

**1983**

Kitwe, 30th May 1983

Dear Doctor David,

Well, heartily congrats on your success. You certainly deserve your degree after all the work, and interruptions and crises. I've no idea where to where to write so I will use the N.Y. address. I do hope you find the sort of a job you want — but I believe academic circles are very badly hit financially. I seem to remember you want to stay on the East Coast — or is it California? How is Cindy? I hope she's coping with her medical problem. I'm sure she's delighted you've made it.

My 2 friends from Chicago are finally visiting Africa this year, — for a month, with another of their friends who has been the activator. They're going on a 2-week tour of Kenya, then coming here. We'll go to the Falls, of course, as soon as they arrive, and then to Luangwa at the end. This way we only fly Lusaka — Copperbelt once! I'm really excited, I've been enticing them here for 12 years! They are black and fortunately not over sentimental — they know they're Americans! The next month a young Scottish couple who taught at Senanga for 5-6 years are coming for a holiday and will visit me. In September Mindolo celebrates its 25th anniversary and lots of visitors will need a bed so I hope to have some. Then in October Ruth Harris and her sister are coming from California.

At the moment I've had a couple staying here for 2 months. Gordon was made redundant last year, and they'd planned anyway to visit their daughter and family in Australia. They were away for 3 months, and loved it, they decided to emigrate. But this takes time. So when they returned in March, Gordon looked around — but companies here on the Copperbelt are folding up every week. He'd just about given up when Ronnie Grewcock was shot by armed bandits so G. took over! Ronnie was only temp. working for the Farmers Co-op, until a permanent manager was found. The job was offered to a Norwegian who may or may not come, so meanwhile they're here, and G. has fixed my lawn-mower, polishing machine, pool pump, car, ironing board; re-wired some electric fixtures, moved the phone, and we've replanned the lounge. Great fun.

Life here doesn't change except for the worst. At present we have almost no tyres, and buses and lorries are grounded. To get a retread, one has to wait 2-3 weeks! All the water services are collapsing, as the pumps don't work, and no forex to buy more. Spare parts for cars and machines are sparse, and armed robberies are very common. Today 7 prisoners escaped from Ndola with guns! Ndola is terrible, — armed robberies every week.

Kitwe Little Theatre did "Hamlet" last month--an excellent production. There is never a good film, we just don't have the forex, and T.V. isn't much better. Many people have videos, and there are lots of little lending libraries, people bring a video back each time they go abroad.

I'm hoping to see "Gandhi" this way as so many Indians have it.

I had Eileen Nkangwa here for dinner 2 weeks back. She obtained her PhD last year in London, with the 5 kids with her over there for 2 years!

Her husband Hudson is at the U of Z trying to get a B.A. Eileen doesn't change at all, she is very entertaining. She's got lots of responsibility, it's fantastic how she copes.

It's still warm enough to swim — just! It's still very bad at mid-day, and that's when I swim. It cools off very quickly by 5 p.m. and is nippy when I go to work before 8 a.m., but it warms up rapidly. I go to yoga when I can in the mornings, as the evening ones have fallen away. But I really don't have enough exercise.

I've had a lovely weekend on lake Tanganyika at Nolole Bay Lodge recently. It's my favourite holiday area here. And I did plenty of swimming there, tho' there is a slight chance of crocs. We visited a croc farm, where they are, being grown for skins. Norman Carr's son is doing it. We had a trip along the coast there and some of the fishing villages are really large. They have no schools, clinics nor roads, — very cut off.

Well, cheerio for now and all the best. — Keep me posted on your news.

Love Muriel

Adèle + ~~Russida~~

Box 21602 Kitwe

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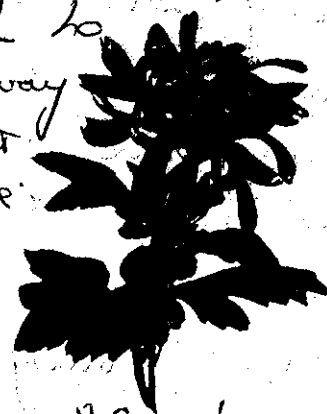
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30<sup>th</sup> May, '83.

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Well cheerio for now and all the best - keep me posted on your news  
Love  
Cheryl.

30<sup>th</sup> May, 1983.

Muriel and David's manuscript letters retyped: 1979 — 2008

Rego Park, NY — 12 June 1983

My dear Muriel,

Your recent letter was correctly addressed. Use the above for the indefinite future. It is much simpler than the home address and less trouble for the P.O. and myself as I collect it on my way to the subway stop.

Enclosed is a souvenir-type graduation invitation for your memorabilia. A bit old for all my friends in Zambia, but I didn't see about 20 of you all hopping on a flight over(!) for graduation on 7<sup>th</sup> May 1983.

So much to tell you. I'll avoid a lot of details that I will hit later when I write a little summary of Aug 1979 — May 1983 entitled: "David's self-imposed torture: completing his Ph.D.," or some such appropriate title! April was hell! I never had so little sleep in one month in my life! Anyway, it's over! Dissertations are now big business in America for "Dissertation Abstract" of the Xerox Corp. Thus, I can get copies (reduced in size) for everyone around the end of the year. Will send a copy to the Copper Belt for about 4 of you to read (if you're brave enough) and pass on! It's 405 pages of text and footnotes and 150 pages of bibliography, appendices, etc. Enough of this!

The last month could be entitled: "From praise to unemployment". In late April and early May, I was complimented on an excellent dissertation that my advisors regarded as exceptionally readable and on an area little known — the NWP. But, of course, they had no really helpful solution to the obvious fact that there are no jobs for either historians or specialists on Africa. I just stopped thinking about the crisis until 14<sup>th</sup> May.

It is clear that I must seek work in applied adult education, i.e. industrial training and development. This, however, will take some personal "retooling" of my past skills, for which the diss. was of no direct help at all! So it goes.

Meanwhile I drafted a resume without mentioning an M.A. let alone a Ph.D.! As I type well, can word process on two systems, etc., I have done "temp" works as a secretary/word processor. The pay is okay and the experience is valuable. Gives me a chance to see many of America's largest corporations from the bottom up. (The view of the poor secretary.) Tomorrow I have a week's assignment with Exxon h/qs and this is as a WANG Secretary (i.e. word processing on WANG, typing, phones). The latter duty is what scares me, I'm not used to phone work! So, we'll see. I worked for Mobil h/qs several days two weeks ago! So, a lot of good my Ph.D. is doing me at the moment.

Zindi's health is still stable. She is able to work but must be careful. If she gets too excited (either good or bad) or hurries, then she gets short of breath and starts coughing.

Her brother got married in January. His wife moved in from London! What a mad house! They hope to get an apartment soon but he moves like a snail on such matters and apartments are very hard to find in NYC. This is the craziest living situation in my whole life! Hope he gets out before I go nuts! Anyway!

After 15 continuous weekends of cold, rainy weather, the last two have been nice. The weather both in Europe and America has been strange this last year to put it mildly. Did anyone tell you of the strange snow storm that hit N.E. states in late January? Sweeping up (north) from the Carolinas, the snow storm hit NYC amidst lightning and thunder, 40 mph winds and within an hour traffic was stalling. Within 5 hours the L.I. Expressway outside my window had at best one lane open with cars stalling in the middle of the expressway. It occurred on a Friday afternoon and people had been warned of strange weather so things could have been much worse. The 6<sup>th</sup> worst in NYC history! It came in the aftermath of mild weather from Nov. to Jan.!

Before I write more, I'm cutting off to go to Riverside Church this morning and re-read your letter from Oct. to May!

I've returned. Zindi and I have fallen in love with Riverside. You are the cause of our getting acquainted! We plan to become members by the end of July. Adele is also such a lovely person. We had lunch just before Christmas with her — the weekend of Riverside's Xmas program.

A few questions or points with regard to your letters. 1) In your X-mas note you note plans for a visit to S. Af. about computers. You never say if you went or what happened in your last visit. I agree computers for business in Zambia is crazy without skilled staff! 2) Any chance of getting a copy of the photo of you and I on the beach or of Adele and I? You mention them in the October letter?

Look I must run down. This letter is getting too long. Will keep you posted about changes in my life, etc. Hope the visit of your friends from here is a lot of fun.

I do hope Zambia can make a turn around for the better.

Much love, David

10

P.O. Box 175  
Rego Park, NY 11374  
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12<sup>th</sup> June, 1983.

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12<sup>th</sup> June, 83, - 3 -

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David

**Kitwe, Zambia**      **4th Aug. 1983**

My dear David,

Congrats Dr. David. I always knew you'd make it in spite of all the odds, so I'm delighted. But your work situation sounds appalling. I guess you knew all along that the N.W.P. wasn't exactly an easy field to find a job in — but working as a secretary must be shattering. I look forward to receiving your dissertation.

I always thought you said that as soon as you qualified you'd moved away from N.Y. The home situation sounds anything but ideal! I do hope the things get sorted out. I'm happy that Zindi is keeping well, and hope it stays that way. I'm also pleased you enjoy the Riverside Church. I think I'd find it too big, a rather impersonal, but maybe that's only a superficial reaction. You said I was the "indirect" cause of you going there — surely it was the DIRECT cause!

My Chicago friends Doris and Jo came — finally — to Africa this year. They had 2 weeks in Kenya, then came here for 2 ½ . I took them to the Falls and Luangwa, and in between they saw quite a cross-section of life in Kitwe. We all enjoyed ourselves, and I was sorry to see them go. Of course we spent some time @ Mindolo where they're celebrating their 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary next month. KK will be there, of course, and all the former directors. There will be quite a reunion.

My sister Ruth lost her house and everything in it last week in a fire. She was entertaining at the time. She had the most lovely gifts from heads of the state all over the world — impossible to replace. Her farm is 15 miles out so the fire brigade was much too late. Very sad.

I'm expecting a Scottish couple next week for a few days. Essie Johnson, the Canadian who started MEF women's centre, will be here the weekend after. And Ruth Harris from California is coming in October, just before I go to the world YWCA Assembles in Singapore, via Sri Lanka, where I hope to have a holiday, if it's peaceful.



TURNBULL, GIBSON & COMPANY (ZAMBIA) LTD.

TELEGRAMS TRAVELLERS  
TELEPHONE 74372

Box 21607 Kitwe

YOUR REF \_\_\_\_\_  
OUR REF \_\_\_\_\_

4th Aug 1983.

LUANGWA HOUSE  
CAIRO ROAD  
P.O. BOX 2004  
LUSAKA - ZAMBIA

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SPECIALISTS IN TRAVEL BY AIR, LAND AND SEA  
OFFICES IN KITWE, CHINDOLA, MUPULIRA, NDOLA, LUSAKA & LONDON  
MEMBER OF THE JARDINE MATHESON GROUP OF COMPANIES

4<sup>TH</sup> August, '83.

My sister Ruth lost her house & everything in it last week in a fire. She was entertaining at the time. She had the most lovely gifts from heads of state all over the world - impossible to replace. Her farm is 15 miles out so the fire brigade was much too late. Very sad. I'm expecting a Scottish couple next week for a few days; Essie Johnson, the Canadian who started MCF women's centre will be here the weekend after. And Ruth Harris from California is coming in October. Just before I go to the world YWCA Assembly in Zimbabwe via Sri Lanka, holiday if it

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

Zambia Airways

NAME

TEMPORARY ADDRESS

UNTIL

PERMANENT ADDRESS

Zambia Airways

NAME David

TEMPORARY ADDRESS

Box 175

UNTIL

PERMANENT ADDRESS

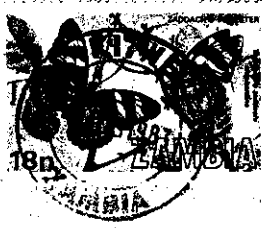
Rego Park

EXPRESS ZAMBIA

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



Dr. David Wilkin

P.O. Box 175,

Rego Park

New York 11374

INQUIRY: CIBZON E COMVIA (ZAMBIA) LTD

U.S.A.

PO Box 21607, Kitwe

15th  
8th October, 1983

My dear,

David

I see that last year I started my letter with the sentence "Life in Zambia is never dull, nor routine, but looking back, this year has been unusual by any standards". Well, that applies to 1983 as well!

Since the end of March I have had friends staying with me, who originally came for a month. Rather like "The man who came to dinner", only he wasn't wanted, and I have enjoyed the Folbiggs company very much, and I shall miss them very much. Having lived alone for so many years, I am really surprised how well we have managed. I have often wondered how I would ever manage to live with anyone, as I was never made to live alone, so this year has proved to me it would not be too difficult. Gordon and Margaret were made redundant last year, and went off to Australia to visit their daughter, son-in-law, and grandson, and stayed for 2 months. They sent me a cable and 2 telexes announcing their return, but of course none arrived. It so happened I was in Lusaka when they flew in, upstairs in the dining room with other friends who had been out for a fortnight for their son's wedding, and I had to be in Lusaka for a YWCA meeting, so flew down with them and had dinner before they flew back to London. So the Folbiggs arrived, I even watched the plane fly in but did not see them in the dark, and they went through below while I was upstairs. They rang my house when they got to the hotel, and were surprised that I was in Lusaka and had not met them. Fortunately I had told my house-minder where I was staying, so they caught up with me, and they stayed over another night and we flew back together.

Gordon still had a valid work permit and hoped to get a job for a year or so; as they had fallen in love with Australia and decided to emigrate. Well that proved almost impossible, as so many firms here have shut down due to the depression, and also due to the IMF. We have had to borrow huge amounts to keep going, and of course they impose very tough conditions. Their experts came here and decided we were very overstaffed in government and mine, and insisted on many people being laid off. They also decided (rightly) that many contractors were ripping off the mines and said the mines had to do their own jobs, thus resulting in many engineering firms being forced to close down. Gordon even noticed a difference since he had left 3-4 months previously, and it has continued to worsen. So finding a job was just not possible in his line of engineering. Then someone we knew was running a farmers coop and one day armed robbers attacked and he had a bad heart so died of a heart attack as a bullet grazed his shoulder. 2 days later, Gordon was asked to take over temporarily. The coop had offered this job to a Norwegian, and Ronnie Grewcock was just doing it until this chap came. Well, it's a long story, it dragged out, and the Norwegian didn't come, and Gordon was assured he would get the job, and at the last minute it was given to someone else, so he was very bitter and upset. They decided to leave around now, but last week their daughter telephoned to say she was working on their immigration and it was being processed quicker than expected, and if they could hang on another two months they could then get in early next year. If they returned to UK now, they would have to start again, and it would take a year.

As I am planning to leave for the world YWCA assembly in Singapore as a delegate on 17th this month, via Sri Lanka for 2 weeks, I was naturally delighted at this, as I now have someone in the house while I am away, I would have had to find someone anyway, and that is not so easy, so this arrangement has worked out very well indeed. We have direct flights to Colombo, where I want to spend one week touring around and the other lazing in a beach hotel. From there I shall fly direct to Singapore, arriving on my birthday, hoping to take the other 5 delegates out to dinner, before the conference starts the following day. It lasts for 2 weeks, and then I want to go by train to Kuala

15<sup>th</sup> October, '83

Lumpur, and spend a few days in Malaya. However, I still do not have permission to fly. Since last November, any trip outside Zambia paid for in kwacha has to be OK'd by the Bank of Zambia, a 5-page form in triplicate, and altho it should come through in time it's a hassle. The YWCA secretary in Lusaka has submitted it along with the other forms, and it should have been OK by now. Then there is always a panic with my cheap tickets if I have to use Zambia Airways, as they usually file the application in a basket and forget it. The other airlines are much quicker. So next week I have to chase both, and if the Bank of Zambia permission doesn't come through in time, I shall just have to leave a week later, as the Colombo flights are only once a week. These flights only started in June, and they obviously were started after a market research survey was done about 3 ~~xxxxxxx~~ years ago, as two weeks after they started on a Sunday they were unofficially combined with the Monday flight to Bombay. Then a month ago it became official - Lusaka Bombay Colombo Lusaka. Then in November they become once a fortnight, so I shall have to return via Bombay (an airport to be avoided at all costs) as that is not the week they are flying! It is no exaggeration to say that travel out of Zambia and also in Zambia gets more and more difficult.

2 weeks ago I hopped down to Botswana for a week. Most of you won't know that at the end of July Ruth's house burnt out and she lost everything. She had friends staying for a couple of days, they were having dinner, when the maids ran in and said the house was on fire. They just had to jump up and run. The friends had bags packed so they grabbed them, but Ruth got nothing, they were concerned about their cars, so dashed out to move them. Ruth has a walkie talkie in the car connected to the twins, so she got them and they rang Ian who brought the army fire brigade. But she lives 15 miles out of town, and Ian is 8 miles the other side, so what the fire didn't destroy, the water did. The fire burnt for 3 days, and it was the saddest sight I have seen for ages. It was reckoned to be an electrical fault. There were so many beautiful gifts from heads of state all over the world, as well as Khama heirlooms. As usual, I read about it in the papers, so telephoned my friends the Jones, who had just been with Ruth so I was able to contact her at their mutual friends. She did not suffer from shock for a few weeks, it obviously did not register, but then she became very depressed, didn't eat, and then had fainting fits; during one she fell and hurt her back and neck, and is now in a collar. So I decided I had to try to see her before I went away. I had the usual trouble in getting a ticket, as I do not send money out like contract people and being a Zambian I had to produce proof that my sister would support me! Then I heard from Tony on the phone that Ruth was going to Jo'burg for specialist advice on her neck, so could I postpone my trip. I booked for 2 days later, as if I did not go then it would be months before I could get away. Then Ruth rang from Jo'burg and said could I come as originally planned as she was not staying in Jo'burg and they could meet me there and drive me back to Gaborone. This was 11am Friday, and the original flight was 9am Saturday, so I had quite a day revising everything again and packing. It was complicated by the fact that we had a world tourism day dinner in Lusaka that Friday night, and I was going. Well, I made it, and even included everything I needed in my bag. I found Ruth looking just awful, she was in a lot of pain and not sleeping well. She had been able to rent a house, which was the furthest suburb, no phones, and very new. There is a ban on watering in Botswana, the drought is so bad, so can you imagine a new housing estate with not a blade of grass, shrub, bush, tree, everywhere brown powdery dusty sand, it made me realise what a difference a garden makes to a house. She has a 3 bedroomed house, and Jackie and the 2 boys - 5 and 9 - have moved in for the time being, plus Jackie's 2 St. Bernard dogs, German sheepdog, 4 cats, 3 St. Bernard puppies 6 weeks old, Ruth's 2 french poodles, 3 4-week old puppies, 4 cats and 2 kittens born while I was there. Incredible. There is a big garden, but keeping 2 sets of puppies apart (tho I let them play under supervision and it was hilarious to see the huge St. B's knocking over these minute poodles. They just loved each other. There was not much peace. Ruth left the day before me for London on her way to Red Cross meetings in Geneva. I thought she was mad, but realised afterwards that she needed some peace.



15<sup>th</sup> October, 1983.

Botswana is suffering from recession as are all African countries, with the problem compounded by rising populations and urban invasions from the bush, but it is not as bad as Zambia due to diverse exports, and not just one. The diamond price dropped by I don't know how many hundred %, but it is slowly rising. Beef is exported again after 2-3 years of foot and mouth disease, and they also have copper which is cheaper to mine than in Zambia due to lower wage structures. But the drought is simply awful, some areas have now had no rain for 2 years, and another poor year is forecast throughout Southern Africa. The first rains are usually tropical thunderstorms which hit the hard ground and run off, or cause soil erosion.

I picked a busy week as it was Independence, and also Chinese day, with a superb reception and the most gorgeous food. We were invited out, and tried out the new restaurants, and I helped Ruth type thankyou letters for cheques received for her Lady Khama Christmas Charity Appeal, to give gifts to hospitals, prisoners, refugees and children in squatter townships. I also helped her prepare wages for her farm, where until her accident she went every lunchtime for a picnic, and to keep her accounts and letters up to date, and I suspect for a quiet break! She is planning to rebuild on the same site, and plans are being prepared now.

In Singapore I am allocated to the discussion cluster which is discussing energy and the environment. Not an easy one from here, as it is not a priority in this part of the world. I keep getting papers from the World Y, the U.N., and other countries are really doing their stuff, so I shall be a very quiet participant. I have had two people here who are clued up and had them round; the other groups are discussing peace, health, refugees and human rights, which would have been my preference. We shall stay in the university, and I was happy to hear there is a swimmingpool nearby where I shall gratefully visit daily. So my next letter will be full of my "holiday".

1984 is also going to be unusual for me in that on 1st Feb. I shall become the Managing Director of my company. My boss is leaving, and to everyone except him I was the obvious one to take over! Altho only 40 he is a real male chauvinist pig! I have kept the company going every year when he usually takes 2 months leave, plus various business trips, but that is taken for granted. He even said once he was running the company from London. He is a resident here, a category between citizen and contract employee, and the government really doesn't like that group any more. So one year ago they were refused permission to send out their money every month any more. He has a house on mortgage, and a son in boarding school, and they money he remitted was paying for both. Since then he has managed to get the school fees out under the educational allowance. So he panicked, and told the Chairman he would be leaving by or before the end of his contract. Well, he has no qualifications, and hasn't tried to find another job too strenuously, and of course he will never find another job like this - free house, car, phones, elec & water, entertaining, travel, swimming pool, etc. etc. I was asked months ago if I would take over, and the Chairman said he would write to Terry early in July. But his wife has cancer of the lungs, and even after an operation it is spreading, so he has plenty on his mind. In the end he wrote while Terry was on his leave, and when he returned in Sept. he found the letter, and was most upset. He had assumed that he could just stay on and left to suit his convenience, and is trying to deny he ever said he would definitely leave by the end of his contract. So he is impossible at the moment, demanding sympathy, bad tempered, and keeps on saying he can't think why I want the job! I think they have done him a favour as he needs to get another career started, and could not stay much longer, and he keeps putting off making a decision. With so many people leaving and the government restrictions on travel, business is going down, so heaven knows what I am taking on.

I wrote you a few days ago so you were a little bit  
But I'm off in 2 days and want to post  
all these posted before I go. Hope you  
have found an - 4 - interesting job. 15<sup>th</sup> October, '83.

1983 was also unusual in the number of visitors I have had from overseas. 8 in 8 weeks beats anything else in the 23+ years I have been here. My two friends from Chicago came for 2 1/2 weeks early in July, and for all of us it was really special. Their first visit to Africa, and my chance to return hospitality they have given me many times, going back to the 4 months I was in and out of Chicago in 1952. They had 2 weeks first in Kenya, on safari, then here. I met them and took them next day to Livingstone and the Victoria Falls. Here we were lucky enough to coincide with a state visit from the President of Rwanda. State visits here are not quite the same as in the west, arranged months and years in advance. KK met this President the week before and just spontaneously invited him to come, so he did. So Doris and Jo saw some local colour at our hotel with dancing, bands, speeches, the lot. We then came back here for 10 days, and I took them out to Mindolo Ecumenical Centre twice, to a copper factory, Ndola and the craft workers along the roadside; they took themselves to the nearest primary school one morning. And of course they met my friends. At the end we went to Luangwa Valley for 3 days, and here they experienced much less sophisticated conditions in thatched cottages by the river in the park. It was really lovely having them, and I wish they could have stayed longer. It was interesting seeing Zambia through their eyes.

Two weeks later, Tim and Eleanor came for 3-4 days, at the end of a 2 month visit to Zambia and Botswana. They used to teach here, left 9 years ago, and came back for a nostalgic holiday. Their old headmaster is still in Lusaka. He took them back to their old school way out in the western province bush. Their friend Michael Haig is now in Botswana so they stayed with him for 3 weeks.

Mindolo celebrated its 25th anniversary this year, the first weekend in September, so 4 of my guests were former staff members or connected with the jubilee. The weekend after Tim and Nell left, Essie Johnson came. She had started the Womens Centre at MEF, and came back this year for 6 weeks partly as a guest of the Girls Brigade and partly for MEF jubilee. She is now retired and living in Canada. Essie left 8 years ago, and we had a lovely weekend catching up on her news and discussing the Zambian scene.

The next weekend Aubrey Curray from CWM pitched up rather unexpectedly. He was over for meetings with the United Church of Zambia, along with other donor church reps. I had no idea he was coming to this consultation, so it was a lovely surprise.

Two days later I had a Mindolo guest for 6 days arrive from USA. She was representing the Disciples, who have supported MEF right from the start. She is a friend of Jane Heaton, and I knew she was coming, but when I told MEF I would put someone up I had no idea who it would be. Donald M'Timkulu, who had been the second principal, from S. Africa, but now living in Canada, came for 2 days as the MEF accommodation was rather spartan, and he wasn't too comfortable. Once again I enjoyed having an old friend and colleague around, catching up with our news and views.

The MEF jubilee celebrations lasted two days, with an open day on the Friday, and party and plays in the evening, and a visit from the President, KK himself, on the Saturday. There was a service, and speeches, KK gave the longest of course, and then he visited the campus, after which lunch in various places but the main one in the new multipurpose hall, squeezing as many as pos. Peter and Rita Mathews came from Australia, for a week; Donald M'Timkulu also came for a week; Garth Legge, a former Chairman of the Board, and Jim Kirkwood came from Canada, Marilyn Hills from the Disciples, USA. 2 from the Church of Scotland, 2 from Stichting, Holland, and various reps from Christian Councils of Africa. It really was a great occasion.

In order to get this off before I go, I have no time to write personal letters, which I hate not doing, so please forgive me. I shall try to write about Singapore after I return without waiting until next Christmas, and I hope then to write personal notes. I may even take some of these to Sri Lanka and write on the beach'. So cheerio, and all the best for Christmas and the New Year.

All the best  
Love  
[Signature]

31 Oct. 1983

**David to Muriel: an addendum to my form letter (not included)**

P.S. As you've probably decided, this was written as a semi-form letter for about 3 to 4 others as well as yourself! Hence this longish P.S.. The letter should tell you everything about PDW that you wanted to know, plus things you didn't want to know?

I enjoyed your Christmas note and hope you've had a wonderful trip to Singapore. Also congratulation on your appointment. It will be a big burden considering the problems in much of world now but if anyone can handle it, you can. I regard you as a person of enormous ability as well as energy — an admirer you might say!

On Christmas Eve, I received 30 copies of my dissertation in the new book form. It looks quite smart. I'm thinking of sending several to you of the two copies I have left for friends and asking you to read and then forward it on. Would this be suitable for you since you're in Kitwe, I might send one first to you and then you could pass it onto someone in Luanshya and Solwezi?! Drop me a card if okay and if interested.

You can see I'm anything but depressed. My next interest is getting Ronald Reagan out of office. So next year my focus will be politics! Life takes us strange ways, so if my health holds who knows what I'll be into next! Same with you I suspect.

Must close.

Love, David

Mumel

31 Oct 1985

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Must close  
Love, David

**1984**

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P. DAVID WILKIN  
(212) 271-0084

Mailing Address:  
P.O. Box 175  
Rego Park, N.Y. 11374

July 24, 1984

Dear Muriel,

I have thought of you often. I hope that you are still doing well as the new company executive. While the responsibility must be great, I am sure that it is less difficult than working under someone you had lost respect for. Anyway, do write and tell me all about the job when you get the chance.

Professionally everything is going well here. My brother and your own gloom notwithstanding, I had confidence that I was heading out in a wise new direction. Events seem to indicate that I was right. From my working as a simple word processor on two systems, I have now learned several more systems and have become a junior word processing consultant. I have left agency employment and am my own little firm of one and have now registered with the City and State. Really I am more of a free lancer than a company, but I am on my way at least. Later, as my expertise in my new profession increases, I hope to advance to a senior office consultant - for the modern automated office - for much better fees. Above all it is exciting and certainly an adventure as big as any I've undertaken since opening Balovale Secondary School or the Extramural Center in Solwezi. In short, I am greatly enjoying it!

Otherwise my spring was chaotic. Our car was stolen and it took two months to get a replacement and get all the paperwork completed. Then I have two heavy doses of the flu/cold in my chest that kept me miserable or flat on my back for days on end. Both occurred just as I was leaving agencies and getting out on my own.

Conversely, Zindi is holding her own reasonably well. She plans to visit South Africa after over 20 years away. This will be in November but she has to apply for her visa this week. Thus, we have done all the background work already. At least in theory, all she has to do now is go!

I am planning this Thursday to go to North Bay in Northern Ontario and spend a week with my papa and stepmother. Hopefully I will have some days by myself out on the isolated Lake Kipawa in northern Quebec where my stepmother has a cabin. I need some time alone to reflect over the last two years. Then, in November when Zindi goes to South Africa, I will go to London for a week to see old friends both there and in Scotland. So plans have been made for much of the year! I hope all goes okay.

I do think of you a lot. I'd love to see you and Zambia again but I am tied here at least for the next few years I guess. I sent you a copy of my dissertation. I hope that you received it okay. This week I will write to Monica Fisher. Recently in a Brethren mission journal she asked for information on the Fisher family. Since my bibliography contains the most up-to-date bibliography on the Fishers, I will tell her that a copy of the thesis is in Kitwe! Hope you don't mind. This is just to let you know why should she call. I hope you can at least read the Preface and a little of it, say Chapter I or VIII despite your busy schedule.

Much love and all the best.

David!

Kitwe, Zambia

5th Aug. 1984

My dear David,

Many thanks for yours of 20th July, and also for your "book" which arrived some time ago. I feel very guilty that I didn't write at the time and thank you. Please, forgive me. Yes, I have read the introduction and I've read most of Part I! If Monica Fisher gets in touch, I'll certainly lend her my copy. I see her from time to time.

So you're launching on a business career — well done! I wish you all the very best. I imagine your staff of one will be increasing soon. Are you working in the NYC area to start with? So sorry to hear about your car, I hope your new one is more than compensation.

I hope Zindi's plans to visit S. Africa go ahead smoothly. It must be a very emotional trip, I remember when Edith G-Grey went after a very long time, how mixed-up she felt about it.

I hope your vacation to Ontario was relaxing, and you came back feeling refreshed. I can't imagine anyone wanting to go to England in November — but I might even be there myself. I shall get a free ride on Zambia Airways' new DC10 in Oct or Nov. Unfortunately, I won't know the date until the last minute, if Zambia Airways follow their usual chaotic, unplanned way of doing things. So, I'll let you know. I would never choose to go at that time, I possess no really warm clothes, so we'll see.

I'm going to Mauritius for 2 weeks in the second half of September. I'm going with a missionary friend here, here, she has friends there. We both need a really relaxing holiday.

I saw a TV programme on Saturday, showing the Sec Gen — Humphrey Mulemba — opening a big water generating project @ a R. Catholic mission in N.W. Prov. — right up in that corner between Angola and Zaire. The Kitwe North Rotary Group raised most of the money. The local RC fathers did a lot of actual physical digging.

Well, all the best, and work hard!

Love to Cindy and of course yourself

Muriel

My dear David, <sup>Stiff</sup> 5th Aug 1984

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Mumuel

**9<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1984 nine page form letter from Muriel — Short addendums**

Bottom of page two: many thanks for the pretty slippers delivered to my office by your friend, a real surprise. How's business? Going well, I hope. Was very sorry you people re-elected R.R. — and what a tragedy Mrs. Gandhi's death. Tonight on TV Solwezi viewers were welcomed!

On side of page about her new job as Managing Director: "We have 6 branches, + Admin. office, with about 60 staff. Some of the managers are good, some more like passengers.

At end of letter: "David — 2 requests!

- 1) I'd love another pair of those slippers you sent me — American size 11
- 2) We have no news here of Olympics. Is there a magazine which gives all the results?

Cheerio

Love to Zindi, and yourself.

Muriel

PO Box 21607, Kitwe.

9th November, 1984

My dear *David,*

This is a kind of P.S. from my earlier screed on Singapore and the other comments on my job, life here, etc.

First of all my holiday in Mauritius. This was only 2 weeks, not long enough, and it was heavenly. But as usual, any journey I take on Zambia Airways is eventful. Margaret and I stayed the night before our flight in a hotel in Ndola, as the plane left there at 6am., and we did not fancy leaving home around 4.30am in the dark. The plane to Mauritius always used to leave on Saturdays, but just the month before it was changed to Friday, and also instead of leaving around 10am it left Lusaka at 8.40. These facts are most important to remember. Well, most of the passengers these days come in on the London flight, as Z. Air undercut Br. Air by £140 to Mauritius in order to earn this precious foreign exchange. So as the plane from London arrived late, so did we have to take off late - nearly an hour, in fact. After another breakfast on the plane I was very sleepy as we had got up at 4.30= to be at the airport at Ndola by 5.30, so off I dozed.... I was woken by the pilot announcing "Ladies and Gents, we have been ordered to return to Lusaka by State House. I am very sorry, and will give you more information when I know". Well, once I recovered, all Margaret and I could think was that KK had suddenly remembered he was going somewhere and needed our plane. Naturally the overseas passengers, not used to these things happening, were most concerned. Well, .. it turned out that the 3 East German guests of the government who had been around for a week had handed their tickets to UNIP to reconfirm, and they had forgotten. As they had booked them some time earlier, they were down to leave on Saturday, not Friday, and at 10am, not 8.40. Early on Friday morning someone woke up, so we were ordered to return just for these 3. They were the only ox in first class, so curtailed off from the rest of the irate travellers. The row about who is going to pay for the fuel has still not been settled. So, once again we set off, and arrived nearly 4 hours late. *Later the pilot said it wasn't State House.*

Margaret's friends were there to meet us. They are missionaries, with oversight of the 5 English speaking churches, and live in a suburb of Port Louis, the capital. We spent the first weekend with them, visiting 3 of the churches on the Sunday, and inbetween enjoying a picnic and swim with friends of theirs in their beach house. Mauritius is really fascinating. English is the official language, taught in schools, but everybody speaks French or Creole or a mixture of both. The white settlers were all French, it was only 2-3 centuries ago that anyone lived there. Slaves from East Africa were brought over, then Indians were brought in to grow sugar, which grows all over the island. Then some Chinese drifted along, and some Arabs, and there has been a fair amount of mixing. The atmosphere is very happy. It is supposed to be very densely populated, but it just doesn't look like that and we saw about half of the island. It is covered with rocks of granite as the main island is volcanic, within a coral reef. So before growing the sugar they have to pile up these rocks lying all over either into cone-shaped heaps, or in lines between the cane. So building is cheap with so much rock. By our standards the economy is terrific, and it was possible to buy things from all over the world, at reasonable prices. The island is only about 25 miles by 35, so transport is no problem when goods arrive by ship. There are not enough jobs, so the Mauritians export themselves throughout eastern Africa as teachers and other professionals. Within such a small area there is an amazing variety of scenery, and it's easy to see with good roads, plenty of buses and taxis - the latter mostly Morris Oxfords and Cambridge Austins. The people are marvellous at repairing anything, and they keep rebuilding the chassis of these cars and they look as tho they go on forever.

We then went off for 5 days to the east coast, where we stayed in a self-catering place with dining room and little Chinese shops around the fishing village - the Villas Caroline. It was most relaxed. We visited a bird sanctuary, by foot, walking 2½ miles uphill, and hired a taxi to see the mountains and waterfalls of the interior. We saw a holy Hindu lake and spoke to the monk in charge. And of course we swam and walked and collected shells.

9th Nov 84

We went back to Margaret's friends for the next weekend. The oldest church had been rebuilt and that Sunday was a big service to rededicate it. Everyone came - the Prime Minister, Opposition leader, Governor general, Attorney General, and everyone else. It was most relaxed, not much security, and a happy occasion. Margaret took part in the service (she is a minister) in my navy suit I had just bought for travelling as she was not prepared for this unexpected honour. After we had lunch with a delightful family, attended by a former pastor now in Madagascar, and I happily chatted in French, we even had common acquaintances.

After another day's shopping, we then set off for the west coast, where we stayed for 3 days in a very posh 5 star S. African Sun Hotel - Tousserock! The beach there was no good but they had an island 5 minutes boat ride away with everything - sports facilities, 2 restaurants, trips to the coral reef, you name it, there it was. I felt rather bad about the S. African connection, but all the good hotels there belong to the same group. It really was gorgeous and it's the first time I have had oysters for breakfast, I think that is the height of luxury. I just could not believe it when I saw this bucket, help yourself to as many as you could manage. I could not persuade Ba Maggie to try one, - too bad. But more for me. This was after about 5 other courses.

So you see, it was just what we both needed, and the return was uneventful.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Now for a bit about the razmatazz we had 2 weeks back, when we celebrated our 20th anniversary of independence, the party - UNIP - 26th birthday, and our President KK's 60th birthday, postponed from April. It had been stated that we would have more than the usual one day holiday, but it was not until many rumours later, just one week before, that we heard it was the 23rd and not 25th. But many people took the whole week anyway, having nothing to manufacture or to sell.

It was, unfortunately, all geared up for Lusaka only, the rest of us just watched on TV, and there was nothing else on TV anyway. 5 African heads of state came - Masire of Botswana; Nyerere of Tanzania; Moi of Kenya; dos Santos of Angola; and Mozambique's Michel; also Mugabe of Zimbabwe, and the Vice Pres. of Zaïre and wait for it - N. Korea! The explanation is simple. For 2-3 months their experts had trained the Lusaka schoolkids in calisthenics for the big display. And I must say it was very good, well dressed, wonderfully carried out, impressive. On the 23rd there were various functions and then a parade, of all our out of date tanks which have never been used, and industrial floats, and 2 airplanes zooming around the sky. It really tested the poor TV commentators, who are not trained for this kind of operation. "Here come the anti-aircraft guns; they are used for, er, er, er, well .. anti aircraft". Then at the stadium the army marched round and round for KK's birthday, and we had 2 long speeches, marred by the wind in the mike. But before that KK had spoken on TV - pre-recorded - for 2 hours, so it was our day for speeches. Then on the big day, 24th October, there were the calisthenics in the stadium, for 2-3 hours. I must add that none of this was live, it all had to be taken back to the studio, we saw it several hours later, or next day. That night was the State Banquet - with more speeches. When this was not on TV, we were treated to all the films showing KK being sworn in a year ago, or something being opened by him 2 years ago, or party conferences 18 months ago; all the regular programmes for one week were cancelled.

Here in Kitwe, I went to a service at Mindolo Ecumenical, and by the time I got into Kitwe at 10am, everything was over. It was a miserable procession, and a speech in the park, Not a minister or VIP covered the Copperbelt, and we have 7 towns with well over one quarter of the population. Ndola, 40 miles away, had a bit more, but programmes were released, and I heard about it afterwards. I felt very sad.

Well, that brings you up to date, (as if you're interested!) so I will now wish you all a very happy Christmas, and the best for 1985.

Many thanks for the pretty slipper delivered to my office - by your friend, a real surprise. How's business? Going well, I hope. - and what a day for you people re-elected U.P.P. as Ghandis' death.

Things on TV Solwezi viewers were welcomed!

Cherish love to Zindi - yourself

LIFE IN ZAMBIA

9<sup>th</sup> Nov 84

As I am always being asked about our life here, I can do nothing better than describe just what I am doing at this moment.

It is 6pm, and I am in the office, with the radio on to one of our lodges, Musungwa. At the lodge tonight is our President, - K.K. - and yesterday we were asked to man our radio to them from 5pm today until 8am in the morning. Of course, this doesn't happen often, but it is one of the many things which help to make life here rather unpredictable. In case you think I am staying all night, let me hasten to assure you that our office messenger is coming around 8pm, as he and I and Vicky, a young married woman with baby, are the only ones who know how the radio works. So Duncan went home early, and the new accountant is going to collect him, and stay with him for a couple of hours. I am sure nothing will happen, I keep on trying to call them to let them know we are on duty, but they haven't yet bothered to call me. I brought in a mattress, blankets and sheets for Duncan, and I only hope he doesn't sleep too heavily so that he doesn't hear should they come through.

Today was unusual in another way. I received a new stove and frig. I have been waiting for them since Feb., and there have literally been none in the country for sale since then. These came from Lusaka, which always gets everything, but even they were out of stock. They are still in the box, so I don't have any idea what they are like, I am just so grateful to have them! There is just no question of choice, and that goes for many things. It's amazing how excited we become at finding washing up liquid, electric light bulbs, salt, flour, even bread. Last month the Kitwe water supply was off from Friday mid-day until Sunday morning, because the last remaining pump had broken down. Half way through Saturday I remembered my swimming pool, whose water was filthy, so I chucked in chlorine and turned on the pump, and got water for washing ourselves that night - that weekend I had two lots of guests!

As I have said before, it seems awful sometimes, but other African countries are much worse. I read just this week that Ghana is lucky to have electricity every other day. In that humidity the food must be permanently bad. The IMF are still dictating their terms, some of which are good, and others not so good. Last week the govt took the subsidy off mealie meal, and the price hike is terrific. In other countries they have had riots for this, but we are very docile considering.

We can still get cream sometimes - usually at Bernards Bicycles, which actually services cars, having no bikes to sell. We buy bacon at Kitwe Sewage Co., also eggs and pork. Eureka Garage sells vegetables, and British Caledonian sells milk along with Kitwe Electric. There is a very simple explanation to all this. The govt is urging everyone to have a farm, and many companies are doing this. So they sell their produce at their other place of work. But you have to be cunning to find out who sells what.

Television is still very patchy. Data in Europe sponsored the European Football championships, so Bata here duly bought time for us to see them. Football is a great game here so we see many good games. I watched and watched last week to see if anyone was going to sponsor Wimbledon Finals, but nothing appeared. I was prepared to listen to radio, as I had the ladies singles the day before, and decided to turn on TV - and lo! and behold! there was dear (?) old MacEnroe. Usually our TV is not on at 3pm when the game started by our time. The normal programmes are pretty dreary, mostly detective series, with occasionally a good or better one such as "The Brothers" - or so I thought. This week we have "Wagner" starting, which surprises me, as I would not have thought it would have universal appeal. We also have "Not the 9 o'clock news", which surely only the Brits appreciate. Even I don't know half the time who they are taking the micky from, but it is very funny just the same - to me.

I still continue to be very busy in Church and YWCA, on the local level for the former and national for the latter. I have decided they just have to find new treasurers at the end of this year. I had one lined up at church, a very up and coming bank manager, but he unfortunately killed himself in a car crash. This year they have both become a drag, with the extra responsibilities at the office. I have said this many times, but this time I mean it (?).

9<sup>th</sup> Nov. 84

THE NEW MANAGING DIRECTOR

I THOUGHT I WOULD BORE YOU WITH SOME DETAILS OF MY NEW JOB. I TOOK OVER ON FIRST FEBRUARY, AND ON THE TWENTIETH I WENT DOWN WITH A VICIOUS VIRUS WHICH MADE ME MORE ILL THAN I HAVE BEEN FOR TWENTY YEARS. FIRST I GOT A COLD, THEN SUDDENLY STARTED TO COUGH, AND HAD A HIGH TEMPERATURE, SO ON TO ANTIBIOTICS. AFTER I STOPPED COUGHING, I COULD NOT MOVE FOR FOUR DAYS DUE TO THE SCIATICA BROUGHT ABOUT BY THIS COUGH. WOW, I JUST WANTED TO DIE. I FELT SO BAD ABOUT GETTING THIS SO SOON I WENT BACK TO WORK TOO SOON, SO TOOK LONGER TO RECOVER. IT WAS TWO MONTHS BEFORE I REALLY FELT OK AGAIN. WHAT A START !

MY PREDECESSOR SIMPLY COULD NOT ACCEPT NOT HAVING HIS CONTRACT RENEWED, AND LOSING ALL HIS LOVELY PERKS. HE HAD FOUR MONTHS LEAVE ACCRUED AND THE SILLY PEOPLE WHO OWN T.G. TRAVEL SAID HE COULD STAY IN THE HOUSE, KEEPING THE SERVANT AND CAR. SO HE CAME TO THE OFFICE EVERY DAY, OSTENSIBLY TO COLLECT HIS MAIL, BUT ALSO TO INTERFERE. MY SEX IS NOT VERY CLEVER, THEY DO NOT REALISE HOW STUPID THEY CAN BE. HIS FORMER SECRETARY WOULD DROP EVERYTHING TO WORK FOR HIM, AND HE OFTEN CAME IN WITHOUT MY EVEN KNOWING. WE HAD A SHOWDOWN ONE DAY, AND AFTER THAT HE IMPROVED, BUT HE ONLY FINALLY LEFT TWO WEEKS AGO. HE HAS NO JOB, HAS NOT EVEN LOOKED FOR ONE, HAS NO QUALIFICATIONS, AND WILL COME DOWN TO EARTH WITH A BIG BANG. SERVE HIM RIGHT!

A VERY NICE ZAMBIAN ACCOUNTANT HAS JOINED THE COMPANY, AND I AM GRADUALLY FORCING MYSELF TO CHANGE DIRECTION AND LET HIM DO THE ACCOUNTS. IT'S NOT EASY, BUT I THINK I AM WINNING. MOST OF MY PROBLEMS ARE CAUSED BY OUTSIDE CIRCUMSTANCES, SUCH AS MY FAVOURITE AIRLINE DECIDING TO CANCEL PLANES AND TELLING US ABOUT IT A FEW HOURS LATER. LAST WEEK THEY CANCELLED ALL FLIGHTS TO KASABA BAY, ONE OF OUR THREE BIG TOURIST SPOTS, BECAUSE ONE LODGE OUT OF THE THREE HAD CLOSED DOWN FOR REPAIRS. WE WERE TOLD AFTER THEY CANCELLED THE PLANES INDEFINITELY. I SPENT MOST OF THE DAY ON THE PHONE AND RADIO TRYING TO HELP THE STRANDED PASSENGERS. THERE HAVE BEEN MORE STAFF CHANGES THAN I EVER REMEMBER, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE I HAVE TAKEN OVER. ANYONE HERE AS A RESIDENT CANNOT SEND MONEY OUT, SO THAT CATEGORY IS NOW LEAVING THE COUNTRY. MY PREDECESSOR ALWAYS EMPLOYED THEM IN PREFERENCE TO ZAMBIAN'S, RACIALIST THAT HE WAS, SO I AM NOW REAPING THE HARVEST. THREE OF THEM I MANAGER AND TWO ASSISTANTS ARE LEAVING THIS MONTH, AND WE JUST DONT HAVE ENOUGH TRAINED ZAMBIAINS TO TAKE THEIR PLACE. I HAVE ARRANGED FOR SOME STAFF TO GO ON COURSES AT MINDOLO ECUMENICAL CENTRE, BUT THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN GOING THERE YEARS AGO. I DID TRY HARD, AND A COUPLE WENT, BUT THE M.D. THEN COULD NOT SEE THE POINT OF PAYING FOR TRAINING, (AIRLINES DO IT FREE). WE SEEM TO LURCH FROM ONE CRISIS TO THE NEXT, BUT I HAVE LEARNED WE ALWAYS GET BY SOMEHOW, SO NOT TO WORRY OVERMUCH.

EVERYONE EXCEPT THE ADMIN STAFF GETS CHANCES TO TRAVEL, SO I DECIDED TO LET THEM ALL HAVE ONE VISIT THIS YEAR TO A GAME PARK. I WENT WITH TWO OF THEM, THEY HAD NEVER BEEN BEFORE, AND IT WAS SUCH FUN SEEING IT ALL THROUGH THEIR EYES. WE WENT TO LUANGWA, AND ON THE DAY COMING BACK I SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM FOOD POISONING, HOW I GOT HOME I WILL NEVER KNOW, IT TOOK TWELVE HOURS TO DO TWO AND A HALF HOURS ACTUAL FLYING. NEXT DAY ONE OF THE OTHERS WENT DOWN, AND THEY HAD TO CLOSE THE CAMP FINALLY FOR A FEW DAYS TO LOCATE THE TROUBLE AFTER TWO OF THE STAFF HAD TO BE FLOWN TO LUSAKA AND PUT IN HOSPITAL. BUT I READ RECENTLY THAT BRITISH AIRWAYS PAX ON FIRST CLASS IN MARCH HAD A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE; IT MUST HAPPEN TO THE BEST PEOPLE.

I AM HAVING AN INTERESTING TIME COPING WITH THE HOLDING COMPANY MD. HE IS NEW AT THE JOB TOO, AND IS TRYING TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION, AND HE IS TRYING TO SEE HOW MUCH HE CAN INTERFERE IN MY COMPANY. SO WE ARE JOCKEYING FOR POSITION, FORTUNATELY STILL GOOD FRIENDS. IT IS INTERESTING, TO SAY THE LEAST.

*we have 6 branches, + Admin office, with about 60 staff.  
Some of the managers are good, some more like passengers.*

9th Nov 84

MY FAR EAST JOURNEY ~ 1983  
+++++

It's months since I returned from my long trip east, and some of my impressions are vague, but others very clear. It always helps when I show my photos. Also I have talked quite a lot about the conference in Singapore to other YWCA members, and we have just had our annual National Conference in Livingstone where the topic was "Mini-Singapore". This involved a lot of revision of my work papers to lead four hours of discussion. I also get follow-up material from my cluster "Energy and the Environment", which also included Appropriate Technology.. As I said last time, I had an awful lot of learning to do, but I did manage to write a paper on the situation in Zambia, thanks to two very learned friends, John Charman and Graham Pearce, from the Mine and Forestry. As a result of our Livingstone conference, the YWCA in Kitwe is going to construct an improved charcoal cooker which saves fuel; a frig made of charcoal, chicken wire and water dripping down (rather like that ridiculous Dali "thing" I once saw in a Chicago Museum where water dripped over a car, woman, etc.; a hand pump for using near a river made of rope with knots at strategic distances, a pipe, and cycle wheel for handle, and a very superior outside loo! I was fortunate in my Singapore cluster to have the best leader imaginable, a woman from Fiji who had various science degrees, and who scorned helpless females like me who can't change a car tyre, and who is still sending lots of literature as follow-up.

I left here mid-October, for 2 weeks in Sri Lanka, on good old Zambian Airways. It was due to leave Lusaka at 9.30pm., and I checked in with my first class ticket, and went up to the first class lounge to meet the Lusaka manager, Derry Chandalala. When there, they explained there was no first class section on the plane to India, EVER, so I asked how could they have sold it to me. We had the usual long pointless argument, and then I had to go back down and get a down grading certificate from the clerk who should have given me one automatically. Well, we boarded the plane and got ready for take-off, and suddenly there was confusion up front. After a 5 minute delay we were asked to get off, and as we went forward to the only exit steps it was very hot indeed. I turned out that the pipe taking the hot air out had got turned in. After an hour's wait, we were told the engineers would work on it all night, so they would try to find a bus for us to go to hotel, but please would we leave our cases at the airport to speed up departure next morning. Only non-Lusaka residents were allowed to have free hotel accommodation, and I was able to fight on behalf of our esteemed ambassador to China, who had been on leave, who had nowhere to stay in Lusaka but technically did not qualify for a room. He is the uncle of an old friend, Jean Mwendela. We waited an hour, then a bus came, and we toured round Lusaka looking for rooms, I ended up at the last hotel at 2.30am. We were due to be picked up at 6.30 for 8am takeoff, so it was a short night, but at least I got a bath, and of course the take-off was later, at 9am, so we were 12 hours late taking off.

So we arrived at Colombo at midnight, but I had discovered the crew were staying in my hotel, and scrounged a ride. It was pouring with rain, and I had to struggle with immigration officials, who did not seem to know that all tourist literature said commonwealth citizens needed no visa for Sri Lanka, I then found out that there are various categories of C. citizens, and Zambia was in the lower half. So I was allowed in for 24 hours, and had to go to Immigration next day to get a longer stay permitted. Fortunately at the airport I had met an enterprising travel agent who pursued me to the hotel next morning, gave me a guide to go to immigration, which only took 2 hours instead of much longer, and then planned a 5 day tour round the island with my own car, driver, and guide, at a very reasonable rate. The Tamil uprisings had only taken place 3 months previously, and as a result tourism had been badly hit. Very near my Colombo hotel, where I stayed for 2 days, there was tremendous damage to the Fort area, unbelievable.

The whole island is very overcrowded by Zambian standards, roads are busy and crowded with bikes, bullock carts, elephants, etc, so I thought I was travelling long distances when it was only just over 100 miles. I was most impressed by all the little home industries strung along the roadside, people making batiks; spice gardens; endless rice paddies; small and large rubber plantations; the famous tea estates, and precious stone shops. I thought that .....

(This page had to be re-typed as the original was so poor - sorry?).

9<sup>th</sup> Nov 984

WE IN ZAMBIA COULD LEARN AN AWFUL LOT FROM SRI LANKA, UNFORTUNATELY HERE WE SEEM TO THINK A FACTORY HAS TO BE BUILT OF BRICK AND CONCRETE. I WAS ALSO VERY IMPRESSED WITH THE IRRIGATION WHICH WAS FIRST BUILT BY THE KINGS IN THE SECOND CENTURY, AND IS STILL WORKING.

MY FIRST TOWN WAS POLONNARUWA, WHICH WAS THE SECOND CAPITAL CITY. THE REMAINS ARE IMPRESSIVE, AND I NOTICE THESE THINGS SO MUCH MORE FROM ZAMBIA, WHERE OUR OLDEST HOUSE WAS BUILT EARLY THIS CENTURY. THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TO THE ISLAND WILL KNOW THAT THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BUDDHA STATUES AND MONUMENTS AND TEMPLES. AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, MY GUIDE WAS MOSLEM AND THE DRIVER HINDU, SO WE STOPPED AT THOSE SHRINES TOO. THEY WERE BOTH VERY HELPFUL AND I LEARNED A LOT. THE NEXT NIGHT WAS SPENT AT KANDY, THE THIRD CAPITAL, A REALLY BEAUTIFUL TOWN. HERE I WENT INTO ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS BUDDHIST TEMPLES, AND WATCHED A SHOW WITH FIRE EATERS AND FIRE WALKERS. FROM THERE WE CLIMBED UP TO THE TEA ESTATES, AROUND SIX THOUSAND FEET. I WAS SUPPOSED TO STAY AT A LOVELY OLD COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB, BUT WHEN WE STOPPED THERE FOR A LATE LUNCH IT WAS SO COLD I DECIDED TO DESCEND A BIT SO ENDED UP AT A HOTEL IN A LITTLE TOWN WHERE I WAS THE ONLY GUEST. THE DESTRUCTION DURING THAT WEEK OF RIOTS (WHEN POLICE AND ARMY DID NOTHING TO PROTECT THE TAMILS) WAS SIMPLY TERRIFYING. PEOPLE WHO HAD LIVED NEXT DOOR FOR A VERY LONG TIME AS NEIGHBOURS SUDDENLY BEHAVED LIKE ANIMALS. SO DO YOU BLAME ME WHEN I WAS FRIGHTENED AT ALL THE ELEPHANTS ALONG THE ROADS CARRYING BURDENS: IF HUMANS COULD BEHAVE LIKE THAT, HOW COULD ANYONE TALK ABOUT A TAME ELEPHANT? THE NEXT PLACE I STAYED HAD MANY PRECIOUSSTONE SHOPS AND A MUSEUM SO I ENDED UP BUYING A SAPHIRE RING.

I THEN WENT TO THE COAST FOR FIVE DAYS, IN A NEW HOLIDAY AREA CALLED BENTOTA, AND THERE I LAZED ON THE BEACH AND IN THE SEA TO MY HEARTS CONTENT. I MET SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE, A WEALTHY AUSTRALIAN WIDOW TOURING THE WORLD, A FRENCH COUPLE WHO TOOK A HOLIDAY LIKE THIS EVERY YEAR, AND A YOUNG ENGLISH COUPLE GOING TO WORK IN HONGKONG STOPPING ALONG THE WAY. I TOOK LONG WALKS ALONG THE BEACH, AND FELT I WAS DOING MY RHEUMATISM LOTS OF GOOD !

ONE BONUS FROM THE SRI LANKA TWO WEEKS WAS THE ACCLIMATISATION TO COASTAL HUMIDITY IN PREPARATION FOR SINGAPORE, ON THE EQUATOR, AND ALWAYS HOT AND STICKY. IT WAS AN IDIOTIC PLACE TO CHOOSE FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF NORTH AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS COMING FROM A NOVEMBER WINTERY CLIMATE. QUITE A LOT OF DELEGATES SUFFERED FROM THE CLIMATE, BUT IT DID NOT BOTHER ME, AND EVERY DAY I SWAM IN THE OLYMPIC POOL RIGHT NEXT TO OUR ROOMS AND DININGROOM. I TRIED TO ADD AN EXTRA LENGTH EACH DAY, AND DOUBLE THE NUMBER ON SUNDAY MORNINGS, AND WAS PLEASED WITH MY RESULTS.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE EXPERIENCE ARE MIXED. IT WAS VERY BADLY RUN FROM AN ADMIN POINT OF VIEW, AND SOME PROCEDURES CAUSED HAVOC. BUT IT WAS NICE TO MEET PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, SOME OF WHOM I HAD NOT SEEN FOR A LONG TIME. THE BEST TIME WAS SPENT IN OUR CLUSTERS, I FELT WE REALLY GOT TO GRIPS WITH SOME OF THE CHALLENGES AND CAME BACK DETERMINED TO DO MY LITTLE BIT LIKE SAVING TREES, AND FIGHTING THE COPPER MINE SMOKE THAT IS GRADUALLY POLLUTING THE ATMOSPHERE, ETC. WE ALSO HAD OTHER COMMITTEES AND OF COURSE I WAS IN FINANCE. THE WORLD Y STAFF IN GENEVA IN FINANCE ARE ALL SWISS AND INCREDIBLY CONSERVATIVE, ALL ACCOUNTS ARE DONE BY HAND, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, SO THOSE MEETINGS WERE QUITE FIERY AS THE NORTH AMERICANS AND AUSTRALIANS WERE VERY STRONG ON DRAGGING THEM INTO THE LATE TWENTIETH CENTURY. ALL THOSE NATIONAL ORGANISATIONS HAVE THEIR OWN COMPUTERS, SOMETHING THE SWISS HAD OBVIOUSLY NEVER HEARD OF.

WE ALSO HAD REGIONAL MEETINGS, AND I WAS THE ONLY NON BLACK IN THE AFRICA REGION. I WAS TREATED WITH SUSPICION BY SOME AT FIRST, BUT BY THE TIME I HAD DANCED AND SUNG AND ENTERTAINED WITH THE REST THEY REALISED I WAS NOT SO BAD.



9th Nov. 84

### THREE

THE UNIVERSITY WHERE THE MEETINGS WERE HELD IS A FEW HUNDRED FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, AND WAS FAIRLY HILLY, WITH A VERY BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS. THE CONFERENCE ROOMS WERE PRETTY ADEQUATE, WE SOMETIMES HAD TO CHANGE AROUND AS THERE WERE VACATION COURSES GOING ON. THE SINGAPORE YWCA IS EXTREMELY WELL ORGANISED, AND ARRANGED FOR THREE WONDERFUL OUTINGS. THE FIRST DAY ACTUALLY IN THE EVENING WE WERE TAKEN TO DINNER AT THE SHANGRI LA HOTEL, ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD. HERE WE HAD A GENUINE CHINESE MEAL, WITH UMPTEEN COURSES, WHICH IS QUITE THE BEST I HAVE EVER HAD. THERE WERE MANY LOCAL GUESTS INVITED, AND THE YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF THE CITY, IT WAS QUITE AN EVENING. THEN AT THE OTHER END WE HAD A DINNER AT THE HYATT REGENCY FOLLOWED BY AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT OF THE THREE MAIN CULTURES \* CHINESE, MALAY AND INDIAN. SOME BRIGHT SPARK HAD THE IDEA OF THE Y THEN DOING THEIR OWN ENTERTAINMENT, WHICH I PERSONALLY THOUGHT APPALLING AFTER THE SOPHISTICATED PERFORMANCE WE HAD JUST SEEN. WELL, THE AFRICA GROUP WAS FIRST, AND WE HAD BARELY REHEARSED, AND I WAS CAUGHT IN AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT. THE LAST THING I WANTED TO DO WAS TO GET ON THAT STAGE, BUT IF I DIDNT I STUCK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB, SO THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO. I BOUGHT MYSELF SEVERAL CINZANOS AND GOT IN THE MOOD SO I DIDNT CARE A DAMN ABOUT ANYTHING, AND PRANCED AROUND DOING MY BIT, BUT I MUST ADMIT, I MANAGED TO GET INTO THE CENTRE BACK OF THE STAGE AND WAS COMPLETELY HIDDEN WITH SIXTY OR SO DELEGATES GYRATING AROUND, AND ALL I HAD TO ENDURE WAS GOING UP AND COMING BACK DOWN. THE ASIAN GROUP WAS EVEN WORSE THAN US AS THEY DID SOME OF THE SAME DANCES AS THE PROFESSIONALS, AND THEY DID NOT COMPARE. THE BEST PERFORMANCE CAME FROM THE SOUTH SEAS. OUR LAST OUTING WAS AROUND THE MIDDLE OF THE SECOND WEEK, TO SENTOSA ISLAND, WHICH HAS CHANGED A LOT SINCE I WAS LAST THERE AROUND 2 YEARS AGO. IT IS EVEN MORE CROWDED, AND HAS EVEN MORE ENTERTAINMENTS. SIX I WOULD HAVE LOVED TO GO BY CABLE CAR AGAIN, BUT WE WENT ON THE FERRY. IT IS EASY TO SEE WHY SINGAPORE TRIES TO KEEP THE BIRTHRATE DOWN, PENALISING THOSE WITH MORE THAN TWO CHILDREN, THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM. THEY ARE RECLAIMING A MILE A DAY FROM THE SEA BUT TO LITTLE AVAIL.

THERE WAS A LOT OF DRAMA CONNECTED WITH ZAMBIA. WE HAD NOMINATED MARY KAZUNGA, OUR NAT GEN SEC., TO BE ON THE WORLD EXECUTIVE. AFTERWARDS ANOTHER MEMBER, NOT AT ALL ACTIVE IN THE Y BUT A VERY PROMINENT CITIZEN WAS NOMINATED BY ANOTHER COUNTRY TO BE WORLD PRESIDENT. THERE WAS AN AWFUL LOT OF HARKY PANKY BEHIND SCENES, AND OUR DELGATION WAS SPLIT, BUT I HAD NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT I HAD TO VOTE FOR THE BEST PERSON, AND THAT WAS THE CANADIAN DELEGATE WHO HAD SERVED ON THE WORLD EXEC FOR EIGHT YEARS, AND REALLY KNEW THE WORLD Y. SHE WON, BUT OUR DELEGATE COULD NOT ACCEPT BEING BEATEN, AND SINCE WE RETURNED SHE HAS REALLY STIRRED IT UP AND SPOILT A LOT OF MEETINGS. SHE AND I HAD A REAL FIGHT IN LIVINGSTONE AT THE RECENT NAT CONF, BUT WE STILL REMAIN FRIENDS, I HAVE KNOWN HER ALL THE TIME I'VE BEEN HERE, AND WE USUALLY CLASH, BUT OFTEN RESPECT EACH OTHER'S VIEWS. THIS TIME SHE HAS DISAPPOINTED ME. I SUPPOSE IT IS TO BE EXPECTED THAT A NEW COUNTRY WANTS THAT KIND OF HONOUR, BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS TO ME THAT THE WORLD Y NEEDED SOMEBODY WHO REALLY KNOWS IT THROUGH AND THROUGH, AND OUR CANDIDATE DID NOT. MARY GOT ON TO THE EXECUTIVE, WHICH SURPRISED ME, AS AFRICA HAS ONLY THREE DELEGATES AND ONE OTHER COMES FROM ZIMBAWE, RIGHT NEXT DOOR. BUT MARY WAS HEAD AND SHOULDERS OVER MOST OF THE OTHERS, AND DESERVED TO WIN.

I WAS GLAD I WENT TO THE CONFERENCE, BUT DONT THINK I WANT TO GO TO ANOTHER ONE. IN ANY CASE, THE MORE PEOPLE FROM HERE WHO CAN GO TO A WORLD CONFERENCE AND GET THAT KIND OF EXPERIENCE, THE BETTER. WE ALL CAME BACK DETERMINED TO DO BETTER AT HOME.

9<sup>th</sup> Nov. 89

FOUR

I SPENT TWO DAYS IN THE MING HOTEL, THEN SET OFF FOR MALAYSIA. THE NEW WORLD PRESIDENT AND ANOTHER BRITISH DELEGATE WERE GOING TO STAY IN A HOTEL RECOMMENDED BY A MALAYSIAN WOMAN, SO I BOOKED IN THERE TOO. BUT FIRST I HAD A DAY IN AND AROUND KUALA LUMPUR, A CITY I LIKED. MANY OF THE PLACES I VISITED COULD HAVE BEEN BACK IN SRI LANKA, THEY HAVE SIMILAR COTTAGE INDUSTRIES. AND RUBBER TREES. ONE DIFFERENT PLACE WAS A PEWTER FACTORY WHICH MADE SIMPLY LOVELY ARTICLES. I WENT TO PORT DICKSON BY CAR, AND MET THE TWO WOMEN MENTIONED EARLIER, BUT WE ONLY OVERLAPPED BY A DAY. THIS HOTEL WAS ALSO ON THE BEACH, AND I RELAXED FOR THREE DAYS IN MY FAVOURITE STYLE. I DECIDED TO RETURN BY TRAIN, THINKING I WOULD ADMIRE THE SCENERY, BUT IT RAINED ALL THE WAY AND I SAW LITTLE. I DID ENJOY CROSSING THE BRIDGE BETWEEN MALAYSIA AND SINGAPORE, FANTASTIC VIEWS.

WHEN I BOOKED IN WITH SWISSAIR ON MY RETURN I ASKED IF THEY COULD TELL ME IF ZAMBIA AIRWAYS WAS ON TIME FROM BOMBAY TO LUSAKA. "WHATEVER DO YOU WANT TO FLY ON THAT AIRLINE FOR", I WAS ASKED, THEY ARE SO UNRELIABLE." HOW TRUE. WHEN I ARRIVED IN BOMBAY ( AN AIRPORT TO BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS, ), IT TOOK THE GIRL AN HOUR TO FIND OUT THAT ZAMBIA AIRWAYS WAS ONLY TWENTYFOUR HOURS LATE. THERE WERE ABOUT A DOZEN FILIPINOS GOING TO LUSAKA , AND FOUR GOING TO ROME. ALTHOUGH WE SORTED OUT THE LUGGAGE IN TWO PILES, AND LABELLED THEM ALL, GUESS WHAT, AFTER AN OTHER HOUR SEARCHING FOR MY CASE, THEY DECIDED IT MUST HAVE GONE TO ROME. THEY DID PUT ME IN A NICE HOTEL ON JUHU BEACH, FORTUNATELY I HAD GOT ONE CHANGE OF UNDIES AND ONE CLEAN BLOUSE, ANTICIPATING TROUBLE. THE ONE ARTICLE I HAD TO BUY WAS A SWIMSUIT, I COULD NOT STAY THERE FOR A DAY AND NOT SWIM. SO NEXT DAY BACK I WENT TO THE AIRPORT, WE GOT ON THE PLANE, SAT DOWN, THIS TIME I WAS THE ONLY PASSENGER IN FIRST CLASS, WHICH THEY HAD TOLD ME WAS NOT CATERED FOR, ALL READY FOR TAKE OFF, BUT NUMBER THREE ENGINE WOULD NOT START. WE WERE LATE BECAUSE THIS PLANE HAD BROKEN DOWN IN ROME TWO DAYS EARLIER. WE SAT ON THE PLANE FOR SIX HOURS WHILE THE LOCAL ENGINEERS WORKED ON IT, AND I GOT CHATTING TO THE ETHIOPIAN CAPTAIN. I ASKED HIM, AS A SPECIAL FAVOUR, IF WE HAD ANY TROUBLE FLYING OVER THE INDIAN OCEAN FOR EIGHT HOURS, NOT TO ATTEMPT TO LOOK FOR ANYWHERE TO LAND, BUT JUST TO GO STRAIGHT DOWN AND END IT ALL AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. I TOLD HIM I ADMIRER HIS COURAGE IN FLYING A PLANE THAT WAS PERMANENTLY OUT OF ORDER. TO MY SURPRISE WE FINALLY SET OFF JUST THIRTY HOURS LATE AND MADE IT. I LEARNED AFTERWARDS THAT TWO HOURS AFTER IT LANDED IT WAS OFF TO LONDON TO TRY TO CATCH UP ON LOST TIME. I GOT MY SUITCASE BACK A WEEK LATER, ALL INTACT, MIRACLES WILL NEVER CEASE.

~~Handwritten scribble~~

Dad - 2 requests!

① I'd love another pair of moss  
slippers you sent me -  
American size 11

② we have no news here of olympics  
Is there a magazine which gives all the  
results?  
Thanks a million.

6 Dec, 1984

**David to Muriel,**

My dear Muriel,

The last two weeks have been a panic --at the office and here at home with Zindi's return. So my Christmas notes have to get off today if there is any chance at all of them reaching Zambia or Kenya in 1984! Anyway, my X-mas note on the back of the next page gives you the bare bones of 1984 for PDW.

Glad you got the slippers. I sent them with Pascal at the last moment. Not even time to write a note. Couldn't remember if your size 11 was for men or women as I know you — like me — have big feet. Also, no quality slippers in August, so the \$3 pair was the best I could do. Quite literally good slippers are only handled by most stores in December. Please, let me know if they fit, and, if so, I'll get a pair now and keep them ready for the next visitor.

I never got a chance to write Monica Fisher. Can you possibly contact her sometime and tell her about me and the dissertation. No hurry but I do feel bad.

Sounds like Zambia's slow, sad decline continues. Your frank analysis and letters are much appreciated. Do continue to keep in touch.

I hope to visit Zambia in either April/May or September 1985 — probably the latter. My trip to the UK never came of due to the problem in getting Zindi off. But, I'd really like to get away. Pascal and James Kanga should be able to help me in Lusaka on housing etc. If I visit the C/B and Kitwe, I may have to look your way if possible. Housing and transport within Zambia will probably be the biggest problems. But, more on that later.

May you have a wonderful New Year. Do be careful in all your adventures around the third world, but keep them going. Have fun now! Tomorrow may be too late!

Much love,

David

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Sounds like Zambia's slow, sad decline continues. Your frank analysis & letters are much appreciated. Do continue to keep in touch.

I hope to visit Zambia in either April/May or September 1985. — probably the latter. My trip to the UK never came ~~out~~ <sup>off</sup> due to the problems in getting Zindi off. But I'd really like to get away. Pascal & James Kanye should be able to help me in Lusaka on housing etc. If I visit the C/B + Kitwe, I may have to look your way if possible. Housing & transport with Zambia will probably be the biggest problems. But more on that later.

May you have a wonderful New Year. Do be careful in all your adventures around the Third World but keep them going. Have fun now! Tomorrow may be too late!

Much love  
David