

1979

My dear David ^{15/10/79} 6th August 1979

Many thanks for your letter, and also the telegram. I did go to Lusaka that weekend, but felt awful - splitting head - & it soon dawned that I was getting a cold. So I spent half the day dosing myself and just keeping going. And found a bed as soon as I could. I'm so disgusted, I've ~~never~~ set colds, and have had two this year.

I came down to Lusaka again on the 1st, the day you left. I went to the

wildlife reception attended by the Duke of Edinburgh Prince Andrew did a little work, and visited Ruth Seretse

I did think of you and was sorry I didn't see you again. The "hotel" stayed open up until this past week.

After no visitors for ages, you all decided to come at once!

Today was a holiday, so I flew down to Lusaka and spent the day with Ruth. Once again we're all cautiously optimistic over Rhodesia but we were saying at lunch that so often we've thought a solution was about to be produced & then it

all collapsed again. The thatchers are staying next door to the Khama's so we see them in & out. Denis is a bit out of place among all the wives!

Well, by the time you get this you'll be facing up to the realities of being an immigrant in the U.S.A!

I hope it's not as traumatic as some find it. I've been most impressed at the efforts some of my friends in England have made to settle down, after years out here.

27 August, 1979

well David, I'll say cheerio for now
I did want this letter to be
waiting for you so that you'd
know I wasn't boycotting you!

With best wishes,

Love Muriel

TO OPEN FLIT HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

M. Canderson
Box 1607
Kitwe

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OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

McCorquodale Printers Limited, Welwyn

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION AEROGamme



Mr David Willman
c/o Dr Daniel Willman
485 Linnville Road
Newark, Ohio
43055
USA

Melbourne, 15 November 1979

My dear David,

Am having a superb holiday. My 2 weeks in the Seychelles were perfect. I found paradise, but a rather expensive one! It was an effort to pull myself away. Felt like finding a little island and setting up a commune. I visited one where an Englishman had buried himself quite happily.

I had 3 days in Singapore, where I met a very charming girl from Iran, a civil engineer. We had some interesting talks about the country, not knowing that very w/end about the U.S. embassy take over. Heaven knows what face-saving device will save that situation. She and I wandered round Chinatown and ate out on the street. I was amazed at how law abiding people are there, and also how cheap it is.

I'm now here for 3 weeks staying with my mother's cousin. The sea is at the bottom of the road, just 10 minutes walk, but I usually go down that way all wrapped up in winter woollies! The weather is appalling, and changes so rapidly. We have had 2 bad days, when it actually went from 60° to 80° (F) overnight and then back again. Next week we're going to Tasmania for a few days. It's even colder there, but the scenery is beautiful, providing rain clouds don't hide it!

How are you settling in? Where will you go for Christmas? I seem to remember the vacation there is not very long. After all my travelling, I'll be at home! I was last here 21 years ago, and things have certainly changed. They even have the Italian Mafia with drug rings, killings which aren't solved and Italian music festivals all mixed up. It's pretty safe to go out at night, and the restaurants have improved 500%. It's hard to read much about Africa except for the Zimbabwe tacks. Seretse's good election results were not reported; he now has all but 2 seats, and the 3 opposition leaders all lost.

Cheerio and best wishes for a happy Christmas and good 1980.

Love Muriel

Wellbourne 15-11-79

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 and good 1980. Love David.

15 NOVEMBER 1979

FOLD FLAPS BEFORE MOISTENING GUM, FOR MAXIMUM ADHESION.
 PRECE PUNAMI END A CEVAI CENUNIF IC ATRUWUWU IC CENUNIF IC
 PROPRRIATE

FROM: M. Sanderson
 101-18th Rd
 Black Rock
 Cellanure
 POSTCODE

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS



COUNTRY OF DESTINATION: USA
 Mr David Watkins
 1400-23 Ivy Ridge Rd
 Syracuse
 New York 13210



CLAYTON ST
 2 PM
 26 NOV 1979
 VIC 3109

1402-23 Ivy Ridge Rd,
Syracuse, New York 13210.

4th Dec. 1979

Dear Muriel,

How very nice to get such a newsy letter from you in Melbourne. I seldom get letters from Australia! You mention how cold it was, in November! Heavens, what then is it like in July?! Also glad that you have had such a marvelous time on the Seychelles. What a superb idea, a commune on some out of the way island, count me in!

Will look forward to hearing from you again and hearing about your return. Won't say a lot about me as I've said far too much as it is in an intimate chronicle enclosed and meant for my dearest friends, especially in Africa. You will note that I've included your name!

The Iranian situation is THE news here. God knows what will happen. I'm getting scared. America is really become exophobic, or some such word. Even the talks on Zimbabwe get little space. Others news about Africa - not mentioned!

Hey, I've just got photos from two missing friends missing in my photo album on Zambia. I only have one blank space - Muriel. Make ~~another~~ New Year's resolution, one picture for David. Otherwise, there will be a permanent space in my album. (smile)

Must close. Have a good New Year. Will be thinking of you and other ~~said~~ old friends in Zambia.

Love
David

1980

Kitwe 9th Jan. 1980

P.S. [At beginning of letter: "I had a letter from him [Dr. M'Timkulu] today--in Canada]

My dear David,

I'm sure you'll excuse my economy--I've had those since 1965!! and still using them--AACC moved to Nairobi then.

Your parcel of "bedroom slippers" to me, jiffies to you— arrived today and was a lovely surprise. Many thanks indeed. They fit very well and I shall keep them for when the weather gets cooler. The rains are fantastic this year, we could easily spare some for draught countries.

I received your long letter to all your friends as well as the one just for me, a few weeks back. It was fascinating to read of your travels back. And I still can't believe your gratuity arrived so soon. It really was bad luck losing your car so early on. At least you can find a replacement over there!

I hope you had a lovely Christmas--and best wishes for the New Year. I'm glad you're enjoying teaching American history--tho' What's happening now over Tehran and Abidjan are rather dubious. I had a nice Christmas--was invited out on 3 days to lunch, and I had 3 dinner parties. At New Year I went to Chisamba and spent the day with my friends, the Nkonde's on their farm. A very nice change. I brought back some dried fruit from Nairobi as well as cheese, chocolate and some tinned meat. Can you imagine, one Greek in Chingola was selling boxes of chocs for K103 — and people actually bought them! Ugh.

If this Rhodesian situation ever holds together, I'll be surprised I can't imagine why Nkhomo and Mugabe still haven't returned — unless they're afraid. I'm not impressed with Soames.

Having started this airform I then reread your letters and came to your request for a photo. I can't find any recent ones at all! So I'm being very vain and sending you one with me and KK! It was MEF's(?) 10th anniversary in '68 or '69. The other was taken in the other house about 5 years ago. So select the one and chuck the other away!

Life here doesn't exactly improve. Since I returned on 1st Dec. it's been a struggle to find bread, and when you do track some down, it's 1/2 Cassava flour, gets stale in 1/2 hour, and tastes awful. I tried making bread and butter pudding when I couldn't even cut it, but it still tasted foul! So I gave it to the dogs. Breakfast is a problem--no cereal, no bread, no flour. All the other shortages are the same, and now we can't find electric light bulbs.

And S. Africa is pouring money into Muzorewa's coffers and trying to buy over the splinter groups to defeat the Patriotic Front.

Why don't you get Africa confidential? You'll get all the Africa news in that, with fairly accurate interpretations. It's usually how I find out what's happening here and why!

I had a letter from Doug Anglin today. He's on a sabbatical from Carleton and will be traveling in Africa.

Cheerio, and once more thanks very much indeed. Love Muriel

Here's one Af. Conf. in case you don't know it: Africa Confidential 5/33 RUTLAND GATE, LONDON SW7 \$60 p.a. by air 25 copies annually.

ALL AFRICA CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES

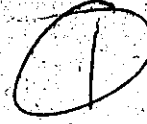
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 Rev. James S. Lawson
 B. P. 34, Cotonou, Dahomey



KITWE, N. RHODESIA
 cable address: CETA Kitwe
 Box 1131, - Phone 3389

I had a letter from
 him today -
 in Canada

PO Box 1607 Kitwe
 9th Jan 1980

My dear David, I'm sure you'll excuse my economy -
 I've had these since 1965!! and still using
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17 January, 1960

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(2)

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P.O. Box 1131,

KITWE, N. Rhodesia.

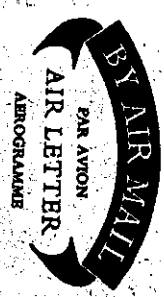
ALL AFRICA CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES

RHODESIA & NYASALAND

Second fold here



Visit Victoria Falls



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Affix Stamp here

9th January 1980

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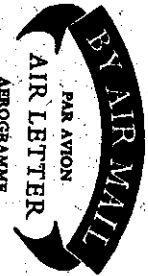
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Cheerio & once more thanks very
much indeed Love Muriel

First fold here



Visit
Victoria Falls



Africa Confidential

RHODESIA & NYASALAND

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ALL AFRICA CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES

P.O. Box 1131.

KITWE, N. Rhodesia.

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here

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OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Here's
one
of
AP Conf.
in case
you don't
know it.

1402-23 Ivy Ridge Road
Syracuse, New York 13210
26th January 1980

My dear Muriel,

It is a late Saturday night and I am just waiting for one of the few television programmes that I can stand to begin, "Saturday Night Live". It is really good comedy. I have been housebound since yesterday. The reason? Four days of snow and temperatures that have never climbed above -5°C .!! In a few years I might pick up winter sports again but I'm still just going out to survive. Hence no night life for me this weekend. The Ivy Ridge Apartments are just that, on a ridge. We can look down at the main street, Brighton Avenue. The city does a damn good job cleaning snow here, soused to it I guess, but the Apartment owners are not so good so you take a chance of not getting up the ridge and walking and I don't want that on a cold night, no night life could be worth it. Or, at least I'd have to be a lot more desperate than now.

Anyway, it was a delight to hear from you two days ago. I am so glad that you get the Xmas letter and then the bedroom slippers. Do hope that you can use them in the cold season. Should help to keep you feet warm. So sorry that the shortages are no better. I did so hope that goods might become more available. Maybe they still will. I do hope that your trip ended as well as it began. You wrote previously from Australia, but said little about your way back. ~~xxxx~~ Do hope it was good. (I think I'd better stop and get myself to the TV as my typing is become hopeless, not sure if I am just gdrinking, or have drunk too much wine, or am just tired of tyhping. Oh, damn, I'll continue early tomorrow. If the weather continues like this, I dare say I won't go out far!!

9.30 hours Sunday

I see that my typing really did fade out last night. Anyway, I think you'll get the main ideas. There was not too much snow out last night but it is falling now. Actually it is very, very beautiful when I turn my head sideways and look out. Even the gray, drab factories have a beautiful white coat. I think I shall get up my nerve and go to the grocery and one big department store that is fun to show in on

26th January, 1980

-2-

Sunday afternoons. The big supermarket is open seven days a week from 6.00 to 24.00 hours, really convenient. Although I really do miss the simplicity of life and other good traits of Zambia, shopping is such a pleasure here, with so much to pick from and at relatively cheap prices, that I think this will be a big deterrent from my moving abroad again. Stupid reason, I know! Anyway...

The two photos were fine. I shall trim them carefully and I think they will both fit into the place that I had reserved for you. My album of friends in Zambia is now complete! Also, thanks for the African Confidential. I did know of it but had forgotten how good it was. I shall indeed get a subscription in right away.

I have taken two days from writing just to get myself, my papers and letters organized, typed, or whatever is required. I have an abstract of my thesis done and the bibliography ~~and~~ but my advisor is very distressed that Chapter One is not finished so after these two days I must change pace! I am assisting Dr. Marsh, Professor of Modern British History, this term. He has an enormous lecture hall full of 2nd year students. It is an introductory course for students with no background in British History. It is certainly more relevant to my ~~studies~~ studies than early America! This will not be the distraction that my work last term was, at least I hope not! So tomorrow I must really get serious as a "scholar"(!)!!!

It is really hard to get news on Africa these days. With the Iranian hostages and Afghanistan troubles, forget anything else as far as international news goes, and except for the presidential primaries and sports pages, plus local crime, there is not much else! Hence your newsy letters are always welcome. I shall write again in a month when hopefully my first chapter will be finished. In the meantime, any news appreciated.

Take care. It is easy to get colds, etc., when the rains are heavy. Also, other hazards of life! Should be a good time to swim, tho'.

As always, love,

David

Gaborone Wed., 3rd May 1980

My dear David,

I came down here last week and I leave tomorrow morning. I'd intended writing so many letters this week and have hardly written any. My niece Jackie has left her husband and is back here with her 2 sons, aged 5 and 2, so as they're around I've spent more time with them.

Many thanks for yours of January, ages ago now. You spoke of being snowed-up, by now it's late spring with lots of blossoms and no doubt life seems brighter. I hope you've been able to push yourself more and thus you're now keeping up to schedule on your writing.

I just re-read your last paragraph on news--nothing but Iran and Afghanistan, and presidential primaries. So what has changed? The US embassy here sends round US newsreels 2 weeks old and that's all we saw! Still, at last Zimbabwe is born and things can start moving there, even if slowly. I still can't believe it.

Just before I left we had an unbelievable outburst from K.K. Elias Chipino had made a speech urging all third world countries to revert to multi party states as under one-party. The only way a head of a state could be changed was by a coup. KK went berserk and at a press conference 2 days later he said Chipimo, John Mwanakatwe, Francis Nkhoma (B Bk MD) and Musakanya were organising a coup and wanted to kill him. Incredible! Then the UNIP _____ called them the Gang of 4 next day and said they should be hung. They dragged Nkhomo to Freedom House . KK is paranoid, obviously threatened, and doesn't know what he's unleashed. Since I've been here I don't know how it's developed.

I gave a party in Feb. to celebrate 20 years in Zambia. It was at Mindolo, and while making arrangements, I was asked if I'd like to return to my old job. I considered it but after lots of talks decided not to go. The place is sick, and SITET is now investigating all senior staff.

No way could I change anything. I think I'll go to Lusaka with TG in July and still be accountant with an assistant in Kitwe, and keep an eye on the Lusaka office as the manageress is leaving, I've found it very difficult to decide. I keep changing my mind!

So how are the studies and teaching going? And how is Cindy? Do you see her very often?

Wilfred Grenville Grey is in N.Y. —still with Intl. Defence and Aid Fund. His marriage is finished, he's very sad about it. He's based at the U.N.

The P. Office has suddenly announced all box numbers are changing. There are now town codes — Kitwe is 2, Lusaka is 3, in front of old numbers. We had no warning at all.

Cheerio and best wishes,

Love

Muriel

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TO OPEN CUT THIS FLAP FIRST
PELE TSWALA DINTLHA TSEL LE YE GAPE — SEAL THE TWO SIDE FLAPS FIRST, THEN THIS ONE

SETSENYE SEPE MO-TENG — ENCLOSURES ARE NOT PERMITTED

Muiel Anderson
P.O. Box 21607
Kitwe, Zambia.

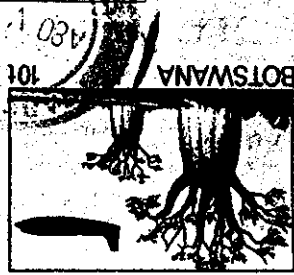
LEINA LA MOROMEDI LE ATERESE — SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

MOMENO WA BOBEDI — SECOND FOLD

USA

1402-23 Ivy Ridge Road
Syracuse, New York
13210

David Wilkins



P. O. Box 193
Syracuse, New York 13210
3rd August 1980

My dear Muriel,

I was so very sorry to hear about your brother-in-law's death last month. I could not get you off a sympathy card at that time, but I want you to know that I did think of you at this time. I know you were so fond of him and your nieces and nephews and that it has been a sad disruption of your routine as well as for your sister and family. Anyway, my sincere sympathy.

Thanks to your good advice, I am now getting Af. Conf. and it has helped so much to keep up on the news. Seems as if not only Zambia but so much of East and Central Africa is having a hard time right now. But then with Iran, Middle East, Afghanistan, etc., there is not much to crow about here either!!

Am now finished with my second chapter at long last. For the last month have been temporarily involved in a short course for adult educators. Has been interesting and I am learning what I should have done that I didn't know that I should do in the NWP in the University of Zambia's Centre for Continuing Education. My education continues!! Anyway, this month I hope to get my third chapter's material laid out and in September to get it written. At least now I know that I can do it.

Also, I am much better mentally, physically, etc. As of May I got off of the valium completely which was a relief! Also, I am vigorously exercising with 50+ push ups, etc., each morning, and swimming 20+ laps every afternoon. I think this is helping to relieve personal tension. "Stress" is now a big thing here and many people are giving up coffee, etc.; realizing that others have a similar problem and are trying to cope with it as well has helped.

Will move into a new house about the time of this letter. Have decided to use a post office box as given above to get letters. Do wish that you could visit. If you ever get to America, remember you have an open invitation. Also, Syracuse is not far from Toronto and Montreal. Don't think that I shall make it back to Zambia at least for several years, but I still think of all of you so much.

One can't just walk out of a place you call home very easily! Hope the weather is warming up by the time you get this. Love,
If you move to the big city of Zambia, do send your address.

21 September 1980

My dear David,

M/s attachment to form letter (n.d)

Many thanks for your letter and card. As I had 50+ letters, my only hope of replying was this way. I couldn't concentrate when I got back with my aunt, she can't see to read so I had to talk to her after she'd been alone all day. Now, with rushing out to her at lunchtime, and working later to make up, then the evening visit, I have even less! Right now I'm sitting by my pool and having a dip whenever I get too hot!

I'm so glad you're feeling better and the studies are going better. How many chapters do you have to write? Did you get away at all during the summer break?

All this year thro' some error the fares from here to LA were the same as London! I'd have loved to take advantage of it, but I used most of my leave to go to Botswana, so I won't be going anything else. What happens to my aunt will also affect my future plans. As I can see no future for her, I hope she gets pneumonia. Right now in UK there's a real fuss over a book called "EXIT" by the Vol. Euthenasia Soc. It's meant for people like her.

Well, David cheerio and all the best and thanks again. Love Muriel

Decided to stay in Kitwe for the time being.

I use your electric vibrator a lot! many thanks again.

Sept 27/9/80

"Great Khama" by a Form IV student

The great mountain has fallen,
The great river has dried,
The southern star has fallen from the sky.
Who is going to rule Botswana?
Oh Great Khama.

Quotes from Seretse

Why did you leave your children?
The nation mourns for you.
You never bade us a bye.
Why Great Khama?

" My main ambition is to help create a country where there is no racial ill-feeling; where everybody accepts everybody else and where merit counts rather than race or emotionalism."

"The basic problem facing Botswana is to maintain social and political control over economic growth and to make sure our developing economy does not run away from us."

"Those of us who still enjoy relative peace and stability should therefore make it our duty to search for the elements in our political and social lives that bind a nation together and lessen the risks of violent political change".

These are all taken from a special edition of "Kutlwano", the government monthly magazine which was specially rushed out a week after Seretse's death. The poem had 10 verses, and there were 14 quotes, but this is just a sample to show you how much he was loved, and why.

As soon as I heard the BBC news bulletin that he had an incurable illness, I made arrangements to fly to Gaborone on the first plane, I rang the Botswana High Commission in London next day and heard that he had already returned to Gaborone, I then tried to ring Ruth but the lines were not working so I telexed his office and "spoke" to the senior PPS. Both said I should get there as soon as possible. So I got the Wednesday plane, and learnt afterwards that the London specialists had only given him till that day to live. When he and Ruth flew to London the week before, they had no idea he had cancer. I was there in May for a week, and I was amazed to see that he was then on a 2 hourly diet of liquidised food; and had been like that on and off for 6 months, - still working normally. His regular doctor, Merriweather, a Scottish missionary who had been at Molopolole for well over 30 years, was on 4 months leave as he had been appointed President of his church for a year. So others were attending him, and they decided that his pancreatic condition had gone on too long. I heard he had gone for a check-up, but wasn't too worried, because I thought if he was very bad he would have gone to Johannesburg. Fortunately Ian was in Europe at the time, so immediately rushed to London to be with Ruth. The government put an air force plane at their disposal, and when I telephoned that Monday to the high commission they told me it had just put down in the Indian Ocean because of engine trouble - but only for an hour.

I certainly didn't expect to find him so alert when I arrived. Cancer of the pancreas is not painful so he wasn't on drugs that doped him. He saw his cabinet ministers and close friends and relatives for quite long periods. A specialist from America flew over and confirmed the London doctors' diagnosis, only gave him one week longer. The weekend after I arrived, he rallied incredibly. We all watched Wimbledon mens final on TV in his room - the whole match, which he really enjoyed. He came into the garden for tea in a wheelchair next day and Jackie's two boys were there, playing around, which amused him. On the Monday he was also pretty bright and came out to tea again. But next day he started to feel pain, and from then on he sank pretty quickly day by day. The doctors kept thinking he would die the next day, but he hung on until the following Sunday. Dr. Merriweather stayed in the house all the time, he is a wonderful man and I got to know him quite well. There was also a nurse on duty all the time, Ruth and the twins helped during the night when required. I couldn't help thinking all the time how awful it must be for people who have loved ones with cancer, when it drags out for months and months - what a terrible strain.

21st September, 1980

Ruth was marvellous. She had known for years that with all his health problems the chances of him living to a great age were nil, but she had not thought anything like cancer would take him away. The day I arrived, I found half the cabinet and relatives in the house, where they visited every day (those of you who know something about African customs, will be surprised that they did not come until the late afternoon.) Right to the end, she was concerned about his diabetes and diet, tho he could not eat at all the last week. She was always suggesting things that might help, not wanting to accept the inevitable. The last day he got pneumonia, and then she knew how final it was.

According to African tradition, there should have been people mourning at the house all day every day until the funeral. But it was arranged that the mourning should be at Seretse's cousin's house, not far away, at the end of a close with a park adjoining. There had been public prayers ever since the news of his illness, but gradually the prayers took place each evening in this park, with the city council gradually providing tents, lights, and seats. The women prepared supper for the mourners from long distances. Seretse's sister Maledi came from Serowe the day they got back from London, so she and I went to the prayers each night with Ian, and sometimes the twins and Jackie. It was most impressive; cabinet and ambassadors turning out regularly. There was quite a discussion as to which should come first, burial or electing of the new President; as this had to be done within 7 days, the election was first, which explains the 12 day delay until the funeral. The new vice Pres. is this cousin of Seretse's.

That twelve days was pretty awful. On some decisions, the interests of family, tribe and government were at cross purposes. Night after night, there were long arguments as to whether to agree or not to some points. It has become the fashion in Africa to leave the coffin open for everyone to pay their last farewells. The family did not want this, but when the public complained that his body was not inside, otherwise why could they not see him, - then the family decided to giveaway in order to save embarrassing the new President, who was blamed for the decision. The kids all took it in very different ways. I had never been with the family for a whole month before, so got to know them much better. For once I could see the difference between the twins. Another tension was caused by Jackie's estranged husband wanting to come, and the family wanted him to stay at State House, except Jackie, who was upset enough, she was the closest to her father. Finally, he stayed with friends. Every day something turned up; I was very glad I had friends there I could slip away to at times.

The night before the memorial service, KK, Nyerere and Oppenheimer (of Anglo American fame) all came to the house. They were scheduled to come at half hour intervals, but KK stayed on when Julius N. arrived, and both stayed on when Harry Oppenheimer arrived; the latter had not met Julius, and I was amused when the latter left, he said "I can't imagine there is anything in my country to interest you, but if you ever come to Dar, let me know, and we should meet". I had not met J.N. before, and was really impressed by his charm, but I have read some pretty devastating criticisms of his policies in Tanzania; like so many others, he seems to have become a benevolent dictator.

We went from the house next day to the Cathedral, where there was requiem mass for the family- then from there to the football stadium for the Memorial Service. This was the public occasion, to which heads of state and others were invited. The Duke of Kent only stayed 24 hours, I was very surprised he did not ask to see Ruth. On his plane he brought Lord David Pitt, who had been the family doctor in London (UK's first black lord). He also brought a missionary couple whose son was to marry the Foreign Minister's daughter; they had an apex ticket and could not travel on that until after the funeral, so hitched a ride! Albert Lock had not long resigned, he had been Speaker of the house for several years. To return to the stadium, it was very impressive and dignified, with another service, where the Bishop Walter Makhudu spoke, then Quett Masire, the new President, and KK. I have known Quett for some years and am most impressed, I do hope he gets the support he deserves.

21st September, '80.

That afternoon, Ruth and the kids flew to Serowe, where they also flew the body, and the tribal mourning came to a climax. I stayed with my aunt, who was pretty bowled over by it all, and was too frail to attend anything. I flew to Serowe next morning early with the cabinet and Lord Pitt. The government did not want any outside visitors in Serowe as they just could not cope, but KK, Nyerere and King Leashoeshe wanted to go, so they were told OK, but make your own arrangements with ambassadors, transport, etc, and expect no food. So they came. I arrived just in time to meet the family in the little church where the coffin had been since the mourning ended in the early hours, so we had another short service, then went to the house, before going to the Kgotla ground for the final meeting. This was held all in Seohuana, and lasted for about 3 hours, before we walked up the steep hill to the Khama family burial ground which is carved out of a solid rock outgrowth. It took them a week to dig the grave. The coffin was very heavy indeed (metal, another disputed item) and so the pallbearers had to change every few yards owing to the steep climb. Loudspeakers had been put up and the choirs sang beautifully as we climbed to the top. I doubt in anyone has ever had so many to carry his coffin. At the top, yet another service, a roman catholic last rites (we are very ecumenical out here). Quite honestly, I expected Seretse to push up the lid and protest vigorously at all the ceremony, he loved simplicity. But everyone wanted to get in on the act. We all climbed down again, then went back to the house for drinks and a visit to the loo - including KK, Nyerere and the King. They then all flew off, and I flew back to Gaborone.

I had decided on my way down that I would bring my aunt back with me for at least 3 months to give Ruth a chance to move without having to worry about her. I spent all the next day helping her to pack, into 3 piles, - things to go to the farm with Ruth, things to come up here, and rejects. Everytime she saw a photo or programme, she had to go over it, so it was quite a day. Noin did not want to come back with me, it was a real upheaval for her. Ruth has just moved to a farm they owned 14 miles outside Gaborone,; she wasn't pushed out but she wanted to move as soon as possible. The twins are living in the town mostly, so she is mostly alone. She had about 2,000 messages, so will be kept busy for some time answering them all. The government is helping her with 2 secretaries.

I feel very proud to have known Seretse so well and for so long. You all know that I was very fond of him, and had great admiration for him. I can't believe he's not still around. He set a very high standard and I hope his successor can get the support he needs to keep it up. He comes for a small tribe, and in Africa that is difficult. One of the greatest tributes to Seretse was the fact that there have never been any political detainees in Botswana - miraculous.

We had been back here about 5 weeks when my aunt decided to go into the garden to meet me in spite of promising me that she would not leave the house, so what I had dreaded came to pass - the dog knocked her over, and she has a double fracture of the hip. The private clinic I belong to has built a wing in a mine hospital 10 miles away (Kalulushi) so she is now there, on traction for 12 weeks. She is most uncomfortable, unhappy, and it's very hot very early this year. Everyone is very kind, and they fuss over here, but she is pretty low and I wonder if she will survive. If she does, I shall have to learn a lot more patience. The matron lets me go almost any time to visit, so I go every lunchtime, and then again most evenings. My friends accompany me then, as it's not safe to drive alone. I hated having to tell Ruth, but she took it very well, and is coming up for a few days next week (end September). I can't see my aunt ever leaving here now; after all those weeks she will be so weak I doubt if she will walk again. Her leg is healing slowly, but she is already noticeably weaker than she was, after 2 weeks in bed. So, I am very thankful I had such a lovely holiday last year in Seychelles and Australia, as my only "holiday" this year was in Botswana. We have no facilities whatsoever for old people, I shall be lucky to find a nurse to come in. If I sound rather subdued in this letter, you will understand why!

2/9/80

My dear David,

Many thanks for your letter and card. As I had 50+ letters my only hope of replying was this way. I couldn't concentrate when I fed back with my aunt, she can't see so read so I had to talk to her after she'd been alone all day. Now, with rushing out to her at lunchtime, & working later to wake up, then the evening visit, I have even less! Riped now Jim sitting by my pool & having a dip whenever I feel too hot!

I'm so glad you're feeling better and the studies are going better. How many chapters do you have to write? Did you get away at all during the summer break?

See this year this some even the fares from here to LA were the same as London! I'd have loved to take advantage of it, but I used most of my leave to go to Portman, so I won't be going anywhere else. What happens to my aunt will also affect my future plans. As I can see no future for her I hope she gets pneumonia. Right now in UK there's a real fun over a book called "EXIT" by the Vol. Euthanasia Soc. It's meant for people like her.

Well David cheers - all the best and thanks again - Love Muriel

Decided to stay in Victoria for five days

I use your electric vibrator & Lot 1 Mom thanks

30th Sept. or Oct. 1980 (date unclear)

Several addendums to a 5 page form letter dated 28th October 1980

Well, it's about 5 weeks since I wrote and plenty has happened in that time as you can see. I thought life would gradually return to normal, but now the attempted coup has provided a different kind of drama. Awful as I find TV, I'm glad I have one over this period. Last week they showed KK presenting independence medals on 3 consecutive evenings. And one film was the same 2 weeks running! Nothing has changed since you left. I must say for the first time I have found myself wondering lately how long I should stay!

I wonder if Iran is going to give the victory to J.C. by releasing the hostages in time?

Well, David, cheerio for now and all the best. How is Cindy? Love Muriel

Two small addendums to 28th October form letter, the first after the 3rd paragraph on page one and the second after the fourth paragraph.

‘Very sad, Jason Mfula has no interest in the place at all.’

‘Now we have curfew 7 pm — 6 am, I have plenty of time to write! I saw KK's press conference on TV last night, and it posed more questions than it answered. It's all very mysterious. You must know Shamwana, Musakanya and Chipimo — it's very hard to imagine they could have been associated with such an amateurish coup attempt.’

Sat 30/9/80

PO Box 21607 Kitwe Zambia

Please note that all the box numbers in Zambia have an extra figure in front to denote the town. As Kitwe has the prefix "2", my number now has the 2 in front of the old number. We had no warning at all!

28th October, 1980.

My dear David

My last letter started with an exuberant description of who I had met or seen. I ended the first sentence with "it was quite a month". Well, this has been "quite a year", but not at all in the same vein. I met Julius Nyerere, King Leshoeshee (hope I've spelt it right) and Harry Oppenheimer, all for the first time. But as it was at Seretse's funeral, it is undoubtedly the last time. I sat next to the reverend President Canaan Banana and Robert Mugabe, at the Memorial Service, but we barely exchanged greetings, everyone was so sad. I have written a separate page about that (the yellow pages), this year I have changed my usual format by writing 2 reports outside the context of the letter. The other is about my gorgeous holiday this time last year in Seychelles and Australia. As it was going to be so long before I got round to sending this letter off, I wrote that stencil months ago. (the pink page).

It really has been a strange year. In february I had been here in Zambia for 20 years, so decided to have a party to celebrate - something many new arrivals just could not understand. It had to be at Mindolo of course, where it all began, so I booked the new conference hall and invited almost 50 people. This being Zambia, I guessed around 40 would actually make it. That night there was an awful storm and one suburb had its electricity out out for hours, so the 6 friends from there never made it. It was a lovely party, everything went fine, even tho the cook from Mindolo was sacked the day before, and I had to spend most of that saturday showing the kitchen staff what to do! For those of you who know MEF, you will appreciate that the typical disaster only helped to make the party more memorable. There were some speeches, very funny mostly; it so happened there was a partial eclipse of the sun that day, so that gave a point to a couple of speakers.

Mindolo (MEF for short) has had a pretty disastrous year. Arising from my visits to arrange the party, I was asked if I would return to my old job. For 2 months I agonised over this, finally deciding against, and I am more than ever convinced I made the right decision. 3 senior staff members have been sacked, for fiddling foreign exchange regulations, or for taking money; in any case bringing MEF's name into real disrepute. 2 staff members were killed in road accidents, which could have been avoided. The new accountant is a Candian about my age, who has the backing of the United Church of Canada, which he sure needs, whereas I would have had no backing at all. I hope he sticks it, he has already found out an awful lot in the 2 months since his arrival. Very sad, Jason Mfule has no interest in the place at all.

I had more agonising when I was asked by the British Council of Churches if I would consider doing a job for them, either for a few years, or as a stop-gap. I decided it would be interesting to have a break for 3 months, so lined up the chance of having unpaid leave and started looking for a temporary replacement - but then suddenly it all dried up and I never heard any more. I would have pursued the matter, but the very week I had thoughts of taking off, I heard the BBC bulletin stating Seretse had a terminal illness, so dashed down to Botswana 3 days later for a month. Its very strange the way things work out, isnt it? Life has just not been normal since the end of June, and I am just settling down to a routine again, with Christmas just 2 months away. Our independence holiday comes this month, so I am hoping, (as it is a friday) to get cracking and start sending out my Christmas mail. My boss is going to England on 31st, so I may ask him to post some letters for me. Now we have a curfew

7pm - 6am, I have plenty of time to write! I saw KK's press conference on TV last night, and it posed more questions than it answered. Its all very mysterious. You must know Shamwana, Musakanya and Chipimo - its very hard to imagine they could have been

associated with such an amateurish level of effort

30th September, 1980

- 2 -

Mindolo is not the only place to have had a disastrous year. Zambia has been pretty hit too. We had another poor rainy season in the south where the maize grows, so have had to use precious foreign exchange importing maize. Altho copper prices have picked up, our interest repayments on the 350 million dollars have absorbed most of any spare foreign exchange. Although Zimbabwe is now a fact, Nkhomo left most of his army here (which outnumbers the Zambian army) and they have so much hardware in the form of guns and ammunition that armed robberies and killings have escalated enormously. I'm not sure if Nkhomo's men are the robbers, or whether they sell their equipment, but either way, it is in plentiful supply. Last month I actually knew 3 people who were murdered. The police are undertrained, undereducated, underpaid, and under-equipped. They are very much on the defensive, and try to take the law into their own hands. Right now we have a curfew that is not a curfew, ordered by the police, not by act of president or parliament, every town interprets the rules differently, so in some you are rounded up, no questions asked, if you are out after 9pm, others it is 11pm, and yet others you just have to explain why you are out! I'm as afraid of the police as I am of robbers. Last week there was a pathetic article in the paper - the police budget has run out (like the hospitals, and many others), so prisoners are not fed, clothed or occupied. So of course, they escape, too easy it would appear. The prison service is quite demoralised. Those who thought life would be easier after Zimbabwe independence, have been very disappointed.

We are still waiting for the economic situation to improve, and there is much talk of being agriculturally independent. KK went on a month's tour recently, begging experts, equipment, and money to start state farms. But I have doubts as to the wisdom of making the farms so mechanically dependent, when we have unlimited labour. Our shortages really have hardly improved. Our bartering techniques improve all the time. It was most unfortunate that when I returned from Botswana in July with my aunt, I could not bring any food back with me as I had to cope with her luggage as well as my own. And when I was back in Botswana last week for her funeral I only went for the weekend and did not get into a shop at all. Many people now go to Zimbabwe, Swaziland or Kenya just to shop.

I really am sorry this sounds so morbid. I'm so glad I wrote the holiday stencil before June! I guess my life has been so good recently that it was time I was brought up short and realised something of what other people have to put up with. I have been thinking, and decided that because of the tensions out here when we do have problems they always seem so much worse. Yet, there are very good compensations if one just looks for them.

One problem that got solved was that of our simply awful church minister. His wife's father died, so she went back to the States to comfort her mother, then decided she did not want to return. He would have been run out of the church if he had not resigned, there was no farewell party, nobody from the church saw him off - it was a great relief. We now have a part-time minister, my friend Margaret Millar, who runs the UCZ deaconess training course in the mornings, and St Margaret's thereafter. In reality, both jobs are full-time, and it is typical of Margaret that she agreed to take us on, but her thorough approach to everything, real concern and high standards have made a big difference in only 2 months. We have good leadership in the church in the elders, so she can delegate a lot of responsibility.

I would like to wish all my friends a very happy and blessed Christmas, and a good New Year. I clean forgot to mention that for the first time in years, I have produced 8 puppies and 3 kittens! My animals have all changed except for one ginger male cat, but I acquired a tortoiseshell female. The mother dog was a mongrel, but she got VD(\$), so I now have a stupid red setter who is good company when he's not climbing all over me.

I almost forgot - last year I said I wanted to move to Lusaka. Well, I changed my mind. I could not find an interesting job, and did not want to move just for the sake of it. In the light of this disturbing year, I am glad that at least I was settled in Kitwe without the extra hassle of moving! But if I did move, I would keep my box number for at least a year, so that I would continue to get letters.

This is a continuation from the yellow
Pages sent a month ago. 30/9/80

This page is being written one month later. Ruth came up for 4 days, and during the week she was here, my aunt just gave up completely. She refused to eat or drink, and had no spark of life at all. Ruth was shocked to see how much she had deteriorated since she saw her in July; I knew she was very weak but it had come more gradually. She did not mention while here that she was

thinking of moving her to Gaborone, so imagine my surprise when the day after she returned, I got a message from Zambia Airways asking if I had booked a stretcher case to Johannesburg. I was very upset, and decided to wait for Ruth to ring me before doing anything. She rang late that night, and said she had made a booking for the next but one day. She just had not realised I could not take Noin down alone, and that Z Airways had strict regulations. Against all my better judgement I agreed to see what the hospital specialist thought. I collected the forms, from the airline, and then saw Mr. Rae, who, after a thorough examination of Noin, said he would not sign them as she only had 2 weeks to live. I rang Ruth, who could not accept the decision, so she chartered a private plane, collected a doctor and nurse, and flew up on the day she had wanted Noin to fly. The hospital was upset, and so was I. They were 2 hours late arriving, and those of you who know Kitwe airport know there are no staff there except early morning and evening - so no communications. (They keep the phone locked up in a cupboard when nobody is there, but it hardly ever works anyway). I think it was the longest 2 hours I can remember for a very long time. They arrived and stayed exactly 15 minutes, some friends of mine were there to keep me company. Well, Noin lasted another 5 days. I decided at first not to go for the funeral, then thought I had better, so flew down on a Friday, returning on the Monday. Neither days were there direct connections so I had to go via Johannesburg and return via there and Swaziland, making 4 countries in one day. Luckily, all planes were on time. The funeral was in the cathedral, the new President attended, it was pretty full. It was a very unhappy reminder of Seretse's funeral less than 3 months previous. I think Ruth has kept all her feelings bottled up and this dramatic emotional decision to try to fight for Noin was a result of that.

To make the day even more unusual, it was Jackie's elder son Dale's 6th birthday. So after a traditional African mourning lunch when about 200 came back to the farm, we went to catch the end of Dale's birthday party. On the Sunday, I unpacked the trunk and case I had helped Noin fill the last day I was in Gabs in July. Ruth had done enough packing and sorting and then unpacking. There was also a steady trickle of people to the farm, so it was pretty hectic. (Noin died on Oct 7th, was buried on the 11th).

I am only running off this stencil on some of the pages so it is only going to my closest friends, in case some of you think I am being very open about family differences to all and sundry. I am much later this year getting myself organised for this annual letter for obvious reasons, so please do forgive me for not writing so much by hand as I usually like to do.

One last titbit. I have finally succumbed and bought (secondhand) a TV set. I had hired one when my aunt was here. It is about as awful as I had figured, but big deal, we have "Dallas 2", so I sit glued for an hour each Monday night, trying to figure out why on earth so many people rave over such a story! My favourite programme is the weekly football - I even saw Spurs v. Arsenal last week. At present we are seeing mostly Cup Final games of last year - I suppose they are cheaper than recent ones! There is one bonus, - I now get much more sewing done - buttons, zips, repairs, etc!

30th September '80.

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and plenty has happened in that time
as you can see. I thought life
would gradually return to normal, but
now the attempted coup has provided a
different kind of drama. Awful as I
find TV, I'm glad I have one over
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consecutive evenings. And one film
was the same 2 weeks running!
Nothing has changed since you left.
I must say for the first time I
have found myself wondering lately
how long I should stay!

I wonder if Fran is going to
give the victory to J.C. by releasing
the hostages in time?

well David cheers for us
and all the bad. How is Andy?

Love

David

The Seychelles and Australia

30/9/60

Island paradises have always beckoned me and I simply could not believe it when in mid October 1979 I actually set off to one of the most exotic in this part of the world. I had to go via Nairobi to pick up a visa for Australia; this part of the holiday was a miserable start as I got a poisoned finger and an upset stomach. Heavens, I thought, I only hope this is not going to be typical of the rest of the time! Fortunately, it wasn't.

The Seychelles islands are 80 miles north of the typhoon belt which hits Mauritius - as I heard only too clearly when 6 of my office staff there last Christmas described their first night - they had to be hauled out of upper windows as doors would not open, their suitcases floated in inches of water all night, some had no electricity nor water the whole time they were there, meals the first day were sandwiches and fruit. Nothing like that in the Seychelles. There are many islands, very few are habitable, the largest, Mahe, is about 40 miles long and never wider than 5. But there is a mountain range down the centre, and crossing over reminded of Swiss mountain passes. The population is a glorious mixture of French, African, Indian and Arab oh yes and Chinese. They appear to be a very happy crowd. I did not see real poverty anywhere, because there are so many fruit trees growing wild along the narrow coastal belts, and fish is for the asking. I watched one day on a beach near my hotel, while the fishermen went out 4 times to fish, and it took them longer to pull the fish out of the nets than it did to to and find and catch them - incredible. Because of the very pleasant climate houses don't have to be too substantial, and woollen clothes never needed - nor shoes. But of course the problem now with improved health services and growing population is that of work. Seychellois can be found all over East and Central Africa, as there is so little choice at home.

I stayed in a French hotel with a good reputation for cooking local food - we had octopus every night as a course at dinner. It was fairly small and homely. A group from the french magazine "Elle" were there, with models, photographing the following year's fashions, - they go every year, same time, same place. I went around with them as they hired MiniMokes and always had spare seats. So while they photo'd and modelled, I went off with my little moke and explored nearby beaches, swam and swam and swam, sunbathed, and ate french food. I went off on a 3 day boat trip to 2 other islands, spending a night on each. One had a famous valley where one particular kind of palm only grows, "coco de mer", so named because long ago when they were found floating on the sea, people thought they were from an underground palm they had never seen. There is also one kind of black parrot there, only I didn't see that, altho the guards insisted they could hear it. At the other islands even smaller, I hired a bike and cycled round mostly in the sand, which meant I walked as much as I cycled. Looking back now it all seems so unreal I can't believe I was there, - but I do have photos to prove it.

Another day I went on a glass bottomed boat to see the coral reef. That day it rained, and I was quite unprepared, fortunately it was so warm being wet did not matter. We then went on to visit a tiny little island owned by a Yorkshireman where he had refreshments for sale, and had built a tiny museum to show the different kinds of coral, and fish, and trees, and a bit of history thrown in. A walk round his paradise was also intended, only it was too wet. He was a real character (of course), about my age, living with a local family, and that was all. He had a boat which took him in half an hour to the capital of Mahe - Victoria, the main port. After having seen all this, I decided to look around for my own little island and set up a commune - by invitation only. So far, I haven't found one.

From here I flew to Singapore, last visited by me in 1958 on my way to Australia from Geneva. I stayed in the famous old hotel "Raffles" almost on the harbour, and rattled around in a 4 roomed suite that is so typical of all old Asian hotels. I was impressed by the development, tho sad so much has to be torn down, including Chinatown. Here I met an engineer from Iran, a charming girl, and that very weekend the drama there was unfolding, unknown to us.

30th September, 1980.

There were several good tours, and I packed the 3 days there with sightseeing always accompanied by very knowledgeable guides. Harbours and boats have always attracted me (that's why I am living 1,500 miles from the sea!) so I loved the harbour trip in an old Chinese junk. Another day I visited one of the many islands in the bay which has been turned into a recreation area, and the way there was by teleferique across the water - very thrilling. It is a terribly crowded country, reclaiming a mile a day from the sea, but fighting a losing battle.

Melbourne was my next stop - where I stayed between 3-4 weeks with my mother's cousin Trudy, in a seaside suburb. I could see the sea from her front gate, and walked down to the beaches every day. It wasn't very good weather, being their spring, (same as here) so I didn't actually get into the water more than 3 times. After the Indian Ocean, the freezing temperatures around the seas of Australia take some adjusting. I was really impressed at the changes since my last visit nearly 21 years ago. When I was there then, one in seven of all Australians had only arrived in the few years previous, and one had the feeling they were trying to pull it all together. Now it is so like America (tho they don't think so and would never agree) that I kept thinking I was there (USA). Trudy's younger son Wally won a lot of money in a racing lottery so bought a business and works a 3½ day week. So every Monday he took us out for the day along the beaches round Melbourne. A German girl, Doris, friend of the family, took me out and we struck up a very warm friendship which made a lot of difference to my stay. She had chucked up a good business career to take teacher training, and then could not find a job, but finally found temporary ones - what a sad, familiar story everywhere. We went to theatres and cinemas, and one simply superb day she took me to Philip Island, a wild life sanctuary, and there we watched the fairy penguins coming out of the sea at dusk, gathering on the beach in family groups, then waddling up the beach to the sand dunes where their babies were waiting for them - squaking loudly to guide them. Fairy penguins are only in this part of Australia, and the beach was floodlit for an hour and railed off so we could not disturb them. This island is fast becoming a holiday resort as well and most attractive. Cousin Wally and Sylvia his wife took me horse-racing to watch their prize possession win for the first time. So they said I was lucky. But I bet on a horse called "Muriel" that came last, so the luck was selective. We spent a weekend on this jaunt, staying at a motel, and by chance in the middle of the state of Victoria in a little village we found a superb restaurant with real cordon bleu chefesse - one of the vast differences from my visit 21 years ago when to eat out anywhere in Australia was purgatory. Doris took us for a drive in the hills behind Melbourne where we had tea with Peter and Rita Matthews - who had founded Mindolo, and with whom I had worked for 3 years when I first came out. They are growing protea, a flowering shrub which up until now only grew in southern Africa, and they are exporting them to Japan!

Trudy and I had planned to visit Tasmania, but the bureau intended to push that island's interests put us off because at that time the weather was so awful! I would have chanced it, but Trudy was having eye trouble, so we postponed it until my next visit. I met several friends I had made 21 years ago, in the Melbourne area.

On my way back I stopped in Bombay for 3 days. This time in an airconditioned modern hotel with swimmingpool, sauna, Turkish bath, massage, shops, several restaurants, and I sampled the lot. I took 3 tours here, and once again wondered how anyone can even try to govern India, with its appalling poverty, over-population, floods, droughts, caste, corruption, you name it, they have it. I could not help comparing the alert well informed guides in Singapore with the tired, seemingly disinterested, not well informed guides in Bombay; I felt so depressed it wasn't surprising that after having got up at 3am to be at the lousy temporary airport 2 hours ahead of time I should lose my ticket - after checking in - and waste all my time in Nairobi on the way back trying to get another one without paying - with no luck. That it should have happened to me amused all my friends very much indeed. And 8 months later I got my money back.

All round, one of the most wonderful holidays I have ever had.

duf

P. O. Box 193 (only until
Syracuse, New York 13210 July 1981

485 Linnville Road (permanent
Newark, Ohio 43055 address)

Sunday, 23rd Nov. 1980

Merry Christmas,

Snow. Two evening ago we had our first snowfall of the season and it was ever so beautiful. There was no bone-chilling win and I was properly dressed for it with a "russian" hat, padded jacket, my hiking boots and gloves. The snow started while I was in the Syracuse University (SU) Library and I decided to walk leisurely the 1½ kilometers to the parking area. The snow floated down and over me as I strolled along. Street lights reflected the white blanket on the shrubs, trees and houses. Cars moved slowly and almost silently beside me. When I reached my car, which had become an enormous chocolate drop with white icing, I also had begun to resemble a snowman! I had to drive slowly home on the slippery streets, but I had enjoyed it. The advent of a Syracuse winter seems to have lost the horrible threat of last year. I feel that this is a healthy sign!

During that walk I resolved to do something that I had resolved not to do again; write another Christmas circular. This one, however, will be strictly for you overseas, especially in Africa. So many of you have faithfully kept me up-to-date this year and all deserve to know what I've been up to in 1980. I somewhat regret that I personalized my letter a year ago by mentioning and thanking many of you by name. If this offended or endangered anyone, I am sorry. Anyway, no names this year!

Academe: January to July. My first big hurdle in February was finishing chapter one of my dissertation. If I didn't, I would lose my grant. I made the deadline on 15th February and although I felt that it was a mess, my advisor liked it. He maintains that writing the first chapter is the hardest! Anyway, my grant was renewed. What a relief.

Early in the year (until the end of May), the History Dept. asked me to assist a well-known and very fine professor of Modern British History. He is not only a great scholar and writer, but a lovely person and a superb speaker. I enjoyed my work very much. Also, during this time how nice to have Wim and Romana Hoppers visit. Needless-to-say, we had a lovely time chatting about Europe, America and Zambia. Pity there was not more time!

To the "Far North". In early May and again in October, I visited Dad and my stepmother in North Bay, Ontario. A friend from Toronto called that the "Far North". It is about 400 miles (644 kilometers) NNW of Syracuse. (Look at a map.) After crossing the Canadian border about 95 miles north of here you go north to the Ottawa River. You follow this Valley NW. What a gorgeous drive! Plus, no cities to go through. Unfortunately, on the first journey, which I made alone, the leaves had not come out yet and likewise on the last journey they had just fallen off. I hope I can see him again next summer when the northlands have their full array of leaves. He is literally building his own church. But although he is an extraordinary youthful 75, I was horrified to hear that he did the work on the roof while someone 18 held the ladder below! Still I'm happy he is enjoying a new lease on life!

"Go West, Young Man, Go West!". Well, I did. Go west that is. In May, Zindi and I travelled to the Pacific (by air) and used up money the Internal Revenue Service (American version of PAYE) had given us as an unexpected, mutual, tax refund. (In 1976-8, we overpaid American taxes due to bad advice. I'm glad that the government checked our payment.) Anyway, we flew to San Francisco which is most charming. After a brief stay we rented a car and drove north. We passed through the Redwoods and in one case literally drove through an enormous tree. These trees are 200-400 feet tall with a very big girth. The one we drove through had a narrow road through it. After the Redwoods, we meandered back and forth between the oceans and mountains until they met in British Columbia (Canada). The high point of the trip was Crater Lake. It is hard to explain briefly but the top of a volcanic mountain blew off eons of time ago and has been replaced by a gorgeous, extremely deep and very blue lake. Snow still covered the surrounding mountains and it was quite a memorable view.

The next ten days in mid-May were a continuation of this lovely pattern of gorgeous driving through America's Northwest and Canada's British Columbia. The climate is mild, called "British type" with cool summers and warm winters. The terrain, however, is very rugged, more like Norway, I'm told. Indeed it was the most beautiful mountain/ocean combinations that I've ever seen. (Anyone in Zambia who has never seen an ocean or real mountains will just have to fantasize.) Combined with this were some of the cleanest and most livable cities in North America: San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver. In short, very lovely.

Plus, Mt. St. Helens provided drama. I had only heard of it in geography class. When we were only a few miles south, the first big eruption occurred. Fortunately for us the ash went east. We then blithely continued our journey and ignored it until it caught us eight days later in Seattle. As it spread ash eastwards, we went west to the coast and then north into Canada. Afterwards the ash covered the coastal regions we had just left. It was just as we were about ready to leave Seattle and drive south that we learned it had erupted for a third time and the road was closed. To avoid risking a car breakdown, we "chickened" and flew out.

"In the Good, Ole Summertime". This was my first full summer in America in ten years. I was busy but enjoyed it. After the cold of a Syracuse winter, I really felt "light"--hard to explain! (Cold it was. In February the temperature reached -22°C and the "chill temperature" reached a -35°C .) Also, after the good holidays in May, my brain felt less frazzled, or some such word. Hence in June I really enjoyed writing chapter two of my dissertation. My advisor likes it, and I feel much happier about writing the remainder.

After that, despite the objection of several people, I stopped writing and took two courses in adult education "to find out what I should have done in Solwezi that I didn't know I should do." The good progress on my writing ended and I regret this, but I updated my knowledge of adult education and met many new friends. By August I had decided that we had not been doing too much wrong in the NWP that was not in accordance with the latest theories.

My last summer activity was moving into a new apartment. Although my roommate and I got along okay, we lived in different worlds. Hence with relief, I moved into my own smaller, "one bedroom" apartment in August. A "one bedroom" means that I have a large kitchen/dining area, sitting room, bedroom and bath. Just

right for me to manage easily by myself and hence I am happy. But as some of you will know, moving 1000 plus books is no joke. Furthermore, I live on the first floor, or as we crazy Americans say, the "second floor", i.e. up one flight of stairs. So I ended my summer with sore muscles. (Zindi, of course, still has her large apartment with her brother in N.Y.C.)

Academe: Fall (Autumn). If summer was busy, fall has been an impossible mixture of teaching early American history again and learning how to use the SU computers for writing my dissertation. This overload has ended in my making a major decision. Quite correctly I assumed that I would help students write papers in American history. The work has been heavy. Still it has been enjoyable as I have now gained a better understanding of American youth, ages 18-20. Helping students write about colonial life and the Salem witchcraft trials of 1692--in which 18 people were hanged for being witches--may be interesting, but has not helped me finish writing about the NWP of Zambia!

Computers. In mid-September I began a series of three short courses on how to use the computers at our large computing centre. Although I still know very little, I am learning how to "interact" with the large DEC10. (I've ignored other more elaborate systems.) The possibilities for any field of study including history are mind boggling! I hope to start placing all my dissertation chapters on the DEC10 by early January and do all future writing and editing on it as well. The computer is already like an extra pair of hands. If I lease a computer terminal, I can use the university computer at home. I will simply dial a special telephone number, place the telephone on a "cradle" and I will be connected directly. Amazing isn't it! I hope it proves as successful as it promises to be.

My teaching plus the new excitement with the world of computers has resulted in a slowdown in my writing. Hence early this month, I made a drastic "make or break" decision. I am giving up the grant from SU. I will not have to teach anymore after mid-December, and I can write fulltime. If I write fast and finish by September, I will be all right, otherwise I will be in trouble! Wish me luck!

Exercise, health and football. I'm ever so grateful. Throughout the year my health has been good. I try to swim vigorously four or five times a week at the SU pool. (Jogging is very popular here, but doesn't appeal to me.) I have stabilized my weight at 180 pounds and in May stopped that horrible Valium entirely. Except for extremely illness, I never want to take any kind of drugs again.

Big excitement here. SU has a new domed stadium. It holds 55,000 people. In the last few months I have watched six American-style football games indoors. Just picture the largest stadium in Kenya, Tanzania or Zambia expanded to this size and covered! The roof is held up without pillars by special supports using warm air. Hard to explain! I'll try to send you postcards next year showing it. Remind me if I forget.

1981. Last week I got a call from a friend here who is 38. He has cancer and possibly will die soon. Our lives are but tender plants. Hence to forecast the next year is to invite disappointment and/or disaster. But we must hope and plan a little. If the Lord wills, I hope to obviously finish my dissertation and look for a job. I am not giving up coming back but I am feeling very middle aged despite my good health. This is probably the time to start work here again and build up social security for eventual retirement

25 Nov. 1980

My dear Muriel,

Many thanks for your lovely letters in the last two months. I am afraid I let my work overwhelm me to the extent that I am now writing the first letters since August!

As my second annual(!) Christmas chronicle indicates, my life has been quite the opposite of yours for 1980, very placid. This was what I needed. With my own little flat in Syracuse, I am quite independent from everyone--as much so as when I was in Solwezi. Am on great terms with my family and Zindi. Not dependent on anyone and no one in turn dependent on me. So am at peace!

You have certainly had a dramatic year and I also hope you can have a little peace and quiet--assuming you desire that--in 1981. So sorry about your aunt and Seretse. It must have been terribly tiring and trying. So glad that you had a good holiday before. Sounds like the Seychelles, etc., was just what you needed. May be gave you the strength you needed to face the rest of the year.

Am so sorry to hear that Zambia is still being so traumatized. It does make me so very sad. Personally, I still think you may be better off in Kitwe than Lusaka. Good luck to you as you struggle to make wise decisions. May be times will take a bright turn. We must hope.

Amused about your TV experience. You will note my curious fascination with the new mechanical and technological wonders of our age! Am amazed at what is possible.

Look, take care and do keep in touch. If you need anything from here, just say the word.

Love

David

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25th November 180.

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Love D - 1