

Muriel Williams Sanderson: Letters to Friends spanning 1965 — 2006

Muriel's correspondence and form letters between 1979 and 2006 are interspersed with P. David Wilkin's correspondence and form letters. In 1979, David moved to the USA. Their correspondence focused on their current activities and observations of life in Zambia, Botswana and New York City.

Notes:

- All manuscript letters by Muriel and David (1979 — 2006) were retyped for ease of use by Dusan Zavisic and any retyped page appears next to the original page.
- Pdf files were created from photocopied pages of the original copies that will hopefully be placed in Botswana's National Archives. Some page headers say "1979 — 2008" and pdf files for 2007 to 2008 or even more recent may be added later.
- P. David Wilkin put all this material together between 2007 and 2010.

**Muriel Williams Sanderson:
Form Letters to Friends
1965 — 1979**

1965 — 1971

P.O. Box 1607, Kitwe, Zambia

28th April, 1965

My dear Friends,

This time I am doing much better, I think it is only about 5 months since I wrote. There seems to be a lot going on these days, and I am afraid if I leave it much longer I shall never get started.

This time I shall begin with Tuesday, March 2nd, a red-letter day in our family. Seretse's election results came through, and when I telephoned him at lunchtime, he already knew from the trend that he had won. He was actually invited to form a government in the evening. I rang again then to congratulate him, after I had been invited to speak on our local TV commenting on the result.

The same day, I was returned unopposed as a Kitwe Municipal Councillor. I was not sure whether I was eligible to stand, as I live outside the area, but as there had been no provision for changing the roll, I was OK. The apathy in local elections seems to be universal. UNIP could not get other European councillors because they were not on the local roll, very few people seem to bother to get on. Also, the local council had advertised the supplementary roll on the back inside page of the paper which nobody ever looks at, and they had not advertised it any more. So even those wanting to get on just had not seen the notice. UNIP put up 2 European candidates here in Kitwe, and we both got in unopposed, because of the disqualification of one councillor who had failed to attend meetings, and the resignation of another who was getting old. So UNIP now controls Kitwe, the second town being Lusaka.

The third thing connected with this date is my Zambian citizenship. It actually arrived in the post a few days later, but it is dated March 2nd - which seems quite a coincidence. On the strength of these 3 things, I threw a party to celebrate.

The week all this happened, I received a telegram from Seretse inviting me to attend his swearing-in ceremony at Gaborone as the new Prime Minister. As I read the cable, I thought how impossible it would be to attend. By the time I had driven the 4 miles home from choir I had talked myself into trying. It meant leaving just less than 48 hours later, by train, but my boss agreed I could take a week's leave, so off I went. Gaborone is further south than Serowe and means an extra 7 hours on the train (making 55) but I was saved a few hours of this when Braim Nkonde turned up, visiting his Zambia Youth Service camps on the Copperbelt, so he drove me to Lusaka on his return, where I stayed the night, and got the train early next morning. The train from here to Lusaka takes 13 hours, a car takes 4-5. All the same, I did get fed up with that return train journey - out of my 8 days leave, 4 were spent in the train, which seems a rather high proportion!

I arrived at midnight, and Seretse was sworn next morning (9th) at the house of the Resident Commissioner, Sir Peter Fawcus. It was a quiet little family affair, I was the only "foreign" visitor. There were speeches by Sir Peter, the senior chief, former leader of Legco, and then Seretse. Champagne followed, and I met the rest of the Cabinet. It is small, 7 Ministers, and not all have Parliamentary Secretaries. But they have a high standard of education by African standards - all have done 5 years secondary school, and that is rare. They have a terrible drought problem, for the 5th year running there have been practically no rains. Right this minute, Seretse is on a state visit here in Zambia, discussing economic and political matters, because he really has to get crisis methods going concerning the awful crop failures. To return to the ceremony, Ruth looked gorgeous as usual, in her favourite colour blue, she had a brocade dress and coat to match, and a very pretty feathery hat. I wore my silk dress bought for the Independence here.

Gaberones has to be seen to be believed. If you think of the old American films of opening up the West, you are getting warm. It is still being built, and when I was there in March, there were no street names, no numbers, precious few phones, electricity breakdowns every lunch-time and some evenings, and dust, dust everywhere. I went out with Seretse to try to find someone he wanted, and our only hope was to spot either this chap's car outside the house (which he thought he would recognise), or his children! After several enquiries we finally found him, but what a game! Ruth and Seretse are living temporarily in a Minister's house, waiting for their own to be finished. We went to see it, it will be double story, but must be the most modest Prime Minister's House in the world. It has 4 bedrooms, which they have now, and is one too few, with my mother living there, Ian and the twins have to share, which is rough on Ian. There is a guest wing, and a large lounge, dining room, kitchen. I am very bad at seeing a house from the bare bones, one thing they will have to work on is the garden. All of them there look so barren. I went shopping for Ruth one morning, to try to find bread and eggs. There are about 3 broken-down little stores, shacks really, and that is all. The post-office is one half of one of these, all that is missing is the post to tie the horse up to. I found the bread, but not the eggs. The ladies of the town had all flown to Mafeking, 180 miles away, to get their hair set for the big occasion. It will be most interesting to see this place develop. Each month a new government department is moving up from Mafeking.

After two days in Gaberones, I flew with Ruth and the twins to Serowe to help her pack up some of their linen and clothes. We went in a small private plane, and flying over the Kalahari desert was most interesting. You could see the railway line stretching for miles and miles away into the distance, straight, with no vegetation to interrupt the view. It was rather bumpy and I was glad when we got to Serowe, but there a flock of goats decided to wander over the landing strip as we came in, so we had to circle round again until they had passed. Ruth and Seretse are keeping their Serowe house open, in fact they spent Easter there, but Ruth needed some of the things in Gaberones. We worked pretty hard, Ruth was pretty tired after all the excitement and hard work of an election campaign and moving. I must say by the time I got back here, I felt like writing to their Minister of Transport and asking him to hurry up with putting on a commercial air service, even though it will cost me lots more money.

Although I was returned unopposed on March 2nd, I did not actually become a councillor until April 1st, the date the election would have been. 2 days later, the Rotary International of this area of East Central and South Africa had their annual meeting here, so I was invited to attend the opening, by the President, Kenneth Kaunda, a cocktail party given by the Council for the delegates, a theatre visit with them, and a ball given by Rotary, which disgusted me immensely. Imagine, not one African present. I just could not believe it. When I read a few days after that the Chairman of Rotary was trying to interest Africans in the movement, I wondered how serious he was. I could have suggested several ways of getting interest going, one being to invite some to social functions where they would meet Rotarians under pleasant circumstances and get interested. This was the second time I had worn my ball gown bought for Independence.

Just before Easter, the new Mayor was installed. He had been chosen at an unofficial meeting of the Council, but really UNIP had decided even before that. He is the former Deputy Mayor, an old friend of mine Albert Kalyati, who I first met at a trade union meeting at Mindolo soon after I arrived, and who first signed me up as a member of UNIP. He was the one who took me to the Independence celebrations in Lusaka. He is no longer in the trade union movement, but now an Industrial Relations officer for a big firm.

He has lots of good ideas and has already started working on some of them. I was elected vice-chairman of the Finance Committee, and at the public annual meeting of the Mayor's installation, I had to second the motion of the mayoral allowances for the year! I am the only female councillor, so decided since I was going to be conspicuous anyway, I might as well go the whole hog. So I bought a gorgeous big navy blue straw hat edged with white trimming, and wore with my white and spotted navy linen suit. After the ceremony there was tea at the hall (in the African suburb) and then drinks at a hotel nearby for those invited, and in the evening the local USIS officer invited a crowd to a party, including most of the councillors, and I ended up at midnight with a swim in their lovely pool. So it was quite a day. I went to my first real council meeting on Monday this week, it lasted from 2-7pm. It was much longer than usual, because there have not been the usual committees this month. Believe me, I did not say one word! It was mostly new, and although I had got hold of previous minutes, most of it was fairly strange, and I decided I just had to sit quiet and learn. A couple of the old European councillors are very difficult, actually they are not so old in age, but how they resist change. Their attitude to Africans was appalling, and they showed it so obviously. One of them, a local solicitor, lost his temper completely when he lost a motion, and threatened to walk out for ever. I was glad the Mayor was tough with him, and even rebuked him, reminding him that times are changing and he must accept a new situation.

We have beautiful new Council buildings, which are being used since February only. On May 19th, Dr. Kaunda will receive the freedom of Kitwe, and at the same time another Minister will officially open the new buildings. As the only female, I have come in for a lovely job - choosing the new furniture for the Mayor's Parlour, reception rooms and ladies and gents changing rooms. It has been fun, and I have chosen some good colours. I did not do it all alone, the town clerk and manager of the shop and the Mayor were there for consultation, and then we were restricted by the choice of colour and material available. When the carpets and furniture are in, I shall pick the curtains. The Mayor's Parlour is really super, it has a copper frieze all round, and rich red fitted carpet, which matches the Council Chamber. We also have gowns, which arrived just this week, to wear for the big occasion. I am really lucky to get on the Council this year, with such historical occasions.

Well, I guess you have heard enough of Council business. One last thing, though. Each town and village is striving to raise all the money it can for the new university, and I have been on our local committee for some time representing the YWCA. We have got left a bit behind, and I suggested a football game, Kitwe Municipal Council to challenge the Cabinet. Whether it will come off, I don't know, but I have offered to play in our team! The Mayor is to issue the challenge at the civic luncheon in May when Dr. Kaunda gets the freedom, and with the publicity it will be difficult for the Cabinet to refuse - at least, that is our theory. But until then, it must be kept secret.

My mother went to England for a holiday just 2 days after the Bechuanaland elections. So I missed seeing her when I went down. She is staying with my aunt in London, and will be away about 2 months I think, maybe more; unfortunately she got a septic foot fairly early on, and I think this has hampered her in getting about. It was a pity she had to miss the ceremony in Gaberones, but it was a question of taking a sailing when one was available.

I had a most interesting time in Nigeria. I flew from Johannesburg after Christmas at Serowe, on 29th December. The meetings in Enugu, Eastern Nigeria, were varied, and at the beginning livened up by the political crisis. In fact, we wondered what would happen if the threatened general strike came off, because most delegates would not have arrived by then. But it was averted at the last moment.

The hotel was luxurious, and this is no exaggeration. The swimming pool outside was just below my third floor balcony, and there was a ballroom (used for our meetings!) a night-club, modern outside bar and also an inside one, shops in the foyer, Swedish furnishings, air-conditioning. The first week was not too bad, but then the pace hotted up, and for a whole week, I did not get in that pool. There were several meetings, the main one I went for was a joint AACC-WCC consultation of 60 African leaders, to discuss a variety of problems concerned with the Churches. One of the main topics was the setting up of an African Refugee Service which will be wider than actually helping refugees, also helping projects with the aim of improving conditions and standards of living. I did not manage to get to many of the sessions, except when we broke up into 4 discussion groups, and I took notes in the group discussing international and national affairs. I had the usual mixture of jobs - typing, accounts, setting up translation equipment, sorting out notes, taking minutes. The most enjoyable part is always late in the evening, talking over the day's events over a drink, in this case in the beautiful surroundings of the outdoor bar overlooking the swimming pool, which was in use at midnight because of the warmth.

My colleague Irmgart and I were fairly early on the scene, so on New Year's Eve, our 2 bosses, Sam Amisshah from here at Mindolo and James Lawson of Dahomey, took us out dancing. We could only find a rather broken-down hotel, where we had been told there would be dancing, but only a private party was on. Sam vanished, and after 5 minutes returned to say we were invited to this party. It was being given by the local Oratory Club, and they made us guests of honour. The minute Sam got up and asked me to dance - every dance (except one twist) for the whole 3-4 hours was "High Life" - there was a rush for Irmgart (James was slow off the mark). Irmgart and I danced just about every dance, there was a shortage of girls, and it was most impressive to see how polite these chaps were, bowing and asking Sam and James' permission each time. Being an Oratory Club, of course there were speeches, but mercifully we had missed some at the beginning!

It is always nice seeing old colleagues again, as I did at Enugu, and also meeting people who were at other all-Africa conferences, such as Kampala in 1963, and Nairobi in 1962/3. It is surprising how many of my Geneva friends are still there, and I love meeting them again. After the conference I had booked in to spend a quiet weekend at the Anglican guest house in Lagos where I stayed on my way to the UK last year. I realised my last 2 days I was developing a cold - loads of people had them, and I found the hotel air-conditioning too cold. I had sent a card to the Zambian High Commissioner to Nigeria, Isaac Mumpansha, who was on the Mindolo staff for 6 months, and also got a WCC scholarship the first year I was here, to Oxford. Well, Isaac came round to see me within an hour of my arrival, and my quiet weekend turned out to be one of the most hectic I have ever had. He had been in Lagos a month, was finding setting up an Embassy hard work, also found the Nigeria climate very tiring; he was living in a huge hotel which was pretty lonely. So I certainly found him needing some cheering up! He took me out to THE night club of Lagos for dinner, with an American couple who had "taken him over". I found them very overpowering. They live 6 months every year in Saigon, 2 months in Lagos, and 4 in the USA. Their views of Asian politics made me most suspicious of their professed sympathy for Zambian nationalism, which sounded just for Isaac's benefit. So, when their conversation just got too much, Isaac asked me to dance! Very handy. Meantime, of course, they were terribly curious about our relationship, so I decided to give them a run for their money. Then when Isaac told them about Ruth and Seretse, that made them all the more curious, and by the end of the evening, they had built up a big romance. Funnily enough, one of my colleagues from here, Philip Blov, was also staying in the guest house, and the people

staying there thought there was a romance between Philip and I, we had some amusing conversations for their benefit. To return to Isaac, he took me to lunch the next day (Saturday), then we toured round in his brand new Mercedes-Benz, purchased that very morning even to the Zambian flag flying, we visited his only other staff, the Assistant H.C., then went to the cinema to see a good comedy. Dinner on the terrace of his hotel, overlooking the lagoon-harbour, ended the day. Boy, did I have a lovely cold by this time. I slept in late, trying to lose it Sunday morning, and just making the Anglican cathedral right next door to my guest house, but it was firmly installed. Once again I had lunch with Isaac, and we went for a stroll along the river, but it was so hot and sticky we did not get far. He then drove me to his new house being built, and after an earlier dinner, I tried for a more reasonable hour for bed. Next day, Monday, I did some shopping, had tea with Isaac, during which time I helped fill out his income tax forms (!) and then I left for the airport. My plane was due to leave the next morning at 4am, and I decided to get to the airport hotel by 7pm. have dinner, then early bed. That next day seemed so long, we got to Johannesburg by about 11 or 12, then after an hour flew on to Salisbury, where I had a 5 hour wait. They took me to a hotel, where I got some sleep, and then flew on to arrive at Ndola at 9.30pm. It was the height of our rainy season, and I arrived in a terrific storm. On the way back, about 10 miles along the road, a tree had been struck by lightning and blocked the road, just about 5 minutes before we arrived. So, we either had to make a detour coming back, and driving about 90 miles instead of 45, or stay the night in Ndola and try again next morning. I chose the latter, being pretty whacked by this time. So I had quite an adventurous end to my journey. By the way, one interesting piece of information I overlooked to pass on - Isaac is 39, and a bachelor!

I have a new colleague, Althea Campbell, from New Zealand. She has been 8 years in Congo previously. She arrived just after my return from Lagos, Doris left after the Enugu meetings. Irmgart was here last year for 4 months, she and I were friends in Geneva when I was there. She is now helping in the W. Africa office in Dahomey until July. Althea and I went to Lusaka for Easter, and stayed with Nkonde's, visiting the Kafue Gorge, a place I first saw 2 years ago when my mother was here. We walked up and down it, and I did it twice when we decided to have a picnic by the river, it took just over an hour to get there and back, so I was exhausted. We played tennis with one of the Cabinet Ministers, and swam in yet another one's garden. I was so tickled with Braim, who insisted on introducing me as "Councillor Miss Muriel Williams" to the guests there, somehow dressed in a bathing costume, this seems to be a rather formal introduction for an informal occasion. Some of the people there were trying to impress Braim, so they insisted on sticking to this clumsy and lengthy title all the afternoon, although most others were chummily on christian names. We had dinner at the main hotel, and met there the first woman elected MP, now a Parl. Sec. for social affairs, so she and her husband joined us. We were accompanied on this trip also by Linda. I must tell you about her.

When, 2 years ago, she decided to try to get nursing training in S. Rhodesia, her friend told her she needed no papers. Linda is S. African, from Johannesburg. Well, somehow they got through Bechuanaland, and into S. Rhodesia, with no passports or documents. Linda could not get into a hospital, and stayed there for a year, doing odd jobs. Then she came to a YWCA conference here in the then N. Rhodesia, and friends here persuaded her to try her luck up here. She came to Mindolo, and was accepted into the local hospital, but then failed an eye test and was rejected. Just before this, her friends had a niece arrive, and had no room, so I invited Linda to spend the waiting time with me, before she went into the hospital. One year later, she is still with me! Unfortunately, between her coming here and now, Federation has ended, Zambia is trying to discourage

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illegal immigrants, and also anybody who is not well educated or qualified, with our terrific unemployment problem. So here is Linda, only 2 years of secondary school, no better than many here. She is very nice and likeable, but utterly slap-happy. She did absolutely nothing about getting her position regularised. She could easily have got work permit papers when she first arrived, but did not bother, and now it is really sticky. Eventually, Edith got someone she knew to try and get her some work papers, but the government only gave her a temporary permit, which runs out this week. They told her to try to get into nursing meanwhile. Friends got her admitted into a Salvation Army hospital for a 2-year course, but immigration would not let her go until the Home Office gave the OK, and 6 weeks have passed, with no action. Edith and I have tried to get our influential friends in Lusaka to push matters, but they have had no luck. Now she is too late for the hospital course. Linda cannot go back to S. Africa without papers, she could never cross the 3 borders illegally, and once back, she faces a 5 year jail sentence for leaving without permission. What a problem. It has gone on for so long now, heaven knows where it will end. Meanwhile, she has a nice Zambian boy-friend, and obviously the easiest solution is to get married and that will be that, but I really admire her, she refuses to be pushed into marriage this way! While in Lusaka, this Easter, we tried to find the Minister of Home Affairs, with Braim, but although we visited his house and office, we had no luck. I can see all points of view: Zambia, with thousands of unemployed, and S. Africans clipping over the borders daily with no check. And Linda, not even a political refugee, not really seeing it matters much about papers and boundaries, wanting to stay here, and fed up with it all. Trouble is, inbetween the various crises, she forgets it all, and does nothing to try to anticipate the next move, or even to try to solve it. Edith and I actually worry inbetween much more than she does. But Linda seems to be one of these people who always fall on their feet somehow, and I am sure in the end things will work out.

I forgot to mention that last Saturday, there was a very interesting meeting of all the UNIP councillors in the country, who could make it, to have a question and answer session with the Minister and Parl. Sec. of Local Government. There were about 50 there, from every town, of whom just 2 were women. The Minister is Sikota Wina, whose wedding I went to in Lusaka 2 years ago. I sat with him at lunch and he asked me to take the minutes. The meeting lasted 4 hours, and we all learnt a lot, had some good, frank discussions, and decided to continue it twice a year, on a voluntary basis, of whoever wanted to come, could do so, as opposed to having delegates.

I expect some of you are wondering what has happened to my earlier activities. I am still active in the YWCA, treasurer of both Copperbelt and Zambian Council. I have missed some local meetings lately, but our local branch is launching out into the suburbs and splitting up, which should make it far more effective. We have had a number of visitors lately, from Japan, U.S. and Egypt. I am still church treasurer. The church is changing really fast, we now have this year 2 African stewards, and our congregation is really getting more multiracial at last. But it is still a pretty dead one, and badly needs a shot in the arm. The United Church of Zambia was born in January, I missed all the ceremonies as I was in Nigeria, we now cover the whole territory except the East, where the Anglican church is strong. There are talks now with the Anglicans, and they will probably come in one day. Colin Morris, the Moderator, is having a really tough time right now discussing with Alice Lenshina her reinstatement with the Church - something many church members will oppose. It is real test of Colin's strength. To close, my white cat has now had her 41st kitten in the last litter, they continue to be predominately white, although her last husband is completely black. And my garden struggles on, tho I must say the gardenia is most prolific now, and pointsettia. My roses need lots of nursing, the soil is pretty poor. I have taken up tennis again, and I swim whenever I get the chance. Wow, here I am at the end. So cheerio for now, I love hearing even when I don't write.

PO Box 1607, Kitwe, Zambia.

Nairobi, 9th November, 1965

My dear

Well, here I am in Nairobi, but by the time this arrives I shall be back in Kitwe, or else on my way to Bechuanaland for Christmas. I came up here on 30th September, when my office the All Africa Conference of Churches, moved up here. I gave in my notice to take effect from 31st December, as I do not want to leave Zambia, and I was asked to come up here even for a short time to help settle in and try to find a substitute. So far I have found nobody. The trouble is, I am a jack of all trades, master of none! Although I am called an accountant, I spend very little time really doing accounts, I do translations, typing, booking tickets for people going to conferences all over the continent, and any other oddjobs. So it is difficult to find someone who is willing to do all this if they are an accountant.

Nairobi is a nice city, I know it quite well, because I have been here several times before, and was here for a month almost 3 years ago. I am tempted daily to buy all kinds of things, it is a superb shopping centre, with things I have never seen in Zambia. Materials here are gorgeous, and I have bought 3 lots already to have made up by the hundreds of Indian dressmakers. One is hand painted locally done, difficult to describe but very unusual, the other 2 are swiss cotton which will make me the envy of all my friends in Kitwe! Then, there are so many things you can do here, several cinemas, one professional theatre, concerts, clubs, lots of nice restaurants. This must be one of the most beautiful countries in Africa. Here in Nairobi we are 5,500 feet high, and you can get up to 8,000 easily on an afternoon's drive out. I have recently been up into the mountains on a walk and picnic one Sunday, it was just like being back in Switzerland, it was so exhilarating. It is also deceptive, being so near the equator and being so cool. I got extremely sunburnt! Soon I am going to Mombasa for a long weekend, to swim and swim in that lovely ocean. Before I leave I shall have a weekend at the famous "treetops" Hotel, the place where Elizabeth and Philip were when they heard of King George's death. It is up on stilts, and you stay up most of the night watching the animals. So you see, I am enjoying myself while I am here. I have got a furnished flat, belonging to the local Christian Council, I got fed up with the United Kenya Club after 2 days and only stayed 10. It is about 3 miles from the city, this city sprawls, and the morning and evening and lunchtime traffic rush competes with any European city. My colleague, Althea, bought a VW car last week, I have borrowed a scooter, but the traffic scares me after little old Kitwe, so I shall use it the minimum. Luckily Althea, the Amissahs (my boss) and I all live near each other, so this facilitates the transport problem.

I have been to a meeting of the Nairobi City Council, the Mayor welcomed me and after I had drinks with him and the Councillors and he then sent me home in his chauffeured car. He drove himself in his private one. It was so interesting, some of the problems discussed were exactly the same as those we talked over at my last Council meeting before leaving Kitwe. The Mayor here has been in office for 4 years, he is terrific, the most efficient Chairman.

In spite of all this, I miss Kitwe and my friends very much indeed. I left the Council at such an interesting time, and was finding my feet at last. It really takes time to get the hang of things and carry on in committees discussing things which have cropped up beforehand. This month they are discussing the financial estimates, and I am very fed up to be missing that. I have had to chair the Finance Committee twice for short periods when the regular chairman was either absent or had declared an interest. I hope I don't have to take it over for some time, the present man is very good. There will be fresh elections later on in 1966, when it will be universal suffrage, and I have got to wangle to stay on the voters roll to be able to stand, as I live outside the area and should be removed soon! There has been lots of talk about pushing out the town boundaries, and it may yet happen, but these things take time. The most interesting committee I am on is the Health, Library and Social Amenities, we have spent hours discussing pit latrines to be used until water-borne sewerage is installed! They even had some models made so that we could inspect them and then discuss in even more detail. We have one councillor who is a perfect scream (I guess every Council

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has one). Foch Manda is a clown to everyone. The more worked up he gets, the worse his English becomes, which is natural enough, but I thought I would collapse on this occasion, as he went into such detail of how to use them, and his choice of words was most unfortunate, - not that he was aware of that. I am agreeably surprised at how well we work together. Most of the European councillors don't bother to come to the committees, but the ones who do take an active part. We are lucky, one or two councils have eternal battles with the lines strictly racial. One is the Broken Hill Council, where my friend Braim Nkonde is Mayor. He had to move 90 miles to Lusaka for his work, but in spite of this they re-elected him because there just wasn't anyone else at all. Twice they have almost come to a standstill, with things breaking down in a blaze of publicity. This is mostly because neither side is prepared to come to terms with the other. Also, there is an enormous gap between Braim and the other African councillors, and the Europeans are pretty poor too. I am afraid that Lusaka and the government are drawing most educated Africans and it is robbing other towns of real leadership. Kitwe is much better off, we have enough attractions to offer a well educated man. Our Mayor, my old trade union friend Albert Kalyati, is most competent, a born conciliator, not a bit weak but charms his way through difficulties, and it is one of the main reasons why we pull together pretty well. Of course, we sometimes have our ups and downs. We have made history in trying to remove someone - Sir Roy Welensky - from the Roll of Freeman! This has caused a real stink on racial lines. At the time he was made a Freeman, no African approved, and they could not even find one to hand Lady Welensky a bouquet, the whole thing was boycotted. Few Europeans realise just how deeply Sir Roy is hated. Well, this goes to and fro, we have to have a 2/3 majority, and the antics we get up to not to have a vote if we don't have the 2/3, is terrific. Last time we had a special Council meeting I had sent my apologies, but at the last moment was asked by the Deputy Mayor if I could drive him in, he was at a course at Mindolo and had no transport. I explained to him that I could not stay, but he insisted I came in to begin with, and once I arrived I was a prisoner because I made the quorum, and I just could not leave! I also made the required 2/3 majority. Personally I would not bother to remove Sir Roy, but feelings run high, and I was fed up with the thing dragging out so long. How history is made!

I really chose the right year to get on the Council. In May Dr. Kaunda was made a Freeman, and the new Municipal Offices were officially opened. This meant a new outfit, of course. It was a wonderful day, with civic luncheon and lots of ceremony. The actual council meeting with him being installed was in the Chamber with the Councillors all in their new robes - for the first time. They are blue, a gorgeous colour. I am very glad of mine because we have air-conditioning and I am usually frozen. Quite a lot of the Cabinet came too, and it was all very festive. Then in August, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia came on a state visit to Zambia, and spent a day in Kitwe. Another day off work. We were invited to greet him at Kitwe airport, and then he went down the mine, while councillors entertained the visitors from other towns. Before lunch the Kitwe councillors were presented to Emperor and President by the Mayor, I have quite a good photo with me in of this. Once again a super lunch, and I was put at one of the top tables, so had a terrific view. Of course, I had to have another new outfit! We are such a small country, and the same old people tend to get invited all the time, and I am vain enough to want to keep up with the Joneses. But it's fun. On average we have about one reception every fortnight. One day I was invited to lunch at the President's guest house just outside Kitwe, to meet the mayor of Harrow (UK). Chairmen of committees were invited, and my chairman was busy, so I went in his place. We have had receptions for English and Kenyan football teams, trade delegations from Hongkong, Japan, Germany, and Russia, MP's and other Mayors, and heaven knows what. I haven't got tired of them yet, but I suppose in the end, we do.

I have been pretty busy this year on a fund raising committee for the new University. The aim is to raise $\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds in Zambia, with friendly rivalry between towns. Kitwe has not done as well as it should, we aimed at £10,000 and when I left it was just over half, and most people were quite tired of it. I organised a Flag Day, which got around £150, brother what hard work, I won't do that again for a long time. Apart from the committee I mentioned, I am vice-chairman of Finance and General Purposes, and on the Establishment committee, which is thrashing out the thorny problem of zambianisation. I should

no date

He is far behind his own Archbishop and church generally, so we have a great game working out ways to beat him! To give an example, the committee decided to recommend joint evening services every 2 months. Both congregations have poor evening attendance. But the vicar decided "in his wisdom" that we would get too used to each other (I can't imagine why else we would want to meet) and reduced it to special occasions. So, we decided in our United Church consistory, that we would have lots more special occasions and invite the Anglicans to join in! Their people were hopping mad when they heard him decide this against their wishes. Three times now we have been to the Anglican service and heard a sermon on the ecumenical movement, more or less the same, but always with glaring inaccuracies! How he has the nerve with so many former WCC people around in Kitwe, I don't know.

My godson, Jonathan, is just huge and growing into the most interesting little boy - now almost 18 months old. It is interesting to see just how different he is from his twin sister, especially as my twin nephews are so much alike. Jonathan is very active, must be kept interested all the time, bullies his sister Thandi, and keeps you amused for hours - and exhausted! My twin nephews, Ticky and Tony, play together for hours without a quarrel or fight, which amazes me continually. Thandi is much more placid, amuses herself, and is a real little lady. Wilfrid and Edith have bought a plot of land adjoining and are extending the garden, when I return it should be finished. They have had to put a fence round the swimming-pool, now the twins can walk. We continue to enjoy our game of water volleyball, I shall be much out of practice when I return. I have missed the hottest 2 months of the year, which I am sorry about, as I am cold all the time here in Nairobi! Jonathan's other godparent, Murray, is having a house built right near Edith and Wilfrid, on a similar pattern, and another couple, Clive and Marcia live just around the corner, so it makes a little colony in that particular residential area (rather classy Kitwe!) Murray is a bachelor, and we have all helped him choose his new furniture, shape of swimming-pool, garden, and heaven knows what. It is strange, until this year I had never had the chance to select new furniture, now I have done it 3 times, for the Council, for Murray, and here in Nairobi, for Clinton Marsh, the newly appointed Director for the agency for ecumenical aid. So I am thinking of setting up as an expert. It is such fun to spend other people's money. The only trouble is, that the selection in Kitwe is not so large, so you really have to rack your brains to have something different. Murray is having a dining table and chairs made of cane, the table has a glass top, and that is pretty unusual. The local blind school is making it. When he moves into his house early in the new year, I have decided to give him my latest ginger kitten, born last week, as a gift! He doesn't know yet. Cleo had her usual 4 kittens, but I left instructions that some must be done away with, it gets difficult to place them. This brings her total family to 49. She has never heard of the population explosion. While I am up here, a friend is looking after her for me, the man who is staying in my flat is not keen on cats, but if I know her she will wander back every day whether she is welcome or not. She is only staying in an adjoining flat, so it is easy.

One bit of luck I had here in Nairobi, was to be here when the professional tennis people came, Sedgeman, Rosewall, Buchholz and Rod Laver. I went to see them both nights, it went on until after midnight the first evening. It was absolutely terrific, and I could have watched it for ever. Laver won the singles, it was intriguing how their standard varied between the two evenings, especially Sedgeman, who looked very ordinary the first evening, and terrific the second. Kenyatta Day was soon after I arrived, and I spent the day with Audrey McKim, an extremely nice Canadian girl who is secretary to the Christian Council secretary. She is great fun, we went to a KANU rally, heard the President speak in Swahili for 2 hours (and got very sunburnt), then to see tribal dancing in State House in the afternoon (Audrey lives facing the back gate and the guards let us in!) then to see football in the evening, first the Cabinet took on the Diplomatic Corps, in a hilarious game, the latter won 5-2; then to see Kenya beat Tanzania 3-2, in the pouring rain. As far as I am concerned, the Zambian climate beats this any day. I was very sorry to miss the first anniversary of independence in Zambia, they had a great day in Kitwe with the President addressing a huge rally, and a reception at his house there, and several other things.

I must close now, and get this off. I have not said a word about Rhodesia because by the time this arrives it will be out of date. It seems incredible that such a mess can go on and on, but it does. I am so thankful I don't have to try to solve it!

PO Box 1607, Kitwe.

8th March, 1966

My dear

This kind of "supplementary" between longer letters should be called "Introducing Murray", who on 30th April will become my husband. Having just typed a similar letter for Murray to his friends, I decided to get cracking and write to mine. The advantage I have is that I have added a couple of comments in brackets in his letter, and this is more difficult for him to do to me.

Some of you may have read about it in the english papers, but you won't have gathered much, except a rehash of Ruth and Seretse's life. I met Murray at Wilfrid and Edith's, first about 4 years ago when he was visiting from Kenya, and we were just not impressed with each other at all. 2½ years ago Murray came to live here, and having Edith and Wilfrid as mutual friends, apart from being godparents to one of the twins, we were thrown together quite a lot, but it was only in the middle of last year that things started to move. Edith and Wilfrid went on 3 months leave, and we both missed them quite a lot, so..... Also, during that time, we had a bye-election in Kitwe, and we were both on the sub committee which met daily for about a month, so you see, we certainly have an interest in politics in common. All our local friends have said we are ideally suited, so were very glad not to disappoint them! Apart from crushing defeats at his hands at tennis, (I much prefer him as a partner), and merciless beatings at our popular game of water volleyball every sunday, we have quite a few common interests, and enjoy our local theatres, occasional cinema, and other activities. Murray has been out to Mindolo quite a few times to take part in panels, brains trusts, and courses, and realises that he is not marrying a domesticated type, so is quite happy that I should continue working mornings at Mindolo.

We are terribly lucky as we shall be moving into a gorgeous new house which he started to build last year, and which has been delayed by various factors including UDI. It should be ready in a month or so, but the dates have changed so often that I refuse to accept any now. It is on 2/3 acre, and has a roof of brick vaults suspended above the walls on pillars. Seretse said in his last letter, after having seen the photo I sent, that it was just like the new parliament building in Gaberones. It has a very big lounge, and verandah, dining-room and study, and 3 bedrooms. Right outside ours is the swimming pool, so we ought to keep fit. We have had lots of fun choosing furniture, we both like bright colours, isn't that fortunate? The walls are white and floor black in the lounge, so we are going very gay with purple settee (if we like it, otherwise blue), yellow armchairs, and light blue and charcoal egg-chairs. We shall probably get the curtains in London, as they have to be just right, when you throw in the Persian carpet. There is a lovely fireplace with window seat. It has narrow windows either side which I would love to see coloured glass in, but that is one of the things difficult to get out here.

Back to Murray. He was in Kenya for 7 years, and when I was there I visited places he knew well. We had planned to have our honeymoon there, but as none of his family look like making it, we shall not have 10 days in Israel and 10 in England. This means that visiting friends will be difficult this trip, but perhaps next time we shall stay longer. His father lives in Hertfordshire, his twin brother in London, and his sister somewhere near Rugby, I think. May is certainly a lovely time to be visiting the English countryside.

8TH MARCH, 1966.

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We look like getting married on 30th April. It was to have been 7th May, but Ruth and Seretse will be in Israel immediately before, and it suits them better to come through on their return. Jackie is to be a bridesmaid, and will fly up on her own when her school packs up, around 20th April. I shall enjoy having her on a visit. At the moment we are not certain about the boys, they can't travel alone, and it may be too difficult. Also, my mother is not at all well, and whether she can make it is doubtful. She just can't remember much that has happened in the last few years, and still thinks my father is alive, although it is 8 years since he died. When I was there at Christmas, she got ready each night to go back to the flat in Lewisham, and was generally very confused. Seretse is going to give me away, we shall be married in the Mindolo Church partly built by Mike Moore of the LMS, and then have the reception here in the Mindolo grounds, which will look lovely after the rainy season. We have made a provisional list which has reached 250, so Murray's wish (before meeting me) that he might have a quiet wedding, looks like being thwarted. We shall invite Dr. Kaunda, and as this is Africa, most of the Cabinet will probably come if he does, with or without invitations. We want it to be fairly informal, and hope that any friends will feel free to come if they want to. An old friend of mine, Rev. Kingsley Mwenda, will conduct the service, and Rev. Hank Crae, WSCF secretary for Africa, known to us both, will give the address. I shall wear a short white dress, and as Jackie wants to wear white, then I shall ask Muriel Nkonde, my god-daughter too, to wear white as well. For those who are interested, I have a very pretty emerald engagement ring, which actually was spotted by Murray. He has a very good sense of colour and has chosen two dress materials for me which have been much admired.

I keep wandering away from the point - Murray! He is in business in Kitwe, and hopes to start a clothing factory later this year. He could not find suitable buildings in Kitwe, so bought one in Luanshya, 35 miles away. We hope petrol rationing won't last too much longer, because this is a factor in getting things started over there. The roads are good, and you can drive there pretty easily in about 45 minutes. The emphasis will be on children's clothes, good cheap ones.

One thing we shall have plenty of practice in this year is gardening. We shall be living very near 2 lots of friends, both of whom have good gardens, and have promised lots of plants and trees. We are moving in at the wrong time - at the end of the rainy season, so shall have to water like mad until the next rains in November. With all the advice we have collected and will undoubtedly be showered with, we ought to have the most super garden in Kitwe, to go with the house, which already has that reputation.

Some of you may be wondering about my citizenship. Murray would not ordinarily become a Zambian for another $1\frac{1}{2}$ years, but the President has the power to confer it on anyone, so we have applied for it and hope it comes in time to travel on Zambian passports on our honeymoon. I find it quite difficult to remember that with my new citizenship I have to apply for visas where before it was not necessary.

Well, 1966 is quite a year, really thrilling and exciting. Heaven knows when I shall get down to writing again, but I shall try to do so within a reasonable time of becoming Mrs. Sanderson.

8TH MARCH, 1966

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Murray and I had 10 days holiday on the Kenya coast in May, at Malindi. Although it was the rainy season, we had some sun every day, and among other things went out goggling on the coral reefs. This was terrific. We visited an old Arab city, now falling to pieces, and one of Murray's old haunts when he worked in Kenya. It was most relaxing, and too short, but that was all he could spare. As he had had 3 weeks on business in England in January, he suggested I should go on the England, so I also had 3 weeks there. It was madly hectic, next time I shall rent a farmhouse in Cornwall and invite people to come and see me! It was lovely seeing my friends, and too bad I could not see everyone. I think I worked out I stayed in 11 homes in 22 days, which was variety if you like. I enjoyed seeing a couple of plays, and a french film. In August I went to a YWCA conference in Livingstone, and last month Murray and I had a weekend in Lusaka. We were invited to the opening of parliament, the new building, in May, but missed most of the ceremony as the plane was 1 1/2 hours late. We did see the building, tho, which is most impressive, and heard the end of Dr. Kaunda's speech. We also bought me a lovely new suit! And Murray did some business.

Now for Zambia. People often ask how we are going. Of course, we have our problems. UDI and cutting off as much trade as we can from the South makes things vanish for weeks at a time in the shops, but we don't really suffer. Murray has had a worrying time trying to get a new business started, but he enjoys problems, and will probably be bored when it is running smoothly. Politically, things are going more or less the way one expected. There has been trouble at the University, but this is inevitable, the have-nots among the party youth are very envious of the haves with their higher education, and the clash is obvious. I suppose quite a lot of people see their jobs menaced when the students come out with degrees. There was a worrying time after the first real party elections, at Mulungushi, and for a week or so we wondered if Kaunda would hold the party together, but he has done so. The Lozi from Barotseland mostly fared badly, they are a small tribe but well educated and some think the most intelligent. The Bemba are the most numerous, and they did very well, there has long been a strong rivalry between the 2 groups. But somehow Kaunda has held them together. In the local government field, Councils are suffering from inexperienced councillors, who seem to think all the senior Officers are against them, and there are some pretty fierce battles which should never be aired in the Council chamber. But this is also inevitable, and time is the only teacher here; I still attend most of the Council meetings, and it is interesting to see the play of personalities. In spite of a lot of talking and hot air, in the end it is the staff who do the work and it is surprising what can be got round in the way of decisions! There is no doubt a lot of the expatriates don't like having an African council setting policy, and it is maddening to the Africans that there won't be enough skilled locals to do some of the top jobs for years. There is not one African town clerk in the country, nor Treasurer, nor MOH, nor Engineer. The 4 year development plan is most ambitious, and it is having varied success, but some of the major schemes are going ahead fast - the road link to Tanzania, the oil pipe line, improving major trunk roads which are dirt, getting up more schools, and things like that. The "with-it" word out here is Humanism, which Kaunda gave a speech on at the party conference, but I have yet to find anyone who really knows what it means. When we got our local party official to talk to us about it, he spent most of the time telling us about the conference.

Murray and I still play tennis most weeks, and Murray won the men's singles in the handicap championships last Saturday. We also got into the mixed finals, but were beaten, but I got hit hard in the middle by a swift ball at the beginning of the 2nd set, after we had won the 1st, and this really took the stuffing out of me. Maddening! In the ladies singles I met the Copperbelt Champion in the first round, so I didn't think I had all the luck!

I don't know what we will be doing for Christmas. The factory shuts down for 3 weeks, so we may go away, but not until after Boxing Day, as it's nicer to be at home over Christmas. We may go to Lesotho, or Malawi, on the other hand, we may not.... Whatever you are doing, have a lovely time,

P.O. BOX 1607, KITWE

12th November, 1967

My dear

As usual, I have caught this with the Christmas mail. I had intended writing during the year, but alas, this never got done. I believe it is a whole year since I last wrote, which is horrible.

As I write, it is raining. Much earlier than usual, the rains started on October 24th, Independence Day. If it was a sunny afternoon, I would have found it much harder to settle down to this task, as there is always so much to do in the garden. Although I only work at Mindolo in the mornings, I seem to acquire an ever increasing number of voluntary jobs, book-keeping, and most afternoons seems to be spent doing one or other of them. The most time-consuming at the moment is Murray's factory. I offered to do the accounts until the end of the year, as there is not enough to pay anybody either part-time or full-time (work I mean, not money, tho' of course with a new company starting, that is short too). Last month I kept a note of the hours, and it was 20. It is in my interests to do this, incidentally, as I own some of the shares! The other jobs I do are the usual 2 YWCA ones, and 2 of the other Mindolo ones, who happen to be without anybody else for a few months. Then I have acquired one or two audits, and other small jobs, so I really think I do as much work as if I were employed full time at Mindolo. And then there is the garden. In August we decided to put a wall along the back between us and the Power Line, after 2 burglaries, the hibiscus hedge was taking too long to grow, and we were easily visible from this large open space criss-crossed with footpaths. The first time, was Good Friday and we must have disturbed them as we returned from Church (I was singing in "The Crucifixion"). Murray lost a typewriter, radio, tape recorder and brief-case. I lost all my winter and evening clothes, including my wedding dress and going-away suit. This cost quite a lot to replace as Murray has never believed in insurance. (He thinks he does now). Then in June we were burgled a second time, when they entered via our bedroom window, and cleaned out Murray's clothes cupboard, and the bed clothes, but did not touch one thing of mine (thank heavens!) So up went the wall. It coincided with our dog going on heat, but all this did not prevent at least one determined male from entering, as any day now she will be producing a litter. You will be relieved that Cleo was spayed in May after producing 72 kittens, so we only have one producing female among the animals.

The wall was finished the weekend Ruth and Seretse paid a State visit to Zambia, and spent a day on the Copperbelt, and visited us for cocktails, along with a retinue of around 40. It was quite hilarious, during the week before this great event, we had conflicting reports from Mine officials, Police, army officials and Government officers concerning their hour of arrival, and number of attending cohorts. It varied from 3 - 6 pm on Sunday. In the end they arrived about 5pm, along with the Vice President, several Cabinet Ministers, local Government Secretary, party leaders and hangers-on, and for 45 minutes it was pandemonium, while we madly tried to serve everyone with something to drink. They should have stayed for 2 hours, but the Security had the last word, they wanted to get them to the Presidential Guest House by 6.15 when it became dark. Even the Vice President's wife could not finish feeding her new baby which she had with her. I told him it wasn't much fun being Vice P. if you didn't have the last word. After they had gone, we sat and relaxed for ½ hour with a few close friends who were invited, then followed Ruth and Seretse to the Guest House to have dinner with them. There were 10 for dinner, but we managed to get an hour or so alone with them after, in their suite. We also dashed out next morning and had breakfast with them, then followed the procession to Kitwe airport where Seretse inspected the local army battalion and carried out the usual saluting game. So, although we kept on being told how fortunate we were seeing them at all, it was rather frustrating that it had to be so rushed and public. Apparently it just isn't protocol for a visiting head of state to pay private calls, but it was the Zambian government who arranged for them to stay in Kitwe so they could visit us.

Since then, I have tried to phone, but the line was so bad I gave up. My mother had another stroke on the eve of their Independence Day, (Sep 30th) and has been quite bed-ridden ever since, and can't last much longer.

12th November, 1967

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My aunt came out again and spent September with us. She had stayed in Botswana since last September, decided to stay there for good, returned to England to pack up and then returned via Kitwe. She is still very fit and lively, tho' 80 in January. She is now helping to nurse my mother. The rest of the family is fine, Jackie is going to spend a year in Europe when she leaves school next month, Ian is enjoying boarding school in Swaziland, and the twins are attending the local primary school in Gaborone. They are growing up fast, and I am sorry not to be seeing them.

Murray's factory is going very well, they have started selling their men's underwear, and hope to cash in on the Christmas sales. They will be starting on women's slips and panties in the New Year, then later on perhaps men's shirts and other clothes. It is most impressive to see how fast they have got on, already they are planning the factory extension, they have about 30 machines, plus a huge laying out and cutting machine. Murray is even turning salesman until they have enough to employ a full-time one. And I was delivery boy one afternoon in Ndola, with a borrowed van. He still keeps a very lively interest in his agency business, and that is expanding too, and opening an office in Lusaka. So our visitors range from businessmen from S. Africa and the U.K. to do with both businesses, to people visiting or staying at Mindolo, the most exciting of these being Michael Scott, Sean MacBride and Colin Legum of the "Observer", who were all staying at Mindolo during the recent U.N. Seminar on Apartheid. It so happened that we discovered it was Michael Scott's birthday (60th) while he was here, so we gave him a surprise birthday party. Our S. African business visitors have obviously been well briefed when visiting Zambia, they usually discuss the government most politely, altho dropping the usual 'native' around in conversation. So we have plenty of variety.

Mindolo is growing all the time. This year there have been a series of management training sessions, which have filled a need. The Youth course, nearly a year long, is almost finishing, and we are having new buildings for the next course, provided by the German government. A new swimming pool has been built, which is a great asset to the place. We get a constant stream of visitors, and twice this year have provided accommodation for U.N. seminars, and in January we put up a lot of government people attending a huge seminar in Kitwe on how to get the 4 year development plan under way. Not only government, but experts and consultants. There is the usual full programme of evening discussions and talks, and a big party on Independence Day with all nations contributing.

Our Little Theatre recently excelled itself with 3 weeks of "My Fair Lady". An old friend of Murray's who works at his agency had the leading part, and we knew several others in it pretty well, so we went to the opening and closing nights. In 3 weeks, only 4 seats remained unsold, which has broken all records. It was extremely well done, the Ascot dresses were copied from the film, they could have gone on filling the theatre for at least another week and maybe longer, but the cast had other commitments, and there is a limit to what you can do when you have a fulltime job. And a family! We went to the audition, and it was fun comparing the items done then with the finished article. Also, to compare the 1st and last nights.

We have had a stormy year at Church. The minister we had was extremely conservative, and resisted all he could facing the facts of life in a new independent nation. He tried hard, with the support of several elders, to put off his leave due in July, then to reduce it from the normal year (after 5 years' service) to 3 months so that he could return to us. Some of us were most unpopular when we voted against his return, but our church had become highly suspect in the African's eyes as being one of the last bastions of empire. Eventually Jim left, and the Synod put an old friend of mine and a real liberal, Tom and Kay Gilchrist, in as minister, and the liberal element are delighted. Tom was born in Angola of missionary parents, Canadian, and had been in African work the previous 5 years in Kitwe. So he is ideal for welding us into the main stream of the Church. In 3 months it is fantastic what he has done. The evening services were quite dead and only about 15 attended. He has introduced a different kind of services, a film once a month, a panel once, youth once, and communion, and when we went to the youth service recently it was packed. He has started Bemba classes (which I attend - this is our local language), we have an African service following ours each Sunday morning, in Bemba, we had an African choir visit complete with drums, there have been African preachers, and the services are now alive. Tom was lucky that a couple of die-hards were given the "Copper handshake" just as he came, so the opposition has been weaker than it might have been. He has initiated a Kitwe census by 5 main churches to try to keep up with a quickly changing population. One thing he can't claim credit for is the local production of the "Messiah" again. I am enjoying rehearsals very much.

12th November, 1967

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Murray and I had 10 days holiday on the Kenya coast in May, at Malindi. Although it was the rainy season, we had some sun every day, and among other things went out goggling on the coral reefs. This was terrific. We visited an old Arab city, now falling to pieces, and one of Murray's old haunts when he worked in Kenya. It was most relaxing, and too short, but that was all he could spare. As he had had 3 weeks on business in England in January, he suggested I should go on the England, so I also had 3 weeks there. It was madly hectic, next time I shall rent a farmhouse in Cornwall and invite people to come and see me! It was lovely seeing my friends, and too bad I could not see everyone. I think I worked out I stayed in 11 homes in 22 days, which was variety if you like. I enjoyed seeing a couple of plays, and a french film. In August I went to a YWCA conference in Livingstone, and last month Murray and I had a weekend in Lusaka. We were invited to the opening of parliament, the new building, in May, but missed most of the ceremony as the plane was 1½ hours late. We did see the building, tho, which is most impressive, and heard the end of Dr. Kaunda's speech. We also bought me a lovely new suit! And Murray did some business.

Now for Zambia. People often ask how we are going. Of course, we have our problems. UDI and cutting off as much trade as we can from the South makes things vanish for weeks at a time in the shops, but we don't really suffer. Murray has had a worrying time trying to get a new business started, but he enjoys problems, and will probably be bored when it is running smoothly. Politically, things are going more or less the way one expected. There has been trouble at the University, but this is inevitable, the have-nots among the party youth are very envious of the haves with their higher education, and the clash is obvious. I suppose quite a lot of people see their jobs menaced when the students come out with degrees. There was a worrying time after the first real party elections, at Mulungushi, and for a week or so we wondered if Kaunda would hold the party together, but he has done so. The Lozi from Barotseland mostly fared badly, they are a small tribe but well educated and some think the most intelligent. The Bemba are the most numerous, and they did very well, there has long been a strong rivalry between the 2 groups. But somehow Kaunda has held them together. In the local government field, Councils are suffering from inexperienced councillors, who seem to think all the senior Officers are against them, and there are some pretty fierce battles which should never be aired in the Council chamber. But this is also inevitable, and time is the only teacher here; I still attend most of the Council meetings, and it is interesting to see the play of personalities. In spite of a lot of talking and hot air, in the end it is the staff who do the work and it is surprising what can be got round in the way of decisions! There is no doubt a lot of the expatriates don't like having an African council setting policy, and it is maddening to the Africans that there won't be enough skilled locals to do some of the top jobs for years. There is not one African town clerk in the country, nor Treasurer, nor MOH, nor Engineer. The 4 year development plan is most ambitious, and it is having varied success, but some of the major schemes are going ahead fast - the road link to Tanzania, the oil pipe line, improving major trunk roads which are dirt, getting up more schools, and things like that. The "with-it" word out here is Humanism, which Kaunda gave a speech on at the party conference, but I have yet to find anyone who really knows what it means. When we got our local party official to talk to us about it, he spent most of the time telling us about the conference.

Murray and I still play tennis most weeks, and Murray won the men's singles in the handicap championships last saturday. We also got into the mixed finals, but were beaten, but I got hit hard in the middle by a swift ball at the beginning of the 2nd set, after we had won the 1st, and this really took the stuffing out of me. Maddening! In the ladies singles I met the Copperbelt Champion in the first round, so I didn't think I had all the luck!

I don't know what we will be doing for Christmas. The factory shuts down for 3 weeks, so we may go away, but not until after Boxing Day, as it's nicer to be at home over Christmas. We may go to Lesotho, or Malawi, on the other hand, we may not.... Whatever you are doing, have a lovely time,

PO Box 1607, Kitwe

2nd May, 1968

My dear

Here I am again, and I imagine none of you will be surprised to learn that on Saturday Murray told me that he wanted our separation to be permanent. Although I had expected it, I still found it hard to take, and hardly slept at all on Saturday night. In a way, I still can't believe it. Especially as just the week before, we had been out playing bridge with some Mindolo and he had been in a terrific mood, just as if nothing at all were wrong. Oh, well, I guess there are some things one never will understand.

I can't tell you how I have appreciated the letters I have had from all my friends. It may seem a very small thing just to write a letter, but when I am feeling such a failure, and very unsure of myself, demoralised is putting it mildly, it means so much to have the kind of letters I have been getting.

Murray had told me 2-3 weeks ago that he was buying a house just around the corner, either for himself or for one of his businesses. This I could not believe, but he never saw what an additional strain it would be to have him so near, shopping at the same local shops, going out and coming back around the same time, thus giving plenty of scope for meeting by chance. So we had a long talk about that, and I tried hard to convince him that I was not being unreasonable in expecting him to live at least a few miles away.

The very recent economic revolution has produced some interesting possibilities. Murray could have been a Zambian citizen by now, but refused to use his earlier chance when we went to see the local political boss before we were married. After dallying for over a year, he applied last July, and so far has heard nothing. This means that the factory and his other firm will have to put up a good case for an overdraft, both firms having hefty ones. So Murray considered changing all the shares to my name in order to get the benefits of my Zambian citizenship. I wouldn't object (altho I said he might be lucky to get them back later!) but the fact that he would consider using me in this way after all our problems, amazes me. Then he wrote to the citizenship office recently and quoted my name freely in the hope of speeding up his citizenship. So I have my uses.

Murray does not want a legal separation because he is still hoping I will divorce him later on. At the moment I am not interested in even thinking of divorce, the whole idea is just ghastly to me. Perhaps I will change. So, I am having to depend on his word as a gentleman for financial support, and I am not altogether too happy about it. I have a feeling there must be some way of getting it on a legal basis - the support - without mentioning separation. So I shall screw up my nerve to go and see a lawyer. Murray has been most generous in giving me the house - half of which is paid for - and he will continue the mortgage payments. But at the back of my mind, and I might be doing him an awful injustice, I keep thinking if he can break his marriage vows so soon, his word on financial support might be just as unreliable. I hate myself for thinking this, but it is there.

My cousin Kath, with whom I stayed in England half the time last year, is in Southern Africa for 6 months, and on Saturday this week I shall meet her at Livingstone for 5 days, before bringing her back here. So I hope to post these letters while lounging down there. I shall answer more personally to you all on the back of this.

PO Box 1607, Kitwe

18th November, 1969

Dear

Once again I am later than I had hoped in getting down to my letter, and as a result, the cards will be late too. This year the rains are very late starting - they are usually here by now, we have had 3 storms, all during the night, and that is all. So I am clad in my bathing costume, sitting on the verandah, ready to dive in the pool whenever I get too hot, and then return to my task. I have been doing this every afternoon since I returned, 6 weeks ago, as I had to bring work home to catch up with the arrears, and I decided I might as well enjoy the afternoon as well as working.

Having mentioned my holidays (?), I might as well start there. I left on 22nd August for Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast, spending the night in Brazzaville, Congo, on the way. This I would not recommend to anyone. There were 5 of us, 2 French, 2 Zambians and one British. They forgot to send the airport bus to collect us in the morning, and when it arrived after repeated phone calls from the manager, we only got to the airport just in time, the engines were actually running and there was a debate as to whether we would be allowed on. The next plane was a week later. Then they lost a passport of one of the French couple. They have the most ghastly system at Brazzaville of insisting on keeping one's passport if in transit, whether or not a visa is required. So the plane was even more delayed while they hunted, unsuccessfully. Believe it or not, when we got out at Abidjan, a man came up to this French lady and said he thought he had her passport, tucked up inside his own. And there it was. I hereby decided that on the return, I would spend between 7pm and 4am at the airport so that I would not need to give up my passport, and I verified that they had no right to take it. However, when I got there coming back, the police officer (not in uniform) was infuriated when I explained that I wanted to stay at the airport all night, and keep my passport. He said it was not true they lost anyone's passport, that it was normal practice to take passports and keep them overnight, and I made the big mistake of arguing. He called me a racist, anti African, etc, and threatened to take me to the police chief in town. The air hostess calmed him down, but he grabbed my passport, and then refused to let me go to a hotel when I decided since he had my passport anyway, I might as well take a chance on being collected. He told all the airport I was a criminal and must be watched, then mercifully went off duty, and the next 2 policemen were rather amused and asked me what was my crime. Although this is supposed to be an international airport, the restaurant was already closed by 7pm, so the new police offered to go and find me a sandwich, with the dollar I offered. So off they went, brought back one with bananas and a coke, and after I had finished, suggested I should stretch out over some chairs. This I did, and was amused to find I was joined almost at once by the police, cleaners, and airport souvenir vendors, who all snored loudly all night. It really was hilarious. Then, surprise, at 3am the dining room opened, so I got breakfast. Just as well, as the plane did not arrive until 5am and left at 5.30 - so I had spent 10½ hours there. They refused to give back any of our passports until we were actually going out to the plane. You can guess I heaved a big sigh of relief, and decided not to go that way ever again.

I went to Abidjan to be on the staff of the second assembly of the All Africa Conference of Churches. Having been a former staff member, and able to cope with English and French, I was quite useful. The week previous to the assembly there was a women's consultation, and I travelled there with 2 from Mindolo who were attending that. I spent the first weekend with a dozen or so other staff at a Roman Catholic training centre. 2 staff members had been there a whole year preparing for this event.

18th November, 1969

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They had done a jolly good job, and it was well prepared. My main job was reception - allocating rooms at the university where the conference was held, collecting their board fees, and registration fee, giving out documents, and general welcome. I had one helper for the first 3 days, and we got ready for the onslaught of the 550 expected. I found Abidjan very tiring indeed, it was the cool season, and the clouds always seemed just over my head, the humidity was extremely high, and there was some rain. The first few days were quite steadily gentle, but on the first Friday night after my week there, a special plane arrived at midnight from S. Africa and Zambia with 70 people on board, and by the time this invasion was all settled down for the night, it was about 2.30am. The next plane arrived at 5am, so I was roused at 6.30 to meet the next, and for 3 days people arrived continually from 5am to 1am, and I don't think I quite recovered from that! Normally I can switch from French to English quite easily, but I was not functioning quite so efficiently by the Monday night. And of course some people had missed meals, and demanded food, and others could not sleep on certain floors, and others had forgotten vital articles and wanted to borrow, and several cases went astray which of course is always a nuisance, although they all turned up in the end, and at least half of the people coming had never notified us of their arrival time anyway. In spite of all this, it was fun greeting and meeting old friends and acquaintances from all over Africa, and also from England and America and Geneva.

I had fondly imagined I would take it easy after they were all in, and attend as many meetings and discussions as I could, but it was not to be. It had been arranged for the local bank to come out every day to change money, but after 3 days they quit, so I offered to be banker. CFA francs are not worth much, so I was dealing in thousands, even millions by the end. There are 650 to the £, 275 to the dollar, and I changed out of 14 currencies into about a million and a half francs, and I took in receipts 3 million francs, which of course sounds a lot more than it is, but was quite enough. Then at the end, people wanted to change any francs that they had left back into their own money (or dollars). If you add the laundry service and post receiving and delivery depot, plus getting out a list of everyone there with all their details of country, denomination, occupation, etc., I suppose it is not surprising that I only got to 2 speeches, 1 discussion group, and several evening activities when I was not too tired. I also attended the ecumenical service held in a local stadium, which was most inspiring, and was preceded by a procession through the streets, with local churches dressed in similar cotton material local dress, with bands and dancing. It really was fun, and the local churches had really gone to town getting everything ready. The sermon was preached by a Malagasy pastor, Richard Andriamanjato, who also happens to be mayor of Tahanarive, the capital, leader of the parliamentary opposition, and pastor of the biggest protestant church in the capital - and bi-lingual. He is only 36 or 37, and a real live wire.

The middle Saturday of the 2-week assembly was taken up with excursions, which I decided I needed for a break. We had the choice of signing up for one of 3 plantations, - palmoil, cocoa or pineapple. I went on the latter, and we had a lovely day out, the drive there was quite long, it was 60 miles or so, and we had to cross a river by pontoon. After the visit, a local village invited us to lunch, and what a feast this was; wow, but as we did not get there until 2.30, we were all ready to polish it off. We were met by bands and processions, and after lunch and speeches we joined in the dancing, and we all hated leaving. There is a tremendous vitality in the life in West Africa which I have not seen to anything like the same extent here in Zambia. We talked about our outings for days, the lovely decorations throughout the village, the colossal amount of food, the welcome generally. And all three groups had experienced the same kind of hospitality.

The main work of the assembly was to look at the future policy of the AACC and how to carry it out. The 3 main speeches were on the Cultural, Political and Economic, and Religious revolutions in Africa. They were all very different and the 3 speakers came from varied backgrounds, and they were very good indeed. The first 2 were given by cabinet ministers from Gabon and Cameroun, the third by a Nigerian Pastor, Adegbola, with whom I stayed in Ibadan in 1964. Nigerian participation was a tragedy. Ivory Coast recognises Biafra, so there was a lot of hesitation about coming, but the Federal Nigerian government gave the go - ahead to attend. In spite of this, because of local church tensions, the Anglicans decided not to come, then the Christian Council, and lastly the other churches; but a few brave individuals came privately. In the voting for the new General Committee, which was restricted to delegates present, Nigeria of course could not nominate anyone, so the biggest country in Africa has no member on the controlling committee. There were some independent church members there, including 2 from Nigeria - one Bishop from a church called "Holy Catholic Orthodox Church of Nigeria and Congo"! The Vatican appointed 4 observers, 3 from Africa and one American who spends most of his time travelling around, but who is based in Rome. The Bishop just mentioned told Tom Stransky (the American RC) that he was an apostolic delegate, not knowing who Tom was. There ensued the most amusing conversation. The RC Archbishop of Ghana made a speech that shook everyone, suggestion the RC church look into the apostolic succession, and suggesting inter-communion. Perhaps Africa will lead the way? There were far too many resolutions for me to mention, but more emphasis on women's work, and refugees, were 2 of the main considerations. It was a very mixed assembly, of course, with quite a few passengers as well as some outstanding contributors. But who knows, the passengers may get something out of such an experience that may make lots of difference to them later on. There were about 10 from Zambia, and even 3 from Botswana, and one of these was elected to the 20-member General Committee.

I must say a word about the Ivory Coast. I heard beforehand it was probably one of the most expensive countries in Africa, and that was for sure. A cup of coffee cost almost a dollar, one dress laundered was 10/-, I decided twice to relax at the hairdressers and that cost £3 at the cheapest. I now know what neo-colonialism means. Wow, look out for a revolution there soon. Before independence there were 5,000 French, now there are 35,000. The wealth is amazing of some, the poverty distressing at the other end. We were entertained at a palace the French built after independence, all of marble, which was only used for receptions. It was superb, with fountains all round the garden which helped to cool the air; it was built on the lagoon, with a lovely view. Abidjan is built around 2 lagoons and is beautiful, but takes ages to get round as there are only 2 bridges. The President spends 3 months each European summer in his 4 houses round Lake Geneva or the one in Paris, and has asked the Organisation of African Unity to change their annual meeting date as it coincides with his holidays and he does not intend to change them! He has 4 or 5 palaces in Abidjan, and nobody ever knows which one he is using, for security reasons. The French run everything, if you are on the bandwagon, fine, but if not..... Some of the government ministers gave receptions to the General Committee members and other VIP's, and the stories of their luxurious living went round like wildfire. The Speaker had one, and his 12 servants were all dressed in red and white livery. Apparently they were not hired for the evening, either.

There is an Intercontinental Hotel, the Ivoire, where I ate twice, which is the most luxurious hotel I have ever seen. The new extension, about 30 stories high, was just opened, and the dining room at the top had views over the lagoons. I did not pay either time, but the bill per person was not less than £5, without drinks. It had a swimming pool where some of us went after the assembly, the beach being quite a journey from town.

The delegates all left over the weekend after 2 weeks, and the staff left moved into a hotel in town. We were delighted the university could not have us any longer. Although we had single rooms, they were minute, never cleaned, stuffy, damp, and miserable, and the dining room palled after the first week, and I ate there for 3 weeks. I spent 4 days working rather leisurely, sorting out my accounts and making some kind of reconciliation; and making a list of those who had not paid - very short, actually. During these few days I saw something of Abidjan, and even got to the beach one afternoon, on one of the few days the sun shone. I also visited the Zambian embassy, the delegates had been several times to the homes of the embassy staff but I had only made it for one supper. They were pretty lonely there, as none of them spoke French until arriving, and none of them spoke it well yet. They greeted anyone from Zambia with open arms. I even translated when the landlord came and there was some business over how and when and where to pay the embassy rent.

I went from there to Liberia, next door. I stayed at a Lutheran guest house on the beach I had been recommended to, and just lazed for 5 days doing absolutely nothing. The beaches in West Africa are very dangerous, and finding a safe place to bathe can be difficult. The beach at the guest house was not safe for swimming, but there was a place 3 miles away which was usually safe, and I went there, until it rained, the last 2 days, without stopping. I saw a good film in Monrovia, "Guess who's coming to dinner" with Sydney Poitier. I shopped a little, but did nothing else. So my impressions of Liberia are not very valuable. It was a lot poorer than I had imagined, whenever I've been to conferences and met Liberians, they always seemed to have so many dollars to flash around. Monrovia's main street has to be seen to be believed. Tin shacks leaning against huge American banks, burnt out shells and incompleated buildings between shops and private houses. On the whole far less impressive than a London suburban high street. It has kind of grown, like Topsy. The interior is fairly undeveloped, with hardly any roads, and 3 or 4 air strips. Monrovia sprawls along the coast for miles. The American influence is fairly obvious. I must say I find it fascinating to compare countries in Africa such as Ghana, Ivory Coast and Liberia, with their 3 colonial countries' influence, and to see how much we have stamped our way of life on to the customs of the local people. I can anticipate that American friends might resent the colonial reference to Liberia, but it is there and it does give the appearance of being an old colony just like any other African country. They even have American money, the only other countries not to have their own currency that I know of are Botswana, Lesotho and Swazi, and they really are small and unimportant. I was told that Pres. Tubman is anxious to prevent extravagant spending and try to live according to their modest income, and that he watches all capital expenditure most carefully. I was there when Angie Brookes became the President of the U.N., so she was much in evidence on the local television and press.

I went from Monrovia to Accra, and during the week in Ghana, Dr. Busia was sworn in as Prime Minister. He seems to be an excellent choice, and his qualifications are the best, so I hope he makes it. I like Ghana and Ghanaians very much, and I would like to see them forge ahead as they should after the bankruptcy of the Nkrumah regime. He was still in power on my last visit, and it was so interesting to notice how much freer everyone is to discuss politics, which they were most hesitant to do last time. I spent a week at Winneba, 40 miles along the coast from Accra, with Sam Amisah, the general secretary of the AACC, who was resting after the assembly at Abidjan and all his headaches. You will remember I worked for him for a year at Mindolo before the AACC moved to Nairobi. They have had this house for many years, and will retire next year to live there. It is just a couple of miles from the sea, so I had a swim most days. One day I had the whole day on the beach, under the palm trees, and it was heavenly. I got a gorgeous tan, which I have managed to retain since my return.

While I was at Winneba, the village Margaret Amissah came from had a great weekend, celebrating the Methodist church centenary. So we spent most of the weekend there, (about 10 miles away). The church had thousands of yards of cotton cloth printed, in pink, with a picture of the church, description of the centenary, and a local pattern all round. I was amazed how many people had bought this cloth, almost everyone, and when we arrived we were hit by this impression of pink everywhere. The Amissah's had special robes made, and they had got me enough for a stole. It started with a parade round and round the streets, for 5 hours, with bands and dancing, people were joining and leaving the whole time. I was the only white person there the whole weekend, so rather conspicuous. I joined the procession with Margaret, and we danced round for a good 3 hours. Boy, was it hot. I had a dreadful headache the whole weekend, a legacy from the fatigue of Abidjan, I think, so the sun and prancing did not help. We left them to go and have lunch, and a short rest, before going to the dedication of the new manse that afternoon with the President of the Methodist Church of Ghana as main speaker. Mercifully we had seats, in the shade, on the speakers balcony, which I appreciated. We went back to Winneba that night and returned next morning for the service, after more parades, which lasted 2 - 3 hours. The church was stifling, it was packed solid, but again I was lucky, near a window. Even the villagers who were not Methodists had bought the cloth, it reminded me of the millions of pink flamingoes on Lake Nakuru in Kenya. Of course we met loads of the Amissahs relatives and friends, I could not hope to sort them all out. One nephew was a chemist, and he produced all kinds of things to try to clear up my headache. I don't think I have ever experienced a weekend like it, the village congregations had all come in from miles around, and were out to make it a memorable occasion. Somehow the joie de vivre was most infectious, and I thought what a pity our church life did not have more fun in it, as it should have.

We watched the hand over by General Afrifra of the military commission on TV, and then Dr. Busia's ceremony. I was most impressed by both. I had met Busia before. The talk by Afrifra was most sincere, and of course it really is an occasion when a military regime hands back to a democratically elected parliamentary system. Busia is a Methodist lay preacher, and preached at a service the previous Sunday to all his new cabinet and party leaders. The opening of parliament was the day I left, and I was so sorry to miss it as I could have got a ticket. But my plane was a weekly one. I had hoped to visit Kumasi and the Volta Dam, but never made it, so I am determined to go back again and make these visits.

I have just spent the weekend in Lusaka, where I went for an executive meeting of the National YWCA. I am still the National Treasurer, and look like being for some time yet. I enjoy these meetings very much. The Y here is fairly middle class, and the Lusaka membership has many wives of leading people as well as some career girls too - a new phenomenon out here. I stayed with Gertrude Zulu, who used to be a social worker in Kitwe, and her husband is the Governor of the Bank of Zambia. He had just spent the week with the Chinese delegation who are planning to build our railway to Dar es Salaam, and it was interesting to get his impressions. He is a PHD in economics, very pleasant and knows how much he can give away! He is on many government commissions and economic meetings, so Gertrude doesn't see too much of him. She is amazing, she has a degree in economics, but is now articulated to a firm of chartered accountants, and works full time, with 2 young children, a big home, and lots of entertaining. While there, I went shopping with her, and at the municipal market we went to buy vegetables, and imagine my surprise at seeing the wife of one of our leading cabinet ministers selling us the veg. She has her own farm, grows them, then sells them in market. I tried to imagine this happening in the UK! Another Y member there on our executive is in the Zambian Foreign Office, she has been on the UN delegation several times, is now in the African section. She is going to Tokyo soon to organise the Zambian stand at Expo 70.

18th November, 1969

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in Lusaka,

During the year, Geoff Iredale died, he used to work at the YMCA in Kitwe, and live at Mindolo. We were good friends, but I did not know he was an alcoholic, until after 2 years in Kitwe, then he had a bout. He apparently got them at 2 yearly intervals, and bounced out pretty well. He spent Christmas here last year, and I thought he was pretty heavily drugged. I discovered later he had had continuous bouts for about a year, and finally died of alcoholic poisoning in July. I had not seen him for 5 months beforehand, he had been in and out of hospital. Very sad, it appeared there just was no cure for him. His mother had been out here and was most upset at the way he died, so one of my jobs this weekend was to visit the grave, and make arrangements for a headstone. His was the second death of a friend this year, Mary Webster died in May. I had stayed with her the last 3 times I had visited England, she was a Congregational minister and an outstanding person. I found it very sad to lose two good friends in such a short time.

I am planning to go to Botswana for Christmas. I haven't seen Ruth and Seretse for 2 years now, although I did see all the kids last year. Jackie is still at secretarial school in England. She was home for 2 months in July and August. I am not sure when Ian takes O levels but it must be soon, he is doing much better at his school in Swaziland, and likes it very much. The twins are due to go to high school soon, but I don't know where they will go, so I shall find out when I go down. I shall probably bring back my aunt for a holiday with me, she stayed 3 months earlier this year, and will probably do the same again.

Mindolo is still going on fine. I work in the mornings still, but I do bring work home in the afternoons quite a lot. The womens centre has had a new course for single girls, preparing them for marriage mostly, which has been successful. The usual courses have always been for married women. The mobile school has had almost continuous courses of 2 months out in villages, or at an army camp, or a police camp, they are in demand. It is now proposed to start another branch out our training farms, 19 miles away. The commerce and industry courses, mostly training supervisors, are most successful, and will be growing. We contact most of the big firms in Zambia this way, and they have contributed to our finances for the first time as a result. This is pioneer training, and the demand grows all the time. The Youth courses cover central and east Africa, as well as Botswana and Rhodesia, these courses are for youth leaders, and last 6 months. I think these need changing more, and shortening, but are being revised as the third one starts next February. Then Barclays Bank run their courses with lectures from our staff once a day, and have increased the number of courses now to 5, and are also training Bank of Zambia staff. So the place is pretty active. On top of that, there are conferences at weekends, or for a few days longer, and people hire the premises for outside consultations. We need a conference hall, but there is controversy as to how large and expensive. The Danes have offered to build one, and seem prepared to give us a lot, but the doubt arises as to how much it will be used, and how we will every keep it going, and the overheads are enormous even when it is empty. I am afraid it could be too much for us to manage, and it would be better to hand it over to the City Council, but they may be too smart to accept it. The Council and government keep saying how useful it would be, well if so, why don't they build one? I have decided the only thing to do is to pray hard that the Danes change their minds!

In case you think I loaf in the afternoons, I still keep accounts for various other bodies, on a voluntary basis, so I don't have many free afternoons. I also sell at a Nutrition centre once a week, in an effort - pitiful I fear - to improve the local diet. Instead of selling, I feel we should be educating the husbands to give their wives money for food!

18th November, 1969

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On the personal side, I am afraid things have not changed with Murray. I see him less and less, although we do bump into each other, usually at the post office. The house is at last in my name, and I have taken over the mortgage. His business is doing well, but I have decided to sell him my shares in it, to reduce any overlapping that we can possibly effect. I am going to build a house for my servant, he has nowhere to live, and wants to get married. He is very good, and the housing problem here is so acute, that this is the only way he will get one. So when I get the money from Murray, it will pay for this house, which will be where the vegetable garden is now. Murray went to China recently on a trade delegation, but I don't know what he thought of it. I asked him to leave the tennis club, I found it too upsetting to have him turning up sometimes, and trying to behave normally, and having newcomers asking me who he was, and hearing from people how he had done in such and such a match. He had offered to leave, then didn't, and dithered, so eventually I just had to ask him, which I hated doing. I wonder how long it will be before I stop wondering if he is around when I go to the cinema, or go shopping. I usually try to check before going to our local theatre, that has such a social interval, and is a hotbed of gossip. Various friends are trying to persuade me to divorce him, but I find I just can't face up to thinking about it. In any case, the only grounds are desertion, and the 3 years are not up until Feb. 1971, so there is no hurry. I really am a coward, but I never imagined I would have to face this problem. I am torn between really meaning my marriage vows, and not wanting to tie Murray to me if he doesn't want it and appearing mean. He sent me a cutting through the post from the Times about the new divorce laws in Britain, with no comment at all, so I ignored it! It really is incredible how difficult it is to put someone out of one's life. Even in Abidjan, I thought about him a lot, and dreamt about him a lot too. I quite thought with so much other interest and away from the usual places, I would have some peace. This does not mean that I worry all the time, it really is amazing what one can get used to, life just has to go on, but he takes up much more of my thoughts than I would have imagined possible. I was quite surprised when he brought me back some gorgeous silk from China.

Church life continues much as before. We have quite a lot of new contract young couples who throw themselves with vigour into things. We also have an increasing number of Africans come. So we really are a multi racial congregation. I am very sorry that our minister and his wife, Tom and Kaye Gilchrist feel they have to leave next year because of their children's education. They now have one son in boarding school in Canada, and one daughter in Lusaka, and the next son is ready for high school, and as they are a very devoted family, they hate to have all their kids away, so have decided to return to Canada, at least for the time being.

I have ven been thinking of my old age and whether really I shall stay here for ever. People come and go here at a terrific rate, and African friends all end up in Lusaka. The older one gets, the more one likes to have old friends, and it does get tiring in the end continually making friends and losing them. So for the first time, I have found myself wondering what is the best thing to do. At the moment it is not much more than wondering, but I shall chew it over and try to decide what is best.

My own garden has been terribly neglected this year. My cook, who had been Murray's, finally left - thank heavens - earlier this year, and I tried to make do with just the gardner, who is very good in the house. But in the rains this was too much, so he now has a young relative in the garden whom he is teaching, and he spends half the time inside and half out, with me doing the cooking. I now have another dog, a male airedale puppy, who of course makes a lot of extra work cleaning-wise! But he is very cute. The family is now Suka, 3, the other airedale, and my old original white mothercat, now 8, and the ginger tom, 1 year.

As from: PO Box 1607, Kitwe
Zambia.

9th June, 1970

Actually from Nairobi, Kenya

My dear

I tried to get this letter off for weeks before leaving for a holiday, with no success, so I am now installed in my old Nairobi office, where I worked for 3 months in 1965, with some time to spare. I flew up here on the 4th and am staying with Audrey, my Canadian friend, we have just been up to Nyeri in the Aberdare Mountains for 3 days, in a heavenly spot, gorgeous hotel, good walking country. I came prepared for arctic conditions as this place is 8,000 feet high, but it was so warm in the daytime that we swam in the hotel pool and got very sunburnt. But at night we had fires in our room! I spend this week in Nairobi, then Audrey and I go to Mombasa for the weekend, in a hotel right on the beach, then I fly on to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, for a YWCA conference lasting the week. Another weekend on the beach there, then I go home.

It seems awful while on one holiday to be planning another, but the next one will take a little early planning. My idea is to rent a house in South Devon or Cornwall - as near the beach as possible, for a month or so, and invite my friends to come and spend all or part of their holidays with me. I've been keeping my eyes open for houses advertised in the "Observer" - being the only English paper I see regularly - and the possibilities seem good. Several can sleep 12, and some even have smaller houses in the grounds which can be let separately or together. I am not very good on school holidays, but I believe they start at the end of July, so I am toying with the idea of being there mid July - mid or end August. I have a good friend who is prepared to receive answers to my ads in the West of England papers, as he thinks it better for me to advertise before rushing into booking a place I have seen advertised.

Believe it or not, 2 of my American friends are all set to come, which will be terrific. and there may be some more. So that you know where you are, I shall pay the rent of the house and any domestic help I may be able to get - hopefully, then we all share in the cost of the food. Weather permitting, I imagine it will be picnics on the beach for lunch, breakfast and supper at home. I visualise a very informal way of living, those who want to hiving off on their own, making trips around, just as you please. Then evenings together. I really am looking forward to it, and I do hope you can all come that I want to invite! I know it is impossible to plan ahead one whole year with any sense of certainty, but I would like to know, as soon as possible, whether or not you can come, how long for, how many children, and -very important- the dates that suit you. I shall have such fun fitting all the people and dates together! If you don't mind the date at all, let me know that too.

I quite realise that some of you go to the continent regularly, but if you could spare a week or a long weekend, I'll be delighted. Then again, if the old man can't come, the old girl could come alone. I know there is an awful danger of putting this aside and forgetting it for a few weeks, especially if you are arranging this year's holiday, but if I could know by the end of September at the very latest, it would help me with the advertising.

Then again, if you think now you can't come, then find out in the months ahead that you can, I'm sure I can fit you in easily.

And again, if any of you have any good ideas of houses you know about, I would follow up any suggestions.



JOY TO THE WORLD



PO Box 107, Kitwe

4th November, 1970

My dear

I see I am just 2 weeks earlier this year in writing this. It is just as warm as it was then, but on the whole October was quite a bit cooler than usual, it has just hotted up this past 10 days. But I love it, and am sorry the rains are around to cool it down soon.

This paper was done at the Art Studio here on campus, for the first time. It is the same pattern as some of the Christmas cards and airletters.

The real highlight this year was the non-aligned conference in Lusaka in September. The British and American press played it down very much, which I think shows they were a bit worried about it, but it seemed rather petty and mean. Here in Zambia, we had nothing else for the whole week, and quite a lot before. When Zambia offered to be hosts just 4 months before the conference, there was no suitable hall, and nowhere near enough hotel accommodation! So, we just built it, with the most considerable help of the Yugoslavs, which President Tito had been keen to push on his state visits earlier in the year to various African countries. The hall and "Village", named after a tiny place in the bush called "Mulungushi" where UNIP had some important annual conferences, were built on a round the clock routine, 24 hours of shifts.

The village consists of 60 Houses, quite spread out around good roads, with the hall - absolutely super with everything needed for a big international conference - at one end, on the road to the airport, near parliament and the university. The houses are 4-bedrooms (all double) spacious lounge, 3 bathrooms, entrance hall, dining room and kitchen, all built round an open quadrangle. Each head of delegation was allocated a house, and Pres. Kaunda and Betty moved out to the village for the week, just next but one to the Khomas. Ruth and Seretse brought Ian as it was his last week of holiday, and they came for 6 days on a regular scheduled flight. I had gone down with flu the week before, and just did not feel up to going to meet them, in fact I almost decided not to go at all, I was feeling so horrible. But I found someone to drive my car down (220 miles) to Lusaka, and I flew on the Wednesday, staying with the Botswana High Commissioner for just bed and breakfast, and spending the rest of the day with Ruth and Ian, and Seretse when he was free. I never anticipated spending so much time with them, and I even got into the hall for a morning, where I heard Seretse, Mrs. Ghandi, and Pres. Bokassa speak, among others. As you can imagine, the security was tremendous, there were nearly 20 Presidents or P.M.'s and I think over 20 second in commands, so they had to be careful. I wanted to take the family out to dinner, but although they did not refuse, they asked me not to as it would have strained the security to its limits. I was most impressed with the smoothness with which everything went off, the Minister in Charge of this, Aaron Milner, is the only Coloured member of the Cabinet. There were 2 other wives from abroad, Mrs. Tito Broz, and Mrs. Forbes Burnham of Guyana. These 2 are keenly interested in politics, Ruth and Betty Kaunda rather less so. Mrs. K. gave a tea party to all the lady delegates, and cabinet wives, to which I was invited, but it was during an afternoon session when Mrs. Ghandi and Mrs. Bandaranaike of Ceylon were chairing, so they could not come, - shame. Mrs. Tito is very charming, but speaks little English, she had an interpreter with her. Mrs. Forbes Burnham is also rather gorgeous, her husband had been a student in London with Seretse in the same hostel, I remembered him well. The Vice Pres. of Cameroun was also in the hostel, and a Sudanese who I think is Foreign Minister, altogether there were 5 at the summit from Nutford House hostel!

4th November 1980

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Ian was not too interested, he spent a day with some of the Kaunda sons, and another with some schoolfriends in Lusaka. He is so huge - over 6 feet. He takes 0 levels in November - now, of course - but does not want to stay on at school. His aim at the moment is to go to a police college. It's funny, none of these kids like school.

It is hard to assess the value of the conference. The speeches lasted 2½ days, much too long. Pres. Nyerere handed his in to save time, and obviously hoped others would follow, but the only one was Pres. Obote. The last half-day the resolutions were rushed through, and if any had objections they could lodge them later. I think the strength of finding 62 nations not in the 2 main blocks was encouraging in itself, and the ultimate judging of its worth will come much later.

I saw Ruth and Seretse off at the airport on the Saturday they left, we all went in a police cavalcade down the middle of the road, everyone held up, I bet Lusaka residents were glad when it was over. At the airport leaving too were Prince Dlamini of Swaziland, on the same plane (his High Commissioner had forgotten to book so he was weightlisted. Seretse told some of his chaps to get off the plane, which they did, then they found room for everyone, so this delayed them all quite a bit) The PM of Afghanistan, Vice Pres of Liberia and Vice Pres. of Cameroun were all in the VIP lounge, and also the Forbes Burnhams on their way to Kitwe, they were on a state visit. Poor old KK, he spent most of the day there seeing off his guests, inspecting their guards, listening to the 21 gun salutes, and waving goodbye. I then drove back to Kitwe with my colleague who had come to cover the conference press-wise. Back to earth! But I certainly forgot my flu, and the 5 course meals twice a day with the family certainly helped me to pull up.

My holidays this year were much nearer home than usual. I was chosen to go to a regional YWCA conference in Tanzania for a week, so I took 2 weeks holiday prior to that in Kenya, first in Nairobi with my friend Audrey, during which we went for a long weekend to Nyeri, to a lovely old hotel (for these parts), the Outspan, high in the Aberdare Mountains. Here we walked and also swam - it was warm enough to at mid-day, but we had a fire lit in our room at 5pm. We had the most massive room, and altogether enjoyed ourselves. The next weekend we went off to Mombasa, to a brand new hotel, and here we spent most of the day on the beach and eating. In Nairobi I bought some nice things that you can't find here, that were an extravagance, but the shops there are quite irresistible.

The YWCA conference was most interesting, we were discussing our youth action programmes and administration, quite an odd mixture. There were delegates from Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania, Madagascar, Uganda and Zambia. We stayed at the university on a hill 3-4 miles inland, and while there the British election results came through, which shattered me like everyone else. I got them a day too late, and fortunately was rather busy that day, so I didn't have time much to brood! There was a representative from the World YWCA, a New Zealander - Pat Morrison, and after the conference she and I spent a weekend at the most unusual beach hotel just outside Dar es Salaam. It is fibre glass huts right on the beach, ours was 10 yards from the sandy beach. There were thatched covered walks from the huts to the dining room and bar, and a fresh water swimming pool, shops, the lot - my idea of heaven! It has not been opened long, so there were few there, which made it seem like a private haven. How I tore myself away, I shall never know.

Our annual YWCA conference was in August at a youth camp slap bang in the middle of the country, and it was one of the best I have ever attended. We really got down to some of our worst problems, with an openness I have not experienced before. I suppose the worst problem is pregnant schoolgirls, the ignorance of these kids is tragic, and we had one woman there who said she gave sex education, and she could not possibly do it. The fact that she left her tribal village years ago and has adapted to many other changes, she simply refused to face. We also discussed education, racialism, lack of social amenities in the African suburbs, among others, and hope to try to tackle some of the problems.

P O Box 1607 Kitwe Zambia
16th October, 1971

My dear members of the "Trenestral Club" (and associates),

I always start my letters by saying I had meant to write earlier, and this is no exception. I knew I would be busy as soon as I returned, as the annual audit was well overdue, fortunately for me, the auditor took the same holidays as I did. I had only been back for 3 weeks, and was beginning to have caught up a bit, when I got a really bad eye infection, which lasted nearly 2 weeks, and made work very difficult. I was on antibiotics which made me feel very sleepy and altogether I felt lousy, which I did not appreciate so soon after such a lovely holiday. So, when I could see again, and had lost my headaches and gland pains, I had to work overtime once again to catch up.

I hate to start with such a tale of woe, but there it is. I am now fit and healthy, and enjoying current temperatures of almost 90. The rains are about to start, and it is rather sticky, but I find I get used to the heat easier by far than the cold.

Most of you don't know what happened after you left Trenestral. I spent the last night there as a guest of the Palmers, but as Bill was playing his usual cricket, I offered to cook the dinner, it was all rather hilarious, and a very nice way to end my 5 weeks there. I had tried to get into one of the near hotels on one of the beaches, but they were all full. Daphne Palmer gave me a farewell gift which will make you all hoot - one of the china plates. I had real difficulty in keeping a straight face, it is rather nice, but after all the things I said about that china, if only she had known. Of all the things to break on the return, it had to be that plate, everything else arrived intact. So I shall try to patch it up.

I went from Truro to Exeter, and stayed with the Haigs for a couple of days, which was a nice way to ease myself back to London. I had clean forgotten that the last weekend of August was a bank holiday, and having changed my air bookings to leave on the following Sunday, I found most people I wanted to see were away. You see, the plane of Sunday was fully booked and I was only on the waiting list, so I could not make definite plans until I knew which day I was leaving, and I did not know I was on the Sunday plane until Friday. So I went down to Norma and Harry's, and also saw Graham there; but when I went to church on the Sunday morning, hardly anyone I knew was there, so it all ended on a flat note. I shall remember in future.

I told some of you that Murray had asked me for a divorce earlier in the year, and after I got back I made up my mind to go to the lawyer and find out what was involved. At the same time, the house he had decided to give me 3 years ago, through his delays mostly, but also both the lawyers, is still not in my name, so I asked the lawyer about that first, and I told him when I had everything tied up I would go ahead. We have the new English divorce laws here, so it is all very easy. I have very mixed feelings, but Murray can divorce me against my will after 5 years of separation, and it is now nearly 4, so there doesn't seem much choice.

7th November, 1971

My dear

First of all, let me begin by wishing you all a very happy and peaceful Christmas, and all the best for 1972. I am sorry that the Christmas cards this year are not quite so nice as usual, the Art Studio here did not get out its own card for various reasons, so I have had to make do with others.

For the first time for several years, I shall not be going to join the family in Botswana this Christmas. Since I last wrote, I have been there twice - last Christmas for 10 days, and in May for a week for Jackie's 21st birthday. During the 10 days last Xmas, I visited 3 towns - I arrived in Gaborone on the 23rd, stayed there until Boxing Day, when we set off by road for Serowe, where we stayed 4 days, then went by road again to Francistown where Seretse bought a farm during the previous year. It was most unusual, because there was so much rain, I saw rivers flowing that before had always been dried up river beds. The reason we did not fly was because of the very low clouds, and we were not sure we could get through as the roads were so badly flooded in places. We were quite a convoy - a police land rover in front, then our lovely roomy Chev, then Ian driving their private van with lots of bedding, servants, and things Ruth was taking up to the Francistown Farm, then last another land rover where Jackie chose to drive. If the floods had been worse we would have transferred from the Chev to the police land rovers, but we made it alright. But it was slow going, and took much longer than it should. The rains kept it much cooler than usual, usually it is so hot that we just flake out. Francistown is planning a new town, the copper mines at Selibe Phikwe are going into production in '72 or '73, and the place will no doubt grow beyond recognition. At present it is a dump, and a few horses tied up to posts around the main street would not look out of place. Jackie could not come to Francistown as she had to get back to work, she is at the National Development Corporation, but plans to go to Mexico City University in January.

Her 21st birthday in May was a lovely occasion, about 150 were invited, and it was a most pleasant occasion, not too formal, but most of us wore ball gowns. Her favourite band played for several hours, but I felt sorry that the formality of State House meant that when the grownups started leaving around 2pm, her friends did not stay on and continue on their own. The twins insisted on staying up, but we found them around midnight sound asleep, fully dressed, on the top landing on settees which had been taken out of the main state room. She had some lovely gifts, one of which I borrowed the next night, when the local Lions Club put on a film charity performance. It was a lovely fur fabric jacket, unfortunately she had just bought herself one the month before, so as she could not wear them both I scrounged the wearing of one. Rand S also have a farm 10 miles outside Gaborone, and we all went there on the Sunday for a barbecue lunch and long naps. They go there most weekends. I had quite a time with transport coming back. The National Airways of Botswana were losing so much money on their direct link to Zambia that they cancelled it with just 3 weeks notice beforehand. My only way back by air was via S. Africa and Malawi, and I need a visa for S. Africa, as the flights did not connect and I had to spend a whole day in Johannesburg (24 hours). To get a visa, you have to send your passport to S. Africa, and this I would not do, but in any case there was no time to get it there and back. I tried to hitch a ride with one of the many private planes which pop up and down, but none fitted in. So Seretse had to get me a visa laid on specially. This the S. African government was glad to do, as they are trying to get pally with African states and promote the dialogue idea, but they also told the private secretary that a member of the State Security (BOSS) would be there to meet me and make sure my stay was "without incident" - interpreted by Seretse to mean that they would try to see what information they could get from me. Well, I was rather disappointed. This littleman was such a bore, and certainly not impressive, and did not appear to be very intelligent. He had been in Botswana Police previously for 12 years and knew most people there, and seemed much more intent on telling me all he knew about the country than pumping me. He booked me into the most ritzy new hotel - all suites - and had paid in advance, so I sent him the travellers cheques after I returned as he refused to accept it at the time. He insisted on being around, so I insisted on going to the theatre that evening to save having an evening's conversation. He dragged round the shops next day, and then took me up the Radio Tower.

It was quite an experience I suppose, but I found it difficult to connect this man with the article I read recently in the "Observer" about the highly organised BOSS and its smart and tricky personnel!

This travel complication is the main reason I am not going down this Christmas, Zambia Airways is going to restart direct flights, but so far no date has been announced. Also, it will only be once a week, on Mondays, whereas before there were 3. In addition, I have no leave left this year, but I could have borrowed a week from next year, but having flights on Mondays made it a bit tricky, and then if the family do their usual move round the country to their various country seats, they would probably be miles from any airport or strip when I needed to return. So after lots of dithering, I finally decided to stay here.

Gaborone) The twins started at the secondary school in Swaziland in January that Ian just left, but they hate it, and have persuaded Ruth to let them leave and start at the new/secondary school (run by the same people as the Swazi one) in January. They will have to repeat their first year again, but they don't mind. I think they will be weekly boarders; it will certainly make life lots easier for Ruth, as their only route was via Johannesburg, and either she or somebody in the government had to go with them each time and make sure they got through Jo'burg alright. They had done this 6 times every year with Ian, and missed once when he was treated very rudely by airport personnel, who " did not know who he was". Ian is now in England, re-writing his O levels, in the hopes that he will do well enough to be admitted to Sandhurst.

Botswana undoubtedly has a very good future , as they have such a variety of mineral wealth, compared to Zambia's mono-economy. The diamonds went into production this year, the copper as I said will be in a year or two, there is salt in the salt pans which will produce a lot, a huge coal field has been discovered (2nd largest in the world). The coal is not such a high quality, but the mines can gear their smelters to the quality of coal available. For the time being I understand they will not be exporting, but at least they don't have to import. Their beef is sold to Britain, and the Bushman Industries (skins etc) are going from strength to strength. Politically they are of course in a most unenviable position vis a vis S. Africa, but the tightrope walking act is going on. From the internal point of view, things seem pretty calm, the opposition does not seem very active or effective.

Here in Zambia, our opposition parties are causing most of the news and concern at the moment. The new party headed by the former vice president does not seem to have much of a policy, nor does it seem to be doing very much, the most of its leaders are now being held in restriction. The decision to link up with the other main party in opposition has not won any new members, rather many of the other ANC party have left indigust. The ruling party, UNIP was naturally most upset at the former vice - pres. and great friend of KK doing this, and probably has given them much too much attention , ignoring them would have been much more effective. At the moment, things are fairly quiet, but the bye elections in local councils due to be held this month will show just how strong they are, and how serious a threat this new group is. Unfortunately, whenever there are contested elections, there are usually fights and bloodshed and even deaths.

On 1st January, most retail licences will only be issued to Zambian traders. It looks as though in many towns there will be lots of empty shops, as too few Zambians have the money to take them over, which is a shame. And amongst those that do, few have the experience to run this type of business. There have been too few efforts at training in this line. Mindolo has done a bit, but really not much, and the government has done nothing. The main stores are 51% government owned, so they will still be functioning. Most expatriates are going into manufacturing, and running down their businesses, so that in January there will simply be empty shops to let. Quite a few thought the government would back down and change their minds, but this has not happened. Imports are being restricted in the hopes of protecting local industries, but these latter are not really in their stride, and for a year or two it looks as though we shall be short of a good few things, - not necessities, but desirable non-necessities and luxuries.

7th November, 1971

There have been quite a lot of changes at Mindolo this year, the most notable being the departure of the Grenville Greys in July. Wilfrid has been here for 8 years on the staff, and 3 previous to that in Kitwe. He was the Principal for 5 years. He is a really old friend of mine, and I miss him very much indeed. Edith turned very sour the last year or two, and hated Mindolo and made lots of quarrels with everyone. It really is a shame, I think she needs help badly, but unfortunately, getting people to admit it is a difficult task. She refused to attend the formal MEF leaving party, and went off to Lusaka with the kids the week before. Wilfrid was very sad about it. They are now living at Windsor, and he has a temporary job while looking round for something more permanent. The new head of MEF now is the former deputy, Jason Mfula, a Zambian who has been on the staff about 4-5 years. I get on with him very well, but he lacks confidence, and is not terribly good on creating new ideas for the changing needs. One has to watch all the time what one says and does in case he misunderstands, and takes it as a criticism. With Wilfrid, I could be as frank, rude, direct, insulting as I liked, he just took it! And gave it back, I might add. I don't think he will ever be a thinker, but I hope he will gain confidence as time goes by. The Womens Centre is run by a very nice and capable Zambian woman, Harriet, who has been here a long time. That department always has a very long waiting list. They are trying to find new ideas for training single women as well as married ones, perhaps for careers. The emphasis on the married ones was to create home makers, although when they left they often got jobs in social welfare departments.

The youth department is headed by a very nice Ethiopian chap who was in Sweden studying and lecturing for 12 years, and who has a charming Swedish wife. I am quite friendly with this couple. The courses are about 7½ months, and inbetween the staff go out both inside and outside the country, and run short courses at the youth camp. The Industry and Commerce is headed by a Canadian who is full of himself but not very efficient, although he likes to tell everyone he is. I have constant battles with him and his staff over spending money. This programme is the only one which makes an excess of income over exp., and they think they can be extravagant, instead of realising we need this money to cover the deficits on all the other programmes. My role becomes more and more that of a dragon, trying to anticipate unnecessary expenditure, trying to get heads and others to follow the channels laid down instead of all doing their own thing and making up the rules as they go along. I really have the reputation of being tough and cruel and all sorts of things, and if you read in the press I have been put in jail or kicked out, you will know why. - I make enemies among those who think they can break all the rules, or even get away with things. Fortunately, Jason is trying to tighten up, and so the finance committee, which has several members from businesses and professions in town.

Then there is also a department which is constantly changing its name, but which runs conferences, does research, and works with local churches, and all sorts of vague things which are rather hard to describe. We are hoping to find a head for this, as there is nobody at present. To go back for a moment, I realise I said nothing positive about the Industry and Commerce programme. They really do run most useful courses in management, personnel, trade union procedure, both here and in large factories and manufacturing concerns.

I am still - forever and ever - national treasurer of the YWCA, but I enjoy the job because I enjoy the quarterly weekend gatherings where I meet friends all over the country. There are only 2 whites on this, we have both been around for some time, and we both love it. The last meeting was in my house, and it is one of the most challenging groups I ever meet. The Y is pretty weak really, but it has only been going now for 12 years, and I suppose that is not long. We don't have a general secretary, and are looking everywhere, without much luck so far, but we do have our former gen sec as National President this year, and she is extremely good. She has joined the Mindolo staff, and we are lucky to have her, but I am torn between wanting her for both organisations. I also have to pop down to Lusaka from time to time for finance committees of the Y, and our annual conference was held there this year.

On 24th October is our independence, so as it was a Sunday the Monday was a holiday, making a good long weekend. With 2 young couples and their 2 kids each, I went camping at some lovely falls about 300 miles away. I got fed up with the long drive, with that and putting up the tent and then taking it down again nearly 2 days were taken up, but the whole day we were there, it was really heavenly - we walked and swam in deep pools left by the Falls. There were

4th November, 1991

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The annual drama festival was held in Lusaka this year, so I did not get down to it, but we have had some good plays at the local theatre. The most popular for years was "Alfie", and this week we have "Julius Caesar" - showing quite a range of culture! "Pirates of Penzance" was well done several months ago, the first Gilbert and Sullivan for many years. I was tempted to be in the chorus, but I was glad I wasn't because rehearsals were twice weekly, then every night for the week before, then most nights for 2 weeks of performances. People younger than I were quite done in by the end. But I think I will join in the Messiah to be done for Easter, if I make it, I only hope there is no auditioning! We had a concert 2 weeks back and it was amazing what local talent there is, the orchestra specially surprised everyone. We still get 3 or 4 professionals giving concerts during the year.

I had a really lovely birthday party last weekend. Last year I invited 24 and 16 turned up, this year I invited 24 and they all came. I kept my fingers crossed and hoped it would not rain, as I wanted to have a barbecue. Well I was lucky. The rain started on Tuesday! We sat on the verandah and on the lawn at all the tables I could rake up, it must have been one of the hottest nights of the year, half of us were in long cotton dresses but fairly open and none of us needed anything round our shoulders the whole evening. We did not really do very much except eat and drink, but it was very pleasant, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. I got a fairly good cross section of people, and nobody there knew everybody else (except possibly myself) so I was pleased. The next day I was invited out to Marjories and Essie's cottage on the Kafue river about 18 miles away, and we all recovered, and lazed, and had more barbecues. My dogs are always very pleased when we eat outside. When they had eaten up the scraps and bones they were utterly exhausted. My lovely female airedale killed herself when I was away she tried to jump over the fence and got her paw stuck and died instantly. So I shall keep one of her puppies, now 4 months old. After being in production with white/ginger kittens the whole year I finally got the cat spayed last week. One of my ginger males lost a leg, also while I was away, but it is amazing how he gets around, and still hunts. He just loved the kittens.

Our church has changed a lot, we now have about 70% Zambian members, and they seem to get transferred as much as expats do. There are only one couple and one older woman who have been there longer than I. I am fast becoming the "oldest inhabitant" of almost everything I belong to! I got that title from Mindolo nearly 2 years ago. I am sure I have said before how tiring it is sometimes to be always making new friends, and this is particularly so when several of ones friends leave around the same time. We have started joint services on Sunday evenings with the local anglican church, who have been without a minister most of the year, but when the new man arrives in December we are not sure what he will want. I hope it carries on, we both have such a small evening group that it is crazy to separate. I understand the anglicans sometimes had nobody at all. We joined with them twice over Easter, and will do so again at Christmas. We are trying to get local groups going to stimulate some sort of community and neighbourhood spirit, but it is hard work and needs a lot of working at. John Muir has been our minister now for almost 18 months. He has lots of new ideas, but he is almost too democratic in discussing everything at length with everyone before trying any of them out, and in our changing community, this does not work too well. In a more stable group I think this would work very well, but most people here want decisions made for them as they don't feel they have a stake in anything, anyhow. John has made quite an impact on TV, there is a weekly sunday programme that he has livened up no end.

So, as I entertain on my verandah and in my swimming pool over Christmas, I shall think of my friends around the world, some of them having similar weather conditions, others rather different. This is only my 2nd Christmas in Kitwe, and although I am very sorry not to be with the family and see the kids growing rapidly, I shall enjoy being in my own home for a change. Out here, we usually have a cold lunch and have the main christmas meal at night; last time I invited people for the whole day, and got quite a lot of help with the preparation of the evening meal. I have masses of decorations, and my white walls show them up very well. I am a coward - I put the Christmas tree on the verandah where it can fall and make a mess outside and not in.

14 November, 1971

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In July and August I had 2 months really lovely leave, and spent one week in Geneva with my nephew and friends, (Ian was studying French there for 3 months) and then 7 weeks in England. Long ago I planned this holiday, to rent a farm house in Cornwall and invite all my friends to come and have a holiday with me. Quite a lot of them were able to come, including 3 from America and one from Germany. It was one of those things that worked from the word go. Everything was marvellous, (except the weather). The house was very large, 5 double bedrooms, sleeping 12 in all, and correspondingly large downstairs, with wall to wall carpeting throughout - upstairs and down- set in really lovely countryside 2 miles from the sea, The landlord was a farmer who has another farm 50 miles away, has only recently bought this one, and lives between the 2. He and his wife, Bill and Daphne, were so nice and such fun, that we became good friends. It was harvest time, and they came over quite a lot, and stayed in a caravan. All my friends told me when they were coming, but some omitted to mention when they were going, and my assumptions were not always accurate, and this resulted in one spell of 3 days when we had 17 in the house! We were able to borrow the caravan, as the Palmers were not around that week (thank heavens) but it was all really hilarious. I hired a car, and for the first time drove in England, rather cautiously at first, as the first fortnight I had a big car - Zephyr 2,000 with automatic gear change, quite new to me. In 5 weeks there I drove over 2,000 miles, and we saw most of the Cornish beauty spots, visiting some 2 or 3 times with different groups. We relied on volunteers to produce meals, and it worked perfectly. I had found domestic help to do the cleaning, and we had a weekly trip into Truro - 8 miles away by ferry, 14 by road - to do a big shopping trip and get the washing to the launderette. My friend Doris from Chicago stayed almost all the time I was there, which kept up the only continuity, and I enjoyed her company very much, as well as her daughter Lesley. She made friends with all my pals, and I think she is now corresponding with them all. We decided that we simply must do something like it again, in a few years time, Lesley wanted to know why not next year. The 2 weeks of July were quite nice, but the 3 of August were very dull and dreary. We got around, but having seen some of the places in sunshine, I realised just how drab they looked when overcast. I particularly enjoyed the walking, and the green-ness of everywhere (one good point about so much rain).

I had one week before and after in and around London, visiting the friends who could not come, and doing some shopping. I hate London a little more each time I visit, and this time was no exception. But it is the most convenient base as most of my friends live around and in. The week in Geneva was most pleasant, and the hottest. Ian and I went around quite a bit, and in the evenings we visited my friends or went out for meals. I don't get the chance to be a proper aunt very often, and I took full advantage of this rare opportunity. Ian is a delightful companion, nothing like as moody as Jackie, and we both had a jolly good time.

Earlier this year Murray asked me for a divorce. We have the same divorce laws here as Britain, which changed on 1st Jan this year. Under the new laws. breakdown of the marriage is enough reason, and after 5 years of separation one can divorce the other without their consent. So, if I don't divorce him now, he can take the action in Feb. 1973. So after lots of agonising, I have decided to go ahead. There are one or two things I want sorted out first, so I shall probably get around to actually asking the lawyers to start in the New Year. I suppose really I am putting it off all the time. I still see him occasionally, now the Grenville Greys are gone, I don't hear so much news as Wilfrid was always reporting what Murray was doing or saying or thinking. After my holiday I invited him round for a meal, and before I went away I went to his house. He is only a mile away, so inevitably we pass on the road, or meet in the shops. Also, he comes out to Mindolo for the Industry and Commerce programme. His business is going pretty well, and they are even considering trying to find export markets in the countries round about. Murray's father died while I was in Cornwall, and he came over for the funeral, but I did not know about it in time, as I did not always read the papers. I must say it feels very strange to be in that kind of situation, where I did not know what to do, whether to try to contact the family or not, with Murray obviously thinking it did not concern me anyway.