

DEED OF SALE.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT entered into and concluded between John James Tilley.

(hereinafter called "The Seller") of the one part, and Winifred Charlotte Jackson duly assisted by her husband Alfred de Jager Jackson

(hereinafter called "The Purchaser") of the second part.

WITNESSETH as follows:-

The said seller agree to sell to the said purchaser who agree to purchase certain property being certain Erf.No.673 situate in Kock Street in the town of Potchefstroom measuring two hundred square roods with all buildings thereon, for the sum of £825 (Eight hundred and twenty five pounds Stg) which said sum shall be payable as follows:-

The sum of £725 (Seven hundred and twenty five pounds Stg) cash against registration of transfer for which amount a bankers guarantee will be given and the balance of £100 (One hundred pounds Stg.) shall be payable within eighteen months from date hereof bearing interest at the rate of seven percent per annum.

Acknowledgement of debt shall be given and transfer lodged as security with the Standard Bank of S.A.LTD., Potchefstroom.

IT IS FURTHER AGREED:-

1. That the purchaser shall pay Transfer Duty and all costs of transfer.
2. That transfer of the said property shall be given to the Purchaser on Bankers guarantee for the sum of £725. (seven hundred and twenty five pounds Stg.) payable against registration of transfer.
3. That possession to the Purchaser of the said property shall be given on the 1st day of April, 1928, the purchaser to take over the present tenants.

For the due performance whereof the Appearers hereby bind themselves each with the other under security of their persons and property according to Law.

Thus done and signed at Potchefstroom this twenty eighth day of March 1928. in the presence of the undersigned witnesses.

AS WITNESSES:-

1. R.E.v.d. Merwe.

2. H. Solomon.

A. de Jager Jackson on
behalf of my wife Winifred
Charlotte Jackson.

J. J. Liley.

Parys O.K.

To all whom it may concern.

My Husband, Alfred de Jager Jackson, is
authorised to act for me in all matters connected
with Erf no. 673, mentioned in the foregoing Deed of
Sale; to attend to completion of the transfer of said
property into my name, and to collect the rents from
the tenants of same & give the acquittances; furthermore
to do all things necessary in pursuance of any business
as regards the said property (same being situated in Kockst.
Potcheffroom, Trauvault) and I hereby agree to ratify
and confirm all and whatever he may do on my
behalf.

Signed by me at Parys, Orange Free State
this fifth day of March 1928.

As witnesses

S. G. Shrive. Parys.

M. Shrive

Winifred Charlotte Jackson
W.C. Jackson.

The Passing of The Bushmen.

They were expert in ~~approaching~~ ^{stalking and} ~~stalking cover,~~ ^{stalking cover,} & thus being able to get out of the way, when they wished, getting away without being seen. Their diminutive size & their brown skins greatly aided them in this. They could wiggle quickly along on their bellies, & if there was any bush about you would have ^{had} great difficulty in spotting them if you were after them, & even then they would probably elude you. They were then very formidable enemies. They murdered many Hottentot herds & several farmers ^{with their poisoned arrows} on the frontiers, & pillaging parts of the Great Karoo, besides committing ^{over a long period} ~~various~~ ^{various} depredations, in killing & stealing ^{the} small stock that were pastured in that suitable though dry country. Things became so ^{grave} ~~serious~~ in the districts that it was quite difficult, in the isolated parts, to carry on farming at all.

Today, you may still see the last ruined remnant of old farmhouses that were built on ^{high} ~~the top~~ of eminences so as to command a clear view. For additional security these houses had thick walls & very small windows. ^{Some of the lower} On ~~many~~ hills you may yet see the last tumbling remains of the Bushman kraals.

It was ^{practicable} ~~impossible~~ to make effective warfare on a scattered tribe, whose individual members would shield themselves anywhere, & even near or far, behind any bush, stone or tree, or in any hole in the unlimited veld, & whose communities of whom could be hidden in the kloofs & dongas, or among the mountain rocks, for many months without betraying any sign of their whereabouts. Any Government would have shrunk from the ^{huge} ~~unwarranted~~ expense that would have attended operations necessitating the systematic patrolling of a vast & sparsely inhabited tract over a period of years, which would have been the only method to ensure a measure of success.

The farmers had tried, with poor results, to make servants of the Bushmen; ^{for} ~~but~~ with few exceptions they were quite intractable, ^{as} ~~the~~ lust to slay & eat was overpowering within them, & the call of the wild would take no denial. The Bushman's hand was daily liable to disappear, & so also was ~~an~~ ^{an} part of the stock that was in his charge. He was essentially a flesh eater, & the sight of the sheep ^{under} ~~at~~ his very ^{noise} ~~hand~~ was too great a temptation. But at last ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{tribe} ~~was~~ ^{driven} ~~away~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{interior} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{by} ~~the~~ ^{white} ~~man~~ ^{at} ~~last~~.

On some of the lower hills

x with the odium of their unreluctantly rightless migration

The Passing of the Bushman if "whereas it was expedient,"

After the long suffering & much maligned British Soldiers gave ear to the past present, & prospective outcry of the also long & greatly suffering Boers, & in or about the year 1871, the wandering murdering & pilfering Bushmen were outlawed of course. Exeter Hall ramped & raved, ^{the odium of} ~~loaded~~ ^{unavoidable} ^{indignation} the broad shoulders of the harassed Government, ^{but} but he ^{powerful} has ^{the powers} been ^{bore} ^{the} ^{additional} ^{weight} ^{but} ^{at} ^{there} ^{was} ^{no} ^{other} ^{course} open ^{to} ^{his} ^{many} ^{other} ^{burdens}.

And ~~soon~~ ^{within} months of the proclamation of outlawry, the Bushmen of the Karroos were decimated. The ~~sharp~~ ^{keen} ~~shooting~~ ^{sharp} Boers, hunted them from hill to hill, from rock to rock, from tree to tree ~~and~~ ^{and} bush to bush, & soon their place knew them no more. A considerable ^{number} ^{of} ^{them} ^{found} ^{refuge} in some inaccessible ^{highly} ^{situated} islands, ~~in~~ ^{on} mid streams in the deep lying & difficult parts of the Orange River ^{bed}; but the Government finished the work thoroughly. "You might as well be langed for a sheep or for a lamb!" was the idea. They ^{shot} ^{and} ^{cut} ^{up} ^{the} ^{carcasses} ^{of} ^{the} ^{fugitives} were ~~skilled~~ ^{skilled} out of their river fastnesses. The further reduced ^{remnants} ^{of} ^{the} ^{tribe} finally fled into the Kalahari Desert which yet ^{remains} ^{the} ^{habitat} ^{of} ^{their} ^{descendants}. But the Karroos & the Bushman have ~~ceased~~ ^{continued} to be acquainted since those days of fifty years ago.

A few individual members of the tribe, by nature more docile than the rest, lingered on for a few years as herds or help at the farms. In 1872 we had a herd - Valtijiv's wife, both under ^{the} ^{care} ^{of} ^{the} ^{farm}. Their shelter was a small, oval-shaped enclosure, not more than ⁱⁿ ^{elevation} three feet ^{high}, built of the rounded brown stones. It was erected at ^{the} ^{base} ^{of} ^{the} ^{foot} ^{of} ^{the} ^{hill}, just a mile ^{from} ^{our} ^{old} ^{homestead} on the Karroo farm. There was no roof to it, & there was not more than enough room for the pair to lie down ⁱⁿ ^a ^{narrow} ^{gap} ^{way} serving for entrance & exit. Just outside, was a meagre "schem" - ^{schem} - ^{screen} of the hard "granat boesch" ^{or} ^{granaat} ^{bosch} - ^{or} ^{pomegranate} ^{bush} - that served ^{as} ^a ^{kitchen} ^{as} ^a ^{kitchen} ^{for} ^{them}. ^{When} ^I ^{last} ^{saw} ^{them}, ^{it} ^{was} ^{very} ^{dry}, [&] ^{the} ^{woman} ^{who} ^{spoke} ^{Dutch}, ^{said} ⁻ ^{"Why} ^{does} ^{not} ^{the} ^{white} ^{man} ^{know} ^{of} ^{the} ^{Book} ⁻ ^{meaning} ^{the} ^{Bible} ⁻ ^{so} ^{that} ^{the} ^{Lord} ^{may} ^{send} ^a ^{rain} ^{?"} Her belief in the wisdom of the white man's ^{or} ^{her} ^{simple} ^{faith} in the power of the great Book were beautifully pathetic!

In

The Passing of the Bushmen

The "Boschman" or Bushman, so named on account of his wild, untaught nomadic habits - always wandering away in the bush, is the red, who was much in evidence during the ^{latter} ~~latter~~ ^{part of the} ~~part of the~~ ^{sixties of last century.}

The tribe was really all one, & moved restlessly to & fro, in small communities, over the arid Karroos. They lived in caves, or erected stone enclosures, or kraals + "Schemes" - screens, & did ^{as a rule} not ^{reasonable} trouble to build huts like the Hottentots did.

They were ^{far} more diminutive than the latter, the men being seldom exceeding ^{six} fourfoot in height. They had remarkably small hands & feet even in proportion to their ^{little} stature, but they were less graceful ^{than} ^{being generally hollow backed having protuberant bellies} than the Hottentots though again, their ^{smaller} ~~smaller~~ ^{was not so prone to excessive} ~~excessive~~ ^{Stenopygia} as were the Hottentot women. Their skins were browner & more leathery, & they were much more wrinkled.

Their heads were more rounded, but they had very low brows like the Hottentots they also had flat faces broad flat noses, & the scant, rigid tufts of hair.

They were probably one of the most inferior races of all the earth, though they had some remarkably redeeming traits.

In temperament they were highly artistic, for, notwithstanding their debased state, they could draw wonderfully well. In some of the caves ^{in the Karroos} their remarkable ^{pictures of animals} ~~sketches~~ ^{carved} ~~carved~~ ^{or drawn} ~~or drawn~~ ^{figures} ~~figures~~ ^{dyed upon the rocks - may still be seen.}

Their folklore was also proportionately ^{quite} extensive. Yet, their language, which sounded like a series of clicks, could scarcely have exceeded ^{much beyond} ~~2000~~ ^{words in all.} Of music they had little ^{notion,} ^{with the exception of inferior to the Hottentots, who loved it.}

Their intelligence was of a low order, but they were exceedingly cunning. Their yell craft was considerable & they were marvellous trackers, ^{and indefatigable hunters.} For weapons they relied mostly on bows & poisoned arrows. The bows were usually ^{made of} ~~made of~~ ^{bamboo,} ^{or substituted} ~~bamboo,~~ ^{bamboo,} which was exceedingly good for the purpose; but, besides ^{other} ~~other~~ ^{various} ~~various~~ ^{woods} ~~woods~~ ^{they also used the} ~~the~~ ^{taaibosch} - tough bush - in appearance like the wood of the quince, which it bears also resembled. This "taaibosch" however, did not serve nearly as well as the bamboo. Their arrowheads were of flint or hard wood, but later they also used iron that had been brought into the country by the living sand.

The Hottentots feared the Bushmen, for they were no match for them. ^(+ these little Bushmen)

* being hollowbacked having protuberant bellies
* being hollowbacked
* used that of the taaibosch
* no metal for the latter

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known as streets in those days & places.

in the hollow roads, Water and earth were flecked by the ^{light} radiance from above and the shadows of the pear trees below, so that liquid or solid might be mistaken each for the other. I heard the old gentleman coming with his long firm strides - he was a tall man and vigorous - and he blundered slap into a large pool ~~near by~~. "Hullo! Hullo!! Hullo!!!" he ejaculated as he jumped to get clear, but went ever deeper in till he passed through the length of the water. I could not help indulging in a lively smile that shook me in bed. It was very funny - to me!

He spoke of the days, when, for the love of the life, he used to go by the light of that moon, with the transport drivers, far away on the long roads, and he enthused, ^{Reminiscently} ~~in imagination~~, on the crack of the ^{long} powerful whip, and the shout of the teamster, as he called to the oxen by name, the flood of soft light pouring down the while from the glorious sky; and then the halt, the unyoking of the cattle, the roadside fire, the rude and satisfying repast, the simple conversation, the curling up in the blanket, and the drifting into the land of peaceful dreams and quiet slumber, as they lay enwrapped in the soothing radiance of the night, under the infinite heavens, in that wide, lonely, and dear familiar veld.

No, he was not mad! Do not laugh at him! He was one of God's good men, and a lover of His beautiful world. He saw good where others could not see it. He was a friend of those poor Bushmen, and they loved him and would not harm him. He prayed for them and tried to save them; but he could not. But he was the better for his poor efforts, and when he was an old man, he was yet young at heart; he loved his neighbour as himself; he rejoiced like a child in Nature's wonders, and kindly Nature smiled beneficently back upon him; and every good man worthy of the name was glad to see him.

Peace be to his ashes!

N. 3. Though I have had to set down ^{of the kindly eccentric old gentleman} the above anecdote in ^{his place} this place, he was nevertheless one of the "children of the light" & worthy to be so regarded.

By

A. de Jager Jackson

51 Euclid St.

Hospital Hill

Pharrisburg

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brown stones. It was erected at the base of ~~a~~ hill, just a mile North-West of our old homestead on the Karroo Farm. There was no roof to it, and there was not more than enough room for the pair to lie down in, a narrow open way serving for entrance and exit. Just outside, was a meagre "Scherm" - Screen - of the hard "Granaat bosch" Pomegranate bush - that ^{served} answered as a kitchen. They had no children. When I last saw them, it was very dry, and the woman, who spoke Dutch, said - "Why does not the white man throw open the Book ^{and read a little} - meaning the Bible - ^{and read a little} so that the Lord may send ^{us} rain?" Her belief in the wisdom of the white man and her simple faith in the power of the great Book were ^{strangely} ~~beautifully~~ ^{and} ~~pathetic~~ ^{very pathetic.}

In 1876 I saw a Bushman in the prisoner's dock at the Court house in the old Karroo Dorp. The charge was the usual ~~one~~ ~~natural~~ one of sheep stealing. His wife was also there to give evidence. Both she and the prisoner spoke in the Bushman language, and a Hottentot who also spoke it, acted as interpreter to the court. It was the first and last time I ^{marvellously quaint} heard the language and it sounded ~~marvellously quaint~~. The woman held up both hands, ^{entrancingly} ~~gesticulating mildly~~, as she gave her testimony. I had to leave before the case was completed; but ^{have no doubt} ~~I think~~ the man was convicted.

At the same time, and on till 1879, ^{at} our Karroo farm, we had a Bushman called "Klein Klaas" - little Klaas ~~or~~ ~~Nicholas~~. He was a celibate, and the most modest, retiring and inoffensive creature imaginable. He was spare and upright in figure, (with tiny feet and hands) perhaps a trifle over 4½ foot, and he was surprisingly and untiringly active. ~~He was~~ the best hand we ever had for the occasion of the sheep lambing, and no one could move on a lot of ewes and lambs so fast as he could. Up and down and to and fro he trotted from daylight till dark, calling to the sheep in his shrill, treble voice. I left the old homestead at the time and do not know what became of him afterwards. He was ~~really~~ a splendid little chap.

~~Little Iod of 1880, in the Western Transvaal of whom I have written on another page, was no doubt a survivor of the~~

THE PASSING OF THE BUSHMEN.

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~~remnant of the tribe that were shelled out of the Orange River islands.~~

~~Nearly all the domesticated Bushmen had, somehow or another, passed into the charge of the Beers, as little children.~~

Somewhat over ^a mile westward of our old ~~Karoo~~ homestead, there are still the tumbled remains of a considerable

Bushman kraal built of the round brown stones on the summit of a remarkable, rounded, iron stone "kopje", that, like a full-stop, ~~forms~~

^{punctuates the Western} ~~the~~ extremity of a low range of hills. It is a pretty ^{scene} ~~spot~~. In the hollow just below, are some fine Karree trees, and in the sandy soil

beyond, the "Kraaitulp" - rock tulip or wild iris - flourishes after the

rains. As a child I lay by that kraal, and gathered a lot of various

glass beads that the vanished tribe had left, besides a profusion of

circular, flattish beads ~~that they had~~ fashioned out of ostrich egg-

shells. I also found a couple of the perfectly round granite stones

with a hole through the centre for a staff to pass through. The en-

trances of the holes were elegantly smoothed, so as to leave no sharp

edges. The stones were fully four inches in diameter. It is supposed

that they were used for grinding or pounding ^{grass-seeds} grain, or dried roots and

herbs. It has been claimed that they are relics of the stone age ^{of} some ~~hundred~~ ^{of} centuries ago, which is ridiculous. ^{The labour to produce them must have been colossal. They could only have been chopped of ground into their elegant shape by the use of flint.} At this stage, I feel

constrained to set down something, that, though it is relative to the

subject, is almost unbelievably absurd; but it ~~also~~ has the redeeming

quality of being excruciatingly funny, albeit somewhat vulgar.

^{In that far away time} ~~During the sixties~~ there resided in those

^{Certain} outlying regions a Government official. He was a harmless, well meaning,

and refined English gentleman, and a decided negropholist. He loved the

Bushmen, spoke their language, and went ^{unarmed} ~~away out into the wild and~~

amongst them, ~~without a gun, when~~ he wished. In return, they held him

in veneration, and did not harm a hair of his head. He was solicitous

on account of these benighted savages, and very anxious to lift them ~~up~~

^{out of} ~~from~~ their forlorn state and raise them to something higher. Towards

this end he conceived the most extraordinary idea that it was possible

^{hit upon} to imagine in many months of Sundays. He contrived to have sent up to

him from the Coast, at Government expense, ^{a consignment of} ~~some one thousand, or so~~

bed-chambers

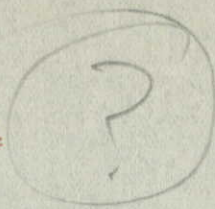
bed-room chambers.

These conveniences ^{of civilization} he ~~only~~ distributed among his outcast proteges, hoping that the use of them would exert a refining influence ~~on their minds~~, and that the hitherto unknown luxury of ~~comfort~~ would serve to ameliorate their lives! The gifts were of course acceptable to the savages, though their explained use seemed so needless that it ~~still~~ surpassed their comprehension. This strange white man was a being quite ~~beyond~~ the limit of their imagination. It is perhaps possible, that, as is the case with some savage tribes in other parts of Africa, they looked upon him as bewitched, in the good sense, and ~~therefore~~ regarded his person as sacred. The fact that he spoke their language and went freely amongst them - unarmed - which neither black ^{other} nor white men had dared to do, would have lent ~~force~~ force to the idea. They would hardly have been ~~either~~ grateful or ^{even} amused, for the Bushmen were ~~practically~~ ^{almost} strangers to gratitude and mirth.

^{yet} They ~~looked~~ and prized the vessels ~~that were given them~~, because they were large and handy ~~utensils~~, and they used them to hold food, drinkwater, or whatever else they would usefully contain; but not one of them attempted to put them to the mysterious use that appeared so utterly purposeless!

I last saw this ridiculous, ^{and} dear old gentleman at ^{the} ~~our~~ old Karroo Dorp, in the year 1882. I had a room, with folding doors opening on to the street, and the house he was staying at was right opposite. We sometimes conversed. He was then a man verging on sixty, whereas I was nearly young enough to be his grandson. He was calm, collected, and perfectly sane, though he bore a reputation for being eccentric.

He used to go for long, solitary, moonlight walks - solitary, I suppose, for the reason that he had no one to accompany him. When the beautiful moon was at its full, he was out on his lonely rambles till past midnight. Once, ^{at} about that ^{hour} ~~time of night~~, he passed down the near side of the street in front of my room. There had been a heavy shower in the morning, and long pools of water had formed



On a sunny Sunday morning, more than thirtythree years ago, there were some five of us, sitting around on the rugged rocks of of outcrop "banket", at Vogelfontein, almost on the very site and spot now occupied by the embankment that holds back the waters of the Boksburg Lake, on the famed East Rand of the Witwatersrand Gold Fields. By and below us, there lay nestling in the creek, a beautiful deep pool of limpid water. A middle aged, middle sized, somewhat short and portly gentleman of our party, seated nearer to the water edge, suddenly held up a warning hand with a "hush-sh-sh!" Then he leant far out over the pool and made a vigorous thrust with his stick at something in the water. But in the eagerness of his effort, he lost his balance, and plumped head and heels into the cold element. Up he came again in a few seconds, gasping and spluttering, and ejaculated - "Oh! Water surprise!" It was a magnificent impromptu cold water pun, and notwithstanding its chilly origin, was worthy of being passed on as hot stuff! Willing hands were immediately stretched forth, and the genial joker was quickly drawn out of trouble, and reseated on his rock. It transpired that he had seen a Likkewan rising to the surface of the pool, quite close to him, and had made an abortive, and rather absurd attempt, to disable it. The unlucky adventurer was forced to strip and wring out his clothes, and then to wait for nearly three hours for the sun to dry them. There were but a few tents scattered about in the neighbourhood, and he did not live anywhere near the place himself. Not long afterwards, this genial, kindly man, sold his interest in a block of claims on the main reef, for a large sum. He built a commodious house in Marshall's Township, Johannesburg, and for two or three years he kept open house, for he was the very soul of hospitality and good fellowship. But in the later years this well-te-do and happy ^{gentle-} man fell on evil days, and he walked the streets of the golden city, a pauper and a beggar. To the end, however, there were those who had known him in the hey-day of his prosperity, and still and always, had a kindly word for him. And after all was his fate not better than that of many of the hard and pitiless men of the world. What is more appalling than the miser with ^x seared and shrivelled soul, and without a friend

-in-

x seared

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in God's wide world?

I was establishing myself in my new home, near the little Marico Dorp, six years ago. A "piccanin" - a kaffir lad - was washing the boarded floors of the house, and I was busy cutting away the bush that had overgrown the neglected land in front, when he dropped his bucket with a crash and a yell, and came rushing out to me in a state of frantic excitement and terror. "Baas! daar is en groot Likkewaan in de voorkamer!" he panted. (Baas, there is a great Likkewaan in the front room). I immediately went to have a look, and there, sure enough, was the large reptile, a four footer from tip to tip, ^{as} I subsequently measured him. When he saw me, he rushed for a far corner, and vainly tried to scale the smooth, straight wall. I quickly closed the two open doors, and went after him. Round and round he raced, and at last, as he again paused to attempt a climb, I suddenly planted my left foot behind his shoulder, grabbed his neck and throat with my right hand, and simultaneously seized his tail with my right. I whipped him off the floor, and held him helpless, for without the leverage of his legs, he is comparatively powerless, and, knowing it, he ceases to struggle.

I then called for the tape and ascertained his length. I had just succeeded when he somehow managed to grab the lapel of my waistcoat. I tried to prise open his jaws with a strong table knife; but only broke a few of his small teeth. At last I tore the cloth free. I then carried him a little way off into the Veld, dropped him, and gave him a run and a chance. He made a dash for liberty; but I again scored over him, for as he went I caught him on his hard, scaly head, with a large and still harder stone. And thus terminated the interest of the luckless monster in the interiors of houses, the vicinity of farmyards, and all things mundane.

About the same time just outside my land, my good dog and faithful companion, Hara, was barking at something in a little Mimosa-thorn-bush. I went to see what was up, while Hara kept barking and scratching, and forcing his way into the bush. I stooped to get a closer view, when suddenly I felt a strange sensation as of something

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with clinging and climbing flowers passing with a rush up my right leg, over my back, and on to my right shoulder, and almost instantaneously there was a great blowing sound at my ear, and an ugly serpent like head, projected past my right eye. It was a fearsome experience, for at the moment, I took it to be a great snake! Nevertheless, I did not lose my nerve. I quietly and quickly slid my left hand under the soft felt hat that I was wearing, and using it as a protecting glove, I thrust the creature forcefully backward, so that it loosed its hold and fell to the ground, where the dog immediately pounced upon it, and seized and killed it. It was only a young likkewaan, not more than three feet in length. But it gave me a mighty turn, for it was one of the most unpleasant and eerie in all my adventures. It was what you might truly term "a nasty jar!"

The following Summer, and nearly a year after the last incident, I was descending the mountain slope one morning after having driven my cattle up the pathway that I had constructed for the purpose, to a spot where the grass was more abundant. In a gully near the base of the steep, I heard the voice of Hara in an uproar, the sounds clearly indicating that he was in active combat with some considerable antagonist. I hurried down to the spot, and found him dodging around a huge Likkewaan. Whenever an opening offered, he jumped in and bit the animal in the tenderer part, low down behind the right shoulder, and near the region of the heart. The reptile must soon have succumbed to such persistent, methodical, and effective form of attack. But I ran up, commanded the dog to desist, and judging a favourable moment, I placed my foot heavily on the Likkewaan's shoulders, grabbed him by the neck and tail with my hands, and swung him in the air. I was not quick enough, however, and received a stinging blow of his tail on my left shin. I was none the worse though, and carried my prisoner home for more than a mile. There I first measured him, and found that he was a full four foot six from nose tip to tail end, quite the largest of his kind that I had ever met with. Then I put him in an empty crate that had been made for fowls, a strong wooden frame, covered with fairly stout wire netting, but I had no sooner relaxed my grip of him, than he made a bound forward and passed through the wire, snapping it as if it had been pack thread! I followed and quickly secured him again, being successful this time in evading the formidable swinging strokes of his tail. I took a long and strong Ox "riem" - thong - and looped it round his narrow waist, and tied the other end to a heavy log of firewood behind the house.

There I left him for a couple of hours. He lay quite still, close alongside of the log, and appeared to have dozed off in the warm sunshine. An idea struck me. I took a handful of mealies and scattered them softly over and around him. Very good! He was not in the least disturbed. I had something over and above a hundred fowls. I took more mealies, and by throwing a few at a time, and calling the while to my feathered friends, I soon enticed them to

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the spot where the captive lay. Finally I cast another handful of grain over the Likkewaan. Their numbers, their greed, and the lethargy of the reptile, emboldened the fowls, and gave them confidence. They swarmed right upon and around the Likkewaan in their eagerness. But suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there was a mighty swish, right and left, of the long strong tail, and instantly the incumbent atmosphere was thick with squawking, cackling, feathery fugitives, travelling vertically, horizontally, and slantingly, flying and speeding in every direction, the most scared and astonished fowls within the bounds of the Union! It was excruciatingly funny, and I had a hearty laugh. I was well rewarded for my pains. It was some idea!

But now I was puzzled as to the next course with my friend, the enemy. He had brought me new experience and good entertainment, and had had anything but a good time himself. I could not get it over my heart to dispatch him. That evening I threw a sack over him, to protect him from the chill of the night, and left him where he was. By the next morning I had made up my mind. I had an early breakfast, took the sack and slipped it over the likkewaan, at the same time releasing him from his bonds. I shouldered the sack with its strange contents, whistled up Hara, and driving the cattle in front of me, I made for the mountain. When I had reached the slope, a little way beyond the spot where I had captured my prisoner on the morning previous, I unslung my sack and shook it free of its burden, with intent to give the Likkewaan its liberty. But Hara was of a different mind, and would not leave the pot. I wasted no words with him; but seized him and slipped him into the sack. I reslung the sack upon my back, the dog soon ceased his struggles, I carried him to the house, and emptied the bag of him into the yard. He emerged looking very meek and mystified, and somewhat crestfallen and foolish. The situation was entirely beyond him. His habitual method of speech failed him, and he had no remarks to offer!

THE "LIKKEWAAAN" OR LEGUAN.

The "Likk^Ewaan" is a term rather loos^Ely applied to some ^{of the} larger varieties of lizards in South Africa. In the Cape Colony, notably in the Karroo, there is the stout, square headed kind, that grows to a matter of four foot long, and has brown and yellowish markings, more or less barred. They are mostly found in the rugged kloofs near the bases of mountains.

In the Transvaal, and notably in the Marico District, is another variety, that attains a length of nearly five feet. It has a smaller and narrower head, is proportionately more slender in the body, but has a thick, powerful tail, with which it deals a formidable blow when attacked. It is ⁺draker in colour than the one of the Karroo.

x darker

Both of the above varieties have small insignificant teeth, but they have exceedingly strong jaws that grip like a vice. Their skins are hard, rough, and coarse. They are the equivalent of the iguana's of America and Australia; but whereas these are stated to be herbivorous, our South African Likkewaan lives largely on beetles. On personal examination, I have found them full of the "toptopje" beetle. They are also very partial to eggs, and are not to be tolerated in the poultry yard! Fowls are seized with frantic terror at sight of them, especially hens with little chickens, which strongly inclines one to suspect that the Likkewaan would also eat the chicks if he got a chance. In a general way, however, they are quite harmless, and no doubt serve a useful purpose in checking the increase of beetles and other insects. They themselves are said to be good eating, though I do not know of anyone in this Country having put it to the test. They are expert climbers, and rush up a tree like a flash, being aided ~~therein~~ by their longish claws. Thus they rob the birds nests of their eggs, and in the breaking of them, they likewise break and mar their otherwise inoffensive and blameless record.

Thirdly, are the large water lizards that are often mistaken for crocodiles. They are the "likkewaan" of the Western Transvaal Kaffirs, who hold them in a certain degree of veneration. The larger ones are sometimes five foot or more in

The "Likkewaani" or Leguans.

The "Likkewaani" is a term rather loosely applied to some large varieties of lizards in South Africa.

In the Cape Colony, notably in the Karroo, there is the stout, square-headed kind, that grows to a matter of four foot long, & has brown & yellowish markings, more or less barred. They are mostly found in the rugged kloofs near the bases of mountains.

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The "Likkewaans", or Lequans.

certain degree of veneration. The larger ones are sometimes five feet or more in length. They have ^{small} flatterish heads & ^{little} ~~small~~ teeth. They are powerful swimmers & can remain under water for an indefinite period, but they love to come out & bask on the sunny banks. They are found in most of the deeper pools in many creeks & rivers in nearly all the Northern half of the Transvaal from East to West & are exceedingly abundant. Their skins should be most valuable for they are comfortably soft when well prepared & make ^{pretty good} capital armlets, belts, purses, bags. Judging by their habitat & their constructions, they probably live ^{mainly} on small fish, frogs, & water insects.

They are also good tree climbers, & no doubt take toll of the eggs of birds that nest by the water. In a general way they are kin to their brother likkewaans, or lequans, of the dry land.

All these Likkewaans have the forked tongue, which they protrude when disturbed, & the repellent stars, both these things being ^{a feature} with many reptiles, serving to add to the repulsiveness, the uncammy & the fearsome appearance of ^{even} the most harmless among them. When threatened or attacked, they also emit the bellows-blowing sound common to all the snake & lizard tribes, & which likewise leads to their venisness.

The lizards & snakes of South Africa all live on insects or other animal food. Many of them relish eggs, & a few of the snakes are inordinately fond of fresh milk. Probably our likkewaans would also drink milk if they could get it. That the iguanas of America & Australia are entirely herbivorous, as it is stated, goes beyond me. I cannot believe it. They are too much like our likkewaans to be so different in their feeding, & besides, it is diametrically opposed to the life habits of all these reptiles.

6
Quaker Adventures with Likkewaans.

On a sunny Sunday morning, more than 33 years ago, there were some five of us, sitting around on the rugged rocks of outcrop "banket" at Vogelfontein, almost on the very site spot now occupied by the embankment that holds back the waters of the Boksburg lake, on the famed East Rand of the Witwatersrand gold fields. By & below us, there lay nestling in the creek, a beautiful deep pool of limpid water. A middleaged, middle sized, somewhat short sporty gentleman of our party, seated nearest to the water edge, suddenly held up a warning hand with "hush - sh - sh!" Then he leant far out over the pool & made a vigorous thrust with his stick at something in the water. But in the eagerness of his effort he ~~xx~~ lost his balance & plunged head & heels into the cold element. Up he came again in a few seconds, gasping & spluttering, & ejaculated - "Oh! water, surprise!" It was a magnificent impromptu cold water pun, & notwithstanding its chilling origin, was worthy of being passed on as hot stuff! Willing hands were immediately stretched forth, & the good joker was quickly drawn out of trouble & reseated on his rock. It transpired that he had seen a Likkewaam rising to the surface of the pool, quite close to him, & made an abortive, & rather absurd attempt, to disable it. The unlucky adventurer was forced to strip & wring out his clothes, & then to wait for nearly three hours for the sun to dry them. There were but a few tents scattered about in the neighbourhood, & he did not live anywhere near the place himself. Not long afterwards, this ^{small, kindly man} sold his interest in a block of claims on the main reef, for a large sum. He built a commodious house in Marshall's Township, Phannelburg, & for two or three years he kept open house, for he was the very soul of hospitality & good fellowship. But in the later years this well-to-do & happy man fell on evil days & he walked the streets of the golden city, a pauper & a beggar. To the end, however, there were those who had known him in the hey day of his prosperity, & still & always had a kindly word for him. And after all was his fate not bitter than that of many of the hard & pitiless men of the world. What is more appalling than the miser with seared & shrivelled soul, & without a friend in God's wide world?

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Queer Adventures with Likkewaans

I was establishing myself in my new home, near the little
Marico Dorp, six years ago. A "piccanin" - a Kaffir lad -
was washing the boarded floors of the house & I was busy cutting
away the bush that had ^{neglected} overgrown the land in front, when he dropped
his bucket with a crash & a yell, came pushing out to me in a state of frantic
excitement & terror. "Baas! daar is en groot likkewaam in
de voorkamer!" he panted. (Baas, there is a great likkewaam
in the front room.) I immediately went to have a look & there,
sure enough, was the large reptile, a four footer from tip to tip
as I subsequently measured him. When he saw me, he rustled for
a few corners & vainly tried to scale the smooth, straight wall. I
quickly closed the two open doors, & went after him. Round & round
he raced & at last as he again paused to attempt a climb, ^{suddenly} I planted
my left foot behind his shoulder, grabbed his neck & throat with
my right hand & ^{simultaneously} seized his tail with my right. I whipped him
off the floor & held him helpless, for without the leverage of his
legs, he is comparatively powerless, & knowing it, he ceased to struggle.

I then called for the tape & ascertained his length. That
just succeeded when he ~~managed~~ somehow managed to grab
the lapel of my waistcoat. I tried to prise open his jaws with
a strong table knife, but only broke a few of his small teeth.
At last I tore the cloth free. I then carried him a little way
off into the veld, dropped him, & gave him a run of a chase.
He made a dash for liberty, but I again scored over him, for
as he went I caught him on his hard, scaly head, with a
large & still harder stone. And thus terminated the interest of the
luckless monster in the interiors of houses, the vicinity of farms -
yards, & ^{all} ~~everything~~ mundane.

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Queer Adventures with Likkewaans.

About the same time, just outside my land, my good dog & faithful companion, Hara, was barking at something in a little mimosa-thorn bush. I went to see what was up, while Hara kept barking, scratching & forcing his way into the bush. I stooped to get a closer view when suddenly I felt a strange sensation as if something with clinging & climbing powers passed with a rush up my right leg, over my back, & on to my right shoulder, & almost instantaneously there was a great blowing sound at my ear & an ugly, serpent-like head projected past my right eye. It was a fearful experience for at the moment I took it to be a great snake! Nevertheless, I did not lose my nerve. I quietly & quickly slid my left hand under the soft felt hat that I was wearing, & using it as a protecting glove, I threw the creature forcefully backward so that it loosed its hold & fell to the ground, where the dog immediately pounced upon it, & seized & killed it. It was only a young likkewaans, not more than three feet in length. But it gave me a mighty turn, for it was one of the most unpleasant - ^{ever} ~~ever~~ ^{ing} of all my adventures. It was what you might truly term "a nasty job!"

Queer Adventures with Likkewaans

The following summer, & nearly a year after the last incident, I was descending the mountain slope ^{one morning} after having driven my cattle up the pathway that I had constructed for the purpose, to a spot where the grass was more abundant. In a gully near the base of the steep, I heard the voice of Hara in an uproar, the sounds clearly indicating that he was in active combat with some considerable antagonist. I hurried down to the spot & found him dodging around a huge Likkewaans. Whenever an opening offered, he jumped in & bit the animal in the tender part, low down behind the right shoulder, & near the region of the heart. The reptile must soon have succumbed to such persistent, methodical, & effective forms of attack. But I ran up, commanded the dog to desist, & judging a favourable moment, I placed my foot heavily on the Likkewaans's shoulder, grabbed him by the neck & tail with my hands, & swung him in the air. I was not quick ^{enough} however, & received a stinging blow of his tail on my left shin. I was none the worse though, & carried my prisoner home for more than a mile. There I first measured him, & found that he was a full four foot six from nose tip to tail end, quite the largest of his kind that I had ever met with. Then I put him in an empty crate that had been made for fowls, a strong wooden frame, covered with fairly stout wire netting. But I had no sooner relaxed my grip of him, than he made a bound forward & passed through the wire, snapping it as if ^{had been} it were pack thread. I followed & quickly secured him again, being successful this time in evading the formidable swinging strokes of his tail. I took a long & strong ox "rism" - long, looped it round his narrow waist, & tied the other end round to a heavy log of firewood behind the house.

There I left him for a couple of hours. He lay quite still, close alongside of the log, & appeared to have dozed off in the warm sunshine. An idea struck me. I took a handful of mealies & scattered them poffly over & around him. Very good good! He was not in the least disturbed. I had something

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Queer Adventures with Likkewaans.

over, & above a hundred fowls. I took more mealies, & by throwing a few at a time, & calling the while to my feathered friends, I soon enticed them to the spot where the captive lay. Finally I cast another handful of grain over the Likkewaans. Their numbers, their greed, & the lethargy of the reptile, emboldened the fowls, & gave them confidence. They swarmed right upon, & around the Likkewaans in their eagerness. But suddenly, & without the slightest warning, there was a mighty swish, right & left, of the long strong tail, & instantly the incumbent atmosphere was thick ^{with} squawking, cackling, feathery fugitives, travelling vertically, horizontally & hauntingly, flying & spreading in every direction, the most scared & astonished fowls within the bounds of the Union! It was excruciatingly funny, & I had a hearty laugh. I was well rewarded for my pains. It was some idea!

But now I was puzzled as to the next course with my friend, the mummy. He had brought me new experiences & good entertainment, & had had anything but a good time himself. I could not get it over my heart to dispatch him. That evening I threw a sack over him, to protect him from the chill of the night, & left him where he was. By the next morning I had made up my mind. I had an early breakfast, took the sack & slipped it over the Likkewaans, at the same time releasing him from his bonds. I shouldered the sack with its strange contents, whistled up Hare, & driving the cattle in front of me, I made for the mountains. When I had reached the slope, a little way beyond the spot where I had captured my prisoner on the morning previous, I unloading my sack & shook it free of its burden with intent to give the Likkewaans its liberty. But Hare was of a different mind, & would not leave the spot. I walked no words with him; but seized him & slipped him into the sack. I redung the sack upon my back, the dog soon ceased his struggles, I carried him to the house & supplied the bag of him in the yard. He emerged looking very much mystified & somewhat exasperated, & foolish. The situation was entirely beyond him, & he had no remarks to offer!

His habitual method of speech failed him, & he had no remarks to offer!

Crumbs from the Master's Table.

- 1 Preface.
- 2 The marico
- 3 Lights & Voices far & near
- 4 Natives of their Stads, Western Transvaal
- 5 Only a dog.
- 6 Here the gallant & faithful
- 7 Kleinbooi's song the untutored Savage(?) who sang from the heart.
- 8 Leguans (Likkewaans)
- 9 Quercy Adventures with Leguans
- 10 Animal life.
- 11 Plant life
- 12 Boers of the Marico
- 13 A Farm in the Marico.
- 14 Malmani
- 15 The Bushveld
- 16 ~~Holbouts~~ ^{Holbouts} the well favoured
- 17 The two Albanians
- 18 A Crane in Joburg
- 19 Our sea Gull off the wing
- 20 Jack of Bournemouth
- 21 Paradoxes - Blue Bottles, Hot & Burnt, & Penny Whistles.
- 22 Witticisms & Anecdotes of the Transvaal
- 23 Rugged Remarkabilities of Rough Regions.
- 24 A last word ^{the mighty mile} of a kind Farewell.

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