

Covering Document: Diana Powell-Cotton's 1937 Diary

This transcript of the final section of Diana Powell-Cotton's 1937 Angola diary has endeavoured to truthfully reflect the original handwritten copy. The transcription was completed by Emma Caitlin Watson and edited by James Baker and Nicola Stylianou.

This document outlines some inconsistencies within the diaries and notes some things to consider.

The handwriting of the diary posed a significant challenge and this transcript has made every attempt where possible to verify the information that the diary contains, specifically in regards to the terminology used surrounding ceremonies and objects. It is to be noted however that Diana was using translators and her spelling may not be accurate, therefore there may be some discrepancies between the information contained in the diary and that of other ethnographic, anthropological and historic studies of Angola and Angolan culture at this time.

Page Numbers and Dating

At a later date someone has gone through the diary and numbered the pages. During this process some inconsistencies in the correlation between date and page number have occurred. These are as follows:

P.145 front - 15th Aug
P.147 front - 15th Aug
P.149 front - 16th Aug

The repeated date here is perhaps due to notes being added retrospectively or due to the amount written for this date.

P.156 front - 23rd Aug
P.158 front - 28th Aug
P.160 front - 24th Aug
P.162 front - 25th Aug
P.166 front - 27th Aug
P.169 front - 26th Aug
P.170 front - 29th Aug

The inconsistency in the correlation between page number and date suggests that an error occurred when the pages of the diary were numbered at a later date. There is also scope to suggest that Diana wrote her daily accounts retrospectively, which would be an alternative explanation to the above inconsistency. For the purposes of transcription, the pages have been transcribed in accordance to the page numbers.

Further to these inconsistencies there are two dates that are missing, the 13th and the 14th of August. Overall the diary would suggest that Diana kept a daily account, whether these accounts were written on the day or retrospectively is unknown, however, from the relative consistency with daily entries, it can be assumed that entries for these dates were made but that the pages are missing.

Language

- The sentence structure of the diary sits somewhere between note form and full sentences, often making them somewhat awkward to read.
- There are often grammatical errors particularly pertaining to the capitalisation of places names and cultural groups.
- The male and female symbols are used instead of the words man and woman.
- Spelling throughout the diary is not consistent, and there are recurring spelling mistakes (e.g. “Headress”).
- On the following pages Diana has left question marks, presumably as a marker to indicate where verification is needed:
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 - o 123front
 - o 133front
 - o 161back
 - o 166front

Names and Place Names

- Diana in most instances names each compound after their leader. An exception to this appears to be the compound of Luvanda, as the context in which it is used suggests it is a place name as supposed to the name of a person. It is therefore tagged as a place name for the purposes of this transcript, but further research may conclude otherwise.
- The place names that Diana uses may be misspelled, for example Cuamato is also known as Kwamato.

Diagrams

Throughout the diary there are diagrams used to enhance Diana’s descriptions of the objects of material culture that she interacted with and collected. Photographs of these diagrams are included in an accompanying document with figure numbers and short descriptions.

Permissions

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Emma Caitlin Watson, University of Sussex, January 2020

Transcript Guide

This transcription aims to be truthful to what is on the page and recurrent spelling mistakes and common grammatical errors are outlined in a *Covering Document*.

For the purpose of this transcription each page has been identified by a number and whether it is the front or back side of the page. i.e <page>112front</page>. These page numbers were added at a later date. During this process a few inconsistencies occurred, these are outlined in the *Covering Document*.

Dates are placed in tags but follow the dating format of the diary.

All line breaks, paragraph spacing, and page breaks follow that of the diary, as do the grammar and capitalisation of words. A tag, is used for words that have been struck through, and words which have been underlined are marked with the tag <underline></underline>. Where the text is deemed illegible the <gap> tag is used to represent the illegible text: for example, the tag <gap quantity="4" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> describes a sequence of four characters that are illegible.

Tags used for inline elements of interest:

- Cultural or Ethic Groups: <Group></Group>
- Names: <Name></Name>
- Places: <Place></Place>
- Objects: <object></object>
- Terminology: <terminology></terminology>

Uncertain attributions are expressed in two ways:

- With the tag: <Place.uncertain>Ucucle</Place>
- As a new tag: <uncertain>Vetchingunfu</uncertain>

Photographs of the diagrams and drawings on the pages of the diary are included in an accompanying document, and are labelled by a figure number on the transcript.

Emma Caitlin Watson, University of Sussex, January 2020

Diana Powell-Cotton's 1937 Diary

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<date>Thurs 22nd</date>

Mission bell tolled while we breakfasted at 6:30.
Presently Charles turned up & took us into a second
breakfast & to coffee.

Odds he told us: -

1. Does not like <Name>Hahn</Name>. _ borrows does not return etc...
not popular over other side. Likes Cope. Mrs. C. & Mrs. H.
are sisters and very different.
2. Maintains that only very few ♂ ondudu play <object>makola</object>
That chief playing takes place by moonlight.
That <u>Dog</u> is more important than bull.
That ♂ clap and assist _ half ♂ dancing as ♀ called:
3. <Name>Euiule</Name> he maintains was always a warrior _ says
word comes from 'amulets'.
4. Again the story of <Name>Esterman</Name> & myself _ told
<Place>onjiva</Place> last year. S. knowing German very well had known
G in February. C. Obviously worried still by the story.
5. Bricks _ had tried twice before. The first lot
spoiled by the rain. Stone mud mixed sand.

Reached <Place>Onjiva</Place> about 9a.m. & found <Name>Cabral</Name> his old stiff
self again and <Name>Barata</Name> not yet arrived.
Post office ♂ is very charming & helpful.
Mrs <Name>Venacio</Name> looking tired gave us a warm greeting.
husband away again, & they know nobody who
wanted to buy sterling. Got packing case from a

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<Place>Onjiva</Place>

Sloppy sulky looking ♀ nurse however _ & we returned to Administration.

Administration

<Name>Barata</Name> in good humour. Collected films _ asked re passports which he said did not want marking.

helped us re boxes wanted, on discussing muddle

with over lid J. had ordered, he suggested we go ourselves & take his note of details.

Re money – said it was difficult _ could we not

get it from outside? Did we want much? Could

only give us £5 _, slowly it dawned on us that

it was a personal favour he was doing us, that the

Administration was not to thank, all of which amused

him exceedingly. Promised to send a boy with our

telegraph to <Place>Cuamato</Place> _ said road was bad.

To carpenter who was friendly & very talkative _ frightfully

Lazy making set of furniture for ondongwa _ Promised to

make one case for us if possible the two.

Collected packing case from Hospital, and set off for

<Place>Cuamato</Place>, meeting a car just outside town. It stopped

& out hopped <Name>Barata</Name> asking us <u>where</u> we were going?

No, <u>this</u> wasn't the road to <Place>Cuamato</Place>, it lay over

there across the Shana_ & off he went with his funny

little smile of amusement.

To <Place>Cuamato</Place>

Road terribly sandy. Lunched under a magnificent

Baobab tree, & just as we were finishing a party of ♀ &

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Children & boy passed on their way back from fishing, one Mufuko girl wearing <Object>Elende Headress & her ostrich eggshell belt</Object> slung over her shoulder, and an oldish ♀ wearing omfiati leaves for good fishing were among them. All but one were Kwanyama.

moved on slowly, continually stopping so that the boys boy might go on ahead and find a way round the shanas which were still standing with water _ flocks of long billed pure black birds rose from the reeds with a tremendous whir of wings at our approach, and once we passed two stately bustards(?) pacing majestically through the reeds. In one place the road was entirely covered with new looking branches & there was a long long wait while the boys followed up the track marked only to sa return saying that it led to local Soba's Compound & had been made "to show white ♂ the way when he come there"!

Stuck once in deep wet sand, but by dint of strenuous pushing and by packing the road with grass, we got through, About 4p.m however we lost both back wheels and the number plate was buried. The sun set, and we made camp while the boy finished jacking up the second

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Wheel, he came gunning by and earnestly to the fire to inspect the ~~me~~ jack _bust! Presumably part of thread of disc which holds the weight, broken right off. Got absolutely black with oil, all to no purpose.

Sky covered filmy cloud, a sudden scarlet sunset while mosquitos flock in hundreds to add to our woe. A distant booming the boys also decided must be lion. Fell asleep over camp fire. Very cold, and a heavy dew.

<date>Fri 23rd</date>

Overslept, & was 6.30 by the time we had breakfast. <Name>Lukelwa</Name> the Kwamatwi ♂ returned from a round in search of compound ~~from which~~ whose chicken we had heard 'singing', to say there was only one hut & one deserted compound; he had brought with him the only ♂ within miles. A funny small person with a loud & rather cross voice who wanted to sell us 6 ostrich eggs packed in bark thongs.

The second back wheel was due for another jacking up but we had now to slope up the incline, pack it & push ourselves out.

To add to our general misfortunes, The inner half of crank was nowhere to be found & we decided boy must

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have left it at <Place>Mupanda</Place>.

Wrote to <Name>Barata</Name> & wrote to <Name>Devis</Name> & a note to <Name>Charles</Name>. Packed up the <Object>Mokako</Object> and sent off <Name>Lukele</Name> to <Place>Onjiva</Place> along our track.

clea without either crank or jack, set out with their ♂'s quivering hand to guide us, passing round first one Shana & then another, winding our way around stumps & trees; stopping to let someone find a possible passage.

About 11 am. we came to a place where there seemed to be no way through, the ♂ led us to a bank of sand & longish stretch of crisp sandy surface with treacherous soft depths. Boys decided we could go over through & when told we couldn't said, then we could not go ever to the <Place>Kwamatwi</Place> _ in fact we had better sit down & die & work no tune as there was no point & let the last hours be leisured & pleasant.

Sent them packing _ & they brought back huddles of branches which we laid out on the sand preparing a track for both wheels. With all hands & T. pushing, we got through.

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to <Place>Cuamato</Place>

next anxiety was a stretch on the actual road in which we sank deeply but did not quite stop.

A thick crowd of figures in the distance thinned out at our approach & we could make out ♀ fleeing with their fish baskets. Boy persuaded some boys to come to the rescue however, and with their help, we reached the far side & lunched near the water in which they were fishing.

<underline>Fishing</underline>. ♀, girls, children & boys _ even a few ♂ were fishing in the open shana, first groping about in the weeds & catt catching the fish with their hands _ then clearing out the reeds and fishing with the <object>conical baskets</object>, These latter were noticeable for their varying sizes _ some very tall & thin, others extremely wide at base. Method was identical with that seen at <Place>Owangwe</Place> Except that a fish was occasionally followed up for a pace or two; more ♀ were people were wearing omfiati leaves stuck into their necklaces as a charm for a good catch. Boys walked up & down throwing their speers apparently aimlessly. Saw one catch, the fish having passed the barbed hook remained impaled on end of the long stick.

A girl wore her <object>onjeva belt</object> around her neck _ everyone had their lengths of cloth well tucked up.

Fish were threaded into bundles and hung up in the trees _ they were threaded on a horizontal stake in the sun _ & were thrown on the bank in heaps.

A ♀ gave us own first fish, and then a boy came to offer us one _ another was thrown at our feet & then the ♀ trooped to the car to sell them for a little salt.

They had come from a very long way & this day's fishing and, presumably because Shana had not yet been fished at all, the catching was good _ some of the fish being very large. The usual whiskered one & also min minnows.

Boys

A large number of young boys, all of about the same age, With long ungainly limbs, & every one of them wearing the new fashioned headress in the growing _ i.e long a tuft on tiny plaits on front to of head, to make hair hair grow and so that it can be swept back into a bob.

Boys said fashion was about 2 years old and came from white people seen over the border wearing long hair. They insisted that old ♂ wore it but we told them only mad ones _ and ♀ & girls! Which much amused the girls.

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several wore close fine necklaces.

Struggling on slowly we reached compound of <Name>Eidalelwa</Name>
At evening & T. went to compound with <Name>Kwamatwi</Name>
<Name>Lukelwa</Name> & <Name>Albert</Name>. I wrote notes, & was visited
by the same two little girls as last year, one still
shutting up one eye when she looked at us _ both,
still with shaven heads out of which spring a row of
little tufts of hair.

T. returned to say nothing to buy _ ♂ moving, so
that it would be impossible to check compound _ &
♂ was not particularly pleased to see us.

<date>Sat 24th</date>

(children in camp)

Night cold. A few girls came in early to be photographed
one with <Object>Embale headress</Object>; another with a beautiful
small <object>onguwo</object> with the two hanging straps decorated
<object>oputu</object> at
edges _ folded down centre back & the sides shaped.

All wore heavy <object>copper anklets: EONGODO</object>; and
two wore <object>OSHIPUNDUKA belts</object> plaques of onyoka
shells. discs. Two little girls with their heads
shared and a row of little blobs hair over centre head:

Compound. ♂ was moving compound _ a great cleared space
adjacent to the old compound, on which he had traced the
plan of the new compound.

The first things placed are the sacred woods:

<terminology>oimfindilo</terminology>

_ here: stakes: omfiati, om'wolo, oml'ama; & the cactus: OSHIJAKĪSHI

/K: OSHINANGA NAMWAL;

& these come in the <gap quantity="15" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> the OSHUNDA a cattle pen

and the KeeNDUDA & ♂'s quarters . A deep & narrow trench is then dug around the keenduda, and the great stakes are planted with ease and the soil filled in ___ a jacked stick set at a diag an angle holds the last stake in place when the work is left for a time.

<diagram>Fig.1</diagram> Order of Compound:

1. <terminology>Oimfindilo – sacred woods
2. Keenduda - ♂'s quarters
3. Nekolomoko – ie inner ring
Of palings
4. EPATA - enclosure, of each wife
5. Lupale – central meeting place
6. ONGUBO – outer ring : thorn fence
7. OSHUNDA – cattle pen</terminology>

<u>Last</u>

The day the OSHUNDA is built the family moved into new compound and a feast is made with beer. During the last days they have slept in odd shelter huts left standing on side of old compound.

The Kwamatwi always move the <terminology>OHNU</terminology> main doorway when moving compound.

This compound had stood 7 years; a fairly usual time for the Kwamatwi. The ♂ & his 2 sons working steadily would

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finish moving he said in about 2 months.

Frequent moves not necessary as this red soil is good. Dung in cattle pen of old compound had 1' – 1'6 above ground level.

Was able from palings & bush of old compound, most of which was standing, to correct & check up plan drawn last year. Compound was curiously similar, even

to the huts that were drying and to two sick people and a crippled ♀ _ & the cheeky little girls _ The Omafia, all looked as though they had never changed.

About 10:30 moved on with a young boy as guide

_ very soon coming to a place Shana / said to be impassable & all full of water. In three places we tried to cross

_ got rid of one boy and for a short time had a thin cross ♂ as guide, but he soon told us he w his son had died & people were waiting for him at his compound – so we set off with a sulky & ugly little boy who did not know the way at all.

Passed across several shanas & then came to one which the boy insisted had no dry crossing. After being away an age, the boys returned to say we could not go on.

Went out to inspect the land & found a sandy bed some 20 yards long & at centre, up to half in water.

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got boys to pack it _ two of them cutting omfiati for
all they were worth from the blessed bushes which
grew gl close by. T & the little boy carried the
branches; Lukalwe & J packed the path.

Got across about 5p.m., when 4 ♂ came out to
have a look at us, & after a heated discussion,
one set off at a run carrying his bunch of
ducks & with dogs at his heels, across the shana
& through thickish to the Queen's compound
where he lived.

Reached there just as a huge red moon was
appearing & <Place> compound of Luvanda</Place> white & silent
and unwelcoming crowd of people watched us.

Jemima very sick: frightful knocking in 2nd gear
J. when clutch is out, & an aptid aptitude for engine to stop
Sick also when clutch is out. Tonight also & had
swell & a little flash ____

Little wood _ & we all camped under a tree
In full moonlight.

Odds

Hair.

<terminology>

1. Lines shaved on ? head: EMBĀU
2. Little tufts on shaved head of child:
3. Cap headress: EMBALE <diagram>Fig.2</diagram>
4. Single tuft - ♂'s: OKAHŪKU
Several “ “ : OHUKU
5. Large circular front top knot
Long hair, ♂'s _ ONDŪDI
6. Married ♀'s longish hair with three
flat plaits over centre head: oupūli. </terminology>

Boys carrying long stick with cord attached &
float with little European fish hook on end.

Cattle heads.

Heads of all cattle eaten are put in OSHŌTO.
also _ bones of above, in pile opposite oipundi of ♂.

Cattle leave the following diseases:

1. oudu OMBŪLWA - beasts not eaten
2. OSHUPUNGA
3. KAWEN̄YA beasts are eaten
4. OSHINANBŪDA

(NB. Kwanyama as above)

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Cattle head on input of doorway of 1st wife's hut ___
calf of cattle brought home by a raid by Father on <Name>Kathers'</Name>
family, & the first beast owned by the ♂.

Children of <Group>Kwamatwi</Group> seem to be very different from
those of <Group>Kwanyama</Group> & shy and much more curious
& impertinent _ with large eyes and some elfin
atmosphere.

Young girls seem the most exceptionally beautiful, but older women at
a casual glance seem to fade more than the Kwanyama.

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<date>25th Sunday</date>

Boys told us that during the night a Sipayu had wakened them – sent by <Name>Barata</Name> from <Place>Cuamato</Place> to find out whose car had passed without stopping at the Post. Decided to stop off at last year's camp & send in boy to find out if <Name>Barata</Name> really there, we to go in at once if so.

Loaded & went into compound. Old queen very charming & the Ondudu welcomed us but had aged noticeably since last year. Almost ready to set off when a ♂ turned up who said he had been sent to fetch us “ –

Reached Post at about 10a.m. having left 2 boys behind to try & buy hair, cowries etc., and as we drove in, were a bit amazed to find a semicircle of standing natives, and a great group of whites massed outside the administration.

<Name>Barata</Name> looked like a thunder cloud & greeted us coldly - Then said that they were about to raise the flag – we should assist. Feeling rather hysterical we slowed & watched the Sipaiyu pull the slender string with little jacks very very slowly, until we began to feel the flag would never reach the top. <Name>Barata</Name> on our left stood like a stone with arm raised at salute _ & the natives did likewise.

we were then asked always to present ourselves on arrival at the post _ else they did not know who it might be who was passing. murmured excuses about mud & its

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Being night, and one having been told The Chefe was away
_ but nobody listened much except to laugh at the mud.
<Name>Barata</Name> did nothing but pull our legs about the
<terminology>Mukako</terminology>
& the passports etc. etc. _ we were released, and
do not still know whether it was all a joke, or
whether <Name>Barata</Name> himself & the Chefe had actually
been annoyed.

Left & returned to spot where we had left the
boys, who appeared with a fine pair of <object>copper anklets</object>,
and some hair.

Set out with them both & did a very long round of
huts, sitting each time in Epata a Lupale, & after
the usual greetings, asking for the things for which we
were hunting.

Cowries seemed non-existent. Hair came in in
little bits; not this year, the hope <terminology>omatela</terminology> plaits, but
with few exceptions clippings from married ♀'s
heads.

<object>Dolls</object> were a surprise, and we bought three wearing
<object>omatek headress</object> – the usual forked wood with was
modelling and immense behind over which heads
are neatly bound.

<object>Hoes</object>, old ones, were fairly easy to buy _ rather rough
long shafts, and these blades which they said were
native mined, very broken.

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In one compound a little girl sat at bottom of <object>elaiu basket</object>, puddling her clay and plastering it on the sides.

In another, the ♂ had built his table for the <terminology>oipamba</terminology> or cattle heads, over the his own seats in Lupale.

A ♀ was putting Lukula on her baby while her daughter anointed herself nearby, and greased the her 4 omba shells heavily.

A hut roof frame stood completed under a huge tree outside compound ready to be thatched.

A pregnant ♀ leaned forward on all fours while talking to us, & she confirmed that as soon as a ♀ recognises herself to be pregnant, she stops breast feeding her last baby. This was still very small but walking, and had its hair cut amusingly: a tuft left in front.

All ♀ & girls wore heavy copper anklets under which a thin roll of fibre to protect ankles. Today, a very old pair <object>anklets</object> brought in, worn quite thin either side <diagram>Fig.3</diagram>

<terminology>ONGUIRO</terminology> back skirts seem poorly & have very little cut, made from one single piece, with the

<diagram>Fig.4</diagram> exception of the thigh pieces & of the

Two thin pendant tails which are added.

Queen said older ♀ wore shorter skirts.

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Compound of 3 wives who had helped us last year dispersed.
the owner had died & the compound was deserted,
the three wives living temporarily in the neighbourhood
as guests of friends. The ♂ had died late in
season, and the ♀ were left with little grain as
his mother's family had taken nearly all of it.

Queen came in, quite alone & wearing her best skins
a short black ONGUWO, a very deep leather belt, and
a beautifully shaggy queiffe skine stomach skin apron,
<diagram> Fig.4</diagram> cut oval at bottom & slit at top, to hang slightly
open.

Reigning families.

The inheritance is through the ♀ always.

All a queen's children will become either Queens

Or Sobas, but a Soba's children are neither the

One nor the other, they are:

A soba cannot marry a Queen – it is the same
family.

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Mutilation of teeth.

The Kwamatioi have 2 lower centre teeth extracted, but do not mutilate the top ones.

<terminology>ONGUWO</terminology> spread on ground.

An <terminology>onguwo</terminology>, may never be spread on the ground, as This is only done at death of its owner.

<object>Elambakwa</object>

Seems to be a double set of three hanging tails wit

Decorated at end with <object>oputu</object> & wore hair <underline>inside</underline>, With a tiny bit of hairy skin turning over belt.

<diagram>Fig.5</diagram> Copper beads are used as well as others.

Hoes & axes. There are very few blacksmith among the <Group>Kwamatwi</Group> & therefore hoes & axes are most inconveniently bought from <Group>Kwanyama</Group> or <Group.uncertain>Ucucle</Group> - occasionally from Europeans. The shafts are made locally.

Onjava_ a strip of onjeva worn by <terminology>mufuko</terminology> across breast after Efundula: & after about a month, moved to her waist.

<object>Elende Headress</object>

a girl came in wearing this. one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. Raised shapes into which hair

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was divided, stood out from head. Running horizontally over forehead in <diagram>Fig.6</diagram> shapes at sides & vertically at back ?? verify. Long fine string caught in at waist. A magnificent <object>onguwo</object> with its pendent stops decorated with <object>oputu</object>.

Old ♂ friend of last year sold a ridiculous little <object>omhutiva</object> _ a snuff box and an <object>ombutura arrow</object>.

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made camp behind some sparse bushes in vain
attempt to hide from road.

<date>26.7. Mon</date>

up very early, but 2 women friends of last year were
in camp while we were still dressing, & they stood
two hours batter of questions, repeating & amplifying
what they had told me last year.

moved off about 10.30, to find Chefe away. The
Senhora pregnant, looking like an east end western woman.

Road difficult to follow, passing round several
Pools – closed bush coming out into whe wide
rather desolate spaces. A hideous monument to
fallen Portuguese stood in one of these, looking like
a toy church & windmill without sails _ painted
a filthy red & grey.

<Place>Rocades</Place> the Post came on us as rather a shock, & a greater
one as we passed the stone & saw a town on
top of the hill _ worse still as we climbed the
hill & came to a great square full of drilling
natives & white officers. Under J's directions
we go into a cul de sac & had to turn one
sort of ravine between raised circles around trees.
Drove into the square where the drilling stopped &

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blacks & whites gaped at us silently.

Got out of car wondered into a fierce looking barracks or institution of <Place>Sipayu</Place> _ nearly fell over two whites who passed us with a stare & no word _ Finally met a specifically cross Short ♂ who saluted & shook hands curtly. Yes, it was here passports must be shown _ Into corridor where we waited while group of ♂ were turned out, & then we were shot in our time into bleak office with comical & dreadful portraits of great men on the wall.

A bottle washer took over passports. The cross ♂ & another _ drilling, shouting & confusion went on outside, & we sat in sheer panic. The cross ♂ signed passports, swiftly handed them over & wished us good journey. Found courage to murmur something about crossing river _ yes, a truck could pass; the huge lorry of the german trippers had passed a few days before; had nearly sunk, but had ended up being pushed over.

Went out in a daze, falling over a crowd of Natives & whites, & thankfully got into Jemima Crossly fatty came out <u>after</u> us, but deigned

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to enquire if it was Jemima we wished to cross with. Asked about mechanic, & nasty (?) ♂ turned up and listened amusedly to Jemima who would make no noise at all. Decided it must be nothing, only a bearing, & only to be mended in <Place>Lubango</Place>.

Thankful to be away, we drove off, stopping to look at river crossing. Lorry must drive up two stout planks at bottom of dip, onto two boats lashed together & planked over _ pulled over on a line. Looks pure hell!

Drove on & on in joy of liberation _ stopping to find track. Bush thick, almost low-forest, with open spaces.

Stopped for a Hartebeest which boy botched by Chattering instead of getting our rifle _ onyx which also bolted while he got rifles through windows _ Kudu, which J missed end on, apparently clean. No compounds whatsoever. Patches sand, hut not too bad.

Compound by roadside.

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<date>27.7</date>

up & packed very early. two little bo girls and a ♂ in camp very near, came to <Place>Mongwe</Place> post, & stopped to tell <Name>Sipayu</Name> that we had wished to greet of chefe.

Road very long & only fairly good, and about 7k from <Place>Onjiva</Place>, car suddenly petered out. Took down carbonator, and after much messing about, she started out and off we went merrily in about 6k., when she stopped again very soon after passing <Name>Lukele's</Name> house & finding him out. Decided it was much better to send in to <Place>Onjiva</Place> & have J. properly attended to, & we sat under a tree & wrote notes while waiting. About 4.30, <Name>Cabral</Name> with <Name>Fernandes</Name>, & fat man. After tinkering, J. started up & they left us to camp where we were, as now 5pm & no work would be done that day.

A carful of Germans passed whom we'd left talking to some nationalized G. English Campers from the back. Later, <Name>Barata</Name> looked in on his return from <Place>Rocadas</Place> _ tired & very brief.

<date>28.7.37</date>

Loaded and off to <Place>Onjiva</Place>, by about 8a.m. with the little boys carrying milk. Shops opening, but Post and Administration shut. Found carpenter and the mechanic at home & the latter set about making a <object>manivela</object> at once.

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Post ♂ as nice as ever. Bought petrol, which took ages as it had to be syphoned from a huge drum by a tiny tube.

Were given tomatoes & pimentos, & as a cloud stood outside the Administration, went to <Name>Joctas</Name>.

Found both in, and after being taken to see the collection of cacti, sat inside and drank port _ while he told us lion stories of last shooting trip with the <Name>Copes</Name>.

<Name>Barata</Name> & <Name>Cabral</Name> now busy sitting outside with all the chiefs. C. came in & gave us telegrams & post from Father; also letter to <Name>Devis</Name> returned by <Name>Charles</Name> from <Place>Mupanda</Place>. Bottles of whisky etc etc, each with a card had turned up from F. ok. In all <Place>Onjiva</Place> with a curt note to <Name>Barata</Name> asking him to hand then round.

Wrote letters & telegrams & had a meal just outside <Place>Onjiva</Place> & returned to post them, & to get <object>manivela</object> o while there, were called by <Name>Barata</Name>. When we arrived, found him in an excellent temper & very friendly. Handed us the onjiva from Father, showed us some rather pathetic things which he was collecting for the ovambo Feast _ the plans of the new Building at <Place>Namakunde</Place> etc. Told us that if we did

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run out of money, he would lend us some & let us

charge it to send it later.

Paid <Name>Fernandes</Name> another 50 angolares _ & left for

<Place>Owangwe</Place>.

Found <Name>Charles</Name> saying his prayers under a tree, while

he kept his eye on the building of a brick kiln

across the road. Told us he had a calf for

sale & we left <Name>Lukelwa</Name> to bring it along

for a discussion in the morning.

<Place>Owangwe</Place>

Reached <Place>Owangwe</Place> in twilight & at once sent for

<Name>Hamjungu</Name> who came quickly giving us a generous

welcome. Has shaved his head & looks a little

comical and elf like.

Old <Name>Malota</Name> came and we had a consultation over the camp fire

Very little has been done regarding the Efundula; families still

have to be warmed etc etc. <Name>Malota</Name> agreed to call in the fathers

of brides in morning, & to use his influence to persuade them

to begin Efundula in two days if possible.

Did a little hasty packing preparation for the rest to come.

<date>29.7.37</date> Parents of Efundula girls sent for.

J. to compound with <Name>Hamjungu</Name> to check with him last
year's names.

Hairdresser T. to see old hairdresser; found her bett better & much crosser
than when we left. <Name>Sineu</Name> had not been sent her, & the girls
refused to have the headress put on until our arrival.
had made strings however, and was prepared to get to work
ox skin had been worked while we were away and is
now beautifully soft & ready for the tailor.

Re
Efunduala

About midday three fathers of <terminology>wafuko</terminology> arrive _ the fourth was working at <Place>Namakunde</Place>. They could be ready they said in four days at earliest. The discussion flowed from side to side & it seemed as though there had come a complete deadlock but soon after they agreed that on the evening of the second day the <terminology>Wafuko</terminology> should enter the compound where Efundula would be held. <Object>Onjeva discs</Object> would be borrowed from friends if they could not be obtained in time from the mothers' family. The belt which the girl should fetch from her fiancé would be arranged hurriedly by the parents. We would give tips to three boys for to help each father with the <terminology>oshingonbele</terminology>, temporary huts of family.

Calf
bought

<Name>Lukalwa</Name> came in with the calf from the mission. The ♀ owner had not come but had sent a little boy with a message that she wanted 50 angolores. Sent 35 ang with the warning that it was to be returned by tomorrow morning; at midday cal calf was ours and would be killed.

Evening, went across shana & went to compound of <Name>Shangeni</Name> got details of Efundula from his potter wife: <Name>KAOSHITWA</Name>

OHIPE.
Omafia

In the Lupale, three new decorated <object>Omafia</object> made for Oshipe feast of Oidievala grain which they were eating. These were made by first wife; other wives had made theirs in their own enclosures. All were decorated with headress designs and in each case the hole for the salt _ the one in Lupale a simply uncovered hollow in top surface of efia. <object>Omafia</object> are only decorated for Oshipe feast: others are made plain.

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The previous day the ♂'s grain had been eaten; his oshipe had been done. Today is the OSHIPE of the ♂'s grain. After sundown, about 7p.m. the cooking of the porridge is cooked is completed. The first wife who has cooked on her Omafia in the Lupale, sitting with her children round her, dishes out the porridge on flat round baskets, bean tops in butter into a flat eating dish <terminology>etiti</terminology>. one of each of these is taken to the oipundi yakula where the house holder sits with his older m ♂ guests.

the other wives each bring in porridge and savoury, & send a child to so, and placing the basket and the dish before the house holder.

The latter then distributes there: to the ♂ guests; one lot to a young son who carries it out to the Lubanda where

Round her omafia the ♀ and her children also eat while each in her own enclosure the other wives await the coming of the householder and his guests who when they have eaten in Lupale, pass from enclosure to enclosure, eating with the other ♀ of compound. NB. Should there be a grave of former householder or relative in compound, The ♀ will often take a little of the porridge of this oshipe feat & rub it on the pestel which marks the grave.

Next morning

At sunrise on the next morning, the ♂ lifts down from the stake of Lupale near the hut of first wife, the long stalks of oidiavale grain which have been

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kept there now from for many weeks, since the harvest was cut, their heads bound together by protecting grass.

Passing into the cattle pen: <terminology>OSHUNDA</terminology>, over the forked wood

In the stakes the old ♂ gives what binds the cuts the cords binding cords and freeing the heads of grain he hands half the stalks to his first wife.

Meanwhile the young boys have separated the cattle to receive the corn from the rest of the herd which are driven into outer pen: <terminology>OHAMBO</terminology>. These favoured cattle are those first received by a ♂ from his maternal uncle, or th calves in direct time from these first cattle.

When the corn has been eaten, dancing & yo,yo,ing the ♂ runs out of the cattle pen and along the cattle walk into <Place>Luvanda</Place>, driving before him the same beasts who were given the grain.

Arrived in <Place>Luvanda</Place>, the cattle are driven onto grain fields through a gap in the outer throw fence which has been prepared earlier by the ♂.

The family now returns to the compound. The ♂ & his older guests sit in <terminology>oipundi yakula</terminology>, and each of the wi wives of The Compound bring food or send a little girl with food which is placed before the ♂. Each wife has sent a portion of porridge and a savoury: bean tops or meat, and the ♂ now hands out these portions, first

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Oshipe feast

<Place>Owangwe</Place>

To his older ♂ guests _ one for himself and one for to his young son who carries it out towards where the little boys have lit a fire & are all assembled.

<date>30.7.37</date>

At dawn, to <Name>Shangeni's</Name> to see giving of grain to cattle. from there go with Jemima a frightful journey across a pitted shana and through thick stumpy omfiati bush to compound where Efundula will be held.

Here the scene is animated, boys carrying huge bundles of omfiati branches – women digging clay from old ant hill site, and carrying it back to compound to do floor of hut in which <terminology>wafuko</terminology> will sleep _ and more clay to make <object>omafia pot</object> stands in their own <terminology>oshingonda</terminology> or compound enclosure & shelter huts. Here heated arguments were being held as to how & where the temporary hedges should be placed. ♀ beat their clay and sprinkle it; older ♂ rake clean the enclosure allotted to the family.

Return about 12pm. to compound camp to find <Name>Malota</Name> waiting with <Name>Hamjungu</Name>. Got them both to talk & give details of death & burial dolls etc.

no news from mission, and about 2pm we killed our

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calf and got it skinned.

old <Name>Shangeni</Name> and his wife <Name>KAOSHITWA</Name> in camp to finish

giving me details of Efundula Feast, the old ♂ keen to give all details; the wife. <Name>Alberto</Name> restraining him.

♀ in camp to make bands of metal beads: <terminology>oimpapi</terminology>, of Skin skirt.

<Name>Datila</Name> said she would sell us her <object>enema gourd</object> _ but would we fetch it from compound as she would be a little ashamed to bring out.

Sick. ♂ with a hurt from in again, apparently doing well on flavine.

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<date>31.7.Sat.</date>

Sick. To compound to prick <Name>Datila</Name> & baby _ the latter bleeding freely
And coming up at once in pimples.

♂ with hurt foot stammering with pleasure at healing
wound. Flavine seems to make edges gather _ trying
hydrang. perchlor.

Baby hurt arm _ castor oil dressing one now healing wound.

<object>Onhāto headress</object> finished, and a gathering of all the older
People pronounced it a good one, lacking only in
A little a double bend of <object>oputu</object> which had holds
The two flaps together.

Girl, a perfect curse, but eventually got her

dressed & the <object>onhato</object> greased with Lukula.

oh <object>OHnato</object> was worn for one year; <object>Elende</object>
for one

year, & this latter headress was renewed from time
to time when it became untidy.

Later afternoon, packed up & moved to compound of

<Name>Shangeni</Name> to see the dressing & departure of the

<terminology>Mufuko</terminology> with her family for the Efundula.

At the Efundula Compound work still went on in

the various enclosures where in which the families of the

<terminology>wafuko</terminology>

were installing themselves. In the Lupale, three

<terminology>Wafuko</terminology> sat on the oipundi yakula with their hands
up to their foreheads; on the side top, sat their little
girl companions.

The dance began, and every late the fourth <terminology>mufuko</terminology>
came in with her mother guiding her from behind to
join the others. From the Lupale, the dancers moved to

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ohambo where they sang a farewell to the dances of their girlhood.

By about 10p.m. all was quiet & the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> had gone to sleep on skins laid on the ground in hut of first wife in Lapale. Throughout the night there were spasmodic bursts of singing & the sound of drums.

<date>1.8.37</date>

About 3a.m. the mwene eumbo came into camp to talk to the black ♂: <Name>ETwati</Name> who is the ompitifi of the feast. At five we were called, and by 5.30 we filed across grain field from <Place>Luvanda</Place> into Lupale. As we went moved along the cattle walk the ompitifi greeted the ♀ who were already stirring in their enclosures, through the palings. He spoke a few words to the girls the <terminology>wafuko</terminology>, stooping to hut door, and after waiting for the ♀ to come into Lupale he moved on of the large drums to the hut door and beat it energetically. The singing strokes echoing through the compound. The ♀ clapping & singing wi in the Lupale. Within the hut someone had lit a fire, but the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> were still allowed a little time dancing which the little girls gradually come into Lupale & the ♀ continue with their various jobs in the enclosures.

About 7a.m. we returned to compound to see the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> crawl out of hut between legs of ompitifi who stood as though this were an everyday occurrence, against hut door carving a stick. He had previously called out the little girls who came out laughing & went to stand by fire. The <terminology>wafuko</terminology> were then called in turn by ompitifi; who gave them each two cups of beer which they drained to the bottom, and when this was over they again sat on oipundi yakula with their hands demurely up to their faces.

In the enclosures the ♀ and younger girls were making beer from the flour bought the night before _ pots of water were brought; steaming baskets were hurriedly put up and everywhere was hazy.

A little later the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> were called to the various epata enclosures to have their deep <object>onjeva belts</object> made which had been left over owing to the hurry to begin Efundula.

The new belt: <terminology>EKWAMO</terminology> which girls should have received from her fiancé was also actually all improvised one arranged by fathers. This belt turns over slightly at tip; in some 3" deep and flapping over flatly in front is merely kept in place by a thong which is woven into slots.

The top of this the belt is pierced all round with fine holes made with a boring tool in the fold at top, & through these holes the long fibre threads which will bind

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The <object>onjeva</object> are threaded & each pulled through to centre the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> stood with legs wide spread & leaning slightly forward, leaning on a friend or on a stick.

The <object>onjeva</object>, which have been lent by relatives, and also this year by friends was graded as carefully as possible, and that of the different owners, divided off by a few beads & a few discs of onyoka shells.

Two ♀ helped make the belt which is complicated, as the first rows which are folded back on each other to make loops that lace up in front, pass over the eteta skin and are drawn up tight to top of belt which fits closely at waist. The other rows pass under the eteta and the lower ones pass all round & do not loop back in front.

The <terminology>mufuko</terminology> arrived at the feast with her belt very nearly completed. of the other three, two were made to the stand in the sun, while the third stood in the cooth of a hut, supporting herself by hanging onto the framework of roof.

About 3p.m food is brought by the mothers to the Okalupale of the <terminology>Keenduda</terminology> where the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> are seated. The ompitifi comes in and seating himself opposite the <terminology>wafuko</terminology>, he takes a large mouthful of each of their basket dishes of porridge & dish of bean tops.

Taking his own portion, he then goes away.

When the meal is over, the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> their hands raised to face, followed by their little companions file out into bush.

When they have returned to compound they are seating in skins by door of com hut and heavily anointed with Lukula by their mothers who rub in the grease with a skin. Tail of their <object>Elende</object> is then cut up the centre and the <gap quantity="4" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> little companions tie 4 little small fruit tassels between the rows of cowries. <object>Cocoon rattles</object> etc are brought and wound round the girls ankles.

When all is ready, the ompitifi again takes command. The drums sing out & the ompitifi leads the wafuko out to dance, after which his place is taken by fathers, mothers and any ♀ who like to dance. Some of the girls have been lent <object>horse tail switches</object> by their fathers which they hold curled over their eyes until led out to dance when the switch is raised and lowered vigorously in the right hand; the left hand swings freely & the body leaning slightly forward the feet stamp a fast to the rhythm of the drums as the girls move forward & backward, forward & backward often with a ♂, ♀ & little girl dancing opposite them. The drums sou sound louder & louder & more & more insistently, the ♀ cr crowd clap & Sing and the <object>cocoon rattles</object> of the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> can be

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heard above the noise. From time to time when all the
<terminology>wafuko</terminology>
have danced toward & stand near the drums they begin a curious rapid movement
of head & torso, while ♀ singing hold their arms outstretched above them _ They are drawn
back
to their original place by hut door by their little companions or other who hold them by the
belt.

It is the ompitifi who leads the wafuko surrounded
by the crowd from the Lupale to the EPATA YAKULA & young ♂'s sitting
place where they dance again. From there they
move to the OSHINYANGA, the little enclosure within
the OHNU of t & main entrance, which used in
past years to be the sitting place of the younger
children. The final dance of this day takes
place in the OHAMBO OSHUNDA, and goes on well
into the night.

<date>2.8.37</date> Second Third day of Efundula: <terminology> OMAJE
YAKULA</terminology>.

Everyone slept late, and the first event of morning
was the killing of the four head of cattle given by
the fathers of the brides, in the oshunda.
only one of the four animals was black one was
black & white; one brown _ & the other a small
tawny-coloured beast.

The beasts are skinned & cut up simultaneously
& the meat carried to the engobebele where high
platforms have been built to take it.

The four fathers who have given the cattle then
direct the cutting up of the skins _ all but the
black animal were cut up into strips, from
which belts: <terminology>omwiya</terminology> will be made.

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Food is carried to the brides who sit as usual in <terminology>okeluele</terminology> of keenduda, & again the ompifiti eats with them, testing of each girl's food before she eats.

The crowd of visitors has been swelling all day, but it is tomorrow that it will reach its maximum.

About 4p.m the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> are again seated by door of hut in Lupale, where they are anointed with Lukula butter, and their <object>Elende headress</object> is then completely destroyed in a crescendo of feverish unravelling and more & more excited singing. The poor girls head is pulled to & fro as the various ♀ helpers undo the plaits & shake them out, tie on the <terminology>mapole tassles</terminology> and he rub the hair shaggy uneven hair with Lukula.

At sundown the ompitifi takes charge & old leads the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> out to dance. From the Lupale, they move to Epata yakula, to <terminology>OSHINYANGASHO WAMATI</terminology>, to <terminology>OHAMBO YO POKME</terminology> and out into Luwande. Standing behind the girls as they dance, the mothers sprinkle flour over their heads.

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Meantime we were called to witness the coming of the bridegroom with his <terminology>OMOKO</terminology> & friends.

From late afternoon the drums had been heard out in the bush, and now they came nearer & nearer & all at once a group of figures appeared far beyond end of <Place>Luvanda</Place>; one of them bearing a long hanging stake held high to light the party.

the husband was there with his ♀ & ♂ engolēka, & a group of boys who played a clicking rhythm with little sticks while the drums were beating lustily. The party moved into <Place>Luvanda</Place> while the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> & their friend rushed into the compound and the Lupale. The other husbands arrived with their <terminology>Emoko</terminology>, & took up their stand in <Place>Luvanda</Place>.

The chief <terminology>mufuko's</terminology> husband sent his engoleka to fetch her & there followed a confused scene in Lupale _ finally the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> passing out each with their <terminology>Emōko</terminology> of their respective husbands _ the <terminology>mufuko</terminology> who had only now become engaged & was doing the Efundula with her <gap quantity="7" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> as proxy, going joining “up” with the group of a friends' <terminology>emōko</terminology>.

In the <Place>Luvanda</Place>, each <terminology>mufuko</terminology> dances in the circle formed by the <terminology>Emōko</terminology> of her fiancé _ again the newly engaged <terminology>mufuko</terminology> joining with one of the other groups. The fiancé dances round his brides, & the <terminology>Emōko</terminology> click their little sticks _ each group has its drums, & the dance continues furiously as the sun sets. for a brief period until

X X The ompitifi gives the word, when the
See 4th ♂ <terminology>onpoleka</terminology> raises the hide on his shoulders
day: & faces down <Place>Luvanda</Place> & out into bush ____
omuhālo

a scurry of parting figures black against the sky _ the new switch given by the fiancé to his bride, raised & lowered continuously in her right hand against the crimson sky. The brides are lowered to the ground at end under a tree, & again the dance begins. The return to <Place>Luvanda</Place> is carried out in the same way, & now the dancing begins with renewed force. & is the dancing carried on all through the night with few pauses for a little rest & for the food. This is brought by the mothers of the brides to the bridegrooms who distribute it _ they

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Themselves have brought food for their brides.

Within the compound, the families of the girls & their friends drink beer in the Engombele.

A group of young ♂ pass through the compound singing to the accompaniment of little sticks.

At midnight all the various groups in the <Place>Luvanda</Place> join up, the 4 <terminology>vafuko</terminology> dance in line.

<date>3.8.37</date> 4th day: OMUHĀLO

At about 5a.m. T. went out to see the mothers of the <terminology>vafuko</terminology> call them in to the compound to sleep in a few hours in hut of Lupale.

About 10a.m. _ we went into compound where everything told mournfully of the night before: sleeping bodies everywhere and those who sat up, listlessly played with the drums of drunk Beer.

In the Engombele, the ♀ began to stir & were making porridge, piling it into huge mound on the flat round porridge baskets.

The <terminology>vafuko</terminology>, looking worn out came into their mother's Engombele with the little companions.

Visitors arrive all day & in the Lupale is a teaming crowd of people, mostly ♂.

noticeably a curious looking old ♂ with long grey hair:

a very fat ♀ with a <terminology>mulato</terminology> baby _ the ♀ with a peak of hair hanging down forehead & the baby with its fine curly hair matted and decorated with

Embe nuts kernels: a chain to help the ♀ who usually lost all her babies. A beautiful girl still

wearing her <object>mungome headress</object> and a funny little old ♂ wearing his ombutiwa.

?
When Towards midday the ♀ brought pots & pots of beer into the Lupale where all the crowd ♂ & ♀ had now collected, & each of the 4 fathers received his wives' beer, marking the sand with a stick round the group of pots. They now handed out the beer: old <Name>Shangeni</Name> doing his in old fashioned style, calling out the most important of his friends among those present & allow bidding them choose the pot they would like.

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Towards midday the mothers of the <terminology>vafuko</terminology> & their helpers carry the great piles of porridge together with two pots of beer and a dish of contained scraps of meat & the 4 feet of the cow killed the day before (this as a reminder that the bridegroom still has an cow ox to pay) into the oshunda shakula where the bridegrooms and their <terminology>Emōko</terminology> are assembled.

Each of the 4 fathers receives the food and calls up the bridegroom for his daughter who tastes of the beer & the porridge & meat. The <terminology>Engoloka</terminology> are then called & do likewise, after which the bridegroom & their friends all eat in the oshunda.

The crowd dispenses to the various Engombele to eat & drink there, while in the <terminology>Okelupale</terminology> of the <terminology>keenduda</terminology>, the gir brides still sleep stretched out in sun under their new blankets _ gifts from their fiancé's.

As the sun sets, for the last time the <terminology>vafuko</terminology> sh sit at the hut door in Lupale and all

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Anointed with Lukula butter. Cocoon rattles are wound round their ankles, and a huge roll of fat from the belly of the ox which was killed, is tied round each girls neck.

the <terminology>ongoleka</terminology> for the first time can be distinguished from their crowd of followers. The ♀ are now dripping rather disgustingly with thick Lukula, & the ♂ play a prominent part.

The <terminology>vafuko</terminology>, proceeded by their ♀ Engoleka & followed by the crowd, file out into oshunda. Here they dance having seemingly forgotten the fatigue of last night. & the dust they raise forms a thick cloud. The drums sound furiously & the crowd clap & sing.

The ompitifi calls a halt, & standing at ombuidi of oshunda with right leg raised to form an arch, he holds a forked stick in the doorway. The <terminologu>vafuko</terminology> have to scramble through, over the fork & under the leg of the ompitifi. They pass down omdingililo into the ohmabo yokulukilo and dance there. Again they pass

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Out through the ompitifi's arch. They dance
In oshinyanga & they dance in ohmabo.

They proceed to <Place>luvanda</Place> & dance.

M → (see 3rd day: <terminology>ombajeyakula</terminology>).

Again the dance is taken up in <Place>Luvanda</Place>, &
the girls who now wear bracelets & bandeaux of palm

leaves placed round them by the ♂ Engoleka: one

for the father and one for the hus husband

if the latter is a <terminology>mwene Euambo</terminology> _ one only if

the husband is a mumati & if the girl is not

yet engaged. The girl may during this

dance, destroy her husband's bandeau and so

expresses her rejection of him.

Briefly the dance stops _ the Engoleka seize

One of the two sticks which the ompitifi has given

The girls to dance with, and there is a mad

scamper into the compound, led by the <terminology>vafuko</terminology>

who crawl into the hut of Lupale, leaning their

sticks on side hut. wh the engoleka follow & add

the sticks they carry to the pile.

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within the hut, the <terminology>vafuko</terminology> sing farewell to their Elende & to their Onjeva of their girlhood.

The ompitifi calls them out & they sit in the Olpundi yakula to receive each a pot of beer from her mother. This been the <terminology>mufuko</terminology> hels herself deals out to those assembled.

Beer is drunk. There is talk & singing & At about 9a.m. all is silent.

<date>4.8.37</date>

Fifth day. <terminology>Evindululu</terminology>

Early, the <terminology>vafuko</terminology> come from the hut of lupale into oshibele (here, outer edge of opokati kaumbo which had been used as one of the Engombeles).

They are helped out of their <object>onguro</object> and their <object>onjeva belts</object> and are dressed in old skins _ an old skin is tied round their heads, and round their neck two <object>strips of dark blue musambe beads</object>.

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The girls have become <terminology>wamati</terminology>: the ohambo & his chi son _ & two <terminology>malenge</terminology>. They carry clubs and and each has a pair of the little sticks carried by their <terminology>Emōko</terminology>.

All around the mothers & their helpers are making strips of hair, & when their all sufficient strips made for the first <terminology>mufuko</terminology>, mivene wosila, the ohamba _ the <terminology>muvindi</terminology> begins work.

She makes a flat plait of three of the strips & into it she works the ends of long sinew cords _ this is tied round <terminology>mufuko's</terminology> head, at the back _ coming low on forehead. In threes, the strips are no worked into hair at sides and are plaited horizontally across always working into hair & into the sinew cords, the plait running close to the firs. When some 3" have been done, the next <terminology>mufuko</terminology> is started on, & when all have been started, the <terminology>muvindi's</terminology> work for the day is complete.

Before working, she throws a little flour to east &

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to west, she eats a little, & she rubs a little up the
<terminology>mufuko's<terminology> forehead & over her hair.

She works fo against the partings, facing east, &
grumbles atl the makers of the hair strips,
pulling a bad one apart & returning it to
be remade. Beside her she has a little
bowl of water in with some Eliata plant which
makes the water sticky. Through this, she
runs the strips before working them, & in it
she moistens her fingers from time to time.

Some of the ♀ & the mothers are unmaking
The <terminology>mufuko's<terminology> belt. The onjeva which has
at mo been lent, will be at once returned
_ that belonging to the mother to is often temporarily worn
by her.

oifonouo, During the morning the ♂ Engoleka of the 4
hides, each brings a long stake of oifmouo omfiati to
the Oshihale.

At sundown, the father of the ohamba, asks each
<terminology>mufuko<terminology> in time whether she accepts this oifonouo
which is symbolic of the acceptance of her
husband. Those which have been accepted are

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burnt, & for the first time the girls sing their 'Omoko' song to the accompaniment of the clicking of their little sticks, and dance as boys. This they will continue to do all the time /they all <gap quantity="9" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> the bush as oihunangōlo.

The little newly fiancé bride suddenly fell to ground, dragged hersef herself onto mat and lay there whimpering. Muscles of her knee had been sprained, and we bound her up with lead lotion _ only her mother took much notice of her.

Odds, Ethnographical.

1. Spitting with care, the Kwanayama cover it with sand
2. ODIKWA. Only those which are made from any old skin have the~~y~~ hair left on. Those who know, & who have their odikwa made of cattle skin, have the hair removed. It is made of The whole un-thinned skin.
3. During the Efundula, there must be no Makola Feast Within the Mukunda or district.
4. Hairdressers
young girl wore the long ONAHTO headress which followed <terminology>oshipuli</terminology> for one year. The following year, that before her Efunduala, she wore Elende, which was sometimes renewed as it became untidy.

But after she wore OSHIPULI for two years _ ONAHTO for 2 years, and Elende for two, three or even four years.

Girls used to marry often when very much older, when their breasts had fallen “ _ this was because nobody in district could do Efundula without his permission and this he might only grant every three or four years.

5. T. noticed that nearly all <Group>Kwanyama</Group> clap the right hand over the left.
6. There is no modesty about pissing. normally the OSHIWhufwhito are used, but at a feast any unoccupied spot in compound will do. A ♂ will do this while standing with his friends, merely turning his back on them, while still carrying on the conversation.
7. A comical set of oshipe omafia _ one into <terminology>Eshukushula</terminology> Shaved lines of baby; one with a crest & a little blob: <terminology>Eshuku</terminology>

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7 cont.

one, with the hole for the salt: a roughly shaped flat cup
stuck on to surface of <object>efia</object>

8. all doorways into Engombele were made with
branched of omafia omfiati _ a bend of omfiati
branches runs round onaula at entrance to hall
way round cattle walk.
9. ♀ seem to lie sleep usually on their right
sides, one tucked in beside the other.
10. mungome of hide ca may not be completed in
one day.
11. Most admired <terminology>mufuko</terminology> had 'good' teeth (sticking
out) and a figure which promised fertility,
combined with a pleasing face. To us she is
plain. The <terminology>mufuko</terminology> to us the most attractive
was however selected by one ♂.

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<date>5.8.37</date>

Stayed to see next stage in making of <object>mungowe
headress</object> _ the horizontal plaits over front of head
carried higher.

An ox was sent by husband of ohamba _ which was rejected as
too small. another was sent & accepted by father & <terminology>mufuko</terminology>.
Hoes were sent at same time.

Dashed to <Place>Namakunde</Place>, and by a track to
with old <Name>Shangeni</Name> & his wife to cry at grave
of dead chief , who was one of <Name>Mandume's</Name>
melange of servants.

nearby, was <Name>Mandume's</Name> grave: a ring
of stakes, & within it; sticks piled to a
pyramid. _ one cattle head on s. side.

On way home, stopping to ask for cowries,
met a caravan carrying Kwambi salt _
one of the carrying sticks pierced & little
woods set in the holes to hold the gourd
straps.

An old ♂ came out wearing a curious
spade shaped tail skin. , which he
<diagram>Fig.7</diagram> said used to be worn by older ♂ than he
: those who walked bent on their stick.

Stopped at <Place>Namakunde</Place> & had a few words with
Chefe at car _ <u>very</u> busy with onjiva feast

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bored and looking forward to return of wife in
a weeks' time. Had enjoyed gin and
was drinking it himself _ neat.

An epidemic of influenza deaths: 3 chiefs and
9 others in one week.

Said our good byes, and left for <Place>Owangwe</Place>
very late, reaching <Name>Newaiya's</Name> compound
just before sundown, to find 2 headresses
had reached the central peak which merely
seam at back & not stiffened at all.

The girls were singing their OMŌKO and to
The accompaniment of the merry tapping of their little sticks.

In the dark, made a dangerous track across
The shanas, and to Ondudu's compound to which
<Name>Ishekwa</Name> had cut as a way.

<object>Makola</object> already playing, but had a stiff
tassel to get Ondudu to begin the show tomorrow
_ as the patient <underline>must</underline> sleep out by makola
and to arrange this so late & without the
preliminary dancing & singing, was difficult.

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<date>6.8.37</date>

The *muvindi* finishes headresses of <terminology>ovafuko</terminology>, while we assist at first stage in initiation of the *ondudu*'s little daughter.

Very few people had collected, and somehow we felt the ceremony was not going with usual singing. Chicken & goat were killed & the blood & meat eaten. The patient dined the spot of hidden ground nut, and changed enjoyed blood with her mother, the leading *ondudu*.

Late into the night, the <object>makola</object> continued to sound, & it was difficult to keep *Ondudu*'s mind on the explanations she was giving us by the camp fire.

Sick. Several children with bad eyes; a ♀ with intermittent diarrhoea, treated with castor oil and Kaylene _ a ♂ wanting a purge etc.

<Name>Lukele</Name> turned up looking more dead than alive & too tired even to smile, having been walking for 12 days & done all the track round by <Place>Roçdes</Place> & <Place>Mongwe</Place>.

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<date>7.8.37</date>

Assisted at presentation of trophies made by ondudu to ~~the~~ her pupil, after the cleaning of the two girls with porridge mixed with remedies, followed by the anointing of them with Lukula butter when the girls went off to put on their best ~~clot~~ skins.

The dirt which had been rolled off them by the two ondudu was rolled into little balls, and walking in file with the girls & the ondudu, with an adjacent hive of singing ♂ & ♀ went out of compound & threw half the little balls of dirt _ they returned & threw the other half through the palings of oshihale.

The ceremony was over. the ondudu seemed disappointed with our tip but sold us the doll she and her grandmother had always used for their treating.

Dashed to <Name>Hamjungu's</Name> _ got some notes, & assisted at his oshipe of the new grain. The first night: the ♂'s grain.

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<date>8.8.37</date>

assisting at presentation of patients' trophies of chicken & goat, and at her cleaning. Bought doll & payed up.

Up very early & spent a hectic morning packing & loading & getting cases ready to be sent to <Place>Lubango</Place>. paying people off _ treating sick & leaving medicines for them to use during our absence _ talking to various people to check notes _ arranging for skins to be ready for our return, etc. etc. Dashed to compound of Efundula to see dressing & departure of <terminology>ovafuko</terminology>, now <terminology>oihanangōlo</terminology>, with their little companions for their mothers <gap quantity="9" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> in the bush.

<underline>to<Place>Onjiva</Place></underline>

Got away about 5 p.m., and supped with F. <Name>Charles</Name> at <Place>Mupanda</Place>. Found him excited and in a state of fear and worry over a letter he'd written <Name>Thompson</Name> re buying some cattle from over border, which T. had shown <Name>Barata</Name>. The father would not need letter but had turned up at mission to know contents of a letter written in french _ Little ♂ lonely and as usually shilly shallying.

Camped at <gap quantity="2" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> hour from <Place>onjiva</Place> under two huge leafless tress.

Wrote letters & turned in very late.

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<date>9.8.37</date>

<Place>onjiva</Place> took car into <Place>onjiva</Place> early and mechanic (Ucera), got to work on radiator at once. Following (fruit ♂) promised us £10 change on S.W notes.

<Name>Barata</Name> in excellent mood _ would find us Portuguese husbands so that we might stay in <Place>Kwanyama</Place>, untroubled by permits.

To Senhora <Name>Alda's</Name> for lunch. Told us <Name>Barata's</Name> were worried

at my not being married: to have babies was a woman's mission in life. Told us of <gap quantity="6" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> underwear of many

Portuguese ♀ _ of jealousy of <Name>Cabral's</Name> wife, 12 years Older than he, & of her insistence of always being with him _ even watching those who go in & out of Administration. Spoke of education of children

_ the usual hiding of all facts and refusal to allow girl children to go out, from a very early age. & of the modern upbringing of <Name>Martins</Name> children. Told us she had divorced & been divorced by first husband of some name, and had two children, the edl eldest a boy of 21.

Back to our camp, 15 minutes from town, and back again to <Place>onjiva</Place> for lunch.

Wasted most of afternoon waiting about for car, & finally gave up hope of its being done & walked Back.

Turned up a bit late at <Name>Barata's</Name> for supper, and found a party of 4 Germans established there.

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come from <Place>Windhoek</Place> on a 15 days holiday, and hoping to shoot. No plans whatsoever.

Happy supper party speaking german, English & Portuguese. The two <Name>Baratas</Name>, charming hosts & the guests friendly and smiling. As we Thought we would get away, gramophone turned on, & we danced till late. <Name>Cabral</Name> had to leave to fetch wife, and then spent most of his time dancing with her.

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<date>10.8.37</date>

up early feeling horribly tired. Reload truck & reach <Place>onjiva</Place> by 8.30. Dump Jemima at oficina & wait there while new tube is adjusted. Change £1. In S.W. money to pay repairs, and meet <Name>Barata</Name> outside his house. Talk & photos. The German party to reach <Place>Mupa</Place> tonight.

To <Place>Mupa</Place> Set off about 10a.m. along now quite dry mupa rd. <Name>Pires</Name> of <Place>Ahanca</Place>, away. <Name>Lima</Name>, of <Place>Evale</Place> friendly and cheerful & going to <Place>Lubango</Place> for a weeks' holiday with wife.

Lunched before <Place>Mupa</Place>
Reached mission at 2p.m.

At <Place>Evale</Place> Post, a car passed, greeting us & we both stopped : <Name>Fuchs</Name> looking quite quite mad with streaming scarlet beard & blood shot eyes : the little brothers' name from <Place>Mupanda</Place>, & the mechanic from <Place>Mupa</Place>. <Name>França Fuchs</Name> gabbed stories in crazy English about the car : J kick him over, but not kill! big By stroke of genius, we divined the cause to be that the car had overturned & of dropping funnels etc. on the rd.

<Name>Luis</Name> <Name>Devis</Name> & the brother all welcomed us _ & the first news

That orders had just arrived from the Chefe of <Place>Evale</Place> to the effect That no forgers were to leave for the mines until after the Feast at <Place>onjiva</Place>. Unless they went, they would have no metal, & after much discussion it was decided that we wait for <Name>Barata's</Name> arrival & meantime see forgers & get all ready for the mines. Start out immediately on

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his permission with the little ox cart.

<Name>Luis</Name> with his beard shaved as he had decided the Bon Dieu did not mean from him to have a beard! , paddling about with funny little white & grey tennis shoes.

Sick. with <Name>Luis</Name>, to see a little girl who had become ill in his absence. Sitting under a blanket by hut, thin as a skeleton. Pricked her with lebeuswecker and left a tin of milk.

<Name>Luis</Name> says chief illness here are syphilis; Paladisme and : blood in urine caused by a microbe in water stagnant pools of river, which propagates in a shell. For this latter, he gives injections of Emetine, & now a new costly German drug:

Turned in early, both very tired.

<date>11.8.37</date>

Up very early:

Sick. to see little girl who said she was better but looked much the same _ oil seemingly having had no effect. Breakfast at mission & back to camp to load the little cart which mission boys dragged to the camp.

Few ♀ in selling <object>onjeva</object> and a string strap with Makupa. Chickens obtained at 1 angolar, and a few eggs, with difficulty.

With <Name>Luis</Name> to see little girl & found her feeble. He injected In this with quinine after boiling syringe _ also injection of

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in thigh.

Later in morning, mother sent in to say girl much worse, and <Name>Luis</Name> trailed off to give injection of Camphor.

Forger in and discussions lasted nearly two hours after which we decided to risk him failing us & go to set out tomorrow morning to mines.

<Name>Luis</Name> arranged and waggon and some boys Took forger his first car ride, back to his compound, & he sat with head between his hands in an agony of dizziness.

Sat in Lupale where he had lately done his <terminology>oshipe</terminology>. The usual omafia _ very cracked _ decorated with salt hole (very raised & flat); The shaved line of a baby's hair: <terminology>ESHUKUSHULU</terminology>; and the tuft of hair on shaved head of an older child: <terminology>ESHUKU</terminology>.

A great pile of oifonouo:

Logs of omfiati

“ “ Ombo trees

“ “ Ompalata

stirrer of OMNAMALO

Leaves of OSHIHONI

“ “ OLIYA YASHIMBŪNGU

Cactus leaves of OSHINANGA NAMWĀLI.

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Tools were collected in okalupale of visitors hut, where we sat with the old ♂ while wives carried out grain for their time at mines.

First wife sat sadly with us, as she will be left quite alone with the goats from the time the forger leaves until the first rains.

Back to camp & to mission to arrange with <Name>Devis</Name> about the oxen.

About 4p.m. again to forgers house to see the collecting placing of the tools in Lupale, against door of onjuwo where the forger sits & marks then with chalk. He also marks himself & his family and his helpers.

Oifouou are then cut, and are brought with ceremony & placed in Epata Yakula.

Sick. Little girl a little stronger & is taking brands essence Supped, & then turned in early.

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To mines.

<date>12.8.37</date>

up very early, but waggons failed to turn up till 7a.m. and we did not get away till 8.30, having greeted <Name>Devis</Name> & <Name>Luis</Name> _ received eggs & flour, left <gap quantity="6" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/>, packed Jemima & labelled <Name>Luis'</Name> drugs.

8 oxen in pairs, yoked by a cross wood with two little pegs either side of neck _ noses tied by a thong to chain in front. Back beasts bear weight of waggon. One ♂ walked either side calling & whipping; a boy walked in front leading the front beasts by a string. At first we moved on furiously, the oxen almost running if the boys ran in front, but as the day became hotter speed slackened & the team became unruly constantly bowling into bush or some of the oxen breaking stepping out from the yoke.

Both walked till about 10.20 when T. mounted _ & after a long sleep waggon caught up me & the boys at midday. The boys looking like a whites on holiday in there ridiculous colour hats, with clubs.

At first, passed through thickish bush through which a way had been cut, and close to several compounds.

Vegetation changed & the solitary omfiati of the <Group>Kwanyama</Group> became in the minority, & then vanished.

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Butterflies and flowers & little white daisies a tiny mauve flower and a long spike with scarlet tassels; flowering trees and the orange.

Ahead & to our right, a ridge of wooded hills. low out crops of rock and here & there a grassy clearing, then a stretch of very open park like bush.

At midday we came to a water hole. The Oxen were turned out and we all threw ourselves On the ground to rest & sleep.

Set off again about 2pm, both riding in the waggon _ a jolting dusty method of traveling but delicious the looking on the backs of the oxen.

More bush, & about 4pm we reached signs of the first mines: heaps of red brown stone that showed sign of the filing in bubbly shiny black patches.

The track ended in the sawmills of the mission & here we had to make camp as the ♂ refused to go on and we had failed to meet the blacksmith.

The ♂ all terrified of lion and other unknown terrors & thankfully turned in & the well built cattle pen

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and adjoining sleeping quarters. Went out to try the rifle on the huge grassy shana some 100 yds ahead, & much impressed the boys by an actually very poor show. Sights O.K however 50 yds & 100 yds.

Wrote up some notes & turned in having given up hope of our blacksmith turning up.

<date>15.8.37</date>

Got camp ready to shift hurriedly & sent all ♂ But one out to cut wood for making charcoal.

About 8a.m. the lowing of cattle intrigued our one ♂ to go out onto shana & he returned to report that the blacksmiths herd had arrived.

Soon the sound of singing could be heard and one by one the blacksmith's family & helpers came into view, the ♂ & boys carrying their loads slung on the ends of a stick balanced on the shoulder; the ♀ carrying enormous heavy baskets on the head.

The mine was ahead, & while <Name>Albert</Name> fetched The other ♂, we stuck camp & got the waggon loaded and set off to the water hole in the shana with the old ♂.

Here, a lovely sight: miles & miles of grassland with trees beyond & trees either side & his large herd of cattle mooching about & drinking at the wells; his

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Women sitting resting in the grass with their loads beside them.

Having given instruction to our own ♂, we set off
across along the shanas with the caravan, all singing
lustily and walking sturdily in spite of their
heavy loads & great fatigue _ in front & out
in the shana the cattle moved with
the little boys carrying the milk pots on poles.

Then across the shana and along the far side
till we came to a poll of clear water _ A
Flock of white birds rose from the squelching
grass through which peeps of blue water could
be seen, & with the blacksmith we turned up
into the bush to look for his camping place.

Dumping his load, he looked about, first for
the spot on which the smelting would be done,
then the site of the cattle pen, & lastly of his
shelter hut. This done, the loads were
brought up & we all sat down to rest & smoke
while waiting for the caravan to turn up.

One by one they came in & dropped their loads,
the ♀ stretching their aching backs & tottering
slightly as the heavy loads were lowered from their
heads.

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When all had rested, ♂ were sent back to our last camp to bring the mortar and ~~clay~~ word through for clay left by other forgers , and to bring clay for the of the bellows.

Woods were cut and the pen for the calves was built.

We ourselves made camp, and the wagoners built their kraal for the oxen. Our own boys still frightened of lion, built an enclosure~~s~~.

The blacksmith lit the first fire of their camp & at evening He lit the fires of all his people, sprinkling Powdered on them in order to keep Away the wild inmates of the bush.

After the evening meal, he made his unimpressive prayer to his forger ancestors and to the spirits of the ancient Kwanyama blacksmiths, beating the ground with the back of his axe, and calling out into the night.

Everyone ~~sto~~ soon turned in to sleep, and in the very early hours of the morning the blacksmith rose and facing East, again invoked the help of the spirits.

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<date>15.8.37</date>

Another gift of milk from one blacksmith, and when still fairly early, the little boy came in to say that a goose was ~~stepping~~ feeding in the shana not far from camp. Went out with him keeping close in to edge of shana & then turned back up wind. Kneeling shot at about 60 yds, and got his through leg and innards_ squelched back across the shana carrying legs of bird in one hand: rifle & shoes in other & getting hopelessly tied up in the huge flopping wings. A large white necked grey winged bird with long bill & curious little hanging white glands at throat. Kwanyama: OSHITENYA . great rejoicing throughout ~~co~~ camp.

The long double woods mysteriously brought in yesterday, today became even more mysterious _ heated & smoked, straightened, chipped clean & then closely thatched.

The site of the compound <terminology>ongubo</ terminology > was traced out and blessed by the blacksmith who paced round chopping at little bushes & trees on ~~the~~ his path, ~~running~~ bending them down for his little son to sprinkle the remedy into the crevice.

Woods in the oshunde were out & the holes made, & few of the stakes being dropped into position in late evening.

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Beer was made _ fish baskets were made for carrying the stone tomorrow. The butter making frame was set up and the first butter made.

The bushmen came in during morning, established themselves in family groups out in the bush beyond the blacksmith camp. Their ~~belonging~~ hanging gourds & their skins & ? were hung in branches of trees; their pots bought from other tribes, their baskets and other few possessions were piled on the ground below. The ♂ lay stretched on the ground; the ♀ and some ♂, sat cracking manyete nuts hitting with one axe blade on the nut perched on the cutting edge of another which is planted in ground.

A new born baby is days old lay part covered in a skin. Rather pink, with a thick crop of curly hair _ large hands & feet & very long arms. downy limbs and a perfect face with clear brown eyes when occasionally these were opened. Balls of wax <diagram>///</diagram> used to seal up holes in gourds etc; shaped wood foodsliners, & rough clubs _ A clumsily made <object>Lyre</object> of the Huila typed with quaff tail hair for strings. The top having been inserted after hallowing and sealed in with was. Short mortars <object>pestles</object> and curious little pointed <object>mortars</object> which are sunk in ground. An old blind ♀ was charmingly treated by her children who patted her to make the explanation clearer.

<underline>Odds. Bushmen</underline>

1. sign indicating that some one has died: forefinger & hand painted into the ground.
2. Chief said he had lost 9 children.
That a ♀ had no sooner had one baby then she was again Pregnant. She did not breast feed her last from the moment she knew herself pregnant; the latter was given nuts and honey. A new born baby is at once smeared with Lukula mixed with oil from pounded manyete nuts.
3. Tanning & preparation of skins. Animal is skinned and the skin is ~~pt~~ stretched out & pegged down on ground, hairy side upwards. The hair is cleaned off with an axe-blade, leaving a narrow bend all round outer edge of skin. When thoroughly dry is it rolled up & when opportunity offers it is prepared by smearing on Lukula & mixed with Meke grease, and working it till soft in the hands.
4. On marriage, the young couple are confined for a whole month in a hut built on the shana. When the month is up, they return to their friends & relatives. The youngest couple among these Bushmen appeared mere children.

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<date>16.8.37</date>

About 8a.m. heavily the whole caravan set off singing to the mines not having tasted of food nor beer nor tobacco; ~~though~~ snuff however is allowed, not being taken through the mouth.

A.M. was wakened by a comic run and dance and shouting _ An equally comic dance brought the blacksmith triumphantly to the mine & he came running back to his companions carrying pieces of stone.

Digging was begun & the ♀ began to split up stone and an old mine, latter shifting to continue their work near the new ~~by~~ stone.

Sand is cleared away & stone loosened with the digging tool. When the block is solid & cannot be chipped away, an enormous piece of granite stone is part dropped part thrown on it until it crack & the pieces can be manoeuvred out. These chunks are broken smaller again by means of the large stone, and are then given over to the ♀ who split then with a pounding stone on another.

♂. Charcoal is fetched in fish baskets by ♀s and a

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offering of food is made to A.M. and at about 10.30am when this has been done, the party eat and drink.

Work is continued until sufficient stone has been heaped up & then preparation is made for the return journey.

The stone is carried by the ♀ in huge baskets
- The ♂ carry the baskets of charcoal; the tools; a trough, pestel and two blocks of termite clay which had been raided from ~~another~~ an old mine of last year.

The return journey to camp is made singing, and the stone & charcoal are tipped out onto the corner of ~~a~~ rectangle newly cleared sand. Leaves are burnt on the pile of stone.

The family turn in. Evening prayer as usual, if all the cattle are in _ the invocation to the spirits may never be made if any member of the party, or any beast belonging to them is out in the bush _ else that person or that beast will be eaten.

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<date>17.8.37</date> Smelting of metal

Fasting from food & tobacco, without washing & without morning greeting, the work began soon before dawn.

The sheltering mats were put up over the newly made furnace hole _ bellows were put into position & the double ling horseshoe of charcoal and stones stood round the grass filled furnace hole. The fire was put to the grass & the bellows began their work which all thro' the day would never cease only momentarily to allow a fresh worker to slip into place.

The blacksmith placed his roots and charms and took up his post close by the furnace which he fed continuously & gently with charcoal, & continuously he Pushed the stone upwards _

About 10 am, the fast is broken. OSHIKUNDU beer is brought; the fire & the bellows are anointed, the blacksmith drinks & then trickles beer over the encircling hedge _ the workers now drink & eat & smoke, but the bellows are never left silent and the blacksmith never leaves his post by the furnace for long.

At midday the long thatched mats are moved & placed horizontally to rest across on the cross woods of the supports; at evening, they are again moved & stood up to lean on the cross.

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frame _ so that the furnace is never in the receives the rays of the sun.

The vakuancala come in bringing manyete nuts for the workers, anointing feet & hands with viscous liquid from soaking omnaw OLUNŌMO plant before entering.

Within the smelting place, only the blacksmith may wear sandals, and there are made with the skin inverted: the outer side towards the foot.

As twilight gathers the bellows work furiously and everyone gather round expectantly watching the little blue flames which quite suddenly turn change to a leaping mass of pink flames. The purplish blue stones pieces of one suddenly fuse & become incandescent; the bellows cease – the smelting is over. Already the sand has been cleared by the women & the horseshoe ring of stone has been removed; two mounds of sand have been pushed up one on either side of the furnace.

Quickly two ♂ seize long wooden stakes & clear away the sand from round the block, then lever it up while women push fresh cold sand under it _ the crust has been slightly pierced and molten fused metal trickles out, but the block is rolled over and this molten substance ceases to flow. A ring layer of charcoal is knocked away leaving a deep incandescent groove round head of rock.

The day's work is over. the incandescent glowing block is left to cool; the blacksmith gathers up his bow & arrows, his axe & his little basket and singing All the family & their helpers file out camp Smelting ground into furnace compound.

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The evening meal is ready and having eaten the blacksmith rises & stepping from the from the group makes his evening prayer of thanks to Kalunga & the spirits _ his smelting has been successful and he is grateful.

(actually, the greater part of his prayer was the relating of the fact of his being in service of <Name>Devis</Name> _ sent to work for us. He hoped we would pay him well!)

<date>18.8.37</date>

The smelting over, the metal was extracted from block and a <object>hoe</object> was made.

The block was split and divided up _ the charcoal adhering to impure dark blue porous metal on top of block was picked away _ the outer crust of solidifyced molten substance was knocked away from lower part of block and the chunk of pure greenish metal was broken into tiny lumps by hammering & collected in a basket.

Forge was set up, outside smelting ground. Bellows were put into position, and lumps of the pure & the impure metal were mad red hot fuse, & then were beaten into the a tiny rectangular block from which the hoe blade gradually evolved.

Already the family were beginning to talk of their tip _

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Already to ask for tobacco and safety pins.

Finished filming & looked up queries to be
Verified and sorted out, while T. assisted at
The making of the various stages in making
The how blade.

Vakuvenkala came into camp. Packed &
Wrote up notes.

Evening, dealt out length of cloth _ one ♂ only
asked for money instead. Blacksmith wanted
money, but could not relinquish the cloth.

Evening prayer as usual.

<date>19.8.37</date>

A hectic early morning of getting last notes, packing
& loading. <Group>Tchivokiwe</Group> in camp but as usual
asked for enormous prices.

Left about 8.45 after losing a shot at a goose.
Reached water hole about 9.45 and our own
group slowly tricked in followed after a long pause
by the waggon. Hasty lunch, & pushed on again.
about 11 a.m., no hot but with sudden huge gush of
wind which came with a sound of running cattle
& was accompanied by little whirl winds which carried
the dried leaves from the trees and scurried the dust.

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with a twirling cylinder.

Reached mission very dirty at 2.45 & waited for boys _ then went along to see <Name>Devis</Name> who was in a grand welcoming mood. gave us drink wine & cake & oranges & we loitered out feeling very drunk.

Jemima, with one flat tyre, started up grandly & we made camp on old site.

T. bought some <object>oputu</object> while J. talked to a curious phenomenon: a ♂ in ♀'s clothes who lived, worked & thought of himself as a ♀.

man – woman

a muvale of vale parents

From a tiny child he had felt himself unaccountably & by the ruling of Kalunga to be a little girl. With the boys he felt miserable & could not join either in their games or in their dances, but with the girls he felt at ease & his right self. He always kept with them and wore his clothes as a little girl.

At first his mother was angry & did all she could to put a stop to this perversion, but as the years passed and her little son still persisted in playing the part of a girl of for which he obviously seemed most suited, she decided that this thing came from Kalunga and offered no more resistance. She allowed him to dress and behave as a girl, & the fact was accepted by all the family.

man-woman

he did not pass the Efundula ceremonies,
but having reached the age when a girl would marry,
he changed be began to consider himself a woman and
leaving off the <object>endodi skirt</object> of a little girl, wore
the skirt of a woman, togel and changed his belt of
onjeva for the light blue <object>ongoluwe beads</object> worn by
married women.

He says he is now the age of a young married
♀ who has been some two or three years with her
Husband. He lives with an old woman and
does all the usual work of a woman fellen hoeing
& sowing his fields, gathering in the harvest; fetching
water; pounding grain and making beer.

The old ♂'s work of the compound is done by men
neighbours who do it in return for beer.

Physically he said he would be quite capable
of doing a man's work, but his whole spirit
revolts at the idea and from a child he could never
bring himself to learn.

He lives with and talks to the women as a woman, &
they accept him as such _ they give him the baby
to mind as they would to another woman and
with it he feels perfectly at ease & even carries
it on his back.

The ♂ too accept him as a woman and treated him as such.

man-woman

of his curious complex he is not in the least ashamed, though he feels shame at the base idea of wearing of mens clothes or of wearing his cloth passed Through the legs as a ♂.

Never does he feel the slightest sexual impulse of the normal man, and was obviously ill at ease in talking of this, though he answered calmly enough that so far he had never wished to sleep with another ♂ though he might do ~~this~~ so later.

His wish is to look and become as much like a woman as possible _ he would wish to have a women's face & body & breasts, and to be able to have babies.

In appearance, his face was curious and certainly somewhat effeminate despite the growing beard and moustache (which he would shave off had he a razor). His hair he wore close cropped.

His body was strongly built but smooth & sleek like a woman's, and his action were strikingly womanly, as were his voice and manner of speech.
(see more) xx →

He wore the bead necklaces and shell disc bracelets of a woman _ also a woman's cloth skirt & apron and her belt of light blue beads with lower strings of shell discs.

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XX – (see back)

man-woman

His wal carriage and walk part were entirely those of a woman; so much so that at a distance he could never be taken to be a ♂.

At an early age he had entered the mission & was accepted as a little girl _ He was a christian & still frequented the mission, the Fathers speaking to him as though he were a woman.

Often we had heard speak of these “men who had become women” & this ♂ agreed that there were a number of them scattered throughout the <Group>Kwanyama</Group> and <Group>VALE</Group> saying also that there were many some who were as he, but did not wear ♀’s clothes & were therefore not at once distinguished.

He also agreed that these people very often become pupils to an ondudu and eventually have their own <object>makola</object> though they must first be possessed by Akwa Mungu – otherwise they never owned makola nor did they dance at the feasts; here however this was impossible as the makola were banned in the vicinity of the mission. (similarly, he himself would wear a ♀’s onjuiro skirt and stomach skin apron if he did not live near the mission where these things were banned).

He had heard but had never actually known a case,

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that many of these ♂ slept with other ♂.

He said that he was alone of his kind in the district.

Got things sprayed & turned in sleeping under large ground sheet.

<date>1920.8.37</date>

Terrible muddled packing with constant flow of interruptions. to compound to photograph the ♂ & ♀ pounding, playing with babies etc. etc.

Fathers tuned up to cake & fruit; brother had to be fetched. Is ill and gloomy & talks about his death. Needs a Rest, & will not stop working.

A merry meal, & <Name>Luis</Name> stopped a little to explain some proverbs etc. which he gave us _ left him S.W Tribes with <Name>Hahn's</Name> article on Kwamyama Ovambo.

Did not leave till 2pm, after saying our goodbyes in mission & seeing L's new monkey.

Record drive for us; reached <Place>Onjiva</Place> about 5.30 to find the face of the little post greatly changed; temporary huts having sprung up everywhere, & on the shana a great crowd of people. At the petrol store, several cars and half the white population.

While we greeted <Name>Cabral</Name> & <Name>Sema</Name> the fruit ♂ _ <Name>Martin</Name> drove up, just passed us & made no effort whatsoever to greet us.

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<Name>Mrs Barata</Name> in a very friendly mood & is dreading the fête _ Captain out.

Reached mission about 7. & stopped with <Name>Fuchs</Name> & the brother. F. in a wild, helpful & exaggerated mood; only he in all this district who will talk etc. etc.

Reached <Name>Humjunga's</Name> late at night by moonlight & had a magnificent greeting _ Four days late, & they had all been waiting & had days marked up by knots on a string.

<date>21.8.37</date>

Up early & set to work to collect the various skins and pay off the makers. <Name>Shangeni</Name> came in to say that the <terminology>Oihanangolo</terminology> could not come in from bush unless we were there _ beer could be made tomorrow morning, & the girls would dance that night and he washed, anointed & dressed next morning.

After fearful calculations, decide that this is possible and send for <Name>Newaiya</Name> to settle the matter.

Interviews & talk and get note into late evening, when <Name>Ham</Name> & family settled themselves round our fire for more talk.

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<date>22.8.37</date> Sunday

Early. The mission cattle come in _ ox & calf, both Black. Get in formation ins succession on Efundula; Mashenge; Driving to find omulodi; Birth & training of babies _

About 2pm. begin to pack & find boys occupied & nothing ready _ Curse & loose effort in uselessly cursing _ stood about packing bits & pieces & then receiving thing for bottom of box. Pack into late evening & then load lorry. Get <Name>Luis'</Name> photos and drugs labelled & packed _ talk to <Name>Hame</Name> re payment for workers on skins.

About 8p.m. set off drugged & aching with tiredness to see dancing of <terminology>Vafuko</terminology> in <Place>Luvanda</Place> _ family & a few children & about two ♂ only were present. _ all the other young ♂ had fled fearing being caught by <Name>Sipayu</Name> who was rounding people up to become soldiers.

Girls had taken off their <object>aloe skirts and bandeaux</object> & now wore only <object>long skirts of the split queen leaves</object> of another kind of aloe which stood straight out as they swirled round & round to the sound of the drums.

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which they themselves played, sometimes being relieved by little kids & by one of the 2 .

Still white from head to foot, these 'oichangōlo' "boys" now wore beards made of splint aloe fringe; forehead tassels, and a plume stuck upright in the peak of their headdress.

made arrangements for an early start & trudged home weakly.

<date>23.8.37</date>

off to Efundula camp with <Name>Elivali</Name> who had come to life again as <terminology>omitifi</terminology>. Girls were lying out dreamily in <Place>Luvanda</Place> & children were beating the drums. They rose & gathered round the fire putting on their <object>aloe skirts</object> of last evening & over the other aloe woods. At the ompitifi's word, out come the 4 mothers to fetch the <terminology>wafuko</terminology> & in oshinpanga, girls are scurried to ground to lie on faces _ ompitifi walks one of them. This ensure fertility. all move into compound. The girls take up their stand back to onaula, where the ♀ quickly strip them, & bringing huge pots of water wash off the ash which had covered their whole bodies for since months the time they were in the bush. The little companions are also washed & when washed, are rubbed with Lukula scented powder; washed again and then Quickly moved over to sit with backs to engombele.

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facing onaula. Here seated on mats they are rubbed with a paste of flour & water which cleans the pores, & then are given the <object>omwiya belt</object>, <object> Etata & onguroo</object> _ Are anointed with Lukula and dressed in their <object>omisenje necklets</object> (2, one larger than the other) & the belts (2); and the bracelets which are worn on left arm and are given to friends & relatives during the next few days.

Round their legs they wear 2 strings of fine onjeva _ round left arm two strings of musambe & at the throat a thick <object>necklace</object> of the same dark blue beads.

(one of these had a line of <object>oputu</object> at the hiding of the Ends) Across chest & over left shoulder, the <diagram>Fig.8 </diagram> fathers blue beads with a tassel of Onjeva or onyoka, or both.

Dripping with Lukula, & with <object>mungome headress</object> thickly daubed with oshikwanga (light Lukula) the girls must not move from their positions until after the pots of beer brought from the Engombebe have been emptied.

Another ♀ dealt out the beer, but the <terminology>mufuko</terminology> often offered it.

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The <terminology>vafuko</terminology> & crowd now file out of compound and go twice round compound , singing.

They return to Lupale to drink beer _ and
The <terminology>vafuko</terminology> then return to their father's compound with the little girl companion. If the husband is a young ♂, he may go with his bride.

Walked back to <Name>Hanjungu's</Name> ¾ hr walk.
Treated <Name>Shangeni's</Name> sick baby & my burn ♂ _
packed up _ bought various things _ loaded our tents _ got some notes. Photos of sowing, enema putting ash round compound etc. Row with cutter of skins, but got old <Name>Malota</Name> to promise to make them
Gave last tips, & said a sad farewell, leaving
<Name>Ham</Name> two petrol cases for the skins.

<Name>Kaoshitwa</Name> brought in a gift of <object>oshidimba & a loot</object> worn by babies when taken off the breast to prevent swelling of tummy! The ondudu brought a bottle of lambike liqueur _ only the ♂ who had been our drum maker, skin cutter & friend went away cross & dissatisfied.

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<date>28.8.37</date>

up very early but were not quite tied up when an ox
waggon came shouting & crashing by, 4 beasts in charge of
3 natives & a half caste _ and never was there
such an uncontrolled team.

Not far along road, met a family party
of Vatchilenge _ ♂ wearing a cloth round hips and
a <object>necklace of small little beads divided out
regularly by little conical spiral shells</object>

The ♀, with the <object>3 peaked headress</object> held firm by wood pegs; the
huge
thick <object>necklace covered with pink coils of beads
& alienated with lines of large white beads</object>. Also
<object>necklaces of plaited grass & scented root</object> _ A
<object>waist belt of fine decorated white beads</object>.
A dark blue cloth round the hips. <object>Carved
wooden head scratched decorated brash brass studs</object>.
<object>short wooden snuff box</object>. <object>forehead band of beads</object>.

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The little girl wore her hair on long hanging plaits like a little Huik girl _ of over the plaits, a fringe of pendant reeds, slung on a cord. <object>Necklaces of teeth & beads; and one of buttons, shells etc. etc.</object>

They were they said by family & predecessors forebears, of tchilenge, but spoke the Humbe language.

Meantime a group of old ♂ came along.

No Vatchulange, they said, spoke Humbe. There used a long time ago to be some Venkhimbe here, but they had gone back.

Some of the Vetchilenge did however originally Come from <Place>TCHIPUNGU</Place>, & were <uncertain>Vetchingunfu</ uncertain> but now spoke Tchilenfe. A few Vetchilenfe speak veh Hande language.

A muddle from which we could glean nothing

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Got photos of the old ♂, and also of some ♀ who came back from the post with baskets on their heads.

An old unadorned ♀. A younger ♀ with the
<object>3 peaked headress</object> & long front hanging plaits
Decorated with buttons; <object>Huge conus shells on
A strap with brash brass tipped ends</object>

Two little girls one with the <object>single peaked
headress</object>, & the other with the same in its
undone state, turned under at tip & not
decorated with supporting woods.

The elder girl wore a <object>long fibre back strap</object> & <object>necklet
of cowries</object> and merry <object>twig anklets</object>; both girls
wore carried <object>mouth stones</object>: each 4, but both had
left some at home.

Push on and reach <Place>Quillenguez</Place> post at
11.45 __ a large fierce looking town _

Pulled up outside Administration & were
thankful to find it open _ A nice chefe
Administrator greeted us & recognised us from <Place>Lubango</Place>.
Had we shot? would we return? Did we like C5 lorry?

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Did passports very quickly _ offered us any help _ took
over our note for potter in <Place>Lubango</Place> _ wished us
good journey _ & away we went.

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Reached mission about 5.30pm & could not but fall greedily on the jam & bread given us having had nothing since early morning & only soup the day before.

<Name>Fuchs</Name>, mad – quite mad. But produced some tales & problems and proverbs, which may prove interesting.

Cracked about suspicion of Portuguese & would have no even turn over the latter to hide address from brother _ though we could & should publish the notes with acknowledgements to him in a short time!

Asked 80-100 for cattle _ so being quite sufficient made hasty camp near <Place>onjiva</Place> in dark.

T. paid off the boys & packed her <object>Efundula Costumes</object>; got some to notes written up & turned in.

<date>24.8.37 Tuesday</date>

Reached <Place>onjiva</Place> about 8a.m. after sending <Name>Lukele</Name> to <Name>Ferrerios</Name> with answer to curious English note of nigh previous night re box.

Paid up for making of two packing cases _ Talked to &

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photographed carpenter and mechanic & said successful goodbyes.

At P.O ran into <Name>Pires</Name>, who had to talk to us & was bored at this _ Re skins; he had none; was difficult; cost much; period was wrong etc. etc.

Had bought a magnificent new german camera with frightfully fast lens & gadgets etc. etc., costing over £100; the most expensive camera on the market! His brand new car stood outside & we were told the cost of that too. He must take ~~the~~ our photo; he had a rolleiflex.

But when he'd learnt <underline>ours</underline> was a R. he had to admit his was a mere rolleicord!

Bought our petrol & were helped out over a missing screw through which petrol had been spurting, by drivell of petrol truck.

At administration, we found the Captain tired but friendly _ <Name>Pires</Name>, making a curse of himself, and <Name>Cabral</Name> as usual & seemed overcome by the atmosphere.

After much dithering, went to see <Name>Mme Barata</Name> & agreed to stay to much. Poor <Name>Barata</Name> came in to see us off, & finding we were staying, went back to his work.

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<Name>Mrs Venacio</Name> sent in a note to say that she & husband were waiting for us to speak of “urgent things” _ when we reached the house, we found it packed with people: <Name>Pires</Name>, <Name>Sena</Name> & others, all of whom soon cleared out & we were left to hear the worst.

This proved to be that V. had already heard we’d had an offer for the car, and he himself wanted to buy it. Could not get him to name a price, but eventually found he would go up to 8 contos.

His poor little fo wife looked on dumbly _ not allowed to enter the conversation, and making only one effort to stop V. rushing in to buy the truck.

Dashed out of town to tidy up, & back to toward lunch. <Name>Barata</Name> had already returned & we had a rather sleepy & certainly not terribly fluent family evening meal, but a very simply simple, lovely friendly one. The three children all sweet & the two youngest, fat and smiling.

Took photos on the steps of house & made our farewells. Looked in on <Name>Mrs Cabral</Name> & found her so astonished at our call on <u>her</u> that she was quite pleasant.

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Reached <Place>Mongwa</Place> in about 2hrs, & met again our mechanic friend who had passed us on road.

Had a drink with the nice Chefe _ <Name>Mendosi</Name> (?) who was in mechanic overalls taking bits from an old car to put into his newer one.

A host of white okhaki children; a nice clean house and an exceptionally nice office, beautifully kept & made to look quite cosy.

Further, met a broken down car stuck for no apparent reason in the sand. Little <Name>Lima</Name> from <Place>Evale</Place>, was passenger & miserably looked on telling us they had been stuck since midday.

She meet driver friend seemed bored that we asked him not to wait in morning, and that we stayed behind to camp. Bored that we said we would get away across river somehow.

Camped by roadside after trying to knock down a tree. a curious mooing that T. thinks is hunting lion.

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<date>25.8.37</date>

Nailed down all the boxes & made bundles of all the small things in preparation for the river crossing.

Reached <Place>Roçadas</Place> about 8.30am & drove into the great Drilling yard where our cross & fierce little Commandant of last year was standing talking to another officer while a group of soldiers stood about.

We walked in & stood dithering a moment in the archway ~~while~~ when the little ♂ came up & shook us warmly by the hand _ Had we had a good journey? & did we wish to cross at once? No! passports were not necessary _ we had slept out! & were not afraid _ He would be with us in a few minutes at the river!

Some miracle had come to pass _ while we unloaded & then waited for the stuff to go across, he chatted in the most friendly way, telling us of his 2 daughters the one unmarried & who was coming out to him complete with trousers & rifle. He shows us photographs of himself seated on a huge elephant & sent for the foot to show us. Meantime we foolishly agreed to let someone take over the poor Jemima who groaned as no car ever groaned before under the maltreatment & great pits were left on the slope where she had been Shot forward & then gurked to an awful leaping stop. At

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the far bank she was raced off the boats skidding the planks flying wildly _ & half way up the incline on her mad career, she was stuck in the sand & pushed out with some 20♂ behind.

Heaven to see her at the top & set off with our new friend the commandant: Administrator of <Place>Gambos</Place> & another to neither of whom we were introduced, and a whole gang of ♂ going over to float the new ferry.

Banks to river were steep & sandy: to the other, sandy slopes with baobabs hanging over dangerously & a long strips of river away in distance. The river was about 50 yds across, & we were told centre depth is about 4 metres.

Teaming with crocs & hippo, is quite unsafe to Swim in.

<Place>Fort Racadas</Place> a convict station for the whole colony; longest sentence being 28 years. Under armed guard the ♂ fetched water in pairs, carrying great tubs suspended from a pole. They built houses, made bricks etc. etc.

Parties of hunters were sent out from time to time to bring in meat for the population.

In the rainy season, climate unhealthy & many

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mosquitos. Then, the river floods its banks of 5k.
from <Place>Humbe</Place>, one travels 5K by oven & then by the
metals boats, two of which are lashed together and
closed over by loose to take along.

Leaving <Place>Rocadas</Place> road very rough indeed & the
embankment pitted and rather unsafe _ then
a magnificent stretch of rocky hilly country with
huge tress & grass; many giant baobabs, & flowering thorn.

only 9k. to <Place>Cahama</Place> <Place>Humbe</Place> & soon
after leaving

<Place>Rocadas</Place> we came on first people whome</de> we
photographed: Humbe, with lovely <object>created headresses</object>;
the ♂ wearing a roll of cloth round the hips, tied
at left ha side & containing a narrow leather strap,
which is kept on at night _ At the waist a
<object>narrow leather belt with flat hanging tails</object>;
<object>apron</object> and back skin turned over at top &
worked into a suspended semicircle <diagram>Fig.9</diagram>.

Stopped at the <Place>Humbe post</Place> which was deserted &
were told chefe was at <Place>Rocadas</Place>.

Lunched by roadside & reached <Place>Cahama</Place> post in
early afternoon. At the post we made a marvellous
haul of Vandimba photos in absence of chefe.

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women with curious outstanding wedges of hair
at sides of head, made of tiny rolls twists of hair
<terminology>ONGĀVE</terminology>; two of
these were shaved up rather high above ears.

At the hips many rolls of skin or cloth or fibre.
folded back skin & a little skin apron.

Smallish people but straightly built, with thin
noses & very fine features.

Language is not the same as the Huila peoples.

Country changed to thorny open bush.

Road rough & a bit hilly.

Motor loosing water & we drove on & on in dark
hoping to reach <Place>Gambo</Place>. At last however came
to some huts & made camp behind very scanty
trees on stony roadside.

Mutt went off for water & came back with a
charming Vandimba family _ mission, but unspoilt _
who promised to come in in morning for photos.

Turned in dog tired after making the Boy remake
bed that was placed on a lumpy root.

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<Place>Gambos</Place> was smaller than we'd expected & built on the ridge of a hill over looking on N. side a steep hillside with winding road & little trees.

Having asked, drew up outside a long ramshackle Building outside which stood a forbidding looking ♂ who ~~lead lead~~ led us in in silence. He then thawed however & was quite charming during the time we waited for passports to be filled in.

Had come from <Place>Mossamades</Place> which he thought more beautiful than <Place>Lubango</Place> & very healthy. He had been with <Name>Mothison</Name> shooting in desert & had seen his Plane when ~~hed~~ he did record flight.

Showed us road which he said was good; would take us 4 hrs to <Place>Lubango</Place>: 136K.

<Place>VANDMILA</Place>. Soon after leaving post we come on town ♂ with Interesting heads, carrying young dead goats on poles _

The one turned out to be a Tchimbanda of most friendly type & the other an oldish ♂ with long hair & little hanging back plait over which he wore a tuft of sinew from an old ox which he had killed _ could obtain no further information about it, he said it was merely beautiful.

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A few yards further on there was a party of Vendimba & Vangambwe, all ♂, working on road.

The majority wore the hair long and dressed in some Particular style, the most conspicuous and usual being

1. The hair long with little hanging tail at back.
2. “ “ “ closely matted & hard with scented powder & made to take shape, bulging out from head like a tight close mop, by wearing a cloth tied over it _ This was Vangambwe headress but worn also by Vendimba ♂.
3. Plaited in raised horizontal ridges curving overhead.

All wore the turned over back skin hanging in a curve _ They mostly wore <object>cloth aprons</object>.

Lunched under an enormous fig tree in a wide curve of open country; rocky climbing road and lots of trees.

Country became more & more hilly & more & more rocky, great boulders standing among the trees, & hilltops all round us _ & the road very uneven.

Stuck for petrol failure & put it right by treating pump with cold water as our little driver friend had taught us _ with spontaneous result.

A curious figure passed by riding on a donkey in long

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grey petticoats with two little boys on foot behind. A long scarlet
columner neck shone out from under the large brimmed
hat, & in front a scarlet of old beard of fantastic
proportions. But only a brief word of greetings did he
give us as he passed.

<Place>Chibia</Place> _ A nightmare of & great big sprawling
town with large white population. Built in an
open valley & with a maze of shockingly bad roads
to tracks leading in in all directions.

After a search, found the administration, & were
held up at the door by a rude individual who
haggled with two wild hairy sunburnt white
labourers. A curt demand from within, and
our business was inquired into _ then, in offhand
way the person within was asked if he could deal
with us _ we were shot in, passports taken.
& we sat on chairs for some 20 min. while everyone
in turn used the passports through & gazed at the
photos. They were then curtly handed back
without even a word of good journey_

Send J. to ask the way & then ♂ in charge
quite pleasantly asked told us of bust bridge & wished us luck.

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We thought what a hell of an interview it would have been last year as we thankfully drove away.

The 40 K. to <Place>Lubango</Place> outskirts went by in a flash & again we were at the great cross roads & the deserted house; again under the straight mountain ridge which hides <Place>Lubango</Place>:

Road was very bad in places _ At one place a turning with no indication presumably led to <Place>Quipungu</Place>.

Stopped roadside & got our Lebeuswecker in order to visit one old ♂ with the Rheumatism. As we were drawing petrol a car drove up, backed & began an important conversation with <Name>Joaõ</Name>: who looked after this car? who drove? where did we come from? But his car was dripping water & to this we called the brutes attention, leaving him to set it right as we paced off in the clear evening on to the old ♂'s hut. Here however we were disappointed for there it was locked up & deserted.

Missed turning to mission, but doubling back // to lot along the ox black, we camped inside a fallen

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tree & put up tent, thanking heaven we had done so when the constant trickle of cars & lorries suddenly became a stream & we counted 19 private cars in a long line.

We imagine the Gov. Gen. & his suite & dread tomorrow.

<date>27.8.37</date>

<Name>Antonio</Name>, our old boy came in early to report that he had told all our sick 2 months ago to come in _ not only one of them did however, drunk & quite cursed. The old ♀ with cleft palate had not been told _ & after teaching the mutt to make beds & roll up tent, loaded truck ready to start.

<Name>Vamhuila</Name>. Surprise visit of rather grumpy young ♀ whom we had left pregnant, now with a large baby still nameless but to be called <Name>Diyāna</Name> _ Its moist & matted soft curly hair was cut into a longitudinal central stripe. The mother wore a long black soot mark down forehead & nose & a dab of ash(?) on inner side of the eyes.

An old lady came in & proudly displayed her newly done hair & a Humbe ♀ sitting in camp & seeing the camera come into use, quickly stripped off her head cloth to show us a beautiful new crested headress.

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♀ passed on their way to <Place>Lubango</Place> carrying high baskets of large wild red figs: OМУKWIYO and charcoal.

Reached <Place>Lubango</Place> about 9a.m to find Administration shut. Gov. Gen. had arrived; everyone was at palace, and Administration would not open till Monday, today being Friday. Left a message with <Name>Sipayo</Name> to effect that we were on our way to <Place>Lobito</Place> & had tried to call.

To <Name>Sinivēs</Name> for petrol & to pay bill for transport _ whoever looked after this was at the Feast _ Collected a fine box but which won't take <Object>Makola</Object> _ old <Name>Sinivēs</Name> himself very friendly & would do anything for us.

To our mechanic <Name>Alanjo</Name>, who beamed welcome at us & would as also do anything we should ever want of him.

To the mission, where we found a palatial new building _ rather beautiful: Simple lines & great open archways along deep verandah. All whitewashed but the doors & windows, which were a greenish blue.

Seemed however to be few rooms only. we sat outside writing a note to <Name>Estermann</Name> who we were told was out at feast, when up came Portuguese father we had just met last year.

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Stood about on one leg & then two & then one again looking over the lovely view of hellish mountains & hearing of the young English Father who is coming out. They already have a pole and two Irish & 2 dutch. No Italians & no Spanish.

All used to do their studies France; now they do them in Their own country & pass 3 months in Lisbon or the appropriate capital to learn language before setting out abroad.

A lovely light room upstairs with a half moon window on the ground _ to be filled in with opaque glass!

<Name>Estermann</Name> turned up after some 2 hours wait & we stood a little longer waiting talking & after a very half hearted to a meal we left them.

E. again spoke of the ferry at <Place>Rocadas</Place>, again of the beastly box made for us at <Place>Huila</Place>. Asked if we had got details of the compound, & if we had been to the mines.

Told us nothing of interest except that if <Name>Delacheux</Name> wanted any object, he only had to ask the missions (i.e. not us!).

Along to the end of the town and then winding up & up among the hills on a very bad track. Just away from the town we came to a heath where the grass had been burnt & a few curious looking whitened boys made off across the blackened stubble. Spent some 20 min persuading them to come near & talk, & when we had almost given up hope

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They ran off to cover themselves newly with ash & came to have their photographs taken.

<underline>Vamhuila Circumcised boys:

<terminology>OVINGOLONGÖLO</terminology></underline>

The camp: OTCHIPUNDO was some longish way from road, but during the day time boys roamed about hunting with bows & arrows, throw pelting passers by with stones & pursuing them until they pay earn their release by giving the boys a present _ usually <object>MAKWALALI</object>: large beads. ♂, ♀ & boys fly from them, often doing a big detour where they know they are about, old people however are left in peace.

On the day of the operation a great crowd of people of both sexes & all ages goes to the camp which is a cleared 7 enclosed space in the middle of the bush, far from any houses.

The little children remain apart _ the rest of the crowd either watch, or help hold the boys while the ♂ operator: <terminology>WAKALENGA</terminology>, does his job.

As each boy is circumcised, he gives ♀ who apply remedies.

When all is over the crowd & the operator return to their houses. only the boys and an old ♀ who cooks for them: <terminology>TCHAMBUMBU</terminology> remain in the camp.

During the first days, & until the wound had healed

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The boys are fed on very watery porridge; when they are healed they may eat stiff porridge & even meat should they have luck out hunting. From the first day they ma drink water, but until quite well may not touch salt.

Odds. In this camp there were 4 largish boys & 2 very small.

On their return to the huts, a great feast is made & the boys are given new clothes _ they are now called: <terminology>ONOHALAMBE</terminology>. When several years have elapsed they become: <terminology>OVAHNTU</terminology>.

(Notes from these boys only. not verified)

A little further on, pas met 3 Vanhuila: young unnamed ♂, ♀ & young boy. The ♂ with hair carefully dressed into lo wedges running longitudinally cutt over head.

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<date>26.8.37</date>

Up very early but had not got beds made when
a lorry drove up & stopped & out got our little
bushman driver friend who we'd thought well ahead
of us. His empty lorry had been converted
into a two storied private Bus for huge sows,
on the tips of which was a pile of skins.
Had lost or bust a nut from the front spring,
and we talked while the boy put replaced it
from the tin of odd bits which appeared from depths
of truck & from which our nut had been produced
2 days before in <Place>onjiva</Place>.

He gave us oranges and eventually pushed on &
left us to our packing .

Another row with the Bug and stooped him over pay
& all, to take the menial post of the mutt.

Before leaving, we photographed the family.

<group>Vandimba</group>

♀ in some headress seen on rd yesterday; some
Headress adopted it seem fairly universally by mission
Peoples, wives of government boys & companions of whites:
longitudinal wedges of hair over head.

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All wore the rolls of cloth or fibre at hips held by leather strap at back, & many of them <object>deep necklaces of plaited fibre</object>. One old lady, a <object>necklace of rings of bound cattle hair, threaded on a cord</object> made for her by a Tchimbanda & worn to ensure safety of her cattle when out at pasture without a herdsman. All ♀ wore beads at hips baby skin was decorated many hanging tails leather & by suspended plaques, one of rubber! The little girls wore long thin loose plaits; the older one with a great fat plait down centre back and all with thickish plaits down temples. A little short string of large beads was hung in hair or over forehead.

They wore narrow back skins spreading at base & edged with <object>oputu</object>, not unlike those worn by kwamatwi girls. Apron was of cloth or skin.

One played with a tiny bird; another with a <object>fibre doll with long hanging tails of hair</object> not unlike the Huila ones.

Young boys carried bow & arrows & had head shaved all but upstanding central stripe; As all these ♂ People, he wore cloth turned over at top & looped into a hanging semicircle.

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<date>29.8.37</date> Decided to allow ourselves an extra ½ hour in our
Rather uncomfortable beds amidst the scrubby undergrowth
& as a result, were caught by 2 cars before we
were presentable. The first contained a fat
smiling ♂ & the second, going to <Place.uncertain>Senquels</Place>,
stopped to ask if we needed anything.

Road became increasingly bad for this season, in
fact very much the same as we had left it on
our journey south. Really beautiful scenery _
bold rocky hillside with curious dry vegetation
& fine scrubby trees. Had just left camp,
decided ~~to~~ it was Kudu country & told the
boys to have gun ready, when T. spotted a
couple of beasts. Pulled up noisily on very
rough slope & got out. Followed down rd
with <Name>Alf</Name> _ took standing roadside shot at ♂ _ &
apparently missed clean. Very fed up
when after futile search, had to go back to
car _ saw nothing more, & was
10.30 when after ~~passing~~ rejoining main <place>Calengue</place>
Rd & passing over a long stretch of open grass land

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we eventual came to the tiny roadside hut
on a cotton plantation marked by a line of grass
trees that indicate the only water within many
miles. Found & rough car track up hillside
onto a sort of plateau where we made camp,
hidden from the road & with woody hills
behind out st dry stony expanse.

Heaps of wood log lay about _ hence the road
highly loutish <group>umbundu</group> loafed around while
we made camp & set to pack as the cloudy
sky cleared & quelling sun grinned at us.

to our joy the Lubango box takes the <object>Makola</object>,
we <gap quantity="2" unit="chars" reason="illegible"/> get this packed _ papers sorted _
drug
remnant packed for <Place>Caconda</Place> etc. etc.

Frogs croak below & the sky is full of stars.

Diana Powell-Cotton's 1937 Diary: Illustrations

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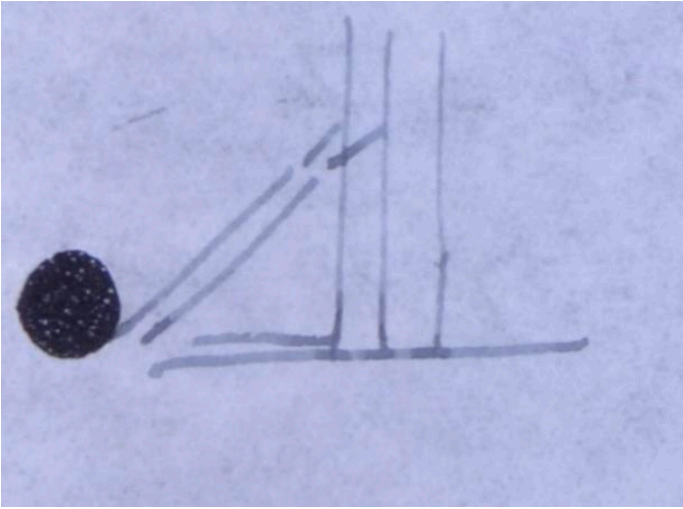


Fig. 1 (page116F)

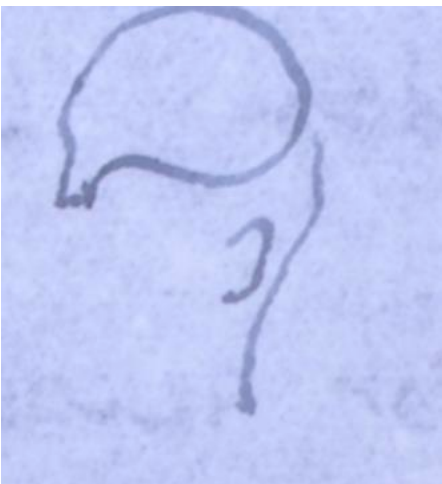


Fig. 2: Diagram of an Embale (page117B)

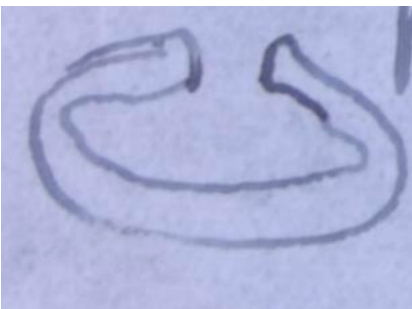


Fig. 3: Diagram of an anklet (page120F)

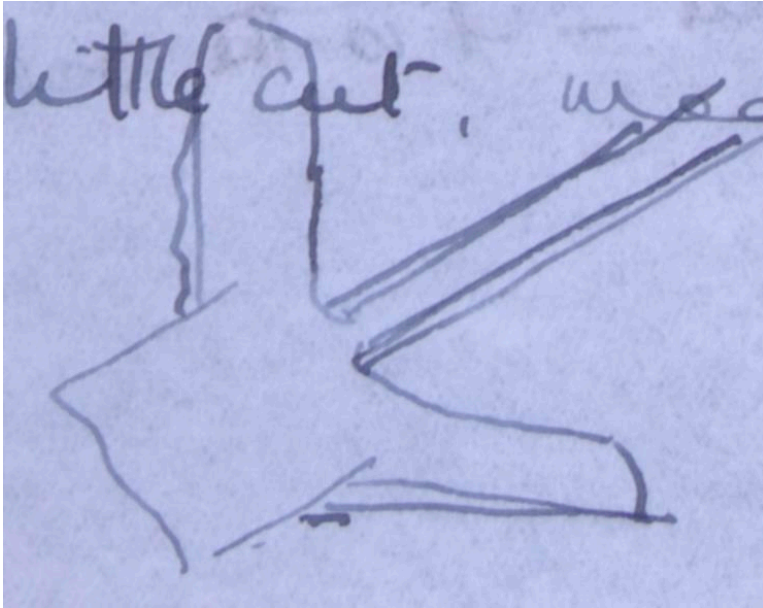


Fig. 4: Diagram of Onguiro back skirts (Page120F)

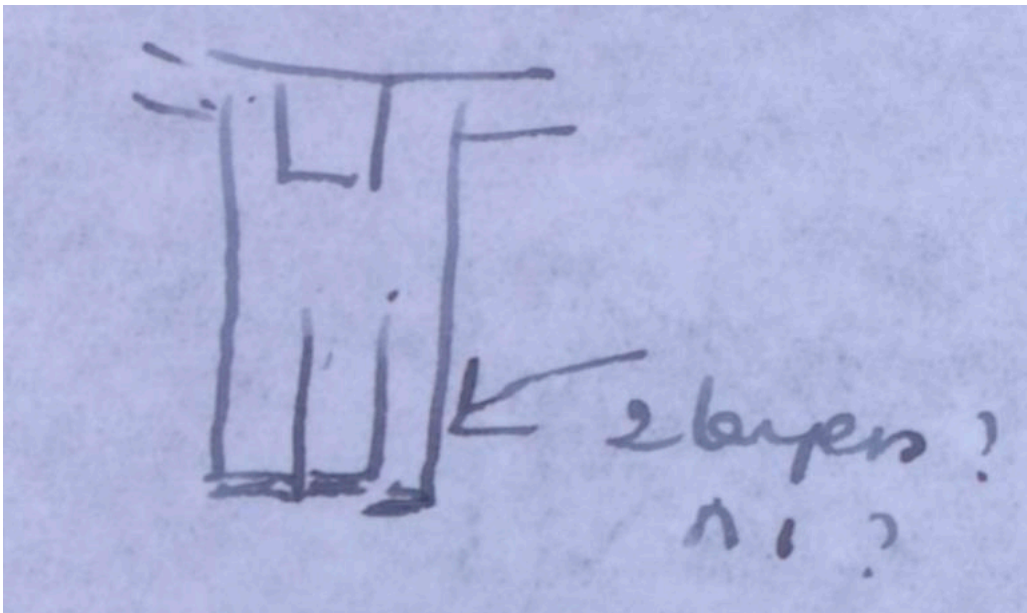


Fig. 5: Diagram of Elambakwa (Page121F)

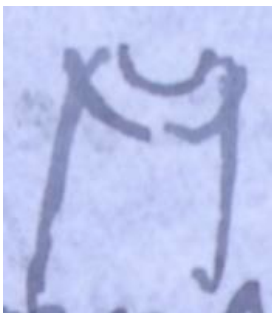


Fig. 6: Diagram of raised shapes on Elende Headress (Page121B)

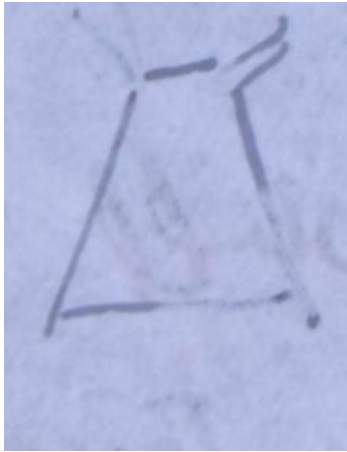


Fig. 7: Diagram of spade shaped tail skin (Page138F)

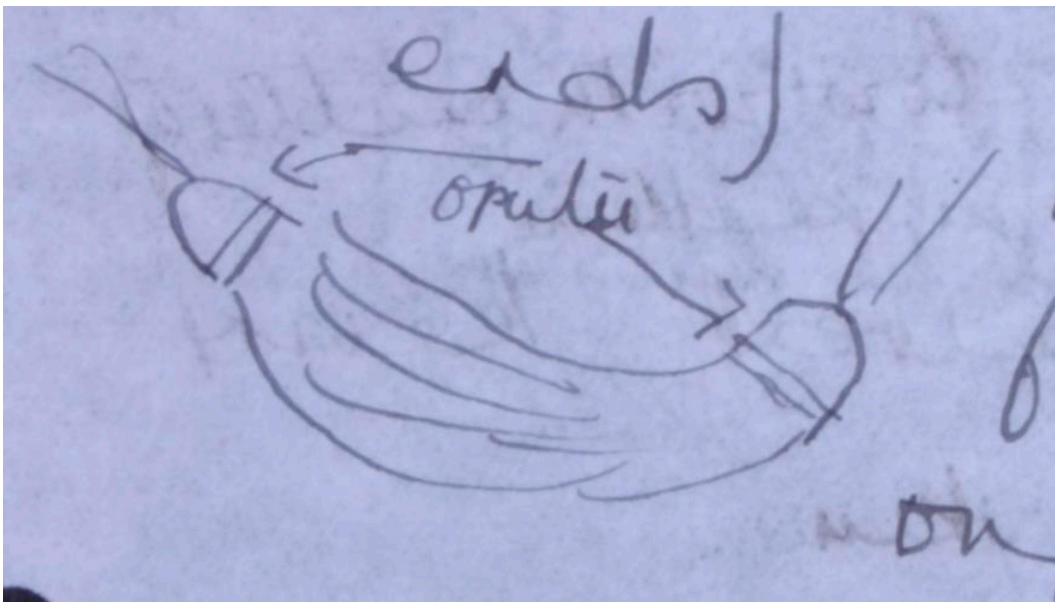


Fig. 8: Diagram of Oputu on strings of onjeva (Page157F)



Fig. 9: Diagram of back skin turned over at top, worked into a suspended semicircle on an apron (Page163F)