

1972 — 1978

PO Box 1607 Kitwe Zambia

August 19th, 1972

My dear

Believe it or not, I have been meaning to write this letter since May, - the only good thing is that I have beat my usual record of only finding time to write at Christmas time. My mail box is so empty these days -----

I last wrote (I believe) last October. I stayed at home as I had planned for Christmas, and had quite a number of people for dinner in the evening at Christmas, which was quite warm this last year. After Church on Christmas morning I went round the hospital with the Hospital Advisory committee members, and the District Governor. The Mayor should also have been there, but after returning from a 6-week recruiting trip to England and East Africa, he arrived back on the morning of Dec 24th, attended a civic cocktail party that evening, went on to a private party until the small hours, then flaked out - understandably enough. We did the usual things, handed out sweets and toys to the kids, admired the new born babies (including twins) and greeted the rest. I then went out for lunch to friends, cold buffet style. I then went home, had a nap, and greeted my first dinner guests at 4pm who had come for a swim! Here in Zambia our schools run from January to December, so this Christmas holiday is in the middle of our main annual holidays, and that means many people are away. I did not feel terribly bright around then, and realised after some days that I was getting the same feelings as I had when I got this intestinal parasite 18 months previously. Fortunately I got to the doctor before it got much of a hold. I suppose it had never really been cleared up. New Year's Eve was very quiet, I was invited out to dinner with friends , one guest was a local minister who had 3 services the next day, so we broke up very early - which suited me, as I was feeling very tired.

In the middle of January my Scottish family from the bush came to stay for a week. They have one son in Scotland and 2 younger daughters at a boarding primary school here in Zambia. They live a hard day's drive from Kitwe, part of the hazard is crossing a river by pontoon that is not always reliable. Then the school is another even harder day's drive, so they always come for at least a week, as 4 of those days are driving on dusty dirt roads or wet muddy slippery dirt roads, depending on the season. I really enjoy having them, Bill and Margaret Mackenzie are really very nice and I look forward to their visits. The school has only 2 terms as all the kids come a long journey, so they come and stay with me 4 times a year. They usually manage to combine with another missionary family and take it in turns to drive from Kitwe to the school, so one time Bill drives with his kids and the other mum and daughter, and Margaret stays with me; or Dr Curry drives and takes Margaret and all the kids and Bill stays with me. The two girls - 7 and 9 - love my swimming pool and the cats and kittens which are usually around.

My divorce went through the High Court on March 29th, a day I wish I could forget. I just could not see what connection that cold quick court case had to do with my marriage, and the judge was not really a considerate man.

It was the week leading up to Easter, and some golf professionals had arrived for a big tournament, and he wanted to have an unofficial knock around the course with them as soon as he could get away. So, after having been asked to arrive at 10.30., I was then told - come as soon as possible after 9am and it will be first come first served (!). So my friend Marjorie and I got there early, only to hear the judge was delayed - he arrived at 9.30 - and decided to stick to the original order. So we hung around the court, they could not even find chairs until I really got mad; he was a horrid little man looking rather like a fat pig in his ridiculous wig. I had not expected any publicity, and fortunately missed the woman reporter who came to the court just after I left, but she still managed to put in a big heading next day dragging in Seretse and Mindolo. Usually our paper is not too efficient at getting news in the next day, and I had hoped if anything came, it would be the next week, as I flew to Botswana on Good Friday, but this time they were on the ball. I had to go to work on Maundy Thursday as we were paying wages, but I was terribly upset, and it did not help when a bright young VSO sailed in and congratulated me on my release, and asked what time was the celebration? I could have murdered him. But I supposed he is typical of today's attitude to divorce.

I flew via Livingstone, which is back way round, but otherwise there is only one plane week via Lusaka on Mondays, and I wanted to go there for Easter. I arrived in Livingstone at mid-day, and was having lunch when the Zirways man came to tell me there would be some delay as the plane was grounded with a burst tyre. It was only a small 8 seater anyway, but at a nearby little place in Botswana there was another little plane waiting to go back to Gaborone the next day. Among the people delayed was an official of Botswana Airways, and he spent hours trying to get through with the Zambia Airways people to contact Botswana. But, the only telephone or telex links are via Rhodesia, and as they all thought there would be no messages, they all shut up shop and went home. It was not until 5.30 that any sense was made of anything, and then we learnt there would be no flight that day, and they hoped we could leave next day at mid-day. Those hours at the airport seemed endless, and for me it was somehow even worse coming so soon after my divorce and all its nervous tension. The next problem was to find hotel rooms. Easter is a favourite time to visit Livingstone and the Falls, and we drove around in the pouring rain for 2 hours trying to get fixed up. In the end we did, at a rather run-down little hotel, but at least we got a meal - at 9pm, and a bed. I tried to ring my aunt at State House - Ruth Seretse and the family were all at the annual party convention at Francistown - but there was no answer. The original plan was for me to fly to Francistown on this little plane, spend a day and night there, then fly on to Gaborone to be with my aunt until the family returned on Easter Monday. I thought at least Ruth would know about the delay. But when we finally left L'stone and got to F'town, I found they had all gone to the airport the previous day, not knowing the plane had never even left! The local officials had not realised Ruth had her sister coming so did not tell them. By the time I arrived in F'town I had lost my connection to Gaborone, but luckily Zambia had sent 2 Cabinet ministers to the party meeting and they had a chartered plane laid on to return early to Gaborone, so I flew with them and the Botswana Minister of Trade. Ruth had managed to get a message through to my aunt.

19th August, 1972

- 3 -

After such a disastrous start, I had a nice stay there. I managed to fit in a visit to Parliament, which is not much bigger than Kitwe City Council, and very friendly. They were discussing quite an important bill, so almost everyone was there. But how ridiculous protocol is. Seretse was there, not in the house but in the restaurant, chatting up various ministers and keeping an eye on how the debate was going. But I could not drive back with him. I have no idea why. I did not mind the walk at all, but he was full of apologies. We had a day out at their farm, about 10 miles outside Gaborone, where Seretse has cattle, and grows fruit and veg. The mineral development in Botswana is really coming on, and no doubt at all they will be very comfortable one day. This year for the first time they did not need aid from UK. - a miracle I never believed possible so soon.

The big family news is Jackie's engagement, which actually was officially announced on 1st July - Seretse's 51st birthday. I met her fiance at Easter, he is Dutch, educated in Britain, and currently Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Industry and Commerce. He wants to settle in Botswana and take out citizenship. He has been married and got his divorce just after me, a fact which upset Ruth and Seretse, of course. They tried to persuade Jackie to go away for a time, she had intended going to university in Mexico, but she decided not to go. And they could not get her to go away even for a short time. I liked him when I met him, he is 4 or 5 years older, and he has got on very well with Ruth and Seretse. Jackie is still very moody, but he seemed to be having a good effect on her, so now they are making the best of it. It does not seem to have been reported in the British Press, but was headlined news in Holland and S. Africa. They plan to be married in December - of course, I shall go.

Ian went to Sandhurst in April and is enjoying it very much. He found it very hard work at first, but his reports are satisfactory, and now he has adapted to the routine. Right now he is in Geneva for a month. The twins are going to a new school in Gaborone, where they are boarders, only allowed out on Sundays. It is run by the same people who ran the school in Swaziland where Ian went, and where the twins went last year. They are nearly 6 feet tall, I could not believe it when they met me - these 3 very tall boys, all around the same height, and the twins were only 15 in February. They are inches taller than all the others in their class, and over a foot taller than some. The school is starting one year at a time, so the twins are repeating the same year. A very nice couple, Dean Yates, are running it. I was invited out to supper with them as we have mutual friends, here at Mindolo.

I spent 10 days there, then returned with my aunt. She had had a few colds and flu, and needed a rest. She planned to stay for 3 months, but just before leaving, got flu here, so in the end stayed almost 4 months, as the planes were all full leaving here for 2 weeks with kids returning to schools in S. Africa. She is now 84 $\frac{1}{2}$, and remarkably fit, but I find it so difficult trying to get any interesting conversation going, as her interests are so narrow. Fortunately some of my friends think she is wonderful, and she sparkled when out and being fussed over; she also loves all my animals and I had kittens during her stay which she loved.

19th AUGUST, 1972

In May and June the annual drama festival was held in Kitwe, so I had season tickets and my aunt and I went to 10 out of the 16 plays. The standard was nowhere as good as usual, mostly because so many experienced producers and actors have left, and short term people have not the same devotion. There were 4 African schools who entered, but the adjudicator, who comes out each year from Britain, said he could not judge them by the same standard, not because they were African but because they were school entries, and their aim was so different from adult groups. He was a very nice chap, James Roose-Evans, apparently a well-known London producer, who actually lives next door but one to the house in Belsize Park where I stayed last year with my friend Phil. I was very glad I saw the plays, as at least I know now what I would like to see again. The winning play was streets ahead of all the others - Pinters "Old Times". Others I saw which I would like to see again included "Little Malcolm and his struggle against the Eunuchs", "After Haggerty", and "The Real Inspector Hound". James had some hard things to say about the monopoly of European casts and groups, and said much more effort should be made to get African drama groups (adult) going, and using some of the very good West Africa plays. He came out to see Mindolo in the early days of his visit, and was most interested. He came out several times, and I invited him to lunch to meet some of our staff - of both races! He would like Mindolo to start a drama section, and seemed to think he might be able to find some big Trusts to help finance it. We shall see

The Mackenzies came twice while my aunt was here, at the beginning and at the end. Bill is a very useful handy man, and he always does my plumbing jobs, odd carpentry, electrical, and whatever is necessary. Also while she was here, my 2 young English school teacher friends from Barotse, in the extreme west, came for a week.- Michael and Tim. They are lots of fun, and as their contracts end at the end of the year, I have decided to visit this part of the country before they go, so shall visit in October. At the same time, I am going to run a short simple course in their part of the world, for small shopkeepers, mostly simple accounts. I haven't done this before, and it should be interesting. This will be at a place called Mongu, admin. headquarters of the province. The boys teach at Senanga, only 70 miles away, but a 3-4 hour drive in a Landrover or equally tough vehicle. Barotse is extremely sandy. Fortunately there are planes, 5 a week to Mongu, 2 a week to Senanga, so I shall fly, and in Mongu if I need to get about shall have to borrow transport. The United Church of Z. is supposed to be setting up the courses, the other one will be for supervisors and another staff member here from MEF will be running that.

The last month really was hectic. The last weekend my aunt was here, the Mackenzies arrived for 10 days, and their last weekend there was a wedding of Ted, a chap who has been here at Mindolo for 10 years, and his best man stayed with me. They had a quiet wedding reception at the church hall after a 2.30 wedding, then 16 people were at a dinner at my house in the evening, including my house guests, and the bride and groom. I did not do the catering, the Mindolo chef and supervisor did it, so for me it was really relaxing. Ted's parents came out for the wedding, but Margaret lost her father just before Easter and her mother did not want to come alone. So, when last Monday week, Mackenzies and the best man left, the house seemed very quiet after 4 months of somebody being around. But last night I had a phone call to say one of the Barotse teachers, Tim, would like to come with his fiancée for a week on Monday, so I shall have company again.

19th AUGUST, 1972

While my aunt was here, we took a 5 day trip to the Kafue Game Park. It was arranged by a local travel agent, we flew one way, stayed at a camp in the park, then drove back - a day's drive. Usually in the park, you take your own food and there are cooks there, but the travel agency arranged all this. We stayed at a lovely camp right where 2 rivers joined, there were only 3 double chalets, and our party was just that - 5 plus the guide. We saw cheetah, lions, elephant, crocs and hippos by the score, and about 10 different kinds of buck. One great advantage is that the guide is so good at spotting the animals, I would never have seen them had I been driving. And the car they had was much higher than the ordinary 4 seater, it was a Ford Transit, really comfortable. Everywhere is very dried up, it was 3 months since we had had any rain, and it is amazing how well the animals blend in with the brown-yellow dried-up look of grass. I had not been to a game park in Zambia before, and my aunt had not been to one either, but she is off again to one in Botswana with the family next week.

Our church is keeping up very steadily, we must be about 80% Zambian now. We have been trying very hard to have house groups in idlers districts the last 2 months, but "my" district has been the worst, so we had to combine with another one. The bible study series we followed was not too good in my estimation, the theme was "Evangelism", and there were tapes to go with it as well, but I found the questions poor, and the words used very old fashioned and pretty meaningless to non-English-speaking people. Our minister got hepatitis last December, and even now has not fully recovered, so he is taking advantage of a new scheme and will go on just 3 months leave in 2 weeks, getting back for Christmas. There seem to be quite a lot of outbreaks of this at the moment.

I am still the YWCA National treasurer. We had our annual conference last weekend and once again I was re-elected with no competition. It really is a book-keeping job, and eventually when the hostel gets built in Lusaka and they have a regular book-keeper, he or she can do the job and that means a Zambian (black) can be the treasurer and do what a treasurer is supposed to do, and not just be a book-keeper as well. We own buildings, and I pay all salaries, and this makes the job complicated if one is not trained. Our conference theme was "Education", and I chaired a group on Civic Educ.

Our chaplain here at Mindolo got married in January, and he and his wife came on campus in March, the same week as a new Dutch Chief of Admin, also just newly married. They are 2 very nice couples, and I have a lot to do with them in and out of work. Ruut's English was awful when he came, but it has improved tremendously, but his written efforts are hilarious. His wife worked in America for a year and she is much better, so that is a great help. I have a Zambian man as my assistant now, I have taught him, he was in the general office here, and has a real aptitude for figures. He certainly relieves the pressure, and I don't have to work overtime any more. It also makes it far easier when I go off for short holidays, which I always plan for the beginning of the month, so I am around for salaries, wages and monthly payments towards the end. But at Christmas it will be the end of the month, but of course, we pay salaries before hand. Jackie's wedding, by the way, will be an evening one, so I have to get myself a long evening dress for that occasion.

The reason this is shorter pages is that we only have coloured paper in stock of that size and I hate plain white sheets! So I shall leave the back of this one to write my personal notes.

Michael Sanderson

PO Box 1607, Kitwe

11th November, 1972

My dear

It really was nice to get so many answers so promptly from my last letter just 3 months ago. It usually takes me 2-3 weeks to get all the letters written with a personal note, and I go through my address book alphabetically. I sent them all surface mail, so imagine my surprise when I started getting replies long before I had even reached half-way through the list. I thought perhaps the post office here had sent the odd one or two by air, but I realised that almost if not all went that way. I heard from one that she had to pay excess postage. If this has happened to you all, I really am sorry. I only hope it doesn't happen again.

Some of you know that I celebrated my 50th birthday 11 days ago. Celebrated is the right word this time - it lasted for over a week! I started off by buying myself a new car - for the very first time - as I figured out that nobody else was likely to. I got this the week before, it is a Morris Marina 1300, 4 door, in a gorgeous shade of mustard yellow. I really am appreciating having a brand new car to drive. Then, that week beforehand, one or two visitors were around from Lusaka, who were not going to be here for my party on 28th, so they took me out to dinner. The party I had jointly with Jeremy Peake whose birthday was the week before, and we invited 50 guests although in the end only 38 could come. Jeremy is a jolly good cook, so he made a curry, and his wife Min organised the salads, all I had to do was to buy some cooked chickens for those not wanting curry. We were very lucky, the rain held off, it was very hot, and we were able to have the glass doors right open and spread all over the balcony and garden. We also organised 4 servants to do the serving and washing up, so I have never had such an easy time. Other friends brought a superb birthday cake.

This of course was great fun, but was made into a small anti-climax by the phone call I had the previous day from Eric Gillespie in Lusaka. He and his wife Pam used to be in Kitwe. Eric is an accountant, and he rang to say he had to go to Gaborone the next week on 31st to make arrangements to be down there for a special job for 3-4 months, and as there was a spare seat on the plane, would I like to go? Would I? Wow. I just couldn't believe it. So I rang Ruth that night, and asked if they would be there, and luckily they were, they were due to go away on Thursday 2nd, and we were returning on the 1st. I had no tax clearance certificate, but luckily someone I know had to go to Chingola - 30 miles away - to get one also, so got mine. In fact, everything just worked out perfectly. We flew from Ndola, 45 miles away, on a 6 seater twin engined Piper, the pilot lives in Kitwe so I duly reported at his house at 4.30 AM on my birthday, and we drove to Ndola, leaving there at 6am, picking up Eric, Pam and the kids in Lusaka. We got to Gaborone at 11.30, taking only 45 minutes longer than the scheduled flight, where my aunt met me. Ruth and Seretse had arranged a dinner party for the people I know there, and Eric and Pam were invited, but could not come to dinner as they had a business dinner, but they did come for an hour for drinks. I had had made a cotton evening dress for the 28th party, so took it with me, and although Ruth had not intended wearing a long dress, she sportily phoned the women and asked them to do likewise. It so happened that the Zambian High Commissioner to Botswana, John Sokoni, is an old friend of mine, and it so happens he was born the same day and year as me. So Ruth and Seretse asked him without mentioning I would be coming or that they knew it was his birthday. So he had a big surprise. His wife was back here in Zambia visiting family, so the "twins" were dinner partners - most convenient! Jackie and her fiance were there, but not the twins, but they came home in the afternoon. Their headmaster is an old friend of the Jeremy mentioned above, and he came to the party as I have got to know them through Jeremy. We left the next day at 3pm, so I had 27½ hours there! We got back even quicker than we flew down, and I enjoyed very much the last bit from Lusaka to Kitwe after dark, flying fairly low, we could even pick out streets of a town we passed. *Kitwe has no lights at night, and until then I had no idea planes could land after dark, but they had put out a few hurricane lamps which the pilot spotted with no difficulty at all. So, I can honestly say, I had a memorable birthday - 800 miles each way for a dinner party! Everyone at Mindolo was tickled pink. (* Kitwe airstrip for private planes)

At the beginning of October I had this 2 week holiday to Barotse in the Western part of Zambia, that had been postponed 2-3 times. My Canadian artist friend (who runs the Art Dept and Mindolo, and is responsible for producing the Christmas cards I often send) Marjorie Murray came with me, and this made it far more enjoyable. First we flew to Mongu, where I was to run the Shopkeepers Course. There is a very small lay training centre there run by the United Church of Zambia, out of profits from the one and only petrol station in the town. The UCA was concerned about dropping income from overseas, and a Canadian was sent over to start various business projects and with the profits the church could continue and even expand. They are mostly in rural areas so serving a very useful national need at the same time. Well, the man in charge is Swiss, and I think he did not understand the difference between shopkeeper, shop assistant, or shopworker. So instead of the owners I had sales assistants. 4 out of the 11 spoke reasonable english, the rest were pretty poor. So I had to re-write all my lectures, and after the first lesson ask one man to replace one chap who did not say anything in english but "yes sir", much to the amusement of the rest. In the mornings I went round and saw where they worked, and I had the classes from 5.30 to 8.30, when it would be true to say that none of us were very fresh. Anyhow, we survived. Another staff member from MEF, a certain Mac Mtine, was also running classes during the day for Supervisors, so Marjorie ended up being our cook and housekeeper. Mac finished his class as I started mine, so the other 2 nobly waited until 8.30 for their meal.

We were taken to meet the Litunga, the local "King", who has a lot of power. The area is very cut off from the rest of Zambia, and the Litunga is considered more important than the President in those parts. He had lived in Kitwe for 20 years before being elected, and I knew him slightly, and his wife used to come to YWCA meetings. The set up is really feudal. Apparently he broke lots of rules seeing us. He was in bed with bad rheumatism, and to see visitors in bed is not the thing to do. He has had a lot of pressure from his advisors to take on younger wives, but has resisted, and he was sick in his wife's house, which is also against the rules. His poor wife is not allowed to leave the village (which is surrounded by matting supported by spears) without the permission of the chiefs and advisors. The present Litunga was over 60 when he took office, and up to then his wife could do what she liked. They have 10 children, all of whom have university degrees or who are in university, and when those kids and their children come home to visit, they must find it very strange. It is extremely sandy, and it took us an hour to drive the 10 miles from Mongu. The river Zambezi runs through Mongu, and floods every year, over a plain about 20-30 miles across, so there is a very colourful traditional ceremony when the Litunga and all the villagers move up to higher ground for 3-4 months. The overflowing river leaves fertile mud over the sand which is good for crops when the villagers return. I would love to go this ceremony, but it is usually fixed about 2 weeks in advance, according to the rains, and it would be impossible to get a plane booking in time to do. I could drive, but it is nearly 700 miles, but if 2 or 3 went and shared the driving, we could do it. The new tarred road to Mongu was opened recently, and this has cut hours off the journey.

Marjorie and I then flew on to Senanga, south about 70 miles, to stay with Tim and Michael, the 2 teachers who had stayed with me 2-3 times. It is a beautiful spot on a huge bend of the Zambezi, really isolated as the roads in and out are so awful you just would not try in an ordinary car. We stayed a week, and during the weekend in the middle we walked 3 miles to the nearby United Church Mission Hospital, where we stayed with a young French couple - he is the doctor, she the nurse. We enjoyed this immensely. The Hospital is situated on a lagoon off the main river, so there was no current which is very strong indeed in the main river. We relaxed and swam, and met the staff - there are only 2 doctors, and the one who has been there for 20 years was on leave. There is a Dutch, a Scottish and English nurse. A very nice community, and Marjorie and I stayed on an extra day, getting a lift back to the school. Because it is so cut-off, Tim and Michael's friends really went to town inviting us, and we were out to dinner every night. One teacher had a small boat and he took us out on the river twice. Just to give you some idea what the poor kids have to put up with, at that school are teachers from England, America, Russia, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Holland, Sweden, S. Africa, Kenya, Canada, and Zambia. I had great difficulty understanding some of them, so heaven knows how the kids fared.

11 November, 1, 1972

- 3 -

From Senanga, we went south again to Livingstone for the last 3 days. There, we stayed at the new Intercontinental Hotel right at the Victoria Falls. October is our hottest month, and Livingstone one of our hottest towns, - and the Barotse Province also the hottest, - but there was a pool at the hotel, and air conditioning. We enjoyed the luxury after the rather dusty, sandy conditions of Mongu and Senanga. I have a friend who is at the teachers training college, who took us out one afternoon for a pleasant drive.

While I was away, and in fact for 5 weeks altogether, I had a family in my house who had to move from their house and who will be in two 3-month leave houses until they leave in May. I think it has cured me for all time of having people to stay! They completely took me, the house, and everything over, and I just couldn't do a thing. They have 2 kids who have never been disciplined, and when I finally took them to the airport last Monday week for a 3 week holiday in Malawi, I heaved a sigh of relief. The whole house was in a disgusting state of turmoil, and when 2 of these friends I mentioned were in Kitwe, I hated asking them back home as I did not know what I would find. I should have known what they would be like, everyone said I was a fool to have them! I am still hunting for some of my belongings, the kids raided my room every day and what they took ended up in their toy box.

While in Gaborone, I caught up with Jackie's wedding plans. It will be at 6pm on December 23rd, at the house, then next day the bride and groom and 2 sets of parents with my aunt fly in Seretse's plane to Serowe, while the boys, Johann's sister and I drive in a car and van. Then on 25th there will probably be a lunch for tribal guests, and a tea party for others. I guess Christmas will slip by almost un-noticed with all these preparations. Jackie and Johann will live on a farm about 5 miles out of the town. Ian only gets one week's leave at Christmas from Sandhurst, so his stay will be very short. Then on Sunday 31st, the new Bishop of Botswana will be installed and consecrated in Gaborone, so we will all be back in time for that. It is a most unsuitable date for most people; Gaborone is non-tribal land & the government shuts down for a week between Christmas and New Year so that people can go back to their tribal areas to look at their cattle and crops./It is right in the middle of the main school holidays, when most expats take their annual leave. The date was fixed by the Bishop in Rhodesia without any consultation, and he is not exactly popular over this. It is precisely because the church there was part of the Rhodesian diocese that they fought to become independent - although there are only 18 churches in the country - it must be one of the smallest dioceses from this point of view, although territorially it must be one of the largest. When I got back from my 2 day trip I found the RC Bishop from Gaborone and the Anglican vicar at a conference at Mindolo, so I had them round for a meal along with another RC bishop from Lesotho.

now over 200,000

It is quite fantastic how big Kitwe is growing/- more than double the size now since I arrived. Mindolo used to be outside the limits, quite cut off, but the town is spreading right along that road and now it is practically a Kitwe suburb. The development out that way is light industrial on one side of the road, and sprawling African low cost housing on the other. Another heavy industrial site has been prepared beyond Mindolo as the existing one nearer town is now full. We are going to have our first Zambian Town Clerk at the end of this month, the only other one is not yet confirmed. His wife is the new President of Kitwe YWCA, and at one time was working in the house for one of our former Canadian ministers at St. Margarets.

Mindolo is hoping to start another womens training course out in the rural areas in January. We have one at the moment, which serves semi rural areas around the Copperbelt. This new one will go further afield. Another new course will probably supervisory courses for the new National Hotels Corporation, and possible Zambian Airways staff too.

Well, I will close now wishing you all a very happy, blessed Christmas. I must say I find it odd out here to sing about frost and snow, I feel we should rewrite or drop some of these carols.

PO Box 1607 Kitwe

24th October, 1973

My dear

I am starting this letter on our Independence Day, which is always a public holiday, and very hot. In Lusaka there are parades and speeches by several government ministers, and often Pres. Kaunda. Here in other towns like Kitwe we get lesser fry, who talk for ages, and I don't usually go. In any case I usually have to do a bit of work as it is so near the end of the month and the salaried staff pay day - either 26th or 27th. This month my assistant is on leave so I have to do both jobs, so I worked 3 hours this morning. Mindolo usually organises a sports day with a barbecue in the evening, which I shall go to, followed by a dance.

This year I was in Botswana for the 7th independence celebrations on 30th September, but that was not my main reason for going. Ruth and Seretse celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on the 29th September, and after being undecided for weeks, I finally went down for a week. But oh dear, flying these days seems to get more and more drawn out. The quicker the planes go, the more breakdowns, and long airport waits. It is 4 hours flying time from Kitwe to Gaborone; once a week I can get a direct flight from Lusaka to Gaborone, and once a week I have to change at Francistown where there is only an hour before the next plane leaves. Well, first the connecting flight from Kitwe to Lusaka was full even though I booked 6 weeks beforehand, so I had to go down to Lusaka the night before. Then the connecting flight got propellor trouble as it landed and we had a four hour wait at Francistown before they decided they had no plane to relieve it in S. Africa, so the engineer was told what to do to permit just one landing, thus cutting out Gabs and having to fly direct to Johannesburg, returning the next day to Gaborone. On our plane held up this way were 5 ambassadors from Zambia who are also accredited to Botswana going down for independence, and one, the Indian, did not relish the idea of going to S. Africa, although he was assured the situation had been cleared by radio. I decided I did not want to go there either, so I stayed behind and took the train which is a 12 hour journey for 250 miles. I know the airways people quite well at F'town, so they got in touch with Ruth to tell her, of course with 5 ambassadors on board the activity in Gaborone among all the embassies there was quite hectic. So I arrived at 7.30 Friday morning having left Kitwe 5pm Wednesday evening on what was 4 hours flying time - but took nearly 40 hours!

The weather took a sudden turn from being boiling hot to quite cold and even rain. There was a freak cold spell all over southern Africa, and some places even had hail and snow. So I froze on the train in my light clothing, and had to borrow from Ruth most of the time I was there. Of course, everyone in Botswana was delighted to have rain and a respite from the terrific heat.

Owing to the successive days of silver wedding and independence, the silver wedding was rather quiet, we just had a family dinner party. There is always an annual ball run by different charities on the eve of independence which of course is their wedding anniversary, so after dinner we all went to it, run by the Red Cross this year, of which Ruth is Hon. President. So as soon as we arrived Ruth and Seretse were congratulated and danced the anniversary waltz alone! Rather like old days when they sometimes stopped the dancing and everyone stood round to watch. We all enjoyed the dance very much and stayed until lam which is quite late for them. They had 2 bands, one more square than the other, so catered for all tastes. Ian and the twins were very dutiful and asked their aunt and great aunt to dance, and we both did pretty well all round. My aunt was easily the oldest person there by at least 25 years; I know quite a little nucleus and didn't sit many out. Ruth and Seretse had some lovely gifts and considering how rare silver is out here, they did pretty well. I settled for stainless steel, with little silver keyrings as a token. Ruth gave Seretse a silver Afrikander heifer, and he gave her a silver Chev. car. Altogether a pleasant occasion.

Ruth and Seretse looked pretty tired. They have had a hectic year. Apart from their fairly frequent 2 week trips around the country when they stay in their own caravan, often right out in the bush, they have been to Ethiopia for the annual O.A.U. meeting, Ottawa Montreal for the Commonwealth heads of state, and a state visit to Tanzania, when they took the twins, who saw the sea for the first time ever. They loved it, and goggled and went on the coral reef and enjoyed themselves. But in 6 days they slept in a different town each night. The day before I left to come back, they went to Lesotho for their independence, just 3 days after their own, on another state visit.

Independence celebrations are often similar in African countries. This year being a Sunday, there was a 2-day split, with the church service in the stadium on the Sunday, followed by the stadium award of medals on Monday, and displays of marching, bands, and other things by youth organisations and the police. Then in the afternoon a football match. In the evening R and S give a double cocktail party, first in the house for cabinet and ambassadors, then an hour later all go out into the gardens where about 500 people are invited, and they wander round. So I met my ambassador travelling companions again, plus the residents there. The American couple are very charming, they are black, and the British one is a woman, as so is the Swedish.

Ian graduated - or did he pass out? - from Sandhurst in February having done very well and really shining as a late developer. He loved it and came top in French and military strategy. The latter really is surprising as he is such a gentle boy. He then went to Nigeria for 6 months for a police training course, but it wasn't much different from Sandhurst so he left early. While there he organised a hockey team and captained them to victory several times, which in that humidity is a real achievement. Jackie and Johann are settling down on their farm which they are enlarging and developing. They seem to be happy, and popped in several times while I was there, and of course were around over the weekend celebrations. The twins - 15½ - are now 6 feet 2 inches, towering over everyone. Last Christmas they and Ian were all 6 feet, but they have now left him behind. They don't like school all that much but enjoy the social work side - to avoid it being too privileged and cut off from society they go once a week to a squatter suburb and take classes for kids who otherwise would not go to school. Apparently this is the twins' favourite time of the week, and they are good teachers even tho one wonders what they know themselves to be able to pass on! They both want to be vets, but could change. They will have to work lots harder if they want to go to university. Ian will be 21 next February, so I shall go again then and skip out my usual Christmas visit this year.

On my last evening there, with Ruth and Seretse away in Lesotho, I took some of my friends out to dinner, as I could not split myself between them all. Some of you might know the Jones and Locks, both missionaries of the Congregational Church - the latter is also the Speaker of the Parliament. Also in the party were a couple who used to be in Kitwe, Heather and Dieter Muller, and the headmaster of the twins' school, Dean Yates and his wife. To add to the mixture, my aunt and Ian came, and Derek's mother Mrs. Jones, and in spite of ranging from 20 to 86, it was a really lovely evening.

On the whole, this has been a year I am very glad to see almost over. Mindolo has been torn assunder by one of those unpleasant and disturbing personality clashes, caused by a young man from Europe who could not work in a team, accept group decisions; who made up his mind just what Africa was going to be like before he ever left and refused to adapt when he arrived; who made up his mind what he would do and how in spite of what he found and tried to carry his ideas through in the teeth of real opposition. It was a classic case of one rotten apple spoiling the sack. Although he left a month ago after only completing 18 months, the trouble and worry he caused will stay with me for a long time. I had to try to work closest with him, and he quoted me as being impossible to work with when he resigned, along with 2 others, hoping apparently that the governors would sack the 3 of us and keep him. Having accepted his

24th October, 1973

resignation, they then allowed him to work out his 3 months notice, feeling bitter and disappointed, after a gruelling 4 hour session with the executive where the 3 he could not stand most and he himself were supposed to discuss what went wrong. It was a perfect example of how not to sort out personality differences. I was terribly upset, and from then on until he left I took all the leave I could to get away from him. But in the end he made himself so obnoxious that he was told not to come near the office for the last month. Even then he was too thick-skinned to quit and go home, and used to snoop around at lunchtimes and evenings, heaven knows why.

Just at this time, I had a letter from Murray telling me he was being married again later in the year. His second wife is a real Zambian, one of the best trained nursing sisters in the country, and she was matron of the Ndola Hospital, she is now transferred and is deputy matron in Kitwe. Just to illustrate how small our communities are, she is a member of the Mindolo Board of Governors, and I am a member of the hospital advisory committee in Kitwe. The wedding was put forward to 2nd July - for reasons which later became obvious, as it turned out to be (as someone described to me "the shotgun wedding of the year!") As several of my "friends" insisted on ringing me to tell me just why they had accepted the invitation to the wedding - in a Baptist church, with the bride in masses of layers of white (her illegitimate daughter as a bridesmaid), I decided my only protection was to get out of town. So when a friend wanted company to drive to Dar es Salaam in Tanzania, I jumped at the opportunity as it was just over the wedding weekend. (The reception was just round the corner from here, and I was also worried that people would drop in after to describe

The drive - taking 3 days, was most interesting. I hate long drives normally, but this was exceptional, beautiful scenery on the Tanzanian side. The first day we saw the partial eclipse of the moon. Wendy Bond is a most observant girl, and we stopped continually to photograph trees, shrubs, birds, the new Tanzam railway, villagers, masses of things. We had 3 days together in Dar, staying at a beach hotel, where Ruth and the boys visited when they were there, and then she flew to Europe after leaving her car to be shipped at the docks. I only had one day more before flying back. I would like to have stayed over the weekend, but the planes were full.

While I was in Dar I developed the most vicious attack of rheumatism I have ever had, and 4 months later it still has not gone. After I returned I was in such agony I went to the local hospital for physiotherapy, and had deep heat and traction daily for 6 weeks. During most of that time I could hardly write, and after the early afternoon treatment could not work for the rest of the day. Driving was the other painful thing. It was obvious to even me that something was pressing on my nerve coming down from my neck, across my shoulder and right down to my little finger. The hospital treatment did relieve it a bit, but the massage a nursing friend gave me the most relief. One side effect of the traction, which ended with 25lb weight being pulled from a halter strap that went round my head and chin, was giddiness when I ~~rest~~ on less than 2 pillows, and when I moved my head suddenly backwards or forwards, like pulling curtains. This still hasn't gone. Out here, rheumatism is not such a common problem, so there are no specialists, and I have not managed to find anyone yet who knows much about it. I think in the end I shall have to go to my old faithful Charterhouse Clinic of rheumatism in London. But I keep putting off making a decision. I suppose what I just can't face up to is the thought I might have to survive part of an English winter. But the movement in my neck is so restricted some days that I shall have to find some cure or relief before long.

So maybe you see now why 1973 will not go down as my favourite year! Not being able to write has meant even less letters than usual.

24th October, 1973

My main holiday, and it really was relaxing, was to Malawi, in August. I had planned to go originally in September, because August is the month of school holiday for all the countries around, but I thought that a holiday might get rid of my rheumatism after the 6 weeks treatment. I went with Gwen Thomas, a congregational missionary who was a nurse at Mbereshi, but is now training deaconesses for the United Church. We had not booked anywhere, but we had lots of addresses of church guest houses. I decided before we left to telephone Blantyre and book in a hotel for the first weekend, as we were both so tired, Gwen just having finished her years' course. From the word go, everything worked out. The afternoon of our arrival I met the only man I know in Blantyre, Tom Colvin, who was Christian Council secretary, and is now doing service projects. He took us home for tea, got on the telephone, and presto, we were booked up for the first week. We had flown there because I could not stand the long drive, and the possibility of breaking down at the end and having to try to get repairs done with no foreign currency left. So we hired a car, and after the weekend, we drove first to the Mulange mountains where there is a church youth centre, with a guest flat. It was quite cool and we walked and climbed in the really beautiful scenery. Malawi is absolutely delightful, and I wondered all the time why I had not gone there before. From there, after 2 nights, we drove to the Zomba Plateau, which treated us with frightful weather, cold and wet, but we saw enough to realise how lovely that was. So we booked in the hotel on our return the following week, and hoped the weather would be kinder. We had lunch in the hotel that first week, by a roaring fire. The church guest house nearby is the most gorgeous place, but the view was lost to us. We loved the masses of wild flowers that grow all over the plateau (8,000 feet high), and enjoyed the wild strawberries. On our return, the sun shone, we walked and lazed, and it made up for being so horrible.

From the mountains we went to the lake, where the Anglican church has a guesthouse on the shore. It is divided into 2 family units, with a common lounge, and at the back is an annexe where we stayed for a week, having been told at first it was only free one night. It was pretty awful, but the people in the house were so nice that they let us use their facilities, and we spent each evening with them, playing scrabble. The annexe bedrooms resembled monks cells, but as it only cost 10/- per night, we couldn't complain. We were surrounded by rocks and monkeys, who pinched our food and played on the roof from about 6 in the morning. The day after we arrived, the Archbishop of Central Africa, Donald Arden and his family arrived for a week, and they had a sailing boat, so we went for some outings on the lake. Another couple there most of the time we were, came from the Chilema Lay Training Centre, so it was interesting hearing about that, even though I would rather have forgotten that Mladolo existed at that particular time.

The weather was lovely by the lake, and as it is only 2,000 feet or less it was warm, and humid. Gwen and I visited all the hotels by the lake for lunch that were in our area, then went off for a night to Salima where we stayed at another. At the 2 hotels there, all but one car in each park were from Zambia, and we went round meeting people we know the whole time. We met one girl, Jennifer, who was touring in a big van, so she came and parked in our nunnery by the lake and stayed a couple of days. In fact, she also came with us back to Zomba, parking in the camp site and using our bathroom facilities. And the final weekend, when we had a really super time in Blantyre staying with a man we had met at church our first Sunday there, she stayed with him too. Leslie Jones was a head teacher for 20 years in Bath, and decided to go to Africa for his last few teaching years. He is terrific, so adaptable (in contrast to the menace of MEF I have referred to earlier who is only 30 to Leslie's 60 years), very knowledgeable, and such fun. We were very sorry his wife was away at the time, she sounded such fun too. Leslie helped us to end our 2½ weeks holiday on a high note by driving us to the beauty spots around Blantyre, which are many. It is in a ring of hills and such a contrast to this part of Zambia where it is difficult to find nice walking country. There, one could visit different hills each weekend without having to keep going to the same spots again and again.

24th October, 1973

- 5 -

So you see why I am slightly embarrassed at having to admit that in the course of 3 months I have been abroad 3 times. But I have also come to the conclusion that one week away is not very refreshing, just as one is learning to relax, it is time to return. During these holidays I have read 2 of Solzenitzin's books, Cancer Ward and First Circle. In May I had a week in the northern province staying with my Scottish friends at Kashinda mission station, and there I read "The Descent of Woman" by Elaine Morgan and David Niven's autobiography "The Moon's a Balloon", both really hilarious. Unless I go away I don't manage to read long books, my "Observer", "Africa Confidential" and other magazines keep me occupied. My eyes had got really bad and I eventually got bi-focals, which made a fantastic difference to reading and odd sewing repairs in the evenings. I had 2 pairs made, as I wear dark lenses so much of the time. I must say going down steps isn't so bad as at least they are at regular intervals, going down mountains in Malawi was much more difficult.

Ever since our border closure our eating habits have had to change drastically, not to mention the problems of finding clothes, shoe leather, etc. The delays in things arriving via Dar meant that for 4 months we had neither potatoes nor rice, so we all lived on Italian pasta. Meat is a real problem, although Botswana is airlifting meat here twice a day, one never knows if one is entertaining if there will be any choice - fortunately there are always chickens. We haven't had lamb since January, liver and kidney are scarce, we get beef and beef when we get anything, with occasional pork. At this moment in the shops there is no coffee, soap powder, frozen veg (and only cabbages and spinach in the fresh line of greens) and a mad chase round to find any milk. It really keeps one young thinking up substitutes, but so far I don't know one for soap powder. We are getting more and more Chinese goods, which are much cheaper than most others, and on the whole are a high quality. Ordinary cotton dresses are scarce, especially that would be long enough for me, at this time of the year all man-made fibres are so sticky to wear. I found 2 St. Michael dresses in Malawi, and I also found one in Gaborone. There are times when I wish I could sew, as we do have cotton material. Finding a dressmaker is another problem. It is all rather reminiscent of Britain during rationing, except that at least one did get one's ration! I brought salt back from Malawi as that is only obtainable here in the rough state and it won't pour. I also brought "Surprise" peas and beans. Now you know why I have been abroad so often!

I am still an elder at church. The highlight of the church's year were the Livingstone celebrations for his centenary. I went to a rally organised at a stadium in Ndola where the Vice Pres. spoke, and then by air and bus to the actual spot where he died, where KK spoke for over an hour. Several members of the Livingstone family were out for these meetings. Some of them were not new to Zambia, having been born here. I was amused to discover however that the first people to start getting organised on celebrating this was in fact the Caledonian Society, the church coming in on the bandwagon later in the day! To remind you of our rapid turnover, during the year 8 of our 12 elders have moved away or back home, so we have had to have a mini-election. We have 5 districts and the aim is to have one white and one black elder in each one. Our African congregation is now 90% of the total but the average age must be about 22, so they are reluctant or just not suitable to be elders. All those above this age are roped in. My partner is positively old at about 33, he is a trained nurse and also a chemist. His wife is also a nurse, and we are good friends.

I am also still the national treasurer of the YWCA, and fairly active in the Kitwe branch. We had a really lovely fund-raising dance some months back when I tried my hardest to get rid of my rheumatism with every form of "do it yourself" dance, but with no luck. It was a real swingy evening, and our party of 8 stayed almost to the end, at 2am.

Well, the time has come to end this, having left one side blank to add my personal note. It is about 8 weeks to Christmas, but I shall wish you all a very happy time, and all the best in 1974. I am really delighted that my friends the Haigs are coming out for a holiday, and I hope this may be the first of a procession of you - so think about it. Really do.

No road is available!

24th October, 1973

- 7 -

While I was re-reading this letter, I realised what a lot I had left out that I had planned to write. So, here goes.

Some of you, if not all, may be interested in some of the differences I noticed between Malawi Tanzania and Zambia. I know that Malawi was more heavily populated, and entirely agricultural, but to know something is one thing, to see it is another. In many ways Tanzania is similar to Malawi in its dependence on the land, but politically they could not be further apart. Nyerere is a real democrat and in every way possible he strives to follow the wishes of the majority, the latest instance of this that comes to my mind is the decision to move the capital from Dar es Salaam to the interior. This was decided by a referendum, and I gather he does not think it is the best thing, but he has accepted the decision. I think he is wise enough to give way on matters he considers not of vital importance so that if necessary he can stay firm on the really necessary actions that he may have to take which are against the majority.

On the other hand, Banda is a "benevolent" dictator -- in his own opinion. Far from benevolent if you don't happen to agree with him. He is now over 70 but is still building luxurious "palaces" in every province of the country (I think there are 7) 2 of which I have seen from the outside, and 4 of which will not be used from one year's end to the other. While we were there in Malawi he visited the northern province, and it was the first time for years. He insists on having every application by a schoolchild processed by him, if the child applies for secondary school. He also insists on granting (or refusing) every application by an expatriate for a work permit. Of course he doesn't have time to do this so things sit on his desk for months, and I heard that among those waiting were numbers of schoolteachers, so the new school year would start without teachers for many classes. People really are afraid to discuss politics, and have to be most careful. The local newspapers (one Monday to Thursday, the other a weekend edition on Friday) are obliged to have his news on the front page every day. You would never know there was a world outside, let alone Africa. I had with me a book which had just been printed here in Zambia, by a young social worker who writes every week in our local paper, humorous articles criticising government or the way of life. Some are most telling, and the best have been printed. Some of my friends there could not believe that the government here would allow its publication. But it sold out 3 times within the first month and I had to really chase up my copy it was such a popular book. And when I mentioned that one essay was even mildly critical of the president and the way people advise him, they were most envious.

So although Tanzania and Malawi are both much more heavily populated than us, and highly agricultural, and their people seem so much more friendly and helpful and hard-working, their style of government are poles apart. Nyerere is very careful not to waste money, is always setting a good example by working in the villages at weekends. lives very simply, and is probably one of the best African leaders intellectually. He thinks things through and tries to make people as self sufficient as possible.

Zambia could learn a lot from both countries in the agricultural field. We neglect our potential shamefully, because the copper income makes us extravagant. We have to import so many things we could grow here. Just today (30th October) there was a leader in the paper criticising the fact that we had to import cotton from Tanzania, instead of being able to export it. Vegetables are always scarce, and fruit is almost non-existent, except for Mangoes, Paw-paws, and pineapples, but only once a year for each when they get ripe. Sometimes it is impossible to find any fruit, and we live on cabbages. We have to import beef, altho we could have enough for our own needs. And although there are always critics, somehow we never seem to improve.

24th October, 1973

- 8 -

And now for our one party state. We are due to have elections soon, and for the first time almost every seat in the country will be contested. By last Friday, every candidate had to have his papers in. If there are more than 3 for a constituency (and one Kitwe seat has 8 candidates) then the party will vote locally on which 3 will go forward. Then in December, we all vote on which of the 3 (or less) we want. We are told there will be shocks for some of the old timers who have over-stayed their leave. I think it is a good thing, as the previous opposition was utterly useless, and for some time the only intelligent opposition in parliament has come from the back benchers of the ruling party. We now have 128 seats, as against 105, Kitwe now has 4 against 3 before. One interesting development has been that the Central Committee of the party, elected at the last annual conference, decided not to stand for parliament, making more jobs to go round. Of course, parliament is not a full-time occupation, it meets 4 or 5 times a year, for 2-3 weeks, which is far more than a lot of other African countries, but some people have that as their only paid occupation. In the new Republic, if members of parliament have other jobs, they have to choose between one salary or the other. They are not allowed to own more than one house, or run a business, and this has kept quite a number from standing. The main idea is to try to prevent the situation where in some other countries the leaders have used their positions to amass fortunes. It is a very strict code, and it will be most interesting to see how it is worked out. For those of my friends who are "ex Zambians" you will be interested to learn that Arthur Wina is standing in Livingstone, (what will he do with his huge business interests if he wins?), Musonda Kalyafye is one of the 8 trying for Chimwemwe, and Lombe Chibesakunda is standing in Lusaka. I don't think Musonda stands a chance to even be one of the 3, being a woman and not having been active in politics... but she is quite optimistic. One of her opponents is Francis Kapansa, who was deputy mayor when I was on the Council, and a very good candidate. Tough opposition. Theo Bull's wife Dr. Mutumbwais standing in Barotsé.

I have been very surprised at the number of African states which have cut off diplomatic relations with Israel since the latest war. It is now 16, including us. Quite a lot of us have had a lot of aid and technical assistance from Israel, and nothing from any Arab states. I am still a little puzzled at the sudden friendship between Arabs and Africans, it is hard to believe it will last.

Several times during the year I have half decided that I really ought to sell my house and find a smaller one. But so far I have done nothing. It is going to need a lot spent on it soon, and I really don't need such a large one. I don't expect to find such an unusual one, or such a nice one, but I shall have to really like another one before I actually make the move. The trouble is, I have accumulated so much junk, and I have filled so many cupboards that the thought of having to turn out is appalling. Every bank holiday I intend to make a start; I intend, but that is as far as it goes. At the time of the height of all the troubles at Mindolo I had actually decided once to quit the place and move to Lusaka, but then my resolve weakened.

I still keep up my membership with the Alliance Française, and this week there will be a progressive dinner course here. I would not dare to offer to prepare a course, so it is easier to offer the use of the house. There are French films shown sometimes monthly, sometimes fortnightly, but they are so old, and the sound is so poor, that I don't go very often.

Once again I shall bring this to a close. I must mention one thing. Most of you will be getting a card showing the mural at Mindolo painted by a Zairean artist. The actual printing job is appalling, and we had 5,000 printed, so I decided to get some of the receptionists at the office to colour in the main figures in the evenings and weekends when they are not busy. They are not proper Christmas cards as such, but I like them and the original is very good indeed, every time I see it I see details I have not noticed before. Why not come and see for yourself?
(advertisement for Zambia in the Sun)

PO Box 1607 Kitwe

29th September, 1974

My dear

It's a warm (hot really) Sunday afternoon,, and I am in the garden in my swim suit, dripping from a dip, getting this written in plenty of time. But I forgot the correcting fluid. Last year the letters and cards to England went by air, even though I intended them to go by first class sea mail. But all the others took 3-5 months, heaven knows why. So one lot arrived early in November, and some of the others at the end of March.

Since I last wrote, I often think back and wonder how I survived last year. This year has been quite different, smooth and no personality clashes. I was lucky in the end and found a doctor at the mine hospital who took pity on me, and who gave me tablets for my rheumatism. Within a month I could feel it improving. Although 10 months later I am still taking them - 3, 4 times a day - I am almost entirely free from pain. I had a spell being completely cured, but I get odd niggles again. It will never go completely, but it is easily bearable. He won't tell me when I shall leave them, I have to go every fortnight to see him.

Last rainy season (October to April) was one of the heaviest we have ever had. It appears that south of the equator we are making up for the droughts north. Botswana had the highest rainfall in living memory, and was unrecognisably green. The water filled a new dam which would normally have taken years to fill. And rivers flowed there which had not flowed for years and years. This extra rain kept the temperature down, so it was much cooler, especially in October, usually called suicide month here; the rains were very persistent that month, when usually they are spasmodic.

I spent Christmas at home. I had been to Botswana in September last year and went again in February for Ian's 21st. This time, I had invitations out for both meals on Christmas and Boxing Days, so I entertained on Christmas Eve - a family from Sierra Leone passing through, an English family, an American bumming around Africa for as long as he could make, my Canadian friend Marjorie, and 3 of her art students, from Ethiopia, Tanzania and Kenya. We all went off to midnight communion - some Anglican, some United Church. I entertained again on New Year's Day, we were really 2 parties, the oldies and the teenies. It was rather warm that evening, so we sat on the verandah and danced and chatted and played games. We had our usual joint service in Kitwe - nine lessons and carols - which is getting to be a tradition now.

I went to Botswana for 10 days, and had a good rest, apart from the party. This was on the Saturday after, and was for over 200 guests. It was a real mixture of Ian's friends, family friends, government and diplomats. He had some lovely presents, of course. We did the usual refreshments, guests were supposed to have had dinner first, but the snacks were adequate enough to make do for those who hadn't. Ian made a very witty speech, he is a curious mixture of shyness and yet on occasions like that not minding making a speech in front of so many people.

The day after his birthday, he was commissioned an officer in the police. Up to then he had been bored, not having enough to do. But from then on they put him in charge of training, and he has really enjoyed being kept busy, out in the bush on exercises more than anything. Since I left he has learnt to fly and got his licence in 3 months. Jackie is expecting a baby in November. She and her husband Johann had a 6 week holiday in Europe in May, visiting families mostly.

My aunt came back with me and stayed 2½ months. She is still pretty wonderful, but I can see the difference in her, she is gradually wanting to do less. We went away for the easter weekend, to Lusaka. We took another woman, an American who works for the Africa Literature Centre as a secretary. She is well over 60, and came out for a year only to sort things out and train someone else. She and my aunt got on fine. We had a day at Lake Kariba, because of the continuing problem over Rhodesia Lake Kariba is no longer a holiday spot, it is on the boundary, and odd incidents have occurred. So fishing and swimming are out, and the hotels have closed. It really is a shame. It is beautiful in that region, and we enjoyed the views, we picknicked there. We had hoped to there for all Easter, but I had not realised there is nowhere to stay.

In May, I had 2 weeks in Lusaka working for the 3rd Assembly of the All Africa Conference of Churches. About a dozen of us from Mindolo were there in various capacities, but mostly as staff. My job (surprise?) was taking delegates fees, which sounds easy, but wasn't. The assembly was held in the Mulungushi Hall, built for the non-aligned conference 4 years ago. It is perfect in every way except one, there is no provision for a cashier's office, nor a safe. The delegates etc were staying at the University, a mile away, and that is where we took their money, as they registered - that was the theory. In practice, some of them arrived one week before it opened, long before registration started. Others managed to get in unobserved, some stayed with friends in Lusaka and had meals at the university. We were supposed to have cards, but they gave up looking at them the second day. I spent hours chasing up people, but the lists prepared beforehand weren't accurate, anyway. So, my next job - which I offered to do - was to prepare a list of who was there. I went through the lists of people given university rooms. But, the people registering were not familiar with African names from other countries, so deciphering some of them called for detective work of a major kind. At the end of the assembly all the typists were working flat out on reports, so I ended up typing the lists, which were then circulated to each country to check its delegation. I never enquired as to how accurate or otherwise my lists were, by then I didn't care! These from Zaire were arriving right up until the last day, why we never found out, as the majority managed to arrive on time.

The Assembly was opened by Pres. Kaunda in the hall, and he was accompanied by about half the cabinet, and central committee. He made quite a long speech. That morning we had an opening service in the Cathedral, also attended by him and many of the same retinue. There were about 600 altogether, of whom 200 were actual delegates, about 100 press, 200 observers and consultants, and 100 staff, including stewards. It was very interesting for me to compare it to the other 2 assemblies in Kampala and Abidjan. The first one was organised by the World Council of Churches and financed by them. A secretary to organise was recruited from America (true, he was black) and I was on AACC staff at the time, so saw it from the inside. The second one was organised more by AACC, but WCC lent Jean Fischer for a year beforehand to prepare for it in Abidjan. This time, AACC seconded one of its staff, a Sierra Leonean Methodist minister, to organise it, and WCC did nothing. The financing was still done to a large extent from overseas, but the delegates paid their own fares - at Kampala they were all paid by WCC. This time, there were few white faces around, only a handful of delegates, a few consultants, and staff, and very few observers - WCC only sent 5. In the space of 11 years, this is a remarkable achievement. I must admit I was very amused - and so were quite a few, to see that for a few days the man who attracted all the publicity (unasked) at this black protestant churchman's assembly was a white Roman Catholic - Father Adrian Hastings, who had been specially invited.

P.O. Box 1607 Kitwe Zambia

8th September, 1975

My dear

I have just been re-reading my letter of last year dated 29th September. Once again, these letters went by air mail, thus arriving with my Christmas card during October. I was lucky, as later mail went by surface, just around the whole globe I should imagine, as 4-6 months was the average delivery date. I was getting calendars right through April. This year I thought I'd write a letter now, and maybe cards later, if I can find some in time. Here in Zambia, once the Christmas rush got started, the post office just couldn't cope, so dumped the bags to one side. The result was that later mail was put on top, and eventually sorted first, so the last cards I received had been sitting in Kitwe post office for 3-4 months. Well, it certainly spread Christmas out, and I was assured of mail coming over a much longer period....

Looking over my last news, I should tell those who don't know that Jackie had a son, Dale Seretse, on 11th October, and - of course - he is very cute and intelligent! Ruth and Seretse did come for 2 days to Lusaka after all, being so sure of winning their elections, but I didn't see them. My god-daughter, Muriel Nkonde, decided to get married 2 days after the big independence celebrations, and in Lusaka; if I had gone down to see Ruth and then stay over for the wedding, that would have meant 4-5 days absent, and the salaries would not have been paid! In any case, Ruth and Seretse were busy the whole time they were here, and although I did manage to speak to them by phone, it was between dashing back from one engagement and getting ready to go for another. As you probably know, Seretse came at least 3 times (I lost count) last Oct - December trying to sort out the Rhodesian problem, and I never managed to see him at all, because he flew in and out at such short notice and with a certain amount of secrecy. Each time either he rang me, or I heard on the BBC African News that he was in Lusaka, and I rang him!

I must tell you about the wedding. Muriel married an army officer. I don't have to tell you how most African countries feel about the army and coups, and here no politicians are allowed to visit barracks. Not even for weddings. Some of the Nkonde's best friends and oldest pals are in the government, including the No. 2 in the country. But even he was vetoed by the army, who went through the guest list with a fine tooth comb. Their wives were, however, allowed in. All whites were excluded, and I was only allowed to be an exception because I was godmother, and only incidentally a Zambian. We were told on the invitation card to bring our national registration cards with us for identification purposes. Well, it was a pretty wedding, with her 3 sisters and 3 friends as bridesmaids, and 6 handsome army officers as their escorts. It was a curious mixture of European customs (white dress flown out from England), and at the house, some African tribal activities. After the wedding in the RC church, we drove to the army barracks, where 4 very officious privates stood at the gates armed with lists of invited guests. I had the bride's parents and aunt in my car, and - fortunately - the bride and groom, who had been in front, drove off to be the last to come in. Because the bride's parents were not allowed in. You see, they had sent out the invitations in their name, and it had not occurred to anyone to add their names to the list of visitors and guests allowed in the barracks for the reception! The best man did his best, but failed. When Muriel and her husband finally entered, they were met by parents almost in tears with exasperation. Eventually we all got in, only to find the people who had laid the top table had omitted the parents of the bride... After a frantic search for cutlery china and chairs, they were seated. How I felt for them, that half hour outside was hell.

8TH September 1975

I went to Botswana for Christmas and spent 3 weeks there, longer than usual. When I arrived, Ruth Seretse and Dale had already left for Serowe, so I had 3 days in Gaborone with my aunt and Ian, and then he drove us to Serowe, the day after Jackie and Johann went up - they had been away for a few days and Ruth was only too happy to be a contented grandmother. When we arrived, Seretse, Johann and the twins were out on a 3 day safari, looking at cattle and hunting.

We went to Serowe for a week, over Christmas, with the whole family together. Then Ian and Jackie and Johann returned to Serowe, then Ian flew up here to Ndola to see some friends, I was sorry he came while I was down there. The kids don't like being away in the bush over holidays knowing the parties they are missing back with their friends. On 27th or 28th we then drove - Seretse, Ruth, the twins my aunt and I to Seretse's 20,000 acre cattle ranch literally in the middle of nowhere. The house there is surprisingly nice for being so remote. I knew what I was in for, we went prepared with plenty to read, and I actually wrote about 25 letters (but I've hardly written any since!) Seretse and the boys went hunting every evening and we ate such delicacies as iguana and warthog and antelope. I can recommend iguana - Seretse did not tell us what he was cooking and gave it to us to taste. It was delicious to my mind, but the boys were disgusted to be deceived! The days drifted by, spoilt only by poor old Seretse having a very badly infected tooth after an extraction, and Ruth getting a bad bite. So the dentist flew out to give S. antibiotics, and the twins persuaded their mother to let the dentist fly them back for 3-4 days to spend New Year with their friends in Gaborone. It's an ill wind.... So, our New Year was very quiet, and rather painful for half the rump of the family left!

It was an exciting time to be there because James Callaghan was flying around visiting the Southern African politicians, and I flew in with Seretse when he went to meet him for a couple of hours. At one point the Rhodesian nationalists were due to arrive too, but things got messed up somehow. My chief function that week was getting all the possible radio stations I could find to hear all the news bulletins with their various slants and extra bits of information. I stayed with my missionary friends the Derek Jones's for the last 3 days before returning here. All the planes had been terribly booked for weeks, and I had problems getting down and back. After being wait-listed for weeks I finally got on the plane back, and sent a telex to friends to meet me. But it was hours later coming in, and Jackie, who had taken me to the airport, dragged me off to take her out to lunch, and when I got back they had sold my ticket. A previous staff member from Mindolo was also trying to get back to Lusaka, so we managed to eat on the plane the next day. It is almost impossible to travel in or out of Zambia without meeting people one knows; I hadn't been able to get in touch with friends to meet me at Ndola airport with the changed flight, so gambled on meeting someone I knew at Lusaka airport waiting for the Ndola flight, and, of course, there was someone - from my bank.

Ian is now in Belgium doing a commercial pilots course. He seems to belong to the jet set alright, in his last letter, he was going to Holland for the weekend with a friend for riding, then to Geneva another weekend to meet friends there, then to Germany to take some exams. And he had only been there 2 weeks when Ruth and Seretse and the twins spent a few days in London en route for the Commonwealth Heads of State conf. in Jamaica, and he got a long weekend to fly over and show the twins round England - their first ever visit. According to my aunt who wrote later, the twins made quite a hit with the royal family - they are very cheeky and over 6'2" tall, and also with the West Indian girls. After the conference, they all went to visit Guyana and Barbados.

8th September, 1975

- 3 -

While I was with the family, it was arranged that my aunt should come and stay with me while they all went on this West Indies jaunt. So she arrived mid-March, and stayed for 3 months. I flew to Lusaka to meet her, I hate driving 500 miles there and back in one day or even 2. The alternative was to leave here at 8, have 3½ hours at the airport until she arrived, and then wait another 4½ hours to fly back to Kitwe. It wasn't quite as bad as it sounds, as friends came to meet me at the airport, and I bumped into some YWCA staff, and we had lunch and tea, and it all passed quite quickly.

Soon after she came it was Easter, and we went to stay with a friend, Jean Pearce, at Serenje, about 140 miles up the Great North Road. 2 other friends came too, two people who have made a lot of difference to life at Mindolo this year. One is Margaret Miller, who is running the deaconess training course of the United Church of Zambia; the other is American - (sorry Margaret is Scottish) Jane Heaton, who has come to run a new women's course catering for women leaders from the whole of Africa. Jane is about 8 years younger and Margaret nearer 20 younger, but we get on fine. We certainly had a lovely Easter. We went to Good Friday service, then took off. Serenje is near some beautiful waterfalls, where I have camped, and not too far from some very good caves with prehistoric paintings, so we had an interesting and relaxing time. My aunt was wonderful, she clambered around the rocks as far as she could, her usual immaculate self in a white suit, hat, and shoes, with the rest of us comfortable in slacks, sweaters and sneakers! Mustn't let the side down, you know! Jean came last year with the Haigs and I on our 2 week safari round Luapula and N. Province. She has recently moved to the Copperbelt and married a former student.

One thing shall remember 1975 for is - I have finally moved house! It is only round the corner from the original one, next door to the Grenville-Greys old house. As you know, I had been talking about it for at least 2 years, and kept blowing hot and cold. Finally, I saw one advertised, and asked my friend in the estate agency but it was already sold. 2 days later, this one came up and she chased round to show me. It belongs (and legally still does - more in a moment) to the manager of the Edinburgh Hotel here in Kitwe, and that is owned by a subsidiary of the Lonrho group. Within 3 weeks of seeing it, I had moved. I saw it first the day before my aunt left, I drove her down to Lusaka and stayed for a YWCA executive meeting. When I got back, I was rushed into a decision, just as well probably. I actually prefer it to the last one. And everyone who comes agrees with me, along with the words "and you say you have moved to a smaller house?" The lounge is definitely smaller, the last one was 30' by 15' with a verandah outside sliding doors another 10'. This one is not much over half, but the dining room joins on with a brick room divider about 1/3 of the way, so the 2 together are fairly big. The study (which I didn't need) is bigger, and the whole bedroom wing is bigger. But there are not any servants quarters, not any garden sheds or rooms. It even has a swimming pool; but the plot is smaller. Anyway, I have really fallen on my feet, as the company has built a concrete pre-cast wall round, burglar-barred it completely, left me all the curtains and returned my old ones (some of which disintegrated), and 3 gorgeous carpets.

Fortunately for me, we always have 2 days holiday early in July, so that was perfect for packing up. I would never have coped if it had not been for my friends. Marjorie packed all the silver, glass, and breakable objects. Mind you, after 8 weeks in the house, I am hardly finally unpacked. I had bookshelves all round the last lounge and here none, so I am trying to tuck books into every cupboard. This house is much cosier, it is L shaped. I parted with my house servant who really was terrible, and now have a very good new one.

8th September, 1975

- 4 -

The original idea was to sell the house. As it is a straight swap with the others going into my house, it would just be a cash settlement (for me!). Then, before I could think, they came up with the offer to rent, paying me a rental difference, and they would maintain both the houses. This was ideal, but then .. came KK's speech, mercifully before I had signed. I must be honest and admit I had not read all of his book Humanism Part II, which would have prepared me, I had just picked at it. He spent 3 weeks in the game park writing this speech to the UNIP National Council, with his ministers and Central Committee flying out for the day the whole time, obviously discussing his ideas. He spoke for about 7 hours, with only drinks of water to fortify him, and not much work was done that day, we had radios going the whole time relaying his speech. One thing I learnt, which I should have known, was that by 1978 no Zambian can own a house he is not living in. If so, the one he's not living in will be sold to the City Councils at their valuation less any rents paid since 1973. So, that meant I would not be renting out my house. During the 7 hour marathon, he brought in many changes; all of which have to be legislated. It takes time preparing bills for parliament, and the one on house sales is not yet through. Meanwhile, all house sales are in abeyance. So that is why I am living in one house, with the deeds of the one I own in the lawyers hands, waiting for the ministry of lands to resume negotiations.

Many people feel that the strong dose of socialism brought in by KK and the government is 10 years overdue. In the early years of independence, when copper prices were high, we wasted a lot of money. Experts came from all over, each with different theories, and we tried to follow them all. A capitalist society began to develop, and of course, many people have got used to it. Now that copper prices are so low, lower than it costs to produce the copper, we are in a bad way, and most economists here think we haven't really begun to feel the pinch yet. So, there is lots of grumbling over the changes, and the different political ideology. The sad thing is, that copper is needed in a war situation, and it is terrible to have one's economy geared to that. I can't tell you how many times in the past years we have been urged to grow more, and develop the rural areas, and once again the emphasis is on this theme. There is no doubt, we could grow much, much more than we do. On a humorous note, I had planted a reasonable sized vegetable garden, and got a good gardener to come and start it off, when I moved house. Anyway, the people there sent round all the seedlings, which I wasn't ready to put in, but Mavis Pouncett next door was, so we put them in her garden and will share them. I was very sorry indeed I couldn't bring my avocado pear tree with me. They take 7 years to fruit, and mine had been grown from a stone taken from one I had, planted by my aunt. I had a bumper crop lasting months for the first time last december. Now I have to start all over again. Many gardens have them, but unfortunately, not this one.

My animals took time to settle down. My 3 legged cat kept finding his way back and I had to go and retrieve him. The other 2 are not smart enough for that! Finally, tripod found his own way back again. It's a corner house and I was worried the dogs would get out on to the road, but so far they haven't. I got home one night late to find one dog had fallen into the empty swimming pool and couldn't get out again, he was barking furiously.

Already I have had guests staying with me. My Scottish missionary friends, the Mackenzies have been, and another missionary couple from Livingstone with their kids. One night they all overlapped, so the 4 youngest kids slept out in the garden in a Dormobile belonging to the Banhams - yet another missionary family on leave. They had left the dormobile in Livingstone, so the Clodes had driven it up. (Are you still with me?) Anyway, we had fun! Mackenzies come again this week.

8th September, 1975

- 5 -

1975 will be a memorable year for another reason. I think and hope I am going to the WCC 5th Assembly in Nairobi in November. We wrote from Mindolo offering the services of several staff, but they seem to think they can manage without us (?). In this world, it's who you know... The guy organising it, one David Gill, I met in Lusaka last year at the AACC Assembly, for the second time. The first was in Geneva, where he had kept a friendly eye on my nephew Ian. So, David wrote to ask if I would like to consider going as a visitor, and sent me the forms. I had already decided after my valuable services were rejected that I would try to do just this, so I guess I have real reason to be hopeful. Anyway, on the strength of it, I already have a hotel room in Nairobi, which is more than some delegates are going to have. There is a shortage of accommodation for such a huge crowd. My friend Jane - mentioned on page three - the one running the new Pan African Women's course has cleverly arranged for her students to go as stewards, so of course she has to go too. She and I will be sharing a room, and afterwards going to the coast with another friends of hers from Indianapolis currently doing one year in Geneva, and finishing with the Assembly; and anyone else who would like to join us. Mind you, that time of the year is peak holiday period in our part of Africa, so we hope we get to the coast. It's warm enough to sleep on the beach then, so we can always hire a car ... We are also going on one of the WCC sponsored game park safaris. I shall be away for about 4-5 weeks, probably coming back here just in time for Christmas. So I won't be going to Botswana then, I am not sure whether to go for a week beforehand, or wait until Easter. I am really looking forward to going, seeing old friends, being in the swing of the ecumenical world, (not everyone's idea of fun, I fully appreciate), but being a visitor instead of staff, being able to take a day off when I want. I am brushing up my French, via the radio

The Assembly starts on Sunday 23rd November, and before I go I have to prepare both November and December salaries, so anticipating a last minute rush of late work, I decided to send my annual letter off early. At the moment I don't know where I shall send christmas cards from. There are none available here, and it may well be that I shall spend the odd afternoon in my Nairobi hotel room sending cards from there. At least the mail is quicker by surface from there. I realise that by doing it this way, most people will have time to answer this letter with their christmas card (knock knock) and by January or February I shall owe everyone a letter again! The Assembly ends on December 10th ;.

Mindolo carries on as usual. The twice mentioned Pan African Women's leadership course has started well. Our 2 mobile schools in the rural areas have ever increasing support, and we may start a third. It seems to be a good year for raising money for women's courses! We are hoping to have an integrated rural programme with all the departments participating in the areas where the existing schools are, but the first trip scheduled to start this week has been postponed because of our everlasting problem of transport. Lousy drivers, poor servicing and lack of spare parts keep our cars in the garages for long periods at a stretch. We can use buses, but we have to cart quite a lot of materials, and most of us are soft! We have been hit by the economic recession, I have just been working late into the night for weeks preparing the annual accounts for audit, and our overseas donations have dropped by quite a bit. And we are anxiously wondering if the mining companies will be able to support us this year, as they are borrowing to pay their salary bill. We shall know in a month or so. If they cut out their help, or reduce it, we shall have to have a hard think about how we can cut. Either reduce programmes or cut one out. Salaries are our largest item in any programme, and that is the only place we can effectively reduce.

8th September, 1975

- 6 -

Several kidd friends who have written in spite of my long silences have asked when I plan to have another holiday in England, or USA, or Canada, or Australia. I still don't know, but I hope to make it next year. It will then be 5 years, and I am well and truly ready for a good long break. I even had wild ideas to do some study, I reckon I have earned my sabbatical leave. But, what to study, where, and for how long, are so far unanswered questions. And if I am going to be away for much over a month I must find someone to carry on my job. I feel really stale, fed up with the montly routine, headaches, dealing with eternally changing staff from all over, having the unpopular job of trying to stop pepple spending money without too much support from anyone else. So I need a complete break, change, pepping up. I don't even know if I have the powers of concentration to study for long. Some sort of concentrated teaching course would be good as I am sometimes asked to take short courses on simple accounts, or budgeting, and I am always aware of my poor teaching. Whether there would be anything for say one term I don't know, various people I have mentioned it to have been enthusiastic, but there it rests. Maybe I will get the chance to discuss it in Nairobi. In May a third staff member joined the accounts section, a South African Edwin/ refugee who has been living in Nairobi. But he really hasn't helped me much with my work because he is doing a pretty thorough job of stock - keeping which hasn't been done before. He is really easy to get on with, and has eased very comfortably into our twosome. I was pretty sure my other assistant would resent him for several reasons, the main one being that Edwin is better qualified than Trywell, but Edwin himself has been tact personified, and the 2 are good friends. So we got over that hurdle. I guess I must really be getting older, I just don't have the enthusiasm for doing so much overtime at nights and weekends that I used to have. I would love to be able to get all the work done in normal working hours. I moved house just at the busiest time of my working year - preparing annual accounts, - and I haven't even been able to spare the time to look around for curtains for the main room. I must frankly admit I don't like getting older and look back nostalgically on my days of wild energy and never feeling tired. I find I envy my married friends who only work in the mornings.

On a more cheerful note, some of us have had some joyful occasions out at our nearby bird sanctuary run by the Wildlife group, where there are walks, views (well, good for the Copperbelt!), and a big lake for boating and fishing. A party of about 20 of us went out there on WhitMonday (no longer a holiday from 1976, along with Boxing Day and one other), including the Mackenzies, who were here taking the kids back to school. One of the party had a ribby old canoe, and I suggested we should take it on the lake. In spite of warnings, I got into it very carelessly, and suddenly found myself in the water with the canoe upside down on top of me. All I could think of were the crocodiles I knew lived in the lake! But I couldn't get up the muddy bank, so all my friends had to haul me up. Two of them were even quick enough to photograph the occasion. Anyway, I was determined not to let a canoe beat me, so I rang out my clothes a bit - fortunately dripdry slacks - and got back in and had a delightful ride round the lake, among the birds and water-lilies.

Jane is a great cinema goer, so I have been much more than usual. I can never remember half the good films, but I have enjoyed "Mary Queen of Scots" (I am a Glenda Jackson fan); "Guns of Navarone" (how many years old?); "Love of Pete"; Nicholas & Alexandra; Day of the Jackal; Marseilles Affair; and another of Glenda Jackson's whose title I've forgotten, but which was very good! Also 2 good plays, "The Crucible", and "Juno and the Paycock".

8th September, 1975

- 7 -

The "Kuomboka" ceremony is one I have always wanted to attend, and this year Jane and I went. It is in Western Province, when the Zambezi River floods a huge plain, and the big Chief leads his people up to their drier villages. The road from Lusaka - 400 miles - was tarred 3 years ago, so the Tourist Bureau has organised annual weekend jaunts since then. The problem is, that they only move when the waters reach a certain height, and the Litunga (chief) doesn't like publicity, so there is only barely 2 weeks notice. We got in at the last minute on a cancellation; so drove to Lusaka, and left there by bus at 17.30, arriving at Mongu at midnight. It was well organised, and we had supper en route, and drinks galore. They had put up tents in the hotel grounds; we were due to leave at 6am next morning to get our boats to the island where the Litunga's palace was to watch him embark on his fabulous long canoe oared by over 100 men. Well, they forgot to wake Jane and I, and even though people were falling over our tent poles in the dark we slumbered on. I woke at 6.30 to find everyone gone. But once again, it's who you know.... Left behind, to follow later, were none other than the Director of the Z. Nat. Tourist Board and his chief assistant. Jane knew one, I know the other. So they let us have their 4 seater speedboat and we ended up arriving before all the others in great style! We saw the old man - riddled with rheumatism, poor dear, - complete with top hat, morning coat and black shoes, walk from his palace to the harbour and his boat, then we all tore back to Mongu in our various boats to have lunch, then drive off afterwards to see him arrive at the other palace after he had spent the day on the lake visiting other islands and waving to his subjects. He was not at all well, so arrived at 16.00 instead of 18.00, and cut the ceremonies short. We then went back to a sumptuous dinner outdoors, followed by tribal dancing. By then, having been up since 6.30 after 5-6 hours sleep, most people were exhausted. Jane and I were able to go to bed and watch the dancing round the campfire from the tent. We met several people we know from all over Zambia at this ceremony. Next day, we left at 8.00, arrived in Lusaka at 16.00, and drove home. I couldn't do that every weekend! The other bus got umpteen punctures and they got home at 7am next day.

Earlier in the year, a group of German singers from Munster came to Zambia to give a concert. It was organised by the Concert Society, and we were asked to offer accommodation. I ended up by having the choir director, who had founded the university choir 30 or so years earlier, and her secretary. They were most talented, charming and gracious. Their concert was superb. I had a lovely flowery letter from them last week, and they had given me one of their records. They went from here to South Africa - the forerunners of Zambia/S. African detente?

Our minister at church left in February, after a rather unhappy last year, and he has left the ministry and come back to Kitwe as a teacher. At present, we have an old 75 year old American who is here at his own expense, nobody can understand what he says most of the time; his countrymen are his biggest critics! He is due to stay for another year, so the Lord help us all. We have been pretty critical of him, to him, in consistories, but he bounces back, and refuses to take us seriously, or to admit for one moment that we cannot make head or tail of what he says. As he is free, we will only lose him when he chooses to go. So church life is not exactly exhilarating at the moment. We are supposed to get a Zambian minister now in Canada as a missionary, and we hope like mad we will get him, but he doesn't return for another year. I have never offered to work in the creche so often before, in fact the creche is inundated with volunteers!

Well, let the ramblings end. If you get this all on white paper, it is because there is no coloured duplicating paper available. Along with salt, flour, rice, margarine, oil, etc, etc, I have nobly refrained from listing all our shortages, because other countries have high prices which result in the similar goings-without. We have masses and masses of goods stuck at Lobito Bay, putting many companies out of business. It's a small world, and shrinking daily....but we're much better off than most of the world

c/o Rev and Mrs H Cawe,
35 Heathfield Road
Croydon CRO 1EZ
England

PO Box 1607 Kitwe

Sat. 20th March, 1976

My dear,

At last I am writing this letter, which I am composing and re-composing daily, to let you know my plans for this year, and to share my thrill at the thought of being able to see so many of my friends.

Most of you know that I finally resigned from Mindolo in October, to take effect on 31st March. Since then there has been much indecision because several of the Executive thought they should try to persuade me to change my mind, but eventually after much dithering and messing about, I finally decided to let it stand. When I see you I can fill in the details. My idea was to then have a month here in Kitwe catching up on myself, then taking off on a world tour for as long as I felt like travelling. It hasn't worked out that way, but the change isn't really so bad after all.

There is a critical shortage of accountants in Africa, and when word got around that I was leaving Mindolo I was approached by several people to sound me out as to my next moves. Then one of my bank manager friends recommended me to a firm who approached me, a travel firm with 5 branches in Zambia, looking for an accountant for the country - their accounts are centralised. So I went for 2 interviews, and although I must admit I am overwhelmed at the prospect of suddenly transferring into the business world after 20 years with church work, I decided to put on a confident face and assured them I could cope with the job. It will be quite different from my present one, in that it will be mainly supervisory, whilst now I am doing lots of tedious book-keeping as well as the accounts, finance controlling and analyses. The present incumbent of the new job is an Irishman, very clever, who spends 2-3 hours daily drinking at a local club and 2 afternoons each week playing golf. Once I get in the groove, it looks as though I shall not be worked anything like as hard as at present, with over double the salary - AND - greatest attraction of all - the possibility of cheap travel concessions once a year (as well as a business trip once a year to England). So - I shall get my world tour spread over several years, as I definitely intend to take full advantage and visit Australia and America and Canada as well as any other far-flung place where I have friends. I still can't quite believe it. Once a month I shall visit the other 4 branches for at least a day, 3 are within driving distance on the Copperbelt and the 4th is Lusaka, where I shall fly and be able to plan it on a Friday and then stay over the weekend to visit friends there. I am wondering what the catches are!

The man I am replacing is leaving in May or June, so I have agreed to work there in April to be with him (tho not at lunchtimes or on the golf course!) and then in May I shall take 3 months holiday. I have agonised long over where to go, and decided that as I have the chance to travel so much I won't dash madly round trying to fit in too many people and places, otherwise I shall return exhausted. After all, there is always 1977, 1978, etc. I shall spend first a week in Gaborone with the family, as I haven't seen them since January last year, then fly to England for about 6-7 weeks, (and take in Edinburgh), then over to America, but not Canada this time, for about a month, ending up with one week somewhere on an island lazing on the beach preparing myself for the return to Kitwe and a new job. However, if I find that it suits my American friends better for me to come over in June instead of July, then I am prepared to be flexible and split the British part into 2, with the American trip sandwiched in the middle.

20th March, 1976

- 2 -

As I have more friends in Chicago than any other town in the USA, I thought it would be fun to fly to Chicago first to celebrate the 200th anniversary - hoping I can get on a plane! While there, I would take in Hansens in Michigan and Helen and Richeys & others in Indianapolis. Say a week. From there to see Hawleys in Denver Colorado for 2-3 days, Clinton Marsh's in Atlanta for 3 days, Abie Crane in Washington for 3 days, and Chandlers in Raymond N.H. for 5 days. These days could be slightly expanded or contracted. Finally up to a week in New York seeing several friends there - Nanacy Nicalo, Pat Page, DuVals, Arbuthnots, Summers, Adele Lieu if there, if I can stand the big city that long! My American friends here told me to avoid New York airport as much as possible because one spends hours circling round waiting to land! I would appreciate it if you would write either here by the 1st May or to the English address given to let me know if you are booked in July as I could reverse the order or jog around, or come in June instead. And of course, if you are prepared to have me!

I would have loved to come to Canada, but I decided if I did it would be no holiday. So, I shall come just to Canada next year. Of course, if you would like to come to Chicago and meet me there, I should be delighted! Working backwards, I would like to be back in Kitwe by 30th July, so I propose that the American dates be about 28th June to about 24th July.

England is of course much smaller and I can telephone most of you and pop around on trains or buses or I might even be brave and hire a car for part of the time. I am lucky the Caves can let me start off with them (at least) as Croydon is very convenient. I am asking my friends to please drop me a line by 1st May here or to await my arrival in England to let me know their holiday plans. One nice thing is, that if I just can't see everyone I would like to my annual business trip to London can take care of several visits, as I can always add some day's leave.

After all that. I had a very good time in Nairobi and Mombasa as most of you have heard. Whenever I could find someone to take Christmas cards (Australia - the Bishop of Melbourne; England - Mrs. Steele of CWM; America - Clint Marsh of Atlanta and Frances Maeda of NY;) then you were lucky. Some others got left out. Also, I took my old address book and forgot to update it!

I arrived back here in the evening of Monday 22nd December, thank heavens my friends back here had planned for Christmas as I found it arrived rather before I was ready. I had Esther Zentner of the World YWCA staying in the house for over 3 months, so it made a difference having her here instead of being alone and having to shop. Marjorie, Jane and her friend Helen, Esther, and other friends had Christmas day together and the ones mentioned all stayed the night and then we went to Marjorie's cottage on the Kafue river for lunch on Boxing Day. Then it was the weekend and we were invited out by other friends, so I entertained the following weekend which also seemed to catch up on me too fast.

I want to leave some space - not much - for personal additions so will close, and hope to see lots of you pretty soon now. So cheerio, all the best, hope to have lots of letters soon!

PO-Box 1607 KITWE Zambia
August 1977

My dear

I am writing this letter earlier than usual, but later than I had originally intended. For in October I am going to Canada for a month, and I know when I return on 1st November, I shall not get round to letter writing very promptly.

This month has been a very sad one for me, saying goodbye to 3 of my closest friends here in Kitwe. To time their departure so closely was most unkind. On 1st, Jane Heaton left, the American who had run the Mindolo pan-African Womens course for nearly 3 years. She is returning to the States, probably to her home in Indianapolis. Then on the 6th, Malcolm Wilkinson left. He came out 10 years ago with his wife, but she left him nearly 2 years ago, and he had been very lonely. The fact that he was quite happy to join "the Mafia" as he called our gang, with such a big age difference the wrong way for him, showed just how lonely he was. Malcolm and I had been elders for the same church district, and we shared other joint interests such as football and politics. He stayed with me the last 2 weeks here, it was typical of him that he was so well organised before leaving, as there is a maze of formalities to be completed. Malcolm also interpreted all the "whodunit" films for me which I could never follow. Then last week on 24th Marjorie Murray left. She came out to Zaire in 1959, was evacuated twice to Kitwe, the second time staying and running the art studio at Mindolo ever since. I just can't imagine Mindolo without her. Her departure was traumatic, and we were all utterly exhausted, also she couldn't decide to leave anything behind, and ended up sending 52 African baskets, over 100 carvings, amongst many other things. All the remaining friends were up until 1.30am at her house packing and clearing, and returning twice since to clear up and burn! Incredible. So when we saw her off, we were all in a daze, she worst of all, having contracted a terrible cold the week before. She and Jane are in the Seychelles for a week, Jane having been in southern Africa ever since she left Kitwe. I only hope Marjorie catches up on her rest there. So quite suddenly, I feel quite empty, wondering who I shall go to the cinema with, and the theatre, etc. We had become a group of 9 doing things together, and within that 9 the 3 who had left and I were together every weekend and often midweek. Those left are Margaret Millar, who trains deaconesses for the church, and the Folbiggs and the Coates (our minister).

In April, Jane Marjorie Margaret and I had a week's holiday in the Luangwa Valley Game Park, along with Esther, a Swiss girl working for the world YNCA as a consultant. It was great fun, and the number of animals we saw quite fantastic. The lodge was situated beside a lagoon, the whole valley with the great Luangwa river winding round in circles is a mass of lagoons. We had 2 game runs daily, at 6am and 4pm, lasting 2-3 hours, in land-rovers. The drivers are trained to recognise animals and birds, and they spot them long before we did. His determination to find lions was rewarded one day when we saw them twice, once in an open valley chasing buffalo, there were 3 of them, and we stayed around for about half an hour. Then about an hour later 5 of them just strolled on to the road right in front of us, and we trailed behind them for about 3 miles before they then wandered off. The one morning I decided to sleep in, he found a leopard. Of course I did not believe the others for ages, as I had already decided they would tell me they had seen one! Esther had slept in the day before and we kidded her we had seen wild dogs. So of course, I just knew they would kid me they had seen a leopard. It was the driver who finally convinced me. Although we were short of everything Zambia is short of and a whole host of other things besides, owing to being hundreds of miles from a big town, we did have plenty of meat, and we had that 3 times a day. Only a cup of tea was served at 5.30am, so by the time we returned at 9am we were starving. The rest of the morning, we went up on the roof and read, wrote, played scrabble, sketched, and watched the birds and animals in and around the lagoon through binoculars. Several hippos lived there very close to our lodge, and very amusing they are. But a friend of ours was tipped out of a boat and bitten badly by one very near our lodge just a week ago, - so one can't be too careful.

.. # AUGUST, 1977

- 2 -

The lodge was pretty full, as the other lodge in the park was closed, the water pump having broken down, and repairs are not done too quickly. It is very warm in the valley, and the diningroom is open on 3 sides, ditto the lounge. We saw plenty of elephants, one used to walk over the other side of the lagoon, and of course the buck family. Jane saw her favourite giraffes just one morning, and Margaret was the bird watching expert, we all loved the wart-hogs and monkeys, the latter being in the trees around the lodge. There was a rhino around but he stayed coyly hidden from us, only one of the lodge party saw him. We visited the other lodge, a much newer one, situated on top of a hill overlooking fairly open countryside. I would like to have spent a day or 2 there as a contrast. Normally people only go for 3-4 days to a holiday like that, but we made our own fun and the week passed quickly.

The weekend we returned, the YWCA of Zambia was celebrating its 20th anniversary, and we had a get-together at Mindolo, where it all began. It was very stimulating, we all enjoyed ourselves, but it was disappointing that so few people came. Although we are called the Y, we have not done very well in attracting young people, we are a middle aged movement already, rather like the UK one. We start Y teen branches from time to time, but they always fizzle out. I continue to be the treasurer, and recently went to an interesting seminar in Lusaka as delegate from the Y to discuss the problem of financing voluntary organisations. As nobody went from Mindolo, I also spoke up for them.

In my last letter, I mentioned that some relatives were coming to visit. 3 of them came last December for 2 weeks, my aunt, my cousin from Australia, and her sister from Surrey (England). They had all come up from Botswana, where they had spent 2 weeks. But Ruth and Seretse were in Johannesburg almost all that time, where Seretse was having his pacemaker installed. He has had trouble with it healing where the leads come out of the veins, but eventually they moved it recently at Guys hospital and we are hoping it will be OK now. Back to the relatives, it was lovely having them all together, I just can't recall when we 4 were together, and we ended up with a long weekend at Livingstone. The Intercontinental Hotel there is within sight of the Falls, so my aunt could walk there comfortably, and the first day we strolled over, and met the only family I knew there - the Clokes - so they took us off for a picnic lunch by the river. My luggage spent the weekend at Lusaka airport so I was very glad Trudy had bought some cotton dresses to take back as gifts! But nobody can ever lend me sandals, with my big feet. We had lots of drama over plane bookings and it was a miracle the relatives ever left, they went straight back from Livingstone to Botswana, as everything was overbooked, so I decided to pull rank and see the local airways manager, showed him my card, and told him he couldn't leave 3 such old ladies stranded (Trudi and Kath, please forgive me!) My friends the Clokes also helped, I had to leave the night before they did owing to the plane schedule. Trudi and Kath spent the rest of their holiday with their niece in S. Africa, and they had a lovely time seeing some of the Cape area. So after they left (about 7 - 10 days before Christmas) the actual holiday celebrations seemed rather tame, I felt I had had mine early. Jane was back on a visit to the States, and Margaret was in Israel, and Malcolm was away, and Folbiggs were camping, so I had a much smaller dinner party than usual. And I was terribly busy at the office, I even worked on New Years Day. It was the end of the financial year and I was still finding out lots of things, so from Christmas until the end of January I worked about 50% more hours than usual.

Most friends have asked about my new job. It really is not so very interesting, and the staff are not so stimulating, and I can't imagine I shall stay more than 3 years, but it certainly is a welcome change from the exhausting frustrations of Mindolo and I have never for one moment regretted leaving there. As I hope to run this stencil off myself on the office machine, I had better be discreet and not say any more! I certainly intend to take full advantage of my 25% travel perk, my trip to Vancouver will only cost K400 (£280 - \$500 roughly).

.. = AUGUST, 1977

- 3 -

It sounds as though my life is all holidays - out here it is quite usual to get 6 weeks a year. As we also get quite generous public holidays during the year also, if they are joined up it is all the better. I went to Botswana for a 10 days spell in June-July, out of which there were 2 weekends and 2 public holidays, so it was only one week of actual leave. I arrived the day after Ruth and Seretse had returned from their 3 weeks trip to England and Belgium, for the heads of Commonwealth conference, the silver jubilee, and a visit to the EEC. The first week Seretse was in hospital having his pacemaker leads re-adjusted, so he had to take it easy. The night they were at the banquet at Buckingham Palace he had to have a dressing changed, so the Queen arranged for a room to be turned into a Red X station and a doctor and nurse laid on for his convenience. He also had his own doctor with him, who was allowed in to supervise the operation. He was thrilled to bits! It was such a shame that the weather was so awful, if only it had been like the last 2 summers. The BBC overseas service put on quite a few extra programmes covering the events, so I could follow Ruth's progress, and of course heard quite a lot about it all from her. I gather the weekend in Scotland was terribly hectic, not at all restful, and they could have done with an extra day to relax.

Ian is now a Brigadier, second in command of the new army, which must be the smallest in the world. I had the privilege (?) of sewing on his badge on to his army hat (cap?). Wow, was it difficult. You all know my prowess at sewing is about nil, and I wondered why I got the job, apparently Ruth was fed up with sewing on badges to his police cap everytime he changed it. There was quite a bit of activity while I was there so Ian was away at the border where Zambia, Botswana, Rhodesia and Namibia all meet. He is in his element, and very conscientious about it all. I am hoping he will be here in Zambia soon to inspect the army here, he has been invited. The twins are taking a City and Guilds course in some sort of mechanics at the local college of technology, and are enjoying the course very much. They are still very close indeed to each other, but one thing they can never stand is the other one's girl friend. Ruth says they will have to marry twins. Jackie had been on a visit from Sierra Leone earlier in the year with Dale, but I missed her. I gather Ruth hates Dale being so far away. Johann is enjoying his EEC job in West Africa. Every time I go to Botswana I am determined to visit one of the areas I haven't seen, some quite close to Gaborone, but as usual I failed to do so. If only the Zimbabwe situation could be sorted out Botswana would have a fantastic future, they have just found a third diamond pipe in a completely undeveloped area. But with all the uncertainty around, it is difficult. Also, the new Bantustan to be created in S. Africa in December, whose name I can never remember, but composed of Tswana people in S. Africa, will affect them very much. This new bantustan will be fragmented into 6 parts, and the main railway line from Rhodesia through Botswana to S. Africa will pass through one of the bits. As Botswana has no intention of recognising it, (like every-one else), it will create real problems which so far are not resolved. This railway is the main link for Botswana to the outside world.

The low price of copper and lack of demand is causing real economic hardship to us here, and apparently it is difficult to see when it will improve. There are strict curbs on imports and many things are banned completely. Industry has problems when an enterprise is employing several hundreds of people and the whole thing is brought to a standstill through lack of packing materials, or just one part of an operation. We are battling to get the agrarian revolution on its way. Me, I'm growing cabbages, lettuces, tomatoes, radishes, green peppers, spring and ordinary onions, and rape! It actually doesn't work out any cheaper than buying them, as the gardner I have quite un-necessarily has two wives and families to support and I can't bear to sack him. But it is most gratifying to be able to go and pick them. My oranges and lemons are much better this year, having responded to compost and water, and I even made marmalade twice. I have to be truthful and say it didn't set, so I stuck in gelatine, far too much, so I couldn't even get it out of the jar with a knife. So on good advice, I made more, melted down the original, and mixed them! It worked perfectly.

..# August, 1977

- 4 -

We have been to the theatre several times, and this year Kitwe won the annual drama festival with "Sleuth", apparently one of the first amateur productions of this play ever. I saw the film with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine, and couldn't believe amateurs could do it. I only saw one other play in the Finals, 'The Philanthropist'; Kitwe had put on another play 'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie', but there were too many scene changes and it was dreadfully slow. Miss J.B. was certainly a good actress but it was a disappointing performance. The currency problem has curtailed the foreign artists who came to perform for the Concert Society, but we have had John Clogg recently (he also went to Botswana, their first ever concert) and a couple playing guitar and piano and another violin and piano. For those of you who know Zambia, little old Kalulushi got into the finals of the drama festival. The separate schools competition was good and Kitwe TTC came third. Not long ago we saw "Joseph and his multicoloured dreamcoat" and it was swinging. But the music bored me. We've seen the most odd assortment of films, from "Guns of Navarone" round for the 10th time, to "Car Wash" almost the week after it was in London. I enjoyed "Taxi Driver" but none of the others did. Probably because everyone kept telling me it wasn't my kind of film, I was determined not to be typed! My friends decided I just had to see "Airport 1977", the best thing about it was the meal beforehand. In Botswana I saw a delightfully naive film 'Lollipop' with Ruth and Seretso, which we all enjoyed, it was very unusual. We had an amusing experience earlier this year. Some of us went to see "Marathon Man". Marjorie and I thought it was so awful we left half way through, but the other 2 were enjoying it. Unfortunately Jane had driven, and M. and I couldn't get a taxi, so we walked the mile and more back to town, wondering all the time if the police would pick us up as soliciting! Believe it or not, that happens, even with grey hair! We got to town OK and then got a taxi home, not much ahead of the others. Needless to say, it took weeks to live down, and after that we insisted on driving. Sir Peter Scott came for Wildlife Week, and there was a dinner and cabaret and film and speech at the local Showgrounds. Unfortunately it was the coldest night of the year and we all froze to death (I had a fur jacket, 2 blankets and umpteen layers underneath). But it was worth it to see him, we decided afterwards when we had thawed out.

The Alliance Francaise has been revived yet again and I am on the committee. We started off with a cheese and wine evening, goodies brought in by UTA through the French high commission. We had not seen cheese in the shops for over a year. Wouldn't you know that it appeared the day before? But not french, Finnish processed. But there has been no wine for months except for the very occasional delivery sold out in 3 hours, so that was OK, and in any case, we had sold all the tickets well in advance. I spent the morning helping to put up an exhibition, and in the end the lights were so low nobody could see it anyhow.

So on 29th September I set off for Canada. I go via Frankfurt, where I shall spend 3 days with Magdalene Ginsberg, and Bouk will come from Holland for the weekend as well (a former MEF secretary) . From there I fly to Montreal, and take in a quick look at Quebec and Ottawa, then to Toronto for a week, meeting all my United Church of Canada friends who have worked in Zambia. Then to Edmonton where I shall stay with the Gilchriests and Gillespies, old Kitwe friends, and then - by train - over the Rockies to Vancouver, where Marjorie should be waiting for me, if she gets there in time. Then to London for 3 days where I hope most of my friends will come and meet me at my hotel (yet to be chosen, but probably the Kensington Hilton). And back to Zambia on October 31st. So don't be surprised where I post this letter, it could be anywhere en route, or it could be from here.

I shall draw this part to a close. Pardon the dreary white paper, but there is no coloured duplicating paper available. I realise I have said very little about Mindolo, it is suffering from reducing donations and having to curb activities somewhat. Best wishes for now, I wish I could telephone you all, as this evening I have just called Jane and Marjorie in the Seychelles!

PO Box 1607 Kitwe
March 1978

My dear

This past week I have finally taken down my Christmas cards from the wide wooden pelmets around the lounge, diningroom and hall, and re-read most of the notes and letters. As I sent last years' rather early before my visit to Canada, it is now nearly six months since I wrote, so am intending to carry out one New Year resolution to write more often.

My holiday in Canada really was superb. I had originally wanted to go in September but I couldn't leave the office at that time. Just as well, it turned out, as it was the wettest month in Canada for a long time. October was mixed but on the whole fairly bright though not warm. I don't possess one woollen garment, for this trip I bought a suede man's jacket big enough to go over 8 layers of cotton and crimp-type sweaters. And 2 pairs of slacks.

I started with a long weekend in Germany, with Magda, who I first met in a work camp in Italy in 1955, and who worked for a year in Zambia several years ago. We were joined by Bouk from Holland, who worked as a secretary at Mindolo for 3 years. We had a lot of news to exchange, as I had not seen either since leaving Zambia, and Magda had been to Papua for 2 years, while Bouk has a most interesting job in the new ecumenical co-operative project. It was bitterly cold and I had to buy a hat and gloves on my first excursion. I particularly enjoyed the Sunday church service, which was much more relaxed than any previous experiences in German churches. It was harvest festival, and the minister had written a dialogue spoken by some of the young people, contrasting the "Haves" of the western world with the "have-nots" of the developing nations. My German is pretty non-existent after 2 years of 1 year courses at least 25 years ago, but I picked up enough to follow.

After one of the worst flights ever from Frankfurt to Montreal, (we had a group of 19 Austrian teenagers who had never flown before, wildly excited and leaning over some of us all the time, in a plane 100% full) I was fixed up with a hotel in the centre and slept for 12 hours. This was the only stop where I had no friends, but I was lucky that some tours were still on (until mid-Oct.) and had 2 lovely day outings in coaches to Quebec City and the Laurentian Hills. I was incredibly lucky being there for the height of the maple tree leaves changing colour, and when I look at my photos I still can't believe they are true. The Laurentians are a beautiful mountain range very popular both in summer and winter, and we had lunch at a ski resort. It was a bright sunny day for our trip, tho I only ventured out once on to the deck on the boat which took us round a very big lake where the beautiful people have second homes. The day at Quebec was also perfect, and after taking a city tour for 2 hours I wandered along the cliffs and tried to recall my school history lessons of the storming of the heights of Abraham. I had heard Quebec was attractive, but it was far more lovely than I had ever imagined. I ended a perfect day with a perfect sea food dinner in the old Can. Pac. Hotel on the cliffs which is designed like all their hotels in the style of a French chateau.

I had 4 days in Montreal, then took a train to Ottawa where I stayed another 4 days with the Anglins. Doug was the first vice chancellor of the brand new University of Zambia, but years before that he had visited Mindolo for 6 weeks in 1962 to run some courses in his summer vacation. So we were old friends. Once again I was surprised at the beauty of the city, although I had studied maps of Canada, I wasn't prepared for so much expanse of water everywhere. There is a huge park on the outskirts of Ottawa which is so countrified, overlooking the river, with huge lakes dotted around, that I had to keep telling myself was just a few miles from the centre of the capital city. I was here for thanksgiving weekend, and had 2 suppers, one a day early with the Zambian High Commissioner and his family - also old friends from early Mindolo days, Wilson Chakulya, and then another with Anglins, when we ate salmon. It rained quite a bit but in spite of that we went for some walks along the river and canal, paid a most interesting visit to the Parliament buildings and also an art gallery.

..# MARCH, 1, 1978

From here I took another train and went to Toronto. I stayed the first night with Catto's, who had been missionaries in Zambia from 1957-62, then for the rest of the week I stayed with Audrey McKim, whom I had know since the 3 months I worked in Kenya in 1965. Audrey had just left her job so had time to take me round. We spent the first day listening to a S. African woman, Pres. of the YWCA and member of the Institute of Race Relations, who was now exiled. I could not describe the way she spoke, it was so incredibly effective without demanding one ounce of sympathy. That evening Philip Potter, Gen Sec. of the WCC, was speaking so we went along to that too. The ecumenical world is very small. The rest of the week we were real tourists, visiting Niagara Falls (my second time, I was on the American side in 1952), the opera, the revolving tower (every self respecting city has to have one apparently) walking in the parks and Toronto Island, dining with Cattos again and with other friends; and also doing crazy non-tourist things like picking up wood from poopl'es dustbins along Audrey's road to help her winter collection (at night), the one evening we got 3 teen aged boys to help with a particularly large pile. Wherever Audrey goes, she MUST have a real fireplace.

One crazy week to another, and off I went to Edmonton by plane, over immense plains with the inevitabbe lakes and rivers. Here I stayed with 2 families, both good friends both here in Kitwe for many years, leaving in 1970 like so many others of my friends. Tom Gilchrist is minister of a large church, he was our minister in Kitwe, and since returning Kaye has taken a nursing course and is now busy in a hospital. The Gillespies (Eric is an accountant) were members of St Margarets here at the same time and went to live in Edmonton less than 2 years ago (from Kent). I went from the plane to dinner and straight to church meeting with Tom and Eric to tell the missionary committee about projects in Zambia. The highlight of this bit was a 2 day trip with Kaye and Pam into the Rocky Mountains, which on looking back seems like a dream. We left one evening and drove for about 5 hours to Jasper, then the next day drove - slowly - to Banff, along the top of the ridge, via Lake Louise, stopping at many spots, the Columbian icefields, lakes, waterfalls, fantastic views, and generally drooling over the breath-taking panorama. Unbelievalby for the N. American continent, there was no restaurant open the whole 200 miles of the trip, the tourist season was closed. But we had gone prepared. We got to Lake Louise around 4 pm which was a bit late but we walkod half way round the lake. At Banff we stayed at another CPR chateau hotel, in a room with 4 beds, several cupboards and tables and armchairs, with masses of room, on the 5th floor, looking straight over on to the mountains. Needless to say, we did not want to leave. Next morning, we went on a teleferique up to 7,000 feet, from there it was possible to walk back down along steep mountain trails, with the possibility of meeting local game, but there was no time. We drove back about 50 miles along the same road, then struck off and took a differnt road back, getting home in time to have a quick meal and dash off to a classical concert. Another perfect end to a perfect trip. Next day, Sunday, we all went to church and heard Tom preach, then visited Eric's factory and the oldest Gilchrist daughter, Heather, and her husband nearby. We ended my stay with a chinose meal at home and rang the Richeys in Indianapolis, all 5 of us speaking to them.

Early next morning I took the train to Vancouver, over the Rockies, but the weather was unkind, it rained and snowed and I saw nothing. 24 hours later, Marjorio Murray, (who had left her job at the Art Studio here in Kitwe after 18 years just last August) met me at the staion and I spent 3 days with her and the friend she is living with. It was nowhere long enough to appreciate the beauties of that city, but I always have to leave something to see next time, and Marjorio and I caught up on each others news. She had only been back in V. for 2 weeks, after travelling around Africa and Europe and USA. It was lovely seeing her again, and her friend whose car carried us around certainly put herself out to see the sights - including the revolving tower and restaurant. We spoke to Jane on the phone, she left Kitwe also in August, and rang from St. Louis, where she is now working. I rang most of my American friends from Canada, it was so easy and cheap.

MARCH, 1978

I flew from Vancouver to London, and had about 24 hours there. I lost half a day owing to air control staff strikes in Iceland and UK, arriving late and having to leave early. In fact it took me the whole day to get from London to Paris, where I got UTA flight back to Zambia. Some of you know what happened over this rather hectic weekend. I invited friends to come to my hotel for the day either Saturday or Sunday, and altogether 43 came, 23 Saturday and 20 Sunday. I thoroughly enjoyed myself and I think everyone who could come did so also, obviously I could not have as much time as I would have liked with everyone, but it was better than nothing. There were also little mini reunions of friends who had not met for some time, particularly of ex-Zambian residents. The 8 hours time difference between Vancouver and London, added to the exciting weekend, took its toll, and for a week my sleep was very choppy and I would wake around 3am and not be able to sleep for a couple of hours. It was something of a birthday celebration, as Monday was the day; I thought I would spend the day without meeting anyone I know. But at Paris I met a notorious Kitwe resident - the Greek doctor for those of you in the know - and he bought me champagne. Then the Dutch ambassador to Zambia and his wife came along and I spent some time with them.

I arrived back to a very hot month indeed. The rains which usually begin in October were very late but my word they have made up for it and so far we have had 35% above average annual rainfall. Even the southern province, which normally has very little, has had floods and downpours, and roads have been cut owing to bridges being swamped and washed away. The road out of Luanshya was cut for 12 hours, and (surprise) the main road between the Copperbelt and Lusaka was closed for 24 hours when the bridge at Mulungushi below the Pres. Cit. College was completely unpassable because the river was 3 feet above it. I have never known that before.

Christmas was dry here in Kitwe but very wet in Lusaka. I had a group of 9 in to dinner on Christmas night, most of them came during the afternoon and we played volleyball in the pool. This was repeated next day when I had another group to lunch, then in the evening I went to our minister's house for dinner we were 14 and it was a hilarious evening. Boxing Day is no longer a holiday here, but as Christmas Day was a Sunday we had 26th, so at least it was a long weekend. On the 29th I flew to Botswana for 5 days to celebrate my aunt's 90th birthday on 1st January. They were staying on the cattle ranch, so I flew to Francistown where Ruth met me in Soretso's Range Rover. They had also had exceptional rains, and we were driving on bush roads so needed sturdy transport. We also had a police escort. We got a puncture and they broke down so we took over 5 hours to do what is normally a 3-hour journey. Jackie was there with Dale, she is expecting a baby any time and wants it born in Botswana. On the 1st, the twins flew up with Ian from Gaborone, along with 2 other friends of the family, and friends of Jackie drove up with their mother who is a friend of Noin's, so altogether we were 17 for the birthday lunch. It was a very pleasant occasion. But I spoilt things by putting out the birthday cards for us all to admire, forgetting that young Dale and his 2 little friends would be up at 5.30 next morning. We never did find any of the cards, their varied stories of what they had done with them sent us all off on wild goose trails all day. Poor Noin, she could not remember who they were all from. In the evening we were still quite a crowd for supper so we played charades afterwards.

I drove back to Gaborone with Jackie's friends, we were lucky to get through because 2 days later the road was quite flooded and for a month was closed to all traffic. I stayed the night with the boys, then left next day and at the airport found I was flying with Donald Woods, the S. African editor friend of Steve Biko, and his family. At Francistown airport our pilot took a short cut across the grass and there we stayed for 5 hours, stuck firmly in the mud. All the male passengers were invited to help push(!) and tho they managed the front wheels, the one under the engine and wing was quite a different matter. Another plane came to collect refugees eventually took some out, and the rest of us left on our original plane. I wish I had taken my camera.

..II MARCH, 1, 1978

- 4 -

Back here in Kitwe, I have really missed the friends who left last year. With Margaret Millar on 5 months leave, the numbers have dropped drastically. Ruth Harris, who worked at Mindolo for 4 years about 3-4 years ago, has come back for a year, that is the one bright spot. But telephones are always pretty ropy in the rainy season and this year they are worse, so getting in touch with her is difficult. The cdomas have stopped advertising their programmes owing to the fact that the Minister of Culture has criticised the films they are showing; - so it is quite a chore to find out what's showing. From what I have gleaned, there are not many good films.

Our economic situation is getting worse and worse, and shopping is so dreary that I try to reduce it to a minimum. The one bright spot is the fact that restaurants get food the public cannot buy, so a meal out at the local restaurants becomes a little more frequent. Apart from the 3 expensive ones we have 2 Italian clubs which serve cheaper meals that are good, the mine club, the Kitwe club, and one or two others such as the Greek club which I have never patronised. We have very little imported food at all, and for Christmas the choice was ham pork or chicken. The few turkeys being raised were hit by some disease so that was that. We usually don't get much beef at this time as the animals are being fattened after the long dry season. And fish has almost vanished owing to incompetence of the fishery trade. So it's pork chops, pork sausages, pig liver for a treat very occasionally, egg and bacon and chicken, in turn, with leg of pork when I have guests. Just as well I always liked pork! Imported fish came in last month and was sold out in 2 hours, I bought the equivalent of £20 worth, which did not go far, but it was a most welcome change. Of course, compared to most African countries, we aren't too badly off, some have always had economic troubles, but having no coast line deprives us of sea food, and still there are things piled up at Dar which gets blocked, or our trucks break down, and stuff just goes bad before it ever arrives here. In the rainy season very few vegetables grow because the rains are too heavy and funguses (fungi?) attack them all, so we even have a lousy choice of salads and veg for a few months. Thank heavens for avocado pears!

St. Margarets church is still very lively and full. We are very fortunate indeed that our minister and his wife are so good, it has been interesting to see Brian Coates mature and develop in the 6 years he has been here. In the 2 years with us he has changed and I have become very friendly with him and Carol, even though they are 20 years younger than me (I hate to even think of the age difference). They will be leaving this time next year. I am still an elder and church treasurer, and apart from church attend the women's fellowship, which in the past I have always managed to evade. The programme is a bit better than most of the others but I can never figure out why womens groups are always afraid to use their brains. Cooking and sewing are the most popular subjects and anythings else apart from bible study (at a rather simple level) are frowned on. The church fete last raised more than any other ever has done (K2,000+) and the preparations for it aroused the interest of the women of the church more than anything else for a long time. I was thankful to be in Germany en route for Canada at the time!

The YWCA is very weak and apart from a swinging programme in Lusaka is fairly dead from the branch point of view. We still have the Buseko home industry programme in Kitwe where women attend a 6 months sewing course, but it is getting more and more difficult to find cotton material + make things so we hope the promise of Chinese cotton will materialise. I don't attend the local branch meetings much on the rare occasions when they have them as like all womens groups mentioned above sewing and cooking seem to be the main interests! But I am still the national treasurer and I very much enjoy the national executive meetings held quarterly.

Our budget was announced recently and one item in it will make a vast difference to my company and many others this year. To explain, we have 3 categories of expatriates living here - the vast majority on work permits, and they have to be well qualified; another small group of those with resident status, who have been here since before independence, who mostly have their own businesses or are MD's of overseas businesses. This group have privileges of citizens (but no vote) but can send money out of the country like work permit holders (all can send up to one-third of their salary, and most manage to do this, as well as the final gratuity). Then lastly there are citizens like me. Well, in the budget (I am still not sure what it had to do with a budget) residents were suddenly told they could no longer send out money, as from that very moment. It seemed rather drastic, as most had some sort of financial commitment like buying a house overseas or supporting relatives. But of course they had been enjoying the best of all worlds for years. It would have seemed kinder to give them 6 or 12 months notice. Well for about 3 weeks confusion reigned, then it was suddenly announced that they could apply for a work permit without having to leave the country. But of course it did not say whether in fact they would get one.

Well, my company has 6 branches, and 5 of them are managed by expatriate married women residents. Of course, they should jolly well have tried to zambianise over the past few years, we just have one local manager, in Kitwe. And of course this is one of the reasons the government got tough. (I forgot to mention that the mines were excluded from this new law.) Also, the MD of my company is a resident. So at the worst the whole works could collapse. But 2 of the women are married to mine executives who have a large pension at stake and would not leave anyway, even though their wives can no longer send money out. So, at the moment, things are rather fluid as they say. Sometimes this year we shall most likely get 2 more Zambian managers, but the whole future is wide open. Interesting. So many things which are obvious to me are resisted by the MD, but I think his moment of truth is at hand. He would most likely get a work permit, but his wife also works for the company and whether she would is much more doubtful.

I had been wondering what I would do about holidays this year, and with all the probable changes it looks as though the earlier the better. So my present thinking is to take June, before everyone leaves or moves round. It will mean only 9 months after going to Canada, but if I leave it later it might be very difficult to get away. I had thought of going to Australia this year but I haven't saved enough since my Canada trip, so will probably visit Europe. One nice thing about June is that the first weekend in July is a long holiday weekend so I can have that bit longer with no extra days. As I get things sorted out I will write by airform, but at the moment I thought I might take the new Zambia Airways flight to Cyprus (starting in April) have a few days (anyone want to join me there?) then visit Poakes in Athens, then visit Germany Switzerland and France, (anyone want to come to Switzerland) and then end up in Britain. This won't give me much time anywhere, which seems to be the crazy way I have most holidays, and unfortunately I won't be around for school holidays because that's when my boss takes his, but of course I am so lucky with long holidays (6 weeks a year) and cheap travel that I can't complain. I was looking today at my Cornish holidays photo album and thought how lovely it would be to do something like that again. Perhaps in 1980! My other great ambition is to go to the Seychelles, and every time we get brochures in the office I drool over them.

We have no more coloured paper in Zambia so I am afraid it will be dull white again, but never mind, just wear your rose coloured specs.