Journal 1955

Journal

2018.9.1.224

Xeroxed

Cors Kruger

Jo Lefkowitz

Dabe was !Kô

≠Gishay was ǁ Gamakwe

Man "
age "
Thay "

Journal 1955 Xeroxed

April 29 - Aug 18

f224

Boys

Cambridge
June 29, 1956

June 2 1955 was the day we met Afrika and the Lion at Kang ^ near it. See Note. Lawrence thinks Kang was not the name of the village. I think it was. Kang Pan - huts on map is further on.

To Insert

Camerig
Jan 29 1956

L.K.M. resumé of place.

The night of May 31 we camped beyond Tsau
" " " June 1 " " before Kang
~~June 2~~ Wrap the day we went Kang / Kang
~~Lamere~~ Says the people. Africa. At the time of the
117 Bakalahari village were before Kang. My note
of June 2 (see it) says their village was Kang.
Choane Pan in SW. where natives kept dried meat

On June 3 we passed ~~Letlhe~~ Letlhe
in the afternoon. (Lunch that day was when
Theunis gave all the meat to the villagers and
when the Kaffir corn fields were lost.)
It rained that night. We camped during storm.

On June 4 ~~G.M.C. stuck in mud to axel~~
~~in the morning~~ Measured petrol in am (after rain)
left camp 10:30. Shot springbok in pan 10:45
Met native travellers on donkeys. 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 fields
G.M.C. stuck in mud had to be winched out.
~~Letlaking~~. we passed them after lunch Letlaking
has Indian Trader on top of bank. ~~After that fields~~
~~looked like Bengala~~. 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 Molepole. We do not know

the name of the village where the G.M.C. stuck. ~~The W.N.L.A.~~ 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 Letlakeng Lamunne is sure. Of 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. & John drove all trucks through.

— at Kudumolopswe was the last store.

June 12. Nightglim. Camp was beyond Kudumolopswe At Kudumolopswe there was a store which was closed. People. Native met us & directed us - on other side of Kudumolopswe - ~~left~~ - ~~did~~ they did not want to come very far with us. but took us a way. We passed on right the Bakalahari village where the cattle were tightly squeezed into 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 - There was left fork. It was wrong. We crossed back to right road.

June 13 Monday. Rain in am. left lion camp at 4 Camped 4 miles before Kungwane. There were 2 springbuck.

June 14 Reaches Kungwane, at water hole ~~at Noon~~ P.M. spent taking pictures of village near Kungwane. Camped at pan with soft gold grass John followed hartebeeste that am.

Insert to p. 61 — Camindy Jan 29 1956

It was in the village that was so hard to find the way out of that the GMC stuck in the rut to the axel. ~~We took a high road out of it.~~ F. & I are mixed about this now.

June 15. Wednesday. Saw Khutse Pan when hunting blind is in ah. Camped in sea of soft gold grass at 5:30. Prepared camp for lions

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June 16 Thursday. Took picture of Kukama a Ba Kalahari village which showed mixture of Bushman & Beechuana culture. People were reluctant to have picture taken. Bill tried to hunt for them. Failed. Men were disappointed & refused more pictures.

June 17 Friday. Saw cold front. Saw 3 villages at 1 meat hanging & white horse - 2 abandoned Group of Ba Kalahari abandoning their village which is called Manatse. ~~Before Manatse~~ was the pan with water. Named Kusi. Camped beyond Manatse. Bushman & 2 wives with us. Saw cold front that day.

June 18 After Manatse was the pan with water Kusi. reached in a.m.

Journal Gobabis April 28, 1955 (~~Thursday~~ Friday)

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. Lawrence 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 we 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 dozen times I dry emptied out cups full of water from the carburator. The continuity was established.

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

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

Lawrence asked for Sargent De Fries who was at Sandfontein when he & Joline went through in 1950 and 1952 with Jo Brew. Sargent De Fries is farming now 20 miles from Gobabis.

At 5 we camped under a Camel boom in a cleared place where other travellers had camped at Picanin's Wells 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 shake down (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 springbuck paused in their leaping to stare at us.

Road between Olifant Kloof and Chansi

Journal Saturday Friday April 30 1955 (3

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.

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Professor Maingard has just come and said he has evidence of fish being here. I thought Professor Dart wanting us to ask all Bushmen if there is a word for fish in their language. Prof Dart has a theory he works 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. M. having found a fossil fish in a stone when he reported that a sardine can had been found.

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At 11:30 we reached Kara Rubis, 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.

Kara Rubis where a trader is reached 11:30

Matlamme Leatswe (Head man of Thousands) had a long talk with Laurence. We saw the first Bushman who work for the head man. His Kara Rubis Name + Toma

His father's name is Zau Ke
They say he is a Naron. We asked if among his people there were the names Di'ai and Di!! Khao. Yes, he said (The latter is his sister)
Tsamgao is also a name used by his people
He says di qui sa is his sister (ie term for
He says Tchuana
Professor Rainguid asked questions, Toma
53 thought he dimo about dance. 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.

Rietfontein

Bushmen group here speak Naron Makoko
They are mostly Naron.

55 Names.

! Kuro ! Ku ! Kuri	man
Th ! Ko	woman speaks Kung like at Gautscha
! gasa	" " Gautscha
Th ! ko a young girl	speaks Kung
! Koba " " "	
! gasa · her mother is ! Nobi	
! Kunkx' ! Kukxe	
! Kobo !! ah mother	
!! ah !! ha lu mo lu is ! ! ! Ca	
Zebe	Gautscha
Hhome ! Gasa	underlands Kung

they look very like our Bushmen but more red.
Igasa looked like Di:ai (wife of Qui guide)
She spoke Kung with Ledimo.
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,
Igasa (alone), says she lives here; is one of the people here.
Kung? the author in notes?
177 Where Igasa worked in Ma Kalahari and wore pure
a steenbuck skin Kaross. Worked on Mealie fields
in Kalfontein.
197 When Ledimo speaks they understand and they say
that Ledimo is not speaking Kung. He is
speaking Kau Kau. William Camm says this too
304 Thi:Ko has fresh scars 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
117 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 Tiso 6:30

Tunis 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. Ramsdens brother is one of the oldest residents. He came to this country about 1902. The Boer war ended about the turn of the century, 1901. Rhodes died just before 1900. A proper old timer he is says Mr. Flattery. Mr. Flattery says their 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 2 or 8 herdsmen on horseback to Lobutu and Labotsi, to sell. We talked about Mr. Mathias. We talked about Mr. Drotzko's brass knobs on his bed stead. Bushmen were singing the giraffe song in the distance, for all the world like the Gantsha song. Perhaps they were dancing. We delayed so long over our drinks and 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 it. We spoke of Mr. Hardbattle wanting to send his children to a white school because he has the right he said, but said Mr. Ramsden he advised Mr. Hardbattle not to, as it would be an unkindness to the children. Lawrence 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 rare things to come up in

conversation here as in S.W.A. are lions, race, and Bushman (a fourth thing is politics after the other have been exhausted.) We got on to Bushmen but not to politics this night.

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. R. on a good horse caught him before he got into the bush. He made the Bushmen take him to his werft. There he told the people they must come and work for him, and (perhaps as a hostage) tied a rhein around his captive's neck and took him home.

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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 print tickies, has put a hut tax of £1-13-0 on Bushmen (ten mes) 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 govt already short of police would have to have three times the number to enforce it. This is

also 657

unfair to Bushmen and farmers alike. Mr. R. has told the D.C. this right out, a fine fella Mr. R. say he is. but he did not like being told he was a tickie quicher.

423 Mr Flatley 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 Nama and Makoko (sp?) (Makankan?)

177 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 me, his Bushman ? to be sent to prison in Gabon ? But he says Bushmen can't stand prison any way. He sent seven to prison once for shooting cattle. All but two died. He says the Bushmen are hungry when they shoot cattle any way. You can't expect a hungry man not to. He feed his, and they appreciate this and stay with him

Now Mr. Ramsden is a genuine person. He is reflecting the ideals of the place and the 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 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 clear firm way of putting things into work. I learned very much, and practiced finishing a roll.

Before we had finished guests came to lunch unexpected by me, invited by Dan who neglected to say. The guests were: Mr. Frank Ramsden, the elder brother, and Mr. H. Ramsden the younger brother and Mr. Hardcastle. 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. Hardcastle, 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. Handtmann was a policeman in London, then in the Boer War. Then in the Bechuana police. Then a rancher here.

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

Mr. Lemke who has a monk like face - a straight, wide mobile mouth, has been a great deal with Bushmen. He has been to Gaulocha. He says the Bushmen call him !Kau !Kaume, White God. This is Professor Maingard's spelling. Mr. Lemke says he had a farm claim which he rode. When he left the bush he did not want to turn his claim loose so he kept it. He had to serve 14 days in jail for doing so. He now drills wells.

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

Fedumo says that ~~the~~ before he came with us he thought that the Bushmen he grew up with were Kung, and that to the west, over the
101 border in S.W.A. i.e. where we were that there were Ma Kan Kan 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 Wilhelm, their names and a few kinship terms. Their names were
60 Igasa, ‖ Kushag, !Khoa, !Naoka, Bau, ≠ Nisu. Mother is d'ai, father is ba, elder brother !go elder sister !gui. Younger br or sis tsi. On the girl said her tsa was her father brother ‖ga her father's sister. This girl was named for her mother's mother. It all seemed to indicate a similarity with our Bushmen.

Professor Maingard says Shapera says the vocabulary distinguishes the Bushman groups on language
112 only, not to depend on customs of the evolved destruction.

At supper Tunis Berger told us about his life as a plague control officer. One time one of the villages on the swamp had plague break out. The doctor ran
117 away afraid, 57 people died, two were saved. When Tunis crossed the country we want to cross. They had no water all his life. They had no water all day.

for ten days, could not cook anything in a pot. boiled meat in the coal & had tea once a day. They found the sand very very heavy. Got through ~~with~~ in spite of a burned out bearing, & broken piston, with 15 gals of water over.

Lawrence just before turning in said Mr. Hardbatte 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 & tobacco, offering them a ride, and with them men 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. Hardbatte 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. H. says that a Bushman woman can have a child by a European - but not by me. He has known this to be true in many cases as it was with him.

Mr. Ramsden told us that Quintin Keynes had been through & visited him.

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

117

MacDonald Hastings "Investigator" on the Eagle wrote about finding the Little Yellow Men of the Kalahari in journalese which we found excruciating.

In Windhoek we had the Rounds to dinner one night the McIntyers another. Both evenings we thoroughly enjoyed. One day, the Tuesday, after the Monday on which I & I arrived, we went to Rehoboth, Dan Eli & I with a dinner to take pictures of the Basards. The location of Rey Dama there was an experience. Lawrence Bill returned from Walvis Bay on Thursday. Tom then on every one worked like fury to make the deadline set by Lawrence for Thursday.

Elizabeth and I went each day to see

115 Gani. He has tuberculosis and is in the Native Hospital. It breaks our heart. 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 Elly and me, drove us down to the town twice and took us to see of his lions. He seems kind. It is encouraging comfort that he is gentle and to minister 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. Gaus the young Swiss who was cook at the Groot Heuvel 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 Bri fleisch 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. & Mrs C lived in Malay for years, Mr. C managed rubber plantations. They are liberal, pleasant people. Mr C is vigorous and forthright, despite his great age. He 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.

Monday May 2 1955

Lewis Farm (near Mr. Ramsdens)

A group of about 50 (men women + children exclusive of those we saw working) Bushmen live on this farm.
They come from Ilgana to the north they have been here about a year. It is days journey to walk? ~~The answer is a ku guani~~ 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. I asked what children were born in Ilgana. A boy of 5 or 6 was born here they say. A boy of 17 they say was born here.
Ladems can talk to them all right.

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The above information was amended by Mr. Lewis when 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. Tuni says they probably came originally from this country and feel it is theirs. They may have relatives working as Mr. Lewis permanent farm labourers. Mr. Lewis does not feed them. He says they find plenty of bee kos, especially now after the rain. He says that they come from the north where they now live.

Where they now lie

Sunday May 1st 1955

Frank and Bert Ramsden and Mr. Flattery, Mr. Hard Cattle and Mr. Bruno Lemke (who drives wells) came to lunch. Mr. Lemke lived with Bushmen and rode an
117 un eland. He told us. When he left the vee he did not want his eland to fall into Mr Plume so he killed it, and had to spend 14 days in dago for doing so. He is an African speaking person. Professor Manyuo 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. Hard Cattle who is a most unusual person. The Ramsdens know Mr. C. J. Mathias and Diolde (Martinsch) We had a good gossipy time.

Monday May 2nd 1955

We went to the Lewis farm and took the names of Bushmen who are visiting there from the north. They say they are Jildoisi
101 just as our Bushmen say. They say there are Kung to the south and Mi Kao Kao to the north. (of note)

Tuesday May 3rd

We tried to get face mask of the young-ox
177 the Lewis farm. They refused saying they were afraid. Instead we rather almost fell ship.

We asked for a piece mash the pegmeat, a pipe, a file, 8 shot shaved of heads 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 1955

Elizabeth, Bill and I went to Hard Bottles farm. Bill treated a sick Bushman who has a much enlarged liver. Mr. Hard Bottle told us how he had bought up a farm, 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 showed them, since they were put up, about the time of the Boer War. Mr. H. sleeps in a small hut. His store house is about 75 feet long. His kitchen is an open sided roofed hut. Bushmen work for him. He is said to have 2 Bakwena wives. Now his present mistress is half Bakwena and half Africans. A two year old son looks like a Mulatto, and lives in the Bushman sheen just like a Bushman child.

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Thursday May 5.

We are in camp near Mr. Beyer's father's farm. Tomorrow T. is going to bring Gaqua Bushmen from with him. He is going out soon to be married and to fetch the one from Walvis Bay for us. We shall wait here for him and then start off to Lehututu. Then Molepolole from there soon we 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 jaldoisi.

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 camp tonight was very well done. We were cozy and collected in no time. A little fire now has burned down to embers. Dan Eli and I are beside it. The others are in bed. I am too drained or unable to write this diary here. But I have almost caught up in the 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 £8 duty on each case of liquor. Have to go back to get our permits confirmed. But we went well. Mr. M. gave us a copy of his proclamation

We camped by 5:30 two miles north of Tunis Bugs father's farm.

Friday May 6

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

We had three Bushmen to work with yesterday. Prof. Maingard got a recording with a young boy (Nan) 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 same kinship system. I am trying to solve the problem of the ‘gu!n. His answer is the reason may have been known by the old people but I do not know. His name is //Aie/ke I paid him 2/6 at his request. He works for the van Lewis.

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Conference Saturday May 7 1955

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

Lawrence says he agrees that a list of key words is important. L. wants a translation in English so that others beside 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 & hoped. He said this was a pity, but it was necessary if the record were to be used by other persons beside himself.

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Lawrence says to record names of the man, his wife, the man's mother and father, and children for the purpose of identification, and for collecting names. I think this about the right amount of time and space given to this. I will get the naming of the children with respect to Eg's father and mother out of this. I said not to try to collect kinship material during 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 Bushmen languages. He ~~was~~ has studying Nama and Korana. He finds the Namas language like Hottentot in situation, though the vocabulary is not the same. He finds Korana more archaic than Nama. This

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

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No Bushmen have come.

Tunis and Bil went in Tunis' Chev to Schitwe on Lake Ngami to find a Bushman Tunis want as a guide through the dry lands.

Two new boys were employed yesterday. One is Simon, who looks like an elong Mask. The other is Jule. 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 means "Wounded knee".

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.

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Mr. Burton and Mr. Lewis near Glangi 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 Lewis like the two Ramsdens is against it. Mr. Burton a wealthy man, says he would not 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.

Tunis Berger says that Bushman laborers are given - for themselves only - not their families 1 lb mealie meal and 1 pt 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 west any time they so decide. A group of 1 Quikwe left the Bergers farm recently.

222 Lawrence has heard that veldkos
177 is good in the area. Tsi (called Qui by the !Kõ is abundant now. Dabe's wife gave us a present of 2 plates full.

We are going to pay Dabe 1/- per day. A large wage. I expect he will be happy. ǂGishay will get He was in such ragged clothes I gave him an undershirt. Lik's oldest pants (brought for just such a purpose. and a marine chap jacket with red paint stain / Eli:

Monday May 9 1955

194 Professor Manigard and I worked with Kedum Wilhelm Dabe the ǂKo Bushman. The Makantan !Nai !Ke never came back, to my great disappointment. We had a different time in the am. Got further along in the pm. ǂKo has the Kiso click and is very hard to hear. I must learn the phonetic script.

Tuesday May 10, 1955

Last night, Monday May 9 - it rained, Elizabeth and Bill got up and put everything under canvas and put up the green tent to put things into and for Fedimo to sleep. The green "umbrella" tent has a floor sewn in a screened screen. It is insufficiently ventilated to use in the day time.

117

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 ǂ Gisiag the ǀ Gamikwe from Silitwe, then Dabe the !Kõ on kinship terms in each of their languages. Elizabeth worked a while with Dabe.

124

Dabe the !Kõ and ǂ Gisiag the ǀ Gamikwe are both in our employ now.

Jule has been dismissed. He was only for Tunis making trick. Dabe's wife, with her children will go to Tunis' sister in Maun to be wash woman. Simon is staying on with us. He is an ovambo, a good long boy, they say.

We have to trim our staff as much as possible for coming through the dry area.

126

Tuesday I worked with Wilhelm Dabe & ǂ Gisiag while Professor Manigard worked with Fedimo translating the text he took on tape from a Ma Kau Kau speaking Bushman - the one who was so frightened. It took hours & translator Prof. M. thinks 30 of translating to 1 of recording. Fedimo find it slow & difficult to translate from the tape.

Wednesday, May 11, 1955

We broke camp about 8. Lawrence and I drove just in the big truck, stopping at Mr. Crook's. His wife sent us out coffee. We paid for his repairing the truck, and for sugar, mealies & fat which Bill had bought. Met Mr. Gower whom I enjoyed talking to about Afrikaners.

We reached Ghanzi before noon to send telegrams & postal cards. Telegram to John, saying to ~~Westphal saying~~ bring an Ampax Motor & coat; to Westphal saying to state what data he wanted recorded. To Colin. A telegram supposedly sent days ago to Colin had not been sent.

At Ghanzi this is the day, 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 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 !Kô Bushmen there and have Dabe to speak. F Gishay is now my guide. Tunis values him very highly as a direction finder. He said he gave up trying with a compass and map, and put Gishay on the bumper to be guided through the dry area.

5:30 p.m. We are just outside Ghanzi (pronounce Hansi or Xansi - Bsluch! 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 school house. 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.

117 Mr. and Mrs. Welsh are the teachers and he is a blond young woman, who poured out her anxiety about her husband who is in Ontario. Mr. Welsh ~~are~~ is a nephew of the famous traveler Chapman. Mr. Midgley expects the school to be raised by the gov. of a 3 teacher school Mr. Midgley teaches now, but can not speak Afrikaans, and there are for the first time 10 dop, 3 English speaking children in the school. Mr. Midgley is ambitious to improve his district. He has been in this service for 21 years.

Elaine Miller stayed with the Midgleys two weeks. Mrs. Midgley at first enjoyed her and liked her, and now says she found her behavior to be impossible & accept. so she broke off their friendship Mrs. Midgley 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.

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.

Mr. Midgley gave us present of grapefruit and lemon from his garden.

ORWA May 12, 1955

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

The foreman, Bogo is employed by Mr. Hardbrette to tend the farm. The kraal is his home. His "broker" (cousin) is visiting him. Togo. Togo is a garrulous man who talks for Bogo. 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. Togo insisted on 3/- per day for the use of a man whom Bogo pays 10/- per month. We refused and selected a Bushman

Professor Mangard worked with Wilhelm
124 + Bushman in Nam. Elij worked with
Tunis + Bushman in !Ko. I worked
with Bale + Ledimo in !Ko through
Sichmana. Nothing went very well.

May 13. 1955

See report of interview with Topo in note-
124 I worked as yesterday. The morning went slowly
but I gained a little bit in checking Tunis;
I felt miserable and gave Ledimo to Elij,
and spent the afternoon alone down the
omumba lying under a bush.

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

May 18 1955 Lawrence's birthday was forgotten

May 20 1955

The intervening days were spent in
Otjiwa.

On Saturday May 14 Tunis + Bill
117 left to drive out in Tunis chevrolet truck.
They left after an early supper to drive
at night when the cool sand would be more
compact. Tunis is very anxious to get his mail
& 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 adament 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 I think was finally decided 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 proper. 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 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.

They are a group of mixed Bushman whose parents are both Naharu and !Kõ. Two of them have

both parents of one or the other. The wives are the same, of Nature or !Kõ parentage. a few are Bi Kwe.

They are pleasant attractive people. I find them nice looking.

I have almost finished the kinship terms in !Kõ.

124 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. Every thing said goes out in three steps and back in three steps.

Professor Maingard has used Wilhelm when making his list of ~~three~~ key words and the sentences he uses as test & 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 picture. Have taken some as though a travel episode not a study - taking what comes up. hit or miss Bl + Wh. or Colo.

I do not feel I've come to grips with the choice of what to do in picture a 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 fair situation and are mixed Nan and Ko. 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.

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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 gemsbuck dance. We all went except Prof. Marquard. The Kraal people were sitting by a fire on 12 mile Bushmen by another. The

Bushmen women of the Kraal weight were sitting in a circle as the Gaubsha women do and the men were dancing around them. They were dancing the Gemsbuck dance. It heartened me to see them. The dancing was excellent, though not as beautiful to see as at Gaubsha because of the ragged pants and coats which hide covered the graceful bodies. The clapping was excellent.

Three medicine men were active. They gave our Dobe and + Gishag a fine curing treatment, and one of the men went into trance in as fine a way as I have seen. I felt confident 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. Gowan, calling up with Mr. Flattery's cattle that are being driven to Lobatsi to be slaughtered. We gave them a fine lunch of gems buck steak, had a pleasant talk, and they pushed on. They gave us a pint of cream. Mr. Ramsden and Mr Gowan are very attractive men; Mr. Flattery too, but he is less sophisticated.

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

[Is the omaruma we passed last evening
Takachu n Takachani is where we camped
Barachu. Wm was latching almt.]

May 27 1955

A good deal has happened. I have written no account of events since May 20th

117 We are now sitting beside the road as camp is being broken up. We are near Takachani Omarumba. We are only three trucks. Bill and Tunis 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 23rd 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, & watch. We saw the head light and rejoiced. Then we saw two pairs of head light. That was something else again.

In a few minutes they arrived; out stepped not our longed for Bell and Tunis 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. With them were an Old Timer, Bum Pete Odendaal and a very pleasant farmer named Mr. Terblanche and Mr. Knobel's brother who is a trader in Molepolole, whom we liked as well. Also there was a Mr. W. Loots, a reporter with the Die Transvaal. He soon had told me that he had shaken hands with a Native chief as he felt he fitted 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 of the 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

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Dr. J. F. Murray - Supt. Routine Diagnostic Div S.A. Inst. for Medical Research
Dr. M. ~~Pla~~ Patz General practitioner Middelburg Dist. Transvaal
W. Loots. Reporter with Die Transvaaler
P. Odendaal. Lobatsi.
~~Farmer's list~~
Terblanche - Farmer Middelburg Dist. Transvaal
Henery Nel - Camera man
Louis Knobel Prod. Mgr Union Film Div. Dept Education. Pretoria
J. Knobel - Bro. of above, a Trader in Molepolole

program would be feasible to eradicate syphilis around the edge of this part of the desert. He seemed to be a very fine man. I think we would be congenial.

The party accepted our invitation to dinner. They all had a drink while Philip prepared a fine supper for thirteen. Kedimo and William trotted back and forth setting the tables and serving. They did themselves great honor, and they did us great honor.

Elizabeth and I made tea about ten. After that very body 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 Biel and Tunis. Today, May 27 we are 60 miles further the south, at Baraclu Pan, and still Biel and Tunis have not joined us.

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The work of the days from the 20th to the 27th consisted for Lawrence principally in getting water. Seven barrels at no 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 stations here. They work for hours

upon horses and are patient and through filling the big rumbling stomachs of the cattle, and later dipping on and on for the donkeys. It was William, however, who dipped up on seven barrels full. William is a strong man. Simon stood on top of the truck and little Gishag handed labels to him. Lawrence also had to get wood and go hunting. He got a gemsbuck 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 !Ko and half Naharu, who were living 12 miles south west 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 pathetic because they tell me lies. I feel very shaky about the whole of residence.

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

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!Gani came into our lives one morning as we were talking with a group. He

is very old and as small as our Igani, probably weighing less than 80 pounds. I had come to some question about conception in my inquiries as to what words they express relationship by, and how do they distinguish between blood relation, affin. One of the !Kō men advised me to take Igani aside in the bushes alone with Wilhelm. He said Igani was so old it would not matter if he lathed to me about such things. But for young men it was bad talk. This I did. Igani 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.

Igani was smug, and not a little regretted. He readily attributed evil and unseemly behavior to the !Kō or to the Makankan 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 Nahru - 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.

I got a great deal from Igani 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 this version of the story of the proper who eat the sun; a version of the moon story. He described the choa ceremony and the umbilical cord ceremony and told the reasons, and the reason why dunker sleenbuck and springbuck 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. He 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 ~~when~~ for the child to be conceived these two substances must come together. He is unlike the Gaulosha Bushmen in this. They believe the menstrual blood is what unites with the semen. The Nahan word for semen is chum. It sounds to me like the Gaulosha name for the Pleiades.

At our last talk we spoke of God. He

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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 Ghangi - 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 some - one about what proper ~~[illegible]~~ themselves 101 the Okwa omarumba is the point of reference in this area. Those who live to the north of it are called by those to the south !Kxoto. Lebuno interprets this to be a derisive or making-fun-of word. The people to the south are said by everybody to be the real !Kõ. The !Kxote have another name ≠Ai Kwe. This means people who have both !Kõ and Nahru blood. We have now come south in search of !Kõ and the first man we met at Baraclu part is Nahru. The others here though are !Kõ.

The Nahru is a man who was in jail

177 of cattle stealing. He had had Kanga
685 (canker a cancer) of the nose. While
117 under the law he had been sent to a
hospital in Miami and the cancer had been
arrested. He has a !Kõ wife.

Wilhelm knows all this. Wilhelm
was once in the police force and was
124 stationed in this area. He knows a lot about
115 it and its people. How ever is it we
117 have such prime 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 Nama* 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 the people seem a bit clumsy.
He is half European and half . Camm is
a Scotish 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
measures a great measure of maturity. Wilhelm
seems not to have precisely that but

*Namaqua

to have so accepted his fate, ~~from~~ through what seems to be a deep humility natural to him, that he is quiet. His quietness lets perception enter his consciousness more than it does reading in persons who are thrashing and floundering about. I do not know anyone I would rather work with than Wilhelm in such subjects as we worked in with Igni. 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.

531 177 117 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 Bushmen 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, Namsi and another, the brother of Sobo, to come to work. Namsi got desperately homesick & left the farm and walked home, 100 miles.

In Gobabis he saw pictures on something - newspapers a magazine that was 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 were a pink granite outcropping near the omaruemba. The Bushmen without exception declared that they had never seen any drawing 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. Nanshi showed us the drawings he made. They were an airplane, an aardvark & 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.

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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 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. Boyo and his brother Toyo 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... Get the "cow dust time" as it was called in Mandalay. They came home, a cavalcade on horses & donkeys followed by six dogs, ambling towards their kraal with the setting sun turning all the dust to gold. Slung over the backs of the donkeys were two leopards and a duiker in 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 Bogs' boys with a medley and a dance.

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It was a Monday afternoon. In the midst of husking Medley Bogs started his phonograph. The Bushmen who were working, Bogs' & Topo's wives all fell to dancing what seemed to be a sort of Charlestown. They danced for half an hour or so and then went back to work. It made me think of Laurence's Hardships numbers this and that. I know Bogs I should like to send him a

record for present. He was pleased and said he liked Tchuana and Bebele Music best. I hope I can do this.

It was at this Kraal I saw something
117 The creature is almost the only thing in Africa I am not sorry for.
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 dare 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 oxen dishes at home. We have had to reconsider plans and possibilities. We expected the return of Bill and Tunis by Wednesday.

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

I gave 5/- and a pipe n pilo n knife to the men, a scarf to each wife. To Old Gani I gave a ragged leather coat. To

* Qasa. I gave Lawrence'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 meal to each man each day. ¼ lbs of fat. 2 lbs 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 & taxes

10/- per month

£1-8 per year. but 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 (Dana's old blue one) to Boy's wife. left note for Bill and Tunis and water barrels to fill, and drove 'till sun set. We reached the Ta Ruchu Omaumba, crossed it without knowing. Stopped at Ta Rchani. We were soon settled in a cozy camp (no tents) had supper, and

then took a quiet moment & 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. Borg and Tops) was Baraclu not Takachu. Baraclu was 30 miles further!

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 slinky 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 & change.

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

The country is beautiful. It's grass is gold and silver, its bush the infinite shades of olive green and grey that we love. It is flat

and empty. A sweet wind blew from the north, the ǁ Gai wind. from which the wife of God takes her name, the old Nahru told me – ǁ 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.

Baraclu Sunday May 29 1955

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

We had decided that very morning to return to Ganzi 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 Lichtenburg Molepolole and to meet John in Johannesburg.

I worked on !Kõ terms women speaking.

I got thoroughly discouraged and freshaden I could not bring the system to heel. The difficulties are using 2 interpreters who relay English to Naharu to !Kõ and back, and the complexities of the relationships I want described like Bro's wife's bro's wife. And the hearing of the !Kõ tenses. I must make no mistake between ǂKau and ǁKau ʘxa and ʘwa - it makes all the difference.

It has been decided to move along. I may never conclude the !Kõ tenses. I am discouraged. I struggle so hard I need a little sweet.

Actually the time at ʘKwa was very fruitful. I'm not so far from concluding Naro speaking tenses, 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 we can say what term do you use for so and so and what term does he use for you.

I made every one 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.

117

Bill brought mail which was very precious. Elizabeth had letters from Tad & Ellen. I had a long one from Malinda. It enclosed a card written at a party by

Dan has a nice wit and make 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 Mrs 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?)

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all the crowd. John was there too and signed a !Kai ≠oma | gaishay. In a few days now we shall see John.

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 Dennis and William are lifting of the trucks. Our tents are sagging and soggy. Professor 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 Baraclu in the morning. We got up at five. I enjoyed the sight of Venus the morning star. We did not leave till after 9:30 there was a big packing. We had set up camp very well to stay a while. But it was taking so long. I dug up a plant to have it identified. The old !Kõ Bushman who had walked with Prof. Maingard was there. He gave us the name !Kõ. 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 poisonous or not. Prof M. understood from his old Bushman that it is. William & Doke 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 cameras 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 & sat by the fire.

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this is the initiation dance name given / Gao Shay. it by the !Kõ

On Monday we had not traveled an hour from Baraclu till we came to Massering Pan.
117 I was with Tunis in the first truck. The pan was alive with springbuck and wildebeeste. Tunis got out to shoot. He ran crouched, like a Bushman, running swiftly and singly. 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 springbuck with one shot and a wildebeeste with the second. We were standing thinking things over when another shot rang out and Bill had wounded a springbuck. Tunis gave it another shot. (He is a fine shot. He hit a bulls eye one evening at 100 yds.) Igshay Kedumo and Bill tracked the springbuck and brought it back. We had an abundance of meat.

~~We went on through the day, seeing game.~~

After preparing the meat and giving
117 some to a Bushman and to some
127 farm Natives (Kewies) who were passing we went on. We had a talk with the Bushman. He notes. He is a !Ko. He has relatives in Baraclu and Okwa.
601 He terms any one who has the same name check this as his mother N!Kai!quo and any one who has the same name as himself N ≠ Hey.

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

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In the evening we came upon Manyane Pan. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. Herds of springbuck, 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 Serengetti Plains.

We camped ~~snugly~~ near the pans and were well set before the rain came. We saw two Bushmen who live with the Makalahari who tends the pumps. He rode with us next day to Tsane, the police station where there is a wireless, 12 miles beyond Lehututu.

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, fascinated in the morning. We had sights of the time primaeval when the beasts were unafraid. We saw thousands of springbuck and wildebeest and hartebeeste. We saw one great herd of elands. We saw leopards hunt and many little creatures

the series of pans between Baraka and Tsani lined the most

117 Fulututa 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 & could send no telegrams. A handsome Negro clerk, neatly dressed, spoke good English in a booming voice. Prof. M. said he was a fitting representative of the Queen.

attach to p. 54a

Cambridge

Sunday Morning - January 29 1956

Hard particles of ice are bouncing
117 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 some
one read it and burning it.

Several unnumbered pages follow it

The page ~~follows~~ p. 54. The last
entry was May 31, 1955. The
place was the place we camped
<u>after Tsani</u>. I remember distinctly
walking in the weed that night.

See note 9 Jan 1956 59. attached 54a reinserted May 31 1955

nine when we sat down to eat the steak, 117
about ten when we, over our coffee, had the 177
talk flare up. Bill and Tunis 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 Fedumo saying that
Philip had not given them any meat to eat.
Bill could not understand this. Tunis
plunged into blame of Fedumo with his
~~the~~ 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 upset - was not what was behind
Philip's being upset and acting in this

54 b

strange way, I said to Bill it was a problem of communication. I thought more than ~~Here~~ this 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 ~~di~~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 Lorna 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 like to have it appreciated. This makes

good morale. This is so true. I fear Lowery 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. The boys 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. He's expectation is that people will shirk and cheat and cheat - I think it is that. And I think he does not really know how to control with deep quiet security. Charlie Handley all this supposed exploitation. helped to speak seemed to think it 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 Lawrence is the leader, the final authority and that he has a theory of action which in the leader is sometimes very difficult for others to work with here (not in U.S. in Rajthura) 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 ~~to~~ assisting them with confidence & support of every kind. ~~and~~ They are the ones to do the job - not the executive. If they fail, the executive's job is to get someone else. Lawrence does consistently in this theory and it is very right. but in the actual daily work it does not always come clear to the ordinary folk, especially in these extraordinary situations we get into, more systematic presentation of information - and the attitudes and positions people have would be helpful. I think people are bewildered sometimes & do not know what they stand on exactly what is expected of them. but this way because he does not mean it to be this way. I think Lawrence wants to have faith in people and is led by that desire to great hopes and great disappointments. 2) I feel that he wants 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 Lawrence do not notice how late Philip works and why he does. They think it is all right whereas I see they others snoring in bed while the still works desks.

117
117

3) I think something serious has happened in the human relations. Something is being misunderstood, not understood at all, or something is happening that the Lawrence and Bill are not cognizant of. Bill, I believe, looks for the trouble in the rationing problem, expecting resistance to rationing and attempt to get around it. Lawrence I think feels that everything is going well in the food matter, but I feel in fear there is something the matter that may be for more serious, which may take over from the food problem. I think it has to do with concepts of confidence. I think it has to do with Philip's reporting to Lawrence that Dale and Wilhelm were not loyal to us — and Philip's feeling that he was overridden 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 farmer and said that Dabe and Wilhelm had put the Bushmen at the kraal up to asking 6/- (six shillings) a piece for letting us take face masks. I thought that a price which was out of the proportions and scheme of things and we gave up the face masks. Our faith in Dabe and Wilhelm was nipped in the bud. Farmer 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 felt he was not believed, or knows more than he was saying.

When Dabe and Igshay came to us Igshay was in such rags that his behind was bare. Not properly as in a breech clout but through having no back in his pants. We gave him a shirt & pants. Dabe was jealous I am sure. He asked for a coverall etc we have issued to all the boys who worked for us. Last Sunday when Bill returned Dabe and

Gisley 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 Gisley has a cough. They sleep on the ground with the cotton blanket we gave them. I see Africa as the mind that rejects them. 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. No place need to say she wanted to get into a hole and pull the hole in after her a funny saying. I wonder when she got it but I know what she means.

The episode tonight ended with Tiemo and Bill going over to the boys jig to thrash things out. Laurence cut me very short and went to bed. I followed right away because I did not want to be lead 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.

1954 c
M

Both Tunis and Bill have authority in Fedimo 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 Tunis 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 it term, what can he do. I must try to change. I bring disliers to Laurence, hatred of Tunis, additional trouble to Bill, heartache to Elizabeth, and real danger to Fedimo, for my favor is like a curse to him.

We left camp beyond Tsaui the morning of June 1 — 10

Next day. June 1 1955

At lunch on the road side we were eating cold roasted haunch of spring buck. 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 my

the solidarity of the white group by planning concern in secret of the other a
though I wish the more not that to humanitarian.

Monday May 30 1955 1

Between Baraclen and Fulhentatu, at Mascring Pan

A Bushman named ≠Kaneka, ~~≠Gane~~, on the road, a !Kõ

|Nor in Gue qa Kue ka

N/ole ≠Kweika

N/ole etc is clay Pan

He's name for the place - the pan

A quick sampling of information obtained in a truck stop 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 (in where we camped?) No. He came from

115
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When was he born? He does not know. He was small when both his fa. & mo. died.

His wife? Comes from Moriehi. His wife comes from there. The other side of Fulhentatu there is a pan Oihe - beyond Fulhentatu. He was born there between Oiho & Fulhentatu. His wife also was born there. His fa in law & mo in law live at that pan They come up here to get veldkos sometimes He is going so. of the pan to Okwa. His wife's country is from Baraclen to Oiho at Baraclen

Does he know /Quinte? He is his M Oka (elder brother in this case)

He says M Oka ha. They have the same fa 2 different mothers. N ≠Kan is what /Quinte calls him.

His wife is /Kuiy ≠haka

I suppose here is to find out whom he knows.

Does he know !'ani, wife of Maboshi. His tam !'ani

N Kai !'gao His fa name was ~~!'a !'gai~~ /N //ei

He does not know his mother's name.

Whom did he live with as child?

His fa (ans + gues) His Fa he says marino
!ani's Mo.
He called !ani's Mo n ||Kam + !ani he
calls n'Kai!gao. Does not know !ani's
mo's name He knows !Nabo ši
L.K. asks Does he know !gani the Nabru at okwa
Yes. He knows him. He saw him last rains
at okwa. Does he know + Gasa at okwa
[What does he call okwa?] He is his FaB
he says.
What term does he use. m owa na for + Gasa
!gani he terms n ≠ hey - !gani's wi he says
is ǂ'luka 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'ǂa !gao
If he meets a man with the same name a
himself what does he term him? n ≠ hey
Anyone from afar he would call that. If a Br son? yes
same n ≠ hey na.
Same name as his Mo? n'Kai.
Does !gani in okwa ≠ ganaka n ≠ Kanake
If he has a y. br. with same name
as himself what would he term that boy?
n ≠ Kau - the term for y. Br. Note Not Nephews
If Fa Si Son m owa! gao has same name a
himself he terms him - He keeps the term
n owa! gao

Continued - interview at Masering Pan
with Namus ǂKanke

May 30 1955 3

Does he know |goin||ai in Baraclan - No
" " " gai ǂKai - No

What is his wind for Ole wa? Koe

601
101

Does he know anyone in Fulchutatu? His Ta-i-
Cow is there. Does he know Rietfontein? No.
Kalkfontein? Yes. (Prof Maingue asked.) ǂÕŋla

Does he know name of people who
go to the west from Fulchutatu?
the other side / Fulchutatu - the !Kõ call the people
South of L. ~~Hoã~~ /ani He does not know the names of
the individuals. ǂã /ani
Has he relative amongst them?

Spelling of name / people between
Fulchutau + Oliphant Kloof. sounds like Kei||Kom
He says he does not knowing any people called
that. He knows Tsani (Cows & goats - g|K.
but does not go So of Tsani. Are there
Bushmen there? Yes He works for Ma Kalahari
Others do too? Some. Others not.

Makankan

August 2 1955
1

Ghanzi,

Journey. Okwa to Molepolole

resume I camping spot and Bushmen.
we worked with a man on the road

Ghanzi Area. Mr. Midgley D.C. stayed camped on Tunis Berger's father's farm.
Elizabeth had 2 interrogation periods with 2 Nharu
I had 1 int. with a Makaukau. not satisfactory he was a farm Bushman who came after harvest.
neg rca

117
177

I started genealogies with 1 group (a 1Gwikwe and Dabe (hoe !Ko and hoe Naharu) 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 !Ko kinship terms.
there were !Ko and Naharu (Naron) Bushmen working at the cattle station: ~~Two~~ a Tchuana, Bogs Kilibunng, and his family are there. The land belongs to Mr. Hardbattle. Bogs is employed by him in some sense, but Mr. Hardbattle has no cattle there. The herds belong to some one else. Who I do not know. Bogs and his spokesman Topo, the elder brother of bogs wanted 3 shillings a day for the use of one of this Bushman worker who speaks Tectgwana and could work with Ledimo. I feel that the price was excessive and that we were 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 ǁKo. ǂGasa and a young man. Another young man, Tsa ha, said that his group was at present living 12 miles from the Okwa Omarumba. He agreed to go and get them to come to work with us. He left on Friday and returned 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 ha was one. The other I didn't see till the last minute and do not know who she was.

One man, ǁNoǂKe brother of Dabe, was unmarried. He said his wives all leave him. Wilhelm said he had syphilis. His leg had been 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.

Insert p. 56

Sorghum - The big Webster -

2. a cereal grass Andropogon Sorghum in Asia & Africa - as fodder, grain plant or pr making Molasses & syrup. The chief grain yielding sorghums are Kaffir corn, durra, Milo Maize Egyptian rice corn, Jerusalem corn & broom corn.

Nov. 19. 1962

Insert p 57

(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 Lutle 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 Lawrence. This was what made Theunis so angry and what was somewhat resolved between Theunis talked late into the night with Elizabeth and me as I say on page 59

Lutlhe ? no
Utukubatin Pan ? no
Choane ? yes

June 3 1955

117
106

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 Tunis heard 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 long one could show a star into them. They are gray and blue gray and steel gray and pearly white. Birds like shore bird with long pink legs are swirling and crying in protest to our being here.

Tunis says the people must have shot an eland to run so far and so fast. Wilhelm spied me 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 oxpiny bude 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.

Tunis proposed to drive around the edge to cut across the spoor at the other side. This we did but missed the spoor.

Tunis must have been right about the elands. 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 accounts for his volubility and his pouring out information.

We passed his village, got into the road again, and had an uneventful day with good views, hartbeest but little other game till noon ~~to middle of the afternoon~~. Then we reached Lutlhie. This is ~~an interesting~~ a settlement amidst huge fields of Kaffir corn (Prof. M. says this is Sorghum. L & J think Sorghum is a large grain cane in the Pacific islands.) The field we were told belong to Bechuanas.

101 117 The Bushman in the road proves to speak !Kõ, but ~~had a Sechuana~~ was named Picanin. His father was named Mahokoamoswe a Sechuana word which mean "Bad Wind" See notes on him for more later. He was at Lozi, just beyond this settlement.

117 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. (Tunis by the way had tried for a gemsbuck

last night. Wounded it but could not get it. Lawrence said to give 1 leg. I saw none being given. It turned out that Thomas had said to give it all. The people are Makalahari. (This later caused a quarrel between Thomas and Bill D.)

At Lutlhe we found the most opulent settlement we have seen on this trip. Fine houses with glass windows. Shops here. big cattle kraal. a reception place. The owner of the biggest house is a Machwana. but was away. A Minister with an attendant were there. The Minister was in an American army coat. The attendant wore a vulture bone like we saw on the witch doctor. The people owned to us no information so we gave no present. Dan & I took pictures.

There is a store near Lutlhe.

We proceeded. About five we were overtaken by a storm. Thunder and lightening, rain and hail enveloped us. We camped in the rain just as darkness fell. Son Lawrence. If he does one one 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, unfailingly. I am obeying his orders to stay in the cab and keep dry. Eli is helping every one. I'm worried about the Bushmen by the fire. They already are very sick. Their rags are drenched.

6:30 Darkness is enlivened by horizontal sheets of lightening on the

hungry. The rain is slopping. Things look more dismal.

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

6:45 Bill has his tent up. Feeling for 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 Chase slept. He now has the office tent which is more comfortable for him. Eliz. is helping to get ours up. It is pitch dark.

Tunis and Bill do not understand ~~what~~ the each other's pronunciation. ~~They~~ often miss completely what the other said.

Finally in the wind darkness and rain the tents were up, a canvas shelter for the boys to sleep under. We used that for cocktails and supper. The drink warmed us and drew us together. Tunis stayed with us and talked as he had never 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 Phillips fire and sat around it till

late. Tunis told us about shooting bears with his father. It was too bad that Lawrence and Bill had gone to bed so early. The night was a night to remember. Elizabeth and I felt happier and went along the snow for a bit of a walk playing the flash light into the wet grass on the water for him, enjoying being together for a little talk.

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

Saturday June 4 1955

We are supposedly one days 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. Lawrence thinks there is at least a 20 mile error.* in the map. So far we have travelled 19 miles more than the map shows. It is 9:45. Everyone is still busy doling out the petrol among the 4 truck 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 when the situation is not serious.

The rain stopped. The whole cloud mass which had carried the storm last night sank down on us. Taken

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* Kang to Letlhe on the map shows 63 miles. By our speedometer 92

We got up the fog was so thick we 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 merry now more relaxed by.

I think every one 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 sympathy.

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

Nothing – I believe over and over again – is as important as sane life itself and what sustains it ~~as literature~~. I said to Eliz 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 cavalcade of Native 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 a bottle.

We have been having only fat cakes for breakfast no porridge. A fat cake and creamless coffee is not sustaining I ache and faint with hunger. No snacks are provided. Famished, 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 cakes.

Among the people we met at that place were women in Kanakas. One had a fine skirt made of skins, hair in a fine pattern. She ran away, afraid of my 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 springbuck all ran to the right and the gemsbuck to the left. Ahead were 3 creatures which Wehlen said were hoeffe hunds. 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 GMC went down in one rut to the axle. A wince to a tree drew it out easily.

The villages are Bakalahari largely and there are some Bechuanas 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.

Farmer 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 Letlhe who looked Mongolian enough but spoke only Bakalahari.

Mr. Knobel, the trader at Malepolole, says that the Bechuanas and the Bakalahari hide the Bushmen who work for them and deny there are any, keeping them far in from the roads in weeds at the outskirts of their land. They want no investigation.

Mr. Knobel 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.

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

Beyond Letlhakeng the country rises. First it seems to be a huge

Sand dunes 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.

117

We camped late and quickly 9 miles west of Molepolole.

Sunday June 5 1955

We moved camp. at least the staff did to a more comfortable place. They re-loaded all the trucks for going to Johannesburg, Gaborones etc. working like beavers. They hung out all the blankets and sleeping bags, dried the tents. gave us a fresh start.

Laurence, Professor Maingard and I went to Molepolole. We found the Knobles at home (Johann Knoble) and had tea with them before lunch.

Monday June 6, 1955

Laurence Elizabeth Professor Maingard and Bill started at 10 to drive to Johannesburg in the G.M.C. which needs repairs. Tunis went to Gaberones with the other. Dan gave me a valuable lesson in photography.

John has been in the air since Sunday afternoon. Tuesday the seventh is almost here.

The plan to take petrol and water out on our route to leave a a dump is abandoned as impracticable. If necessary a trip will be organized back, but this may not be necessary. Mr. Knobel told Lawrence of two wells on the way where there is water. He in the 30's with his father drilled two bore holes on that route in the attempt to provide water for a cattle route. Water every 20 miles was what they wanted. Both wells proved to be poisonous, he said with sulphuric something in them. The scheme was abandoned.

Mr. Knobel told us that there are wells (bore hole) at ~~Kungware~~ Kudumalapswe and Kungware where Natives have settlements. We are going to employ another Bushman at Kungware.

This was arranged for us by Mr. Knobel who said he had promised 2/- per day through the man who was the intermediary for him asked for 2/6. Lawrence said to Mr. Knobel that we would pay the 2/6. Relaying the man through Maun and the W.N.L.A. convoy will have to be arranged.

Tuesday June 7 1955

Dan and I spent the day in Molepolole. We had morning tea with the Knobles (J.C. Knoble)
117 We shopped at their trading post for trade
177 goods with which to buy from Bushmen garments, implements, ornaments, musical instruments, weapons. We bought 2 cotton blankets and 4 cotton small kaross. Mr. Knoble said that cotton was good enough for Bushmen. I want to buy a fine Karoos and the undergarments with them. 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 spoonfull 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 Colin, as I had requested from Ghanzi.

In the morning the D.C. Mr. P. Cardross Grant, was busy in a meeting on taxation with the chief. In the afternoon we
117 called on him. He took us to tea in his
106 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 during 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.
TP His wife is an interesting woman. She speaks English very well. and We met her at the Knobles' also. 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. When ever 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 this chief's wife is the one who holds things together. ~~Mrs K. says~~ 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 my way 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 & 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 Lucia color slides / photographs

Wednesday June 8 1955

I worked with Gisbay & 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.

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We have language complications. Wilhelm and I speak in English. Wilhelm speaks Nama to Gisbay who is a mixture of ǂGanakwe (his Fa) and ǂAikwe (his Mo.) who is half ǂGikwe and half Nama. Gisbay speaks these three Bushman languages. I found him giving me 3 terms for Fa Br. for instance but not because of the Nama path, assuming the Ganakwe people. I found after a day of confusion that he was obliging me with the Nama and ǂGikwe terms too. when he did not know the ǂGanakwe when he did not know the other. He then supplied me of the other. He then told me he spoke ǂGanakwe least well, for he lived mostly among the ǂGikwe. When you ask him what he is he says ǂGanakwe. His father is ǂGanakwe but evidently was matrilocal.

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

Thursday June 9, 1955

This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday. It was celebrated at Molepolole with a ceremony. Tunis 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 is 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 element (that occasion) should like to forget. I got out the suit case and in a fury of haste pulled on gold stocking 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 Tunis and I were seated by a clerk to chairs on the porch of the D.C's office. Ce Square

was formed with the flag pole 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 ~~put~~ 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 Livingstone Mission came. The doctor explained that he was English but that the nursing sisters were Scottish.

117 106 Townspeople 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 homes. They have lands throughout the valley

and are at this time living on their 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 Mauns, the two ~~families~~ of 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. Cardiff Grant said that the old Sechele was told by the Queen to select what he wished 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 fear the details are not sufficiently established here & checked. Be that as it may, the chief's helmet bore white plumes and a golden sash.

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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 suit 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. Mr. Cardross Grant introduced us to her afterwards, and she spoke of having met us at the Knobles' store.

The ceremony proceeded. Mr. Cardross 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 sargant and the four police however made a resounding hurrah and then gave the Bechuana cheer which is meaning "rain! rain! rain!"

He describes the procession through the raising streets and the Tall Queen of Tonga in an open carriage.

Mr. Cardross Grant spoke simply and charmingly of the Queen's coronation. 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 ~~Bangwaketse~~ Bakwena is only a regent, and Seretse 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 suppose that Mr. Carlton 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 her obedient subject.

After the ceremony Dan and Tunis and I went again to tea in the Carlton Grant's garden. This time we were more acceptable.

Friday - June 10, 1955

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

Saturday. June 11 1955

117 124 We spent the day packing to make ready for the trip which is the main object of our expedition. All had been of loaded. I unload all morning trying to get clear to do some anthropology but never did get clear. I have had only about 18 days work in all since we started. I can not work at night. It is too cold or raing or too something.

Sunday June 12 1955

We left the camp near Molepolole in the morning, June 12.

117 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 Tunis 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) not M

Camp near Kudumolapse Monday June 13, 1955 76

117 Last night just before supper was to be served Tunis called out that he saw lions. There they were, their eyes gleaming green, from 3 them about thirty yards from camp. I said to do what Tunis said to do, as every one scrambled up. Tunis got his gun and a big flash light. 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. Eliz to climbed in. Next thing we knew we had moved out into the dark bush to find the lions. Eliz held the flash for Tunis John drove. Tunis has sharp eyes and is a fine shot.

He shot at all four. one galloping away, another skulking and then coming. We circled and circled about in the jeep. or tore in pursuite. In the end we found one half dead. Tunis shot at point blank six more shots before he killed it. It was too heavy. a

well fed young male to lift on to the jeep so we returned to get the boys. Tunis and the Bushmen skinned it after supper. Tunis I think is very glad to take lion skin home to his fiancée.

In the night last night it rained again.

This morning we were up soon after six, awakened by the rain. Leather cold and damp. Before I had my hair combed Cars and John had found the body of another lion, one of the ones Tunis 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. Tunis said lions hide their bodies but NOT their eyes.

~~Tunis~~ John hearing the lions before we went to bed had gone around the camp with a big flash. He told Tunis he heard them far away. Tunis 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 ~~a little~~ drunk with excitement. Twins was more than a little so.

(Continues Mon. June 13 1955)

~~Today~~ 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 cow corks before we left increased my longing for tea. Bill said we were not to have tea. This led to an unfortunate exchange.

[redacted] Lawrence had told us we had 1½ Galons 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 ruined

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resulted in pouring the water out again in peace. That 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 ~~broke~~ 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, ~~at bungalow~~ 3 pints per day, but just use [illegible] from the [illegible] common cans. Kenset - later - is no tea. And I use less than 3 pints by far because I am still angry at [illegible] was Bill going to me and because I am [illegible] I wish I could be better.

We camped about 4 miles before Kungwane.

At Kungwane ~~where~~ there is a bore hole. ~~at sunset~~. 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.

Tunis is riding with John in the jeep at the front of the convoy. They will be good for each others souls. Tunis shot 2 springbucks tonight.

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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 with bore holes 20 miles apart to the rail road at Gaborone. Mr. Knoble's father had undertaken the project. and Mr. Knoble had been with him. The bore hole at Kungwane had not been poisoned but 2 others (one at Kutche Wilhelm's version. Lawrence thinks Kutse) were poisoned, with copper sulphate in the water. This caused the abandonment of the project.

This was the morning John followed the hoofprints ~~It had rained in the morning~~ and gave us such a scare. He was contrite. ~~He had~~ ~~We remained in camp till about 9 p.m.~~ He had got lost trying to cut across to the camp & had had ~~This was the morning of the lions which~~ retrace every step following his own spoor. ~~disturbed and by staying in the tent.~~

John + hoofprints

By noon we had reached Kungwane. We saw no bore hole, but there are two dug water holes, fine big ones. Wheee had rain water in them. Tunis says they are not springs. We began at once to fill an empty drum and jerry cans. Tunis, Cass and Lawrence and John bathed. Bob Storey was concerned that we took so much of the natives' water and com- me about it. I asked Tunis + 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 of evening he said. Tunis says the bore hole is somewhere there but has no engine

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Medic comes pm - Portuguese wind

June 14 1955 [She returned with a Bushman and other people. We asked to take pictures

Bob, Dan John Wilhelm and I went to 81 the village to ask to take pictures (See note) when we arrived the women at first came to greet us, then ran, one letting her baby out of the picture were refused. A Bushman there had never heard of Mr. Knobler's arrangement for us to take a Bushman with us. He was in a state of knowing nothing and said the headman was on his way to the lorries.

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The men 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, Tunis tried and was refused, and we discussed the idea of magic. Tunis 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. Tunis tried giving cigarettes although they had refused and they relented. So although we were underway, we stopped and spent an hour photographing the village.

Kung wars

One woman protested loudly. She said she had known of 2 people to be killed by pictures. (They had said in the a.m. that Europeans had once come and whipped them with reims and this is why they had run away at first.) to try to take them away 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, we gave every one tobacco and then Theunis (formerly incorrectly spelled Tanis) asked me if I would agree to giving them half a springbuck, 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, if ever I allow it to be and could, 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 hair with the fire lamp behind him. Then came the episode of Ball telling Simon not to obey Theunis but my Lawrence. Theunis like Achilles in his tent went alone and sat in glowering silence on his heels. After Ball and Lawrence and Elgy 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 alone in his dinner. He said he was a man & they

his superior: his employer and not to make suggestions or complaints. He was doing his best to be loyal to us, though such a bad thing had happened with us. and although many times he knew something, having lived his life in the country and other people ~~told him~~ 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 Cape Town. Now after two 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. Lawrence's return however, brought him news from his lawyer at Mafeking 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 in 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 I giggling behind, the gear 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 wanting picture of the 3 hut village was that it showed so many similarities to a Bushman skerm. Perhaps, the huts are like large skerms.

June 14 - p.m.

We camped at a small pan covered with soft golden grass a few miles before Kutcha. In the evening after supper, I asked Dahi to tell me a story. He told me the story of Eyes-in-the-feet. In the story was a part about a bean. There was the beans we tasted at the Bakalahari village that afternoon, roasted and pounded to sweet powder. It is a fascinating version of the story and suggests an ancient vegetation myth, ~~with seeds being put into the long hole in ground (the bean to be cooked) and Eyes-in-the-feet being put in to, and eaten~~. which has to do with seeds in the ground or the grave or resurrection or winter-spring concept possibly - or some tale of edible plant. Eyes-in-the-feet, had coals poured on his feet, fell down and was eaten by Pizbro, 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.

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Was old blind man before Khutse? He is in picture

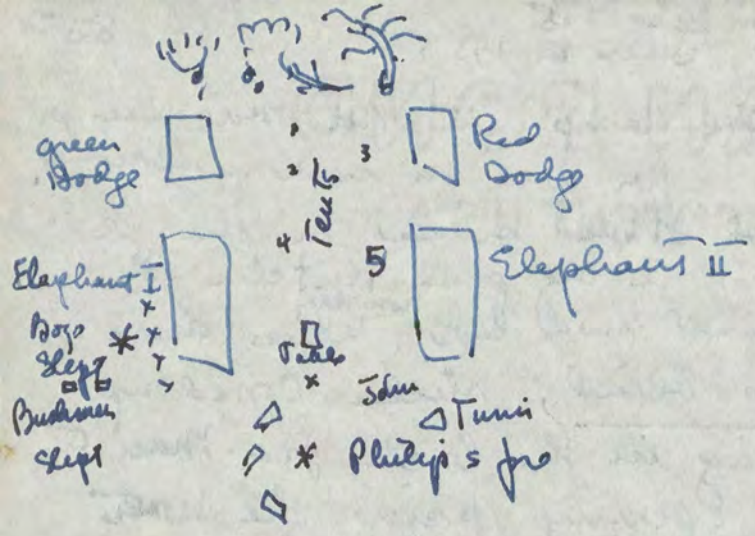
~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday June 15 1955

We left a cozy camp still damp but not mae 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 thorny shrubs. A big pan (pacher) Kutche is all golden grass except 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 (large) gems buck. lion everything. In game we saw Hartebeest and spring buck. Vultures made us think the lion upon of the next big pan had a kill, but it was only a leopard's kill. John Elizabeth Dennis & Dan woke me 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 Pretorius area. We had not taken the time for pictures, back there because we had to get to Johannesburg. We are a cumbersom expedition because of numbers and stuff and are always 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 trunks make a wall. Fires fill up the other end.

Camped



No lions came. We had a quiet night

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Saturday June 18 1955.

account from Thursday June 16, 1955.

The country is very flat on the whole. We crossed one sand dune running from No East to So West with a long slow slope. The sand is white. The golden grass grows in tufts. It is tall and delicate and bends most graceefully in the wind. In the flat plain there are sparse shrubs and small trees; they sparse they are but when you look to the horizon it is so distant that ~~you see~~ 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 Wilhelms coat into a fringe.

though he climbs from the fender to the hood to escape them. He is a fine sport fender.

Bob Stone gets out whenever there has been a puncture (we have had only 2) or an air lock we had one day, leaving 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 motor cycle. He told of an English couple racing before him - a part of the story I had not heard before. He said, "the grey had his wife plastered right onto his back. They leaned together and knew how to do it so well 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

Lawrence is giving me these notes

The first people to cross this country was a camel corps 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 Fitzsimons was on. The next was Theunis Berger Rodent Inspector ~~Ktoze~~ ~~Hack~~ W.A.J Drotsky Rodent Inspector S.T. Ktoze Inspector and their boys. They had 2 chev trucks 3 ton. They came on a plague control (Bubonic) sent by the B.P. Govt. in 1952 after there had been out break of plague in the protectorate. Theunis had worked all over Bechuanaland and in Gabolis. too. in S.W.A. This was an unknown spot so the Govt sent him through with a 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 pin under the wheels. One truck would run ahead, back up, run ahead again, and so they gained yards. They worked from 4 a.m. till after dark each day. They were things in 8 days.

June 16

On Thursday, we made only 20 miles. The sand is heavy. We stopped, furthermore to take pictures in a Bakalahari village called Kukama. It showed an interesting combination of Bakalahari and Bushmen features. The people looked mixed, the women showing most Bushman characteristics. The objects too showed both Bakalahari and Bushmen features. The skins were between hut-skins, built like skins, but bigger. There were ostrich egg shell stamping bowls. A hoe was like a digging stick with a metal blade thrust into a crack in the stick. I think these people mixed make an interesting study but they might persist in being suspected 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. Thesiger used to travelling so hard (his 8 days in his wheel chair) (340 miles) must feel it as bad as having a crew on his hands.

Lieutenant Mislard 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 load 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 was day with soleil gras. It made the day gentle on

yes. 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. Fri. June 17
117 106 of Bakalahari people. 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. Someone 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 no more after the village with the eland meat. But there were may 20 or 30, with 5 or 6 ladened donkeys. They were carrying all their belongings. Federico said they were people who were leaving their lands and village near Manatse Pan because of their thirsts to had lathed 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 why so clearly as when I saw Danny aim the camera. An instrument
117 pointed at one does look like a weapon.
106 Poor things. They will blame all their ills on this episode, and they will suffer fear of ills that do not befall them. A few minutes later.
Insert * below

A little further on was the village that these people had left. They had closed their houses doors with pole 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.

[Insert * A few moment later after the group had disappeared, three men followed. These are the ones we gave tobacco to. One had cancer or yaws of the nose. They told us that there was much game at Chee Kudu, and that there were Bushmen but that there were many lions who ate the Bushmen.]

117 In that village we met a Bushman and his
821 two 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 handsom old Dabe in Gaborone 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 fire wood all gone, for he says, when it sets the fire wood gathered for the night is all gone. He calls the Milky Way "God's path". He could such "God's Patch". The pointers of the cross are male grapes, the cross, female grapes.

We gave water and food to these people.

In the evening after Lawrence had gone
117 to bed, Thennis told us how worried he was about this dangerous country. A young man who was going to marry his sister had died, there in this desert on the eve of his marriage. Thennis 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 be says. He broke a cylinder head 125 miles from his destination, near Chukudu. on his plague control trip. They fixed it somehow but he has imagined the worst in this inplacable 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 a 2 trucks with one of each pair. Cass. Kruger is a good concreteman Mechanic.

John later, speaking of this to Laurence said he too was very anxious. This land is not like the Bantscha land, where he feels he might be able to live. Here he would feel it impossible to survive. He spoke of our camp, showed 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.

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 place and exhortations are then in the nature of showing the way and helping. The fact that I differ in so many shades and degrees and nuances with Laurence about the boys welfare, does not alter the basic situation.

When we had met the Bushmen at Manatse Laurence and I had asked him about distances and what people were near by. Themnis later had gone/asked to bring him. He meant to show the way out of the pan. We thought he meant to bring him to camp. Themnis 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, 1955 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 spring buck and wild pig on the pan. They bled before the Jeep with John, Elizabeth, I Gishay, and Themis bouncing and veering after them. We all drove up to the water hole. Off from the load came tires, grease pail, pumps hoses, in preparation for filling empty drums. Along with it all came the 2 lion skins. Baba and I Gishay sat down amidst the pumping and people bustling and Elizabeth washing her hair, and at Themis' orders skinning the lion paws.

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The air was sweet. The pan was covered with grass. The rim of the pan was covered with gray thorn. The wind was perfectly quiet except for now and cheerful and moderate sun.

There were 26 miles between us and Chukudu Pan, now. We travelled on from one to 6, and camped, having made 18 nine 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. On
order up to this point had been the Jeep
first with John and his camera. Elizabeth became
she wished to be there Thennis standing up holding
the wind shield. I Bishop to show the way.
Behind them came Lawrence and I in the green
Dodge with Wilhelm on the fender and Bob on top
alert to reach down for what ever peanut or toffy I
held up to him. We ground along in low at
2 miles an hour. The Jeep spoon does not fit our,
nor any other in the convoy. Then Came Danny driving
the red Dodge with Pedrino on top. Then came the
two elephants. Philip rode on Bill's. Sernin and
Hamice on Can Kruger's.

We changed the order. Lawrence had Bill's elephant
to just. It made a good spoon for us. We did not
hunt up so much, instead of having an air lock
my hay wire it was an hour or more between.
After the O.M.C. came Elizabeth & the Jeep. Then on the
Dum then Can. 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 can for photos. Philip and he make an
interesting silhouette. Wilhelm carries a branch
He pretends he is driving oxen. and outlines the
with his branch. He indicates the spoon with it too.
The portuous elephant makes a deep visible fine spoon.
and every one 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.

117 the government was so glad we were coming through here. It did not come to their attention that our trade is especially wide.

Speaking of the Govt I neglected to mention that Laurence engaged meeting Mr. McKenzie the D.C. at Mafeking. He find him an interesting and understanding person. Mr. McK asked about Laurence's women (Eli + me) and what sort we were to travel to Lobatsi 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 feel 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 flash-light for the smell. Bill in his booming voice called to Dabe to get those lion skins out of camp. They are Theunis's present for his bride. He ~~sh~~ shrubbed them. Bill's voice 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, his new being
117 with us and participating in the talk, his
~~ready~~ little laugh so like a giggle and so
near the surface ready to bubble out vanishes
like the flame of a candle and he went to
bed without having dined 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 clear me up. It does unfailingly.

Tomorrow we shall reach Chukudu Pan.
This has been our objective since March. It
117 is like an explorer reaching the pole. Our goal.
177 What Laurence has been told to expect is
312 much game, so much that Bushmen can
live without a water hole, from the moisture
in the rhizomes of the buck they kill and
from water roots and tsama melons. They were
inevitably be without much contact with European
only three 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 ~~the help that~~ that the trip would take ~~we th~~ 3 days, we are impressed
the more by the effect of time distance as an aspect of distance

We are all very tired. Philip has had
to stay up after midnight to keep things cooled
up for the next day's travel. He has no cook or
William helps fix wit to dishes
helper assigned. 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 me oar in. He believes so strongly that
the person who has been given the job of managing must do
it in his own way. I'm big both go to bed early. I do not see Philip

up so late. Thennis sees, but feels he is an employed person, and his code is to obey and make no suggestion. It strikes me as stemming from the code they expect of the natives: rather put it the code works 2 ways for a Afrikaaner. We are longing for a stop. I've had wet socks & 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 picture. 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 picture will be called as called can what happens. Ones feeling does effect what one tries what to catch, as we do it think.

The total game we have seen on the trip is 5 eland, 2 giraffe, 3-4 springbuck 2 wild pigs 1 ostrich. Thennis has shot 1 gemsbuck and 2 springbuck, near Molepole. 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 picture of the game in the Kalahari area. In this country one should assume nothing and grab every chance.

Sunday June 19. 1955

We were up before dawn and packed and off by 8:30. It takes us about 2½ hours, there are the trucks to tend to fill with gas, a 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 Ignshag 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 brown 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 (ie North west) 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 soap 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 attentive people with fine memories, and come to the spot, the very spot, under the very tree. Where years before Thennis stopped to repair his truck.

Two-up to Manatse we followed a clear foot path 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 hyaena tracks - away back - coming to a fork in the road. The hyaena went to the right, the leopard to the left. Presently the leopard crossed over and followed along the

right path where the hyaena walked. Dan said he could just hear the hyaena say "Fetch 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 long 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 sussle of a cold south wind in the thorns. There was no game. No signs of people. Biel 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 Thomas got 1 Gishag and they found the path to where the people lived whom 1 Gishag used to know. 1 Gishag set off and vanished silently in to the bush. After another while when an apathy seemed to have its way with us, Thomas thought about where to pitch camp. We chose a spot on the bank down wind from the pan. I was so tired I went to sleep on top of the cameras. Hours later as though every one 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.

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Then I heard someone say, here comes a Bushman. I called to Danny to bring a camera and ran around the truck. There stood Tsisiab with a young man, tall, ~~dark~~ black with glorious teeth of the Negro. He wore ~~an~~ mine boots. He had Bushman ears, however.

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

We talked. First Thennis, Tawana and I Gcishay had a time of asking them questions. Then Ledimo and I talked a bit. He in Sechuana. Thennis later objected to this, saying this was I Gcishay's country and he should talk. But Thennis had walked away and begun doing something else, leaving me sitting there. Ledimo and I Gcishay have no common language.

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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 Kudumalapsewe visiting her sister who had the Yaws or cancer) said that the Bushmen had all died of small pox two years ago.

Monday June 20 1955

Dan and John broke out the sound synchronization instruments and set them up in the morning. In the afternoon Mogatsipoze and Kuellboa came. I Gcishay had been sent to ask them. John & Dan took a sound sync picture of the two women talking. Thennis 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 Kuellboa but M. is particularly so.

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

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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 bl. & wh. stills and filled some pages of notes. I worked a bit on getting information. John took hold of his job magnificently. Elizabeth helped him wonderfully. It was a fine thing to see them working together so vigorously & creatively. Elizabeth gives her whole self and always. 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 proper of the group, and the Bushmen 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 & start at John's request. Mogatsi poge got her hoe showed John how she moved clear land and plant seeds in a patterned motion like a dance.

They went out to look for food. They scraped the world not they had. I have never had people do so much with such gracious patience and smiling compliance. 1 Bishop
117 must have given them confidence. He has
106 before - for instance when he told the people at Okwa that we were good folk, saying we were "as good as the government" (& they knows the Europe at Chinkuden - is related to me) Mr. B. unknown here. They received Theunis well, these people. Do.
His manner with them is not harsh or overbearing. It is clear he would have no nonsense, but he
Laurence would not allow me give any gifts of carting shells or beads or scarfs. 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 ten pieces of candy to each. He said: though we had taken it, he said over with us.
Theunis however, brought up the fact that the people said they were hungry. He became their spokesman. Laurence planned then to give them the meat we had in camp. Since this came from Theunis himself, and we were not going against a overriding, what Laurence thinks are his values, this went smoothly. "Nor were we being the ones to give, instead of him giving later
Theunis shot a steinbuck with a soft nosed bullet which blew up the middle of the animal into shreds. Its legs & all else was good. Theunis said to give that to the people too. This is a gift he can give of his own going. He is the hunter and the giver. I was at last content.

Leaving received something from us communally with other people at the people receiving so so much

Days later I am inserting a note here that this was the evening when Theunis accused us of using an interpreter other than Lumsey and Gishay, said we should
117 wait till he returned from hunting
106 to ask any questions. He was in a fury, and turned on me saying he could not stand Ledimo's smuggling. He said we had mixed up all the arrangements about the morning that the Basutmen from whom we wanted to buy Karosses would now run away. Lawrence 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)

In the morning John took pictures of the digging a water root. Thennie and Laurence at the village bought a man's kaross - the gray one and 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 Story asked to have fire-sticks bought for him. He wanted a Nescafe tin of tobacco to give for them. ~~In the morning~~

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No Shue returned with them, saying he wished to sell his kaross for a blanket. I suggested, since it was pants I wanted, i.e. a breech clout, not another kaross - that if we buy the kaross, he sell us also his breech clout for a pair of long pants - old ones of Laurence. This was done.

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

The Bakalahari would make an interesting study. Mr. Carlton Grant says to his knowledge little is known about them. They show either an interesting transition in culture - or an adaption. If they are the more primitive form of the Bechuana culture that would be most interesting to establish. Or, on the other hand, if they once had the same culture as the highly developed Bechuana culture - and lost it then,

as we have heard to falling upon bad times, 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 ~~blended~~ with married with Bushmen and their culture is blended with Bushman culture in the villages we have visited on this route. i.e. Kung mane, Ku Kamas and this one, Shekxalabu is village at Chakudu Pan. John sees the Bakalahari culture in the aspect we observe in these villages as the perfect transition between the Bushman type and Bakalahari type culture. The digging stick being an example. Here 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 is wielded not like a hoe but with a side wipe motion. (It has moves) However it is tipped with metal by having a blade thrust into the crack of the wooden handle.* (It is not bound in a haft) They gather the wild foods as Bushmen do. They plant a little in small fields, dropping the seeds into ~~and~~ shallow holes, merely covering them with the foot. They have goats but not cattle.

* As an extension of the handle, not detachable as a hoe has.

Goats can share their foods - the roots and tsama melons in water. Whereas cattle cannot. It is an adaptation to dry land ranching.

The mixtures of persons were as follows:

The head man is Makalahari
His wife "
His wife's sister " "
His sons + Das are "
His half bro. is half Mak. + half ǁGwakwe
" " sis " " " " "
His sons wife is ǁGwakwe full blooded.

We left at noon, drove 18 miles camped at 5:30 at Kwale Omarumba. I had a troubled night. There are always things that worry me and in the half conscious state between sleeping and 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 two misfortune. 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 I. Some time as I watch their faces I think they are feeling hurt.

June 23, 1955

In the morning I called a conference and said before all that I had a coat which might be lent to Dalie. I said I was giving that information to Thennis and Bill to act on as they saw fit. Thennis said we'd see if Dalie complained of the cold. Thennis does not know how plaintively he spoke to Lawrence and how Lawrence 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.* That could be, but I do not think that Philip or Fedimo suffer less than I think they do if they are suspected. When Philip has a bad headache it is assumed he has some horn hidden. When Fedimo made a request for something on behalf of the boys Bill said he was worried about him at first but he has been working well now. And there was Thennis remark about smuggling. It must be a bitter thing to live without possibility of doing anything freely on one's own initiative in such an atmosphere. I feel as though people had

What is suspected is that Dalie did not bring his coat with him and he is resentful and he is afraid to leave it in Dalie's tent for fear it will be stolen. But that is not what he is suspected of. It is in the air.

come into my house where we had had no cause to suspect each other and had brought suspicion to 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 see more clearly why I must be and how to be and I am more ardent to be so. Instead, feeling thwarted a frustration, to be circumspect has become my ardently desired goal.

I shall burn this all up. It relieves me to write it. I think I am going to have less need to write in this way. It bores me.

117

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 Kathi'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. Dennis Ely and John went off and shot a hartebeeste 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. Dennis says the male springs on anything that comes to allow the female a chance to get the cubs away.

In the mean time a grass fire has started about ½ mile away. The whole camp is cutting and back firing 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 it 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 1 o'clock when I had set the fire lighting his pipe. He found the Bushman weight, but found they had all gone, the thinks about a week ago.

Friday June 24 1955

We had a council after breakfast to decide what to do. Our days are few now. Thennis 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 strain oil water petrol etc. to not to far a point from getting out. If we find Bushmen on the way we can stay long enough to appraise them. or perhaps go out to the edge to lay a spoor and come back.

117

Another day of travel was begun at 10:45. We crossed the Okwa marumba, a beautiful place, pillars by a sheet 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 blows.

We took picture at the place of the place where Thennis spent 3 hours going ½ mile on his way through to Makgoro in 1952. the branches still lie in the spoor where he laid them It is a miracle

He does not know why the game have left the country.

1 Bishop speaks of having seen the spoor from Chukuden here 36 miles from Chukuden of the party that
117 went to pick tsi. They had donkeys. They were heading north east.

We camped near the pan. Its name is 1 Nau 1 Ni'u. Theunis had taken a walk around for about 2 hours. John and I had taken pictures of an abandoned weight - a little skeleton of a weight. The truck left us where they turned off to camp and we walked a mile or so across the veld after them.

Theunis and 1 Bishop had seen the spoor of Bushmen who had evidently run when they heard us coming.

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

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.

117

We passed a huge burned over area one about 2 miles wide. Near it another ½ mile. Who made the fire? There were 9 shovels 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 if the shot gun would make the giraffe run max. 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 improbable. A pan here where we have stopped has a water pool which is as dry as mud can be now. A bird just tried to fly into a jerry can of water.

At this pan Thelma's hope saw hundreds of Springbuck and wildebeest. Now there are none.

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 rat in the kraal and vicinity, to ~~inoculate~~ vaccinate people for small pox. This they did. They went through to Molepolo, then to Gaberone where they spent a week having their two trucks repaired. Then they returned on their own through this bad dry country.

117

On the way back, in 1950 at Xka Kgaru, just before one reached Chakuden (Kudu means turtle - Kudu molapswe means muddy place where turtles come.) They split a cylinder head. They had a spare* with them. 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 cyl. 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 rat.

Once bubonic plague had broken out on an island Theunis was sent with a doctor. The doctor ran away. Theunis came out after *

Lawrence's license to repairing it with spare - was not correct.

him and phoned his head quarters 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.

117

Theunis has other stories did he to briefly remind my say of. 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 finding a truck, 60 miles from anywhere, on the track to Victoria falls. It was down to the running board in a mud hole. There was no food or water in it. They took it in tow and 20 miles later came upon it none. 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 drinks upon the whole company. Theunis, his mother, his sister & brother in law.

One night when Theunis much was sleeping in the veld, rats made off with his false teeth. His Bushman had to track the rats to their hole & fetch back the false teeth. Theunis says there are 3 kinds of Ferrets and a shrew which carries plague.

Sat June 25 1955

This was the day Bill got lost. He went alone with out telling anyone into the veld
117 with a shot gun. We heard a shot about 11. Everyone said, there is Bill shooting guinea fowl. We had a late lunch, about two. Bill did not com. I, being my usual poor miserable self & murmuring trying not to be officious or offensive and being misread 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 & started towards us. We shot again. He arrived safely in camp. We had a good conference at dinner time about what to do in such circumstance. Just & all saying not to go.

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

Sunday June 26 1955

We had decided to move on. The G.M.C. with Thomas Eliz John Wilhelm & bishop started ahead at 8:30 to approach the next pan quietly. We were furnishing up some photograph

The boys were packing up when Bob stay
117 found a place where Bushmen were
124 camped. See Note. Two Bushmen then appeared

Lawrence sent Cars, Bob in the jeep
to bring back the others, saying 2 ~~in the~~
Bushmen in the bush are with a lion 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 Jedino to stay
to pack camp, so I didn't have him.
Bob found Babe an inadequate interpreter.
Theunis and Bishop 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~~ ~~Tied to the~~
~~nex~~ 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 that there is a rumor among the Bushmen that two Bushmen were caught and put in prison for killing someone else's horses, and that hearing our trucks they think the police are after them and are run away. The rumor is unfounded. Theunis says he would know if it were so. It is said to have sprung up [illegible] Chukuedu [illegible] have been [illegible] the Bushmen by the people there.

[Monday June 27, 1955]

It was decided that John + Bob should go to see the weight 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-police-like.

I worked with Ledimo on kitchen 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 Gisbay had been sent for him. What came out of the brush was a guinea fowl.

John seems to have things very well in hand for his work. He has made good plans and decisions. We 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 Claud McIntyre. The petrol was checked in the drum. We have 50 gal. to spare on this project.

The work with this Gikuyu 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 hole, he thought he heard guinea fowl near the camp, and started to get the shot gun. 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, elevates tensions with laughter.

Tuesday June 28 1955

Thennis John and the others found the people at their weight, 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 gals.

117 We have notes of our work in the weight during the day, beginning Tuesday June 28 to ~~Sunday~~ Saturday night July 2. Jamima and John stayed over at the weight. We went over every morning & back every night.

177 On Sat afternoon we took the Bushmen back to camp with us. We are getting along very well together these people and ourselves. I guess 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.

241 to the next pan, where Thennis 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 I Gau! Ni Pan. not quite

See p. 128

Sunday July 3

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.

Monday July 4

John, Dan, Eliz & I Fedumo & Dabe
117 Worked on the Magic root till noon
177 the rest rumbled off at various times
in jeep Dodge + C.M.C.s

We took the Bushmen in the red Dodge. We had a fine ride, leaving about 2. The two old women who had got car sick had decided to walk and had left early. (Gai was with them.. so we were not too crowded. 11 on top. (Eliz on the fender. John driving. He was very careful and went slowly.)

On the way we saw a white wind amidst the smoke of the large 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 - and then to the South. One to the West (or a spec north of west) and one to the South West. The Bushmen boys pointed them out. They said the two to the west, so west were made by Bushmen whom they know. The Tsi place is to the West.

out of place. Repeats one in pencil

July 3, 1955

124

The Lands. Journal

It is Sunday night. Lawrence - Elizabeth have
117 gone to bed. The young men are around the fire
I am here too tonight, for I wish to copy some
notes of John. John has a mouth infection
Bill is a big black bucket-bottle 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 4th to
have spoken a little of history. Now there
is a project underway of sky rockets -
wrapping a match in tin foil, heating it
with another match. Bill is rockets.

Bob was speaking tonight of the language
197 of the Bushmen being so much like
Hottentot. He said "On what authority do
Bushmen separated from Hottentot?" He
went on to say that the Hottentot have
cattle. Perhaps that (+ their social
organization) is the diff. But then Bob said
that a wedge of languages of KO among them
with the ⊙ click, relating to the Southern
Bushman (now extinct) group comes in
between that language that are like Nama
i.e. Namaqua is very like Namaqua, says Bob as well
as Bushman Mahosand.

117 Bob says his interest is in learning a
197 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 one.
Bob makes it clear he is not prepared for
to work on language. He is thinking of going
home before Christmas. This I understand
and expect, but it is a pity we
do not have a linguist like Gantsche -
Bob is like Charlie in devotion to the
work. He has a superb collection all
ready.

117 Today was Sunday. John worked on
the Melon land pictures. The rest of us
wrote letters. Elizabeth and I talked.
She is thinking about her future and
mulling over her plans. I like her to
think aloud with me.

Letters + cards
Nance
"Tom Kirst" class
Mary
Caroline
Ruth
Mary
Joyce
Aunt M & A
Ar. & Helen

Dan is deciding about his beard.
So he is letting it grow to see if it is
to be wise and safe. 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 next
Dan. John Eliz Dan

John Eliz. Dan + J. Pedrino + Dabe stayed to film the magic root process. The others went ahead. Theunis had taken the jeep about 7:30 & trg to hunt. They were establish camp.

We finished about 1. had a bite of baby beef and an apricot, then loaded the Bushmen on top of the red Dodge and set out. 1 boi was with Theunis. Two old women 11 Ku + Tsa and Da si! Na had been sea sick on the previous ride. They preferred to walk 10 miles than to ride. so had set out early in the morning on foot. 1 T'si Kwe Tsa Kwe that left Ou kwane and her baby and the 3 boys. We were reasonably comfortable. We passed the 2 women walking about 8 miles from camp and gave them water. They drank an apricot can full each.

We drove over the flatest plain I have ever been on. It had almost no trees. Now to the North ~~western~~ horizon, We saw a whirlwind to the south. We saw two fires beside the one where has been in the South for over a week. The fires were to the West and North. They mean Bushmen are there.

arrows.

The camp was set up. a nice one so large
we came to the pan. Named Ai ha! ho
It has fine trees, but under the trees we
tampans and scorpions. We saw 4 small ones
and one as big as a lobster (Dan said. For
both a picture. We feel uneasy.
Eliz is in a troubled mood.

117 Tuesday July 5 1955

At 6:30 the party was ready & Lion.
L.K.M. Theunis Casper Kruger Junior Broshag.
they looked small and few in the
two large empty G.M.C. elephants.
Lawrence will be out a week or 10 days
We had a conference last evening
about authority and hunting etc. I saw
Bill wined in camp. Any decisions
about going out into the wild must
be made by John + Bob, as they are
the only one with experience. Eliz's bete
is to have dominance. I am to have no say
on any subject. There is to be no hunting
when we come down to 2½ drum water
for any reason - we are to start out.
We have little food. We have
run out of milk vegetables flour etc etc
We have meat + sugar + 4 tins of fruit,
and 30 lb of meal. Theunis left to
J Gemsbuck. Bill called a conference. It
was felt not to use the same melon + to share
our fruit with the boys.

We had an episode this a.m. on the way over. Gasoline was leaking from a jerry can that had a poor gasket. With every bump the gas it slopped over. Bill said no one must smoke. Theunis lit a cigarette, Bill asked him nicely not to. T. said the fumes were all blowing back - though we could certainly smell them. Theunis refused & went on with his cigarette tossing ashes off. Backwards towards the can. 3' from it. Bill said jokingly he wanted to get off & walk. Next - I G'shed look out Matter - Bill stopping him - He was aware of the can. Bill again asked Theunis not to stop smoking. Theunis paid no attention for a few moments. Then he stopped the jeep & 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 Sedimo helped him to so. We walked back the upon - half joking - but still not half joking. Bob remained with Theunis and Sedimo.

117

Bill Dan Eliz & I.

I have not written in the journal for several days. Laurence left on July 5 to go out to take Thennis to be married and to fetch fresh supplies. We were on austerity diet, meat and a bite of meal, no vegetables nor much bread macaroni & rice. Philip had dried onions and mangel miracle & sauces with them. Ledins said he would sell a sweater for a melon. We had votes, as I said, not to eat the same meals which the Bushmen depend on for water. We are certain they live on tsamas only, no water and have no maize for women. The meat we have has been hung in the trees 15 days. Laurence thought he would have to stop my diet 8 days. Casper Kruger was with him. Seven Gesbag. Thennis will remain at home when they return.

I shall note what our plan of work were. John wanted sound and film synchronized & Bukwane playing and singing in his musical box, and the boys games. There are a great number of them - rhythm & sound quite interesting. Some resemble the ones & the assegai at Gantsche others differs. It was very hard work

We all poured ourselves into the project. There is a great deal to set up. Elizabeth Monitored. John filmed. Ben was everywhere. He is an angel of patience with people's mistakes and tension. He gets tired out from it all though, but never never expresses irritation. They used to be more than busy the morning getting organized - and perhaps get a take. It should be lovely stuff. I kept quiet mostly. helped a bit when I could with out adding any demands, and took notes on cued behavior. N'Wha Kwe is a fascinating subject.

Elizabeth Monitored.. the sound tape changed film recorded film + sound reels, took notes. It could not have been done without her. She is writing a Journal of the work.

Lawrence returned Sunday night (i.e. July 10) on great surprise. We had not expected him till Tuesday or Wednesday. He had had a successful trip and was ready to return - except that he did not wait for an answer from Claud McGuire. Whom he is asking to join us.

117

117 Bob Stog tells us that seedlings are coming up.
137 He does not know how they do with no rain or dew. Lawrence has noticed green grass ~~root~~ sheath coming up.

Dale is getting injection. His 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 me and looked at it ~~under the mic~~ with a magnifying glass. There is no doubt. They say it looks like an anopholes. July 15, 1955 at 1 E Kxao Pan.

117 Bill has undertaken to make observation
85 on children and to take photos in black & 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 ~~Nater~~ socialize children treated so gently and permissively as N|oha kwe is and what makes them conform to the group so thoroughly as we observe the adults to conform. (Late - He did not carry this through)

July 16, 1955

117 Our problem now is when to leave. John and
121 I are finding the walk here so rich we can not bring ourselves to leave it. Lawrence arranged to meet Claud McIntyre on the 20th. We must have to leave on the 16th. This we can not do. We are thinking now of staying till 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 & B.P. We have
117 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 Gaborone. Time flies so John & 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 Lawrence and I will do is still open. We may go to Eastern Bamboland and Southern Angola. Lawrence has wanted to make this survey. This seems a good time to do it.

I am finding these 1 or 2 people
117 with whom we work intensely moving
181 and interesting. They are so moving I do not attempt to write down what I feel. Their possession their God. 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 neatest people we ever met.

I am exhausted. The day was compounded of frustration. I am sitting at the wayside to cool off and rest. The day began with Jameson deciding before breakfast to send out to fetch Claus McIntyre. Rice was reading when he heard the news. He clapped his both shins and said "well, let's get started." Then jolting he said every truck has 2 flat tires. Otherwise there's no difficulty. He was joking about Cass's dream of the other night. He dreamed we were in Ghanzi for the arrival of the High Commissioner, who will come there on the 24th. We were waiting his arrival in the dream, when Cas saw running towards us in a little trot a Bushman, much decorated with beads. Around his neck arm and under his knee. He trotted up and greeted Mr. Medley, the District Commissioner, who introduced Cas to him — the High Commissioner. He then trotted off, and we all followed him trotting too. Cas showed the way we trotted with our bent arms all pumping rhythmically. And at this occasion in Cas's dream, each truck had 2 flat tires.

117

July 22 1855.

I can not keep a journal. There is too much else to do.

The new group of 17 people are getting over their reserve. They give us very friendly looks now. They have received 3 gens tuch fodder a skin various other parts. Cocoa, tobacco and a share of mealies. Lamunee has made many speeches to say we can not continue to provide food & water.

They have given us a dance - a recording for L.K. of the Bechuana instruments and for Bill an anatomy interview. We shall ask very little more, if anything.

We continue to work ardently, daily with our own group. They are pleasant to work with. Onkwane is intelligent. He knows a great deal. He has confidence enough to say I am easy to talk to, to feels free. He says regardless of his "rank" I sit by his fire and speak kindly to him. He seems to enjoy our interviews. His stories "My this" parliament are invaluable to us.

For all these peoples have so little and for all they had the great tragedy of the smallpox. See the account of the five lovely girls who died and their babies with them. There appear to be good spirits. The boys are being gay, charming, the variety of their games is remarkable.

We have said good bye to Onkwane and his people. We crossed the pan and came up its bank of five or six feet onto a plain of gold grass. There are no trees - to the horizon in every direction - a low brush every few hundred yards mottles the grass. I am riding in the jeep with John, enjoying my self. We drove a bit fast, the ruts of the spoor ~~are clearly marked by the trips out~~ were deepened by the 2 elephants so they are easily seen, but very bumpy. The G.M.C. and the Dodge after us sprayed away the soft sand and left the hummoh of grass roots and brush to heave us out of our seats. I told John about the great Arab chief who was taken down some where across the desert to Bagdad by 2 young American officers. It was the first time the Arab chief had been in a car and the young men thought they would give him a thrill. Coming 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 those 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, and the 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. at Chanzi

Perhaps if I begin with the present and work back I can 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 written on Gikwee was precious. I used all my time and energy. So did John. We drove ourselves. But not the Bushmen. We would change, when we worked with Gikwee, and let each one rest 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 proud & we were grateful and honored to be asked about their customs. No one before had taken an interest in them. They were eager to teach us. Gukwane said so glad 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 knowledgeable.

I consider the collection of myths from him of utmost importance. The music to Dabuni 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 ripplednos

if it from under his finger will be a memory for me which will weigh in the balance with the pain of parting. Orkwane said good bye knowing we would not meet again. He had said he would hire by the road so as to hear on truck when we would return. He had said he would come to hire with us were it not for his longing to see his son who was with the Bakalahari people at Chakuden. 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. Orkwane 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 Ngikuru 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 Gwetsha people, and the men have several snare ropes made of the 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.

We gave Orkwane a blanket a pot, a pipe, a file, wire, nails and Bible left him medicine for his eyes. We gave to all the others in proportion. It was a great solace to us to do so. We really shot a gemsbuck so they was well supplied when we left.

The gifts were made on Thursday afternoon July 28. In the morning, on July 29, we were loaded and ready to leave early.

when and I took a few more pictures. We tried not bring ourselves to give up and go. By BOTH we got the 2 groups sitting in 2 circles John had had no hope of getting the little boy standing on his mothers shoulder without being held or holding on - but he had but to ask, and the child stood up and stood, and even danced a little dip or two.

Then we saw an extraordinary sight 5:15 177 117 three of the young men took a bath in the dish water that was about to be thrown out. It was very cold. They stood near a fire they built with coal from our kitchen fire, with goose flesh all over them. They washed their faces, arms stomachs chests legs. Not their backs or under their breech cloths. They looked very fine and shiny when they had finished.

Our last gift was water. We had been 117 177 giving a bucket of water a day to each 312 271 group. It was only a treat because the Tsama melons this year were abundant. They ate Tsama all day and were not in need of water, but they loved it. Even the water that tastes of petrol was delicious to them. We had got 14 tins in when the truck returned and were sure in giving, but thought we must not give too much, to seem too profligate or careless.

We gave Mealies and Meat to Onkwane's group the whole time. With their Tsamas they made stews, using the melon skins for pots sometimes on top of the other for a double boiler - they were better off than we were for we had no fresh vegetable and did not touch their tsamas.

117 177 $271

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. and 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 as they cared. Onkwane drank 3 16 oz tins full. another man drank the brown basin full. The basin we wash in. Others all filled themselves up as far as they could. Then we shook hands and said good bye.

Onkwane 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 but we actually feared his wish comes to granted for the sky began to cloud up by eleven. by evening it was solid grey and threatening. It did not rain, but it did spoil some of John's pictures. There had been clouds for several days here - the white ones like those we saw flying down in the Sabina Plane. This in July in Africa where there is never a cloud in the sky in the dry winter season.

117 177

One night those white clouds gave us a weird image of the universe. They were blue white, like whey half clotted. The moon light was brilliant. Only the brightest 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 & west wind blew them eastward over our heads. They were so big, flat, the space between so small that it appeared as though the stars — not the clouds were moving. Not between the clouds and in one saw part of Scorpius & Centaurus & Cruz ~~between the clouds~~ & racing toward the west.

I was very sad to leave Onkwan. He probably will not live very long. He is nearly blind and dependent. He told Lawrence 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 small pox. He has no young men left except his

last letter son I gama kwe. I gaiwakene kissed
me good bye. The other kissed son hands. I
117 wonder if kissing comes from their custom or
177 some other. particular kissing of hands.
201 I saw Bechuanas kiss. A relative of Ledimos
in Silit we 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, as I started to say
117 on page 136. It was a happy day for me.
He took picture (Movie) of the game we saw
and I think may have got some very fine
shots of gemsbuck, a steenbuck stretching
himself under a bush with his ears laid
back like a rabbit. As we pass a
hartbeeste stood with some gemsbuck for a
long time trying to make out what we were.
I enjoyed seeing the game and the wind around.
Being in the jeep was like riding on the
Montana plains almost. John said the difference
was that one does not become accustomed to the
motion 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, flater and bigger
in appearance than the high veld or Kansas or
the Pampas in Argentina. The clouds were

~~bigger~~ very low. John and I just we could have shot a rifle into them. They were large and flat like the clouds had been the night before. They made the dome of the sky a flat elliptical instead of being a sphere. ~~exactly~~ The clouds were blown up by the wind and were streamers out made the horizon to east and west seem enormously distant.

We camped 42 Miles beyond 12 km o Pan. Near a long pan when Thunis spon turned left. Some hunters from Ghanzi were camped near and came out and spoke to Bill and the rest. John & I had got along with out seeing them. When Bill & the other caught up they were full of the account of having met four things who had killed an eland 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 one of them telling him he wanted it because he was the tallest 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. Cass said they had asked him for brandy. About this time Philip saw headlight. We had eaten our dinner. Got out some coffee and

and 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 constitution
not 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
enterprising person who is learning to speak
English. The others speak only Afrikaan
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. Coetsers speaks

11 Ganakwe. Without asking my permission or explaining his purpose he took Gishlag aside to question him about the Bushmen or the horses. He told them we had seen a white-gray-Isis horse between Kudumalapswe and Chukudu and a dead horse.

117 Sat July 30

Next day John had a project. He got out the breechclout bow and bone arrows and had Gishlag dressed in the breechclout stalk gemsbuck. As we were getting ready for this we heard a shot. and then saw a bang in the spm ahead. It turned out to be Mr. Midgley's boys whom he has sent out hunting. He was camping just ahead. 8 mile, with Dr. & Mr. 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 prohibited to practice in any British territory - for performing abortions. His wife is the blond school teacher we met at the school fair that was & said many pm a projects. (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 at present 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. I doubt if it will be built. Mr. Midgley has a touching concept of Ghauri. He says if you draw a circle on the map with Ghauri its center and with a radius of 500 miles you take in Johannesburg Walvis Bay and - I think he said Livingston. It makes Ghauri seem like the hub of the universe.

To go back in this rambling hodgepodge John & I did not visit his camp. We did not see it. He sent a boy out to the spot and all the rest went in & had tea. John and I were glad to just 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 elipse.

I thought about John a great deal that day. He is looking very well and has a radiance about him. He is freed of structures he used to have and his creativeness, imagination and energy pour out. He must have some magnificent material from the Ci.Kuwe 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 showed love to be with him more but that cannot be. I told him I thought of him as an elixir. I was thinking about his

singing the evening before by the fire. Her songs carry me away. One hardly thinks of him as singing. It is the song-story that enters one's mind and heart. A potent magic comes from him.

1,7

After the crowd 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 - somehow we were supposed to get to Chausi to meet Laurence and we had to call on Theunis Berger and his new young wife, Marguerita, and William had to catch the cream boat.

John had promised to clean up. We didn't get lunch till almost 4, Bill preferring to go on to a spot he remembers. John & I bathed & changed in the golden grass behind little broches to meet the wind with a gallant air. I said - and I meant it, that something had to be done to upset the beards.

Beards have beset us. Casper Jan Kruger has grown a Van Dyke that must make him look like an ancestor out of a painting of the Rembrandt period. John too has a Van Dyke. His is curiously enough congenital - as Dan says. He has no whiskers on his cheeks, only a few 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 is his mother. I think - as honestly as I can - it is a handsome beard. I love Bob Stone's beard. He looks is like Willy in Malden's cartoons alive and with us. It is beard is brown - & sandy, the play of the two colors all through it. It grows stiff + straight out like bristles from a brush. His pale blue eyes and round head smooth and small with its straight fine ~~brown~~ moving hair cut short. His reserve his enigmatiness and his authority I find quite pleasing. We have not the slightest clue as to whether he detests us or 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 and ride upon us, without giving anything. To go back to beards, when 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 + dark. His lips are too red. He gets feathers and straw in his beard. He says his ~~beard~~ his beard is be a wise beard

Two barks and a wren

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 acting embarrassment of Laurence and me, who know how the Administration feels about appearance of white men in the eyes of black men.

117 We saw lions spoor in the way out near the farm. Later Theunis said that was the spoor of his dogs. Later Mr. Crail told us his son Billie 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, convacious. She looks like his sister. I wonder where such a dark strain comes from in those two Dutch families. The 2 girls look Portuguese.

We started at sunset time I was with Bill in to G.M.C. When just at the end Theunis' dog yard the differential fell down. We fixed it by dark. Theunis did not come to sleep.

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 anesthetic. 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 slapped her and would not feed her. There 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. ~~veering and changing~~ 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 bath robe. 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 & supper at 11 pm. Bill thought it best not to give the boys their wind 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.

Ghanzi - We arrived Sunday morning July 31st. Lawrence had arrived from
117 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 Christian da Kunya with picture on them that he had taken.

Our plans were changed. Instead of going through Grootfontein Lagta as Lawrence had planned accompanied and guided by Mr. Lewis and a Bushman on horses. John asked to go by road to Kai Kai & thence to Gaulscha - to save time. He has my

about three weeks now. Fameuse agreed at me, though he says it breaks his heart.

We set out for Tsau, via Salitwe (Sepopok) taking 1 Grislay with us to leave him at the foot of Lake Ngami. Wilhelm Caos 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.

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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 uneventfull. 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 trans. I feel proper an tired. I'm tired myself.

Thursday August 4th. Took us through beautiful country to Lake Ngami. It is filled with water. Fameuse tells me that it has not had water in it since 1934 and hope that since Livingstone time. There are enormous herds in this country side. 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
117 about on horses. Spring buck and ostriches walk about among the cattle, protected and unafraid.

Silutwe is a large town of Bechuana people, whose cattle stations were along the lake that we passed. There are two traders there.

We left 1 Gishag at the headman's as he requested. Lawrence gave 1 Gishag a blanket from me as a present to his wife. He seemed pleased. We also gave him the blanket ~~the~~ issued at the first of the Trip, & the coveralls Bill finally issued at Molepolo after the hail storm. 1 Gishag had bought 2 blankets and pair of shoes at Molepolo. 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 £7 and 8 shillings for his work with us from May 8 to August 4. ~~nearly~~ three months less 4 days.

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 fifth (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 facing 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 Hereros came. We remembered one. He was with the huge teeth who had trotted us at Igam. They told us that farmers from Gobabis had come and taken many Bushmen away.

We went on to Igam. Caroline was sitting in front of her house. She ran to us crying out. In a moment Ingka and Kushag were there and took us in their arms. Before we had more than greeted each other they began to tell us that farmers had

I feel in my exaggerated way that we owe our lives to him - and to theirs - and their fine memories for places which brought us through the waterless route from Molepolole to Ghanzi - that sea of gold grass. We gave him ~~about~~ over £2 a month above 7 dollars. The going wage in the Ghanzi area we heard is nothing at all to 10 shillings. But one freman - a Bushman - Mr. Midgley told us got £17 a month. He is an exception. We gave 7 Bushmen 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.

Sedimo introduces his father's elder brother's son to me at Schutwag. He is the person in authority over Sedimo. Sedimo has many proper ones. Cousin young man was so happy to see Sedimo he kissed Sedimo on the lips. I took picture of Sedimo making a yellow dress.

We went on to Tsau. Laurence was intent upon getting through Tsau with no contact. We asked only to have the track to Kai Kai pointed out. When we stopped on the other side of Tsau Sedimo told me he was very troubled - that he had seen a man who was from Nokaning. Where Sedimo's home was. The man ran toward him Sedimo thought with news of his mother and his Mokha's sister who had been ill. Sedimo was much upset that he had not been permitted to talk to him. So while we set up camp Laurence John & Eliz - Sedimo drove back to Tsau - and Sedimo spoke to his friends. Tsau is very preliterate

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come and had taken many Bushmen. John asked about Nao. They made the gesture of gone. John could not speak.

117 !Qui ! Kupka ‖ Kushay ≠ Gishay ! Nai shi ~~better go~~
177 another boy, old ≠ Gao (the small one) and his wife all came with us to camp. I had a long afternoon visit with Cavaliere 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 1955

Fedmo told me in the early morning that he was so unhappy he wished to leave - as soon as possible, hope, 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 !Gui and William 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 I turning to the Oblate Father 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, 1955

At noon we heard the Jeep returning. It was filled with cropped black heads. I ran toward it. There were Toma ! u Tsamgao ! gaishay and Nona, Gao Medicine, Di!ai who has a new baby (18 months) His name is Debe. He looks just as the were like ! gaishay. There was also ! gaishi the Tall son of Gao by ! Haoga ! Naoka. They were soon settled and it was as though we began another day at Gautscha.

Lawrence went to Gautscha + returned by lunch time

August 10 1955

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 Tsumkwe and go back out the Grootfontein Omaruemba. Lawrence 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 Rostern Ovamboland and Angola this year. If the country is flooded here it will be utterly impassable there.

John will leave for Paris on Sept 6 for Johannesburg. Elizabeth will probably go with him and from there will go to London and stay at Brown's Hotel in Dover street near Isaacs Institute of Contemporary Art.

117 The plan is now for us all to go out in time for this.

Laurence wants to go & see Senhor Duarte in Angola before my return and to stop in Lisbon, Paris Brussels & London. I have begun to dream of elegant perfume shops. His mind is still on his affairs.

Aug 11, 1955
Aug 12 1955

I worked in the same old way with feeding both days Aug 11 & Aug 12. Morning & afternoon - I worked on food taboos and hunting. Every thing

117 124 It was just like any other day. Dan & Elizabeth are working on seem the same. observing & taking notes & photographing children & sexual behaving

Aug 13. 1955

John went to Gaustcha on a bee sequence. The bees were. He said of Tom and I quite crotched fought them as never as they coned stand but were envelopes in a cloud of stinging bees. Usually bees quite up & go but these did not.

117 At Nora I fell ill. I remained miserably sick in bed till Aug 17. (Wed) I had chill, fever, sweat - no other symptom temp up to 102 mg.

Aug 15, 1955

Bill & Cas returned from Grootfontein
Claud McIntyre had told Bill about
his plans for a Reserve for Bushmen.
I ardently hope this is put through.
The Native affairs Dept. I so that
reports directly to the Union Govt and
not to Mr. Niser. (See I so W.)
He sent me a box of chocolates.
I was extremely pleased. They had
the film but not the mail. The
had a hard trip. The road is rough
and boring.

Aug 16 1955

John, Bill & Bob went to see
Qui hunter. I was still sick

Aug 17 1955

They returned with Qui. In
wife Naoha + baby Khoa & 2 boys,
also Gunda & Nai. Qao Music & Mrs
Qui. Bill said Qui's foot
was dead, but that his leg & knee
might be saved with good care
in knee.

On the early morning Qui
foot fell off. Cas Medicine keeped it to do so
by lifting up the knee.

Aug 18 1955

Lawrence Bill Cas Bob took
Qui Naoha + Khoa to the hospital
in Windhoek.

Journal

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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 + blouse, the color of the aloe blossoms. I had thought of a skirt of blue denim for Naoka but had not time to make it. We felt she would be less conspicuous + therefore perhaps more complaisant in windbreaks 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 Naoka could nurse her daughter. I gave underwear, my tennis shoes, soap + towels. We gave a blanket also.

Qui John dressed in his new pants and a new shirt + a blanket.

The truck was well arranged with a bed for them to lie 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. Qui's being at the hospital helps a great deal.

~~Dog in shade in our camp sleeping~~

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177
752

117 Soon after supper some of the young
? people began to sing. There are some very
pretty girls here at the moment. Hello i'Nai
is no bigger - but as radiant as before.
≠Nisa is developed. !Gao's divorced wife
!Nyka is visiting. She is beautiful with
light colored skin as smooth as magnolia
petals. K'huan||a is the happy faced girl
visiting ≠gishay. ||Naba is the girl from !Gam
visiting us. The big boys are very many.
≠gma r≠gao sm !Gam. !Gao lam. √Sangao
≠gishay

Transcribed

while sick

!gani was a Naron. His wrinkled ~~old~~ !gani's flexible ~~old~~ face fell reading into lines of self approbation when he spoke of the Naron people. They were the priest of people which and this was recognized by all the surrounding peoples. He assumed me. Especially were their women compounded of virtues. ~~And~~ ~~He~~ then began to detail those deserving ~~these~~ virtues in detail by ~~telling what they did not do~~ contrasting with them the vices of other. The !Kõ women (!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.

Later, amidst the information that had been gathered by various of us, ~~gathered~~ came ~~turned up~~ the statistics that one of the Naron women had two 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 ~~new~~ anthropological news of a Bushman people practices polyandry and polygany simultaneously and we set out to learn more. What we discovered was that the woman was !gani's granddaughter — it was !gani who told us this in the end — and it was just one of those things. I remained from asking him if perhaps she had a drop of !Kõ blood in her inheritance

People accepted the situation easily. I was told by Jani that there was no ambiguity about the parenthood of her children. He did not say whether he found this especially meritorious, but he mentioned it. She had just begun to live with the 2 men until her sons were grown and gone. She had had no children since.

I regretted very much that I could not visit her on the possibility that this story was true. I did indeed want to meet her. I do not know of any comparable situation where 2 men live simultaneously with one woman, in a house 3' x 4' x 4'

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