

To Elizabeth

Gautscha - Saturday Night May 23, 1953

My dearest, my precious, my beloved, It is a Saturday night. May is almost over. We shall soon be home. June will evaporate. Then there will be July. In August the days will be few. Every night in August will be almost the last night. It is strange isn't it dear, that you feel about the woods in Peterborough as you say. It is incredible to me that I should feel that way about it. I wonder if it is not your feeling the way I feel here when Solomon is over due. I did not take that into consideration, dear, when you went home - that it might be that way with you. Try my darling not to worry about us. We are safer than we would be in most places in the world. Do you remember saying you were not afraid of automobiles because they did not creep up like tigers and get under your bed at night. It is for me to tell you to be rational! Well anyway we are almost home. And things go apace here. And we are very safe. No lions. Snake. You know my submerged fear of snakes. It seems to us now so cold that the snakes will be hibernating. They were especially active for a time - as though they were stinging about, to get settled for the winter. Now it is cold. We shall not see them much any more. Just for fun I'll tell you about one. I was taking a bath in the tent, in peace and seclusion, unharmed. I just reached for the talcum powder when I looked up and there was a puff adder noosing along the nylon net. It was at the end that

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was sewed up. So I dressed quickly and went out
the other end of the tent, to call Frank Hesse
the sound engineer and Pedro. Jim came too in
bare feet. By this time the puff adder had
got under the canvas of the floor. Pedro got it
head in his hand through the canvas and
eventually the creature was poked out and tossed
onto Jim. It was too upset to bite him. He didn't
wait for the creature to collect itself. I got a
wonderful film of it - but I hadn't my light
meter, someone having taken it, so I under
exposed it. So it goes. We took the puff
adder to Di'ai to eat, making her promise to
wait till morning so we could film it. And
that leads to the next account. While we were
talking to Di'ai we heard trucks. We scampered
back to find here Mr. Morris, Mr. Mathias,
and Dr. Toschokke. They had been on a
tour to Kai Kai and Kubi. had come across from
Kubi through the brush. had burned out a
bearing in Mr. Mathias' luxury vehicle, and
arrived here, all in Mr. Morris' truck. John
set out with the Dodge and took the luxury
car back here. What would they do without
John in this country? They stayed 3 days.
We had fun and did no work at all.
Then John took them out and met a
mechanic who brought the necessary
parts here, fixed the car, and eventually
departed. Again we heard trucks. It was
Dad returning with letters, food, film and

To Elly

May 23 1958

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Mr Westwell whom he found at the Guss herzog.
He is the linguist from the Univ of London whom
Elaine Melan was with. He is pleasant, and
is going to work here for 1 week - using
Fedimo. Some phonetics will now be
contributed to Science on the Kung Bushmen language.
I am at a loss without Fedimo. Haven't decided
what to turn my time to. Last week I worked on
sound after Mr. Morris left. I have a wonderful
recording of Iqao, Iqao 11ao (fa.) you! Nansi
and others singing the songs of the 11qvasi
(5 stringed harp) "The 11qvasi is speaking
to me." is me. "There is water in the Maughetti trees.
Where am I?" says another. There is much news.
!Nai is married to Iqunda. The marriage took place
last night and I saw the ceremony. It was a moving
sight. Iqunda was led to the new skem, which
Di'ia and Kluana 11a had built, by Iqunda and Iqao
sons of old #Toma, and !Nai shi (son of qao and De came
along. He sat back from the fire in silence and waited.
#Nisa (daughter of qao med. wife of Iqao) and Xama (ma)
came. Sat by the fire. Then went to !Nai who had
left her parents fire and was sitting by old qao. They
lifted her up. Xama took her on her back and
carried her to Iqunda at the new skem, and
deposited her in the skem. There she lay
covered head and all in her Karon. That was
all. There are about 100 Bushmen here. All in
good spirit. We are giving mealies to #Toma
Iqoi qao med old qao old Toma qao (boy)
Be and Kluana a qao helmet and all their family
family. Spirits are very, very good. May it last
a while. I give you love to every one. Tsangas
says it is chidole that you are away. He almost
cried.

John and I read and reread your letter. They do not assuage my longing for the next. I am glad the Peletrouge arrangements went through as they did. Margie must be quite a lot better now. I'm glad Felicity is better. I hope Margo is much better. I'm glad you have each other. Please tell Steve without fail that John rejoiced in his letter. He read it many times, chuckling to himself. Give Steve our love. His summer plans sound interesting. Living in a Russian family will bring his Russian ahead fast with his facility. I'll write again before Dad takes the mail. It is so cold now I can't work in the tent any more at night. We have an evening camp fire again and it is there I'm writing. We think the rains are over.

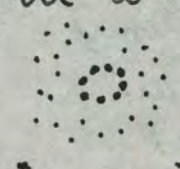
later.

No mention was made of receiving the second batch of Kim Term material. The second batch included Collateral Relationships, Affinal Relationships, Name relationships. It has been mailed to you before you left Johannesburg. If you do have it take it to go to be put with the first batch. I hope it is not lost.

later

I am sitting writing you at the desk on Monday morning while Tedino works with Mr. Westfall. I feel I am being very generous, taking the big altitude the long view. At what ever sacrifice let science be advanced. I wish he would advance science with his own Bushmen and his own interpreters. Somewhere else.

To Ely
 I am writing you, however, instead of working on a 1001 jobs in notes to tell you that last night we were finishing coffee at the fire after supper. We heard singing but it was not the singing of a dance. We were talking about what we meant when we said a people were primitive. We thought to use the word full filled instead, we being by contrast additive (Dr. Westfall's words). John suggested traditional (to traditional for a people like the Bushman. But in spite of being involved in such an interesting discussion John's ears were open. He said presently he'd just run over and have a look. He came tearing back to say something in connection with Choama was taking place. We tipped over our chairs getting up to grab our flash lights and coats and to trot over. The men were dancing and singing the women sitting aside. They eventually danced the mens dance which we have on film, but the first part of the dance was very different. A close close circle, young men danced around and around in the center so close they touched each other and moved as one body. Around them, not in single file as around the dance circle but in a cluster, danced the older men. There are



Many people here. In addition to #Toma, #Toma Gau Gao helmet Gao Mod. Qui hunts #Gao + Goshag and all their families mothers brothers sisters children, are old: Nai si, old | Gai shag, old Demi #Gao father, || Kusshag² And a large group belonging to a bunch back #Gao there are over 100 people. It made

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a large group in dancing. All the men
danced. No one sat aside. Maybe 40 or more.
The rhythm and the sound was unlike
anything we have heard. There were sounds
which Gani says imitate animals. The
dance was fervent, strong, clear and rose
to wildness of sound. From time to time
a woman got up to dance. // Khega
wife of Nabe. Who seems a little fey
(She danced the waltz dance, didn't she?)
danced around the men in the direction
opposite to theirs throwing powder over them.
It is the sweet smelling ^{Sa} Sa. She showed
me after. Sometimes the girls danced at
the old skirts, crouched and hopping with
bent knees as Russian dance, but not
throwing their feet out forward. There was
an excitement and intensity greater than
we have yet felt. Greater than the
night of the rain dance. The women did
not sing. The young men in the inner circle
did not sing. Only the men dancing around
them sang a loud strong song. Then there
was the mens dance, as we saw it before.
Then of a sudden everyone when to his skin.
*Toma told us that in 5 days they would
dance again. I can not learn about it all.
Till I can have Sedimo again. I heard
the word Choama in the song. This is not
the Choama ceremony as we have had it
described, where the men and boys go away
from the west, but I think has to do with
Choama. Perhaps the Choama is working up

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To Elly

Nenier got a wild beeste which we gave to old #goma. We are giving $\frac{1}{2}$ bag of Mealie Meal a day. Everyone is cordial, even affectionate pleasant. There is a stir and gaity, as that time in the spring. There is music every where, all day some one has a three plays a harp or bow, or sings.

Thurs May 28.

This does have to do with Choama. I've talked a lot to old Beni about it and have learned many details which I think will be an interesting record. I hope we may see the ceremony. You heard didn't you it was held at the time a constellation rose, the Chum? That will be next moon. I am always happier when I'm working on something like Choama and am today in a very good mood, except that I miss you very much. We all do. I yearn for the next letters. Dad is going out again Saturday. He will take Frank Hess the sound engineer, Mr. Westphal (not Westfall) the linguistic man from the U. of London and he will bring back another sound man and Mrs. Schertz to take still photos. With so many people whose activities have to be correlated it is like a 3 ringed circus.

Xama has left with her husband we think. Gao & the two Mushaps went with them part way. This is what Dad said he understood. !Q!Qae is back. All serene. Old #Nisa, the Medicine woman we heard of is here. She told me, beaming to be asked or to tell, about how !gama appeared to her in a dream and gave her the Medicine Songs. Little !Nai is living with !gunda now. Tonight she and he were sitting by their own fire receiving guests - Tsanguo #gao and !gise.

Ivan left. I forget if I told you. Dad took him out last time. We are thinking of how to get gain to Dr Penn. This presents problem. The ~~mentally~~ disturbed boy ran away again, and never arrived at Dr. Kushe's. But he ran away very near Runtu. He will not be in a wilderness. He will find refuge with the native people. I hope, and find his way home. It is possible you see, from there. Not dangerous as it is how to run away. I could shake Nahari who was in charge of him.

Things are going well here. The ~~one~~ Choama preliminary survey will be tonight. Dad goes out Sat. with Mr. Westphal + Frank Hesse. The people are all well and in gracious mood. It is quite wonderful how friendly and open they are. This increases. We think we have excellent relations. Then they become better. Of course they can worsen, but they have been wonderful for the whole month of May. Do not worry about no delay. The weather is good, getting cold but not painful. We are well. Give Mayo my love tell her I devoured her letter. Nana too. Tom Kusti May Con Helen Arthur - all the friends. I can't write. The work is at present like a 3 ringed circus. Precious child. We shall soon all be home. Mother.

May 29

March 26 '53

Dear Nana:

It may be that I am coming home in a few weeks time. I still don't know definitely as yet, but I'll wire you when I leave or write as soon as I decide that I'm not coming if I decide not to come.

My reason for this decision is that I am now working on a book, which I can do at home as well as I can do here. And we have all decided that it would be very good for the expedition to have one person at home during the last months to get our work looked at, worked over, etc. and communicate with the expedition about anything that needs to be finished. Mother particularly wants this with regard to the kinship work she's doing. Well, first we must move from

Cigarette back to Gautscha, or ~~something~~
 some other place near Gautscha. This
 will take about a week. Then Dad
 and I will go to Windhoek and
 I will go home from there, which
 might be another week before
 I get home since there has been
 some trouble about my passport.

In any event, I'll wire you just
 before I leave. I expect I'll come
 by Pan American Airlines. If it happens
 that I don't come home, I'll write
 you as soon as I find out. Dad
 is going to Windhoek anyway. I'll
 send the letter then saying if I don't
~~come~~ come. So in 2 weeks you'll
 either get a wire or a letter, saying
 if I'm on my way or not. However,
 I expect to come, I long to see you.
 I'll come home to stay, John, Mom + Dad
 will not come. They'll come later, in several
 months.

Much Love, Elizabeth

Dear Nana.

A most unusual thing has happened, a letter came to us here in the Kalahari sent from a man in Cape Town, and he sent ~~in~~ the letter specifying that it must be carried in to us by the Bushman Guard at Cigarette. So the guard is here, and is going back tomorrow, and I thought he might be able to mail a letter as he went out.

Mom and Dad and John are away on a trip, they have gone about 60 miles away with some bushmen to see a forrest of mangetti nut trees and to pick some nuts. They went the day before yesterday and will be back in a few days but I can't wait for them to add to this letter because I am afraid the bushman guard will be gone. Our news is that we are all fine, John's cough has completely gone. Mom is well, she was a bit tired but the trip to the mangetti forrest will be a wonderful rest for her. When I last wrote you I was out at Windhoek, as you know, and on the way in I fell and hurt my foot. I didn't break anything, I just pulled a tendon or something, and it is almost better now. Daddy is fine, he seems better than ever. Last year the trip made him tired, he seemed to get tired much easier than the rest of us but now, this year, he is in wonderful health. He has more energy than anyone, it is wonderful.

At this point I am alone in the camp with Charlie Handley, and we are handling everything nicely. I wondered how things would go with everyone away, if the bushmen would still co operate, and so on. But things are going well, I think. It is about to rain. Thunder is all around and the rain clouds have gathered. Three bushman children are in the tent with me, and they say ~~there~~ they are going to stay here until the rain has stopped. They say the tent is nice, it stays dry, but the huts they build are no good. This isn't true, I have sat inside one of the huts in a rain storm and they are wonderfully snug and dry, but the kids think the tent is better. → rtyitko r65850p k hjjgir

The above is a message from Tsamko, one of the children. I explained to him taht this was going to you in America and he understood perfectly. He likes to play with the keys of the typewriter, he waits until the bell rings at the end of the page and then he moves the carriage for me. He is the most intelligent child here, he can understand everything one says, and he can make himself understood as well. He is the son of the headman, and his mother is the one that just gave birth to the little girl that Mom wrote you about.

It is spring here, and I think how it must be at home. In November most of the leaves are off the trees, and in Peterboro almost all of the color must be gone. It will snow in a month or less. Here it is getting hotter and hotter. The trees have turned green, and the grass, too. Flowers are coming out everywhere, big beautiful flowers on the aloe plants. The bushman children pick them and wear them as hats. We have a lot of pictures of this. The messenger is leaving. I have to go.

Chol'ana

Feb. 1953

John, dear, you will easily believe that we think about you constantly. If we needed reminding #Goma would remind us. He says he has no one to talk to. He makes airplanes with his arms and says John will come back, and asks again, to be reassured, how many moons. He had mites in his skin that bite. He couldn't find anything to destroy them. #Goma said he would get red sand to put over the dust. He went with a bucket, carrying it bucket full by bucket full. He said if John were here he would help him.

Everything is going very well. The mood is wonderful. Our folk have been working with us constantly and perfectly writing. Was you here when #Goma entertained a kin team session by asking, as I struggled over "What would a man name a fifth daughter for?"; "Who is this man with so many daughters? an ostrich?" Another time, "If you had no brothers or sisters whom would you name your sons and daughters for?" "Am I born of a tree, says #Goma to have no brothers or sisters?" And the interview went off into an arm shaking argument as to whether or not there could be only one child in a family, #Goma insisting that once you got started you kept on having children. You might never get started. Some women don't have children. Some men

have too much // gawa in them. But me started.
Why me chief? Qui shouted he knew a cooper
who had only one child & goma. Keep ~~to~~ -
"Why would they have me?" And we stayed on
that till lunch.

Last Sunday all was peaceful ~~who~~ until
& gao, lame, came to the tent and said,
"Bushmans Bushmans." I went out. Coming
along the omarumba were gao - (no longer helmet
he has lost his helmet. So what new name?)
Iqi!gae and thirty or forty others. I felt
suddenly tired - very tired. One woman
was carrying another woman on her back.
Were they sick again? What had happened
to gao medicine and I gao musician
who had been so ill when we left them
last? ~~the~~ One woman was sick. Eliz. took me
at once, and gave the medicine as you
had to Di // Khao all through the night.
We were in a hubbub. Next day we
spent amidst the crowds. No more peace.
Moremi came and said Mr. Morris did not
allow Bushmen to camp near his camp.
Iqi!gae and his brother had a fight
about where they would camp, a fight
that brought Philip running in terror lest
they take their arrows. We went and the

To John

Feb 1 1953

fight turned into everyone talking at me to explain what it was about. We had to support Moremi, but explained we were Mr. Morris' guests in this camp, and were complying with his wishes. Then we had to explain that we were not giving tobacco any more except when people gave us an interview or ~~letter~~ picture or some service. They said they had just come to pay us a visit, and would be grateful for some tobacco when they left. They made their stumps at a suitable distance. We settled down again.

Something has come over them. They were as nice and friendly as they could be. I hastened to ask for interviews with large numbers at a time so I could give them some tobacco. Maybe this arrangement makes sense to them. Maybe it is something else. Gao helmet was as cheery as a cricket. Iqi! Gao said he had opened his ears. His ears had been closed at Gantscha. Incidentally his open ears also opened his mouth. Haoga and ! Dai could not be more at ease and open and free and willing to talk. So all is love and kisses.

Today Gao helmet left. and Gao the
tall, husband of Bau and Gia. to go
back to Gantselia. Old Goma was ill
when they left. I am very troubled about him.

Gao medicine and 1 Gao musician are very
well. The sick girl's temp dropped from 104
to normal. She looks well now. Every one else
is well.

Gao med. etc 19 v 19ae etc are staying
on. There is no trouble about food or
gifts or tobacco. They are apparently
understand our position and accept it.

We had a visit from Mr. Morris. He
stayed over night and had an audience in
the morning. We'll tell you all about that
when we see you. I took a great liking to
him, and to his son John. I don't mind
his formalities. I think he is a sincere, fine
man. Troubled by his doubts, as well he might
be, earnestly striving to do a good job, to
administer wisely and justly and firmly.

Dear would you please bring me -
I'll make a list when I can ask Dad what
he wants + Elly. They, after tea, went
a-hunting.

I die with longing to hear about the film -

I hope all goes well with you. Give
my love to all and a hug to Nana.

With ever lasting love,

P.S. Tell Nana her
letter addressed
to grootfontein
came ab rigeis

Mum

4 dozen pencils with erasers. No 2 or 2 $\frac{3}{4}$

2 Parker 51 Ink Black

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WINDHOEK
S.W.A.

Jan. 15.

Joe:

The enclosed may or not be needed - but should go with your passport.

Hrine came back with me. He seems to be doing well.

Busses or convoys leave Grootfontein for here Feb 17 & Feb 18 - ^{MAR. 4.} so if you can cable us care Mr Vlok SWANLA on Feb 11 or Feb 15 - ^{MAR. 1} an L.T. or delay cable - we will get it soon after. We could use a progress report each time! There used to be week end cables much cheaper but I have an idea they were discontinued - check?

I didnt get the cable from Austin - tho I guess it got shuttled between Grootf. & Windhoek. I'll probably get it the 22nd by convoy.

I instructed the insurance Co to ~~see~~ place an ad. no questions asked £25 reward. Also saw the Supt of Airways - Windhoek - He said they might be Joburg labelled for Eastman instead of Aero Freyer. who tranship it & was going to check that - but

I didn't see enough prospect of anything happening to make it worthwhile waiting. So came back. Left. Wind. Mon. noon Jan 12.

I get madder & madder - feel like publishing an ad beginning

THIS IS SO. AFRICA
GOVT. OPERATED AIRWAY
FR...

Of all the stupid unnecessary things that have happened to us this is the pomegranate or something.

All well here at Camp. Toma - Cui et al. like Gantscha better.

Love to mother. Tom & Kirsti.

Dear Best to Con. Mary & their friend!

Dad.

One rainy day and one cloudy day since you left. The others clear sunshine. HOT. A few of the Bushmen from the work across the onerumba came back - Dance last night. Our Cui as medicine man. Cui complained - too few women. not enough noise - tho the four were putting their hearts into it. Ken & Cushman didn't sing. sat outside.

February 1
1953
Cigarette, Noma
S.W.A.

Dear John

Brian and I want you to realize how many dung beetles there are around here. Thousands. The men's room is filled with them, they can't seem to fly out and everyone is making a plan for their welfare, ramps and covers and DDT. (This was a message from Brian. I said, "What shall I say to John, he said, " I wonder if he realizes how many dung beetles there are.)

Now a message from Tsamko: h fv

I know that Dad is writing you, at least I think he is, but I'd just thought I'd fill in the gaps. The big exciting news is that there are three lions moving around here. They came last night and roared around the kraal. The dogs were almost beside themselves with barking, just shrieks of barks, and more sal ek en /Gow op 'n leojag gaan. Of die leos is naby die kraal suis hulle was gisternag. Maar ons sal die lorrie ry omper ons het bang vir die leos. /Gow is the name the bushmen have named Heiner. It was /Gow medicine that named him, he gave him his ~~xxxx~~ own name. /Tuma named Brian /Tugua, for why I would hate to say, but now everyone, the bushmen and the boys, call Brian Tuqua.

Gister het ek en /Tuqua op 'n veldkosjag gegaan, ons het die jeep ~~xxxxxxgaxkaxix~~ gedryfe, op die omaramba na die ~~xxxx~~. Nord. Ons het mit ons gebring Tsamko, Gishay en twee ~~xxxxxix~~ kinders van die kraal, Kadume en Phineas, ook, 3 kinders van die Ju //toa si, mit ons gebring, om per hulle het vir ons gesay dat hulle het gewet war was die veldkos vat Brian het gesoek. Eergister het ek die brieke van die jeep geslaan en hulle (die brieke) weren't working. Maar ek het nie omgee nie, ek het net gery. Wanneer ons het na by die veldkos gekom Brian en die kinders het affgeklim en het in die veld gegaan, hulle het my aliene gelaat. Ek het gekry dat die rain (rain eng.) het die toolbox nat gemaak en ek het dit skoongemaak. Dan het ek ~~xxxxxxixkax~~ gewag en gewag maar almal het ~~gx~~ veer gegaan en ek het bang vir die leos geword. Dit het laat geword en almal het na by die jeep gekom, en ons het huis-toe gegaan, Gishay het die jeep gedryfe. Ons het nie op die pad gery nie, maar ons het huis-toe gekom, dit het nie nix gemaak nie. Is daar iemand hier wat kan Engels praat? aq (message from !U.)

(hsa 2 - message from Guyshay.)

The people from Gantscha are here, they came about 4 days ago and are going back now. Helmet and Co. Teekay, and Gow headman from the hill, and Gow medicine, wives and families, and almost all of Teekay's band. They came for a visit, to see how we were. The other night they had a heil of a dance at teekays. Noone wanted to go but me and Heiner, the others were working and so, so he and I wandered up. I was sick that day (Mr. Morris was here to see us but that's another story) and Mom wanted me to go to bed. But there had been another dnce here with the permanent group and what a crock

So I'm out of paper but see the enclosed sheet for a very important message. So Godby my love, mi ki, we miss you and long to see you back - Much Love - Elly

it turned out to be. So we wanted to see this one because we knew it would be good. Well, it was. We arrived late like everyone else, and brought our own wood. It was intended as a contribution to the dance fire but Tsamko (son in law of Teekay) built us a fire with it and this became the visitors fire. Tuma and Qui and U and Kooshay and lots of others sat at it. These weren't dancing, except Qui who went into deep trance at the end. Everyone who was anyone went, all the Okovangos came, the permanent group of Bushmen, and all. Gani and David and Ledimo were there, on the other side. Gani was dancing and he went into a big trance, ran with fire through the veld, cured lots of people, but he lost control of his curing and nearly choked Goo. At the end he took off every stitch of clothes he had and ran around nude. Tuma's Tsamko was very ill. He had a fever of 104 F. which I discovered the next day and was almost unconscious with fever that night. He curled up in my coat behind me and I could feel him shiver. I got very worried about him, I ended up by taking him home, almost carrying him, and the next night I gave him aureo and atabrin every 4 hours through the night. It nearly broke my heart, I went over at one to give him pills and Tuma was awake watching him. He was asleep tossing etc, a freezing night with cold rain (we have lent Tuma a big canvas to cover his skerm) and Tsamko was curled up in a corner of the canvas. Heiner fixed it so he had better shelter and that afternoon I had lent him a blanket which we fixed around him. Anyway, when he woke up he sat straight up and grabbed Tuma's hands with both his own. We gave him the pills and a drink and he went back to sleep right away but I can't bear to see a kid sick. It's some kind of disease but not epidemic, but one of the women who came visiting brought it, she was so ill she was being carried on the back of her mother. I stayed up two nights with her, not all night, but I'd get up and take her a pill every 3 hours thru the night. She was staying far away, too, ... do you remember the trouble I had with Helmet about sending the truck for the eland? Well, the sick woman was staying with him, about 1/4 mile from our camp. I went at three in the morning just as the moon was setting - it turned the western sky all yellow and what a hairy night! Clouds, and hyenas far away. I went into the werft and everyone was sleeping, I gave her the pill and started back, and when I passed Helmet's house he was sitting up watching me over his hands with his eyes shaded from the fire - and I thought if he wanted to shoot me he could. He once threatened to kill Tuma and once he shook an assegai at Mom and I was remembering these things. He's so unstable. Another time he and I hiked miles off into the bush to find the werft Hama, his mother, was in, and he took his three yr. old with to chaperone - in response to cries of "Oh, /Gow, where are you going with your tsuma?" from Tuma. You know that Baikie Miller has left, to Daddy's joy and relief. Dad trusted Baikie as far as he could throw him. Heiner Kreitzchmar (sp?) has come in his stead and what a nice guy! I was worried that he would be snobby and think bushmen were filthy murderers ect. and cause trouble with the boys but he couldn't be more nice and decent. He plays with the kids, doesn't bat an eye when I hold Norna (who Gani has claimed for his wife) and so on for millions of examples. But Dad and Mom and I agree that he is the best yet.

August 5, 1951

Dearest Nana,

I am sitting very comfortably in the rut of a road. It is a deep rut. My back is well supported. The truck beside me casts a square, solid shade. A lovely breeze moves the grass above me. Laurence is asleep on a piece of canvas beside me. It is three o'clock on August second. I wonder when you are doing.

We are on our way out from Gantscha to Grootfontein. We have been with Bushmen since you last heard from us, living with them in their little village. It all exceeded our greatest hopes.

They are a charming people. They were courteous and gracious to us, very cooperative, amused by our taking pictures of them. Not at all afraid of us. They called me MORNA most affectionately. I liked them as much as any people I have met.

They live in little grass huts that a woman builds in about an hour. Each family has one - a skerm it is called. The huts are arranged in a semi circle, and we lived at X.

so
□ □ □
□ □ □
□ □ □
xxx

The Bushmen raised our fire in the evenings. We

24
visited them. I used to make cocoa for the whole way, and take it around on my evening visits.

We took pictures of everything they did in the time we were with them. The way they made things, their axes, their sandals, their arrows and bows, the curing of skins, cooking, eating. They took us to the place they get poison for their poison arrows. They showed us their initiation ceremonies, acting out for us the various aspects. We have pictures of their dances and the ceremonies of the Medicine Men.

I almost wept when we had to leave thinking I would never see them again. I enjoyed them very much. They are dignified, they have beautiful manners, they live harmoniously together, expressing their affection to their children, sharing ^{their} ^{pleasures} and talking and laughing, a most pleasant people to be with. I felt at home with them.

We had to leave, for a number of compelling reasons, and now we are on our way out, by Cigarette, to Grootfontein. At present I have little interest in the future plans. I am so interested in Bushmen I would just go on being with them. We cannot go back however. It is an arduous trip in and out, taxing the truck to the utmost. I think our next objective will be Oupola, where I hope we can be with more Bushmen.

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We shall cable you from Grootfontein and will be there long enough to get an answer from you. I have felt very very far away from you. We shall ask you to phone Tom ^{and} Kusti, and to give us their news too.

We are perfectly well. We had no trouble no misadventures no illness. We encountered no perils. The country is difficult to travel in but pleasant to be in. I am sitting in the road because one of the trucks broke down and is being fixed. But we do not consider that much of a misadventure here.

The children have been wonderful. John can do everything. He has poured himself into his endeavor, worked hard on the photography, worked on the trucks. He was beloved by the Bushmen for his friendliness and ease with them. The head man called John "Little Brother". Elizabeth too has been a blessing. She has been gay and giggly. Not even tea and sugar are such precious commodities on an expedition as a gay little girl. We have been tired and strained some time, and she and John have never failed to keep their spirits up, and ours too. Bob is a very fine boy, and very able. He works quickly and well at everything he does. He accomplished a great deal. I think his enjoyment of the whole experience steadily increased. He was on very friendly terms too with our Bushmen friends, and at the end was playing games with them, laughing and thoroughly enjoying them. His is his

birth day. He is 24 Today. He is a very capable
and mature 24. He is happy to have come,
He values all he has learned and the experience
he has gathered.

Carey on the other hand does not seem happy.
It grieves me to think he perhaps is not
enjoying it. It is hard to tell with quiet
youngster though. Maybe he is and it does
not show.

Samuel is well content. He does enjoy this
kind of life. We have liked living in the
open sleeping under these brilliant stars.
We have been very comfortable. Our
sleeping bags are a miracle of comfort. We so
toasty warm inside while frost encases the
outside. It is cold at night as I thought
and hot in the day time & dry and
pleasant heat. Shade is always delightful
comfortable.

Our clothes and equipment, medicine cases
etc - all the things I worried in so hard as
perfect. We lacked nothing. Choice was well made.

Dearest, I hope you are well. Give my
love to Tom and Keith, to Mary, to
Margo and any friends you see. Give
Lauriston Ward our news if he happens to
come in. Tell Margo I think I get very
often and tell her all goes very well
with us.

Devotedly,
John

We have no future address for you to send a letter to. But
I hope to write again. We are going to Angola.

Gum, Wed. July 23 1952

Dearest Nana,

We think about you and hope all goes well, and that time does not drag too heavily. Time flies for us. The summer is half over, and it seems that almost none of the summer has gone yet.

We have reached Gum - about 46 miles south of Gaultcha where we were last year. Our plan is that Elizabeth, Charles, John & I will stay here while Lawrence goes all the way back to Windhoek to get Joe Breen and an other load of food. We have had good fortune. There are many Bushmen here and they are friendly. Our plan is to have them tell us their names & the names of their father & mother, uncles, aunts, children, etc. who their headmen are, where they think their headquarter is. These groups come from different places. They have congregated here because of the drought. When Lawrence returns from Windhoek with Joe we shall then go to Gaultcha. Lawrence & the mechanic made a trip to Gaultcha while we settled our camp here. It is only 46 miles. They found /Tuma & his family, #Gow and his family. They were delighted to see Lawrence. They said they were staying at Gaultcha in the hope we would come back.

The Bushman Commission has a group of doctors going through the country examining Bushmen for the report to the Administration. /Tuma said he saw their truck but he did not come out of the bush, and they went away.

We have a very good group with us. Lawrence
chooses and manages our affairs very well.
Our cook is Philip. ^{an Ovambo} He has cooked for the
Administration when he goes on trips. He is
a ^{He speaks English} Christian. Frederick ^{a Berg Dama} is a Christian too,
our interpreter for Herrero. He is a very fine
man. Intelligent, wise and good. He speaks
very good English. The Mahanue is Cap
who was with us last year. Not so far
a person, but we know him. Another
boy Glass is a Berg Dama. He speaks no
English. I do not know him well. We
have a Bushman / Nami who has
lived in Grootfontein since he was a
boy. He speaks 7 languages. His English
is excellent. He is a fascinating person.
About 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet tall. Weighing 81 pounds
in his boots, coat, hat, coveralls, pants,
shirt, socks & pipe. He has a very good mind.
// Now the Bushman who speaks Herrero who
was with us last year, is also coming with
us now. We are trying to get Picannin. So
we are well taken care of.

All our problems have been resolved
except water. This is a dry year. We
are to find out today how things stand
about the water here at Gum. We are about to
call on the head man.

All of us are perfectly well. Do not worry
about us at all. We are safe. Things are
working out well. Deepest love from us all. Loma

The head man tells us there is enough water for us to have a barrel a day.
So that too is solved.

(gum) 1 Gam Aug. 19, 1952

Nana, dearest, there is an opportunity to send out a letter. It may never reach you, but we shall take that chance. Your letters were brought in from Windhoek when Lawrence brought Jo Brew in. You can imagine us sitting by the camp fire reading them. It was as though the distance between us lessened. And so this letter should make you feel that too. Space isn't so very important. Separation is but don't feel the fact of the distance itself as much as I did.

Every thing is going very well with us. We are all well. The staff of people Lawrence and his guardian angel selected for us is excellent. We are reasonably comfortable in our camp. So far we have had enough water to wash our clothes once a week, and to take a bath once a week. I have enjoyed my baths. I take a bucket of very hot water, walk $\frac{1}{4}$ mile down the omaramba, to a big flat slab of rock which has bushes all around it. There in the hot sun and the silence I scrub and slosh away, and sit ~~down~~ in the sun and breeze till my hair dries. It is a great luxury to take that much time off from work.

To go back to the staff, and tell you a little more about them. Philip is an excellent cook, an Ovambo. He is patient, uncomplaining, undemanding, simple and considerate, capable. He takes initiative quietly and gently, and gets things done. Our meals are delicious. He makes superb bread, baking it in the ground under a pile of coals, in covered tins.

Lawrence brought him a helper, a very tall, jet

black, proud, handsome Herrero boy. Herreros and other people do not easily arrive at a good relationship. But we have several experts in relationship matters in camp, so all is well. Frederick the interpreter proves to be a mature, intelligent, educated, dignified, honorable perceptive person. He is a leader among us all, wise and knowing. Every one looks up to him depends on his guidance, including me. His "assistant" as he calls him is the young Bushman who interpreted for Fritz Metzger last year. Frederick is well pleased with him, and he, Igao, is happy with us. Glass, a Damara (Berg Dama) boy is a mechanic. He adores John and serves him especially. He watches to see what John wants or needs. John does not give orders. He sees that it is time for John's bed to be put out and he himself does it, though it is not his duty. He takes John's bed out to a grassy, rocky place, shakes, brushes, airs his blankets - without being asked to, or even thanked, as John wouldn't notice if his bed were aired or not. Carl, who is half white and half something else, has not made peace with himself within his own soul. I do not know him well. But he too is as devoted as his nature allows to John.

We have a young man with us named Brian Euselein. I don't remember if I told you anything about him. He came with us on the first trip, to take Lawrence back & get Jo. And when Lawrence & Jo returned, there was Brian back here with them. He got fascinated, quit his job. Got his father's permission to stay out here with us.

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He is camp manager. It is working out very well for John. Previously the ^{camp} work fell on John. The filling drums of water from the water hole, boiling it all, getting wood etc etc etc, also the care of the automotive equipment, greasing truck, mending springs, fixing punctures. Glass and Carl worked with John on all this - but the pattern is that John ran it all that. Now Brian does. And John has given himself to creating moving pictures. He has taken it on, really taken it on. He no longer waits for Lawrence or me to say what we shall do. He is creating himself.

We had a most wonderful day filming the Bushmen gathering Mameetti nuts. We all started off early in the morning to the Mameetti forest. The Bushmen had said that 5 men would go. That was their plan for the day. We asked to go too, and said we would all go in the truck. 19 Bushmen came, and all of us. So we took 2 trucks. It was a wonderful day - but the most wonderful thing about it was that John had planned his film. Knew what he wanted to take, had foreseen how and when to get each step of the sequence. He was thoroughly organized. He worked hard, fast and took what I expect will turn out to be the best sequence yet. He thought about jumps. Of course it is no thing for an amateur to think about jumps, another to avoid them. But he tried. You must tell Jerry Ballentine this. I suggest asking Ruth to make a few carbon copies of this letter to pass

around to friends - and to send me to Jerry.
DeKro Film Boston. She will find the address
in the phone book. I shall insert here a
note for Jerry.

Dear Jerry, a thousand thanks for your
letter. It reached us at Gum. It is a
moving experience to receive a letter from home
in the Kalahari, a soothing helpful experience.
I am the happier for it. We have been
thinking of you, and speaking of you every day.
John asks me or I ask him, "What angle
or what cut in or what cut out have you
got to fix that jump with?" And we both
visualize you sitting before the viewer with
the scissors, and your patient forgiving
understanding. You will need all that
equipment again. Because though we think
about jumps it is beyond our powers to avoid
them all. I'm asking Nana to have a copy of
my letter sent to you. I cannot. Must not.
Take time to write fully letters to all the friends
I would like to write to. This letter can be
a round robin and so give our news. Love

[Nana, please keep a copy of the letter
because I have not kept up my diary and the
letter will give an account of some things I have not
put down elsewhere.]

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Elizabeth, bless her precious heart, is like sugar in the tea, yeast in the bread. If she did nothing but exist here it would be enough. Just her sweetness and gaiety becomes the most important element in the camp life. But she does everything, help everybody, fills in at all the difficult points. She runs the food - says what to have, know when things are. She planned and bought listed and had packed all the food for the expedition. She has had great success with the children. She is like the Pied Piper, followed all day by a swarm of little boys, who worship her.

Now I might touch upon some of the important matters. When we are, what goes on, what our plans are. To begin with Jo is here - and it is wonderful to have him. He is not only a very, very able person but he is a marvelous element in an expedition & the camp life. I don't quite see how we shall manage without him when he leaves.

The story of our doings is - (some of this I told you before). We settled at Gum and Laurence went back to Windhoek to get Jo. That took ~~about~~ 12 days. During that time we plunged into a slide at Gum, expecting to go to Gautscha when Jo & L. returned. We are ~~far~~ a while longer. Gum (The Bushmen name is Igam) is a waterhole. It is 9 miles ^{west} from the border of Bechuanaland & South West Africa. 46 miles south of Gautscha where we were last year. There are some Hereros and

explain that later.

Bechuanas who live here, with cattle and goats.

But ~~it~~ before it had any Hereros + Bechuanas, it was an important Bushman water hole.

This is a very dry year, a year of serious drought - all over So West and this area. The small waterholes are dry - so there is a concentration of Bushman bands here at Jam. which affords a wonderful opportunity for studies. There are 5 groups. We decided to use the time on aspects of our study which the number of groups would contribute to, as it is an unusual opportunity to find so many together. I worked on genealogies, and tried to find what the pattern is in the formation of a band; whether they seem to be primarily matrilineal (i.e. man goes to live with wife's people) or patrilineal, (i.e. woman goes to live with husband's people). As I expected both situations occur.

When Jo and Lawrence returned, they plunged into a study of how + what the band eat, when they are concentrated in one area; where they go when they are not here. Which one "belongs" here - has had in the past the authority over the water here, and how the situation about the water shapes up now.

Jo has made a sally into Flo Herero Bechuana group.

And so we gather information.

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Four of the groups are in their natural state. One group lives permanently with the Herero-Bechuana people. This group works for them. They say the Bushmen tend the cattle & goats. Water them, take them out to graze & bring them into the kraal at night. Watering the cattle is quite a job. Buckets of water are hauled up from a deep hole 25-30' to a trough. It takes hours. The Bushmen hunt for the Hereros & Bechuana and bring wood. For that they get some food and some tobacco. They all seem contented.

The Herero Bechuana group is not as large as I make it sound. There is a Bechuana man who is the husband of a Herero woman. Her sister and other undefined relatives are here, and another Herero who is digging a well for his own so he can bring cattle here.

The four "natural" groups are very much like the Bushmen we met with last summer with some minor apparent differences. They are charming in my opinion. They have beautiful manners. They are gentle, smiling people. Their greetings to us, and their leave taking put to shame the manners of many Americans. They are grateful for the tobacco we give, and for our binding up their cuts - the only 2 things we do for them. They have seemed entirely willing

to answer our questions, and to help us to understand them. They say they do not want anyone to try to change their customs, but they are glad to have us understand them. They say no one ever asked them questions about themselves before. They have been as cooperative about the picture taking as the group was last year. They show no fear, and are gracious about the trouble it puts them to. They do anything we ask, graciously. Again, as last year, I even imagine I see affection in their bearing toward us. And, as last year, I feel affection toward them. To me they are a strangely appealing people.

Go agrees with me. He thinks too they are the gentlest people he ever met. "Even the babies cry quietly," he says. He enjoys their delicate voices and gestures.

We have talks about aggression. Launston and Bob will be interested to know that we have no record of expression of aggression for the period we have been at Gum - July 22 - Aug 19. The headman of group I, Gao, was preparing to go hunting. He hung ^{the} his belongings ^{he was not taking with him} in a tree. As he slipped down from the tree he bumped against

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his very small son, about ^{18"}20" tall. just walking. The son fell on his face, lay there yawling for a few seconds. Then he shut his mouth, got up, and threw a ball of sinew cord at his father. The father saying nothing, put the cord in his pack. The child, his mouth firmly shut, in a slow, unsteady but determined motion, took the father's spear. The father took it from him & put it farther up than it had been in a bush. Then the little boy walking slowly determinedly, his legs well apart, to where his father's bow was leaning against a bush, ready to take on the hunt. He took it, walked away from the skeum a few feet and threw the bow with all his might. Apparently satisfied that the score was even, he came back to his father and followed at his heels every step he took. No one scolded the child.

The genealogies have captured my interest. They are an invaluable first step to any such piece of work as ours. Who people are & their relationship to each other becomes clear and firm in one's mind. ~~Further~~ they bring out very much information in addition - just in the gathering of them. And they prepare one's mind, better than any other way I know to sort and relate all information. Things make every kind of sense better if you know clearly who people are & who their relations are. I am well acquainted now with 3 groups - their genealogies complete & on charts. It is slow - but I can't help that.

The work is necessarily slowed down, apart from my own slowness, by the fact we have only 1 interpretable team at present. Fedush & Gao are needed by everyone. We have to share & distribute their time among us.

Next week we shall have 2 more interpreters.

(144) from the supply for his
Incidentally Nami receives 3 shillings a day as wages
invaluable services. We are paying him 4.

Picamin and Nami are coming. Laurence arranged for them to be sent by ~~the~~ W.N.L.A. transport to cigarette. We send out there to get them. I Dodge's will leave Thursday, and be back in about a week. Fuduch is so capable that he can help train them. We have so many people who speak so many languages that we shall set up teams which will be quite satisfactory. Nami speaks English very well indeed - along with 6 other languages. He is the little Bushman who weighs 84 lbs in boots jacket extra coveralls, cap + with his pipe. He was taken as a child from the bush by Courtney Clark & lived in his household in Grootfontein. He is not the boy who "has to be beaten". He is a very clever, very intelligent little person, much too smart to "have to be beaten". He came out on the 1st trip. Went back with J. because his present employer was going to give a big party and insisted Nami be returned to him as he would not do without him for the party. It is wonderful the employer to let him come back with us now. On the trip out Nami became very interested in our study and kept planning with me what we would do how he would manage everything and "get" this and that information for me. We could not have a better set up. Would that it would teach me never to worry. Theoretically I do not believe in worrying about things that may not happen. This time I failed before leaving to put that theory into practice. It still seems miraculous that so many difficulties and uncertainties were resolved so very well, by Laurence and his guardian angel.

Our plan is, when Nami + Picamin get here to move to Gaultscha. Laurence made a trip to Gaultscha, in fact 2 trips. Found 1 Tuma. The first time he found only 1 Tuma + 1 grow the Medicin Man + their families. On the 2nd trip he found 15 Bushmen at Gaultscha. They have agreed to do everything

We want - to let us live with them, and not hunt for them. We shall give tobacco & little luxuries like cocoa & tea. They are very happy about our coming. We shall make that our headquarters. Work as it develops to be desirable & necessary with neighboring groups. And stay through the rains. The time will not be too long for the study. It will be all too short. Nothing less would be worth while. I feel confident that the study will amount to something though I shall continue to suffer to some degree over not being more capable. However that may be. at a minimum - for me. I fumbled over the geneologies more at the beginning than at the end. Given lots of time - I learn. And I am deeply happy that the study is being parcelled out. Lawrence for the first time has taken on a piece of the work to do himself - (other than photographs.) He is studying where groups go in the rains in the dry season, how they break up, & come together. Working away with the interpreters and a note book. Gam has given opportunity for gathering this information because the drought has driven these several groups here. And they are not - as Lawrence feared they might be - what he calls Tame Bushmen. They live normally in the bush. Are here only because of water. [What makes distinguish Gam from the bush itself is only that this Haverd Deekwana family lives here - and they dig the waterhole deeper into the rock than Bushmen would be able to. The difference between Gam & the open bush is scarcely visible. The H-B. family have one hut, and have put up a fence of thorn bush to make a place for the cattle. That is the metropolis of Gam. The Bushmen live in wefts - ^{similar to the one} like you saw in our movies, each a mile or two from the water hole in different directions. It takes a Bushman to find the wefts.

I must bring this ramble to a close. It will be sent to Cigarette. and if our party gets there before the W.N.F.A. bus goes through it will be given to the driver with some money, and the plea that he mail it when he gets some where where there is a post. If it reaches you it may be due to the guardian angel watching over it.

I'd like you to let everybody see it who is interested in our news. All the friends can be happy for us having such a propitious situation. I want to send my love - especially glowing love undiminished, undistracted, unceasing. I can send just such love from Laurence John and Elizabeth - for they won't be able to write now to catch this mail. Jo will write, himself, to Evelyn. I shan't make a list of all the people we send love to. Each will know. Darling, I hope you are well.

Lana

P.S. Jo will be going out - leaving here about Sept 10. He will go to Windhoek + from there to North Africa - as planned. That will give us a chance to get mail. I hope there will be a large pile of letters. And I shall write again at that time.

Thank Mary and Con for their nice letter. And Margaret Helburn. Did she get one from me? There was a misunderstanding about postage at one point. And several letters got into the mail with insufficient postage. So I do not know whether those got through.

Gautscha Pan Sept. 6. 1952 B-1

Dearest Nana. The letter written at Igam was not mailed. Lawrence thought it would not be, so we did not try. He was quite right. The bus that brought the interpreter to cigarette came 2 days earlier than scheduled and had gone before our party went "out" to get the interpreter moved. They had a good trip. Now that there are the marks of our trucks to show the way the travelling is easier. Two Power Wagons went without the heavy Chevrolet so there was no sticking in the sand. The travelling around the country is much easier this year.

We are settled at Gautscha where we took the picture last year. We are living about 300 feet from I Tuma and the others, whom we were with last year. Everything is working out very well. Difficulty after difficulty has been overcome and we are well away in our study of Bushman life. You will be wondering about many of the things we talked about. For instance water. The water hole at Gautscha was almost dry. That was a most serious situation. But we had our usual good fortune coupled with your son's enterprise. Lawrence and Brian on a preliminary trip to Gautscha from Igam reeds. They dug a little and were encouraged to hope that more water could be developed. The first day we arrived the "boys", the native staff - were set to digging. By evening they had a hole 9 feet deep. Next morning it had filled with water and has remained full. We have taken out as much as four barrels at a time and there is still plenty of water for the Bushmen - more than they ever had here in the dry season before. and plenty for a myriad of birds. Every day the Bushmen women go about the same time for water, they meet others, talk over the news of the day, and wash themselves. We can wash too, and wash our clothes. It is time that is lacking - not water.

Time is lacking because so much happens, so very much. And it all happens ~~at~~ the quiet slow

pace that time takes here. But each event quiet and slow though it is, is momentous.

Ituma's wife had a baby. When we first saw her we knew she might have it any time. Even so it surprised the very breath out of us because this is the way it happened. John was at their wery taking a picture of Goo making a net. Goo had been sitting talking. Ituma was there, and a woman relative with her daughter visiting. Goo got up and walked away into the bushes. She was away about 20 minutes. When she walked back into the wery John said he noticed her smile. He said he thought her more beautiful than he had ever seen her before. We all have spoken of her face, saying whether we considered her beautiful or not, all saying we liked her face very much. John stopped photographing to notice her. She gestured to him, turned back the corner of her Kaross and there was her baby lying close against her waist its head on her arm.

John raced over to get me. ^{No one else was around} He and I were the only excited ones and we soon were calmed by the quiet peacefulness of that baby's birth. Goo let me take pictures of the baby 40 minutes old. They will not be spectacular pictures because she would not uncover the child, nor would I ask her to. Its little black head may show, a tiny white head. And I hope a bit of the little Huij Nursing. She gave it her breast before she did anything else. It sucked vigorously. It is very light skinned lighter by far by far than any of us who are now so tanned. It is a girl - named Huga. My niece, that - because they have two sons. The boys were enchanting to watch. They came at me

Sept 6 1952 B-3

to crouch beside their mother, to lean over the baby, hold its hands, smile, and say "Mī tsi" - little sister. Serenity, quietness and peacefulness beyond our experience attended that baby's birth. While I go washed herself she held it close to her. There was nothing more to do. She reached out for some soft fluffy fiber, made a little nest of it, lay the baby on it, stretched out beside it, touching it with her body, her breast to its mouth, and there they lay together all through the day, resting. Covered with her kaross. The baby did not cry. Twice during the day it said "ah, ah!" The father was home from his hunting. He lay in the shade enjoying a cigar which Jo Brew gave him. We did not disturb the quietness. We were quiet too, thinking of life with deepened awe and joy.

Next day was the same for I go and her baby. But I Tuma^{go} went hunting with John. They got nothing. Today they went again, and came back with a wild pig. John has pictures of the Bushmen killing warty went for wild hogs. Today the other women took them 5 miles in the bush - and they got pictures of them gathering and eating. Elig. weighed the roots and berries they brought back. Listed the names. So the days go. I am working on kinship terms, discovering taboos thereby. It is all interesting - and all hard work. We sink into bed with sighs and groans. We have the tents up and are reasonably comfortable. We have the tents up that no one woke when a lioness and two cubs walked through the camp. I Tuma woke up looked over the top of his skerm - and next day described with shouts of laughter how he shouted at it, flourished his spear - and how the

Gautscha

C-1

September 25, 1952

Dearest Nana,

I have been thinking about you so much and longing for you and wanting to talk to you so much, I am taking a morning off to write. The days have been full of events. I long to tell you about them. Each one has made us think in some special vivid way about home and about friends. When we are working on routine matters like kinship trees or genealogies we become tired and numb and just try to get to bed, with all satisfied with a days work. But little adventures have a different effect on us. This year we to tell you, share them and their meanings and our feelings with you and the friends.

In general since I wrote every thing has been going well. We missed Lawrence so much our fatigue increased with the ache of it. But all went well. I recovered from a slight ailment - and fell into my depression passed with the ailment, and I began to enjoy life again when a depression passes none of the circumstances change but one's attitude toward them changes. I feel I couldn't lose to have Lawrence away for 3 weeks - but I did bear it and went on working and feel generally so much better, more nearly adequate, that all was well. To feel be interested to know that every thing worked out perfectly with the staff. David turns out to be a darling. He took over his job of cooking and caring for us sweetly, kindly, smilingly, thoughtfully. He washed for us, did pleasant little services for us - not because but comforting. Picnic came into his own. He was like a man who found what he could do, did it well, rejoices in the achievement. He and John went hunting with the Bushmen. They got the quaff after 4 days of hacking it, waiting for the poison to work. They finally killed it with assegais - John filming the while. One would leap and yell in front of the por creator, and while it tried to strike out at him with its warning strength, another would dash to it and pull the assegais out to throw them at it again. After the quaff they shot an eland - and there were 3 more days of hacking - and staying out all night, and the bringing

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it triumphantly back to the west. They got also 2 wild pigs
& ducks. The talk and chatter at the west when there is
meat is like the heightened talk at one of our parties.
And Picanni was like a soul released. Good things had been
achieved. He had taken a lot of responsibility. He and John
were friends at ease together, and they and the Bushmen
were at ease. Though all around our relationship
with the Bushmen has been excellent - friendly, pleasant.
After the hunting trips it deepened. The men and John
made jokes. Picanni is good at translations & John
the running conversation and repeating John's replies
to the Bushmen. They all slept together and ate together
and ran out of water together. What ever there was
of awe and shyness between the Bushmen and John
vanished. And that deepened ease together has reflected
in Elizabeth's & my relations too. Elizabeth has been
out day after day with the women getting veldkos.
Di!ai and //Gase have made the name relationships
with her. They have given her their names. We do not
understand all about that yet. I got along well with
the interpreters! Dams and Iqoo. They had the fear of
Fredrick in them (Fredrick is my wonderful Big Dama
interpreter who had gone to windhoek with James
because his wife was ill) He had said to them, "If
I find a mistake in Madam's book you will answer
to me." So they settled their minds and souls to
sincere work, and we got along well.

The days were not all filled with genealogies
veldkos and hunting. So much happens I cannot
get it all down but I must tell you some of the
events.

One night Elij. and I sank into bed at 8:30
to lie in the dark and talk about Paris, about
Lucienne and Edward and Monique, about the Tour d'Argent
and about the cool gardens in which we dined in the Bois
because it was all so different, so very different
that evening here. I had been getting the genealogy
of Gao the Medicine Man that morning. Elij. was
away in the bed with the women discussing veldkos
John was tracking the eland. Gao, ^{the Medicine Man} I had got
all mixed up about 3 times. One was dead

One Tam had taken the name of the one who was
 dead. Was that the Tam across the pan with the
 gray hair? No that was Gao's father's brother. Who
 who had taken the name of the Tam who was
 dead? He was the brother of the Tam who was dead.
 Where was he? He was dead too. I closed my
 book, took off my glasses and sighed. Then I noticed
 that the unobtrusive, sweet gentle Iqui was lying beside me.
 He told Iqao to tell me there was a snake. "Oh," I said.
 There was more talk in Bushman. I wanted to know more.
 Why had he told me about the snake? Did they want
 us to shoot it? No, they wanted to tell me that the
 snake did not like "colored people". Iqui pointed to me.
 I thinking of bells and red dresses pointed to my blouse
 which is rust colored. Iqui pointed to my arms. He
 explained that seeing me would make the snake
 excited and want to fight. Where was the snake?
 Over by the smaller Baobab tree. They were going to
 kill it, but just wanted to warn me. One's lack
 invariable smite me. I had not given attention to my
 photographs. I had had fearful inhibition about it. I
 never felt certain of it and had put off organizing
 myself, thus rationalizing that I had ^{not} ^{enough} ^{time}.
 John was taking hold of the filming ^{so I had to film}. I
 didn't even know where my stuff was packed. I took a
 long breath + asked Iqui if he might come to take pictures
 of the killing of the snake. He said I might if I would
 stay at a discreet distance. I rushed to John's tent, tore up
 cases till I found my camera and some film - but my camera
 had a lens on it I had never used before. One that requires
 very careful focusing. If those pictures come out it will again
 have been the guardian angel that attends us. We all set
 off to the Baobab tree. Our boys came too with rakes + sticks
 every one from the west came, old young and very young.
 Iqase brought her little harp. The snake was in a hole.
 and all peered in. I filmed the Bushmen crouching at the hole
 peering, talking, gesticulating, and two valiant old women with
 sticks having much to say. They waited till I paced off the
 distance, took a light reading. unwound my glasses from the
 light meter cord, set the lens. said I was ready. Then they
 quickly reached into the hole and, with a sharp quick

When it was dead we all sat down & cool of. 4 guns played her camp.

pull, hauled out a python. Every one leaped away. I was too excited to be afraid so I staged and filmed the thing its mouth wide open, rearing and darting its head high above the ground. I have little hope the film will be good, I wasn't afraid but I was too excited to check the focus. and I really don't have no idea what I got. The Bushmen threw big rocks at it with perfect aim. They killed it swiftly, finished it off with sticks, the two old women-like witches - with the men, dashing in at it leaping back. what made us think of succumb: Edward was the eating of the python that evening, it was so different from the Bois. Unfortunately we had caused pitchers in supper ourselves that night. But we found out why Hereros don't eat fish. David served them, holding them away from him, saying "water snakes."

Type

The next day the eland was brought to the west. People ate and rested. They do not, as other accounts have it, gorge themselves, eating the meat all at once. They hang it in the trees, eat normal meals - not as usual as our Thanksgiving dinner. The point is they eat, and look up to the tree and see food there. It makes them happy. P. Golue had been asking about the rain. He is in conflict because he is supposed to cover the dry season veldkos before the rains come. The Bushmen told him that perhaps in the next moon the rain would come.

The second night after the eland was brought home the people danced I didn't want to wait till a letter could be mailed to tell you about that dance. We may not mail this letter for months - but I shall feel g'v'e talked to you just by writing about it. There were many people here - about 100. Bushmen move about a great deal. Groups visit others as they travel by. Three groups, related to #9omas have been making temporary head quarters here ^{at Gault's} across the Pan. They go away for one or five days to get food. and return to rest here for a few days or so.

One group - go will be interested. Who had been settled across the pan - asked + gona if they might come to live near him - and have moved up. Their skerm are between us and + gona. And told go this is Qao with the helmet. Who is quite friendly and at ease, and comes to visit us constantly. He has a gash on his behind - from riding in the jeep. He comes to have me bandage it, depending unabashed while his friends roll on the ground with laughter. So our nucleus group has grown. Besides that the whole gona group was here. Some of Naisi's people, others I'd never seen before who came from gona way. The dance took place in the center of gona's welf. Only 100 Bushmen could get into such a small space in such numbers.

The dance began late and was without fever at first. A dance is not an occasion of frivolity. People enjoy dancing and singing and being together but that is incidental to the purpose of the dance which is a ceremony. We are told that Il gawa (the Bushman name for God) is present. He has given the Medicine Men power to cure the people, to bring well being to them, power to give them strength for the hunt, power to call the rain to make food grow. Il gawa has given them the dances and the songs, and the dances and songs have power and 'goodness' in them. This night they began with the quaffe dance. A few only danced at first. Little by little more women came from the skerm fire, more men came carrying their rattles. The second dance was the rain dance. By this time many people were dancing. Still more who had been sitting by the fire got up to dance. The dancing became more intense. The beat of the feet and the rattle

vigorous and precise, so that the stamp of feet
of perhaps twenty five' men sounded as the single
note of a ^{great} percussion instrument. The song rose in
volume and intensity. I was spell bound, feeling the
power of it. I looked up to the sky - and drop
of rain fell on my face. The ^{rain} dance continued. The
rain fell in great cold drops. The dance ended
and the rain stopped but there had been
enough to make the grass and the dust smell
of rain. A spirit had come to the people which
embued them through the night. Four Medicine
men were there. They all began their ceremonies
more fervently than ever we had seen them.
They went to all the people time and again - and
they came to us. John and Elizabeth and me, as
though we were their own people to give us too the
goodness of Hgawa. Iqi'gae with a long white
ostrich feather in his hair twirling and bending
in the wind, was as one possessed. His clear
stomp voice filled the night. He walked in
the fire, which strengthens the power that Hgawa
placed in him, and went from one to another.
He took fire in his hands, and then placed his
hands on the heads of the people. Another time
he leaped over the fire and then bent his
head so it touched his hair flamed and with
two other Medicine men together bent over a
man named Bo. They cried Ki' Ki' Ki
a ya ya ya ya ga ga ga K. K. K. drawing
out from Bo any illness or woe that was in
him, tossing their arms into the air & throw
it away. A lame man knelt behind Iqi'gae and
touched his feet.

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These ceremonies are good for me. They make me more vividly aware of the great universe we are a part of. They make me less detached, less enclosed by my own mind.

Later in the night a thunder storm broke over us. The wind blew the fires in great streamers of sparks over the bed. We found our tents by the flashes of lightning. The Bushmen wrapped themselves in their Karosses. The sky emptied itself of the rain that was in it. I thought of when we were Elizabeth and John and I, with the hundreds of miles a week around us. I thought of all of you at home, but not with the pain of separation I sometimes feel.

Then college will be opening. Everyone will be home. Matilda and Robert from their trip. Suzanne and Edward. Nicky from the cool sea shore. Cecilia's operation will be over and I hope so very much that she and Margo will be walking to lunch together sometime with Cecilia rejoicing in new comfort. Perhaps Margo has a house in Cambridge. I worry a bit about Ruth and her baby. I hope Helen + Arthur are well. Give my love to all, to Tom and Kusti, Mary and Con. Don't forget Grace and Homer. Erica, Barbara. Nadia will come to see you when she gets back from the country later. Tell her to give my love to Maria! Perhaps you have seen Jo and Sally. Suzanne will take my love to Edward + Marguerite. I will see Alice + Larry Ellis and tell them I think of them. Angelina and George are probably home from where ever they had been and have been to see you. Give them my love. Paul Agnes of course and James and all. I hope Herbert is well Lauriston will be in to see you I know. He will have news to give you as he will see Jo. and Jo himself. Will be in to see you. I get all mixed up in my image of present and future. It is bound to think Jo will be home by the time this letter reaches you. Happy Easter. Give Ruth Ball our love and ask her if she would make copies of the letter. One for the friends to pass around and others to send to Tom, Kusti, to Aunt Margaret + Aunt Maggie. I'd like Jerry Ballentine to hear we are well and that John

The toe was terribly smashed and some thing which was sticking out which may have been bone. The medicine men put it all together and made it look neat.

has had some weird scenes in front of his camera. Tell him I think about jumps*. Before the portion came out of the hole I had the jumps under control. But not while it was writhing on the rock. Tell Josh that the baby with dysentery responded rapidly to treatment and has been very well. All my patients are flourishing. Some are well. Tell Dr. Fins that the selection of medicines is perfect. They work like magic but I am at pains very tired I wish them to explain that they we are not doctors, that our doctors had made some good medicines, which they had given us more like foods, good for certain parts of the body. but that they were medicines made from plants (I say) none of them had Gawa's power or goodness in them. They wish to do no harm. I say, and I am glad to have anyone who wishes try them to see if they are beneficial. I am on good terms as far as I can see with the Medicine men. Together one of the Medicine men. I treated what may be a broken toe. He set it and I bandaged it. We sat in the dust together nodding at each other pleased with our supplementing each other. Whosever tells Dr. Fins this must take my love also to Mrs. Jacelia and Gigi. Don't forget greetings to my phoman.

There is something more to tell to Dad. Once long long ago before Bushman had fire there was a man named Ita/Kan Ni. People noticed that he ate cooked food while they ate raw food. A man named Gao took to watching Ita/Kan Ni. He saw he hid something in his bag. One day when Ita/Kan Ni went out into the bush to find food Gao followed and hid himself in a tree. He saw Ita/Kan Ni put something in a bush, and then go about gathering his food. Gao watched. Ita/Kan Ni came back to the bush, took out fire sticks, made fire quickly, hid the sticks again, cooked his food, and ate it alone and secretly. Gao then came down from the tree and went to Ita/Kan Ni. He said to Ita/Kan Ni, "let us take the feather of a parow. Let us bind it onto a stick." This they did. Then Gao said, "let us hang a little stone to the bottom of the stick." Now see, said Gao and he tossed the feathered stick into the air. It wafted in the wind. Gao gave Ita/Kan Ni another stick and said "Catch the feathered stick with this." Ita/Kan Ni

*Jumps are a matter of technique in motion picture taking - Not emotions.

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did so and tossed the feathered stick high - into the air where it tumbled and spun drifting with the wind. I Tan Kan he followed it to toss it again and again till he was some distance away. Then he went to the bush and found the fire sticks. He broke them into bits and threw the fragments over the bush. So now every bush and every tree has fire in it, such a little bush as we are sitting beside, or a Baobab tree or a Mangetti tree. This is why there are the great bush fires and this is why all Bushman can now have fire.

So took some two of the feathered sticks for his boys and will be glad to have this story to go with them.

October 1st

Lawrence returned safe and well from Windhoek several days ago. He brought the mail. In it was the letter from Malilda telling of Mago's son's death. This is a terrible terrible tragedy. I've thought of Mago's and Betty's suffering is like the thrust of knives. John and Elizabeth are going to Windhoek. John is going to see a doctor about a persistent cough. I'm afraid they are going to have a few days change. A trip out - even ^{several} days of struggling through heat and sand will be a rest for them. Sitting, even being lulled by the bumps, but just sitting, not having to think or accomplish, will do them both good. They have worked awfully hard. Photographing Bushmen hunting and digging for roots in the heat is terribly straining and exhausting work.

I can't write Mue now. I wish I could answer each letter. We received your letter, dear, one from Kerlo, two from Malilda, one from Barbara, one from Erica, two from Lauriston, one from Margaret Kelburn & Peggy. Helen's letter tells me Ruth and her baby are well. Aunt Margaret's letter came telling about her face and bringing me as her love. Aunt Maggie's too. Aunt Ruth says: Please ask her to make copies of this letter & send to Aunt Margaret, Aunt Maggie - but I think I asked this

helps. Give each and every one our love.
 Darling I do not worry about you. I guess you are
 being lonely in the big empty house, but I do not
 worry. I have a kind of faith and it helps me.

Lorna

Tell Peggy I'm very very glad she is in
 Peterborough.

Mother dear:-

Just a note to tell you that
 we have asked John's draft board to extend
 his leave of absence from April to June.
 We haven't any idea yet as to when we will
 return. but we didn't want to have John
 forced to get back before he needs to for summer
 school in case it were advisable for him
 to stay till then - and April would be
 neither the time for him to get back if he
 should want to be there for the spring term, ~~not~~
 starting in February - nor for the summer term
 starting in June. So to be on the safe
 side we are asking permission for him to be
 allowed to stay away till June.

Lorna

7th June

To be typed

Description of Dance

Begin The next day p.c. 4

Go to

Gautscha October 15, 1952

Not to be
photod

Dearest Nana, We received mail. Every other activity ceased while we read and re-read the letters. We got three letters from you, which you sent on Sept 15, Sept 28, and October 5. Imagine receiving a letter on Oct. 12, the day Johannes & Eli returned from Windhoek which had been mailed on Oct 5. Every connection had been made perfectly, and here it was in our hands in the Kalahari Desert, in one week. Chance played a great part - the 46 hours to Johannesburg, the day of flight to Windhoek was made without delays between and the youngsters happened to be in Windhoek to get it. It takes away any remnant of a sense of adventure. We do not feel remote.

There was a letter from Dr. Seavey. Please thank him ardently for writing us. It is so very good of him. Give him our greetings and tell him we are well. And let him read the round-robin letters.

There were letters of Sept 14 Sept 27 & Sept 30 from Ruth. Thank her for them. Tell her she did all the right things. There is nothing we can do about Gloria's car from this distance. We will tell her we are sorry when we get back. Notifying the Board of overseers & my absence is all that is necessary about that. Ruth, please write R A Rowan - Co 458 So Spruce St Los Angeles 13 to thank them for their letter of Aug. 4. Please ask them to increase the insurance of the corner building to \$5000 and to insure the rear building for \$3000. I approve of the increase of the liability policy to be in line with their present practice. If they have any advice about the fact that the rear building is partly on lot 14 and partly on lot 12 I should be glad to have it when we return. ~~I would be glad to have them make an absolutely certain check of this. Lawrence says not to give any instructions to Rowan. Other than to ask if they think there is anything we should do about it.~~

Ruth. Please ask Jerry Ballentine to arrange for the film to be safely stored.

There were letters from Aunt Margaret which give me joy. Be sure to send her a copy of this round robin. She knows much more of the goings on in the Union, so. office than we do. We get no news. Not the slightest wave of the outside world reaches us.

Thank Jessie for her letter. It was good to hear from her and Ruth about the good vegetable. It helped my waning appetite just to read about them.

Helin's letter came, full of news, bless her. Ruth & Tom's announcement, their baby amused us.

There was a letter from Eric Cawley which was so good to get.

We can receive mail again on December 10th. I hope for a bushel. I did not hear from Margo. Tell her she is constantly in my mind whatever I am doing and that I love her.

I am writing this morning with time only for the one letter which you will please write the friend again. The reason is that Lawrence is going out again to Windhoek. Elizabeth & John have just come back. John went to have a check up about a persistent cough. It is nothing serious. He is well. The doctor gave him a treatment & medicine to bring in which has helped very much. We expect him soon to be rid of the cough.

They started back with everything - they thought in hand. But the guardian angel stayed here with us to guard us from the lions, and was not watching over the tires. They had a fearful trip blow out. Ruinous mess. Their luck ran out. They arrived here with tires in so serious a condition

That Laurence has to go back to get more. In the meantime here, Charlie had been of hunting. He is not as used to driving in this country as the folk who live here and he had run flat on the best New Firestone 10 ply tire, so that it was in ribbons. One of the boys changing a tire had left the wrench inside the tire between the tire and the tube, pumped up the tire, started it - Whereupon the wrench came out through the tire forcibly. Another fearful gash left only a few threads of canvas between the outside world and the tube. So we are in the kind of situation we knew might arise and something must be done. Laurence is putting all the good tires on one truck to go out. We shall be here immobile till he returns. It is unfortunate to have to use time that way - but not unexpected.

Meanwhile we shall go on working. I am not discouraged. We gather most interesting material every day. There is always so much to be done that we have to struggle not to feel overwhelmed and nervous about what we don't accomplish, and take satisfaction in what we do accomplish.

Everything has gone well. Our relations with the Bushmen are very, very good, all we could hope. Little by little we get more insight into their way of thinking and feeling - their values, and this helps us to guide our behavior with them so that their understanding of us increases a little. They trust us. Each one of us being so different as we are, has a different tone of relationship. John's is a wonderful thing. Whatever bridges can be made between peoples so different in culture he has made. His relationship is by far the best. Mine is very maternal. It is my nature to be so

With these gentle little people, and theirs to receive me so. They call me Mother - or grandma. We have our little sentimentalities together. I have named her baby Norma (Bushman it turns out you have 2 names. That's needs watching in the genealogies. They give you either one or the other for the same person. Genealogies however are an excellent method of getting at things. You get enough of them, and very much is revealed and straightened out. So I have now has 2 names. ^{! Huga and Norma} They will not be as confusing as the Bushman names. We deal with about 20 Igi's, many more Gao's of which there are 9 versions. One man, Gao, has 2 wives named Iiguse and three daughters named Kama.) + Goma has given us names. Mine is Di Iikhaa, the name of his mother. Lawrence is Tsam Gao, the name of his father. John is Iigase, the name of his son. Elizabeth was already given the name of Di'ai by Di'ai. They say we make the name relationship, and call each other by a kinship term, Mi'igoma.

My report on my patient is good. The girl with the horrible sore on her breast is improving. 2 days ago the outer skin had formed. It looks normal. An area about six inches square was involved. She is happy, and her husband and her father the medicine man, Gao. We sit together after the sore is snugly bandaged, and beam at each other. My only worry now is an inch and a half opening in a mans side from a huge lesion of some kind - but it is improving - And the broken toe. The boy went off the morning his next dressing was due - hunting and has been

D-6

wave their arms right in each others faces all at once. Out of it - I had to hold me, the interpreter to keep him by me. I learned that 2 children had set the fire. Which 2? 1 name pointed. I looked around and there were two about 15 inches high each, staring out of tearless black wide eyes. I picked up one to show Lawrence. The mother of the other picked him up and thrust him into my arms. They both stared at me. We all laughed. It seems they had got the matches which had been a present to their grand father, lit them and when they burned their fingers threw them - into the skum.

~~All disaster comes from our Mackinac.~~
I asked what ^{the children} were ^{still} shouting to each other. They were feeling each other how awful it would be if the fire had burned our camp and trucks and food.

The woman whose skum burned came back from a visit after everything was over. She said "such things happen!" and sat down under a tree. Next day she built a new skum. She had not moved all her things into the one that burned so she did not lose her ostrich egg shells or skins or digging sticks. And the matter was forgotten.

A little girl next day got caught in one of Charlie Haudly's hyasna traps. Her foot was so tiny the trap only squeezed it and did not break it. And it was so tiny it fitted between the teeth and only one broke the skin slightly. The guardian angel was here that day.

* It is interesting I think that every one laughs when they talk of lions. "We laugh and the Bushmen laugh." "The lion walked up on the same way least night. Ha Ha Ha," says Mr. Langbe. funny - that.

The lions have been an interesting subject of conversation with the Bushmen. They are still living here or at least one is. They share the water hole with us. The Bushmen think they must still be fairly young lions to be so playful as to carry off our water pump and play with it while they dragged it a mile or more. I guess met one of them while she was getting wood. We hear them at night. * Lawrence sleeps with a pistol, we all carry flash lights and let it go at that. And I learn about lions from the Bushmen. Of all we have asked - perhaps now two dozen men - my two have known of anyone to be killed by a lion. Evidently lions and Bushmen have learned how to live together. Bushmen never kill lions - at least none of these men have and they say they never know of a Bushman to kill a lion - yet, they always add - I think shyly, as though we might have expected something of them in which they fall short. If they meet a lion they do something white men would not habitually do. They lie down in the grass and carefully wriggle away perhaps holding a branch above them to hide them still more from view. They do not call the name of lion. That would make the lion angry - they do not know why. Their parents did not tell them why - they just know this to be true. They say there is no other animal whose name they dare not say - in his hearing that is. If they see a lion eating meat there is a very polite term they may use - and

The lion will go away and leave the meat for them. I suppose honored at being so respectfully addressed. And ~~feeling~~ honored makes me feel well disposed. I'm sure. This is one of the examples of divergence between theory and actuality that go so often spoke of. I wonder if we do not have just as many areas of our experience where the myth and actuality merge so as to be one in our thoughts. But I haven't time to think much about us. Yesterday the water hole was drained to clean it. Ostrich egg shells had fallen in and were happily retrieved. So last night the hole was almost empty - too deep for the lion to reach water. He roared to split the night sky in his anger. I visualized him sitting there venting himself of his roars. If he should come to the west the Bushmen say they would say "Hoy" to him and he would go away. They would put more wood on the fires too. These are not man-eaters -

So do not worry about us. All goes well. The rains have begun, the "little rains" which are all beneficence. They cool the terrible heat. We all feel better and can eat again, even bull beef. I must go darling. Our deep and constant love goes to you all.

Forna

Hello Mother:- I brought this over to mail - Had to come to Windhoek to bring in our interpreter whose wife's sister's daughter had died - and so he had to prepare the slaughter cattle for the feast! All are very well

Love. Sam

Gautscho, November 17

Dearest Nana,

One of the trucks has to be repaired at Grootfontein. It's rear end is damaged beyond our powers of repair. So Laurence must go out. It is very bad to have to take the time and use energy to make that long hard trip but he must. The only compensation is that he may bring back letters.

We are all well. Eliza strained her foot but she is walking about again. John's cough is very very much better. We are as busy as we can be. I work just as hard as I can hoping to get through to some stopping point and I dream about getting home. But it is unceasingly interesting even if difficult to do this work. We are getting along very well with the Bushmen. They are a fine people, honorable and pleasant to be with.

The lions have gone away to live somewhere else you may be glad to hear. We have had no adventures. Just work. In fact I have lost all sense of strangeness, or romance or adventure. We are here doing a job. The Bushmen are just folks who earn their living a different way from our way. And that is that.

Laurence decided to go suddenly and is gathering his things. I can't write a long letter but I send just as much love with no page as with ten. Love from us all. Don't worry about us at all. There is no need. Love
Fona

Darling - I forgot to wish you a merry Christmas.
It seems impossible that there should be a
Christmas when the temperature in the sun
is 115-122 and there are great pink flowers
that pushed up out of the hot sand. Spring
has got into the young people here. They
wear these big pink flowers on their heads
like hats. They dance and sing every evening.
But it does not suggest Christmas time.

Please write to Aunt Margaret & Aunt
Maggie. One of my letters to Aunt Maggie
was returned to the Kalahari desert.
Some thing wrong with postage & address -
something Tell her.

Love to all all all - Lorna

Needs another:-

Bruce & I are in Windhoek
today. We have borrowed a jeep & are going
for a ride. We would like you along
with your red shawl over your head - sitting
up very straight. Tell Mary that if
she and Con come with you will get another
jeep. As some says all yours will with
us. This we look forward to stepping out
of a taxi at 4.

Love
Lorna

Gautscha
November 28 1952

Nana dearest, November is almost over. We don't have our usual sense of time here. It goes very fast and very slowly at the same time. Lawrence has been out to get the differential of the Dodge fixed, is back, and is getting ready to go again. This time he will bring more supplies - and a botanist, who is going to make a collection of the plants the Bushmen eat. ~~He~~ ^{Lawrence} has the burden of the supply line. It takes him up. So he does not get to the photography or any of the other gathering of information as much as all of us would wish. But someone has to do that job. There are no two ways about it. He has also been camp manager. We have enjoyed being by ourselves, without someone from South West as camp manager - another personality to adjust to.

We read and reread the letter he brought. Tell Mary we got her and thank her for writing and give her our love.

We have had no adventures but our work has been increasingly hard. Not that we could work harder than we have but we have not accomplished as much as we would like to in the direct line of photography & gathering information. Two of the Bushmen had a spell of being uncooperative & influenced others. Besides people get tired of our questioning them. We feel it best to go slowly. Not to try for interviews for a while. ~~to~~ think things over and revise our plans and methods. We were in process of leaving

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conferences together to come to fresh decisions when the Bushmen got sick - a little epidemic is in progress. So everything stopped but nursing them. This must be a common experience to anthropologists. Our only way of reacting to the experience is to do our utmost to take care of them. We give them our modern medicines - and those medicines require certain nursing care. The taking of fluids for instance. And when people are very ill with temperatures of 104 they can not eat old staled meat or tough roots - we think - so we have been making cereals & broths for them. We gave up our policy of not giving food in this emergency - and try to put our giving on the basis that it is just for the very sick. Like medicines. We do not yet know what repercussions this may have but it seems so far to be understood and accepted. There is no reluctance on the part of the Bushmen to receive our medicines and care. They come to us to say someone else is ill - to come and give medicine. They seem grateful, and praise our medicines. They tell us grim tales of such illness last year and the year before. We do not know what they have. Probably some sort of flu or grippe. It seems not to be malaria.

Now I hasten to tell you we are all well - and the epidemic is waning. The first cases were very bad. But the latter cases are mild - as though the medicine

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reduced the violence of the infection. We hope in a few days to be in the clear. I'll add to the letter a last note on this hope. I am on leave. Incidentally 3 of our interpreters are sick.

This has all been a strain and a worry and we have not had much fun. I can't think now of anything amusing to tell you except about the bull roarer. Tell Jo and Lauriston this. It may amuse them a little. Well - the lions still live with us. Like the Bushmen bands, they go away for a while & then come back. I've been so worried and harassed I wouldn't care if they bit me, so I put them out of my attention. If they roar near the camp I hold up the lantern to see if I can see their eyes. I don't - and go on about my business. They are obviously not man eaters. They are well behaved lions. Now, the other night Elizabeth and I were giving the last round of Medicine - the 8 p.m. round - but it was nine or after as we were finishing. At the edge of the weryt - the outermost skum we stood up, washed our hands in alcohol and were transfixed by the wierdest sound we have ever heard. In the bushes not very far distant. It didn't sound like the lions nor like hyaenas. It was strangely in between. We had no interpreters but we know the word for lion. We asked the Bushmen who had gathered around us. They said "No. Not lions." One Bushman said "Man. Man." !Hoo !Hee

We started back to camp to get the interpreters. They were on their way to us. We started asking if there was a Bushman secret ceremony taking place in the bush. When out of the darkness stepped our young giant of a jet black Herero assistant cook whirling a bull roarer. Faureston will tell you what a bull roarer is. It meant to me weird ceremonies of - probably - cannibal in the south seas. Their medicine men frighten the people with bull roarers which they claim are the voice of ^{the} evil spirit. I gasped "Do Hereros use bull roarers?" "No", said David. He had got the bull roarer from some children in Gobabis who used it as a toy. He showed us it was a home made one. So we don't have a great new discovery but ~~an~~ that Bushmen use bull roarers, but an amusing example of - what is it anthropologists call it when an object used in one culture is found far off in some other culture to which it is not indigenous? I'm too tired to remember the word or to look it up.

There are 34 people sick ~~Tuesday Nov. Dec 2~~ now but the first ones are better. We thought the old woman was going to die. We read & reread the medical book. Combined and increased her medicines. John though one night gave the medicines instead of letting the long intervals from night to morning take place. and in the

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Morning up she sat and had a good breakfast of ~~embryonic~~ ^{foetus} of Kudu. One girl who was sick had caught a puff adder while she was out in the bush. She ate it, but it didn't do her any good.

Oh me! I'll be glad when this is all over. How am I going to write a book? We can't get enough information fast enough. We won't have a lot of fine generalities. We'll end by having a mass of contradictions and exceptions. Bushmen are no longer Bushmen. They are !gwi and gao and ≠gao and !!gao and !gao and !!ao and !zi and !!gushu. Each is an individual person and they are just like folk at home. Some are nice and some are horrid, jealous folk. Some are intelligent and some are stupid and many are in between. Nothing is exotic any more. Skerms are normal habitations, quite comfortable, ordinary, sensible way of housing oneself. Folk work ^{the same} their food - even as folk at home - only with less nervous strain but they have a pervasive anxiety about food. It is a hum drum business. Nothing thrills or excites me any more except the magnificence of the sky. The curing ceremonies which never fail to move me deeply - ^{and} a young man singing softly all alone. One night the white* ants flew in their nuptial flight. They swarmed around our lantern,

* I'm not sure they are white ants, but they could be.

dropping their beautiful big white wings, as they touched the ground, till the ground was redescent white with them. The ants became crawling things. And the Bushmen in excitement fell upon them and ate them alive, stopping some times to dance a little dance and chant the song of "guricu gum, guricu gum" - the name of the ants. It didn't seem strange to me. I've lost the capacity to feel that anything is strange anymore. I thought only with mild sadness how short is ^{the} life and passion of guricu gums.

Last time Laurence came back he brought us in some gin so we could have an occasional sun downer. These days when we are so tired + harassed by our epidemic Eliz. Laurence + I sink into our tent and have a drink about the time the thunderheads turn pink in the sunset and are filled with rain bows, and the crescent moon begins to show in the west. Then, till Margo and Laureston, things for a little while seem more hopeful but not any clearer.

Elizabeth is writing Tom and Kusti. She will send them our love. It seems impossible that it is Christmas time. In the sun it is 170 today here. Christmas does not exist in the Kalahari.

November 28 1952. 7

So, though it is hard to imagine you approaching Christmas, I nevertheless want to send greetings to all the friends. They will pass the letter around as before. We send deep love. I wish I could write each one for the wonderful illusion letters give of speaking together - but I cannot.

Be sure not to forget to give our best to Steve. Mary says he comes to see you. Aunt John wants to say hi to all his crowd.

Please tell Dr. Seavy we think of him and try to remember everything he has taught us as we struggle to care for our sick Bushmen. We have a big pot of soda + water which we dose them with when we give sulphur. The medicine is running out & I have to use now what ever we have ^{some left} left. They all seem to work. Everyone is better. (Dec 3) Thank him again in his letter to us.

Thank Jerry Ballentine for his letter - Best Ruth. And Maldece and Margo. Their letters were like water in a dry land to us.

Please tell Lauriston how grateful we are for all he did for us. and for his letter. We are very sad about his Ida's illness. Please send our love.

I think about Helen + Arthur - all their news. Give them our love.

Ask Ruth to please send copies of this news of ours to Aunt Margaret and Aunt Maggie so she has before.

We were very happy to get Mary's letter.
Tell her very specially that we send love
and all good wishes to her - to you.

And you my dearly beloved Nana, we
think about you every day and every evening
in every moment & pause that we have and
in many of the moments when we cannot pause.
Your letters are our joy.

Louisa

I can not begin to list all the friends I
want to greet. Their faces come up into my
memory as I write. Each will know. But
don't forget Agnes, & Herbert, James & all -
you know, I know.

Windhoek Dec. 11, 1952

Nana dear, See where I am. in Windhoek. And I have read all the letters. There were many. Each one a solace. Such letters make life worth while. We feel we are not forgotten, that we are still loved, that home and friends will be there when we eventually return. I was sad to hear of Aunt Stella's death, and Mrs. Pierce. I hope to write Catherine, I long to write every body but cannot.

I must hasten now to tell you about us. For you will want to know what happened. Again it can be a round robin, so that all the friends can have our news. Much as I yearn to write everyone I cannot do so. We are very pressed and must push away.

I wrote you at Gantscha to have a letter ready to send out with Laurence. I hardly remember when I left off and the letter is not here to see at the moment. So I'll go back and perhaps repeat myself.

At the time I was writing we were having an epidemic. Living at Gantscha is like having been pushed over a water fall. One is hurled along by events. One tries to swim to keep one's head up, to avoid rocks in the torrent, but one is carried along in a stream too swift to control. Now that the epidemic is over I'll tell you all, as briefly as I can which is never really brief. We brought 2 Bushmen back from Keelri in Bechuanaland where we had gone to visit a

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Bechuana chief called Isaak Otukile (Jo - not Otukile who was with Mr. Bent.) He is appointed by the queen regent, the Bechuanas & he headman of the Kulu area. For Jo's information that is where Venter lived, & where his 2 sons still live. One of ~~the~~ ^{Venter's} sons was the light skinned David at Igam. Isaak is known as chief of the Bushmen. Thora said the Bushmen might not all know he was their chief, but Isaak knew. It means only he is headman of all the people in the area he considers his - Never mind the border line between So. W. & Bechuana land.

Isaak asked us to break our rule of not taking people over border & to take these Bushmen because - Jo will be interested - one of them Guntsa is the father of our little! Nai and her marriage had been arranged without his consent and he must come to see about it I don't know yet if he gives his consent or with held it - for he ^{in his prison} became very sick.

~~Next~~ our headman + goma was next, He was seriously ill. We thought it might be meningitis at first - then we decided it was influenza hovering in pneumonia. This was the final diagnosis.

After + goma others fall ill. In all 74 Bushmen were very sick with temps up to 104.

I leave the rest to your imagination.

On Thursday, about 12 days after the beginning Lawrence sent Charlie out for more medicine - a doctor. On Friday afternoon at four we heard a sound that took us out of the tent as one body. A plane was in sight, flying low. It landed on the plain and out speed Charlie, a doctor and a pilot. The doctor injected our sickest patient with penicillin, pronouncing him very sick with pneumonia. ~~The pilot~~ presented his brief shook hands, they got into the plane & departed. Taking with him John & Eliz. to bring the truck back.

At eleven that night the Bushmen were still talking all at once. The only time I heard them talk so, previously, was when Akama's skinn was burned down by her grand children.

That was Friday night. On Saturday morning most of the Bushmen left. By Sunday morning not one was there.

Lawrence and Elizabeth were coming to Windhoek to fetch the botanist. I decided to come too. I had had a touch of influenza myself and feet very low. I came to see a doctor to see if he could restore energy, enthusiasm and good spirits.

On the way out we met the doctor from the Okavango region coming in with an assistant district Commissioner. Dr. Kusche + Mr. Van Dam. They turned back with us, hearing there were no Bushmen at Gantscha. They advised us strongly not to stay in Gantscha during the rains.

We had been thinking ourselves that we would not stay and were ready to decide at once.

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to move. We shall move on our return from Windhoek.
We shall try Cigarette. There we are on the
S.W.A.N.L.A. road. Convoys of trucks come through
taking Native laborers back & forth. We could get
out even during the rains if we need to. I am
relied that we are going to do this.

Our hope is that there will be Bushmen
staying at Cigarette. It is a center for them.
We can continue some aspects of our work with them.
We are going to try to take 2 Gaultsche families
with us. We have not asked them yet if they
will come, but we hope they will and that
we can have a continuity of information through
them, on kinship terms, avoidance and
marriage. These subjects have to be based
on genealogical material which we have for
the Gaultsche people. We won't have time
to take genealogies again at Cigarette.

To wish you a merry Christmas is hard to do.
I can not believe that it is Christmas time.

If I don't get notes of to thank everyone for their
letter I'll add a page to this to thank everyone by
round robin.

The botanist is here to go in with us for 2 months
Mr. McQuire. He will collect & identify the vegetable
foods the Bushmen eat. We are taking in another
young man, Ernest Miller, to be Camp Manager.
Laurence does not like to be Camp Manager.
When he is every thing goes easily. The staff
is serene. There is a feeling of oneness among us all
We are all happier. There is less friction. But he
should not take the time for it as he is to

Windhoek Dec 11 1958

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do more with his photography. So we shall try this young man. His father is superintendent of schools at Windhoek. The boy is lively and interested in everything.

It is possible, probable rather that you will not hear from us again for two months. We know we have your blessing. You know how much love we all send to you, dearest.

Oh - although we may not come out, keep writing us letters. It is possible they may be sent in by the Native labor trucks. We don't know for sure that we can arrange this but we shall try.

I am feeling better. We shall be all right. Do not worry about us.

Your adoring

Lorna

I have a new name sake. Philip our cook has a baby daughter, born a few days ago. He has named her Lorna. I am very proud and happy and am taking the new little Lorna some gifts this morning. Philip is an Ovambo. Lorna's Ovambo name is She Wipes away the Tears, because the daughter before her died. Philip's Ovambo name is What Did You Come For? because before he was born two sons had died and Philip's father was bitter.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, I think that
Charlie Handley has ~~gone~~ ^{started} home. He is at
this moment on board a boat at Walvis Bay
the African Moon. to sail in a day or so.
He is pleased with his collection of mice
Mongoose bats etc. We shall miss him.
He is a single minded hard working, competent
young man, completely absorbed in his own
collecting. He entered our lives hardly at all
but we are fond of him and admired his
skill and competence in his job.

Thank Esther Fair for her letter. I dream of all
its news. We shall think of all at the party Dec 20.
Tell her we are in a jam trying to get away from
Windhoek and I can't stop to write but I do appreciate
her letter.

And Helen too. It is terrible not to answer her. Beg her
to forgive me and to keep on writing me. I hope Ruth
is better.

And Ruth Babb. We got all the mail till her.
Lawrence says he has taken care of all the business.
Thank her again - for the Christmas card & all.

And Barbara Chadburn. Malilla will thank her for me
for her card. Her Washing trip sounds fascinating.

And Alice Ellis too. Friendship and letters will be
my toast hence forth.

And Joansie - tell her we got her card and are grateful.
These greetings mean every thing to us.

Grootfontein. December 19,
1952

Dearest Nana,

We received your letter and a letter from Helen telling about their accident, and that you had gone up to see them in a taxi. What a terrible experience. It is a miracle they were not killed or injured much more seriously.

We concluded our business at Windhoek and drove to Grootfontein yesterday. James has more business here so we had the luxury of staying in the hotel last night and making a hasty start this morning. We are eager to get back to John now. I am feeling much better. My touch of flu did me good. All of us are well. In spite of our affair at Windhoek making us all work hard here, I feel rested.

Dear, try writing us to a new address. I shall not make this a general change of address for everybody, but just ask you and Margo to try writing to it. Write soon.

Mr. L. K. Marshall
Care of Mr. Vlock, President
South West Africa Native Labor Association
Grootfontein, So. West Africa.

We miss you and think of you and
love you.
Lorna

LUGBRIEF
PER LUGPOS



Mrs. Mary E. Marshall
4 Bryant Street
Cambridge 38
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

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

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

EERSTE VOU - FIRST FOLD

NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Mrs. L. K. Marshall
Groschenzog Hotel
Windhoek
So west Africa

TWEDE VOU - SECOND FOLD

Cigarette January 5, 1953

Dearest Nana,

We have moved to the place called Cigarette. It is worthy of a more dignified name, and I would like to rename it. Unfortunately it appears on one or two maps already as Cigarette. I wonder how one goes about changing a place name. It is a spot in this vast flat land of brush and scrub trees, endless, endless brush, endlessly the same, where the sky comes steeply down around one like a blue bowl. It had a water hole that is what distinguishes one spot from another in the endless sameness of the country. The water hole encouraged the digging of wells, of which there are now two. They are deep round steel holes, twenty feet deep blasted through lime stone. At the bottom is a ^{still} blackness which is water. After we have taken our tin drums a day, a half a day must pass while the water slowly seeps in for the cattle to drink. Moremi and his family live here. Moremi is a Bechuana who bears the name that the King of the Bechuana's bears. We do not

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yet know if he is related to the King's family.
His wife is a Kuangari woman from the
Okavango region. They are his sons and their
wives and children. They have many cattle
and two large fields of Mobeungo and Mechie.
Moreni has an official post. He is a Bushman
guard. We shall learn more about his functions
later. A band of Bushmen live here and
some time work for Moreni, or perhaps some
of them work for him regularly. We were
content in our minds that there would be
Bushmen here for us to continue our
photographic program. We were only in the
midst of setting up the camp. When all
the Bushmen left, as they had left
Gautscha, to go where the Maughetti nuts
grow. There has now been enough rain,
and more frequent rains are in prospect,
so they can count on water being caught
in the hollows of the trees. The Maughetti
forests are on waterless dunes of white sand
and the people can not go to them till
rains fill the hollows of the trees.

Nevertheless we are content with our
move. The Bushmen may come back. In
the mean time all goes well.

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We are well. I, for me, feel better than I have for months, less exhausted, less weary, less prone to discouragement. There is less strain and worry in our situation here. And for me there is a comforting thought underlying all else that we could get out, we could get help if we needed to. I lack completely the virtues of an adventurer or pioneer. So let it rain. Even in the rains we could get out.

And the very best of all is that †Goma and !ñ and their children, 1 girl and 11 guse and their children, are with us. They are tucked into three tiny skins, near the boys' tent and John's. We can hear !ñ singing to Nona, the most charming of babies. We can hear †Goma's laugh late at night. And every day they do anything we ask. They talk with me, or do some thing with John, photography, hunting, ^{or get their} ^{or} ^{we'd} ^{kos.} They have given themselves to us. We give them food in order to have them with us, and their time at our ^{on food} ^{of a thing} command. We decided to call our observations over the four months at Gantschu

enough. The Bushmen are not staying at Gantscha any way. We even feel we had enough experience in going on food gathering trips with them. L. & I to the Mankwato forest. Eli and John on many trips for hunting & beldkos. I am concentrating now on - the word Lawrence hate - interrogation.

I have made progress with the kinship terms and out of the welter of confusion a pattern is emerging. I know why I qui calls his father's ~~third~~ ^{second} younger sister by the term used for elder sister and his father's third younger sister by the term used for grandma. It is very simple. It is their custom, as they say.

But it now falls into a pattern. ~~and~~ It is not an aberration, nor any longer a fragment I couldn't fit into the mosaic.

I like these people + goma and the others very much. I even find M charming. Now she is in a good mood, more trustful & more open. F goma and I qui put their minds to helping me understand. They try. They explain anything they can think of to explain. And as we work, they see more and more what the object is.

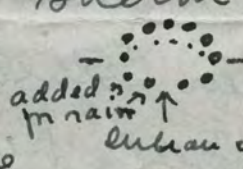
Jan 5 1953

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Our way of going at things at first, was right. The Gaulticha time with all its hardships was richly rewarding. It was irreplaceable.

Now as I glance back I see I'm sounding as though I were getting on better than I really am. I am still a fumbling amateur and have no hope of coming out with a professional result. Personally, I am now completely resigned to that, so a professional job does not enter into consideration as a measurement. I only mean I am no longer sick with discouragement ~~ever understanding anything.~~ ~~deeply enough to have made~~ I thought I would never understand anything well enough to say anything about it, ^{now I hope that though} the result won't be much, ~~but~~ it won't be worthless.

The Bushmen are cautious of using the word !ga which means a terrific rain with thunder and lightning. They have another word for a gentle rain, and that they may say. I went a bit too far when I wrote

"fel it rain." I didnt know that the whole sky behind our tent was leaning, ^{toward} bulging ^{no} heavily with rain. It broke and we had one of the rains we have heard about. I was at #goma's skerm. Ti had seen the possibilities and had be stirred her sey to enclose her skerm to a cone instead of a half moon . She has thickened the thatch. She ^{added in rain} ^{entrance} has an extra big fire flaring at the entrance, and is very cozy. I made a dash for the tent after a while and found Elij. and Baikie (the boy who is now our Camp Manager) with shovels trying to divert a river from the record cases, medicine cases and beds ^{where are} inside the tent. Our tent will have to be taken down and a bed of gravel laid under it to raise it about four inches Laurence says. The sky emptied itself. We can hear the drip drip from the tent and tree in the stillness. And it is cool. I have put on a sweater. It had been so hot that Elizabeth's lip-sock melted into a red puddle. A candle standing in a bottle leaned its head over onto the desk. We could not pick up the metal wash basins in the sun. So, let it rain.

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I told you that a botanist was joining us, Brian McQuire, also a young man from Windhoek, & the Camp Manager. Lawrence avows that he has retired and his only ambition is to do nothing. I said that was my ambition too. (it was awfully hot at the time I said that) but Lawrence said I couldn't for ten years. Anyway he got a Camp Manager. He is an energetic boy who wants to "make good" and in spurts and lapses he takes hold. When he takes hold he does very well. We have more to do with him. We are in the camp spot used by the administrator when he visits. Cigarettes Moremi had made for him four round peaked thatched roofs set up on poles and a circular unroofed structure. We use one for a kitchen, ^{one for a dining room} one for a bathroom and two to run under when it rains. So we are comparatively comfortable. Baiker organized things so we can find things. All goes well.

Brian McQuire, the botanist from Cape Town, we all like very, very much. He was shy at first and in an effort to make conversation gave us an impression that

could not have been further from the truth.
 He has a delightful mind and sense
 of humor. We are having a pleasant
 companionship with him. I find the
 conversation of the four young people so
 engaging I don't get back to work till
 late and then I stay up till all hours.

It seems to me I must have
 written you since Christmas - I
 thought about you so much and
 imagined talking to you in letter.
 But I could not have written. Tomorrow
 the W.N.L.A. bus will go through
 carry up their loads of Native boys
 from the mines of Johannesburg
 back to their kraals in Ovamboland.
 We shall send our letters on first
 opportunity to see how this will work.

Because we were afraid of the rains
 catching us at Gautocha we pushed
 ahead during the Christmas days at our
 moving. The boys were very disgruntled.
 Christmas means much to them. Lawrence
 was adamant, however, about getting moved

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as soon as possible, hoping the ^{dry} weather
would hold. We would be in a horrible
mess if we were caught in heavy rain
with no tents up. We moved in 2 waves.
First I came with Baikie and 2 boys
to set up partially here. Lawrence brought
no one returned for the second contingent from Gault.

We made the ^{first} trip on the day before
Christmas. It was a hard trip. It was
so hot the radiator boiled. The chev,
heavily loaded, had to be towed through
the sand dunes several times. When
we got to the forest the spaces between
the trees, which had allowed the Dodge
through, were too narrow for the chev.
We tore one side of the chev. We had
four very bad punctures; the tubes
shredded with sticks through them.
We were bashed and hurled about
by the lurching truck for 17 hours.
I thought about you all day, figuring
the hour it would be at home
imagining what you and all the
friends would be doing. When it was

there and mine at night here
 two in the afternoon, ^{probably you were}
 knitting by your window. ^{Mary and Con in their room.} I hope Agnes
 was with you. Matilda and Angelina
 might still have been peeling
 chestnuts. Fuccine was perhaps
 putting candles on her tree. Keisti
 was putting greens and candles on the
 table. I hope Margo was in the
 midst of moving to Cambridge but
 stopping to wrap presents for the
 children. So my mind was drifting.
 Whoosh sh sh sh sh - we had another
 puncture. No more tubes. We had to
 patch. The boys climbed wearily down
 from the top of the truck and started
 to work. We had had no supper.
 Lawrence on trips forgets he has retired.
 He drives. But now there was time.
 So we lit a fire ^{in a few flogs} in the middle
 of the road. The boys, Barkie,
 Lawrence and I squatted around it
 and ate cold bully beef from the tins
 with not even a pickle to help it down.
 Later we got a kettle boiling, and had tea.
 Over the tea we spoke of you, & clinked
 our tea mugs to your health.

Jan 5 1953

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Christmas day we worked so hard we thought of no one. By New Year's eve we were well settled, every body together, relaxed and contented with our new surroundings.

Moremi is a very pleasant kind & generous person. Every day he brings us milk, or a chicken. For Christmas he gave us a goat. We would have been quite happy and festive were it not for a quarrel with the boys who were still smarting over Missip Christmas. But that resolved itself some what, and we sat up till midnight with some beer in the dining tent struggling to stay awake, Elizabeth and I giggling over our decorations. She had made a crick of sandy clay at Gaultscha. Joseph's head had broken off, and some one had laid it in his crossed arms. There he presided at our little party. But it was next morning, at the time the champagne glasses were being clinked ^{at home} that we joined in with our morning coffee to say Happy New Year to us all,

With love from us all to you all.
Loma

Jan. 15/53

Jan 15 1953

Dearest Na Na,

You have John at home. I love to think of the moment he walked in the door. That is next best to all of us walking in, as we will some day. I can imagine Tom's & Rusti's surprise too. to see him.

He will tell you all our news. Every thing is going well. Our camp is comfortable. We are all feeling well. Ben & all for me, the Bushmen who are with ^{us}, F goma and Iqui and their families, are working with us, cooperating with us, as though they understood what we were doing, and agreed with us that it was good to do. They talk to Elizabeth and me for hours a day, teaching us, telling us what we ask, thinking, what is now what would interest us and volunteering information. F goma is

a very fine man. A man of dignity, integrity, intelligence and humor. I am still working on kin terms. When the children greet me in the morning they sing a little song they have made up about ! guma, Tsema, Tsi.

The tensions in ego's elder father's brother's sons. I struggle with the terms day after day to find the pattern of their use. I make progress but everything must be checked, theory against data, endlessly. We are all tired of them.

But F goma refreshes me even after hours of kin terms. I was trying to find out what he would term his father's brother's fifth son - having at last got 1, 2, 3, & 4. F goma said, "Who is my father's brother to have so many sons? Is he an ostrich?"

And another day I was trying to find out what relatives sons are named for. We'd been through his father, his father's brother and his brother, and his sister

Jan 15 1953

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husbands. I wanted to know if there were another category of relatives one could name son for, so I began "If you had no brother - ?" & Goma said "Am I born of a tree that I have no brother?" Then we all laugh. Till we must wipe our eyes.

Elyabeth is having much more fun. She and I qui enjoy each other. I qui is not averse to gossip nor is Elyabeth. They chat cozily for hours, in the shade, with some tea and cigarette, about the gossip on. Gao whom I would call definitely ^{even late, middle aged,} middle aged, only married his second wife a few years ago. I qui says he was so beside himself in love with Khwanlla that he took her from her husband by force. The account of the episode is wonderful - but you must hear it in Elyabeth's words. There was a terrible to-do because Khwanlla is his 1st Tsuma

Loma had to stop - the WFLA terry driver came
up - that took quite a while - & they
are starting in 10 minutes - it is now
5¹⁵ A.M.

Love

L. & L.

1
1 Cho' Ana February 1
(cigarette) 1953

Dearest, Last time I wrote I did not finish the
letter. I do not remember now what took me away
from it, something urgent but now forgotten.

I have nothing in my mind to write
about now but you at home. I think
about you so much my mind is filled
with nothing else. I imagine John walking
in at the door and throwing his arms
around you, and how you feel and how
he felt.

And I think about Mary and Cora very
much too. I imagine Mary blooming and
happy.

We expect Mary to stay right with you
after the baby comes. And we ardently hope
that she will agree to stay. She may
need some extra help at first. You and
she can arrange who to get - if she
wants someone. Then when she is feeling
well I am sure she can manage the baby

and the cooking too. Hours can be arranged to suit the baby's schedule.

Mary is capable. She will judge well how to manage every thing.

She should have some one help her in the first while after the baby is born. She probably will know some one she would like to have. If not Miss Babb will help you get some one. Miss Babb will arrange with the bank to pay whoever comes. Mary will know how she feels and how long she needs some one to take over the work for her.

When she feels well again she will be able to do the cooking and care for the baby. If you and she think it best have someone help with the cleaning.

You and she decide together any thing that you think best to do. You both know how we would agree to whatever you thought best. We are entirely at ease, knowing you will arrange every thing for the best.

We are very, very happy about Mary and Con having the baby. Elizabeth has been knitting a sweater for the baby.

so we sit thinking about it and talking about it, and thinking the blue of the sweater will be nice with the baby's eyes.

I only wish we would be home to rejoice with you all together. I hope you love the baby and enjoy it as much as I enjoy my little Bushman namesake. Norma we call her. Bushman can't say Lorna. The child is utterly adorable. She is fat and happy contented, serene, and good. She is never ill. She is beginning to take a great interest in life reaching out to feel things and to put them in her mouth. She is enchanted with my glasses. When we smile at her she watches us with wide eyes and then smiles a big crooked toothless smile that melts our hearts. You should see how her brothers love her. They carry her about, or sit playing with her. One of her brothers is only about five. He adores her and she basks in his affection. When he carries her ~~he~~ ^{he} may have her almost upside down, or may run with bouncing in his little arms. She has perfect confidence and joy in him. We

4

grown ups hold our breath in fear he
will drop her but he never does and we
can hear her crowing merrily as he takes
her back to their skerm along a thorny
little path. Nona is fat as butter. Her
mother has so much milk, after five
months of nursing, that her milk squirts
out in streams. Her mother takes tender
care of her. I never saw a woman enjoy
a baby more than !ti does. The care of a
baby seems never to be burdensome to her or
a trouble. I've never seen !ti look at Nona
without tenderness and love in her face.
She sits playing with her saying over and
over to her "My daughter, my daughter."

The rains are upon us. We hear a
strange hissing noise. It makes me think
of the boar coming up the river from the
Bay of Fundy. When we hear it we
leap up and run, to close tents, to
get things under cover. Before we get the
tent flaps closed a fierce little wind comes
scattering the things in the tent, perhaps
laden with dust that gets into every thing.
Then rain, a few drops. Then in no time
a torrent. The rain falls in limited areas

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from a single cloud mass, usually, as though ! Gao! na were passing with a gigantic watering pot, watering his lands,

Today however and last night the whole sky was overcast. Rain fell gently all night, and in showers today. Everyone rejoices. The whole veld is green. Every tree and shrub is growing new thorns and pods, and some odd thing that desert lands produce. There are tiny wild flowers in profusion, exquisite but tiny. And there are patches of big lilies, if you know where to find them.

We are finding everything going smoothly and happily. Our relations with the Bushmen could not be better. They have improved to a point hard to believe - too good to be true. Fgoma is a fine man. He has given us his trust and friendship. He is influencing the others and everyone is beaming with warm feeling. They are not refusing information nor resisting our talks with them.

6

Un fortunately I am still working on the
Kinship system. I wish I were using this
time when the mood is so very good
on more important and more interesting subjects.
I am driven by a lust to finish the
Kinship business and to chart it and
get a copy of the material sent home. If
anything happened these notes I might
not survive the agony. At long last I
understand how the system works.
However I was so stupid at first that I
did not catch on, and kept imagining
that I could get at it, as though it
were similar to ours. Once I understood
the system I then had to go over the
whole thing again to be sure I had
the notes perfectly accurate. While I
was still working under the wrong
assumption I took notes but they
would not fit together into any
consistent pattern. I knew it was
my fault. I was convinced the Bushmen
were not trying to confuse me that
they were precise and accurate. But
they could not give me the clues I

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needed. They would only say when someone
called his grand child brother and another
called his grand child uncle and another
something else - "it is our custom."
However I know how what it is all
about and am assembling and making
table of the stuff - to send out. It is
in some work. I'm wondering what to do
to celebrate when it is finished. I think
I'll go to bed early and get a good sleep.

Give my love to me. I was
talking to some Bushmen women today
telling them about you and how
wonderful you are. They said
"Oooooooo", which is their expression
when they are impressed.

Lorna

Uw'ana

Feb 11 1953

Dearest. This is a lovely day. Twice since we have been here I have been able to say that. It is usually 175 in the shade or raining. Today the field is fresh and green, the air is fresh. The sun is slightly cooled with a high light mist. Laurence is preparing to leave tomorrow to fetch John. Every one here will be ~~eager~~ happy to leave John back. # Goma will be among the happiest. He misses John very much. We were looking into the future with the oracle disks. ^{on Feb. 7} Time and time again the disks, they said, showed John at home, leaving in 2 days.

These disks are round pieces of eland hide.

○ John
○ 1 day

This is how they interpret the fall of the disks.

second day ○

② all of us sitting in the west by the cooking fire.

The children impale beetles on sticks. The beetles while alive for a few moments whirl their wings. The children run with them saying "air plane."

We have been having good days of work on religion with Qoo and Iqi!que. Iqi!que has had a change of heart. He is sweet and pleasant and cooperative. Qoo is always so good and humble and sincere he brings tears to my eyes. He is truthful

2

and kind. So nice a person I think a glow goes out from him, shines on other people, reflect back to him, and he thinks others are good and kind as he.

When we talk about religion, I try not to interpret it into my own concepts. But it could be so interpreted as to seem stranger like Christianity. It is not animistic. The great god (he of many names) is the creator and the controller of all things. The Bushmen have exactly the same problem with the concept of good and evil as we do. Why if god is all powerful does so much misery befall man? They think as Christians do that they have displeased god, or failed to win his favor. But they differ at this point. They think in addition to the possibility of ^{being} having even unwittingly displeased him, that he must be whimsical, (Christians do not believe that) and his ways being beyond the knowing of man, they do their best to speak respectfully of him and resign themselves to his will. ^{They pray to him.} They offer no sacrifices. They make no images. The great god has a son. And there are spirits which are not differentiated as good and evil, like angels or the devil, but act toward man in both ways, to help him and destroy him. The spirits are gods children and the spirits of the dead.

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We are all well. Elizabeth is doing wonderful work. She is very capable, very much interested, working hard. She is producing very good stuff. I envy her. She works better than I do, faster, more effectively, more sharply and clearly. I have finished the kinship terms. I am satisfied with the material, but put to it to explain it briefly, clearly and accurately for publication. What term a person uses for another depends on seven factors. Only a Bushman could know what he should term another, for only a Bushman would have sufficient information. But once I learned enough to ask the right questions I could get explanations which I can put down in charts. But I could not always prognosticate what term would be proper unless I had the genealogies of the speaker and the person he addresses.

Our next plans are very uncertain. There is afoot a plan to go back to Gantscha as soon as the rains are over - to stay how long we do not know.

Dear, I must not ramble on today. I must give you my love and get to work.
Love to Mary + Con. I long for your next letters which will, I hope, say that Mary will

stay on and let you help mind the baby and
knit for it.

Tell go we received his letter, and the
article on field techniques. Thank him
Tell him the Bushmen babies do have
Mongolian spots + we are getting skeletons +
photos of a few. Tell him that, oddly
enough, they do have bull roarsers used
in one ceremony then destroyed. More about
that later, we hope.

Greetings to Lauriston and love to all

Lana

Chol'ana March 1

Dearest Nana, John is back with us. We are so glad to have him. We lean on him very much and need him. Laurence and I have both passed over the top of the curve. Instead of our taking care of the children they take care of us. That John has been home and back is utterly unreal to me. I can't believe it, even though he brought us so much news. Although I can't believe it, I do think of you more and more. I am sunk in a way into unrealistic musings. I wish we could be home and here too to finish. Laurence and John plan to continue at Galitscha through August, if John gets permission from his draft board to stay. He is far from satisfied with his film. He needs more to complete every aspect. He cannot film here and must go back if he is to satisfy his hopes. Elizabeth and I want to stay with them. They need us, and we also can keep on adding to our material. We think we will not be home in April. But we do not know when. It may well be that we won't stay. I may and John come home. We just do not know what we will do at this point, and will take things step by step and decide when as we go along.

2

We shall be the happiest of mortals when we do get home. I never will want to go anywhere on this earth again.

Our work has been going well. Life is considerably easier than at Guntselia, but it is strenuous enough in its way. I have not been outside the brush fence of our camp more than six times since we came, and then only a few hundred yards. Enough goes on inside the fence to keep us fully occupied.

For instance today is Sunday. I promised myself to take the day off and write letters. I want to write Lucienne because I've been thinking about her. I want to answer all the wonderful letters we got when John & Lawrence returned. But it is now ten o'clock in the evening and the mail leaves about 6 a.m. Tomorrow. So I must ask you to give Lucienne and Edward special love and tell them I am thinking of them.

It was an odd turn of events that kept me from writing. There are a lot of Bushmen here who came yesterday and are new to us. Today, Iqi!qae came over to ask if they could have a dance here. Odd to have me in the day time, odd to have it here. Bro he said there were several people who were ill and needed the curing ceremony that is

We are all happy about Robert Puffer's appointment. While we sit talking over sundowners (cocktails diluted) or meals we talk and talk about it.

Kristi's letter came telling of poor Ma's death. Poor soul.

John's account of Mary and Con is very good. Mary, he says, is well and happy. Con a "terrific guy" - John's highest compliment. It is good to know they will stay on. I predict that you will have as much joy, all of you, in that baby as I have with my enchanting little namesake here - Norma. Give Mary and Con my love.

Give our greetings to Dr. Seavey when you see him. I wish he could come to be with us a while to run our clinic. All the wounds and burns and sore get better except scabies. Scabies have defied our utmost effort. But the clinic is a burden to my heart. I wish there were someone here who knew what he was doing instead of just us reading the medical book and guessing. The Christmas cards she sent and for everything she did. Thank her for her letter and with a heart heavy with love to you dear.

Norma

performed in conjunction with the dance. A dance is not a frivolous amusement, it is a religious ceremony. They have tried to have the ceremony for two nights but rain stopped them. That is why they wanted it in the daytime. They came before lunch and began. It was very interesting. I heard no song I'd never heard before. We had lunch and as we were finishing the rain began. We hurried our cameras under cover. The people made the mistake of dancing the rain dance. The heaven opened. 50 or 60 people took to cover in our kitchen and under the thatched roofs of Mr. Morris' shelters. The rain stopped. The dance continued. It takes a while to work up a certain intensity which accompanies the rite into trance, or better it should be called frenzied - one of the fearful rains hit us. People rushed to the shelters dragging the medicine men with them, and there in our little thatched ~~rooms~~ ^{shelters} they continued in frenzy, lurching about, falling over people, shrieking and gurgling. Elizabeth and John ran about spiking down tents. Lawrence battled the rivers that flow through our tent. I crouched with the Bushmen women in the rondaville transfixed with the going on. So if it is not one thing it's another.

March 7, 1953

Nana dear, We have news for you. Elizabeth is going home in April. We shall have to tell you the date later. She is going home to stay. She wants to go, although she is torn about it, thinking of how much there is to do here. However, we must stop sometime. Nothing will ever be finished in any final, satisfying, absolutely complete way. And we all think she has been here long enough and has given enough to this project. She has a lot of stuff she wants to write up before she returns to college. So she will come home with her notes and work there. I rejoice for you both, that you will be writing each other.

Laurena and John and I will stay on. We are going back to Gantscha and will continue with the photography - which came practically to a stand still during the month at Cigarette. It is extremely difficult at best. Any added difficulty makes it impossible. Many other things, the light during this period of rain and clouds has been so dark, or so changeable that it only wastes film to try to work.

2

I must make myself try to keep John a little with the photography. He can not do it all alone. It is a strain on both of us. We try to catch things as they happen, and are strained by having to manage to get shots so quickly, or we are distressed at missing them. I have done practically nothing with pictures so far. Lawrence has not either. It has been left to John alone. He does not feel too well satisfied. He does not allow himself any comfort from the fact that the photography is so very difficult that probably no expert would undertake it. He longs to do it well, better and better all the time. He can not see his results as he goes along. He says it is like taking notes in invisible ink, not knowing when one's pen runs dry. I know just how he feels. But I comfort myself by holding to the idea that we can not achieve or expect perfection and that we must not care too much, and that much of the stuff will be good enough to be acceptable, usable and interesting.

We enjoyed our Runtu trip. Are back now, starting on plans to move to Gantcha. John & Heiner went down to see how our track is, and if the loaded truck can get through.

March? 1953 ³

Darling, you must not worry about having the extra help. It is perfectly right and in order. Don't give a thought to the cost, please dear. It is nothing to worry about.

Please tell Ruth not to bother with any more shopping, nor trying to send anything. We shall be having cooler weather and won't need anything more. Thank her for the things she sent. We have not got them yet, but will let her know when we do. I am hoping Laurence will answer her letter and any other questions in it.

Our address will remain the same
C/o S.W.A.N.T.A. Grootfontein, So. West Africa.
Even from Gautscha we will send out from
time to time to get our mail here when we
are staying now. It will be sent in when
the S.W.A.N.T.A. trucks go through.

In great haste - Elij is starting today, earlier
than we first planned. Will be home before
later.

Love to all

Jana

Tell Mary I'm sorry not to be writing
her now but I will soon. Give her my
love and good wishes.

Dearest Nana, I have been thinking of you very much. Your birthday is almost here and we suppose you will not have a cake. We shall be thinking of you. We are going to try to send you a cable but do not know yet if it will be possible. I hope the plans are all settled about May's going to the hospital and some body coming to help while she is away and until she is quite strong again. We are not worried at all about anything. We are just happy about May's car having the baby, and thinking how much you will love it. We know everything will be arranged well.

It will surprise you to hear that at this moment I am sitting by a water fall. My eyes are surprised to see a river and to hear the sound of a little fall and the rapids below. It is the Okavango. We decided to take our trip to Ruimsig now. Mr. Morris the commissioner of the district came by cigarette and invited us to come at this time to visit because there is going to be a great gathering of the tribes of his territory. A meeting of the chiefs with the administrator and big tribal dance. So we set off. I was sorry to leave Tom and 'Ti and Qui and 'Iguise. Heiner is left at camp to look out for them. We shall be away 10 days. On the other hand it would be folly to miss his trip and a sight of this part of the country. This is the strange, great river that does not run to the sea. It runs into a vast swamp and disappears.

Last night we stayed at Shakawe where we dined with some very nice, very interesting people, and

slept in a house. I slept so well it made me very tired. I got set down, undone, loosened so that I can hardly stay awake at all. Tonight we are putting up nice camping near a mission where we have been invited to dinner.

Next Morning,

At the mission we learned that they had had two Bushmen at school - two in their long history. I do not think that contact with Christianity has influenced Bushmen theology for the two were young boys, and soon they ran away, and after that one died. One of them had become a Catholic in this way. The father Father Froelich on one of his trips to a Native group found there a Bushman baby very, very ill. He told the mother that the child would die, though he gave medicine and did what he could he believed the child too ill to survive. He asked the Bushman mother if he might baptize the child. She consented and the child was baptized. But the child did not die. When he was twelve, here was the problem of a baptized boy, having no Christian religious instruction, so the father sent for him to come to the mission for religious instruction. He was afraid to come alone, so brought a friend with him. They stayed for one semester of schooling. Then the two of them took off. The one who was baptized was Gao the other Bo. I am interested to know the names, and to find

March 12 1953

They are names which are common in our area. There are Bushmen on the Okavango who are River Bushmen. They have dug out canoes. They live by fishing. They put weirs across inlets and narrow channels of the river in low water time. In high water they poison the lagoons. It would be an interesting aspect of Bushmen life to study. They are as nomadic as "sand Bushmen" the descriptive term people here have for our kind of Bushmen. They move in canoes instead of by foot, but have no permanent village which they return to. They are at home in the reeds of the river bank, where ever they are, as ours are at home under any bush.

There is only one stretch of the river that they live on, we hear, below Shakawe. If we took some time and had some luck in the way back we might get some pictures. But we shall not be able to make a major effort.

Next Morning.

Mr. Morris the Commissioner of this vast area of the Okavango has built camps along the way to stay in at night when he travels. Last night we stayed in one, which is the one romantic place we have been in. It is on a high bank above the river. The reed huts are close to the edge. One can lie in bed and look down on the river. Beyond stretches to the north the river is the border. In this featureless hilly country one seldom sees beyond the bushes that surround me. Here we look for miles over endless forest. Last night some where in

The forest drums were played all night long.
Down river too people were dancing and playing
drums. It was like being inside a story book.

Yesterday too we were in very romantic mood.
Father Frölich at Audara Mission took us on
the river in boat, a boat dug out of a huge
tree. There were five of us and three ^{native} rowers. We
went among the islands of this huge river,
shot little rapids. Looked for crocodile in
vain, walked through the jungle to see
the last stronghold of an old chief. There
were creepers and monkeys and strange
birds. Just like a moving picture.

Next Morning
Sunday March 15

March is almost over. This trip is
taking a big piece of time out of our work
but it is interesting and necessary to do.
Last night we slept at Sambio Mission.
Elizabeth and I were in a little guest
room, quiet and clean and peaceful.
At the foot of my bed was a crucifix. In
the night again the drums were played.
We were in a little island of Christianity
and all around in the forest are
the Okavango peoples, almost as they
were tens of centuries ago. but not
quite the same. The missions are
influencing the area in ways other
than converting people to Christianity.

March 12 1953

Emanating from these missions is a justice and a mercy that the people are beginning to want for themselves and therefore ^{are} extending it a little to others. The power of the white doctor has lessened. People seek ^{real} protection of the father of the Mission even though they do not accept their theological doctrines. And there are ^{was} three hundred black children who took communion in the church this morning. It was very moving to see them kneeling singing the service. I wonder what will have happened in another fifty years. I think I have decided that it is best that there are Mission here. I used to think not, in just taking my own position in the matter. I thought it was best for people to keep their own culture and laws. But that is an idle, vain thought. The people are not going to be left alone in their own culture. About 500,000 boys go to work in the mines each year. The influence of that upon their own culture is tremendous. It reaches ^{directly} every tribe south of the Congo except the Bushmen and the Massai, and it reaches them indirectly. So it is better for them to be Christian.

Monday March 16

We are most luxuriantly visiting Mr. Morris at Runtia. He is the District Commissioner and rather like an emperor of a vast country. His pleasure & relaxation is gardening. His house is high on the river bank, smothered in flowers. His guest rooms are lovely little round houses with thatched roofs. Mrs. Morris, his second wife, is Finnish. She was a missionary in the Finnish Mission in Ooamolaand. She has brought

with her beautiful linen sheets, rich with
insertion and hem stitching. We went to bed
early to enjoy them longer. This morning
we are sitting in the garden, finishing
this letter and waiting to go to the
meeting of the tribal chiefs - the Andaba.
We are dressed, Elizabeth and I, in dresses.
Lawrence and John foreseeing the visit
brought us clothes from Grootfontein. They
were packed very carefully and were in
surprisingly good condition to put on.
We think we look quite creditable,
which is extremely important here.

After two or three days more we shall return
to Cigarette via a short cut through the bush. Then
we shall begin to make plans to go back to
Gautscha. I do not know how long Elizabeth
and I shall stay. I am sure it will be later
than April. Lawrence and John think I
shall stay till August. Elizabeth and I will
never ~~find~~ we have finished. At some point
we will just stop. But there is much work
ahead that we would like to continue with
for a while. So we shall go ahead step by
step and let time formulate the decisions.

We all send our love, dear. If you
were only with us we would not have a pang
about staying. I hope time slips by quickly
for you. It does for us - very very quickly. A
month is like a week. We sent you a
cable today with birthday greetings
fore, my dear. Love

April 8, 1953

Dearest Nana, Laurence returned ~~to~~ from the trip to Lake Elizabeth out. He had no mishaps and returned in good time. We are glad to be together again. We miss Elizabeth badly, but that is eased by our being really happy that she is going home. Laurence brought the news that she could not get a reservation till Thursday Apr 9. So perhaps my letter would reach you before you heard from her or had her walk in at the door. She will cable you at some point when she will arrive.

Well. Laurence says Mary's baby is born - a girl. We are all very happy and long for more news. Give Mary + con my love and congratulations. Mary's fruit cake at last found its way into the Kalahari and we will enjoy it in celebration of the baby's birth. I ache to see the baby.

We shall be going back to Gantscha within a week probably. We are having heavy rains again, but will try to get through. In spite of its being farther away we are eager to get

back. Some aspects of the work can be done better at Zuni than here. We know the difficulties we will encounter and perhaps will have learned not to mind them too much. John has permission from the draft board to stay. I am comforted that you and Elizabeth will be together and so I am content to stay through August.

Hello Mother, I bet it is good to have the Buors.

We love your letters and look forward to them - and we are beginning to count the weeks till we get back.

We're very glad you had that nice woman to take care of things - and it really is so much better to have the house. Think - if Elizabeth had to sit out in the street under an umbrella to do her typing! It will be wonderful if Mary and Con and their little friends can stay.

Love to you all

Sam

Gautscha, May 13, 1953

Dearest Nana, Lawrence is going out again to go
gone a week and to bring in some supplies. It
is hard to have him away so much, and the
trips are hard on him. We are well, and
back to work at Gautscha. Our work has its
ups and downs. We expect them. We have
just been through one of the low places, and
are due now for a period when things go
well. We must make the most of these periods
for the low points are sure to follow, like
waves in the sea.

We expected that the rains were over
having heard they ended in March & April.
That is not the case this year. We have
had four rain storms in four days. And now
it is cold and the winds are fierce. At
this moment rain is peltin on the tent, and
the wind is tearing at it. I am all alone.
John is out in the field on a hunting trip
with the Bushmen without shelter. Lawrence
is in bed in a little tent we have for
sleeping, to give us more room in our big tent.
I am writing you so I won't feel too lonely.
It is wonderful to get the letters. Lawrence
brought in the batch last time which told
us Elizabeth was home. Margo is staying

with you. I am very happy about that. Mary's baby is lovely, as I knew she would be. You are well and I know happy to have Elizabeth. It helps me to be happy to think of you all together.

The days fly by. It is the middle of May. In a few weeks we shall have finished. I like to say a few weeks instead, three months. It seems shorter. We shall try to work very hard in that time to get as much as possible done. We do not accomplish things swiftly. Our work is complicated and subject to many interruptions and exigencies. But that can not be helped. Every day is one day less. Something is accomplished and we are one day nearer home.

Dear give my love to all, to Agnes and Herbert and James and all the friends and to Mary and Con and little May Margaret.

With heartsfull of love.

Lorna

May 30 1953

Dearest Nana,

We have little news. All has been going well. We have been working hard especially so because we have had a young man to make recordings of sound and another who is a linguist. More people makes more to do. We have now 26 reels of recordings of speech and singing and talking. Laurence has to go out now to take these two young men out and bring back a woman photographer to take their picture and another sound person.

May has gone. June will soon be gone then there will be only a few days left. We shall begin to count them and every night say "one less".

I yearn for the next letters. Give my love to all, dear.

Lana

Hello mother. —

The other letters will give you the news, so I'm just saying hello. We are all looking forward to getting-home time. We are going to miss our Bushman friends but when we leave there and start packing, I fear the packing will be badly skimped, will be trying to get back so fast.

This is Tuesday night - Windhoek. We left Gautsela Sat. morning and intended to get back Thursday. All went well on the way out till we were crossing the little bridge just at Otjivarongo (Sunday eve.) Buoss knows it, when the engine ^{of New Dodge} began making a boiler shop noise. We stopped but thought we better not start taking the engine apart - a new colored mechanic and I - so got ourselves towed in - (only 1/2 mile) But - a holiday fell on Sunday - celebrated on Monday and coronation was Tuesday - so - not a mechanic of any kind in town till Wednesday all off hunting. Now Frank Here - our sound engineer for May - had to get on a plane Tuesday morning at 7. 180 miles away in Windhoek. However our next sound engineer - for June - ^{Hans Ernst.} lives in Otjivarongo - so he + his wife took us to Windhoek Monday. ~~But~~ Frank got his plane - but Ernst's wife works + had to get back Wed. We knew we would have to get some spare parts but no mechanic in Otjivarongo to tell us what - so our return transport had to take off today - leaving me to find out by telephone tomorrow (Buoss knows their problems) what spare parts we need - get them - from the thin supply in the spare parts dept. of garages - from Bethlehem Steel by borrowing or ^{but unlikely} from administration stores - they have 1 Dodge like ours. Then I must find a chance to hitch hike back. or else pay some one \$150 - \$175 for a taxi - and - get Mrs Schervz + her belongings + hitch hike her too - she is going to take still pictures for us. So I am off to bed - feeling - tell Buoss - like one of our favorite bottles cliffs. But fear not - in the morning the making of a plan will surely come and will be back to salute the bottles with a grain probably Friday or Saturday.

Loves
Lance

Gautscha June 28 1953

Dearest Nana. Lawrence is going out again next Saturday to take out Mrs. Scherz and Hans Ernst who have been working on still pictures and sound recordings. We have spent three strenuous weeks on this. I shall be thankful to have it over. It has thrown me out of my own work so much I hardly know how to get back in the swing or what to do next. There is no more week to spend ~~out~~ the sound recordings too. Then that will be over. Lawrence will take the sound equipment out this time. All this means that we are nearing the end. We are planning to be out by the middle of August. How long we shall have to spend taking care of all our stuff, getting things shipped, selling things I do not know. We shall be as quick as we can but it may be two weeks or so. We should be home surely by the first or second week in September. Dear, this will be the last letter I can write you. Tell me come out in August. Lawrence

will not go out again all through July.
The next trip out after this one will be
the final one. It makes it seem near
very near. I grieve to have Lawrence away
for a week, but the compensation will be
that he will bring letters. This last month
was hard to bear without any letters. I
do not know where you are. Are you and
Elizabeth in Cambridge or Peterborough?
The last we heard Elizabeth was in
Peterborough with the children and Mary's
son was married. Con's sister had been
to visit. You were well. That news is all
of May. Imagine, it is almost July now.

We are all very well. The weather
has been good. The days are hot but
nothing nothing nothing like the hot
period of October November and December.
The Mosquitoes & flies, ^{the} creeping, crawling
flying, scuttling, darting, buzzing, humming
fluttering creatures have all crept away
for their winter sleep. The days are clear
and bright. The nights are cold. At Sun
down we rush for sweaters coats scarves
I wear a sweater, two coats and a scarf

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and sit so near the great camp fire we
build every night now that I scorch my
knees. From the fire we dash to bed
and shudder in our down sleeping bags
with three blankets besides till we warm
up. Then we are very comfortable. I am
writing now in bed. Lawrence is asleep.
We have a queer little tent we sleep in.
There is just room for 2 mattresses side by
side on the floor. The tent is not high
enough to stand up in. We crawl in and
pull the lamp in after us. The tent
has an opening at one end which
completely closes with a zipper, no other
opening except a slit for ventilation at the
far end. Nothing can get in. All around
the edges are solidly sewn together. We like
it. Tonight there is a high wind the
little tent shakes and flaps and
rumbles. The lamp flickers. Big night
birds are crying. No lions have come
to Guntsha since our return. All is peaceful.
The moon is full. The next time the moon
is full we shall be getting ready to leave.
The greatest effort we have now to make
besides the rounding out of our work is

the gifts - To work out and provide appropriate
gifts so that the Bushmen and Fannese jobs
and I wish to be happy is a very different
thing to do. I am going to work all day
tomorrow on it. I may not get another
minute to write, dear. I send you our
love. May the days speed by.

Lona

Address next letters to
Grossherzog Hotel
Windhoek
So West Africa