

John has been doing fine work with this.  
He has planned his work and put  
all his energy and ability into it.

These people do, it really seems,  
live without water. There are, as far as  
we can determine, no water holes,  
no surface water, in the dry season.  
We are, of course, carrying our water in  
big cans. We wash every day. Everyone  
in the party is rationed. Things not  
as stringent as we first thought.  
We do wash the dishes, and whereas  
we started out not to bathe at all,  
now we are allowing ourselves 4 teaspoons  
of water once a week for bathing. It  
was found (by me at last) unendurable  
not to bathe. I got sticky and prickly  
and more fatigued than normal. A  
good wash made me feel well and 10 years  
younger and willing to go on indefinitely.

July 1 1955

Dearest Nana, It is time now to  
write again. We wrote last as we  
were leaving Molepole about the  
twelfth of June. We have been travelling  
since then, moving <sup>almost</sup> every day, making  
about 15 miles a day. The trucks grinding  
in the heavy sand. We have had no  
mis hap but it has been rather arduous.  
Not too bad however. We had one stay  
of 2 days at a village of Negro people -  
people of the Bakalahari tribe. They  
were pleasant and cooperative and  
let us take pictures. Now we have  
stopped again. This time we at last  
found Bushmen. They are a little  
band of 9 or 10. They were afraid first  
and ran away. After 2 days 2 of them  
came back and we talked to them. They  
got over their fear, and have let us  
take pictures, cooperating with amazing  
perception of what we wanted, and patience  
and willingness to help. We would like to  
work with them as long as possible.

Chauri August 2, 1955

Dearest Nana,

It is hardly believable that the date is August second. We have come out of the empty dry country and are safe in Chauri. Elizabeth and I are staying with the District Commissioner and his wife, in their guest room. We bathed, washed our hair, put on dresses, stockings, earrings and when we joined our group the young men all cheered Elizabeth and said she looked as "good as a lolly pop."

We had a good month's work in the dry place. We did not suffer too much privation. Our water was well managed and we had enough. We came out without mishap and with a great deal of precious material.

We shall start tomorrow morning to go to Gaultscha to see all our old Bushmen friends. We are going the quickest way and in 3 or 4 days we shall be near Gaultscha at a water hole where we shall stop for news of where the Bushmen are. It will be morning to see F. Tom and Gas and all again. I do have some sort of a hint for locating Bushmen. I guess very fond of the old man of the 16th or 17th group we just left. His name was Oakwane. He was

just as nice as he could be, courteous, and 2  
warm in feeling. There was no doubt of his  
affection for us and appreciation of our  
feeling for him. He gave me his bow when  
we left, he said in a remembrance. He  
is nearly blind and uses a bow - not  
for hunting - but as a musical instrument.  
He plays beautifully upon it in <sup>the way</sup>  
that was strange to me. Never <sup>in my hands</sup> all see  
He would have I seen an instrument played  
as he plays his bow. The songs he sings  
are plaintive and delicate and softly sung.

Never have I seen people who had  
so little as the / Gikwa Bushmen. They  
have no water, except during the rains.  
In the hot dry months they keep themselves  
from drying up and dying by eating roots  
that have some juices in them - and in the  
hot part of the day they lie down and do not  
exert themselves to sweat. They urinate in  
the sand and sprinkle over the dampened  
place what ever skins or parts of the roots  
they have. lie on this and sprinkle sand  
over them. There were only a few bone tipped  
arrows among the group - (about 26 people)  
showing no great hunting development. They

country they live in is a grassy plain  
Day after day, travel in the trucks took  
us from horizon to horizon on a flat golden  
sea of grass. Hunting is difficult in  
such country. One of their creation myths  
tells how the Lord called upon trees to  
spring up from the earth. That hunter  
might hide behind them and rest in  
their shade. The 16 kinds depend more on sharing  
and they do get small antelope that way  
from time to time. They drink all the liquids  
of the animals body - except urine <sup>the liquid</sup> the blood  
and the liquids from the stomach and rumen.  
and the milk from a female.

And yet they have a sparkle in them.  
They are lively and gay - particularly the  
young men. The young 9-16 aged men have  
the most games we have encountered,  
musical games and rhythmical dance  
rhythms and imitations of animals. They  
are very musical. A good deal of the time  
some are playing upon the bow, or a  
Bechuana instrument a viola brought. The  
boys run about from dawn till night, practicing  
shooting at tsama melon targets, or birds or  
beetles, or playing with hoops, or throwing  
sticks, or tossing their feathered sticks into the  
air. And they are so appreciative and

4  
affectionate and cordial in their smiling  
greetings when we came to them that  
they did our hearts good and rested  
our souls from all the little strains  
and anxieties that accompany an  
expedition like little buzzing troubles  
from Pandora's Box.

John was quite caught up by these  
people. He has such a way with people  
that they glow in his presence like coals  
blown upon by a just right breeze - not too  
much not too little. If he just stands among  
them they feel his empathy with them  
there is a radiance about John these days.  
He is well, has gained weight, is brown  
and strong and vital looking. He has  
given his whole ability and imagination  
to the filming of the life; this I like we  
bored. His film is bound to disappoint  
him for his imagination reaches beyond  
possibilities of achievement under the  
conditions he works in. However the film  
may not disappoint others. It is bound  
to have some precious material in it  
and to be a very moving document.

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Dear, it has been like a little vacation  
 just to lie back and write to you. We did  
 work hard so as not to lose a minute of  
 time in gathering knowledge of this people.  
 I must not take more time off, however, to  
 write long letters to others and I will  
 that Ruth would make three copies (2 each)  
 of this letter and send one to  
 Tom and Kiisti - one to Aunt Margaret  
 (Miss Margaret McLean  
 1428 South Maringo, Alhambra Calif)  
 and one to Jo Power at the Peabody  
 Museum.

We received your letter sent to  
 Groot fontein. They tell us you are well  
 and going to remember the food each Sunday.  
 Lauriston Ward and Margo had been to see you  
 Agnes is able to go about. Give her our love.  
 Priscilla is busy - that we know. Give her our  
 love. Tom and Kiisti wrote a few long letters  
 to us about their planting and the children.  
 The letters are like water to desert dwellers.  
 Keep on writing to Groot fontein till  
 September 7<sup>th</sup>. I'll give her her address  
 later. Love to you from all of us. Philip on  
 foot, asks for you and sends his respectful homage.  
 \* Laurence had them forwarded. Love

OKwa, Beelmana Land

May 14, 1955

Dearest Nana,

I am sitting near my Tent in the shade. A breeze is blowing from the North West. It has come for hundreds of miles across open sea and smells sweet. It is keeping the flies away on the other side of the camp - which is a great rest to me. I mind flies more than every other land ship and perhaps more than all <sup>other</sup> landships put together.

The other night we had trouble with one of the trucks and were several hours fixing it. We expected to leave to travel to our new camp directly after lunch, but did not leave till six in the evening. We travelled till after twelve, without having any supper. I went to sleep sitting beside Laurence who was driving. Lurching and swaying I slept so soundly that I dreamed a horrid dream of Elizabeth being in danger. When we stopped to camp every body was tired, irritable, hungry, cold, disgruntled. I climbed out of our truck, saying I had had a very bad dream: 'Elizabeth used



2

He tensions and lifted everyone's spirit by causing a roar of laughter, <sup>when</sup> she said gravely and sympathetically to me, "Never mind, Mother. Everyone has had his hardships today."

We have left the Ghangji area and have come sixty miles south to a place called Okwa. The land is owned by a white farmer, Mr. ~~Harbottle~~. He is a strange man. He owns 100,000 acres, 10,000 cattle, is said to possess millions in money. He is a miser and lives like a Bushman, with Bushman women to whom he is not married. All his children are blond. He is 78 and his youngest son is 2 yrs. He is quite gentle and sweet in manner, friendly and at ease. An odd combination of qualities. We are camped on his farm, very distant from where he lives. He has a black family living here to look out for things. And - for us - there are Bushmen in the area. They speak a different language from our Bushmen. We are just beginning to get on work with them. They seem friendly enough - except that they say they do not know. When we ask questions. That is an indication of caution.

They are !ko Bushman, and use five clicks instead of four, which places them in the Southern group. We are having a hard time with interpreters. We are trying out a Bushman who can speak with Sedimo. Elizabeth is working with them now.

This note will be sent to Windhoek tonight. Tunis Berger, the man from Bechuanaland who is in a way our guide is returning to Windhoek to get married and to bring our new truck back to us. Bill Donaldson is going with him. They will be away about 10 days.

Time passes swiftly for us. I hope it does for you too, dearest! I get long letters from you saying you are well and well too lovely. John will be coming soon and will bring news of you. We count the days till he comes.

With deep love, dear from Laurence and Elizabeth and from me as always.

Love



HÔTEL ASTORIA

103, RUE ROYALE  
BRUXELLES

Bruxelles - Belgium -  
March 28 -

Dear Nana:

We are in Brussels, Belgium, about to leave for Johannesburg at five o'clock this afternoon. We have only been here one day but since the plane flies, we have to go. It is freezing cold here, too, but even so I would love to stay for a short time. It was spring in London & in Paris - very nice and warm - crocusses were growing in Hyde Park. We are having a lovely relaxed time - we got all the things done that we have

to do.

We miss you very much  
but it's good that you  
are with Priscilla, who is  
so capable and good - it  
makes us happy to know  
that you are there -

We are all fine - all happy -  
and it won't be long before  
we are home - September  
or October will come very  
quickly -

All my love -

Elizabeth



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:  
CARLTONIA, JOHANNESBURG  
TELEPHONE 22-7641

June 9. 1903

Dear Nana:

Thank you a thousand times for your letters. It was terrific to hear from you. Dad and I came down from Molepolole

2 days ago - just in time to see John stepping off the plane. It was wonderful to see him - he looks pale but otherwise perfectly fine. Today, this morning, we

are going back to Molepolole - which, by the way - is a town in Bechuanaland near the border of the Union - where Mother, Danny, the mechanic and all are camped - then we will go into the veld.

Our news about mail is this - Letters mailed before June 25 will reach us if you send them c/o District Commissioner Ghanzi, via Gobabis, Bechuanaland Protectorate, - and after that letters I mailed before July 20 will reach us care Post Restante, Grootfontein - South West-Africa. Mark these letters please Hold.

I don't feel any too sure that we will receive letters because mail to these parts is very unsure - as you

knew. But its the best that can be done.

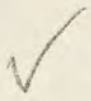
We have been extremely rushed in Johannesburg - as busy as can be, and in a great hurry to get back to Mother - even though we know she's perfectly Ok its too bad for us to be separated this way.

The truck is waiting in front of the hotel Vana - I must go -

Very much love - love to all you see - John and Daddy send much love too - We miss you terribly -

Much love.

Elizabeth



Sunday

April 3 - 1953 -

Dear John:

What a country! The first words I heard were from the man in the airport who said: We poor people, we never travel, we must just stay home at our work. We never see the Kalahari, no, that is for you, for you Americans. You are the ones with time to travel. That must be a wonderful country. There must be plenty of money there - man. And I said, Acht, ja vole, baiea gelt daarso, ja vole.

Then in the newspaper, was a tremendous article about a <sup>whole</sup> man who escaped from prison - "The man no jail can hold," <sup>The papers called him.</sup> He escaped ~~Friday~~ <sup>Friday</sup> ~~the following Tuesday~~ by lowering himself from his window by his sheet. The following Tuesday the warden issued a statement to the press saying "We are now certain that the man is not within the prison walls." They ~~on Wednesday~~ said a search of Pretoria had begun, but that perhaps he was <sup>even now</sup> on his way to Johannesburg, as he was not a Pretoria man. On Wednesday he broke back into the jail to see a friend, and that night he broke out again. Acht man, these bloody criminals, they must always do these things to make us look like fools. Even now, he may be on his way to Johannesburg, and then how shall we find him? Perhaps he even changed his uniform to regular clothes. But they are as clever as the Kaffirs, when it comes to crime.

We - Mom & I, went to see the locations of Orlando, Sophia-  
town, Maraka, Jabavu, Meadowlands (the new one where the  
police-evicted Sophia towners were moved to) Pimmsville,  
and other small ones in the same area. Did you  
know that the shanties had been removed and nice  
little houses were built in their place? Crime is still  
so bad that people don't feel safe - wages are low,  
politics and legislation go from bad to worse  
but hell, housing improved. We also went to  
see a mine dance at city deep. That was perfectly  
tremendous. It takes place every Sunday morning,  
at 9:00 AM - at one mine or another - a different  
mine each week. The dancing was the indigenous  
(pretty much) dancing of the tribes that work the  
mine - varying from intricate, complicated Portuguese East  
tribes dancing in careful costume to Shaangans  
throwing themselves around in filthy mine clothes  
accompanied by the shouts and cheers of the  
(native) spectators. Everybody had a ball. There is  
about 33% white audience - under a shelter - and 66%  
native audience. <sup>out in the sun</sup> There were more natives outside but  
no room in the stands. But at least the dancers  
rehearsed outside so those who could not get in  
could watch the rehearsal. Perhaps participate, even.  
It must have been great outside because the top row  
of the grandstand was lined with the backs of those  
watching what went on out there, while the others  
had to watch inside -

Tomorrow - off to Kruger Park. HOW do you like  
the whole deal? Much love - did you call up Tad? Love  
sis





TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:  
CARLTONIA, JOHANNESBURG  
TELEPHONE 22-7641

Johannesburg  
April 3, 1953

Dear Nana:

Probably Mother told you, but tomorrow, Monday morning, she and I are leaving on a small vacation. We are going to go to Kruger Park, the big game preserve where all the African animals are still alive, to see some game-things which we have never seen because we have been so busy. Also because there are no elephants in the Kalahari Desert, fortunately, and if possible we would like to see some elephants - It isn't

a bit dangerous, because all the  
tourists go there, but there is  
plenty to see. Then we shall  
go south into Swaziland  
where we hope to visit the  
queen of the Swazis, who is  
supposed to be able to cause  
rain to fall. This is all just  
for a vacation. Dad has to  
stay in Johannesburg because  
as usual he has so much  
business to do. Things are going  
very well indeed, considering  
everything. We are all fine  
but of course we miss you  
& John very much - we will  
see you soon - this will be over  
quickly - or it will seem so - Much  
love, Mamma - Elizabeth

Dear Nana: May 4 - 1983  
We are in camp in Bechuanaland, just about to leave for Phauzi in the morning. We'll have to get up at 6 + be on the road by 7:00.

It's wonderful here in this place near a farm so nice + safe + peaceful + silent late at night with moonlight and clouds. Everyone is asleep but me.

We are as well as can be - as Mom has told you - but not having a great deal of success with work because we have been staying here only a very short time. If we were to stay here longer surely we would do better, but actually you can't expect to get Bushmen on friendly terms with you in a few days. They are all living on farms here and have undoubtedly had a few bad experiences with white people anyway - so we start at a disadvantage.

We miss you terribly - but it won't be long until September or November - I know you are well - we loved your letter that we got in Windhoek.

Much, much love, Nana -  
Elizabeth

over.

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Mother wrote a long letter to John which she  
 asked John to bring to you. Our only news  
 is really that we are fine. We got a truck  
 to fill in the gap left by the one that  
 James' dropped. It will be OK temporarily until  
 one gets here. It's an old Dodge Power wagon  
 similar to the one we used to have.

More love  
 Elizabeth

Elizabeth

PEABODY - HARVARD - SMITHSONIAN

KALAHARI EXPEDITION

11 DIVINITY AVENUE  
CAMBRIDGE 38  
MASS. U.S.A.

Apr. 6 1951

Please return  
this letter

Hi John:-

Brother - do I wish you  
were here now to help me think out  
this truck problem. The people in the  
university circles here are wonderful  
folks and I am having a most interesting  
and stimulating time with them - but for  
this problem they are not quite as helpful  
as "Sugar" would be. He at least would  
look sympathetic and not say anything.

At first there seemed to be no  
trucks with single rear wheels available.  
# and I told Terry we would take the Power  
Wagon (again). Now a Chev. a Bedford - an  
Int. Harvester have turned up - and Joe says  
we can get another 6x6 on May 20. If  
we can rent something for till then it might  
be good - but present plans call for being  
in the East about May 20 - with a long  
drive to Walvis. However I am going  
over all that again and will come up with  
the best answer I can crank out in a day or so.

John - in Paris there is a shop named Pouch (193)  
at the Musée de l'Homme who has taken lots of pictures of  
Pygmies. He will swap copies with us. I am told that  
his pictures are good. He and Rouzet both said that  
their experience with their Pygmy picture and any others



Grossherzog Hotel  
Windhoek  
South West Africa  
Sunday April 24, 1955

Dearest Nana, I lost the other letter enclosed in this envelope but found it again - so we send it.

We are in Windhoek at the Grossherzog. We have received your letters here. Thank you for them, dear. The last ones tell us about your glasses not being satisfactory. That is too, too bad. I was comforted that John took you again to the doctor to check up. Did he say again that practice with the glasses and getting your eyes exercised to use them would make them satisfactory? That sometimes proves to be the solution to new glasses.

We are glad, dear, to hear that the gas is better. You speak

I am more whole heartedly given  
to the project than ever before.  
It is good for our work that we  
have come now. It is not at all  
too soon. The Bushmen are changing  
so fast that this will be the last  
opportunity to find them as they  
were in their age-old way of life.  
So, along with missing each other  
and being very lonely for each  
other, there is this compensation:  
that Laurence is right in the  
plans for our work and is making  
good progress and that we find  
it very worth while and very  
much appreciated by all who  
are interested in primitive people.

Darling, give our love to all  
the friends that you see. I think  
of you part of every minute of every  
waking hour, and send you my  
love. Also I send love from Laurence  
and Elizabeth. She is a darling. I have  
enjoyed her and adored her and been grateful  
to her for her understanding & tenderness more than

not very down  
love.  
we are send  
love.



of Priscilla's kindness, which is what we knew would be poured upon you. Ruth Baba tells us that you have moved to the sunny room that was Priscilla's office. She spoke to us, before we left, of her plan to give you that room. I think it will be very pleasant.

It gives me real comfort to think of you with Priscilla instead of in the house with the possibilities of your being worried or strained with the care of things.

Dearest, we are leaving Winkback on Tuesday to go to Beelmaaland. Do not expect letters for some time. We shall write when we come to a place to mail letters. They will take a long time to get out to an airport. It could be many weeks before you hear. Do not worry. We are perfect & well. Well equipped. Well staffed. We shall not be too far from civilization. If we needed anything we could send in.

Johannesburg, March 30, 1955

Dearest Nana,

It is three o'clock in the afternoon here and eight o'clock in the morning where you are. We have just had breakfast and will be going out to dinner in three hours with Professor Dart. We were so sleepy and tired when we arrived last night that we closed all our windows when we went to bed about midnight to shut out the morning noises. At twelve thirty next day Lawrence leaped up saying his watch had stopped. But mine and Elizabeth's were going, they all said 12:30. We feel better.

The trip is always tiring but there were no untoward events or delays or adventures or anything of particular interest.

We have talked on the telephone to the Davidsons, our friends here. Mr. Davidson is seriously ill, his son tells us. We don't know when we are going to see him. This is a very sad thing.

We shall stay in Johannesburg about two weeks, then fly to Windhoek to meet the trucks and Dan and Bill.

When we were in Paris at the Museum there the people expressed great appreciation of the

gathering of music material. They, and a man  
in Brussels who is interested in primitive  
music wish to undertake the study of the  
recordings we have. It makes me happy to  
have some of our material move out from  
its files and to be actively studied and  
used.

We think of you constantly. Every day at  
three I want some coffee and if I have it  
I imagine I am having it with you. I  
hope all things are going well for you and  
that you are not too lonely. We shall  
look for letters at the Grosserhof Hotel in  
Windhoek South West Africa. We hope  
you have made some friends at the home  
and you have companionship and no anxieties.

With deepest love from us all, dear,

Lorna

Kruger Park April 4.

Dearest Nana,

Elizabeth and I have come to the game reserve at Kruger Park to try to see lions. It is a little like a zoo, a place where many tourists come to see the animals. We did not see any lions yet and are feeling depressed. We both rather wish we had not left Lawrence. He had thought he would come with us but decided not to as he has now to try to get another truck. John will have told you about our losing me. Wasn't it fantastic? We shall meet Lawrence again in Windhoek on the 17<sup>th</sup>.

We had a nice time in Johannesburg seeing interesting people and learning interesting things. Professor and Mrs. Dax were particularly kind to us. People are extremely hospitable here. We have met the linguist who is coming with us.

but have not become at all  
acquainted. It will take a while to  
become acquainted with him.

The weather has been lovely except  
for a day of torrents of rain. There have  
been exceptionally heavy rains this year.  
Beelmana land seemed to be a huge  
swamp when we flew over it. This may  
delay our getting around for a week  
or two. No more rains are expected.

It is hard to have no news from  
you. We shall have letters, however, in  
Windhoek.

We hope the days pass in  
comfort and serenity for you dear.

We had a letter from Ruth  
Babb. Thank her for it if you see

her. Love to you from us all, dear,  
and give our love to Precilla. Love

Saturday April 16  
Johannesburg.

Dearest Nana,

Lawrence and Dan and Phil have all gone to Windhoek. Elizabeth and I are left in Johannesburg, waiting to go. We could not get space on the plane to go with Lawrence, and have to wait till Monday. We are bored, but have had a rest. We both feel very well. I got rid of a slight pain I'd been having in my arm, which I get if I am tired and tense.

On Monday we shall go to Windhoek. There will be plenty to do there.

I have been thinking about you so much. I wonder if you visit some of the other women who live <sup>at the home</sup> there, and if you have made any friends that you enjoy. How is Agnes, now. You told us she had some one looking after her who was very nice.

Elizabeth and I are in a jolting train on the way to Pretoria. That is why my writing is worse than usual.

We shall have lunch with Dr. Koch,  
one of the men who was with us on  
the first expedition, and visit Professor  
Fair's sister's daughter whom we met in  
Cambridge.

I am enjoying being with El. Gilbert  
very much. She is a darling. In all the  
little things we do together we grow to  
know each other better, and each of us  
knows more and more fully what the  
other means when she says something  
• gives some evaluation.

We both send our love, dear,

Louise

Greetings to all the friends you see.  
Guy & Gertrude, Herbert and Grace,  
James and Mildred and of course Agnes  
and Priscilla.

P.S. Dear we received your letter (I am  
writing this late). Good to hear from you.  
Thank you very much for them.

✓ Not far from Chauzi, May 4, 1955

Dearest John,

We have been camped on the road between Rietfontein and Chauzi, on the farm of two old boers named Ramsden. They talk about the good old days, when no one got his farm labor by catching a Bushman tying a rein around his neck and taking him home. They are nevertheless attractive, likable, comradal, dignified men. They enjoyed our advent, and have been to lunch, to supper, for drinks, for a Bushman dance for an "interview". One, Bert, has ideas about the hut tax for Bushmen. He says the D.C. is a fine man but a tickie pincher. Bert Ramsden feels so keenly that it is altogether and in every way wrong to impose a hut tax on Bushmen. He asked us to let him put his views on to tape. I expect in hopes that we would see





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combined with the repacking completed  
by supper tonight. It was a rush  
because Bill's fame as a doctor  
spread over the country and, during  
the packing, he was called upon to  
treat lung trouble, back trouble,  
other trouble, a liver complaint  
and to pull three teeth. He could  
not find his preps in the  
midst of repacking. So Dan supplied  
two pairs of pliers from the camera  
kits. All were satisfied.

Our plans are as follows:  
Tunis Berger will take us to his  
farm tomorrow. It is in the center  
of farms on which there are 3 kinds  
of Bushmen. We shall stay in that  
camp there for 3 weeks. Tunis will  
leave and 1) get married and 2)  
pick up his truck at Wolus Bay.  
When he returns we shall send  
out to get you - 5:25 pm. June 7  
Smut's air port. You will meet us

Some where around Molepolo. When you join us, we  
shall make our track through the trust land Dad  
to building it up & scan it. Any who don't want  
can. I will apply we will his account of it.  
He is a brave man. We shall establish dump. After  
that we shall go to Caribou. We have given up  
idea of going to Ky Ky and to take with us from there  
You more realistic, closer to the act. planning. We won't be  
time to work with anyone from Ky Ky, we can not keep  
up with the present, as it is. Phil and Dan act  
We are all well and busy. Philip and Dan act  
You trip not perfectly. Elizabeth is a darling. Philip, Edwin  
Herivel a new person, William and are quite ideas - in  
excellent mood.  
You might not hear again from us  
Please bring - if May can find them for you before she

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