professional who has ever been with us has helped me in the slightest. They all go about their own work very well and take time and care out of us and ride upon us without giving anything.

To go back to beards, where I started, I've been leading up to poor Dan Blitz's beard. He looks like the clown whose son goes to Harvard. He looks like a bowery bum and he looks many things that are far far worse and I don't like to say. His beard is very stiff, curly and dark. His lips are too red. He gets feathers and straw in it. He says he wants his beard to be a wise beard and will not shave it off. I was quite ashamed of it in Ghanzi. Mr. R. Upton referred to it as a fungus. It came unfortunately as a climax upon all the other beards. We looked like a party of queer people to the actual embarrassment of Laurence and me, who know how the Administration feels about appearances of white men in the eyes of black men.

We saw lion spoor on the way out near the farms. Later Theunis said that was the spoor of his dogs. Later Mr. Crail told us his son killed 2 lions that day.

Theunis Burger's farm was our first stop. He took us in to have coffee with his young wife. She is 16, very dark, curvaceous. She looks like his sister. I wonder where such a dark strain comes from in these 2 Dutch families. The 2 girls look Portuguese.

We started at sunset time. I was with Bill in the G.M.C. when, just at the end of Theunis' dooryard, the differential fell down. We fixed it by dark. Theunis did not come to help.

We stopped next at the store of Gower and Styman and at the house of the Talljaards. There Bill treated a poor old woman who is a diabetic and has a bad infection of the scalp. He opened the scalp, let out the puss, without anaesthetic. John and Dan helped him. He left the family instructions and we pushed on. They had taken the old woman to the hospital at Gobabis but had brought her home because they said the nurses at the hospital skipped her and would not feed her. These are a suspicious and difficult people. I felt considerable anxiety about the whole affair - but did not stop it. I do not know what to do about authority, when to take it, when not to. I vacillate and am ashamed of not being more firm and clear. I determine upon a course, try to follow it, and do not succeed in keeping myself from changing.

We stopped at the Crails. Mrs. Crail came out in her bathrobe. It was then 10:30. Bill and Dan had theories of going on the 25 miles to Ghanzi. I succeeded in refusing point blank to roar into that quiet place at one o'clock, not knowing where to camp. We camped on the road. It was Saturday night. We had drinks and supper at 11 p.m. Bill thought it best not to give the boys their wine ration. He did not say why. I do not know yet if he gave it the next night. I decided this time not to ask.

Sunday, July 31

Ghanzi - We arrived Sunday morning, July 31st. Laurence had arrived from Windhoek Saturday night and was in the guest house next Mr. Martin, the police sergeant. We camped there. Elizabeth and I stayed with Mrs. Midgley.

Mrs. Midgley is a very nice woman. She enjoyed having us, I think. We had tea and talked on every occasion. The Midgleys dined with us Monday night. Tuesday night we had an evening of music with them.

Wednesday, August 3

We left Ghanzi. Mr. R. Upton gave me stamps of Christan da Kunya with pictures in them that he had taken.

Our plans were changed. Instead of going through Grootee Lagta as Laurence had planned, accompanied and guided by Mr. Lewis and a Bushman on

horses, John asked to go by road to Kai Kai and thence to Gautscha, to save time. He has only about 3 weeks now. Laurence agreed at once, though he says it breaks his heart.

We set out for Tsau, via Sehitwe, taking /Gishay with us to leave him at the foot of Lake Ngami. Wilhelm Cass is going with us. Dabe was asked to come at the last minute. He agreed but insisted that he be allowed to take mealie meal and sugar to his wife. This was done. Bill drove him from Crails' out to Theunis' while we waited in the road.

We camped at dark beyond some little hills. The country is burning. The sky is white by day with the smoke in it, and mauve and crimson at sunset or mauve and pale yellow.

Our camps are uneventful. We have a sundowner, supper and go to bed. It is amazing how much people can find to talk about evening after evening. I do not work when we travel. I feel people are too tired. I'm tired myself.

Thursday, August 4

Thursday, August 4th, took us through beautiful country to Lake Ngami. It is filled with water. Laurence tells me that it has not had water in it since 1934 and before that since Livingston's time. There are enormous herds in this countryside. They meander over the low flat land, as flat as Holland, and stand in the shallow waters up to their bellies. Their Bechuana owners ride about on horses. Springbok and ostriches walk about among the cattle, protected and unafraid.

Sehitwe is a large town of Bechuana people, whose cattle stations were the ones along the lake that we passed. There are 2 traders there.

We left /Gishay at the headman's as he requested. Laurence gave /Gishay a blanket from me as a present to his wife. He seemed pleased. We also gave him the blanket issued at the first of the trip and the coveralls Bill finally issued at Molepolole after the hailstorm. /Gishay had bought 2 blankets and a pair of shoes at Molepolole. It was one of those I gave his wife. We also gave him the shoes, charging out of his wages only for one blanket. This gave him £8 and 8 shillings for his work with us from May 8 to August 4, three months less 4 days.

I feel in my exaggerated way that we owe our lives to him - and to Theunis - and their fine memories for places which brought us through the waterless route from Molepolole to Ghanzi - that sea of dry gold grass. We gave him over £2 a month, about 7 dollars. The going wage in the Ghanzi area we heard is nothing at all to 10 shillings. But one foreman - a Bushman - Mr. Midgley told us got £17 a month. He is an exception. We gave /Gishay our blessing and he gave us his. He had told some of our people he intended to buy goats. I hope our blessing works upon them.

Ledimo introduced his father's elder brother's son to me at Wehitwe. He is the person in authority over Ledimo. Ledimo has many people there. Another youngman was so happy to see Ledimo he kissed Ledimo on the lips.

I took pictures of women making a yellow dress.

We went on to Tsau. Laurence was intent upon getting through Tsau without contact. We asked only to have the track to Kai Kai pointed out. When we stopped on the other side of Tsau Ledimo told me he was very troubled - that he had seen a man who was from Nokuning where Ledimo's home was. The man ran toward him, Ledimo thought with news of his mother and his mother's sister who had been ill. Ledimo was much upset that he had not been permitted to talk to him. So, while we set up camp, Laurence, John and Elizabeth and Ledimo drove back to Tsau and Ledimo spoke to his friend. Tsau is very picturesque, a fine native town with a school and dispensary. Herero women among the Bechuanas are colorful and stately. That was Thursday, the 4th.

Friday, August 5th we travelled all day on the trail along which cattle are driven from Kai Kai to Tsau. We met a herd of about 50 attended by 4 riders.

Saturday, August 6th, we were fairly near Kai Kai. John shaved his beard and we started off, reaching Kai Kai by noon. There was a difference in atmosphere which we noticed at once. Bushmen did not come to greet us. Slowly and gradually some Herero came. We remembered one - the one with the huge teeth who had visited us at /Gam. They told us that farmers from Gobabis had come and taken many Bushmen away.

We went on to /Gam. Cavisitue was sitting in front of her house. She ran to us crying out. In a moment !Ungka and //Kushay were there and took us in their arms. Before we had more than greeted each other they began to tell us that farmers had come and had taken many Bushmen. John asked about //Ao. They made the gesture of gone. John could not speak.

/Qui, !Ungka, //Kushay, ≠Gishay, !Naishi, little Gao, another boy, old ≠Gao (the small one) and his wife all came with us to camp. I had a long afternoon's visit with Cavasitue and learned the whereabouts of many people.

We set out next day, August 7th, to find ≠Toma at !Nama. The expedition died - perhaps - that day. Time will tell.

August 8

Ledimo told me in the early morning that he was so unhappy he wished to leave - as soon as possible before, he said, hard feelings were engendered. I am afraid he and Philip do not feel trusted and appreciated. I am

afraid that they feel that, no matter how loyally they work, it makes no difference.

We reached !Nama. There was not even a bird there. Farmers had been here only last Monday, /Qui told us.

John set out to look for ≠Toma at the next pan. He and Elizabeth, /Qui and Wilhelm will spend the night there.

My notes will tell some of the things I have not said here but they do not say how dispirited we feel. I feel sick. I think of turning to the Oblate Fathers to ask them to establish a mission at Gobabis, hoping they will make a school for Bushmen and be a center for guidance and comfort and perhaps protection of their legal rights, and help to make the death of this race less painful than it may be otherwise.

August 9

At noon we heard the jeep returning. It was filled with cropped black heads. I ran toward it. There were ≠Toma, !U, Tsangao, /Gaishay and Norna, Gao Medicine, Di!ai, who has a new baby (18 months). His name is Debe. He looks for all the world like /Gaishay. There was also /Gaishay (?) the tall son of Gao by !Naaka. They were soon settled and it was as though we began another day at Gautscha.

Laurence went to Gautscha and returned by lunchtime.

Momentous decisions were made. The water is high in the pans. We are told that 4 trucks came through a month ago and had to turn back from Tsum-Kwe and go back out the Eiseb Omuramba. Laurence found Gautscha Pan full. We had a conference on his return and decided to give up the thought of going out to Samangaigai, to abandon the plan to go to eastern Ovamboland and Angola this year. If the country is flooded here it will be impassable there.

John will leave for Paris on Sept. 6 from Johannesburg. Eliz. will probably go with him and from there to London and stay at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street near Isabel's Institute of Contemporary Art. The plan is now for us all to go out in time for this. Laurence wants to go to see Senhor Duarte in Angola before ~~we~~ we return and to stop in Lisbon, Paris, Brussels and London. I have begun to dream of elegant perfume shops. His mind is still on our affairs.

August 11 and 12

I worked in the same old way with Ledimo Aug. 11 & 12, morning and afternoon. I worked on food taboos and hunting. It was just like another day. Everything seems the same. Dan & Eliz. are working on children, observing, taking notes and photographing simultaneously.

August 13

John went to Gautscha on a bee sequence. The bees won. He said ~~not~~ Toma and Qui Crooked fought them as much as they could stand, but were enveloped in a cloud of stinging bees. Usually bees give up and go but these did not.

At noon on the 13th I fell ill. I remained miserably sick in bed till August 17 (Wednesday). I had chills, fevers, sweat - no other symptoms. Temperature up to 102 only.

Bill and Cas returned from Windhoek on the 15th. Claud McIntyre had told Bill about his plans for a Reserve for Bushmen. I ardently hope this is put through. The Native Affairs Department of South West Africa reports Directly to the Union Gov't. Not to Mr. Niser (Sec. of So W). He sent me a box of chocolates. I was extremely pleased. They had the film but not the mail. They had a hard trip. The Eiseb is rough and boring.

August 16

John and Bill and Bob went to see /Qui Hunter. I was still sick.

August 17

They returned with /Qui, his wife /Naoka and baby /Khoa and 2 boys. Also /Gunda, UNai, /Gao Music, /Nisa, /Qui. Bill said /Qui's foot was dead, but that his leg and knee might be saved with good action in the knee.

In the early evening /Qui's foot fell off. Gao Medicine helped it to do so by lifting up his knee.

August 18

Laurence, Bill, Cas, Dabe took /Qui, !Naoka and /Khoa to the hospital in Windhoek.

Elizabeth made a dress for /Qui's baby /Khoa. /Khoa was the child that was so badly burned. She has healed perfectly; there is no scar. She looked very pretty in a puff of a little skirt and blouse, the color of the aloe blossom. I had thought of a skirt of blue denim for !Naaka but had not time to make it. We felt she would be less conspicuous and therefore perhaps more comfortable in Windhoek in European dress. I did not like the thought of the young Boers staring at her breasts and thighs. So Elizabeth gave her her pretty fresh pink dress. It opened in the front with buttons so !Naaka could nurse her daughter. I gave underwear, my brown shoes, soap and towel. We gave a blanket also.

/Qui John dressed in his new pants and a new shirt and a blanket. The truck was well arranged with a bed for them to be on. They left at noon. I am writing now five days later, having wondered much what has befallen.

The expectation is that /Qui will be operated on to take out bone which is still infected. And it is hoped that an artificial leg can be fitted. The best that could happen now would be that he could have the action of his knee. Gani's being at the hospital helps a great deal.

Soon after supper some of the young people began to sing. There are some very pretty girls here at the moment. Little !Nai is no bigger, but as radiant as before. ≠Nisa is developed. /Gao's divorced wife, !Ungka, is visiting. She is beautiful with light-colored skin as smooth as magnoliappetals. Khuan//a is the happy faced girl visiting ≠Gishay. //Naba is the girl from /Gam visiting us. The big boys are very many - ≠Toma and ≠Gao, son of Gau, /Gao lame, Tsangao, ≠Gishay.

117 LJM
101
186

JOURNAL, 1955 !Nama, Aug. 16

p. 156

Information from !Gani - Naron

!Gani was a Naron. His flexible wrinkled face fell readily into lines of self approbation when he spoke of the Naron people. He assured me they were the finest of people and this was recognized by all the surrounding peoples. Especially were their women compounded of virtues. He then began to describe these virtues in detail by contrasting with them the vices of others. The !Kõ women (The !Kõ are neighbors of the Naron and so many of them mixed with Naron that there is a name for people of this mixture. It is !Aikwe.) provided a number of vices with which to contrast the Naron virtues. The !Kõ women !Gani says for instance ----- All these things can not be said of Naron women, said !Gani.

Information from !Gani - Naron

Later, amidst the information that had been gathered by various ones of us, came the statement that one of the Naron women had 2 husbands. She lived with them both quite openly in one skerm. The 2 men had been referred to as husbands by the informant. We laughed about this and said it would indeed be anthropological news if a Bushman people practiced polyandry and polygyny simultaneously and we set out to learn more. What we discovered was that the woman was !Gani's grandmother. It was !Gani who told us this in the end, and it was just one of those things. I refrained from asking him if perhaps she had a drop of !Kõ blood in her inheritance.

People accepted the situation easily. I was told by !Gani that there was no ambiguity about the parenthood of her children. He did not say whether he found this especially mitigating, but he mentioned it. She had ~~just~~ not begun to live with the 2 men until her sons were grown and gone. She had had no children since.

On the possibility that this story was true, I regretted very much that I could not visit here. I do not know of a comparable situation, where 2 men live simultaneously with one woman as reported in a house 3' x 4' x 4'.