

1985

22nd March 1985

Kitwe, Zambia

My dear David,

Many thanks for yours of December. I hope you had a good Christmas — New Year. I'm writing fairly soon (for me) to say how delighted I am you are planning to visit Zambia this year. I assume you will not be coming in April — May now, so I look forward to seeing you in September. I am planning to visit the U.K. mid July — mid August, after 4 years, so I'll be here in September. Of course you're welcome to stay here, plenty of room. But, transport? Wow! We've had no new tyres for nearly a year. There are no windscreens in Zambia and one of our company cars got it's windscreen shattered this week. The only hope was to buy one that didn't fit from a wreck, and have the glass suppliers do their worst — you should see it! There's been no perspex [?] for 3 months. All spares a very short. I wonder how much longer we can keep cars on the road. This week we read that 1/4 of the UBZ buses are on the road.

I'm glad Zindi is holding her own, and hope the winter hasn't been too bad. I know Britain has had some very cold spells, but I haven't read about yours. I was planning to spend Easter in Chobi Game Park with Ruth and her sons and grandsons, but the booking got messed up, so that's off. I was given a free ticket to Bombay (ugh!) and I thought I might go to Goa, but decided to postpone that until the end of the year. So I may just go to Musongwa for a week, and finish reading "The Raj Quartet" — have you see(n) the series "Jewel in the Crown" by Paul Scott — fantastic!

I hope your business goes well. Cheerio and all the best. — oh, yes, we've masses of rain.

Love Muriel

PO Box 21607 Kitwe.

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you see the TV series "Jewel in the Crown"
by Paul Scott - fantastic!

I hope your business goes well,
Cheers & all the best - Oh yes, we've

20: masses of rain, Love David
TO OPEN SLIT HERE

22nd March 1955

Sender's name and address

Wardson
Box 21607
KITWE
Zambia

Enclosures are not permitted

SECOND FOLD HERE

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

AÉROGRAMME
AIR LETTER



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



23 May 1985

Montego Bay, Jamaica

Dear Muriel,

It is almost tea time and I'm sitting by a large pool by a large hotel in Mo' Bay. It reminds me of E. Af. — Mombasa or Dar — the climate, the people, the money (I keep calling Jamaica dollars, "shillings"), and especially the beaches. Tonight I hope to go out to a restaurant overlooking the bay and then tomorrow, zoom back to NYC's hustle. Seven days can go by fast!

Anyway, it is a good time to get a much overdue reply off to you. Yesterday I finished book I, The Jewel in the Crown, of the Raj Quartet. So we share his (Scott's) excellent descriptions. I don't like or esp. enjoy, his style, but it is indeed vivid. Remembering your comments on him in your last letter especially made me think of you — as if I needed a special reminder! (smile)

Last night they held a big (and expensive)beach party for the tourists. The Jamaicans put on quite a show, but I thought of my reaction to the PC's big party in Solwezi in 1963 and how Daphne Manners felt the same way — from 20 to 40 years ago. How stupid everyone acted while the Jamaicans watched and served as the tourists had the money and money is power these days (as before!). Anyway, enough of this.

I've not gone beyond the town as I resolved not to do in NYC. I arrived exhausted and needed — and gotten — rest. Zindi needed the fresh, warm air (Her health remains precarious, if not bad, on the best days, so what more can I say. She still "works" and resolves to not stop until they force her as she loves it, but I find it painful to see her struggle. But, I don't have an answer — as there isn't one). But, I've looked around the town and really enjoyed myself. Have you been here? I've forgotten.

My work in NYC is going okay. I may spend the next few weeks(or several weeks in June/July) in Orlando, Florida. My main client wants me to help his department move there. By August I'll have to have new clients altogether. But this may be good as I expect I may get much better money. Will see!

I've getting deeply involved with training people to use IBM PC's — both hardware and software. I really enjoy helping others expand themselves (note I don't say "teach") and their capacity to use the new generation of computers. A long way, I fear, from Dev. Seminars in the NWP. But, still similarities: helping adults keep pace with a rapidly changing world.

Hope you got to the U.K. and have had a good 1985. I still hope to get to Zambia, but things do sound gloomy; also I'll only have a week and am tempted to spend it strictly in the U.K. or Kenya. (The second week will now be spent at a big professional conference here in the USA for industrial/business trainers.) Anyway, more on this later — esp. if I come.

Must close. Will mail this tomorrow in NYC.

Love, David

Home Address:
61-15 98th Street
Rego Park, N.Y. 11374

P. DAVID WILKIN
(718) 271-0084

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

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Montego Bay, Jamaica

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Last night they held a big (& expensive) beach party for the tourists. The Jamaicans put on quite a show but I thought of my reaction to the PC's big party in Solwezi in 1963 & how Daphne Mannes felt the same way - a damn waste of time. I wondered what was ^{really} different - except for a few black Am. faces & they keep pace with the other tourists - from 20-40 years ago. How stupid everyone acted while the Jamaicans watched & served as the tourists had the money & money is power these days ^(as before!) in America, enough of this.

25th May, 1985

I've not gone beyond the town as I resolved not to do in NYC. I arrived exhausted & needed - & gotten - rest. Zindi needed the fresh, warm air. (Her health remains precarious, it not bad on the best days, so what more can I say. She still "works" and resolves to not stop until they force her as she loves it, but I find it painful to see her struggle. But I don't have an answer - as there isn't one.) But I've looked around the town & really enjoyed myself. Have you been here? I've forgotten.

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Love Dan

31st July 1985

Dear David,

Many thanks for your letter and card from Jamaica. I've never visited the West Indies, one day I'll go. I was amused at your comments on the beach party and comparing it to "Jewel in the Crown". Your comments on Scott's style struck a chord. I think the 4th book he gets much worse — it irritated me. But I had to read on. I've now seen it all on video, and I think the BBC TV serial is almost perfect — the best I've ever seen.

You would be mad to come here for only a week! All this way. And we have now no petrol! I didn't get away on 15th July as we had a crisis! From tomorrow all our air fares will be quoted in US\$ — an immediate increase of 40%. Z. Air allowed ____ to have a month's grace at the old rate, so we've done nearly 2 month's work (in July). That means a cash flow problem, so I've been arranging extra loans, and chasing after managers to get as much cash as s pos.

I've re-booked for 18th August, and hope I can get away then. So I'll be in the UK in September, if you're still planning to go there. If you want to contact me there, why not write to the friends I hope make my base — c/o Mead, 61, GATES GREEN Road, West Wickham, Kent, BR4-9DE. So far I've hopefully arranged to go to Cambridge on Sept 10th, and to the West Country around 15th-20th. Otherwise, I'm fixing everything after I arrive — except the beginning, when I hope to go to Scotland soon after arrival. I return here on Sept. 28th.

I was so sorry to hear of Zindi's bad health. Did Jamaica do some good? Not long enough, I suppose.

I read recently in a WCC publication that your church is of those defying the Govt and giving shelter to refugees from Central and S. Africa. Well done!

Hope your work goes well. Cheers — perhaps we'll meet.

Love Muriel

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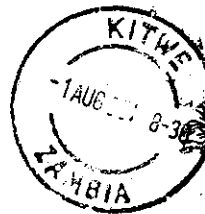
21st July, '85

Sender's name and address Maudson
Box 21607 Kitwe
Zambia

Enclosures are not permitted

SECOND FOLD HERE

**BY AIR MAIL
 PAR AVION**
**AÉROGRAMME
 AIR LETTER**



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



TO OPEN SLIT HERE

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

Kitwe, 23rd October 1985

Muriel to David, addendum to form letter of 23rd October 1985

I had a day with the Grenville-Greys. The twins were 21 this year. I hadn't seen Edith for 15 years, but she's mellowed and decided to let things to return to normal.

Many thanks for yours received in the U.K., Imagine commuting from NYC to Florida! I wonder what you've found now in the work scene.

One sentence in your letter is sad — "Maybe next year (in Zambia) will be better". Almost a sick joke!

Sorry about Zindi's health. What hobbies does she have? And is there good treatment?

Cheerio and all the best.

Muriel

Tel: Kitwe (02) 211439

PO BOX 21607,

KITWE

23rd October, 1985

My dear

David,

Tomorrow is our 21st anniversary of independence, but nobody feels at all like celebrating. You will see why if you manage to wade through the attached reports I have included. I have just popped out to buy baby oil for my skin, as the hot sun (never in short supply!) and the chlorine in my swimming pool dry my skin very badly. I went to 3 chemists - no luck - and I could not believe how empty were all the shelves. 3 months ago they were much more replete. As a result of our 300% - almost - devaluation, nobody can afford to buy anything now anyway. At last these greedy shopkeepers will feel the pinch - the shoes alone are K180 which is the average monthl wage for a cleaner or messenger. I am afraid this is a rather gloomy letter, but here we can talk about nothing else. Most people who don't understand economics are kidding themselves that in a few months time everything will revert to where it was, but they are in for a big shock.

As for the travel business, who knows, I may be looking for a job next year! Last December when I flew to Botswana, the full economy fare was K880. Today's fare is K3,400! The fare to London is equivalent to the annual salary of a very well paid manager. So people are cancelling their bookings, and obviously many companies employing expatriates on contract will not renew them as they would go out of business paying a couple with 2 kids, plus the children's air fares 3 time a year for schooling overseas, and of course the school fees. Well, one good thing is that the Zambianisation committee will no longer have a job to do - companies will be forced to localise! It was suggested in our board meeting last week that we should look around to start another kind of business to diversify. But the thought of running a business here is grim, and to think of starting one is just horrendous. At the moment our 6 branches employ 50 staff, and I know of 2 who are probably leaving early next year who won't be replaced, but I only hope I don't have to sack anyone due to massive loss of business, because there are no other jobs going. I shall have to transfer some from slack branch to Lusaka, who now have 50% of the total company business. We had a discussion in the board room that must have been argued over all round the world - whether to pay much smaller increases hoping to keep all staff on the payroll, or whether to give big increases to the ones we want to keep and blow the others (put rather crudely). We have no social security whatsoever, of course, so the only solution to unemployment is crime - I can see the incidence of robbery will escalate alarmingly.

Changing the subject, I had a very nice visit with Ruth last December, and at Easter time she finally moved into her new house. I saw it almost completed, and it is very lovely. I haven't seen her since then, but I hope to go at Christmas. I haven't been there for that period since I left Mindolo 10 years ago, but when I looked around at the few friends left here to spend Christmas with, I decided to go there. Once again our crisis could interfere. I am booked to go on a weekly flight that goes Lusaka, Gaborone, and Manzini (Swaziland) but if it is running empty Zambia Airways is likely to cancel the agreement, and then I shall have to go via Johannesburg, which is a messy journey. I see from today's paper that the Commonwealth Conference discussed cutting air links with the racist south, if so, then I just may not be able to get to Botswana at all.

I had a nice visit to Luangwa Game Park again this year, with my friends the Sales, who have now left. We saw leopard, lion and cheetah all in one day, which by any standards is remarkable. Cheetah had not been seen in Luangwa for years, and I haven't seen leopards so much before. Then earlier I went with friends to Musungwa Lodge, on Itezhi-Itzhi dam, a beautiful spot, and the animals are much rarer in Kafue Park, for those who like them, there are plenty of birds. However, I preferred my beauty sleep in the mornings and a swim in the pool. Next month all the TG managers and I are going back there for a weekend to have a management meeting - we have talked about it for years, and thought it too expensive, but as we sell the lodge as their only agents, they have offered us free accommodation. The only problem - it's a hell of a long drive - from Kitwe 7-8 hours, and for a weekend that's too much. I shall fly back from Lusaka.

YWCA in Kitwe is much more interesting this year as we have 3 volunteers from overseas, so are taking off with more programmes to help uneducated, unemployed women to be able to make things so they can buy food. The church is disappointing as they do not need whatsoever to help the 90% underprivileged to which they do not belong.

I had a day with the Cranville-Creys, & the
twins were 21 this year. I hadn't seen E
for 15 years, but she's mellowed & decided
to let things return to normal.

23rd Oct, 1985

Now for my holiday. I spent 6 weeks in Scotland and England, trying to keep
warm, enjoying visiting friends, but as usual the time ran out and I missed seeing
several again. I flew stright to Scotland, where I really did suffer from the weather.
I had 2 days in Edinburgh, visiting old friends from here (Morris' and Wright)
and then driving with the McKenzies to Dumfries for a week. I really was exhausted
and more or less flaked out, taking life very easily. From there we visited other
ex Zambians - Slorachs and Bongs, and thoroughly enjoyed the reminiscencing that goes
on during these occasions. We all went to a good film "The Witness", which had
been on my list to see. I was also introduced to a new game whose name refuses to
stick, but which passes a few happy hours, improving one's education - if only one
could remember the answers! When it came to pop groups, I was utterly lost.

China

From there I flew to Birmingham, and stayed with Coates for 6 days, of which
one was nice. We visited Coventry Cathedral, where I had never been, and re visited
Stratford on Avon, in both of which gave me much pleasure. Sitting in the car having
our lunch in the pouring rain was an added bonus. The Boxes came over to lunch,
but it was a bad time to see Gwen Thomas, just off to Yugoslavia.

When I arrived at West Wickham in Kent, I realised I did the journey the wrong
way round, as it was warmer and evern sunny at times. At this point I added up the
friends I wanted to see, then the days I had left, and it just didn't go. So come
what may next time (I shall probably have to Zamfoot it from here!) I shall rent
a house somewhere in the country and let everyone come to me. For those ex Zambians,
I visited Dennisons in Cambridge, - where I got them to borrow a TV so I could have
the pleasure of seeing MacEnroe being beaten; Dawsons in Salisbury, where we had a
lovely day out on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour; a quick visit to Bath to see
the Clokes, where it happened to be Fred's birthday; from there to Exeter to see
Haigs, who some of you met out here on a long visit, and we had a trip to the sea.
Durbises were just near where I was based, so I spent half a day with them;
by the end, I could not remember what I had said to who, and who had said what to me!

to all the best,

I was fortunate in my safari to the southeast coast, as the weather was really
beautiful, and it was a good visit, to the Adams and Perkins, and I appreciated
being ferried around from one to the other by car.

The last week I was taken by my friend Phil Sawbridge to see "The Seagull"
with a fabulous cast, extremely well done, and to a concert on the South bank by
Philip Long also a Russian programme, so it was Russian culture with a vengeance!
I managed to get in lots of lovely walks everywhere, and I always am amazed at the
beauty of the British countryside. My main hosts, the Meads, took me out for a
last day in Ashdown Forest, and we walked their dogs; I an recommend Dick as a
chauffeur any time, he took me to the station every time I set off - and that was a
good many. Oh I forgot, I saw the Caves, now in a smaller house, further out in
the country, happily settled. The reason I have mentioned so many names is for the
benefit of those who came to visit me in Cornwall in 1971, where so many of you
met, and kept up friendships.

Cheerio

I want to leave room for a personal note, but just finally to say that the
long break away really helped me to see much in perspective, and I don't think I
could have coped with all the crises since my return without all your friendship
and hospitality. For those I haven't mentioned, I include as well.

Many thanks for yours received in the U.K.
Imagine community from NYC to Florida!
I wonder what you've found now in the
walk score.
One sentence in your letter is sad - "Maybe
next year (in Zambia) will be better".
Always a sick joke!
Say about Zindi's health. What hobbies
does she have? And is there
good treatment?

1986

20th July 1986

Card
M. 3rd/86

My dear David,

I received your note yesterday, and hasten to answer. I was so sorry to hear the news of Zindi, I had not realised she was so bad. The experience you are living through is so hard for anyone else to appreciate. I was in Botswana for 2 weeks when Seretse was dying rather rapidly, and that was enough to make me sympathise with people who are not lucky enough to only have 2 weeks of it. What made that horrible was the publicity and curiosity, with all the S African newspapers speculating and openly writing about it, and their radio blaring out the daily bulletins with comments. I was very fond indeed of Seretse, and I agonised for Ruth and the family, but your experience right now is far worse for you, and I assume you have been going through it for a long time.

We are living through the longest and coldest "winter" I can remember. It is getting warmer at midday, but that makes the contrast between night/morning and midday all the more difficult to tolerate! I peel off layers and then pile them on again. When our rains lasted so long into May, a cold winter was predicted, and they were right. Anyway, in spite of my dislike of the cold I stay as healthy as ever, surviving all the colds and flu.

On Sunday I am flying to Zimbabwe for a week, supposedly to look at tourism. As the group my company belongs to is keen for this, then I am going. Why not, at their expense? But I only have to tell you that 2 weeks ago 8 German tourists were arrested in Kasama for 3 days - no reasons; that 2 Americans were arrested in Lusaka for photographing some buildings; when friends of mine touring in Kafue Park were held up by army for hours both sides of the bridge, with guns pointed at them; when tour operators have to grade roads in the park because government cannot afford to; and all the time govt is urging us to encourage tourism -- you can see that I cannot see much future for tourism here. We are of course ultra security conscious after the S. African raids. as we expect more. So why not cancel tourism until we can welcome people again. and not be permanently suspicious of everyone?

In spite of the fact that our economy is hopeless - the kwacha this week is 8.40 to one dollar (this time last year K2.40 = \$1) our sales continue to boom because the tickets are 3 times higher than last year - but we are only selling half the tickets. So far salaries - half our exp - have not tripled, of course, and most other things have only doubled, so I had to revise my pessimistic budget because we are doing so well. But more and more companies close, and others cut back, and the mines are making 3,000 redundant in 4 years, or less, so there is not much hope. But of course other countries are even worse. Most African countries, in fact.

At the moment the main talking point is S. Africa, sanctions, the Commonwealth, and what to do next. I have a sneaking feeling some of the countries who have pulled out of the games have done so more for financial reasons than political - Ghana, Tanzania, Sierra Leone, Papua and Malaysia must have been hard pushed to send teams. Papua is almost a joke! I feel sorry for the athletes who have practised for so long - but then I feel even more sorry for the S. African blacks. A no-win situation.

I visited Botswana at Christmas, and then again at Easter. This second time I met the family at Chobe, I flew to Livingstone, got a taxi to Kazungula, then hitched to the lodge, only 5 kms from the river. We were 9 - Ruth with her 3 sons, 2 girlfriends, and 2 grandsons. They had brought a boat, and we had lots of fun. I had an easier journey back, meeting an acquaintance from Kitwe down there in his Mercedes Benz; glad to have company driving back. It was quicker than flying as the connections were bad. We looked for Haley's comet, tourists were arriving from Europe to see it in the clear Botswana skies, only exceptionally it was raining and cloudy and the comet was difficult to see! And it never rains in Botswana in late March. - not for a week and more.

20th July 1960

Ruth and I will be going to Australia for a month in October. We have cousins there, and Ruth has never been, she was going with Seretse to the C'wealth Conf the year he died. So we will see our cousins, then Ruth has got an invitation for both of us to stay on Malcom Fraser's farm - so I look forward to hearing about the Eminent Persons Group. Then my former boss at MEF, W Jason Mfula, is "our man" in Australia, so we shall stay a couple of days in Canberra at the High Com palace. Sounds interesting. If I was not able to pay only one quarter of the fare I doubt if I could afford to go.

Do you still attend Riverside Church? I hope, if so, that you get some comfort there and that there are good friends who can help you at this time. I shall remember you in my prayers, in fact I couldn't forget your letter at all today and I want to let you know how much I think of you.

Cheerio for now, David, and all the best, God bless,

Love
Muriel

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

Sender's name and address Muriel Sanderson
PO Box 21607

KITWE Zambia

Enclosures are not permitted

SECOND FOLD HERE

**BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION**

**AÉROGRAMME
AIR LETTER**



Mr. David Wilkin

PO Box 175,

REGO PARK

NEW YORK 11374

U.S.A.



30th August 1986

Kitwe, Zambia

Addendum to form letter

Many thanks for your lovely postcard with that cute cat!

Some of this letter you already know — so skip those paragraphs!

I keep thinking all hell will break loose down south, but it keeps simmering down again. The non-aligned movement meetings this coming week in Harare should stir things up some. I think sanctions are much better than a prolonged guerilla war, when everything will be destroyed. It's a question of the lesser of 2 evils. So many reasonable people think sanctions will hurt Africans more. They don't realize the Africans can't win in any situation until the very end of this Govt.

Jessie Jackson was here last week — both he and KK broke down in tears at each other's speeches!

Cheerio, keep your spirit up.

Greet Cindy.

Love Muriel

P.O. Box 21607, KITWE, Zambia

30th August 1986

My dear

David,

I am writing this letter much earlier than usual because I am going to Australia in October, when I usually get down to it. I will be back around the middle of November, and I just can't see me getting down to writing letters straightaway. I am going with my sister Ruth, which is rather unusual, and we shall visit our cousins in Melbourne, friends in Sydney, Jason Mfula, my previous boss at Mindolo who is now "our man" in Canberra, my friends the Polbiggs in the Brisbane area,; and Malcolm Fraser, who invited Ruth when he was in Botswana recently travelling round southern Africa as co-chairman of the Eminent Persons Group, and he included me in the visit; so I hope to hear of his extremely interesting but frustrating efforts to make Botha see the light. Ruth will not stay as long as me, as she has to go to Geneva for a Red Cross meeting, so apart from the cousins, Sydney and the Fraser farm, I shall probably visit the rest on my own. But until we meet on 2nd October at Harare to get on the direct Qantas flight to Perth and Sydney, I shall not be sure of her plans.

This year has seen me enjoying several mini breaks and I am at the age where I need them! It is impossible to describe just how frustrating work can be and these breaks keep me going. I got to Botswana with no problem at Christmas, and had a few days in Gaborone, then all the family at different times, except Kackie drove to Serowe for Christmas itself, Ruth and I spent 6 days there. We found Ian already there, conducting his tribal affairs, on a well earned holiday from the army where he is around inspecting border patrols most of the time. Serowe has grown a lot since I last visited somewhere between 10 and 15 years ago. Bessie Head, a refugee S. African writer lived there many years until her death early this year, and she has written a book on Serowe based on Ronald Blyth's "Akenfield" which I found absolutely fascinating. We visited the Khama grave, on top of a hill commanding a good view of the village - altho its population is about the third biggest in Botswana it is still mostly a mud hut village. We returned to Gabs in convoy and spent the last few days there, visiting friends and the usual diplomatic round. Ruth's new house is really beautiful, and beautifully decorated, but the 5 years drought has reduced her cattle population from 500 to 100, and keeping the farm going is a struggle. She has solar heating and lighting and in 1985 only needed the booster on 3 days. She still keeps active in the Red X, and is starting a children's village which must be opened by now.

While there we arranged that I should meet the family in the north at Chobe on their usual Easter break, this time at a new lodge that Ian had discovered during his patrol visits to the area. This spot is almost exactly half way between Gaborone and Kitwe. They were driving up towing their boat on Maundy Thursday, and I was planning to fly to Livingstone, spend the night on Wednesday (no planes on a Thursday) then hire a taxi the 40 miles to the Zambezi river border at Kazungula, then hitch from the ferry 2kms to the border post, and then another 3 kms on to the lodge. It all worked fine. The booked taxi did not turn up but I found another with the help of my host, Rev. Dennis Whitehead, the local vicar. I got on a huge lorry from the river to the immigration, then a private car from there to this new lodge, and arrived at 1pm, whereas the family bowled in around 5.30, very tickled at my means of transport. We had a lovely 3 days there, and I was going to stay another day due to the planes again, but we had lunch on Easter Sunday at the Chobe Game Lodge in the park, a rather ritzy joint, and there I met an MF I know from Kitwe, who was driving back alone in his Mercedes Benz (air cond of course) on the Monday, so he picked me up at 6.30am and the family left right after, and we were back in Kitwe by about 5pm. I don't enjoy long distance driving because I get so stiff, we didn't stop except for petrol, but it was alot better than all the poor connections flying up the next day. The boat was a great asset as our lodge was right on the Cobe River, and of course Jackie's boys loved it, and even had a go at running it. The one fiasco was to do with Halley's comet. It never rains in March anywhere in Botswana, but we had late rains everywhere this year, and our week was very cloudy. Meanwhile droves of tourists were arriving by air from Europe to come and watch the comet in Africa's and particularly

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Botswana's clear blue skies. Ruth got up each morning with Dale (11 years old) and never saw it at all. Marcus and I decided to stay in bed, fortunately, he is 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. So I missed it completely, but I gather I did not miss much. We even had a special Wild Life meeting in Kitwe in April, with a knowledgeable speaker, with a drive out planned later to see this marvel, but it was very cloudy so we only had the speech.

My next break was not called a holiday, but it was. I took a group of 11 up to Lake Tanganyika in the north for 4 days to visit a lodge which has been mightily upgraded. There were 7 staff, from each office, 2 husbands who wanted to join us, and 2 from Zambia Airways, enabling us to get cheaper tickets! We spent 2 nights at Kasaba Bay, and 2 at Ndola Bay, the lodge we are the agents for. The owners had spent a fortune on the first lodge, some of it quite ridiculous. The furniture was too ornate for the bush, there were too many drawers and cupboards - the average stay is only 3 or 4 nights, and having spent all that, there was not a proper chef, so everyone complained of the food, and the manager had been in computers and knew nothing about managing a lodge, he just liked the bush. They have built a lovely swimming pool, and there is a lot of good fishing in the area, and now the poaching has been cut down, we saw elephants, lions, buck, hippos and crocs everywhere. But since the S. African riots which happened the week we were there, they have got very security conscious everywhere, so now we are arresting tourists on the suspicion they might be S. African spies; and this is about 1,000 miles from the S. African border! "Our lodge", the second one, is much simpler but the personal service was much better and it was more relaxed. It is possible to swim in the lake there, one has to keep an eye out for crocs, but the locals usually know if any are around. However we could not persuade any of the Zambians to believe this. In fact, we went to this lodge by boat and I was surprised to discover that none of the Zambians (half the group) had ever been on the water before. It was a rough passage, so they dreaded the return, but it was not so bad. I thoroughly enjoyed this trip, it was a good group, and we had lots of fun, as well as noting the points necessary to sell the lodges to the public.

Zimbabwe was the most recent outing, from July 20-27, also called work. The idea was to look at tourism, and see if there were any possibilities of combining with them for joint ventures. It was the holding company who was keen on my doing this, because we shall need to diversify, but even before I went, given the tense situation and our habit of locking up our tourists, I went with a defeatist attitude. After one week there, I knew it was hopeless. They are so efficient, clued up, and active in promoting themselves, whereas this side it is exactly the opposite. My trip was arranged by a marketing manager of a hotel group, who had visited Zambia in March, and she got me free hotel accommodation for the 7 nights I was away. That would never happen here. I was lucky and was taken to the Eastern Highlands on the border with Mozambique for one day/night, and it is as beautiful as I had heard and visualised. It reminded me very much of Kenya, where tourism is also most efficient, and where the scenery is similar in the mountain areas. I would have loved to stay there much longer. The shops in Harare are full of everything, the prices are low, in other words, their economy is good, and improving. During UDI they started many new industries, and they are of a very high standard. A year ago their dollar was equal to one kwacha, when I went there were 5 kwacha to one dollar. That really says it all, when one remembers that their salaries are about the same. All the Harare hotels have marketing managers, sales personnel, and they all had endless activities, such as fashion shows, competitions of "Trivial Pursuit" (!), special international nights, tennis matches, swimming galas, it was go-go-go. The second weekend I went to Kariba, where a group of 16 travel agents from the Copperbelt were coming for the weekend, as guests of the tourist board. Although it was not my job, I had done most of the preparation for the Board, as they knew how inefficient our tourist board is. So I rang all the agents, got the names, sent them their invitations, told them all I could, then handed over the our Board to arrange the transport. Easy you might say. That little job was just too much. When the agents arrived in Lusaka, to change buses, nobody met them, and it took 2 hours to find the driver and the bus. They were supposed to arrive at 2.30 for a full afternoon, but they only left Lusaka at 2pm, and although everyone knew the road was full of pot-holes and the top surface disappeared years ago, somehow they forgot.

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So they arrived at 5.30, utterly disgruntled and frustrated. I had flown there from Harare that morning with my friend Noreena, whose hotel we stayed in - the Cutty Sark believe it or not - and we were ringing the border post every half hour. I last visited Kariba in 1963, and in those days the journey took under 2 hours from Lusaka. It is a beautiful spot, and our hotel was right on the lake. We had a days outing on a boat to visit an island with a game lodge on the Saturday, and this was delightful. There were 3 from my company in the group, two of whom had not been outside Zambia before. It was most relaxing and delightful there, only spoilt by the knowledge that we had to return on the bus to Lusaka, and the driver had told us he had no instructions to take us on to the Copperbelt. Noreena spent most of Saturday morning trying to telephone the Board in Lusaka, and she was told that the driver should be available to take us on, but nobody works on a verbal instruction, and the Transport Officer had no powers of decision. I had decided to come back on the bus instead of returning via Harare as it was much nearer, only 130 miles away from Lusaka, and it's just as well I did, as we got to Lusaka and nobody knew about us! We eventually got here, taking 12 hours from Kariba to Kitwe, with the inevitable delays at the borders, (2 hours) and another 2 hours in Lusaka. The first letter I wrote on my return scorched the paper so I had to write another, but I most probably won't get any reply at all, that is the usual procedure for a complaint. The bus we had was obviously intended for short runs on European autobahns, as we lurched and swayed and jolted the whole way, and the seats were so small we were bumped off them every now and again. So there is no way I am going to opt for tourism.

Inbetween these jaunts I have done some work. The travel industry here is like something out of "Alice in Wonderland". Since our auction in October last, the kwacha has dropped from K2.40 = \$, to K~~8~~20. The government then decided this was too much. The IMF had offered us the choice - devalue by 100% o auction and let it float. So we opted for the latter. So new rules were introduced to make it harder to auction, and that week when I was in Zimbabwe, as few companies could get all the documentation ready in time, it went back to \$20. Well, the price of an air ticket changes every week with the weekly auction rate, but a ticket once bought is valid for one month. So that week every passenger who had not yet used their ticket rushed in to change it and be reissued at the new rate, and we were run off our feet and losing money in the process. That was quite a drop, from 8 to 5, and we were issuing credit notes to such an extent I wondered if we would end up with minus sales! The next week it went to 6, and then the government decided to make it a real dutch auction and make people pay what they had actually bid, and not what the rate ended up for the week, so this week its back to 5, so we shall be once more reissuing tickets. Unfortunately I bought business travellers cheques at 6, the worst rate so far, so anything I bought on my trip cost a bomb. The banks ran out of travellers cheques that week and refused to issue more. The only way to look at is to call it hilarious.

I shall be retiring from TG Travel next year, at the end of June. I shall be not far from 65, and I don't particularly want to stop, but the young man who is being groomed to take over will become most impatient if he doesn't get the job soon, and other companies will undoubtedly be trying to poach him. I still can't believe it, and I shall hope to get another job, in the accounts field, there are always plenty going here, but I shall take a good long leave first, and have decided to sell my house and find a smaller one. The copper mines have only around 15 more years then they will run out, and already there are plans to lay off many workers during the following years,; this will mean many other companies will fold up. Mining accounts for 90 % of our exports, and on the Copperbelt most companies rely entirely or mostly on the mines, . It is going to be very sad, because probably nothing will fill the gap, except a little farming. I want to stay here as long as I can, but the future is most uncertain. I can't say it bothers me too much.

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My friend Margaret Millar has had a bad year. She heard in January that her mother had cancer of the lungs, and then that she was going to have radium treatment. She was due for leave this year, and had applied a year ago to go for 2 terms to a church college in Toronto to do some studies starting in September. During March she was burgled by a large gang who beat her up and threatened to rape her - fortunately they didn't, but she had an appalling hour or more of their treatment. Her church secretary came along after she telephoned him - her next door neighbours were too terrified of the din to attempt to help her - and medical friends in Luanshya, 35 miles away, collected her and looked after her for a week. The gang, well known by the police, were not caught, and she only recovered odd items they dropped while making their getaway. She was bruised for weeks. She then came to stay with me for 2 months until she left for Scotland in the middle of May, and her mother died 3 weeks after she got home. Margaret has been invited back by the church, she will be away for around a year, but what she will do on her return is not certain. So the church where she ministered gave her a fantastic farewell, and I was there for some of the parties. I was also there a month or so before she left during about a quarter of the service where she baptised 223 children! She was absolutely marvellous, and did not appear to have any bad reaction to this experience, but who knows? A lot of her stuff is packed away around my house, but after she had got it all fairly well organised on the last Sunday she was the recipient of so many gifts that we had to start over again. She was given many bulky copper items with spiky bits sticking out all over the place, so they had to be slipped in here and there.

St. Margaret's Church still goes along, our minister is now the Evangelical secretary for the whole country so has left us - thank heavens. We have a couple of ministers from Mindolo as part-time, both have other full-time jobs. Whitney Dalrymple teaches at the Theological College, and Rev. Benson Chongo runs the TEEZ programme. It works out quite well. We should be getting someone else, but nobody ever puts su in the picture. I am still an elder, and we have a good district Bible study group, we all went for a picnic at nearby Chembe Game and Bird reserve over the long holiday weekend at the beginning of July, and had a super day there. I have rather cleverly missed the rather boring long Saturday afternoon quarterly meetings so far this year by being away on these mini holidays/business trips, and I shall miss the 3rd one in October while in Australia. I do not have much patience any longer to sit through meetings from 2pm to anything up to 7pm, re-hashing all the business we already covered in other committees, or at the last meeting.

The YWCA still takes a lot of my time. We now have 3 overseas volunteers in Kitwe, but they don't seem to do any more than one Zambian staff member did before them. We have one Norwegian, one Irish and one American, and they took a very long time to settle down. They have skills, some more than others,; I really wonder at their motivation and why they came sometimes; they tend to dictate to us as to their programme, when they are going away (frequently) and part of the problem is that the local Zambian general secretary, who has been in the USA for 3 years earning a degree, seems scared stiff of them and cannot control them at all. So we struggle on, I seem to be on every committee, and they resented some of the old timers and really stirred it up, but in the end at least we are the ones who stick to things and get them done. There is nothing I would rather do than hand over to young local women and fade out, but they are so overloaded with responsibilities, keeping the home going, working full time, acting as mother and father usually, that one extra burden, no matter how much they are interested, is too much! And now the economy is so bad, friends of mine who 5 years ago were not too badly off and hoped for a brighter future, now find the cost of living utterly appalling, and they are worse off in every way.

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We have had the longest "cold" season I can ever remember here, not necessarily the coldest, but it has just gone on, and on. It is almost 3 months now, and each time it starts to get a little warmer, another cold spell arrives. It is usually in the 70's around mid-day, but the nights drop to the 40's, and my house and my office are very cool, neither getting much sun (fine for the long hot season) so I haven't been swimming since the beginning of May. On the whole my rheumatism has not been quite so bad, but the sciatica has bothered me recently. My bedroom has 3 outside walls, and windows down 2 sides, and as soon as I turned round the bed and had my head against the inside wall, I felt a difference in my neck. I still attend yoga, gradually losing movement in my whole body, but there is no doubt that the yoga exercises keep me much more supple than would be the case if I did not go. Apart from that, I am still by far the most healthy person in my office, where they all go down with malaria, colds and flu quite regularly. I suspect that now most of them are not eating sensibly, filling up with too much starch and not eating fresh veg and fruit. Few can afford meat more than once a week - and some of them are middle management. I do now have Menier's disease in my left ear, which only bothers me in a crowd or meeting, and with loud music.

Personnel officer would be a more accurate description of my duties some weeks. Out here, one is never uninvolved in people's lives, so I advise or hear problems concerning schooling, finding a house or flat, marital problems, and above all trying to encourage them to budget, and make the salary last until payday. I try to encourage as many as possible to put up some kind of house, there are many site and service schemes here; I stretch the company regulations in loan policy to help them build the most simple structure. One chap managed to get a mortgage, and not knowing too much about such things, I couldn't believe that on a K27,000 loan over 20 years he will repay approx K110,000, because the interest rates are so high - 20% currently, and going up. There is no way his house will ever be worth that, on the Copperbelt, but he will have somewhere to live.

Many prices are now quite ridiculous. A car, which last year cost K40,000, is now at least K100,000 - equivalent to 6-8 years salary of middle management. So hardly anyone can now afford a private car. I noticed in Zimbabwe that stoves and fridges cost 1/10th of their equivalent here.

The World Cup cheered up many people's miserable lives. We did not have many of the games as few companies could afford to sponsor, but the Italian companies here always sponsored their team, D. Cal sponsored one Scottish and one British game, and we saw the opening game, and the semifinals and final, with the 2 earlier quarter finals. The later timed ones were judged too late for the workers! We had an office sweepstake and I drew Belgium, so that added to the excitement. It was the only subject of conversation for weeks, which was good. We did not have the Wimbledon tennis finals this year, as - irony upon irony - the sponsors were saving their money for the Commonwealth Games! I am utterly convinced that the excuse of a boycott was jolly handy for many countries who simply could not afford the airfares to Edinburgh. Certainly here we still did not have it, altho' I know that was not the reason. Ghana, Tanzania, Papua and Malaysia I am sure, all completely broke, must have been relieved. We still have not finished paying for the last Games. We also did not have anything on the Royal Wedding - but we do have a stamp, with the happy couple kissing, while at the same time all kisses on TV are censored - even a mother kissing her baby! Life here is never dull.

Video has entertained me many weekend evenings, and amongst those I have enjoyed are Passage to India, Killing Fields, Places in the Heart, Separate Tables, Woman of Substance, Garbo Talks, Mgr Quixote, and some I had seen before - Dr. Zhivago, Chariots of Fire, Ghandi, Amadeus and An Officer & a Gentleman. I don't read so many books, but have enjoyed Marjorie Morningstar by Hans Wouk, Fringe of Leaves by Patrick White, Deceived with Kindness by Angelica Garnett; the 2 recent Booker awards, Hotel du Lac, and Empire of the Sun; and Dr. Leslie Newbiggin's autobiography Unfinished Agenda. On TV we have little worth watching, but I relax with "Dynasty", and almost fell out of the chair laughing with the end of our current series when they were all shot at the wedding; and "Falconcrest". Most evenings now I just don't turn mine on, it is such rubbish. While in Harare I saw "Out of Africa", which I enjoyed in spite of obvious faults, but I think if I had not read the books it was based on I would have been lost.

Very thanks for your lovely postcard
with that cute cat!

Some of this letter you already
know - so skip those paragraphs!

I keep thinking all hell will break
loose down south, but it keeps
simmering down again. The non-

aligned movement meetings this
coming week in Harare should
pick things up more. I think

sanctions are much better than a
prolonged guerilla war, when
everything will be destroyed.

It's a question of the lesser of 2 evils.
So many reasonable people think

sanctions will hurt Africans more.

They don't realise the Africans
can't win in any situation until
the very end of this part.

Jessie Jackson was here last week -
both he and KK broke down in tears
at each other's speeches!

Cheerio, keep your spirit up. Good Cindy.
Love Samuel

New York City (The Big Apple, U.S.A.)
Thanksgiving (November 27, 1986)

Dear

A happy holiday to you. This is a message for you a few other old friends telling you about our year in New York City. I hope in turn you will write and tell me what has happened to you since the last time we were in touch.

Let me start off by quoting the beginning of a hymn that I learned as a small child: "Count your blessings, name them one by one...." How applicable it is, both for Zindi and myself this American Thanksgiving week - the start of the year end holiday season.

Zindi today. Our greatest blessings focus on Zindi. She is not only alive, but remarkably active and free from serious pain. (She is, of course, now seriously handicapped and on oxygen 24 hours a day, with her health precarious.) Most wonderfully, with the assistance of her part-time helper, she is cooking a large turkey dinner for 12 people!

Had you seen her in the period of March to June, you would realize that this is no small miracle. Not only was she in terrible pain but losing her memory and going into long unhealthy slumbers. When finally readmitted to the hospital, she was in bad condition. So to even write about her being relatively pain-free, and happily setting at the table, planning and cooking a large Thanksgiving Dinner bring tears to my eyes!

And happy she is, and happy we are, living each day, one-by-one and ending each day with a simple prayer: "Thank you Lord for another day." In June when she got out of the hospital, she was angry and bitter. But as she slowly became aware of how close she had come to death, she somehow took courage, got hold of herself with the help of our minister at Riverside, and became the happiest she has been in many years. When I asked her how she stayed so happy, she said "I try." A lesson for all of us.

My continuing education. I have learned so much this year. First of all about true sharing with another person the little pleasures and problems of life and learning to overcome the latter as easily as possible. Looking back I do not think that I had truly learned to do that before.

Several times each week I still swim, and "work out" (as we say in America), and try to keep fit. In the health club, when Zindi was so sick earlier this year, I was talking to a friend that I work out with (he looks like a black American version of a Japanese sumo wrestler). I said that Zindi's problems were an experience that I was not sure I could take. Looking me in the eye, he replied in his precise way, "You'll grow or you'll go!" And that probably sums up any family's dilemma when faced with a critical health problem such as Zindi's.

Resolution of the Insurance Crisis: Another thing to be thankful for. I have tried to describe to a few people how complicated American health insurance is and also how important. It is largely privately administered and sometimes very badly and cruelly. While the insurer for hospital care has been very cooperative and paid quickly, the one for doctor's bills, medicine, etc., has been terrible. But last week the insurer finally paid the last large remaining bill that threatened our basic family finances. How thankful we are. It looked we might have to sue, a tiresome process. We are very thankful that all is resolved.

Learning under duress - the ups and downs of my new profession: I'm becoming a real "technie" as they say, knee deep in the use of the new personal computers. I'm becoming an expert on some kinds of software, especially different word processing packages and spreadsheets for financial analysis. Last month I gave a talk on the "Ideal PC Training Classroom" at an important regional conference and it went okay.

24th Nov 986

How far I am from the old manual typewriters in Solwezi and Ohio! I stop short of being a serious programmer. That requires too much concentration and precise logic for me - at least for long periods. (I am writing this letter on an IBM AT, printing it with a laser jet (both hardware) and composing it with WordPerfect (software).

The ups and downs of the job market.

With regard to my new skills and the job market, things looked good in January, sort of grim in May (low paying) but are once again on the up. A consultant has to take the punches like an actor I guess, a great high one time and other times bad lows.

More specifically I was in the heart of Wall Street and American banking until February at Morgan Guaranty Trust. I was involved in computer training. But they expected me to produce miracles, and a miracle worker I am not. So I moved on to the Headquarters of Lerner's Stores (helping them keep track of merchandise for 750 women's retail outlets for several months). When that work ended I did assignments at New York University; Lancome (the large women's perfumer's headquarters) helping them keep track of outlets all over the United States.

For the past two months I have been on the 4:00 P.M. to midnight shift at Merrill Lynch, a large financial institution, on Wall Street. I help run a small support center for Investment Bankers specializing in Health Care. Very interesting but no doubt if I stay in consulting, I will move along again within

Zambia, Kenya, and South Africa. Since this letter is primarily written to old friends in Britain, Zambia and Kenya, let me address a few words to you. First, I haven't forgotten you. I think of you collectively and individually every day. For those of you suffering in Zambia since the collapse of the kwacha, I express sympathy. I have stockpiled everything I can think of to send all of you -- books, clothing, etc. -- except electrical equipment and jewelry. But as you can tell my problem is time. With my challenging work situation and caring for Zindi's health problems, I just don't get time to post things. I have decided, however, that under no circumstances will I send American dollars. It is a pitfall that I cannot agree to get involved with. Please, don't ask me to do it.

So much more to say but I have but two lines left! So much love. Don't give up hope. We live in difficult times with AIDS (if you want literature about it just ask me), possible extinction with nuclear bombs, horrible tragedy in South Africa, and God knows what other horrible ecological disasters, but we must have hope. Too lose that, we lose all. I will keep in touch with you. Please do the same. MUCH, MUCH LOVE until we meet again.

several months. Also during the day I have several small clients of my own that I assist. Some have become old friends and nice to touch base with.

My long term goals are to enjoy the work, help others learn to use their computers, and make the clients well enough so that in years to come I can have longer vacations in which to see old friends overseas(!). Most of all, give greater support to agencies that make our world a little better place to live. My short term goal clearly is to make Zindi as comfortable as possible.

Job alternatives. I may have an offer from a large financial institution as a manager of Office Automation and Training. If so I may take it and try high powered corporate life. But I still have reservations so if I am still an independent when you next hear from me, don't be surprised. I like roaming around. And fortunately it is fashionable to do this in New York City! The big disadvantage is no benefits, like health insurance, an important thing in America. The money can be the same either as an independent or as a company person.

If independent, I can stay active in professional training organizations. I am on the committee for planning a regional conference next fall. I enjoy the group.

But above all, I am thankful that I have choices to make that this time!

M. . .

P.O. Box 175, Rego Park, NY 11374
December 3, 1986



Dear Muriel,

Many thanks for your lovely letter in July and your Christmas note dated 30th August. Hope by now you're back home in Zambia and have had a wonderful holiday in the South Pacific.

The enclosed Christmas letter tells you all you'll probably want to know about Zindi, myself - both professional and personal, and what my present priorities are. So no more comment on such personal details.

Just a few lines in response to your questions so that I can plop this Christmas "missive" in the mail tomorrow morning.

Yes, we're still very active at Riverside. It has been a very warm and positive experience in these difficult years.

Interested to hear that you're "retiring" next year. I suspect you'll have no trouble staying employed in some capacity or other and busy in general. Good luck.

The future looks so bright professionally and so dark with regard to Zindi. I am doing the best I can and am indeed a happy man as I try to cope with both the positive and negative sides of my life with as much studied wisdom as possible.

I long to see Africa again and suspect I will if I can survive - mentally and physically intact - the dark days of Zindi's decline. I will only visit however, and/or live there if I can do so with resources earned here. Money flows so carelessly here and will only come if I can tap it to sustain me when living/working in areas that really have so little by the standards of money here in NYC.

But I look forward to seeing you in the future someplace or other!

I laughed and laughed over your phrase "Jessie Jackson was here last week - both he and KK broke down in tears at each other's speeches!" Both are indeed given to tears of one sort or other.

Look, I must close and feed this through our la-de-da laser printer.

With love,