

**1995**

Home Address:  
61-15 98th Street  
Rego Park, NY 11374

**P: David Wilkin**  
(718) 271-0084

Mailing Address:  
P.O. Box 740175  
Rego Park, NY 11374-0175

May 10, 1995

Dear Muriel,

I have not tried to write anyone in about three months and turn can't recall if I've heard from you this year either. At any rate thought it was time to write you a note! Tonight we are quiet at ML and so it is an old fashioned "write letters night." My health is now back to normal and hope you are okay as well.

My normal life stopped for three months as I had a small contract to write a computer manual for the technology department of the City of New York and will follow this up with training next month on their computer set up. Instead of taking the contacted 13 days to write, it has taken over 30! (Unfortunately, I still only get paid for 13 days!) So I have been involved in a bigger project than planned, plus my usual work at Merrill Lynch and training at Chase Manhattan Bank!! Correspondence thus stopped.

I finished the draft yesterday and turned it in today. What a relief. Actually I don't mind the extra time and loss of ML revenue as it gave me a chance to be totally creative again -- albeit in a corporate way! Won't do it again, however, unless the time frame for writing is more realistic.

People think I should project myself to more advanced work, but the ML rut is so comfortable, though a bit boring. Still the change was nice.

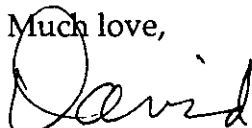
**Travel to the Midwest.** I leave for the Midwest in about ten hours. I will fly into Kansas City, rent a car and drive to Lawrence, Kansas. Ken and Lola Lohrentz, friends of Zindi's and mine, are there. She is still a nurse and he is a head library at the Uni. of Kansas for Africana research. Then I drive 300 kilometers to Des Moines to see Pascal Bwalya Ndakala graduate from college. I am so proud of him. At 41 he has had to work hard, but he is finishing in agricultural economics and business. Wants to open a large game farm in the Northern Province eventually and apply American agribusiness techniques. May have some big sponsors here and has his chief's backing. But his sponsors want him to stay and work a year before returning to Zambia. After graduation weekend, I drive to Dubuque. Fred Morton also completed his Ph.D. at Syracuse with Ken and I. He was at the Univ of Botswana for over ten years. So throughout the trip, through the corn of Kansas, Africa will be the topic!!!

**Africa.** Hope my long overdue trip is getting back on track. Will drive my father to Ohio this summer. Then somewhere between September and November, hope I can arrange a trip to Zambia, Kenya and South Africa for a month. Will be disappointed if things cannot come off this time. More on this later! Hope to find out where you will be and come by for a quick chat if possible. Let me know what you'll be up to.

**ADD Family.** Heidi called me about two hours ago at ML. (I'm still at work now.) She was here from Germany in March. Elise came for Easter. Both are doing very well. Heidi says when she is in Germany she wishes she was here and then vice versa. As great a problem as mine! Ruth was in church Sunday but is having some mental distress according to friends.

Enough chatter. Do write and keep in touch.

Much love,



Kitwe

29<sup>th</sup> May 1995 ✓

**Addendum to three page form letter**

My dear David,

Many thanks for your November and December letters. I quite thought that I'd answered the earlier one.

I was so sorry to hear you caught hepatitis. I thought everyone knew you had to take it easy for at least 3 months. I've known it to cause problems for 6 months. You only have one liver, after all. How did you manage to get it. I hope by now you're completely cured.

Thanks for news of Adele. I wonder how she has settled down. I haven't heard from her for a couple of years.

I read about Merrill Lynch in my "Observer" Business section. Have you managed to diversify your business talents? What amazes me is that even tho' the economy is only growing slowly, and even tho' you say Wall Street has done badly — I thought the Dow index was still growing up? It's gone up in London.

Sorting out and patching up is a dreadful pastime. So many papers! Minutes, bank statements, old paid bills, photo albums. It took 2 weeks to clear out my study. I was so glad to have the 5 day break when Ruth was here!

If you come to Africa in November, I'll be in Gaborone. So, come and be my first visitor.

Cheerio,

Love Muriel

29<sup>th</sup>

May 1995

Kitwe, Zambia

My Dear David,

Believe it or not, I have finally retired. My last working day was Wednesday 3rd May. Because I have been thinking about it for so long, it's not as appalling as I had feared but so far it's only 2 days, I shall be spending most of the time between now and 29th June just turning out my papers and rubbish long accumulated. I realise now only too well that I could have been doing some of this during the past few months whilst watching TV, in the evenings. But I did not.

On 29th June I fly to London. I have booked a 90 day excursion so return here on 28th September, when I shall pick up my 1 trunk and 3 suitcases from Mindolo and drive to Gaborone, or rather, I shall be driven to Livingstone and one of Ian's army drivers will collect me at the Botswana border. Kubu Lodge is conveniently near, so I'll spend a few days there waiting for him.

My plans from 30th June are fairly vague. As soon as possible I am having my right lens swapped for a plastic one; at present I am totally blind in that eye. From July 12-14 I shall be attending the CWM bi-centenary celebrations in London. From 5-11 August I shall be at a CWM conference in Swanwick Centre, Derbyshire. From there I go to Dumfries, possibly via Manchester, then Edinburgh, Aberdeen, returning via Newcastle, York, & Cambridge. Apart from that everything is open. As you can imagine I was so busy the last 2 months in the office I was too tired to think straight.

My successor is a very competent Zambian man in his mid-forties, and I am extremely impressed. We had 2 months together. He was baptised by Jim Wilkie!

I managed to get to the usual Easter rendezvous with some of the family across the Zambezi to Kasane. I persuaded Ruth to come for a visit, she'll be here from May 16 - 21st. (A nice break from turning out and packing up!) My old friend, a former director of Mindolo, - Wilfrid Grenville-Grey - wrote to the current Director suggesting they name a building after me, so one of the dormitories will be suitably labelled the week Ruth is here - it is the week of the Board meeting. We shall have the last night at Lilayi Lodge, just outside Lusaka - a delightful place. The Board will have their usual dinner so that will also be a farewell; the first one was on 31st March, which I was just not prepared for.

I still can't believe it's all happening to me! This will be a strange year.

Everything here in Zambia is collapsing rapidly. Last November Zambia Airways folded up overnight, although it had been expected for months. Badly managed, overstuffed, and unprofitable routes, it should have been closed down months earlier. So last Christmas and New Year none of the lodges in game parks had much business. Gradually private companies have got their act together, but most only deal with their own travel agent, so finding information on flight schedules, and finding the right agent to buy a ticket, have tested our initiative.

Then, the Post Office split into a telephone section and the rest. Well, the telephone people got all the vehicles. Believe it or not (once again) we had a 2 weeks spell on the Copperbelt (population over 2 million) with no mail in our boxes. There was no transport to bring mail from Lusaka!! Rubbish - the slow train goes each way every day. So letters can now take anything from 10 - 30 days. This is after our box rentals were hiked from K5,000 to K12,000 (private) and K25,000 to K120,000 (companies). Postage rates went

29<sup>th</sup> May 1995

up from K100 - K400 local and K300, K350 and K400 to K700 overseas (one rate now). Airgrammes went from K200 to K500. So what are we paying for?

As a result, I think it is no good writing to me here. It may or may not get through. At the end I will give my contact address.

December - Christmas - New Year holidays were rather different last time. I decided it was crazy to go to Durban in November and then Botswana in December, so I left here early December and flew to Durban, staying 4 days each with former TG Travel friends inland from Durban at Gillets, and former Kitwe friends in Scottburgh, about 50 miles south of Durban, right on the coast. My friend's house overlooked the sea, just 5 minutes walk away, and I thoroughly enjoyed the walking along the beach. It was rather rocky and there was a strong current so I didn't actually swim, but I sat on the edge being pulled about by the waves. Fortunately there was a concrete pool of sea water a mile away. In Gillets we shopped, and swam, and had a reunion with former Copperbelt acquaintances. I ate plenty of sea food in both places, on the day I flew out of Durban Nelson Mandela's autobiography was put on sale, so I was delighted to buy my copy-and I can highly recommend it.

I had to fly via Johannesburg, and on the return we ran into an even bigger storm than we had experienced on the way. We were delayed one hour first time, and 4 hours second time as the Air Botswana plane wouldn't start. Instead of putting us up at the airport they sent another plane (finding another crew was the problem), so I arrived in Gaborone at midnight. Ruth was not amused!

I had one day with her, then went to attend a 4 day Conference representing Mindolo on - wait for it - "Theology and politics". Most of the delegates were theological tutors and professors, members of the Association of Theological Institutions in Southern Africa. I thought I'd be right out of my depth. I went because Mindolo could not afford to send anyone else, and I was going to Botswana anyway. I quite enjoyed it and even felt I contributed quite adequately at times. BUT! The first tea-time I walked round the grounds to stretch my legs, and right at the end the manager's dog appeared from nowhere and bit me. Was I mad! Pandemonium ensued, I was rushed to the hospital, which at 6 PM on a Saturday evening was rather deserted and treated by a charming young Ethiopian woman doctor. Rabies, tetanus, dressings then 12 antibiotics a day. I had to attend hospital daily for a week, then less often. This was a real nuisance; the conference started on the 17th, for 4 days, on 21st I went back to Ruth, on 22nd we drove to Serowe for Christmas. So on Christmas Day I was in the Serowe hospital for rabies and dressings. Down to half the number of antibiotics, but I consumed no alcohol at all over Christmas! Fortunately this dog bit the fleshy part of my leg, but it is my left leg, the same side as the latest hip operation, so I was limping quite badly.

On our return to Gaborone on 27th I rang the Centre and found the dog was O,K so I didn't need the last 3 rabies shots.

As I had started my holidays much earlier Ruth assumed I'd be returning before New year, but I had forgotten to tell her that as I'd taken no annual leave during 1994, I was staying until 5th January. She and Tony and Margaret and their 2 sons had booked to go to the Cape for a week over New year, so I ended up going with them! So I had 2 holidays in S. Africa within a month. Tony and family drove (2 days) while Ruth and I flew to Port Elizabeth where we hired a car and met Tony at the airport. A friend of Margaret's had rented the house and none of them had any idea what it would be like. When these friends who live nearby took us there we simply couldn't believe it! Right where the Garden Route begins, this thatched, open plan house was on a cliff overlooking the most perfect little bay you could

29<sup>th</sup> May, '95

imagine, I'd heard so much of the Garden Route, seen so many pictures, but the reality is absolutely gorgeous. The house belongs to a doctor who lives 20 miles away, and stays in the seaside house every weekend he's free, he was on duty over New year. We explored a few places near us, going as far as Kneisner, about half way to Capetown. Everywhere was perfect. The beaches are lovely for the kids (3½ and nearly 2) and Ruth and I took Anthony for a beach walk every evening at Sunset while Margaret got Guitscbeng ready for bed, I'll go back any time. I had to leave on the evening of the 4th to fly to Jo'burg and spend the night before returning to Zambia next morning.

Our landlord doctor looked at my leg and pronounced it as healing well, but I couldn't swim - shame!. It is quite ok but the scars are still quite pronounced.

We had poor rains again this year, in the South only half the normal so a lot of maize died. The Northern half got more but it started late, so the distribution was poor. It is just beginning to get cool at nights but is very hot during the day (28° -30°) so I'm still swimming, and my left hip has definitely improved.

I shall contact friends by phone when my eye operation is sorted out. My address will be:-

C/O Mrs Sigrid Gave,  
165, Tollers Lane, Old Coulsdon  
Surrey CR3, IBJ.

I shall be staying with Sigrid for the eye operation (at Croydon) and the CWM anniversary.

I shall keep my box on here until the end of the year, so I shall collect mail during the first week of October, when I briefly return.

Then in Botswana I shall use Ruth's box Number until I get my own - P.O. Box 56, Gaborone, Botswana. I shall stay with her at first, and look around for a flat.

So, looking forward to seeing some of you this year. As the weather is so good right now, I don't expect much later!.

Cheerio!

Many thanks for your November and December letters. I quite thought that I'd answered the earlier one. I was so sorry to hear you caught Hepatitis. I thought everyone knew you had to take it easy for at least 3 months. You know or it to cause problems for 6 months. You only have one liver, after all. How did you manage to ~~so~~ it?

I hope by now you're completely cured.  
Thanks for the news of Adele, I wonder  
how she has settled down, I haven't  
heard from her for a couple of years.

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Sorting out & packing up is a  
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Minutes, bank statements, old paid bills,  
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If you come to Africa in November,  
I'll be in Gaborone, so come and be  
my first visitor...

29<sup>th</sup> May 1950

Cheerio, love Quel

Do you mind posting the enclosed  
letter for me? Thanks

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Mailing Address:  
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June 6, 1995

Dear Muriel,

Thanks for your delightful note and form letter of 29th May. I trust by now, your packing is almost done. These days, I don't normally reply rapidly. This is an exception! As I note in the next paragraph, any letters I do not write this week may well not be written until at least early August. Also, I am excited about your trip to England and that you will be settled in Botswana by early December when I hope to be in Jo'burg and South Africa. Hopefully we can either meet this summer or certainly before Christmas. Hence my letter! By the way, with your mail crises in the Copperbelt, I am wondering whether you were replying only to my letters of late last year or also my one of 10th May?

I have set a deadline of all personal correspondence (except urgent) to be up-to-date by this Thursday! Why? Within a few days I am starting heavy technical consulting work at a large Wall Street Law firm and have a lot of studying to do getting ready. Also, the City work seems to be coming around again, not be mention regular stuff at Merrill Lynch, two four day weekends flying to North Bay, Ontario, driving my father to Ohio. (This means flying back to NYC for a week of work, flying back to Ohio, driving him--and my wonderful stepmother--back to NB, and then flying back to NYC.) Plus a major computer show in NYC. So the next seven to eight weeks look crazy to put things mildly.

First of all a note about my delightful eight days in Iowa, Kansas and Missouri. It was all I expected and much more. Some parts of my saga, I think you will enjoy. By the way, I'm cheating and copying this from a letter I just wrote to the Nisbets in Scotland! (Alex Nisbet was the headmaster of Solwezi Secondary School in 1963, later the first head of Kenneth Kaunda Technical School, and before all that a missionary at Chitokoloki.)

**"Travel to the Midwest.** I finished the draft of the computer manual in mid-May and then immediately left for the Midwest. No computers for eight days, just lots of fun talking and living (almost) in Africa. I flew into Kansas City, rented a car and drove to Lawrence, Kansas. Ken and Lola Lohrentz, friends of Zindi's and mine, at Syracuse live there. (We all met in Zambia when Zindi came back for a year in 1975.) Lola is still a nurse and he is head librarian at the Uni. of Kansas for Africana research. Spent one morning just reading current newspapers from Jo'burg and looking at Chokwe art from Zambia and Angola/Zaire!

"Then I drove 300 kilometers to Des Moines to see Pascal Bwalya Ndakala graduate from college. I was so proud of him. At 41 he has had to work hard, but he finished his degree in agricultural economics and business. The university and his sponsors have gotten US immigration to give him a work permit for a year (can be renewed) before returning to Zambia. **More exciting, the sponsors, who highly respect his business skills from his work with them in the summers, have appointed him to head to two large marinas that they just purchased on the largest Lake in Iowa complete with motels, etc. So a Zambian (only black) heads 40+ white Iowan employees in one of the more remote corners of Iowa!** Bwalya still hopes to return and get multiple business going in Zambia. Unfortunately, his older brother in Lusaka is dying of AIDS (the wife died of the same 18 months ago).



June 6<sup>th</sup> 95.

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-2-

"After graduation weekend, I drove to Dubuque. Fred Morton also completed his Ph.D. at Syracuse with Ken and I. His wife, Sue, is a pharmacist. He was in Kenya in the early 70s where I visited him and then he visited Zambia in the mid-70s on his way to Botswana where he stayed at the Univ of Botswana for over ten years. (Fred and now his son, Barry, have written several interesting histories on Botswana and on slavery in Southern Africa prior to the 19th century.) So throughout the trip, through the corn of Kansas and Iowa, Africa was the topic!!!

**Trip back to Africa.** So, Muriel, I will probably go back and see Bwalya before he closes down his resort in September. (My other friends live about 3 hours drive, in opposite directions, from his resort.) We will meet for an African reunion(!) for one night we hope.

After this early fall trip, I start serious plans for Africa. Tentatively it looks like I will have five weeks from early November until mid-December. I hope to fly into Zambia for a week, then to Nairobi for ten days, then back to Zambia for another ten days (probably Copperbelt and certainly Livingstone). Then in late November or early December I hope to move south. I will try to make tentative plans to see you in Gaborone after a few days with my in-laws.

**How about this summer?** After my travels with my father/stepmother in June, I will probably do a repeat from about August 4th to 17th. Otherwise, I will probably not leave NYC again until I fly out for a long weekend with Bwalya in late September. **What about your coming over and spending a week or so here after your Swanwick Conference ends on August 11th and I am back on the 17th. You could use my place as a base and make short jaunts out to visit other places and friends and we could drive up into the mountains as my time permits. I have plenty of room, if you can stand the noise of the highway near my apartment! Anyway, please give it thought.**

I am so distressed at the increasingly horrible reports about Zambia's failing economy -- from you and others. I really want to see myself if things have gone as far as people are telling me. Oh, that South Africa could really become both the economic (and now political) dynamo it has the capabilities of becoming. Oh, that general positive events in the new South Africa are only the beginning of a positive new trend. Maybe good could spread north. We must continue to dream, and pray.

I will send this letter to both your Kitwe address -- hoping mail delivery has improved so that you get it before leaving for Surrey-- and to the address you will be using % Sigrid Cave.

Must close. Merrill Lynch can be generous, but work is now coming in and I must change back to my corporate mode! Sorry if this stream of thought letter rambles along.

Keep in touch. And please fly over in August or September if you possibly do so.

Much love as always,

Gaborone, 14<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1995

My dear David,

You must be wondering why you haven't heard from me. I received your letter in England, and meant to answer, but had a hectic time chasing round. When I returned I found the copy of your letter and intended answering. But — I was back only 6 days when I collapsed and was taken to hospital for a week. I had inner ear infection virus and was quite ill — dizzy and dopey. The last day they took me for a bath — result of that was a slipped disc. I couldn't walk for a month, then had head therapy. It's better, but still not right. I was thus in Mindolo for 11 weeks, and I kept hoping you would ring them to see where I was!

So I came 2 days ago, and Ruth found me a flat, so we'll hunt for furniture after New Year, and I'll unpack cases and a trunk — without messing up my back. I feel I'm in limbo.

So — I hope your travels went well. I wondered why you came twice to Zambia. Before I left, I was so appalled at the awful mess the country was in. Corruption, inefficiency, laziness, etc., etc. I'm so sorry we missed each other. I couldn't accept your invitation to N.Y. — I had a busy time in Britain. Will write next month.

Love Muriel

Gaborone 14-Dec-95

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Very Christmas  
and Happiness in the  
New Year

Best Wishes  
for a

David

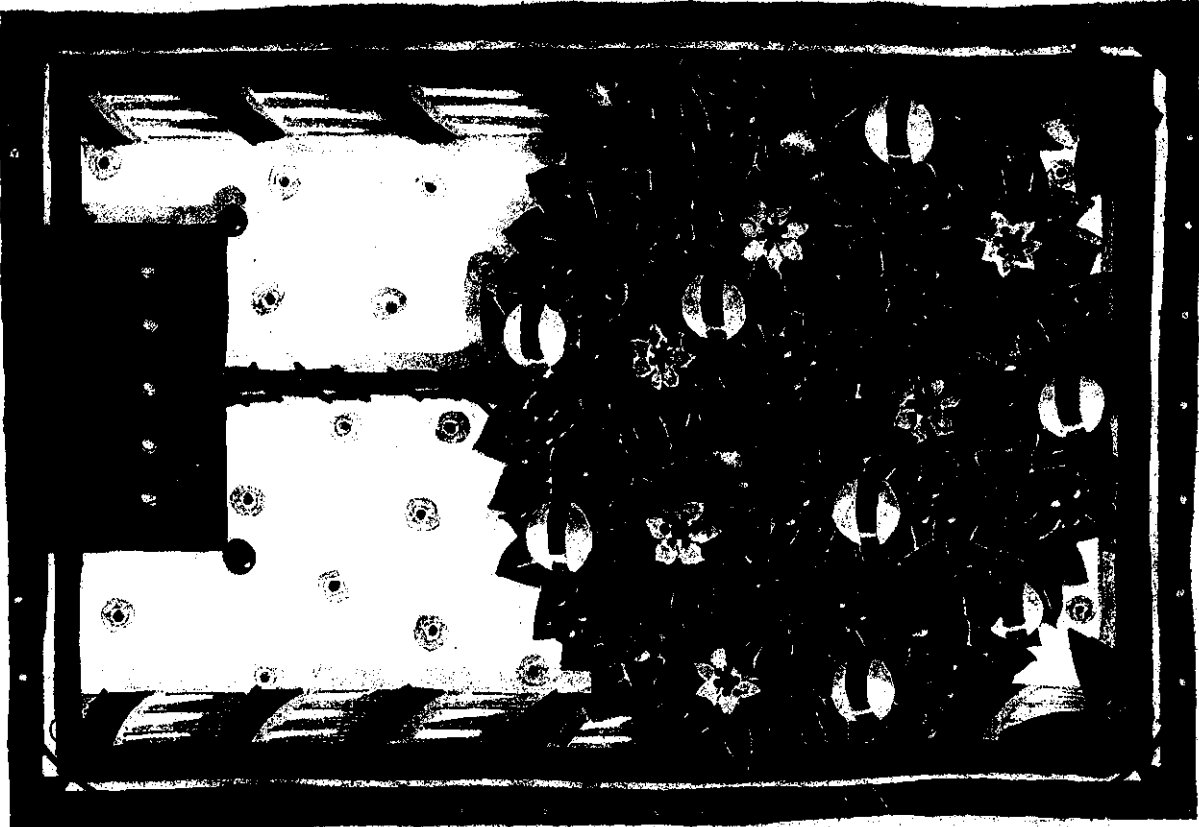
24<sup>th</sup> Dec 95

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313 59 002

Love Samuel



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December 25, 1995  
New York City

My dear Muriel,

I started this two hours ago when I got up but being Christmas morn, I'd stopped to call and to answer calls and also to back for my long delayed journey to southern Africa coming in 5 weeks - see below.

Your card with note dated 14th December was received two days ago. So glad, despite troubles, you are now resettling in Botswana. Several weeks ago I sent cards to Zambia and Botswana and said I hoped you would get one or the other and were basically okay. Was getting worried about you! We are not getting younger and I thought maybe you had got bogged down in the U.K. regarding your medical care.

A fortnight ago, I hurt my lower back in a freak accident. This is the first time I have ever had much lower back pain. Also, have had problems with my left foot. Still I get around but aging is never easy! Trust my back will recover enough for my trip in February and the feet will get no worse! Anyway, I fully sympathize with your infection and back problems, which sound much worse than mine, and do hope that you are on the mend by the time this letter gets to you.

**Why I have not yet been in Zambia.** The journey will hopefully start on 5th February. The reason is that the summer was just as mad as I anticipated, with unexpected complications of course! The City of New York project seemed to take forever - at my expense! I only got paid in late September!! Still the computer manual looks superb so it was, looking back, worthwhile because it made me do some serious writing again. Also had some serious computer crashes right in the middle of everything and had to do major repair and then buy another complete computer system. But all worked out for the best it seems.

Considering the problems with the City, which badly impacted my business and could have bankrupted me since they were to pay me nothing before they agreed everything was finished, the trip had to be delayed. (I'll never get into such a contract again!) Not sure I ever want to work for government again!

Anyway I had a wonderful fall and once again it involved Pascal Bwalya Ndakala. (He just called me to wish me a Happy Christmas.) Will quote this fall from one of my Christmas letters as to what happened. As I think I told you in June he finished his degree in agricultural economics and business. "Then just after his graduation, his sponsors, who gained high respect for his business skills from his work with them in the summers, appointed him to head to two large marinas that they just purchased on the largest lake in Iowa complete with motels, etc. So this summer a short Zambian (only black) headed 40+ white Iowan employees in one of the more remote corners of Iowa!"

**"Fall Travel.** Pascal came to visit NYC in mid-October with his girlfriend from Zambia and a fortnight later I flew out to Iowa to his resort which was just closing down - late October and early November - for ten days. He truly did well running the resorts on Rathbun Lake. My old friends met me at his resort for a weekend reunion, which was fun. Then I borrowed his car and drove south myself -- since he was still busy -- through the Ozark Mountains, in

Dec 21<sup>st</sup> 1997

full fall foliage at the time. Incredible mountain scenery that was at its best. My first stop was the new country music capital in Branson, Missouri in the northern part of the Ozarks. Then I visited Hot Springs, Arkansas, President Clinton's home town. Had a good time frolicking in the spas with the hot springs!! Wonderful mineral water.

"Unfortunately, American immigration is currently giving Bwalya problems. He needed to be in Zambia right now for six weeks attending to family business regarding his brother's death (from AIDS) several months ago. But if he leaves now without a permanent work permit, he has no assurance of getting back! What a problem both for him and his business partners! It could wreck them if he can't get back or has to leave in the spring. A mess.

"New Orleans. After seeing Bwalya, my final journey of the year was flying to New Orleans from late November until 6th December. Not Mardi Gras time, but the city is very lovely and charming. A great place to visit. I also drove northeast through Alabama to visit relatives and had a very lovely time."

**Africa travel in February.** I will enclose my itinerary. A pity that I just finalized it the day before I heard from you. Had definitely planned to work Botswana and you into my travels. Now, I'm not sure if there is enough time on my last weekend to get to Botswana or not. Maybe you can look it over and see what you think.

As you can tell I will fly to Jo'burg on the 5th of February and will arrive in Lusaka on the 7th of February. I will travel locally around Zambia and Zimbabwe until I fly out on the 29th of February. I am keeping my itinerary completely open until I reach Lusaka. However, I hope to travel to Zimbabwe through Vic Falls, travel south to Bulawayo and reach Harare about mid-February. Am hoping to travel throughout Zambia and Zimbabwe with either Peter Njovu or James Kanga, but if neither can act as guide, I will proceed on my own.

Certainly I will be in Jo'burg from Thursday 29th February until Tuesday 5th March. Whether we can get together or not, you will know better than I. Could you come to Jo'burg? Can I easily get as far as Gaborone without unduly hurrying in that time. And if we miss, who knows maybe I can make the same trip again later in the year or at this time again in 1997. Or you can come this ~~week~~ for an extended time in the exciting Big Apple. Anyway, if time permits do give me your opinion.

If you're uncertain that reply mail will reach me in time, you might want to send a c copy of your letter to me % James Kanga, P.O. Box 33257, Lusaka, Zambia.

Do hope we can connect some way on my forthcoming trip, but if we fail, let me wish you a wonderful New Year in your new life in Botswana.

Best wishes and much love,

David Wilkin

**1996**

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

Gaborone, Botswana

15th Jan 1996

My dear David,

Many thanks for yours of Christmas Day, which crossed with mine. Also the card.

So, you didn't come! I was so sorry to hear of your back. Could the feet problems be caused by the back? I have sciatica right down to my ankles.

As one gets older ones' bodies take much longer to heal. I hope yours is better. Mine is slowly improving, but not quickly enough for me. I was glad to hear that James Bwalya is doing so well. I hope he gets his permit sorted out. Trouble is, too many Africans want to stay in the U.S.A..

I envy you your trip to New Orleans. One day I intend to go there.

I thought of you through all those snow storms. I suppose you worked at home? Here, we've had excellent rains, best for many years.

I shall move to my flat in about a month. My back prevented me from moving before.

If you could fly here for the day, I could collect you at the airport, and bring you back. There are business flights morning and evening on Air Botswana. Any day you are there between Mar 1-5 would be OK. Ruth's phone has been out of order for 3 months, and the flat has no phone. But, you could leave a message at the Red Cross, 312353 and leave it with Rebecca.

It would be a fun to meet. See what you can do.

All the best, for 1996, and your plans.

Love Muriel



Po Box 56,  
Gaborone.  
15th Jan 1996.

My dear David,  
Many thanks for yours of  
Christmas Day, which crossed  
with mine. Also the card.

So you didn't come! I was  
so sorry to hear of your  
back. Could the feet  
problems be caused by the  
back? I have sciatica  
right down to my ankles.

As one gets older ~~one's~~ bodies  
take much longer to heal.  
I hope yours is better.  
Mine is slowly slowly  
improving, but not quickly  
enough for me.

I was glad to hear that  
James Zwallya is doing so well.  
I hope he gets his permit  
sorted out. Trouble is, too  
many Africans want to stay  
in the U.S.A.

I envy you your trip to  
New Orleans. One day I intend  
to go there.

25<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1960

I thought of you through all those snow storms. I suppose you worked at home? Here, we've had excellent rains, less for many years.

I shall move to my flat in about a month. My back prevented me from moving before.

If you could fly here for the day, I could collect you at the airport, & bring you back.

There are business flights morning & evening on Air Botswana.

Any day you are there, between Jan 1-5 would be ok. Ruth's phone has been out of order for 3 months, & the flat has no phone. But you could leave a message at the Red Cross 312353 and leave it with Rebecca.

~~It would be fun to meet. See what you can do.~~

All the best, for 1996,

and your plans:  
6  
00927  
Love  
Cyril

Home Address:  
61-15 98th Street  
Rego Park, NY 11374

**P. David Wilkin**  
(718) 271-0084

Mailing Address:  
P.O. Box 740175  
Rego Park, NY 11374-0175

New York City  
January 25, 1996

Dear Muriel,

Thanks for your letter of 15th January that I received this morning. Glad you are recovering, although slowly. The sciatica seems like a cross to bear. Glad you are getting good rains this year. Trust you and the whole family had a wonderful Christmas and New Years.

God willing, I still leave for Zambia and southern Africa on 5th February and my suitcases have long been packed!

My foot and back problems are not related -- for better or worse. The foot problem has been a long deterioration acerbated by my carelessness in wearing bad shoes in the late 1980s. The back was caused by a freak accident. Doctors feel both will improve if treated properly, but I shall believe it when this happens. At any rate, I shall have to live with somewhat decreased mobility on the coming trip.

As you indicate, you heard about NYC and the east coast's 2-3 foot snowfall! It was amazing and to top it all off, we had (and still have) a big strike of most maintenance building workers in Manhattan! Whole cars were drifted over in a way I only thought likely in Syracuse and Buffalo at their worst and yet neither of these cities were hit by the storm! New York has been brought to its knees in a way I have not since before since I have been here! New Yorkers are a hardy lot, but this time has sorely frazzled most of us!

When the storm hit, I was -- you guessed it -- at Merrill Lynch and got home via the good ol' E train at 2:30 am and faced one to two meter drifts when walking down the side streets six blocks to our building! Actually a fun experience looking back on it! At least, I had the foresight to dress warmly for the storm.

Although I am afraid to make a firm commitment to anything beyond getting to Lusaka on the 7th of February, I shall start exploring the options of getting from Jo'burg to Gaborone at the end of the trip in early March. (A friend of mine at Loras College in Iowa was at the University of Botswana for years and was just back a few months ago.) Would love to spend a day with you. If I fail, we'll hope to connect in the future when either of us travel toward the other! But if I succeed, we can talk fast!

If you want to contact me between now and early March, just write me % James Kanga, P.O. Box 33257, Lusaka, Zambia. I have also noted the phone number (312353) of your friend Rebecca at the Red Cross

Hope we can meet. Best regards,

Gaborone

26<sup>th</sup> March 1996

**Addendum to five page form letter**

Many thanks for your card. I got your message and tried to ring you in Jo'burg. I was out that night, the next night my neighbour, whose phone I planned to use, was out, and the 3<sup>rd</sup> night I couldn't get through. I felt frustrated. I was so glad to hear you had such a lovely time. You must tell me about it. Isn't Zambia sad? It's got worse since I left.

Sorry to hear your foot is no better, but hope the back stays O.K. I've been watching your election progress on CNN — can't say Dole impresses me — but he's better than the televangelist! Are you still a Clinton fan?

Has Adele left New York?? Haven't hear for ages.

Cheerio, love Muriel

Please note new address:

PO Box 56, GABORONE Botswana

Telephone - 375800

26th March 1966.

My dear

David

I have been in my flat for a month now, and am finally settling down. Many of you know that illness delayed my arrival here, so as I left my house in Kitwe at the end of June, I was living with other people for 8 months. It is heaven to be in my own place, and to make decisions. But I hate not going to work, after 55 years of daily work and usefulness. It is going to take ages but I am working hard on voluntary jobs. The Christian Council will probably give me something, and also a Game Reserve Trust. Who knows, I may end up with too many jobs, but at the moment that sounds idyllic.

My flat is fairly central, and I know my way around the essential places. I am only 5 minutes drive from my niece Jackie's, and also from my nephew Tony and Margaret's (where there is a swimming pool.) Nephew T.K. is further, and entails crossing 2 busy routes, and Ian is in the army barracks a bit further. The road I live on has State House at one end (2kms) and the general hospital the other (1/2km) and I go for little walks 3 times a week so am learning the neighbourhood. Ruth pulled strings and got me a telephone (1 year wait normally); Ian got me a residence permit for 3 years (renewable); there is a very long wait for private boxes so that is why I am using Ruth's box number until mine comes up; Ian and the Zambian High Commission are working on making my car legal, so it's all coming together. My next door neighbour is a music teacher and we are great friends. We are in a block of 8 flats in 2 buildings belonging to Anglo American, with big grounds. There are 2 storeys, and that provided good exercise for me.

After I returned from my holiday in the UK at the end of September, I attended the annual YWCA workshop in Lusaka for the weekend, then drove back to Kitwe in the Y minibus, intending to stay for 2 weeks, during which I planned to change my car ownership from Mindolo to me, and settle some bank business. I had to go to 4 offices re the car, and was between 3 and 4, driving in town, when I turned totally giddy. I pulled over, right outside my church, got myself in, and after a drink managed to get home (4 miles). I went straight to bed, and next day was taken to hospital feeling pretty dreadful, with inner ear infection. I don't remember too much about that week, mercifully, and about the 5th day when I was coming to, I complained about having had no proper wash. The nurse suggested a bath, and somehow 2 of them got me to the bathroom. The result of that crazy action was a slipped disc, which I learnt subsequently, was almost bound to follow after a week in bed and a bad back. It was like having a steel band around my middle, and for a month I couldn't walk. It reminded me of the car I saw lifted off the road while queueing to get into the Edinburgh Festival. The steel bands were similar! So there I was, no home, no goods, feeling desolate. My friend Helen at Mindolo took me in, but neither of us realised it would be for 8 weeks.

26<sup>th</sup> March 196.

For a month I couldn't walk more than a few steps, and then only gradually. Helen's flat is near the lake, and in November I was able to move my things into the flat next door, which became empty. Mindolo lent me some basic furniture, but I spent most of the day with Helen, who also cooked for us both. 2 couples in Kitwe invited me for weekends, which made a welcome break, and of course I had plenty of Mindolo visitors. I now know what limbo is, it was so odd living on Mindolo campus yet not feeling part of it. 2 weeks physio in the form of heat and massage helped, and I managed some gentle exercises. For someone who is never ill, I was a very impatient person. It was obvious that I couldn't drive here, so Abdul, the Mindolo transport officer, drove down here and bought some things, returning by train. I spent the week from 6 - 12 December in Lusaka with the Russells, and saying goodbye for the umpteenth time to the YWCA.

My old travel agency, TG, booked my ticket on the one direct flight from Lusaka to Gaborone, and I arranged for a wheelchair at the airport, as standing was and still is painful and difficult. Why did I not re confirm the flight? When I got to the airport, I discovered TG had put the wrong time on my ticket, and I had missed it by 3 hours. So I re booked next day on an airline going via Johannesburg, and their computer told me that there was no evening plane from Jo'burg to Gaborone, which I queried, but this machine insisted it was correct. So I booked, rang the family, and left next day, after composing a stinking letter to TG and returning my ticket. When I got to Jo'burg next day, the woman pushing me told me of course there is an evening plane to Gabs, but it was wightlisted. I could wait and see.... and after 2 hours she brought me my ticket with a confirmed seat. By now I did not believe any airline nor agency, so decided not to bring the family (Ruth's phone was out of order). At 7pm I got on the plane, arrived at 8pm, unmet of course, for the first time. There are no taxis at our airport here, so I got the one courtesy bus to the Sun Hotel, booked in, then rang Tony from my room. by now nearly 9pm. He can call Ruth on their radio, so I asked him to get her to collect me next morning. Not at all how I had envisaged all this, but that is life in Africa.

Ruth had found this flat, but I couldn't move because of my back. And of course it was Christmas the following week. So I stayed on the farm until Feb 24th. I even needed a ~~new~~ wheelchair to go round the shops. We had a lovely Christmas in Serpwe as usual, with Ian, Tony Margaret and their 2 sons aged 4½ and nearly 3; and Tshakedi Thea and ~~son~~ 2½ and daughter 6 months. Never a dull moment. Grandsons were in Brussels with dad, Dale will graduate from Cardiff University in July, and Marcus sits A levels in S, Africa in November. Next week Ruth Jackie and I will drive to his school near Mafeking (3 hours) for a school performance of South Pacific, which he will perform in. Ruth and Jackie will go to Cardiff for his graduation. Let me correct that - it is Dale's graduation, of course.

26<sup>th</sup> March 1960

My British safari in July, August and September was memorable. That gorgeous weather ! For the first time in well over 30 years, it was warm enough to swim in the sea - in Sussex in July it was 21 degrees. Norma Harry and I swam every day for a week. I also swam on the west coast of Scotland. When I arrived in Aberdeen, Alan Greig announced it was the hottest day recorded there - 90.<sup>o</sup> I also swam at the pool - outside - at Swanwick, Derbyshire. Not at all what I had expected. The first thing I did was to arrange my cataract removal and one week after landing I found myself with a new eye, which is a miracle. That weekend was Wimbledon finals, and I could see the tennis balls! As I was told to take the weekend easy, that was no problem. I stayed with Sigrid Cave in Old Coulsdon in between running around, she had had both eyes done the previous year, and it was interesting to learn how much medical science had developed.

Soon after that, were the CWM bi centenary celebrations. The best part was meeting up with old friends, from Zambia, but also from Britain. One minister I last saw 40 years earlier. I was not impressed with the organisation, made even more ridiculous by having meetings in Islington, Holborn and Westminster over 3 days. I wanted to remind the administrators that the computer had been invented, when they used old fashioned transparencies (not even films) . The first day, walking up the stairs at Islington station, Sigrid and I walked right into the Burgesses and Banhams. The third day, a group of us went from Westminster into St James Park and had a meal - still 90<sup>o</sup> - and this time the Sales were there from Alabama, of Botswana and Zambi a fame. Later in August, Sigrid and I went to the CWM missionary conference for a week at Swanwick, and that was a very good week, well arranged, and I found that after 40 years out of England I still knew quite a few people. Church circles are close.

I am keen now to re-read British history. Starting with Hastings castle, where we saw a presentation, and ending at York, going via Whithorn (St Ninian) Culloden Field, and Durham, I realised how ignorant I am of British history, which at one time was my best subject.

I had not really planned my trip very much before arriving,. Before Swanwick, I spent a week each at Folkestone and Fairlight, a long weekend at Pembury, and odd days round London. From Swanwick I spent another weekend with Gwen Thomas at Liverpool, and we visited both cathedrals, and I learnt something of the beauties of the Wirral. From there I spent a week in Dumfries, with the McKenzies, old friends from Zambia. My last visit there was 12 years earlier, when it rained every day. We had such fun, and I enjoyed their family and church and we had lovely drives around s-w Scotland. From there I went to Aberdeen, unfortunately the day after arriving the weather changed. Alan and Ruth took me for a 3 day tour up to John o' Groats, and Ullapool, one day I hope to see them bright and sunny. The idea was to take a boat trip to see dolphins but it was cancelled. However, on the way back we stopped at Inverness, found a boat, and saw dolphins. Of course, the mountains are as beautiful as they are portrayed, and it didn't rain all the time. A few days later we joined a church outing to the Edinburgh Festival, this was my second visit.

26<sup>th</sup> March, 1960

My third week in Scotland was spent with the Morrises, at Portobello, near Edinburgh. Their house is 3 minutes from the beach, so I enjoyed my walks on the sand. The Festival was on, Gordon and I visited a cultural day nearby being held for the first time. I had intended visiting Leith, but that day it rained. I was sorry to leave Scotland after such an interesting time, but then trained to Newcastle, my first visit, with Wendy Bond, who took me to Durham among other places. Wendy took me to the first day of her school year, and I was able to experience education in deprived inner cities. I still can't believe it. The first class were 15, utterly bored and uninterested. They said they didn't know the names of any countries in Africa, nor any animals; two were sent out for talking through everything, wow, were they determined to make life as difficult as possible. I was supposed to talk about Zambia, Wendy tried valiantly to perform a double act, but the kids won. I was then persuaded to go to the next class, who were about 12, and they restored my faith in human nature. 2 of them were quite clued up and interested. Wendy is hoping to link that class with a school in Kitwe. From there I went to the wilds of Yorkshire, to stay in a cottage with the Charmans, in Kitwe for over 30 years. From their picture window one could see rolling hills and one farm. The scenery around in the little towns - Otley, Ilkley - was quite different to all my other experiences. We spent the 3rd day in York, and followed the tourist trail.

Dennisons in Cambridge were my next hosts, I particularly loved the bus tour, resulting in visiting the museum on the Polar regions; and the American cemetery. In Scotland we had visited Lochbuie, rather different and interesting. My cousin George from Beaconsfield picked me up and I spent 3 days with them, visiting Windsor Castle among other activities. I'd never seen the kitchens before, am glad I wasn't a cook in those days.

VJ day was celebrated when I was travelling. My nephew Ian was invited over for that but although I sat glued to the TV set for hours, I did not see him on parade. I found the weekend impressive, the arrangements were good and of course the BBC know how to televise events such as those.

I shall remember for a long time the hospitality and friendship that made this holiday so good for me, after such a traumatic few months leading up to it. Before leaving I had such high hopes of dashing everywhere and seeing everyone, but once I arrived and then got my eye seen to, I just wanted to relax and enjoy myself. In the 3 months I was around, I stayed at 16 places, and never expected to then spend the next 2½ months in Zambia with 5 lots of friends, followed by my stay with Ruth for the next 2½.

Back to Gaborone, I have already been to the family island on the Okavango Delta in January for 10 days,, and some of us are going for a week at Easter - it's all holidays.

Botswana has 2 weekly papers on a Wednesday and 2 on a Friday. There is rarely any news of Zambia in these little newsheets. The Johannesburg Star comes every day, so I read that about 3 days a week. I am so desperate for news of Zambia that I pop in to the Zambia High Commission every week or 2 and peruse the news cuttings from Zambian papers that they leave on the reception table. KK's comeback is the most

dr



26<sup>th</sup> March 1996

dramatic news, and the recent elections in Botswana will most certainly have cheered him up. As there are no polls it is impossible to find out just how high his support is; the thought of his return is appalling, but so is the thought of Chiluba and his party; what a problem. Meanwhile the economy declines rapidly. Anglo American is keen to take over the mines from the government - one wonders why, - and while govt dithers, the mines slip more and more into bankruptcy. The old seams are almost finished, and millions of megabucks are needed to open up new ones. The miners mistakenly think that privatisation will cut back on jobs, but they don't realise that their jobs are threatened now even more. Copper sales have declined drastically, and the good prices are beginning to fall.

While I was away last year Mindolo laid off a quarter of its staff. I'm not sure why, because the number of students last year was higher than it has been for years. When I stopped working the cash was OK for the year. Various staff members with friends on TV or newspaper journalists rushed to publicise their problem, and one even got the President involved because his sister is his secretary. So by the time I returned the place was not too happy. Some of these staff people came to me, and what could I do?. So far as students are concerned, they had a good year, and there are good numbers again in 1996, tho not quite so high.

There are several friends here who were in Kitwe, and my old friends Joan and Derek Jones are still around and will retire here. The Archbishop Walter and his wife Rosemary live quite near - he was once the Africa secretary of the WCC and visited Mindolo most years. Life in Gaborone is quite different from Kitwe, being the capital city (tho half the size) and yesterday for instance Ruth and I went to the Botswana Defence Force inter unit sports at the stadium, with Ruth and I one side and Ian the other of the President. We left at lunch time to attend a reception at the French Embassy, then went to the theatre in the evening. We are at present in the middle of the annual arts festival, so are out at the theatre 8 out of 10 evenings. It's not always like this, but along with all the other adjustments it means life seems rather unreal.

I mentioned at Christmas that the rains were good. Well, they turned out to be the best for as long as anyone can remember. The whole of Southern Africa was inundated, and we saw pictures of the flooding in S. Africa on TV. It rained up to about 2 weeks ago, and is so green. Botswana has no TV of its own. There is a little private company in Gaborone, which shows videos from 6 - 11pm. We are only 10 miles from the S. African border, and about 200 from Johannesburg, so we can pick up their 4 stations. So at the moment, I know lots about S. Africa from TV and papers, some about Botswana, and very little of Zambia. However, the S.African TV shows more American soaps and British sitcoms, so I only usually watch one programme an evening. We do get CNN news in the mornings, so I sometimes watch an hour of that. I plan to buy a video soon, and watch some good films. Ruth and I have been to the cinema here and seen "Madness of King George", "Bridges of Madison County" and "While you were sleeping". A mixed bag, the first I thought was very good.

Sorry about the lousy typing.

26<sup>th</sup> March 1998.  
Very thanks for your card. I got your  
message & tried to ring you in Jo'burg.  
I was out that night, the next  
night my neighbour, whose phone I  
planned to use, was out, and the  
3rd night I couldn't get through,  
I felt frustrated. I was so glad to  
hear you had such a lovely time.  
You must tell me about it. Don't  
Zambia sad? It's got worse since

I left.

Sorry to hear your food is no better,  
but hope the back stays O.K.  
I've been watching your election  
progress on CNN - can't say Dale  
impresses me - but he's better than  
the televangelist! Are you still a

Clinton fan  
Has Adele left New York? I  
haven't heard for ages.

Cheerio, love Shirel

---

P. David Wilkin  
P.O. Box 740175  
Rego Park, NY 11374-0175  
(718) 271-0084

July 17, 1996

My dear Muriel,

As always, it was delightful to get your letter in early April with your handwritten note. I always enjoy your letters. Glad you had a lovely three months last summer in England and that all went well. Sorry you had such a nightmarish experience getting to, and settling into, Botswana. But sounds like all is now resolved and you are very near to members of your family.

My trip to Zambia and southern Africa was truly a delightful trip. The mishaps were nothing compared to all the wonderful old times with friends. Just sorry that I could not get down to PE to see Zindi's family nor to see you in Botswana. Rather than say more, I've enclosed my chronicle that probably gives far more details of everything on the trip than you ever wanted to know!

After several hard months mainly in the Merrill Lynch "salt mine" in March, April and early May, I took 8 days to see Bwalya in Iowa and some old friends in Minneapolis/St. Paul that I had not seen in 26 years — a delight indeed. Bwalya now has his American work permit and is doing very well indeed with 56+ employees under him. His two summer resorts are probably larger than all resorts in Zambia put together — at least the number of boat docks are — and Iowa is as far from the ocean as Zambia!

In June I took my father and stepmother from northern Ontario to Ohio to attend their annual church camp. It was lovely in that I got to see many old relatives again. Dad is over 90 but still basically in good health and well. Also, nice to get out of the big city and back to the rural mid-west!

I am **seriously** planning on visiting southern Africa again late next January. I hope that I can come for two fully months. While my focus will again be Zambia, I do trust I will get both to PE for at least three or four days and to you in Botswana. Am trying to sort out transport dilemmas. With a car I could more easily around to see everyone. Will have to see what develops.

In late May I attended two charming weddings. The first was the usual younger set. The groom's father is a prominent ANC-in-exile man whose family doesn't want to go back and live, at least yet. The bride was a beautiful, charming young banker from Merrill Lynch. So it was nice knowing both bride and groom. My table mates were the Zambian ambassador and his wife, a very charming couple.

P. David Wilkin  
P.O. Box 740175  
Rego Park, NY 11374-0175  
(718) 271-0084

July, 14<sup>th</sup> 1960

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The second wedding, two days later, was a couple in my age set. The groom was 62 and the bride 49. They had never been married before and each suffered much pain in their lives. I was so happy for them. He has had a "tick" since childhood and very shy; she was seriously burned 10 years ago. They met doing what they love, hiking — in the Alps. He is from England and she a NYC gal. So both weddings were totally different, and totally wonderful.

Pumla Denalane, a good friend of Zindi and myself, died last Saturday. She is from Umtata and her elder sister (here for the funeral) was on the ANC national slate last year — but far enough down the list that she is not in parliament. Pumla retired from a high post in the NYC Board of Education last August. Although Pumla had several rounds of cancer, she thought she had recovered but it was not to be. Thus, following a lovely holiday in South Africa in December and January after a short illness starting in April, she is dead. So sad. Was only in her mid-60s. Have helped the family make up a lovely memorial obituary here with our desktop publishing facilities at ML.

I have now settled into my usual busy routine in New York City for the rest of the summer. Has not been too hot so far, but tomorrow looks like the first really unpleasant one. So things could change. May have to take my air conditioners out of the closet at long last this year!

My feet still trouble me terribly, but thank God, no more back troubles since I was in Zambia — maybe some Zambian good luck?!

Adele's new address in a god-forsaken northern town in Texas is: Adele Lieu, the Continental, 1300 Jackson Avenue #209, Amarillo, TX 79101. She is near her daughter and grandchildren. She was back last month, for the last time to New York she says, and we had a lovely luncheon together. Says at 90+ she should not travel more!

Best wishes, Hope we can meet early in the new year.

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

Gaborone, 9<sup>th</sup> August 1996

My dear David,

No doubt you're surprised at my quick reply, but I was so impressed with your southern Africa report. You certainly had a marvellous time. Your comments on run-down Zambia of course I know about, and you did well to allow the positive side to win.

I was most interested to hear about the Ridgeway — Holiday Inn. I always loved the old Ridgeway. A friend told me that it had become too expensive for meals. When you earn Kwacha, you can't keep up with inflation. I actually earned less and less each year in real money.

Too bad you couldn't get to your old haunt in N. West. It's marvellous that you have kept up with so many friends.

I notice you didn't mention the political scene. I pick up quite a lot and it is going from awful to desperate. Chiluba should have visited here recently for a SADCC meeting, but didn't come and only sent a relatively junior man. He obviously didn't want to be criticized by all the other heads of state re the constitution. He's pathetic.

I was surprised at your comments at the Rainbow Lodge. I thought it was privatised and S. Africans were running it. Maybe they haven't taken over yet.

I also thought that there were now bank notes for K10,000. They were said to be ordered 2 years ago? Maybe The Govt can't afford them.

Although Niagara Falls are so much smaller than Vic Falls, I love the openness at Niagara. I went on the "Maid of the Mist" and enjoyed the scenery. I also went into a cave behind the falls. Both are something special.

There is no way I can do justice to your long report. I can believe you when you say you were warned but still took risks. We just don't want to believe that things like that can happen.

By the way, friends of mine have looked into renting cars across borders, but have decided it's too messy. And the distances are so great. I'm a little surprised you are thinking of returning to southern Africa next year. I'll be here, in my flat, and can just put you up.

One of the TV stations has CNN news every morning and whenever I see an expert from Merrill Lynch on the business section, I think of you!

I've had a surfeit of sports on TV lately. First Euro '96 soccer, then Wimbledon tennis, finally the Olympics. In Zambia our TV couldn't afford to buy any overseas programmes, and that's the first time I've seen the Olympics all way through. How on earth Cape Town can consider hosting in 2004 I don't know — security alone would prevent it plus transport. So many current Olympic events shouldn't be a part-tennis soccer, beach volleyball, weights lifting ( a sport?), etc. It's now far too big, too commercial, and too much USA v Russia, tho' I think China will outshine everyone before too long. I enjoyed the opening, but not the closing.

I'm enjoying my 2 little jobs, which take up most mornings. I am loving my little garden, only wish I could bend a bit more.

It's been the wettest and coldest season ever recorded here, so I'm getting toughened up! It's still fairly cool.

Mindolo is going through a traumatic time, so thank Heavens I'm not there. Rather sad.

Cheerio David, thanks again for your book!

Love Muriel

P.O. Box 56 Gaborone  
9th Aug 96.

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2<sup>nd</sup> Aug 1960

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9<sup>th</sup> Aug 1950

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9<sup>th</sup> Aug 09 '96

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How on earth Cape Town  
can consider hosting in 2004  
I don't know - security alone  
would prevent it plus transport.  
So many current Olympic  
events shouldn't be a part -  
Tennis, soccer, beach volleyball,  
weight lifting (a part?). etc.  
It's how far too big  
too commercial & too much  
USA v Russia, tho' I think

9<sup>th</sup> Aug 1962

5  
China will outshine everyone  
before too long. I enjoyed  
the opening, but not the closing.

I'm enjoying my 2 little  
jobs, which take up most  
mornings. I am loving  
my little garden, only wish  
I could have a bit more!

It's been the wettest and  
coldest seasons ever recorded  
here, so I'm getting toughened  
up. It's still fairly cool.  
Quade is going through  
a traumatic time, so thank  
heavens I'm not there.  
Rather sad.

Cheerio David, Thanks  
again for your book!  
Love  
Quade

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Gaborone 22<sup>nd</sup> October 1996

**Short addendum to four page form letter**

You know a lot of this. How are you? I wondered if N.Y. was as hot as you feared. Are you busy electioneering? Finally Chiluba has announced Zambia's election day — Nov 18th only a month's notice.

Cheerio

Love Muriel

22nd  
October 199612/11/96  
Xmas not  
Trust I'd  
write laterP.O. Box 56, GABORONE  
Botswana

My dear

Dave,

Here we are again, writing my letter in time for Christmas. I can't believe that it's time to write again, but of course my last letter was in March. So much has happened since then. One thing is obvious - I haven't touched a typewriter since then.... The first few months after I came I was so bored - having been out to work every day (we<sup>1</sup>.<sup>1</sup>Sundays excepted) every day for 50 years, I just hated being at home. I knew years ago I should start a hobby or two, but failed to find any. I now have two interests. First, my friend Jennifer Potter, who was acting gen. sec. of the Botswana Christian Council, asked me to be on the Finance Committee of a conference centre owned by the BCC, Quakers and Corde, a local development agency. This led to my going out there sometimes to help with the accounts - mainly budget, cash flow and also to help the general manager. I actually spent 4 days at this centre in December 1994, when I came to a meeting of the Association of Lay Training Centres in Southern Africa - you may remember, where the dog bit me. The G.M. is a Nigerian, delightful, and we clicked from the word go, after he realised I wasn't uptight about his dog. Small world.

Then main job I have acquired takes up most mornings. There is a wildlife sanctuary about 25 kms away, which has a good education centre. The owners are old acquaintances of mine here. My nephew Ian is Chairman of the Board. The wife of the previous high commissioner was very involved, and she came back last year for three months to help. She told me I should help with the accounts. These were kept by a local audit firm. Well, I started doing just the education centre - luckily there is an office in town - and gradually took it all over. It is quite small and uncomplicated. The people are nice and friendly, and it has made all the difference to me. I just wasn't alive without a job. It made me sympathise so much with the unemployed and redundant. I hope to hand over in a year or so to a local person, but people don't want part time jobs. The office is only one kilometre from here, but I drive, mainly because of the temperature, which at present is 35 rising 40 at lunch time. I go out to the reserve once a month, to check the accounts - they have a curio shop there which needs some sorting out. I was invited to be a Board member.

I think I have the best of both worlds, working mornings and having free afternoons. Some of you may remember Frieda Matthews, now 92, who is very frail, and who lives near here. So I visit her. Archbishop Walter Makhullu's wife Rosemary has Parkinsons, so I visit her. I visit my nephew's families, and swim now it has become warmer. I have decided to join the local hotel swimming club, so I can pop round whenever I want.

There are three groups which have interesting evening meetings. The Botswana Society, Kalahari Conservation Society, and the University African political club.

22<sup>nd</sup> Oct 1976

The Botswana Society has a three day symposium later this week, which I hope to attend. The University Club recently had a debate "Is the BNF fit to govern." A little explanation. Since independence, Seretse's party- the BDP- has ruled non-stop. The BNF only had 3 seats until the last election, when they won 13 out of 40 - the population is only 1.3 million. Not many countries in Africa would have permitted this kind of debate. The hall was packed, and it lasted for 3 hours. Most of the BDP was old and look on their jobs as person to holder, and are stale. But the BNF does not inspire. The BDP were clever on this occasion, their two speakers were young and very good. The BNF were older and staid and dull. There is an interesting situation as the ruling party does not control any of the three main towns.

The 30 th celebration of Independence was held on 30th September. The night before there was a 3 hour stadium show, with choirs and dancers, army and police ending with a magnificent firework ~~supply~~ display (awful waste of money). On the Monday morning it was 6 hours, including a one hour speech from the President, during which I did a crossword puzzle. This ended with a parade of floats, with camels and cattle inbetween. 11 of the floats were drawn by donkeys, and the grand finale was a donkey race - hilarious. Imagine Barclays Bank having a donkey floate, but they managed to come third in the race. Last by nearly a lap out of only two, was Air Botswana. Not good for their struggling image.

I have joined Trinity Church, Congregational. What a struggle. The service is mainly in Setswana, fortunately the sermon is in English and translated. Setswana is an appalling language to pronounce. I have a hymn book but can't always tie up what they are singing with what I am reading. In Zambia, Bemba was fairly phonetic, and I could sing easily. Here are 2 lines:- Nametsegan lona lotlhe, lona ba lo boihilen.. And "re ehwaraganetse tihon le pedun, ka yeno, rea khutle, me re, kgaogana". Ugh! There are about half a dozen whites, and that includes my friends Derek and Joan Jones. About once a month I go to the Cathedral with Ruth (7.30am) where it is in English.

Ruth comes in for dinners, receptions, etc, anything from once to three times a week. <sup>and stays with me,</sup> She also comes to lunch once a week, when she is working at the Red Cross. We go to the theatre fairly often. Recently we attended a Zimbabwean dance group on the Saturday evening, "You ain't ANC nothing yet" by a professional S.African comic (Uys) midweek, and then a classical quartet of local talent on the Sunday afternoon.

After the wettest season in living memory between Nov and March, we then had the coldest season in living memory from May to August. I had to go and buy some winter clothes. We had frost a few times, and there was snow about 120 kms away. One week in September it was 33, then it dropped to 20 for a few days, then shot back up to 35, still rising.

22<sup>nd</sup> Oct 1960

In June and July two lots of Canadian friends visited me. First the Rowlands, who were in Kitwe for 10 years in the seventies. Keith taught at the Zambian Inst. of Technology, then became the Principal; the Inst. later became a very run down Copperbelt University. Keith and Mavis moved to Kenya for 10 years, and I had two lovely holidays with them there. We last met in 1988. They are now living on Vancouver Island. They were in Botswana for 9 days, going up to the Chobe in the north for 3. Then in July Tom and Kaye Gilchrist came, with their son Steven and his wife. Mum and dad stayed with me, the others were at the Jones' house, who were away. They were in Botswana for 10 days, which included 4 days in the Okavango, thus satisfying one of Tom's lifelong dreams. It was such fun; when one lives alone one does not laugh enough. I last saw them in their home in Edmonton, Alberta, in 1978 (or thereabouts). But it was just like yesterday that we met. They were very adventurous. They came here by bus from Johannesburg, and went from here by train to Bulawayo, then Livingstone. Car from there to Lusaka, and bus to Kitwe. Tom and Kaye had hoped to visit Angola, where Tom was born of missionary parents, but it didn't work out. Tom & Kaye were in Kitwe in the 1960s - he was my minister.

Wilfrid Grenville Grey wrote recently saying he was planning to visit two of his children in S. Africa - Thandi and Peter, and that he would also come here. So that will be fun.

I had planned to visit Zambia by now, but it hasn't worked out. The plan was to attend the YWCA annual conference, but the Y didn't tell me the date until the previous week. I had an appointment to see an eye specialist about my other cataract, which is getting ready to be stripped out. So now I am not sure. Also, Mindolo is not a very happy place again, and I just decided I would rather not go there.

Talking of Mindolo leads me on to Zambia. I get patchy news. Sometimes my friends Palma and Paul Russell send me packets of newspapers from Lusaka, but in-between news is scarce. I subscribe to a little paper of former Zambian residents in England, who produce headlines from the Z. papers. And I get "profit", a business monthly. All I hear is so depressing that I realise I left at the right time. Elections are due at the end of October, but there is no news. A new constitution has raised hell by barring KK from standing. The economy gets even worse, corruption is rife, Chiluba (pres.) is not popular within the region - he doesn't bother to attend most of the SADCC meetings - I could go on and on.

Two of my friends here left recently for England, Jennifer Potter to work in London as Methodist International Secretary, and Trevor Mwamba to study at Oxford. They both left on the same plane. I shall miss them very much.

22<sup>nd</sup> Oct. 96.

Ruth and I have been to the cinema several times, and I go for the weekend to her house where we watch videos. Some of the ones we have been are :- Sense & Sensibility; Bridges of Madison County; Mrs. Doubtfire; While you were sleeping; Broadlands; Dead Man Walking; American President; Madness of King George; Edward on Edward; Jefferson in Paris; and last but not least Muriel's Wedding. What a mixed bunch. Sometimes there are good films on TV. But not often. I have access to 5 stations, four are S. African, and Gaborone, which is amateur, films only, from 6-11pm. South Africa TV is interesting. There are 11 official languages, one station is almost entirely Zulu Xhosa or Africans. The others are not up to much, but two of them have hours of CNN news in the morning. One little station near here has quite a lot of classical music. And I do see sports - Wimbledon, Olympics, European Cup, golf, and of course African soccer, and rugby - oh and also cricket.

The Observer still comes, as well as an African monthly magazine, Reform and Newshare. My reading at present is a new book on recent history of Botswana.

The garden has given me lots of pleasure. At the back it is minute, just right for me. At present it is full of yellow and orange flowers, daisies, nasturtiums and - surprisingly - chrysanthus. On my front porch I have pots of flowers, and some hanging baskets from an evergreen bush handily growing there. I was much inspired last year by all the lovely baskets in my friends houses in England. I grew spring bulbs, mostly hyacinths.

For most of the year a holiday has been planned to Capetown at New Year, with Ruth, Tony, Margaret and their 2 small sons. The crime down there is pretty horrific, but up to now we are still going.

Later - I attended most of the 3 1/2 days of the Symposium on "The Quality of Life in Botswana," after which my head was reeling with facts and figures. The main speaker came out from Sussex University, and one speaker is Jamaican working with UNDP in New York. It really was good and I learnt a lot. We covered economics, unemployment, employment practices, education, health, AIDS (13 % here) governance, underprivileged. Wow! I hope that something good comes of it. The participants varied from 50 to 300, and it was very high quality.

As if that isn't enough for one week, there is a Golden Oldies tennis championship in Johannesburg. Last night I saw McEnroe (hardly recognisable) Yannick Noah (a real clown and extremely good); Borg, Roscoe Tanner, Vilas - 12 in all.

That's all for now, I hope this letter will be the first for Christmas as often, have a very meaningful season, the family will be in Serowe as usual. The grandchildren are getting livelier each year - one is 5, two are 3, and the little girl is 16 months.

MULA! Oh yes, Jackie's 2 sons also Dale, now BA, and Marcus, taking "A" level next month.

*You know a lot of this. How are you?  
I wondered if N.Y. was as hot as you  
feared. Are you busy electioneering?  
Dussey Chibuba has announced  
Zambias election day - Nov 18th, only a  
month's notice. Cheers love Doreen*

**P. David Wilkin**  
P.O. Box 740175  
Rego Park, NY 11374-0175  
(718) 271-0084

~~X~~  
Late Nov., 1996

Thanksgiving Day, 1996

Dear family and friends in the Midwest, South and Canada,

I am writing my Holiday Greeting early this year and will try to keep it brief — for once! Tired of standard cards, I created this very simple replacement and wish all of you “Peace, Joy and Love” in 1997. Most of you read the 15 page chronicle of my African trip in February and March. If you did not, let me know and I will send you a copy.

Since returning last March, I have lived very placidly in New York City. Merrill Lynch is still my steady bread and butter. My only jaunts outside of the Big Apple have been to Iowa and Minnesota in May and Canada and Ohio in June — to drive Dad and Margaret to their summer church camp. Both drives were a delight with a chance to see many of you.

Summer in New York City this year was wonderful. It was much cooler than usual and was followed by an equally beautiful fall with warmer than usual weather in September and October. The onset of winter only started this month.

For the last several months my attention has focused on planning another seven week trip to southern Africa in February and March 1997. Instead of mid-January, I now plan to leave on 4th February. Still I hope to miss a lot of snow storms!

My proposed trip has been preceded by Bwalya's departure from Rathbun Lake in Iowa this coming Sunday for South Africa and Zambia. He will return in mid-January a fortnight (two weeks) before I leave. He is carrying a portable computer for our mutual use. If all goes well, he will buy a car for us in Johannesburg this week. From Jo'burg, he will drive north to see his mother and two children. He will leave the car for me in Jo'burg or Lusaka. If the car withstands the vast distances of south central and southern Africa during his seven week stay, I then will visit not only South Africa, Zimbabwe and Zambia but also see an old friend in Botswana and camp along the shores of Lake Malawi in Malawi. While distances are vast, roads are much improved compared to the 1960s and 1970s. Also borders are now much easier to cross. At all times I will be traveling with old friends who graciously serve as ad hoc bodyguards! If all goes as planned, I will try to send all of you postcards, as usual.

Enoch Mteto Gqomo and I are currently planning the first big party (probably over 100 people) either of us has given since Zindi died in October 1989. If you should be in New York City, on Saturday, 4th January, come by for an evening of good international food and fun. Probably people of ten or fifteen nationalities will be there.

Again, have a wonderful Christmas and New Years. May 1997 be a wonderful year with rich blessings. May your dreams come true.

Do keep in touch. God bless.

*David*



Late Nov., 1960

**Peace and Love  
throughout  
the world**



*The U.N. Flag. Feeble and imperfect though it is, still the UN may be our only hope. Let us support it for a better world for our children.*

**May the best year in  
your past be exceeded  
in Joy and Peace in  
1997**

*David William*