

1981

16th May 1981

My dear David,

Yours was the only Easter card I received — so many thanks! I usually get a few — but not this year. I've just re-read you Christmas letters — duplicated and personal. You mentioned winter — it's really come early here — tho' not below zero. We had an excellent rainy season, (nearly all at night) and at the beginning of April it suddenly stopped, and became cool quickly. Then at the end of April we suddenly got more rain, not sudden showers, but solid spells. Lusaka had 3 days non-stop (!) and Kitwe had 24 hours. It was really cold and windy, more like Jo'burg. Since then, it's been bitterly cold at night, tho' quite warm at mid-day for 2-3 hours. Anyway, our maize crop is excellent and provided we don't leave it rotting, should even be able to export.

I hope you've been able to get on with your writing at the speed you would like. For me, after 21 years in Zambia, it's impossible to imagine how a computer could help you write a thesis. I'll take your word for it! I was also fascinated at a sports complex dome supported by hot air — incredible! I was thrilled this past week as "my" football team in the UK was in the Cup Final, and the satellite picture on TV was much clearer than the normal picture from Lusaka. Last Saturday was a draw, so we had an extra game on Thursday, also televised here, which my team won! This was thanks to Lonhro "the unacceptable face of capitalism"!

Next month — 26th June — I'm off to the UK for 6 weeks. I haven't been for 3 years, so will tour round and visit as many friends as possible. I'm really looking forward to it. Ruth will be there some of the same time, so I'll meet her and we're going to Eastbourne for 2-3 days. I'll also be there for the wedding of the year. So I'm wondering if any of my American or European friends will be there for the celebrations.

Life here remains tense and unhappy. There are groups of gangsters (armed) terrorising the main towns again, and the police seem to be powerless.

Over May day we had the inevitable rallies and speeches. I drove to Ndola and the P. Minister was following shortly and all the CB police must have been along that road, stationed every few yards. So, a field day for the burglars. Musakanya is now in Lundazi jail and Shamwana in Chipata — to cut them off, presumably. Their lawyer handled a petition and was P. I.'d. we heard this week the mining companies are to be amalgamated and we have a enormous IMF loan. We still lack many basic commodities. There have been no import licenses granted since December. What you read in Af. Conf. about Ghana recently just about fits us, too.

I am hoping to visit N. America next year, so hope to see you then— wherever you'll be working. Make it somewhere scenic!

Cheerio, all the best,

Love Muriel

My dear David,

1609 ~~May~~ ~~1986~~ ~~1986~~

Yours was the only Easter card I received - so many thanks!
I usually get a few - but not this year. I've just read
your Christmas letters - duplicated and personal. You mentioned
winter - it's really come early here - tho' not below zero.
We had an excellent rainy season, (nearly all at night)
and at the beginning of April it suddenly stopped, and
became cool quickly. Then at the end of April
we suddenly got more rain, not sudden showers but
solid spells. Lusaka had 3 days non-stop (!) and Kitwe
had 24 hours. It was really cold & windy, more like
Jo'burg. Since then, it's been bitterly cold at night,
tho' quite warm at mid-day for 2-3 hours. Anyway,
our maize crop is excellent & provided we don't
leave it rotting, should even be able to export.

I hope you've been able to get on with your writing
at the speed you would like. For me, ^{after} 10 years in Zambia
it's impossible to imagine how a computer could help
you write a thesis. I'll take your word for it!

I was also fascinated at a sports complex dome supported
by hot air - incredible! I was thrilled this past week,
as "my" football team in the UK was in the Cup Final,
and the satellite picture on T.V. was much clearer
than the normal picture from Lusaka. Last Saturday
was a draw, so we had an extra game on Thursday,
also televised here, which my team won! This was
thanks to Kouho - "the unacceptable face of capitalism".

Next month - 26th June - I'm off to the UK for 6
weeks. I haven't been for 3 years, so will tour round
and visit as many friends as possible. I'm really looking
forward to it. Ruth will be there some of the same
time, so I'll meet her & we'll join in Eastbourne for
2-3 days. I'll also be there for the wedding of the year.
So I'm wondering if any of my American or European friends
will be there for the celebrations.

Life here remains tense and unhappy. There are
gangs of gangsters (armed) terrorising the main towns
again, & the police seem to be powerless.

over May day we had the inevitable rashes & swarms. I
 drove to Ndola & the P. Minister was following
 shortly & all the CB police must have been along
 that road, stationed every few yards. So, a first
 day for the burglars. Tusakanya is now in Lundazi
 jail and Shamwana in Chipata - to cut them off, presumably.
 Their lawyer handled a petition & was P.I'd. We
 heard this week the mining companies are to be amalgamated
 & we have a ginormous IMF loan, we still lack many
 basic commodities. There have been no import licences granted
 since December. What you read in Af. Conf. about Ghana
 recently just about fits us too. I am hoping to visit N. America next year, so
 hope to see you then - wherever you'll be working. Make it
 somewhere scenic. Cheers, all the best,

16th May 80



ENCLOSURES ARE NOT PERMITTED

Kitwe
 Box 21607
 Ndola

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

SECOND FOLD HERE

Mr David Lottkin
 P.O. Box 193,
 SYRACUSE
 New York 13210
 U.S.A.



AIR LETTER
 SAVE IT PROGRAMME
 BY AIR MAIL
 PAR AVION

Kitwe, 12th Nov. 1981

Addendum to form letter dated 25th October 1981

Many thanks for your two postcards from Canada and Syracuse. Both arrived before I went away. Yes, I did get back refreshed, and I realised how foolish I was not to have taken a few days after my aunt died, — by the time I went in June, I was pretty tired and ratty.

The local wildlife society has managed to get David Attenborough's series "Life on Earth" so for the past 13 weeks I've been fascinated by his achievement every Sunday evening.

We had a group of 4 "Y" women from America visit us last week on a study tour — economic independence and copper. There were 2 older white and 2 younger black, the latter rather aggressively racialistic. I hosted one white and 2 local Y members. It was an interesting 3 days.

I'm hoping to visit the USA next year, and possibly Canada. I haven't made an itinerary yet, but will probably fly B Cal to Atlanta. It will be in July-Aug. time, so my teaching friends (the majority) will be free. I'll keep you in touch when my plans start to "jell". What are your 1982 plans? I'm determined to see the Grand Canyon.

Best wishes and all the best.

Love

Muriel

PO Box 21607, Kitwe

25th October, 1981

*Posted UNNF H
received about
20th Nov*

My dear, *David,*

I read Clive James articles each week in the "Observer," and wish I could imitate his style to write a witty letter. But both my advancing age and the October heat and humidity combine to dull my evening efforts, and somehow weekends get more and more busy. This has been Independence weekend, and we all hoped an extra day would be added, as Saturday is not really a working day for most people - but no luck.

It's been the 5th Independence I have celebrated within one month. Quite a record. On 25th September I went to Botswana for 10 days, as Ruth was to receive a medal on their independence on 29th. I had forgotten that Nigeria celebrates 1st October, and Swaziland is I think the 5th, and I never had realised that China celebrates something on 27th September. I had imagined a nice quiet 10 days out at the farm, 15 miles from Gaborone, reading and writing. During that time I only had 2 main meals at the farm. One day we had drinks with Ian, lunch with Jackie and the kids at the Holiday Inn, coffee with a doctor friend, tea with the British High commissioner where Ruth scrounged flower cuttings from their magnificent garden, drinks and change of clothes with Jackie at her house, Nigerian reception back at the Holiday Inn (I only ate caviar - red and black-) and finally dinner with an old friend who has his own law practice. Then when we did get home, we had to unload the aforementioned flower cuttings and dump them in buckets of water. Ruth assures me its not always like this, but the rest of the week wasn't much slacker. The Botswana Council of Women had their turn to organise the independence Ball, always attended by the President, so 2 afternoons Ruth and I spent trying to decorate the Town Hall along with other members of the BCW. Decorations are not my strong point, but I did my best.

The President and his wife were in Australia for the meeting of Commonwealth heads of state, so the VP was acting Pres., and he is Seretse's cousin.

Army Chief was also out somewhere so Ian was acting head of the army. So Ruth received her medal from her brother in law (by African custom) and her son! It was a real family affair. I sat with Jackie and her 2 boys, trying to keep them amused, no easy task for 5 hours. They had school kids doing acrobatics, the Zambian national dance troupe visiting and performing much better than I have ever seen them before, one man climbed up a pole that swayed around in the breeze, and he really acted the fool, and lay across the top, it was most impressive. The army finished it all off with a mock war but it was rather humourously done, Ian had been rehearsing them for weeks. The twins were rushing round all over taking pictures.

The Chinese cocktail party (including masses of luscious food) was quite different from usual owing to the presence of a table tennis team touring southern Africa. I have never seen table tennis like it. Real Borg-MacEnroe league. They also played against the acting President, and Ian, and anyone else who like to have a go, and borrowed Ruth's table next day to give a demonstration in the nearby village. There was no team good enough to take them on. The Nigerian "do" is always extravagant, they had also got the Zambian dance troupe there, it was held in the hotel grounds. The Ball was rather quiet and dull, they had the army band which was 2 bands in one, and mixed the music very well, but somehow it never sparked to life. With a few other private lunch and dinner parties, that was the week, that was.

Back here in Zambia, things were rather different. We had no VIP to visit Kitwe, so the local acting District Governor, one Mrs. Betty Chemwembe, (known to some of you) took the rostrum in the park, and gave the speech we always hear, and the councillors sang "Tiyende Pamodzi", and they had a disco inbetween! I dashed home as I had people coming to lunch. As we sat beside the pool, flopping in and out as it got hotter and hotter, eating our lovely steaks and surrounded by my agapanthas, strelitzias, bougainvillea, and the rest, we felt life was very hard indeed! One friend, Gordon Folbigg, can never resist denouncing the awful hardships we suffer, tongue in cheek, comparing our lot to the freezing dull long winter being tolerated by our friends overseas!

25th October '82

I forgot to say that Ruth is making a very busy life for herself, keeping up all her former charitable activities, and starting a new one - the SOS Village Project. Right now she is on her way to Manila in the Philippines for a world Red Cross conference and council, and had piles of material to get through beforehand. Her house is looking very nice after all the alterations. It was originally built with four circular rooms (rondavels) joined in the middle. She has made a sort of stalk to the four-leaved clover shape, and added rooms between, it is very attractive, the circular rooms are very large. It is a struggle gardening there with such poor rainfall, and having to dig so deep for a borehole she is careful with the water, so she goes in for desert type flowers, with a few roses and others which she does water. We put some seeds in, planted the geraniums and landscaped a bit, inbetween our ~~own~~ outings. We had to chase out the goats once or twice, and there is one goose left which is so ferocious some nights we had to sit in the car until somebody shooed it away! It obviously makes a difference having the family around, her grandsons visit her often for a weekend; one twin is studying agriculture at a nearby college, the other is still in his garage.

In September the President of the World YWCA visited Zambia after a big refugee conference in Zimbabwe; I was able to be in Lusaka for 5 days, as our office there was short of staff, so was included in the delegation of 5 which visited KK in State House. We were asked to be there at 6, but KK was told 6.30, and we were ushered in to find him sitting relaxed with a minister, just off the little golf course he has there. So we rather rudely shattered their hilarious joke sharing relaxation, and he dashed off the wash and change while we had tea. The Y President, Nita Burrows is from Barbados, her brother was Prime Minister for a time, and they were both studying in Britain while Seretse was there, so I probably met her in the forties. She is a fantastic woman, very lively, keen brain, good mixer, and a real leader, we all had a great time. She attended our executive meeting which was postponed to coincide with her being around, she saw some of the Lusaka projects in peri urban areas and squatter townships; we were invited to tea with the Prime Minister; and had a lunch for trustees; it made a very welcome break indeed from the routine, but maybe some of you are thinking life is nothing but welcome breaks - where is the routine? Good question. I was also in Lusaka the previous weekend for the wedding of my very old friends Braim and Jessie Nkhonde's second daughter, the last to be married.

My friend Margaret Miller was our minister at St. Margarets for just a year, then we were handed over to a Scottish minister, Donald Walker, and his wife Judith. They are very nice, have done 4 months up in the northern bush at a Catholic centre for language study and local orientation into customs, etc. I had resisted losing Margaret, but it was doomed to be a losing battle, even tho most of our church wanted to keep her. But we are very happy with the Walkers. About 6 or 7 years ago the churches in Africa decided that they would phase out missionaries, but the leaders' decision was not accepted by the local presbyteries and in the past month 3 couples have arrived to go to Mbereshi, Mbala and Kashinda! One Canadian couple have 4 kids, and are hoping to keep them here, but educations will be an awful problem, even in the big towns it's difficult, but way out in little market towns, the only hope is to teach them oneself. I am sure the eldest two will be sent back, as apart from other things, they miss friends and normal school activities.

I got behind with reading my "Observers" when I went to Botswana, as they were delayed, so I read the magazine sections all together. While writing this, I am very conscious of the extremely dull excerpts from Gerald Lascelles' autobiography. Even though he is writing about quite exciting events, he manages to make it as dull as ditchwater. I hope I don't keep on writing the same things I have written in previous years.

21st October, '88

I now have a security guard at night, and what a character he is. I resisted for a long time as I thought - and still think- they are pretty useless. But there is a 2 hourly check during the night by corporals and sergoants, on bikes in pairs, or in a van. Moses is small, lame, crawls around at snailspace, and if the chips were down I would undoubtedly be defending him'. But he 2 great qualities- he doesn't drink, and he comes to work every evening early, even pay day. The local companies sack on average 30 each every month because of drunken-ness and absence for 2 or 3 days after getting paid. He has a lovely habit of ringing the front door bell at oddtimes to ask me to explain a picture he has in a magazine, or to show me a small grass snake he has killed, or to tell me he is hungry. I feed him every evening, and leave him a flask of tea or coffee when I go to bed. One evening last week he was a bit later than usual, and as I looked out for him, he arrived carrying a live chicken under each arm. I didn't know whether to laugh or scream at him! He had bought them in the market, why on earth he didn't wait till next morning I never managed to establish. Well, I have 4 cats and one dog, and they all love chicken. I told him I accepted no responsibility for them, but when I realised he had nowhere to keep them I lent him my catbasket. I had to get up to go to the loo one morning around 4am, and was just sitting down when I heard a cough right outside the window - I nearly jumped out of my pyjama trousers! He and my house servant, Francis, do not like each other, altho' they practically never meet, and I have to listen to tales from them both about the sins of the others. Francis announced solemnly one day that Moses had leprosy, because he didn't walk properly. I also have a gardner who works saturdays and sundays and 2 weekdays, because earlier this year I was burgled twice on the weekend during the day, both times while at church or a church meeting. So they are my extended family. I have to listen to all their problems, (usually financial) but sometimes marriage or helping them obtain things such as roof tiles, blankets, clothes. Every time I go out of the country Francis presents me with a list of items. Half of them are obtainable locally, but there is real prejudice against anything made in Zambia. So we haggle, bargain, until the list is reasonable.

I had a hectic six weeks in England from the end of June to early August. During that time I never slept more than 3 nights consecutively in the same bed. To my surprise I got my second wind about half way through. I did not manage to see quite a lot of friends. While I was there Ruth came over so we had nearly a week together, mostly in Eastbourne, and that was the week of The Royal Wedding. I watched the bonfire on Beachy Head being lit, and enjoyed the fireworks display provided by local residents. Quite a crowd of us stood on the parade and watched. Ruth and I spent one day wandering round on local buses (a novelty for us both) visiting the places where she was stationed in the war as a WAAF. I was appalled at how much prices had risen, and there are even one or two things which are more expensive than Zambia- but not many. Those of you who read about the missing Kenya wedding gift would be fascinated to know that I actually witnessed its handing over in the VIP lounge at Heathrow! Ruth came over with Charles Njonjo of Kenya, having stayed the weekend with the family, and as we waited this character from the Royal Household drifted in, and then the Kenyan Ambassador to Britain, who I knew for years in Nairobi working for the Christian Council, and the WCC - Kiplagat. So it was quite a merry party when Ruth and Charles arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ hour late, and the latter couldn't wait to hand over the soap-stone chess-set.

This letter is rather shorter than usual. I have told you several times about shortages and armed robberies and general insecurity - and they don't improve quite the contrary. But one just lives with them - rather like the war. One very positive thing for me personally is thae fact that I bought some wheat germ oil capsules in England, recommended 3 years ago, and which I can't get here and forgot to look for; and to my amazement they appear to have made a big difference to my rheumatism. I get less pain, and I have more movement. So I am delighted. I still attend yoga classes, but my friend/teacher has just been away for 7 weeks, so they were cancelled for that time, and I have been away, so lately I haven't been to many. I do myself keep it up a little each day, but not as much as I should.

Best wishes for Christmas, and the New year, to youe all.

Postcard to Alex & Muriel

P.O. Box 175,
REgo Park, New York 11374
9th December 1981

My dear Muriel,

I really enjoyed your letter that reached me in Syracuse just before I left at the end of last month. I just re-read it an hour ago. Sounds as if you have had a most interesting year despite the problems that seem never to end in Zambia. Hope your wheat germ oil continues to make your life far more comfortable.

Alex & Muriel
(a)

I decided not to write a form letter this year. It has been unusual, ^{from} ~~and~~ boring to unusual, but not the kind that makes form letters exciting. ~~As usual in the~~ January to May and June to September were placid and unexciting in the extreme, except for the stimulation of my dissertation, ^{as earlier in the year} I needed the peace and quiet, and in fact wanted it, but not much to recall at the end of the week except that I could not find some particular book that I needed to record in a footnote, or that I only wrote a few paragraphs and did not necessarily like those. In fact, ^{despite your encouraging comments, I had decided} I was not meant to be a writer. Unfortunagely, I did not discover this until I was halfway through my dissertation So, I must try to complete this, ~~at least~~. Then no more!

(b)

September to Novemver turned out to be traumatic in two ways. (I'm ignoring my visit to Newfoundland and the Canadian Maritimes in May as I think I told you about them. If not, the story will wait until we meet.) I visited North Bay, Ontario, for ^{one} the Labor Day weekend ^(the first weekend in Sept) with Zindi and another South African lady. Zindi acted strange and distant and I thought ~~something~~ was wrong. A fortnight later she was admitted to the hospital extremely ill. She had been trying to hide it. I started coming down to N.Y.C. for rather long periods.

(c)

Meanwhile, I had decided to rewrite the first three chapters of my dissertation that I had just re-written in the summer. I acquired an excellent editor and she felt my writing style was atrocious and that I needed to have a basic, crash course in basic methods. I agreed ~~totally~~ but my chief advisor was less than happy. He just wanted me to finish. He feels content is everything. ^{Style is much less important.} If it is archane, ^{so what?} The result, ~~a~~ philosophical tangle over the purpose of a dissertation. What a mess!

9th December, 1981

The last few months have, thus, been a total chaotic mess. I laughed when you asked me what I was planning for the next year. I don't know what I'm planning for January, except to keep healthy. Actually, that is most worthy in itself.

To diadeviate, my daily goal since leaving Zambia, and especially in the last year, has been to keep myself sane, physically healthy, and a good sense of humor. All are actually interrelated. And to deviate further, I have been swimming about three times a week for the last two years, doing morning exercises, and have started lifting weights. Hence, I have added an inch or so to my chest. (Still a fat middle-aged spread, however.) Hope I can keep this up. The YMCA where I now live ^{near} is a daily must.

(C) Now back to the story. We simply don't know what happened to Zindi. They thought it was a version of "black lung", not cancer as such nor TB. But they are still not sure. Her blood platelet count became critical. But then, she suddenly started getting better. By early October she was out of the hospital and planning to start work. She continues to improve. Still has a shortness of breath when climbing stairs, etc. They are puzzled, we are puzzled, etc. The future is not really dark, but murky if you know what I mean.

(C) I spent a lot of time and money on both the trips to NYC and my re-writing. So, I decided by the end of October that the sane decision was to come and take care of her, or keep an eye on her. Hence, I made the decision that I had avoided --living in NYC. So as of ^{1st December} ~~one week ago~~ here I am. I am trying to think positively and I think that now I will get along okay.

(D) Syracuse University has been good to me. My advisors ^{K and Zindi} approved of the change. I am still enrolled and have all the time that I need to finish, i.e. no rigid deadlines. It is just getting back into things and submitting. By the time that I left, my new editor was pleased and all three other advisors. ^{think I} I now know the importance of a topic sentence in professional writing! ~~At least I think I do.~~ If I keep at it, ~~the task I assume that 1982 will be the end of the task.~~ (I had ^{promised} ~~said~~ this ^{in 1981} ~~December.~~) Hereafter, definitely only articles.

X) Although I did enjoy sitting by the pool in our apartment complex in Syracuse and writing this summer, I'm just too jumpy and have to virtually tie myself in the chair.

9th December, 1981.

-3-

So, I'm not sure what I will be doing in 1982. I would love to see you and if you can get to ~~the~~ God's forsaken little corner of America, i.e. NYC, you have a bed. I have turned the spare bedroom into a study and it is yours for the asking. I could give you a lift out to Montauk, the tip of Long Island, a very lovely and relaxing place. It is the opposite of the Grand Canyon!

Will try to keep you informed of my plans and any changes but I doubt if there will be any. I want to see how Zindi gets along. So, you'll probably find me at my present abode. My home address is: 61-15-98th St., Apt. 4E

Rego Park, NY 11374

telepbhne: (212) 271-0084.

If you get here, I'll be glad to get you into the new women's weight lifting class at the Y. Or some such thing. How about karate?!

Handwritten: D
Handwritten: Home in R.P.
Handwritten: SPARE
My study (cum/bedroom) looks towards the Trade Towers in lower Manhattan and up the Long Island Expressway. More cars go by in one hour than exist in Zambia, so I have the traffic to keep me company during the day.

Handwritten: D *Handwritten: NYC*
Hey, enough! I've written you a personal chapter of my rather strange last year. Much love and the best for 1982. Again, a definite invitation, just pop in! Your know the merits and demerits of NYC!

Much love and wished,

David Wilkin

Handwritten: D
P.S. Miriam Makeba is at Carnegie Hall this weekend. Will tell you about it in my next letter.

1982

Kitwe, 23rd Jan 1982

My dear David,

Many thanks for yours of the 9th Dec. I was so sorry to hear of the reason you had to move to NY and I hope Zindi is still making good progress. It must have been a very worrying time for both of you. I can't tell you the number of times I've said to myself (and whoever else is around) "I'll never do — " — and ended up doing it. So I know the feeling.

I wonder how you're surviving the Arctic conditions. In the UK it's really dreadful, and now there's a thaw everywhere is flooded. Our rains started late, then after 2-3 weeks stopped for all December, so lots of maize died. We therefore had a very bad Christmas, I was swimming at 9 pm - it made entertaining very easy. I more or less had friends in and was invited out 50:50 over the two holiday weekends. Normally I find New Year too soon after Christmas, but this year I enjoyed it.

I was interested to read about your dissertation — writing problems and couldn't help wondering how you got so far without realising the problem before!

By the way, Wilfred Grenville Grey is in New Your, working for the Southern Africa Defence and Aid Fund, Room 777 in the UN building. Why not look him up? He and Edith are separated, but he goes back for school holidays and stays at their home.

I've discovered I can buy a book of tickets from here to fly around the USA very cheaply (sticking to one airline). So, I don't have to make a rigid schedule. I plan to visit NY anyway as Wilfred is there, so will let you know details, it's most likely to be at the end of my time in August. I'll remember your offer of a room, but I also have an American friend with whom I, on West 75th Street, once shared a flat in Geneva. She may be away tho' in her cabin in Pennsylvania. I've done no more planning yet. Cheerio and all the best to you both.

Love

Muriel



TURNBULL, GIBSON & COMPANY (ZAMBIA) LTD.

TELEGRAMS TURNCO
TELEPHONE 2224/5

Box 21607 Kitwe

YOUR REF _____
OUR REF _____

23rd Jan 82

AFCOM-HOUSE
OBOTE AVENUE
P.O. BOX 104
KITWE, ZAMBIA

My dear David, many thanks for yours of the 9th Dec. I was so sorry to hear of the reason you had to move to NY and I hope Zindi is still making good progress. It must have been a very, very busy time for both of you. I can't tell you the number of times I've said to myself (if whoever else is around) "I'll never do ---" and ended up doing it.

So I know the feeling.

I wonder how you're surviving the Arctic conditions. In the UK it's really dreadful, I now there's a threat everywhere is flooded. Our rains started late, then after 2-3 weeks stopped for all December, so lots of maize died. We therefore had a very hot Christmas, I was swimming at 9pm, it was entertaining very easy. I was or less out had friends in I was invited out to 150 over the two holiday weekends. Normally I find New Year too soon after Christmas but this year I enjoyed it.

I was interested to read about your dissertation - writing problems and couldn't help wondering how you got so far without realising the problem before!

By the way, Wilfrid Cwenille Croy is in New York, working for the Southern Africa Defence Aid Fund, Room 777 in the UN Building. Why not look him up? He & Edith are separated, but he goes back for school holidays & stays at their home.

SPECIALISTS IN TRAVEL BY AIR, LAND AND SEA

OFFICES IN KITWE, CHINGOLA, MUFULIRA, NDOLA, LUSAKA & LONDON

MEMBER OF THE JARDINE MATHESON GROUP OF COMPANIES

I've discovered I can buy a book of tickets from here to fly around the USA very cheaply (sticking to one airline). So I don't have to make a rigid schedule. I plan to visit NY anyway as Wilfrid is there, so will let you know details; it's most likely to be at the end of my time in August. I'll remember your offer of a room, but I also have an American friend with whom I once shared a flat in Geneva. She may be away tho' in her cabin in Pennsylvania. I've done no more planning yet. Cheers & all the best to you both
 Love Chival

OLD HERE

23rd January 1980

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

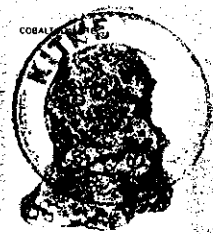
~~TURNBULL, GIBSON & Co. (Zambia) Ltd.~~
~~AFCOM HOUSE~~
~~OBOTE AVENUE~~
~~P.O. BOX 104~~
 KITWE, ZAMBIA

Chival Sanders Bar 21607

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIRMAIL
 AIR LETTER
 PAR AVION
 AEROGRAMME



ZAMBIA 18n

Mr David Wilkins
 P.O. Box 175
 Rego Park,
 New York 11374
 USA

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

New York City, 7th April 1982

Dear Muriel,

Can you improve on this?! After a good old-fashioned winter, we got a pre-Easter blast of cold air that breaks all records! Tuesday, after we got a foot of snow, we had winds of up to 50 m.p.h. and temperatures plunged in NYC to 20° F. (I dread thinking what Syracuse was like!!) I trust "Zambia in the Sun" is a better place right now! Instead of Easter array this weekend, people are digging out Christmas togs just put away! Anyway!

My diss. is approaching the final parts. I might need to get work before I finish, but may still complete okay. Am now sitting in quite well to the fast pace here. Zindi is slowly improving. So everything together I'm quite happy. Now, just a little bit of spring and I can ask for no more!

Do look me up. Will take you out on the town if you have the time. I don't blame you for preferring the Upper West Side with your friend to Queens, although Rego Park is nice. Still, if she is away, you have a bed! Otherwise, I'll settle for just taking you out and helping you to see whatever you have missed in prior journeys. Have you been out to Montauk?! Or say what!

I should have moved to the Berkshires, or the Rockies, or Alaska! My phone no. and address!

Much love

David Wilkin

Remember
with additions

7th
~~11th~~ April 1982

Dear Murch,

Can you improve on this?! After a good ole' fashioned winter, we get a ^{pre-} Easter blast of cold air that breaks all records! ~~Yesterday~~ ^{Tuesday}, a storm got a foot of snow, we had winds of up to 50 mph + temperatures plunged in NYC to 20°F. (I dread thinking what Syracuse was like!!) I trust "Zambia in the Sun" is a better place right now! Instead of Easter array this weekend, ~~people~~ are digging out Christmas toys just put away! Anyway!

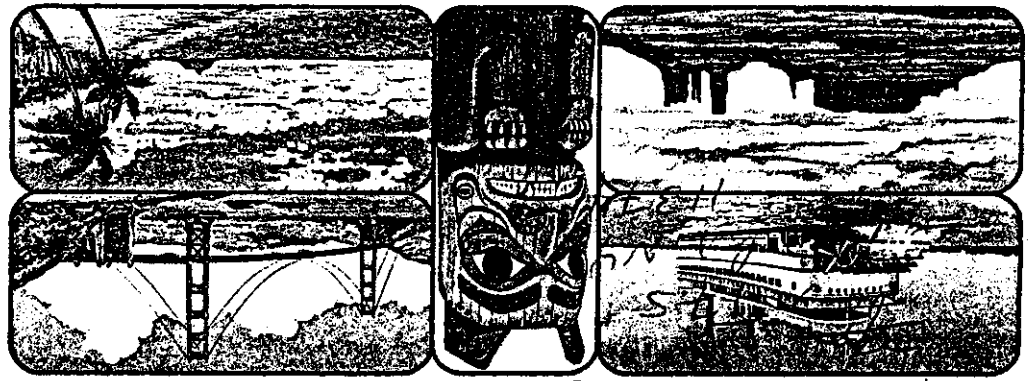
My diss. is approaching the final parts. I might need to get work before I finish but may still complete okay. Am now settling in quite well to the fast pace here. Zindi is slowly improving. So everything together I'm quite happy. Now, just a little bit of spring & I can ask for no more!
~~text~~ Do look me up. Will take you out on the town if you have the time. I don't
I. referring the upper west

7th April, 1982

to Queens, although life Park is nice.
Still, if she is away, you have a bed!
Otherwise, I'll ^{settle for} just taking you out ~~at~~
helping you to see whatever you have missed in
prior journeys. Have you been out to
Montant?! Or say what!

I should have moved to the
Berksires, or the Rockies, or Alaska!
~~my~~ phone. + address! Much love
David Wilkin

Do not use tape or stickers to seal—No enclosures permitted
① Fold first at notches
← Additional message area



③ Seal top flap last

③ Seal top flap last

② Second fold

AEROGRAMME • VIA AIR MAIL • PAR AVION

Ms. Murel Sanderson,
Box 21607,
Kite, 2A MB, A



Tour
The
United
States

30c



© USPS 1980

See the U.S.A... vacationland of the world!

2nd May 1982

Dear David,

*received 5 May 5²
PC sent in May*

Many thanks for yours of last month. I have finally got around to making some bookings and drawing up some sort of plan for the big holiday. Of course I shall come to New York, I actually have 3 other friends, one is Wilfrid Grenville Grey, who I am sure you know. But he may well be back in the UK in August, when I plan to arrive in your city (I know, it's a terrible time).

I leave her on June 24th, and then to Atlanta on 30th, en route to Knoxville Tenn. My 2 friends from Chicago will meet me at the Grand Canyon for a few days, then we go on to California, where I have 2 former MEF friends. Then to Denver, and St. Louis, and Grand Rapids, all to visit former MEF friends, before heading south to Boston and then New York, sometime during the second week of August. I shall let you know exact details nearer the time. Thanks for your telephone no. Many thanks for the offer of a bed, I'll let you know after I have contacted the others. I have never been to Long Island, so the journey you suggest sounds great. Isn't that where New Yorkers go in the summer? I think Wilfrid has friends out that way too.

I was glad to hear that Cindy is getting better, and I hope the progress continues. I was also glad to hear your studies are getting to the end - I bet you will be too. What kind of work are you thinking of getting - and where?

I had an unexpected week in Holland in March thanks to KLM. It wasn't as miserably cold as I'd expected. But they wouldn't let us stay over - most unusual, so I had a weekend in Nairobi.

No doubt you heard KK met Botha on the Botswana-S. African border on Friday. But I haven't heard much about the outcome.

Sorry about your arctic Easter. The weather here is also most odd, yesterday it peured with rain all night, in May! Yet we had a very poor rainy season, well below normal, and drought in the south. I've never known such an odd pattern.

Cheerio for now, and hope to see you this year,
all the best, *Love Samuel*

5th Oct 1982

My dear Adele and David,

I hope you don't mind sharing part of a letter - ever since I got back 6 weeks ago life has been hectic and anything but normal. I'm not complaining, but I only wish I could have had one month quiet to pick myself up!

My Irish friend and her daughter were in the house when I arrived, having taken over from the Scottish family. Claire is leaving Zambia if she can ever get out, David will know what that is like. She is neurotic anyway, so you can imagine what she's like now! She had booked to leave last Wed., but still had not completed forms etc. so flew to Lusaka Friday and is sitting it out until everything is finalised. She is only moving to Zimbabwe, so flights aren't a problem.

There is a big evaluation ^{team} set up by the WCC to look into Mindole, and they arrived the week after I did. One of the main people is the first director, Peter Mathews from Australia. I am the only staff member left he knows, so I have seen a lot of him, and his wife Rita. They have also involved me in their enquiries, being one of the longest serving staff members, and going over the accounts. They have dug up a lot of dirt, and have extended their stay from 4 to 6 weeks - leaving this week. I hope their recommendations are taken seriously as something serious needs to be done to put it back where it belongs in leading discussions on important current issues.

I had been back 3 weeks when Ruth (my sister) came to Lusaka for a Red Cross conference. She could not come here so I spent a weekend in Lusaka with her. It was very nice and we had a government Mercedes Benz and driver to get around. (Ruth did of course, but I shared it). Two weeks later I was back in Lusaka for a Y executive, for which I had had to prepare accounts and help out with the Y evaluation of the accounts with a local firm.

So you see, life has not stopped still. At first, I had lovely plans to write a long duplicated letter to all my American friends, but that will have to wait until I get down to my Christmas mail (this month).

I had a lovely time all round, and still look back on that swim, that lovely lunch, the UN, and the theatre, with much pleasure - not to mention the company. In Atlanta I brushed up my civil war and southern history on a day's bus tour which included the sublime - Martin Luther King's grave and centre, to the ridiculous - Gone With the Wind museum! I visited a big bare rocky hill with Swiss cable car ride, and figures carved in the rock, and a circular moving diorama or cyclorama of the civil war. My last evening we went up to the revolving restaurant on top of the Peach Tree Hotel and actually got roast lamb. I was happy!

My plane was delayed because of a handling strike in London and a big storm all round Atlanta. But we caught up with a following wind, and was only an hour late eventually. I had lunch at Gatwick with Wilfrid Grenville Grey, who was flying back to NY 3 days later. And coming into Lusaka we were actually $\frac{1}{2}$ hour early!

No doubt you have read of Archbishop Milinge, my word, Zambia has hit the world news - BBC, Newsweek, and Observer. I wish I knew the facts. It is a confusing story.

LUANGWA HOUSE
CAIRO ROAD
P.O. BOX 2691
LUSAKA, ZAMBIA

TELEPHONE 74372
TELEGRAMS TRAVELLERS

TURNBULL, GIBSON & COMPANY (Z) LTD.



574 October 7 82.

David- your letter arrived last week, and I felt so guilty that I had not got any letters off. I am glad you had a good holiday. You did not mention Zindi's health, so I hope that means she is better. I am sure the break did her good..... What did you mean, you had registered for full time work at Syracuse - is this study? of real work? (no comment). It was lovely seeing you again, and I do hope things work out OK for what you want.

I am reading the book you gave me, Nadine Gordon's "Berger's Daughter". I must confess I find it a bit ^{hard} going at times, and hardly a novel in places, but I can't put it down and will finish it shortly. I cannot imagine anyone reading it who wasn't very interested and concerned with south African affairs, can you?

I have a lovely photo of us on the beach in our swimming attire, looking thoroughly relaxed! Also a very good one of you and Adele. I bought a photo album in Woolworths near Adele and have stuck them all in - I have quite a thick book of 100 pages plus some extra pages!

Well David all the best, and thanks so much for making my stay in NY so much fun. And carting my blasted suitcase around! Greet Zindi,

Love Susan

DO NOT OPEN SLIT HERE

SENDER'S NAME

Zambia Airways

NAME *Susan*

TEMPORARY ADDRESS *Box 21607*

UNTIL _____

PERMANENT ADDRESS *Kidwe*

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE, IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIRMAIL
AIR LETTER
PAR AVION
AEROGRAMME



ZAMBIA 18n

Mr. David Wilkin,

Box 175, Rego Park, PO BOX 3201

NEW YORK 11374, CAYMAN ISLANDS

U.S.A.

LIBRARY GIBSON & COMPANY (SYMBIV)

17th November 1982

Muriel to David

Addendum to form letter of 30th October 1982

It's not much over a month since I wrote, but I am in the mood for sending off these letters, and by the time I get back from Jo'burg and Botswana, it will be late.

I'm lucky to be going. This week the Bk of Z. sent a circular round forbidding all foreign travel until authorised by them. Unfortunately, they decided it so quickly there are no forms available. So, after frantic online appeals, they gave one week's grace — so I go! But, with Christmas bookings, always heavy, and no extra staff at the bank, there will be lots of disappointed people, and chaos reigns. Even Z. Airways were not told--they're furious.

5 transistors blew up at Rokana on Saturday, owing to the "fail safe" device being stolen. So, K3 million damage, no mine working yet, no elec. and water in mine areas, but fortunately no deaths.

Cheerio and all the best for 1983 — to you and Cindy.

Love Muriel

At least you dented Reagan's majority!

17 Nov 1982
PO Box 21607 KITWE
30th October, 1982

My dear *Rachel*

Life in Zambia is never dull, nor routine, but looking back, this year has been unusual by any standards.

In March, I went on my first "Jolly". This is a trip organised by an airline for travel agents, all expenses paid, usually to sell their country as well as the airline. Usually, one or two are selected from different agencies, but KLM do it differently - they offer to one agency at a time. The MD of my company expected that 6 would be invited, as we have 6 branches, but they invited 7. It is naturally for staff who actually sell and issue tickets, but this time I was lucky and went with the 6 managers - 3 black men, one white, and 2 white women - so quite a mixture. As far as jollies go, it was disappointing. We never met any senior KLM staff, they did not even bother to meet us in Nairobi, where we had about 12 hours stopover, the KLM woman leading us was only a part-time employee who had never done anything like it before, and was quite impossible at times. The most miserable aspect was their absolute insistence that we all travel back together. Usually you do your own thing once it's over. Sue's sister was 21 that weekend we came back and had hoped to go to England for the party. I wanted to visit Bouk, my Dutch friend, in Holland. And Brent wanted to visit relatives in London. They would not even agree to letting us travel back in two groups. So that was disappointing.

The Dutch promotion people in Holland were very friendly, when we occasionally met them, but I found it strange that every night a nice dinner was arranged in different restaurants, but we never met anyone - just our own little group of 8. And they arranged it so early - usually 6pm, when we had already had had a huge lunch on our outings. So I was not impressed with the arrangements. I found Amsterdam a fascinating city, but horribly damp! I have no winter clothes at all, so borrowed a fur coat and hat, and also my minister's huge chunky Scottish pullover, and wore 2 pairs of slacks, and umpteen layers under my coat. The problem of course was the very hot central heating inside restaurants and hotels and buses. We were lucky with the weather, it was around and just above freezing, but bright and sunny. We saw all the usual tourist places, and flew to Maastricht for a day and night, there we were conducted round by a charming woman who also had meals with us, and nothing was too much trouble. I was most impressed with the flower market near Amsterdam, and we watched the auctions from outside. The carpet of colour was absolutely gorgeous, as we looked down from our overhead walkway on to the trolleys massed on tramlines waiting to be pushed in to be auctioned, or waiting to be sent away from the nearby airport. I also found the canal trip most interesting.

I suggested to Bouk that she come to Amsterdam and stay in the hotel with me for a day, which she did, and it was good to have somebody local who could join us one day and explain something about the country. She and I went to see the van Gogh Art Museum in free time, it was not on the programme. I would have loved to go to a concert, but obviously they were not expecting anyone to want any cultural exposure!

I was so annoyed with KLM at not letting me stay that I decided once I got to Nairobi, where their flight ended, I would spend the weekend there. So I left the group, and visited my friends there, Keith and Mavis Rowlands, who took me racing, and I had a day and night trip to the "Ark", which is the second Treetops. It was a lovely ride through the Aberdare Mountains. We saw very few animals, only one elephant; at Treetops 17 years ago I saw over a hundred. The slaughter of wildlife in Kenya is horrific. There is always a very mixed international group taking these trips, and it was fun meeting some of them. Apart from the elephant, I saw civet and serval cats for the first time, one apparently came nightly for food.

17th November, 1982

As some of you know, I had a good holiday in the USA this year, for 2 months. It is getting harder to find people to stay in my house. So when I was asked by the United Church Theological College if I would consider letting a Scottish family stay for 3 months, I accepted. Andrew had come over to teach there for that period, after winning a competition where he hoped to get a new car but instead won 2 free tickets anywhere in the world. He approached the Church of Scotland about possibilities of going overseas for 3 months, and he ended up at Mindolo, where the college is situated. Well, as I said, I was away for 2 months, they were here for three. So before I left, we overlapped for nearly a month. Andrew and Irene have twin sons of 3, so that made life lively. They also brought Uncle Ian (73). All the correspondence for some crazy reason was with UCG Synod office in Lusaka, none with Kitwe. So when Andrew wrote was it alright to bring Uncle Ian for 3 weeks, the synod office wrote back - oh sure, Mrs. Sanderson has a big house. Only they never told anybody. The day they all arrived, the college staff met them and took them for coffee, bringing them to me around lunchtime. As I walked in and saw this extra old boy, my mouth dropped. Fortunately I had decided to vacate my large bedroom and move into one of the others, so the twins had to sleep in with their parents until I left - and Uncle Ian too, he actually had 3 days at the Victoria Falls, and we met at Lusaka airport to take the same plane to London.

Well, it was fun. I enjoyed the company, once I got used to having a family around again. Irene is a superb cook, so I was relieved of that responsibility, which always pleases me. Only one twin fell in the pool, and Irene jumped in fully clothed to fish him out. But Andrew is allergic to cats, so I just had to take the 4 to the kennels. I decided to keep two, and give the 2 younger ones away, as it seemed tough to keep them incarcerated for so long. The mother cat and my 12 year old Charlie I figured would not mind so much. 2 days before I got back, the Lachellans having gone to Livingstone and the Falls, my Irish friend who had moved in with her daughter got these two out of the kennels, and brought them home. The old ginger one did not like being chased by the dogs and was not seen again. I never found out if he died, or was taken in by someone else. After 4 months, one of the younger kittens given away turned up last weekend and has been here ever since. His owners have not asked the kennels after him, so they said I should keep him.

And that brings me to my Irish friend. She was staying with me until she left her teaching post in Zambia to go to Zimbabwe. Claire is a widow with an 11 year old daughter Catriona, and their stay lasted 6-7 weeks. Claire is neurotic at the best of times, and this was the worst of times. It is a great hassle trying to get out of Zambia, and if you work for govt it's even worse. So relationships were strained at times, but we still remained friends. She has an awful pattern of sleep, 5 hours was good, so she went to bed early and I used to hear her wandering around the house at 2am, making cups of coffee, packing, and coughing from too much smoking. What with migraines and nervous exhaustion, I don't know how she carried on.

During this time, as soon as I got back, there was an evaluation team organised by the WCC to look into Mindolo Ecumenical Foundation. Among the members, was Peter Mathews, who had originally started the place. He knew nobody in Kitwe, having left in 1963, except me, so I saw a lot of him and Rita who had also come with him from Australia. So they came here quite a lot, and I got involved with helping him on the accounts, which was very interesting indeed. They stayed for 6 weeks, 2 longer than planned, and by the time they left, I wondered if life would ever be normal again.

Just to keep up the momentum, during this time my sister Ruth came to Lusaka for a Red-Cross meeting. As she had a date at State House she couldn't come here for the weekend as I had hoped, so I went to Lusaka and stayed in the hotel with her. We caught up with each other's news, and visited old mutual friends going back to Seretse's days in London - Brain Mkonde and Safeli Chileshe. Ruth had a Mercedes and chauffeur so that made it easy.

17 November 1982

Life in Zambia.... If we were a company, we would have been declared bankrupt months ago. Every year we think things can't get worse, but they do. One problem is, that the govt never takes drastic measures until too late. Our foreign exchange shortage has been with us for 4-5 years, but they don't implement the actions they are supposed to have taken to stop the drain of unnecessary luxury goods. So we still have imported whisky, gin, jewelry, chocolate, etc., but few essential spare parts for machinery. Most City Councils water supplies are inadequate because the pumps need new engines - but no foreign exchange. Industry cannot get import licences. Suddenly two weeks ago, new measures were introduced, so now there is no holiday allowance whatsoever for Zambians; business trips will be very difficult as the 4 page form needed to be filled in would stop almost anyone getting an allowance, unless the usual corruption prevails. People who have been here since Independence, not citizens, who have applied and received resident status, are now stopped from sending out money.

[REDACTED]

We got an IMF loan but haven't fulfilled the requirements, so it has been with hold. The whole Copperbelt depends on the copper industry, and for some months the mines cannot pay their bills on time, and lots of companies have gone under. It is all very sad. Of course, there are countries worse off than us, Tanzania and Ghana to give two examples. But, once you have gone down,

The YWCA has also been having an evaluation over the past 2 years. This weekend I should have been at a conference to discuss the reports and decide on action. It has been most interesting, and in our changing situation we should probably do this every 5 years. But 2½ weeks ago I picked up a virus which put me out for a few days, then 10 days later I got another one, (most unusual for me to pick up anything) so spent last weekend in bed, and this week I have been battling, the penicillin I am on doesn't help, so reluctantly I stayed home and one good result is this letter. As some of you know, tomorrow I shall be (whisper it, yes, sixty), and they were organising a lovely party tonight at the Lusaka conference. So I told them to celebrate it anyway! So I shall have a much quieter day tomorrow than I had visualised. However life goes on... our minister at church is having his new baby baptised so I am invited to the tea.

Talking of church, it is as thriving as ever, but getting more and more evangelical and fundamental, and I sometimes wonder how long I shall stick it. I am still the treasurer, but hope next year to find someone else. I attend the pastoral sessions which are terribly judgmental, people get suspended and interviewed and it's all very Victorian. I was so glad to read in "Reform" recently the leading article by Norman Hart, when he expressed his pleasure at the uniting church still having an open communion. I took the article along and read it out, but I don't think I converted anyone! I take along "One World", the WCC publication, and suggest some articles for people to read, but I don't think they do.

My boss and I are due to go to Johannesburg next month to look at [REDACTED]. It is mostly educational, I can't see we'll be getting any here yet while; there was a sales display recently here by ICL but they haven't got permission to get foreign exchange to bring any in! Having spent two hours there, I feel I shall have to be dragged screaming into the computer age. In theory it's great, in practice I dread the thought with the lack of many competent people here to get it off the ground. The mines of course have a computer dept. I just read today of the computers failure on the ships of the British Navy in the Falklands war, and wonder what hope for us here. If we get to Jo'burg, I shall return via Botswana.

17th November, 82

For some reason I feel like rambling on forever, but must bring this to a close otherwise I shall never get my 120 letters off. In actual fact I have taken 3 evenings to do this, and that is longer than I'd planned. Yet I have enjoyed it.

I told you last year about my guard Moses, well he is still with me, which is unusual as the companies usually switch them around quite a lot. I suspect nobody else would have him. Francis is still my house servant, and still has his odd times when he decides to send the gardener next door out for chibuku so I get home at lunchtime to find him distinctly under the weather. He always giggles and sways around, the signs are unmistakeable. I always threaten to sack him, but of course I don't, and he knows I won't. My gardener, who is really a weekend guard for the daytime, is the steadiest of the lot, but they come and go rather so I hope this one will stay. The sad thing is, he was a house servant and could not find another job, and of course this one doesn't pay as well. I find I pay for his kids to go back to school, and for him to buy clothes, and other small things, which he has no hope of paying back.

I hope you all have a very happy Christmas, and all the best for 1983. I shall be at home as usual, it's my busy time as it's the end of the financial year so I never go away. I usually have a happy balance of entertaining and being invited out. My friends are still going down, one very close family, Slorachs, are leaving for good just before Christmas, and other, Folbiggs, have been made redundant and are going to Australia for 2 months before Christmas to be with their daughter and family. I shall miss them all very much. Think of me enjoying my pool and garden, I can't think of a cold Christmas any more. God bless..

It's not much over a month since I wrote but I am in the mood for sending off these letters, & by the time I get back from Botswana it will be late. I'm lucky to be going. This week the Bk of Z send a circular round forbidding all foreign travel until authorized by them. Unfortunately they decided it so quickly there as no forms available. So after frantic airline appeals, they gave one week's grace - so I go! But with Christmas bookings, always heavy, & no extra staff at the bank, there will be lots of disappointed people, & chaos reigns. Even 2 Airways were not told - they're furious.

5 Transistors blew up @ Koka on Saturday, owing to the "failsafe" device being stolen. So K3 million damage, no mine working yet, no elec water in mine areas, but fortunately no deaths.

It became a hell for 1983 - to you & Cindy, from David

Replies mainly you dated, for lead