

1997

Swimming in a Million Square Mile Tropical Fish Tank and Other Stories About My Return Visit to Southern Africa in February/March '97

In our February newsletter, I described my intended trip to my second home in Zambia. Everything was as wonderful as expected. Instead of shivering here in NYC, I basked in warm sunshine for over seven weeks. Typical mid-summer weather prevailed: warm and wet, but not as humid as NYC in mid-summer. Crowning the trip was two weeks camping along-side, and swimming in, the humongous fish tank known as Lake Malawi! A few highlights of the trip follow, plus comments on the rebirth of Zaire/Congo from a southern African viewpoint.

Johannesburg. My old friend, Peter Njovu, met me in Jo'burg and we had a fun weekend in the big "City of Gold" and then a week driving to Sun City (Africa's Las Vegas) and Gaborone (capital of Botswana). Hillbrow is the equivalent of the Village in NYC and although there is a much bigger crime problem than here, NYC doesn't have much over Jo'burg's swinging night life except better jazz clubs, which irritates Hugh Masakela!

Sun City and Gaborone, Botswana. Driving to Sun City (3 hours northwest of Jo'burg) and then on to Gaborone (3 hours more) was not unlike driving across the semi-desert of the American southwest. The wide open spaces are called "the veldt" instead of the prairie and slowly merge into the Kalahari desert. While not quite as much glitter as Las Vegas (yet!) Sun City is South Africa's equivalent: a posh gambling resort.

After losing a hundred dollars at Sun City, we arrived in Gaborone, the capital of Botswana, to see our old friend Muriel Sanderson. As always, she was the perfect hostess. A staunch Zambian of British origin, she retired last year, and moved to Botswana to live near her family. Her sister is the wife of the late Seretse Khama, traditional king and first president of Botswana. Her eldest nephew, Ian Khama, has inherited his father's traditional titles and is also currently Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. We felt quite honored when Ian joined us for supper at Muriel's home. Ian is a very handsome and dignified man, who takes his responsibilities very seriously. Under his guidance, the Botswana military actively protects their wildlife heritage and is highly regarded worldwide for game conservation. In short, Muriel made sure we had a marvelous time in Botswana.

To Lusaka. After visiting Gaborone, Peter and I headed back to Jo'burg and took a luxury, express bus (better than Greyhound) to Lusaka. In 26 hours we travelled from Jo'burg from South Africa north completely across Zimbabwe to Lusaka, Zambia. The roads are tarred and quite good. In Lusaka we had a joyous reunion with friends, especially James Kanga and his family who are always my official Zambian hosts and Stanley Kamboyi, the third ZAZ Man ("Zambian American Zebra Men").

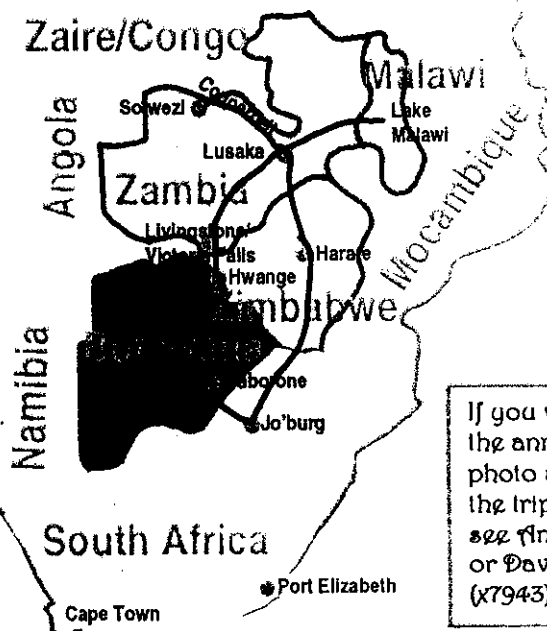
Rain and potholes. I collected my car from friends after reaching Lusaka. Quite unusually, Lusaka had torrential rains that continued for days. Lusaka streets were heavily potholed and combined with heavy rain, even local travel was unpleasant for a week. The ZAZ Men finally "escaped" Lusaka and headed due south to Livingstone, leaving the rain behind for more typical glorious Zambian sunshine. We camped in a new tent at a site on the Zambezi River, a short distance from Victoria Falls. After a few restful days, we recrossed into Zimbabwe and drove south for an hour to spend several nights in the exquisite Hwange game park. We saw boundless game: elephant, giraffe, zebra, etc.

From Hwange/Livingstone, we headed due north 700 miles to the Zaire/Congo border. We passed through the Zambian part of the Copperbelt to my old home in Solwezi. The "Copperbelt," hundreds of miles long, with vast mining potential, is divided in half by the border. Within 50 miles

Peter spent time with his children in Kitwe, while Stan and I traveled on to Solwezi. We stayed with a friend, Darryn McCallum, who visited NYC in early January, and lives one block from my old home! We did nothing exciting; camaraderie and renewing old friendships was the only agenda!

Swimming in a Humongous Fish Tank. Last, we headed 400 miles due east to Lake Malawi. Malawi has been rated the cheapest country in the world to live in and I believe it! You can camp on the Lake for a few dollars a day. But that is not all. Malawians are possibly the friendliest people in the world. We stayed in charming, basic hotels along the lake where we only paid \$15-\$20 a night for all of us. In addition, we were treated like part of the family! Such kindness and care are rare in our modern world. We visited the exporters for tropical fish as Lake Malawi is the source of our cichlids. But above all, we simply walked along the beach and swam. There is a national park just for fish protection and the swimming is spectacular. Just putting your head under the water gives the feeling that you are in a fish tank. Snorkeling out from shore is even more awe inspiring. The two weeks were, in one word, marvelous.

A Bright Future for Southern Africa. In March, Kabila's army was just approaching the Zambian/Zaire border (over 1,400 miles long) from the north on their way to the large copperbelt city of Lubumbashi (which became Kabila's de facto capital). Zambians followed Kabila's advance closely and were ecstatic at his victories. (Mobutu's terrible rule in Zaire had destroyed Zaire's economy to the point that even the post office stopped functioning 15 years ago!) This pathetic decay hurt Zambia as international trade stopped and refugees entered Zambia in waves. For the last 20 years, Mobutu has really had only three friends: Belgium, France and the U.S.A., certainly few Africans! When I called friends in Lusaka after the fall of Kinshasa, people said that there had been celebrations not only in the Congo, but all over Zambia and southern and eastern Africa. With apartheid gone in South Africa, troubles ended in both Angola and Mocambique, and now the return of the Congo, optimism rules in southern Africa. May this optimism be realized is my prayer.



If you want to see the annotated photo album of the trip, call or see Anita Palau or David Wilkin (x7943).

Gaborone 1st June 1997

Dear David,

Many thanks for your note and the card, and the lovely photos. The one of Ian and I is so good. Is it possible to have the negative? I'd quite like to send copies to my friends. So you are working very hard — I know the feeling, even tho' it's not as much as your long hours. I'm sure I'll be getting a circular soon.

May has been a moth to remember! It started with the fantastic Labour victory. I rang some friends in England as I had to talk to somebody keen — these 2 are long time Labour stalwarts. Then I went to Jo'burg on 8th to meet Doris and Josephine from Chicago. Next day we flew to Kruger Game park for a week. I was disappointed with the park. We didn't see much. But we were in the foothills of the Drakensberg mountains and had 2 glorious days touring around. The time share was lovely, and we enjoyed time just lazing. It had a swimming pool, and was warmer then here as we were only 1,500 feet. Here in Gabs it's 3,000 ft. Doris wasn't too well, I put it down to the 14 hrs flight N.Y. — Jo'burg. She took up Christian Science last year after many years of flirting with it — so you can imagine the long discussions we had — and quite heated. After a week, D and J flew to Cape Town and returned on the Blue Train. I came here and then after 3 days collected Pat (N. Carolina) from the airport. She stayed 5 days. D and J were due to arrive last Saturday as Pat left. But Jo phoned from Jo'burg on the Wednesday that Doris was in intensive care in the Rosebank Clinic! She'd had a heart attack, and had high blood pressure, kidney problem, diabetes and anaemia! These 2 were here for due here for 10 days and I'd booked us into the Okavango. So Jo came next day for just 4 days, and we telephoned the clinic each day. More long heated discussions over weather to tell Doris' husband. I thought we should, Doris had said don't, and Jo wasn't sure. She decided not to. We had a pleasant time, of course she overlapped with Pat. She left last Monday, and they returned to Chicago on Wednesday — the doctor said Jo'burgs altitude of 6,000 feet was too much for her. Jo rang today — Doris is in hospital, of course, but they got back O.K..

During all this has been the drama of Zaire.

Just before I left, in April, the auditors came in at rather short notice So, last week I was catching up.

Last Monday the temperature dropped drastically and all week the nights have been just around freezing. For 5 days it was very cold, 15-20° C, but it's warmer this weekend by day. I hate the cold.

Oh, yes, last week on CNN I saw the Marshall Plan 50th anniversary, with Clinton and next day he visited Tony Blair at No 10. I was so impressed with Tony — he behaved as tho' had been running the UK for years — very assured. The new victors have started very well.

I was invited to dinner at State House recently! only 14 of us. Pres. Quett Masire's son-in-law is Zambian, and they hosted a dinner for him and wife; Trevor is studying at Oxford and was at home for Easter. Of course, I sat next to the President!

Cheerio and all the best,

Love Muriel

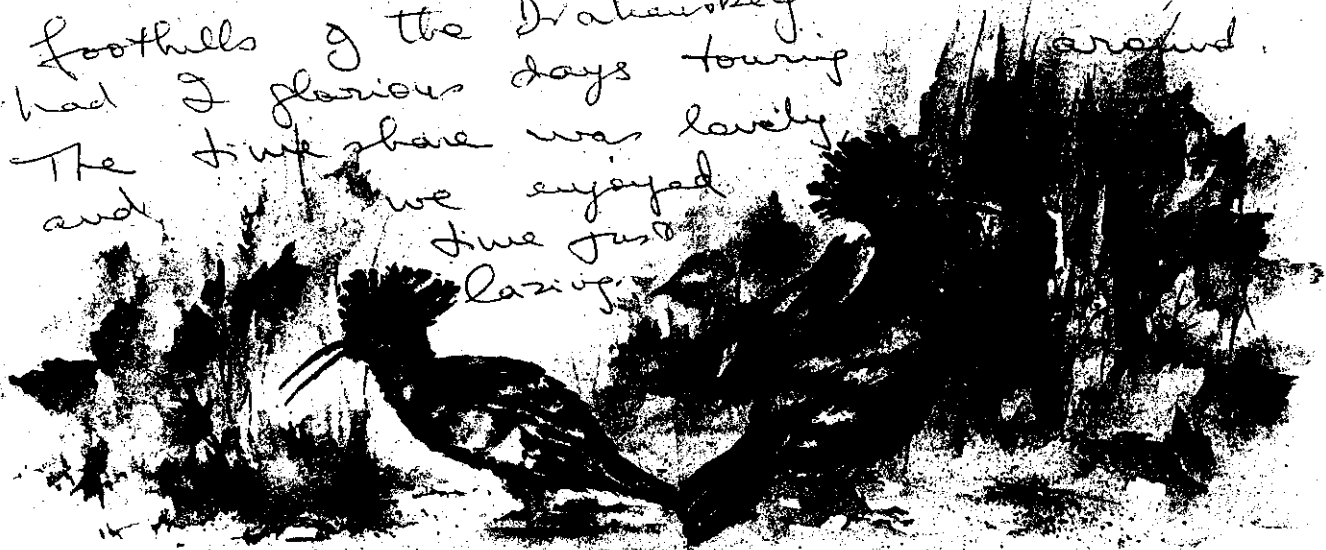
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15th June 97

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14 June 1992

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21st June 1997

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Of course, I sat next to the
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Cheers & all the best,

Bob Curran

P. David Wilkin

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(718) 271-0084

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P.O. Box 740175
Rego Park, NY 11374
U.S.A.

8th July 1997

My dear Muriel,

Many thanks for your newsy letter of 1st June that I received whilst I was out in the Midwest with family. So glad that you are okay, although cold(!). Am just glad that I am not in southern Africa in June and July! With little indoor heating, I always seemed to feel the cold as much as I do in January and February here!

You were indeed a busy hostess in May with Doris and Josephine and then Pat. Doris's situation seems very serious. Not sure that becoming a Christian Scientist was much good for her, but such things are personal choices, so that is that.

Had a great time in the Midwest. Flew up to Canada and then drove my father and stepmother to Ohio -- over 1,000 km each way. We drove via a two night stop at Grand Bend, a Canadian resort, on the southeastern tip of the Georgian Bay/Lake Huron. Drove over Detroit and Toledo and arrived in Newark, Ohio on a Saturday afternoon (14th June). After several days visiting my father's extended family of birth and having several mini-reunions, I left my father with my younger brother and flew from Columbus, Ohio to Des Moines, Iowa. Pascal Bwalya Ndakala met me and drove me to his resorts in southern Iowa. Spent five days luxuriating on the Rathbun Lake. Did not fish but a friend of his from Fiji took me out on the water and I swam a lot. Also hijacked his car and drove all around the lake and surrounding area while he worked.

After flying back to Ohio from Iowa, I drove my father back via the east end of Lake Erie, i.e., Niagara Falls. Again we stopped with a wonderful friend of my stepmother and then the second day drove over Toronto and stopped midway in the town of Barrie for a midday tea with Margaret's sister. In all, a delightful fortnight of Midwest travel.

Now let me go back a step to my return to America. After a marvelous time in February and March in Africa, my return was a big shock. Arrived back to find that Merrill Lynch had made huge unexpected changes in the basic types of software they were using and the place was in total turmoil! Was more-or-less ordered to get back into the office to moment I stepped off the plane! Jet lag or not and a meter high stack of mail, after several hours sleep, I spend my first night back at Merrill Lynch! Since I was broke after 7 ½ weeks in Africa, it worked out okay. But it was a week before I got over the jet lag and even got all my mail opened! I was really just getting my life back to normal when I left for the Midwest in June!

27th July 97

-2-

Enclosed is a copy of my article for the Merrill Lynch Desktop Publishing newsletter about my trip. You will note that I have described my visit with you in one paragraph. Hope that what I said meets your approval. Due to my fast paced life since I returned, I have not yet had time to complete a longer chronicle. When I do, I'll send you a copy. Also enclosed are the negatives that you requested. The one of you and Ian certainly came out well, but some came out blurred so check them carefully before doing multiple copies or enlargements.

I hope to have a more relaxed schedule until the end of the year. My brother and his family may make a short visit later this month. Then in August Bwalya is visiting with his girlfriend and daughter. We hope to ship off two computers to Zambia by air freight. Both of us have some trepidation about this. Although James Kanga will handle delivery at the other end and is as likely as anyone to get them through successfully, this will be quite an expensive experiment if everything does not work out well. (Bwalya will go back to Zambia in November and as last year, stay until late January.)

Would love to take a fortnight break in October but not sure what will happen. Am, of course, seriously planning to come back to southern Africa for six or seven weeks in January. Am planning on travelling with Stanley Kamboyi — an old Zambezi friend from 1963, who you have not met as far as I can recall — to start in Lusaka and proceed towards Cape Town over a period of three weeks via Caprivi Strip, Etosha Pan, Windhoek, and Fish River Canyon to Cape Town. Hope then to visit PE before visiting a friend in Vryberg. Then on to Jo'burg and possibly to Harare via Francistown. If we come via Botswana, will try to stop by again.

The Congo/Zaire story is indeed fascinating. The rebels were on the verge of capturing Lubumbashi when I was in the Copperbelt. Truly I hope that the country can get itself moving again. There is indeed good hope although not all signals are yet positive. Certainly it would be hard to do worse than Mobutu.

Gaborone, 1~~5~~⁴ August 1997 (Form letter of July 1997)

Long addendum follows a three page form letter “typed by the office secretary!”

General m/s addendum. P.S. I forgot to mention the political situation. Of course I was delighted at the Labour Party election result in May. Here, things tick over, very quietly for Africa. I still think S. Africa is doing very well after only 3 years compared to many other African countries.

Long personal addendum. Many thanks for your newsy letter of last month and the negatives. I had 9 printed, then got extra copies of one with me, and that lovely one of Ian and I! So thanks very much indeed.

Your safari report was interesting, glad you got around O.K.. I was in Malawi in 1973 — so no doubt it's changed! I'd no idea there was such a super bus between Jo'burg and Lusaka. But 26 hours!

I was amazed at the changes you mentioned at Merrill Lynch after your return. How could such a large company change everything without proper preparations? I wonder how good your work could be feeling so tired and jet-lagged? I have to differ on your comment on Doris and her Christian Science conversion. Yes, there are personal choices. But she spoiled Josephine's holiday quite badly. And, to a lesser extent, my plans to take us all to the Okavango. You see, we don't live alone in this world !!!! I've heard from her, she's still rather weak.

Last weekend the Dennisons were here. Ted worked at the ANC, his wife Margaret worked at the farm. They have 2 adopted kids, teenagers, so it was hectic! Another friend, Jennifer, used to teach in Zambia, and has been here for 20+ years. She has an old mother in N. Yorks, so last year she went to work in London for 3 years. She actually bought Ted's vehicle in Zambia! So she helped me take them to the station for — for Bulawayo and is now staying here. Wilfrid Grenville Grey is in Jo'burg and will pop up next week. So, never a dull moment! (Jennifer here on holiday.)

So you're planning to return! A friend from my Geneva days will be here for 3 weeks in Feb., so keep in touch over dates. She will be the 14th visitor in 12 months.

All the best, and thanks again for the negatives.

Love Muriel

P.O. Box 56
Gaborone

14th Aug July 1997

My dear David,

Its that time of year when I don't get many letters, so time to write again. It's pretty cold here, and I still find it hard to get used to. It is almost freezing at night, and then goes up to anything from 16 - 25 during the day, I really miss my swimming, which I managed to do most days, until mid-May.

When I last wrote, it was coming up to Christmas. We had the usual 4 days in Serowe with all the family, enjoyable as usual. Then at the end of December Ruth and I, Tony and family and Marcus went to Capetown for a week. We were in a hotel on the beach, facing the city and Table Mountain, with Robben Island over on the right. I used to walk along the beach morning and evening, and just ponder over Mandela and the other prisoners stuck on that little island for so many years. Once or twice Ruth and I went out alone, the surrounding countryside is so beautiful with high mountains and gorgeous bays. We have a cousin who lives not too far away, and she and her husband came over to see us. We hadn't seen her for over 40 years. I really lost my heart to the place. Usually I tend to avoid big cities but Capetown is something different. I was genuinely surprised at the lack of crime in the tourist areas. It must be there, but it was not visible to us. Tony hired a combi for us all and we went around all together some days.

Then the family went back and I went on the steam train that the Lathams had told me about. It was a 5 day trip, inland at first through the wine country, then to the coast. Being steam, the engine has to be watered at frequent intervals, so I always went for a walk for the half hour - one day it was along a beach at Wilderness. Each day there was a morning excursion, by bus, or one day on the lagoon at Knysna. The compartments were small and posky, but there were 2 observation coaches, with easy chairs and a bar, so I spent the days there, with various people on the train. I was rather upset at the filthy black smoke we left behind, and hope they can do something about it.

At Easter Ruth Ian and I went to the island in the Okavango river, and that was a pleasant break. We visited 2 lodges along the river and I enjoyed a swim each time. At one where we had lunch the Liversedge couple were there. They had just finished making a film for National Geographic, and we saw it later at the annual dinner of the Kalahari Wildlife and Conservation Society. Excellent.

In June a meeting of CWM took place here. This is the old LMS and is run by a meeting every 2 years of representatives from the 32 member churches. There were 90 with consultants and staff. My friends the Jones and I went to the airport for 5 days collecting the delegates, and then helped out during the meeting. I re-confirmed a lot of tickets. There were some people I had known for many years, including Mercy Doyoye from Ghana and the WCC. The ecumenical movement is rather small and it's lovely meeting up with people from the 1960's. There is an executive which meets every 6 months. It was quite an achievement for little old Botswana to host a meeting like this. The middle weekend the delegates were scattered around the country, and a few stayed locally, so the Jones and I

14th Aug 92

went out with them.

The cultural centre continues to put on interesting plays and concerts. We even had Peter Uys, who has appeared all over the world, taking off all S.African political leaders, and is very good. Ruth and I go to the cinema when there is something good, and we have seen most of the best films around. I now have a video, so that gives me pleasure.

Wimbledon gave me a lot of fun. I really wanted Jana Novotna to win as I am sure this is her last chance. Let's hope the other 2 teenagers give Martina Hingis a good fight over the next few years. I had decided that Pete Sampras wouldn't last out the year, being challenged by younger men, so it was a surprise that his finalist challenger was older than him by a few months.

This is a good year for visitors. Dave Wilkin came in February for just 2 days. Then in May Doris and Josephine from Chicago came on a visit. We met in Johannesburg and then went to the Kruger Park for a week to a time share, which Jo swapped with hers in Mexico. It was a beautiful place, and a real bonus, situated in the foothills of the Drakenburg mountains. We had one full day in the park, where we did not see very much, and then 2 days in the mountains. Doris and Jo and I had last met in 1987, when I had my first hip operations. After our lovely week they went off to Capetown, and I came home, where Pat Page came for 5 days. Doris and Jo were due to come the day Pat left, and I had booked a holiday in the Okavango. But it wasn't to be. Doris became ill and was in the Rosebank Clinic in Jo'burg for 5 days, so Jo came up here for 4 days and we rang Doris each day. Shame, I had so looked forward to taking D & J to the Delta, over the years they have given me so much hospitality. So Pat and Jo overlapped by 2 days, and Jo and Doris had to fly back early. Poor Doris, it is not nice being ill away from home. She is getting better slowly.

Next month the Dennisons come for a few days, with their 2 kids. I stayed with them in Cambridge just 2 years ago. They are just visiting S.Africa, Zimbabwe and Livingstone, as well as here. They left Africa 20 years ago so will see many differences.

In October the Clinton Marsh's will be here, via Ethiopia, Kenya, S.Africa (where their son is working) and then will all 4 come here. I last saw them in Atlanta in 1982. I should think they will see some staggering changes, too.

Compared to last year, I have settled down much better. I like my job, mornings only, and go to the church conference centre voluntarily once or twice a month. My french is improving gradually, and I enjoy the small conversation class twice a week. One hotel here shows french films once a month so I sometimes attend.

I do not seem to enjoy my church any better, so I visit other churches where I can understand better. My church in Kitwe celebrates its golden jubilee next year, so I shall probably go then.

(Typed by the office secretary!)

Cheerio for now, and all the best.

P.S. I forgot to mention the political situation. Of course I was delighted at the Labour party election result in May. Here, things tick over, very quietly for Africa. I still think S. Africa is doing very well after only 3 years, compared to many other African countries. Zambia stays in a mess.

24th Aug. 99%

P.P.S

After Angelinah typed this for me, I thought of several other bits of news.

One of my friends here, Trevor Mwamba, is an Anglican priest from Zambia, secretary to Province, married to one of President Quett Masire's daughters Mmasekgoa. Trevor is now studying for a Phd at Oxford, so his in-laws decided to give him a party before leaving. It was very select, only 12 of us so I was back in State House after 17 years. I sat between Trevor and Quett at dinner! On my way in I discovered the geography had changed and I was driving around the grounds looking for the right entrance, of course, I should have been collected.

The social life here is good, due mainly to Gabs being the capital. I belong to several organisations, and they have annual dinner-dances, with Ruth's connections they increase the round. It works about once a month - Red Cross, 1st Lady's charity, Kalahari Conservation Wildlife, Botswana Society, Childline, the Cathedral and my church etc. My big problem is clothes! I never needed winter clothes and one needs to dress up these cold evenings.

My other friend from Zambian days, Jennifer Potter is currently International Secretary of the Methodist church. I miss her, she should be coming soon for a holiday. This will always be her home as she's a motswana.

I'm sure you're wondering why I have'nt returned to Zambia. The first year I could'nt bear to. I was still sure I'd be returning to live. Now I'm waiting for a special opportunity.

Once again Cheerio!

Many thanks for your new letter of last month and the negatives I had printed. Then got extra copies of one with me, and that lovely one of Ian and I. So thanks very much indeed. Your safari report was interesting, glad you got around O.K. I was in Malawi in 1973 - so no doubt it's changed! I'd no idea there was such a super bus between Joburg and Lusaka. But 26 hours! I was amazed at the changes you mentioned at Terrill Lynch after your return. How could such a large company change everything without proper preparation? I wonder how good your work could

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All the best, & Thanks again
for the negatives. Love Auriel

24th Aug 1975

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

Gaborone, 17th Nov. 1997

Short addendum to two page form letter

My friend Phil is arriving Jan. 28th with 2 other friends we are taking off the 1st fortnight of Feb..
When will you be here?

Cheerio. Love Muriel

P.O.Box 56
GABORONE.

Tel: 375800

17-11-97

My Dear...David

It's Christmas time again, so a very blessed and happy season to you. It is getting hotter here, but we get sudden cool spells for 2-3 days, which is apparently typical of a desert climate. We have had one day's rain every month this year - a most unusual event. We are ofcourse waiting for the Nino effect.

Since I wrote in July, I've had my expected visitors, which I enjoyed having. The Dennisons came for 3 days in August, over a weekend, so that was a hectic spell - lots of fun. The day they left Jennifer Potter moved in - she helped with transport to the station, she had been in Gaborone for 2 weeks, and spent the third with me.

In October, the Christian Council rang me on the 10th to say that Althea Campbell had arrived that morning. She worked at Mindolo (AACC) from (1963 - 1965), and I'd only met her once since at an AACC Conference in Nigeria in 1969. She works for Church World Service in New Zealand, and they support work in the north. So she went up there for 3 days, and was in Botswana for 9 days. The Clinton Marshes arrived on Saturday 18th, - Clint Althea and I worked together for 6 months in 1963. So you can imagine the way we talked about those days.

Clint and Agnes had their son with them, he is secretary for the Southern African Countries of the Presbyterian Church, we had a lovely week, and spent a day at a new Game Park just over the border - it's only 10 kms to South Africa. I have never seen Botswana so green, so it was difficult to get them to see how dry it is normally.

As if that wasn't enough excitement for one month, Ruth and I had 2 days in Johannesburg. At an international Rotary dinner I had won 2 free tickets to Jo'burg, so we went to do some shopping. I didn't really enjoy it, and I can't really shop, as I have to sit down so often, - but I bought 2 blouses.

I shall be going again to Jo'burg on 25th to have my other catarract fixed. I could have it done here, but the equipment is not so sophisticated, it would take longer to heal. Once again, it will be for 2 days.

Princess Diana's death would give a researcher much to go on to try and understand the grief felt all over the world. I watched the BBC live on South African T.V from 9am to 7pm. Incredible! And all the previous week South African T.V showed extra programmes of news. Charles and Harry were in South Africa last week - in fact Harry came to the Okavango Delta for 2 days. A very difficult time for them all.

12th Nov 1990

In July and August 3 former male colleagues at Mindolo died. Peter Mathews, who started the Foundation had been ill on and off with prostate cancer. Olivier Dubuis taught French scholars in journalism, and Whitney Dalrymple taught in the theological college.

On a more cheerful note, I reached the great age of 75 at the end of October - I had 18 cards! Ruth had gone to England and Spain, so I decided to do something different. 10 of us went on an evening game drive at the little Wildlife Park where I work, and we then had a bush braai. So for me, no shopping, cooking nor washing-up! It was great fun. 2 of the party had never been to the Park, and we saw the 4 elephants, 3 of 5 rhinoceros, 2 cheetahs, and lots of buck.

After many years of little change, Botswana is poised to take off! The president announced his resignation this week, for 31st March, The Vice President will take over until election in 1999. The Botswana Democratic Party which Seretse founded has been in power since Independence in 1966. Quett, outgoing President, was the Vice from Independence until Seretse died. It looks like the opposition could win, and they are really unknown. It's difficult. The ruling Party is tired and old, and stale. The opposition is not impressive. So we'll see

I've seen some good videos, I joined the British Council who only have golden oldies. Just loved "Forsyte Saga" even though black and white. I found "Casablanca" "Grapes of Wrath" and "Elizabeth 1" outstanding. I also see modern ones from my local Videoteque.

My friend Phil is arriving Jan 28th
and with 2 other friends we
are taking off the 1st fortnight
of Feb. When will you be here?

Cheerio love Inel

P. David Wilkin

Home address:

61-15 98th Street, Apt. 4E
Rego Park, NY 11374
(718) 271-0084

Mailing address

P.O. Box 740175
Rego Park, NY 11374
U.S.A.

19th November 1997, 10:00pm (at Merrill Lynch)

My dear Muriel,

I have just reread your lovely mid-year newsletter. Also glad you got the negatives and got good prints of them. I have written very few letters and no newsletter since mid-year. If I have not been able to talk to people on the telephone, I have been silent! (I now call the Kanga once a week about Zambia.) I find this most distressing. So not only has your letter but a host of others done unanswered. Since you are at the top of my list, I will ramble on — so settle back! Later, I will probably copy bits and pieces from this for others. Before I start I will reread what I told you in July and, of course, your reply!

10 minutes later. I have reread everything and I'm ready to start. Assuming my bankers leave me alone for awhile maybe I will get this off before I leave at 4:00 AM!

Response to your newsletter. Sounds like you had a very active time after I left you and enjoying life in Gaborone, if not life to the hilt. Keep it up! Hope you had some good heat at night in July and also some long woolies! What did the exceptionally heavy rains — you were having while I was there — mean for the cold season, crops, grazing, etc.? And, yes, you're right! Doris's actions certainly affected others! As you said, we don't live alone!

Merrill Lynch 1997. ML and Wall Street in general have been booming. (In the process, the US economy is really hot right now, despite the crashes in Asia. And since Asia has been the big news, we have not heard much about South Africa and southern Africa in general.) Anyway, Merrill Lynch investment banking got itself into a bind by late last year with its choices of software used for graphics, spreadsheet analysis and general word processing for its financial presentations. And for reasons I can't fully understand, they decided to make a **major** change in less than two months. (When I left, I had no idea they were even going to change. When I came back, I was stunned to find they had already made the change!) They were also expanding (and still are) at a very fast pace, with new people every day. Of course, they went into chaos because there had been no time to properly train old workers, let alone new ones. Fortunately, they "open-ended" the budget and threw money at the problem(!) and in the process twisted everyone's arms to do overtime. So I've worded from 50 to 85 hours a week for much of the year) which hopefully means money for another seven weeks in Africa, but not much time to do anything else unless I've been out of the city. So a long answer to your question!

August – shipping to Zambia. As I told you in my July letter, Bwalya and I were planning to have a hard few hard days packing of two computer systems for Zambia. Unfortunately, we hit the big UPS strike head on and since the competitors were overwhelmed, we rented a truck to take two 100 kilo. trunks to JFK airport to an overwhelmed FedEx terminal! Fortunately our efforts were successful and everything reached Zambia in good condition in a fortnight. The contents are now sitting in the Kanga's living room awaiting Bwalya's

19th Nov, 97.

return next week to put the systems together, one for the Kanga family and one Bwalya's family. He also came with his new daughter now 1 ½ years old and the baby's mother. We worked hard while he was here but still had fun.

One final problem was clearing **Zambia's customs**. The trunks came straight from NYC, via Gatwick, but James said the drug people, customs evaluators, and some other group went totally through the trunks with him! Keep in mind James is the Chief Human Resources Officer for Lusaka Province and his eldest son is a middle level officer at Barclay's Bank h/q. God help others! We valued the computers fairly, but customs thought the prices too low and tried to add more. James defended our valuation but in the end he (we) finally paid customs and local transport costing as much as the used computers and supplies were worth in NYC! Still Bwalya and I felt it was successful because nothing seems to be missing or damaged. Now, Bwalya is considering packing the trunks full of African carvings etc. and bringing them back to fix up his home! We will see!

September. Emma Kachali Walker. Emma is one of Zambia's top businesswomen and she thinks she has met you on a number of occasions. For ten years (until July) she was head of the Farmers Cooperative and is on the Board of Directors of many companies in Zambia. She is also an old friend of Bwalya and decided to take a long break after resigning in July and visit NYC with her son (20) and grandson (7). So she was here for almost a fortnight — but did not go to Iowa. The four of us had lots of fun seeing NYC through the eyes of a 7 year old. Eddie fell in love with the Statue of Liberty on first sight and everything else, except Niagara Falls, seemed less significant! (Emma's eldest son, Eddie, Eddie's father, was stabbed to death in July 1996 outside the Intercontinental in Lusaka and his death almost destroyed Emma emotionally in the process.) The visit was lovely, but when they left I was exhausted, helped by two 50-60 hour weeks at Merrill Lynch! She owns a home outside London and is currently taking a year to get an M.B.A. in the U.K.

October — more of Zambia! Danny McCallum from Solwezi arrived a fortnight after Emma and has been here ever since. He and Linnah were having serious problems in Solwezi when I was there in March. His stepson died of AIDS last year, and their only son, robbed them last January when Danny was here on business. Thus, their businesses (a restaurant, petrol station and car parts store) had more or less gone bankrupt. And in all this Linnah has become an alcoholic. So in August he walked out and left her everything instead of declaring bankruptcy and getting a divorce. Clearly she could not run what he left behind and has accused him of many things. He visited relatives in Scotland but was not happy before coming here. (He has a brother and relatives near NYC.) Bwalya and I have strongly advised him not to return to Zambia — where he wished to retire and die — but stay here if possible, or if not, resign himself to resettling in Scotland. Disintegration of families is so sad and this is no exception! He is my age (58) and little pension in Scotland and now given up a home he and Linnah lovingly built in Solwezi, etc. To his credit he is working out two hours daily and has learnt to compute and ready to make the best of life as he can. Now that is positive thinking.

Bwalya and Iowa/Zambia. He has closed his resorts for the year and is leaving on the 24th for Zambia. Seemingly the resorts did well and he will be back in Iowa before the end of January to get things moving for the new 1998 season. We still hope to see what we can do business-wise in Zambia, and he will evaluate the situation again even he arrives. Thanks to

19th Nov, 97.

the weak Zambian economy, we must be very careful. At the minimum, I'd like to buy a nice house in Livingstone which we can rent to southern African visitors – by the week – and where we can live for varying periods each year.

Denys and Margaret Whitehead have been helpful in advising me on Livingstone. As I just said, it would be wonderful to buy or build a house in their area of Livingstone. My only fear is that very reasonable homes in Livingstone will start sky rocketing as Vic. Falls is now at its maximum many people feel and Danny tells me many South Africans are starting to buy in Livingstone. Bwalya hopes to meet Denys in a few weeks. I am so indebted to you for getting us reconnected again. When we met in Livingstone, Denys even had a picture he took when he visited Zindi and I in Balovale in 1965 just before he and Margaret were married. I was so distressed to hear that their eldest son died in early October.

In their letter just received, Denys and Margaret now have an **Internet address** so if you go email on a worldwide scale you will want their address, my address and other "with it" friends in Zambia. If you ever try it, you will never turn back as it means almost instant communication without long distance telephone rates. You can even attach letters, scanned photographs and newsletters to the email message. Do take any chance to see others use it in Gaborone. Anyway, don't grumble, I'm not trying to convert you, just reporting!

Riverside and NYC. Have not gone a lot this year — thanks to working at Merrill Lynch on Sunday, but the place keeps up its charm. (Haven't spoken to Adele since spring; hope she is okay.) Spring, summer and now fall have all been wonderful this year, each season typical of itself and not too extreme. Hope winter continues to be thus — at least until I leave for Africa. Am now acquainted with the greatest and most charming spots in the city so if you ever **condescend** to visit our town again, come for a week or fortnight and I will share all my secrets! Am looking forward to all the Holiday decorations that are going up.

My Dad and southern Africa in late winter. These two topics are the most vital to me right now and intertwine completely. My father's health – he is 92 – has been precarious for the last several years and completely collapsed in mid-September. When he entered the hospital the staff told my stepmother, Margaret, that he would never leave. This week he was transferred to a nursing home (small city equivalent of a hospice) when he will probably be until he dies. I was up a month ago for a week and helped Margaret do things too painful for her to do alone, such as pick a burial plot for them, casket, etc. Her family is scattered between Toronto, 400 km. to the south and Temiscaming, 80 km. to the north and my family of course is all in Ohio, 900 km. to the south. She is so sweet and it is so hard for her to watch him rapidly vegetablize both in mind and body. I am currently working as much as my schedule allows on a Memorial booklet, but it is hard. My prayer is that he will not linger in this sad state too long.

Zambian plans in limbo. Next week, my brother will fly up to Canada. Unless Dad passes before the end of the year, I plan to return to Canada again in early January. Of course, his health makes my planning a return to southern Africa much harder than usual. I don't know whether I can bear to leave on a trip if he is still living. It may mean a postponement for some time, only God knows. Still it is my intention to come sometime after early February. When Bwalya returns in late January, I will know better whether business plans may await me or simply a lovely holiday.

29 Nov, '97

Across Namibia. When I come, I still plan to cross Namibia (starting with the Caprivi Strip) from north to south — the focus of my trip. When I reach Cape Town I will go east to PE and then north thru Vryberg, Kimberley, Jo'burg, Pretoria, Gaborone, Francistown, Bulawayo. I may have to give everyone I hope to visit just a general time period. Stanley Kamboyi will be traveling with me as driver and bodyguard and we will have the car totally loaded down with camping equipment. So don't be surprised if I come through and leave a note on your door saying, "will return later, we are camping in such and such place!" In fact if you hear of any good and/or interesting camp sites and/or guest houses from Gaborone north through to Francistown, let me know. Anyway, several months to go and a lot of things to be resolved. Time can only resolve such dilemmas.

Article enclosed. One of the few things on Botswana to get in the *NY Times* was the enclosed article, which seems a stupid way to tell about Botswana. Anyway felt you might like to get it.

Peace and Love to all at the end of 1997 from David Wilkin

X-tamp 1998

12th December 1997. Dear relatives and friends in Ohio, the rest of United States, Canada, U.K., Africa, and elsewhere.

Love and peace from New York City, my "tiny" village on the Hudson River! Writing to all of you in one letter is an almost impossible task, as you are the world. While I am very proud of my multi-ethnic, multi-cultural, multi-everything family, all of you, I try to write to you more regionally. This year, however, I have no choice but to write to you all at once. I even now many of you in the southern hemisphere will be lucky to get this letter by Epiphany in January! I will even have to use address labels for most envelopes, a social "no-no" I am told!

As some of you know, the main reason for my delay has been my father's health. Since September, he has lived in a semi-vegetative state in North Bay, Ontario. Under Margaret's (my stepmother) loving supervision, he has very good care. Unable to do anything, one still feels helpless. Rather than write all of you earlier, I have been writing / editing a memorial booklet that we as family can share after his passing.

Anyway, here are few details of my life in 1997, along with four sets of quotes that have meant a lot to me over the last 20 years and that I share with you in place of a Holiday message. Please write and share your own favorite quotations.

Spring and early summer arrived and went quietly. For much of the time I was working long hours to pay for my February trip to southern Africa! Merrill Lynch implemented new software while I was in Africa and needed me as much as I needed them, so both of us were happy. I have worked for few other clients this year except for a long weekend with old business friends at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical complex helping them complete a proposal.

I did take a fortnight to fly to Canada and drive Dad and Margaret to Ohio to their church camp meeting. We had our usual delightful stops en route and I had a chance to see many of you in Ohio once again. While Dad and Margaret attended the camp, I flew to Iowa for a long weekend to see Bwalya at his resorts. His daughter, Kalalwe, was just starting to speak and as all children her age, keeps mom and dad delightfully busy! (Sorry I could not see other old friends.) After my weekend with Bwalya, I flew back to Ohio and drove Dad north. I am so glad I had this chance to get Dad to his church camp one last time. His health was poor, but he enjoyed himself.

Final comments on basic emotions (by Zindi Wilkin): 1989
Peace: I found peace. It is one of the best emotions. But it is very slippery.
Fear/Anger: The worst emotions. They destroy you. You might be angry at a person, but it is you that gets the headache and heartache.

Late summer and fall have involved no travel, but lots of fun having visitors. To those that have been here, thanks for coming and visiting the Big Apple. It was pleasant having Bwalya in mid-August. We shipped two computers to Zambia. (Hopefully Bwalya is having good luck right now assembling them in Lusaka.) Delightfully, Joyce and Kalalwe flew in the day after we shipped them. In September it was nice having Emma Kachai; Walker with her son, Joe, and grandson, Eddie for a fortnight. Seeing NYC through the eyes of someone 7 years old was most refreshing. Lastly, Danny McCallum has been here for two months and leaves in a few days as he prepares for a transition back to Scotland from Zambia.

On Friends and Lovers

"Anyone I have loved, I will always love. My friends and my lovers know that. I never depart from them."
Jeanne Moreau, quoting F. Scott Fitzgerald

February/March 1997: Southern Africa
Lovely Lake Malawi was my focus during 7 weeks in southern Africa this year. I have not written a chronicle as in 1996 but I did write a one page summary. (If you did not get a copy, let me know. I think my color copies are gone, but I can send you a black/white copy.) As in 1996, I traveled with Stan Kamboyi and Peter Njovu.

Peter met me in Jo'burg, and we traveled to Botswana to see Muriel Sanderson before taking one of the new luxury buses 1,500 km. through Zimbabwe to Zambia. Our charming Lusaka hosts were James and Geoffrey Kanga. Mrs. Kanga and her daughters frequently provided delicious traditional meals. In Lusaka I picked up the Toyota Corolla that Pascal Bwalya Ndakala and I keep there. Stanley, Peter and I first we drove north and visited friends in the Copperbelt, then south to Livingstone and the Hwange Game Park in Zimbabwe, where we saw much game, as usual.

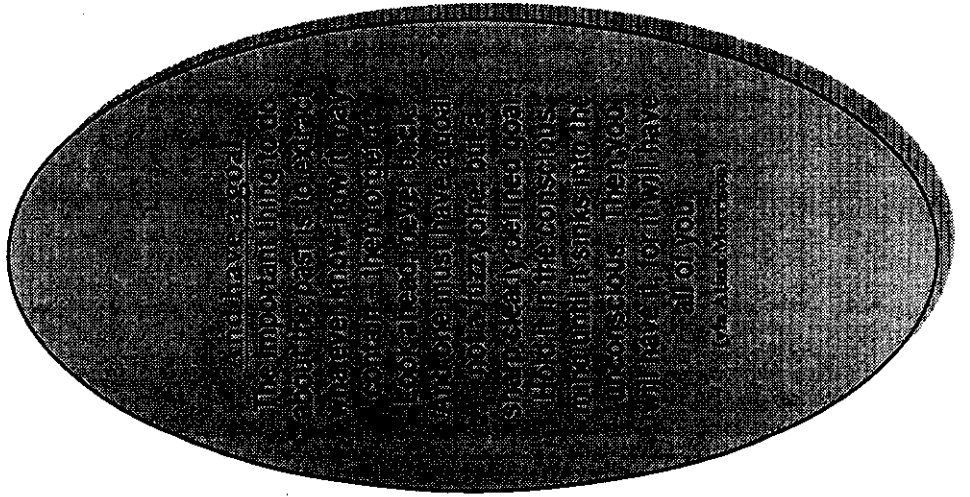
Then in early March we had a stunning fortnight along the shores of the incredibly beautiful Lake Malawi. While the 600 km. road through eastern Zambia was in very bad shape, Stanley proved his ex-military driving expertise. We had no major car troubles. Malawians are collectively poor, but among the friendliest people on earth and we were constantly charmed endlessly. Malawi is also a very cheap country to live and travel in. Meals and accommodations along the lake are only a fraction of the cost in the USA and Canada, or even Zambia and South Africa. After Malawi, Stan and I spent a long, weekend near the mighty Kafue Dam and Lake.

Congo-Zaire's civil war was in happening just across the border. We can only hope that getting rid of the dreadful Mobutu (which the USA kept in power) helps all of southern Africa continue its regional movement into democracy, justice, freedom, and economic growth.

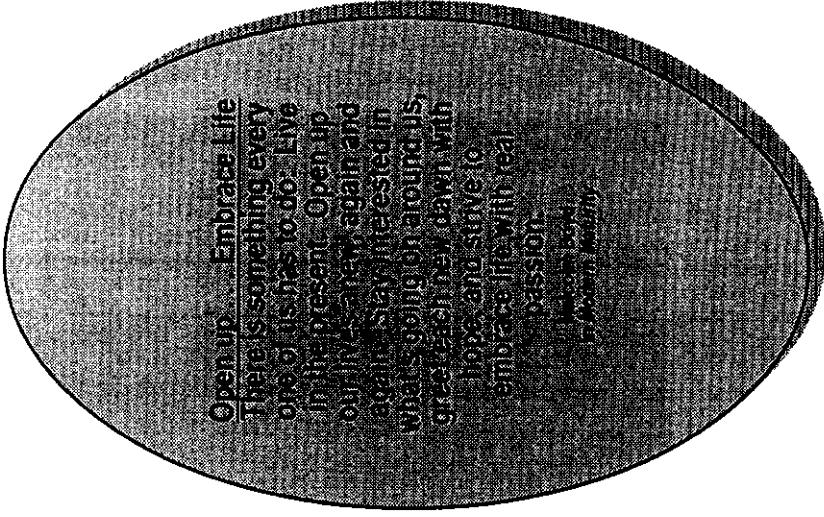
L O V E

Peace

Love



X-mas '96



Peace

1998

Gaborone form letter dated 16th June 1998
addendums dated 2nd August 1998

I saw most of the World Cup Games and Wimbledon.

Many thanks for your long letter of last November, and the Christmas colourful greetings, and the card from Namibia. I'm glad that holiday worked out O.K. — and look forward to hearing more about it.

As you will have read, your visit coincided with my friend Phil's time here. We had a lovely time. Phil has a flat in London which I have used as a base when I'm over. Everything worked out fine, and Phil has written several enthusiastic letters since.

You certainly keep up all your contacts with Zambia. Dr. Alan Haworth was here 3 months ago — he first arrived in 1957 or 8 and is a professor in mental health, as well as being head of the Z. Red Cross. Then, last week, Theo Bull was here for a SADC conference, and we had dinner with a mutual friend. So I was filled in on the economy. One wonders how Zambia manages to carry on.

I regret I have no access to a computer! I've decided having to struggle with my digital TV is enough of a problem, 60 stations, of which I watch 4 sports, 3 news, and one or 2 others, but also 4 super music stations. I also get separately 3 African stations— so watched Mandela's 80th birthday and wedding party. What a man....

I wonder if your dad is still alive — somehow I doubt.

Cheerio and all the best.

Love Muriel

P.O. Box 56
Gaborone.

16/06/98

My dear ^{up} David

2nd August

Including
me.

I am sending this letter (hopefully) in the Mokolodi Newsletter - where I work. The big news is that the Clintons visited our little Reserve on their third day here in Botswana, to take part in an Environmental Round Table discussion, and then gave a Press Conference where I sat practically at his feet. He shook hands with most of us afterwards. I sat next to an American friend who commented that she would never have had the chance to attend such an occasion in America. Altogether we were less than 200.

He spent a day & 2 nights in the Chobe/Kasane area, and probably Botswana benefitted from this more than from any of his other visits to the 5 other countries.

This visit came in the middle of a most hectic 3 months for me. But I must tell you - I had heard of the security surrounding these visits, & I was so delighted that they couldn't do anything about the animals! Clinton himself in Chobe wouldn't give in to his guards when the elephants were about to surround him. At Mokolodi, they searched the bushes around for 3km, but as we have no predators, they were over - reacting. My hectic social life started at the end of January, when my old friend Phil Sawbridge from Geneva days came for 3 weeks. Also with her, staying with a nephew, was Anne one of Phil's "adoption" friends, and a New Zealander, Jane, also in adoption. I decided to accompany them on their trip, and we drove 3,000kms, to the Okavango Delta, via the Nata salt pans, and Kasane/Chobe, where the road was being re-done for Clinton's visit.

We decided to drive one hour each, moving around the car, and no more than 5 hours a day. Normally I hate long distance driving, but this was fun. The Okavango really is superb, only my second visit. This time we were in a Lodge that was on the rim, so that there were game drives as well as the water trips. In Kasane we stayed in a house belonging to the Khama's, and had dinner one night in the hotel where the Clintons and many others stayed. Victoria Falls is only 70kms away so we had a day there. Altogether a lovely holiday.

In March we had our usual drama festival, and Ruth and I attended 7 out of the 10 shows in the main theatre. As if that wasn't enough, on 31st March (The last Clinton Day) both President Quett Masire and my nephew Ian resigned. The Masire's invited the family including me) to dinner at State House, so that was a memorable occasion. Then the army invited us to a huge farewell for Ian, and both these took place in the festival period.

2nd Aug 1998

Some of you know that Ian left the army because the new President, Festus Mogae, asked him to join the Government. Festus had been Vice President, was personally picked as a very good economist to join Government and be Minister of Finance and V-P; and has no real power base, neither is he a politician. So Ian is supposed to complement that. He became immediately Minister for Presidential Affairs, is being unopposed in a Serowe bye - election on 4th July, and will become Vice President. (See my comment at the margin!). *Not undemocratic*

On Easter Saturday, twin Tshekedi was married to Thea, an American and mother of his son 6 and daughter 4. They were building a new house on the edge of Ruth's farm, and the wedding was conducted there by my old friend Walter Makhulu - Archbishop. It was probably the 2nd social event of the year (can't beat Clinton). Both Presidents from here were present - past and present - and the Chissanos from Mozambique. As you know I can't stand for many minutes. At one point I was sitting on the veranda when I was joined by Quett and Festus and we had the most interesting discussion on Botswana's water problems. Tk had hired a huge tent (fresh from Clinton's visit!) and 300 of us had a lovely dinner, well entertained by the 3 Khama boys with hilarious speeches.

In Botswana, both families give wedding receptions, so the following Saturday was the Khama bash in Serowe. Ruth and I went up the Wednesday in - between, and Ruth oversaw all the preparations done by local family and friends. On the Friday night we were 13 in the house, including the 4 little kids. We met in the Kgotla, where there were many speeches and choirs - quite traditional.

The following Saturday Ruth and I attended the wedding of our old friends Derek & Joan Jones's grand - daughter. It was nice to have no responsibilities. Emma and Brandon work in the middle East, Jill & Tim (parents) in the UK, and Brandon is from Zimbabwe, so that was really international with family & friends visiting.

Phew - and then I was busy getting ready for the audit as accounts close on 31st March.

I always thought Botswana was a sleepy little place. Not so for the year 1998. The next drama concerned T.V. For the past 20 + years a voluntary local TV committee put up a mast on a local hill to get pirated TV from S. Africa. Finally it all collapsed because the S. African Government put pressure on ours to close it down. This happened on May 29th - we had 3 days notice. I decided I couldn't live without T.V. (the local one is from 6-11pm, all canned programmes) so this week I got multi choice after waiting, as you can imagine there wasn't a dish anywhere in Gaborone, nor a decoder. So I can now watch news, sport and music. I actually got mine the day the World Cup opened, so I won't be going out much while that's on, not to mention Wimbledon. I have a feeling it will change my life! that is, if I can work out the 2 decoders, 4 remotes and other complicated manoeuvres.

*I saw most of the World Cup games
and Wimbledon*

2nd / 9th Aug. '98

3

I shall never get used to this weather. It was gloriously warm up to the middle of May, although the nights were cooling down. I swam up to this time, then one Saturday a cold wind blew up and from 12° at night and 30° at day it dived to 2° at night and 20-25° by day. The water was freezing. After 2 weeks it warmed up by day but not by night. I managed to swim for 2 weeks, fortunately I have good blood circulation, but then the cold returned, O! I won't be swimming now until September. How I miss it.

Not so many visitors this year. My next ones - the Mckenzie's - come in October - November, after a bus tour from Harare to the Delta. I may visit Zambia and Malawi before then. I have a hankering to take a coach tour from Johannesburg to Namibia, through the desert, and the sea always beckons. I had nearly 2 weeks in February with my friends and I've been twice to Serowe with Ruth for 5 days.

Cheers and all the best.

MURIEL.

Many thanks for your long letter of 29th November, and the Christmas
colourful greetings, and the card from
Namibia. I'm glad that holiday
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2nd Aug '98
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I also get separately 3 SAfrican stations -
so watched Mandela's 80th birthday &
wedding party. What a man.
I wonder if your dad is still
alive - somehow I doubt.
Cheers & all the best,

Love
Cuned

My dear David, P.O. Box 56 Gaborone 16-09-98. ~~Letter 16~~

Many thanks for yours of a month ago. Your article about your trip was fascinating.

I see from that report that your father died. I'm sure you miss him a lot.

We don't arrange our visits too well. Do you remember the Mckenzie's from Kaslinda? They are coming here after a trip to the Okavango, around the 10th November. If not, I would have loved to go with you to Zambia. I haven't been back, for several reasons, the most important being the awful state of Mindolo, which I couldn't bear to see!

So let's make it Feb. or March. I only know of one visitor next year, around May, so I'll be free then. Maybe I could drive with you to P.E.??

I've heard odd bits since the economy worldwide took a nosedive, about Merrill Lynch. Do you still have a job?

How can you manage to come this way twice in 3 months?

Cheerio,

Love Muriel

Kruger Park isn't a patch on Luangwa! Tarred roads — ugh!

P.O. Box 56 Gaborone
16-9-98



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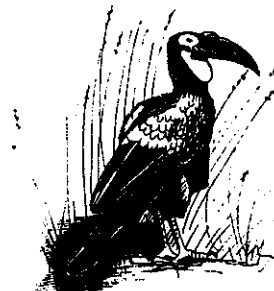
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Cheerio, Love David

Kryer Park is it a patch on Luapwa!
Tanned roads - ygh!

P. David Wilkin

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Rego Park, NY 11374

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

30th September 1998

Dear Muriel,

Thanks for your letter of 16th September that was received last week. You have been much on my mind and I was delighted to hear that you received my chronicle and letter last month. I will send you my four pages of vignettes resulting from my trip, plus some personal reflections on southern Africa. Bwalya read the draft when he was here last week on business and rest for a long weekend. I hope to finalize them in the next month. By the way, both Bwalya and I with our computer links to the Internet can read the headlines and lead stories from the *Post* and *Times of Zambia* daily. This keeps us both much better informed about Zambia than ever before. The strength of this new instantaneous link still amazes me.

You were right, with all the world events and earning a living, I had to cancel my November visit! Instead I will make my usual trip for 6-7 weeks in late January or early February as usual after Bwalya returns. I will make a quick visit out to see him in late November just before he leaves for Zambia. As I told James, here is why I changed my mind on November:

"My November trip canceled. After talking to Bwalya at some length during his current visit here and to workmates at Merrill Lynch, plus rethinking the issues, I have reluctantly canceled my November journey and will now plan to come for 6-7 weeks in late January or mid-February just as Bwalya is leaving Zambia, or shortly thereafter. The main reasons are:

- (a) **Wall Street** and the financial markets of the U.S.A. are still nervous and quaking in light of events elsewhere in the world. It would clearly be wise for me to make all the money I can until early next year and start a retirement fund beyond what I can get from American Social Security. If I can earn enough by mid- or late-January, I can more safely come even if the market continues its downturn.
- (b) **ZAZ Men:** I feel a bit discouraged with my comrades. As a result of some unfulfilled promises, everything I was planning in Zambia is on hold: among other things the house in Livingstone I was interesting in buying. I intend to write to each of them (Peter, Stanley and Alexander) in the next few days and invite each guy to write me and what we can do better next year!
- (c) **Tales of woe!** When I come in January/February — while I am resting from overwork in NYC — I will plan at least one week in Lusaka to deal with tales of woe from the ZAZ Men and other people and in turn do the little I can to advise and/or help. I will also explore new adventures in Zambia and will write you about this later. If I am only coming for 3 weeks in November, I would want only rest and not face these problems. Hence with all this in mind, I will wait until early next year!"

When I come back to southern Africa in February, I must get to PE and Durban ~~this year~~. From there I'd like to go back to Zambia via Kruger and eastern Zimbabwe. Several American friends might come as tourists and offset my costs. Not sure what will happen. Anyway, let's continue our dialogue and hope we can at least get together and if possible, travel a bit as well.

Bwalya and I read a most sad article about the poorest and most tragic of Zambia's poor, the children whose parents have died of AIDS and have no other relatives. It appeared on the front page of the *New York Times* last week. I will try to send you a copy soon. Am still looking for ways to help such innocent victims, but neither Bwalya nor I see answers yet.

Am keeping touch with the Whiteheads. They seem to be fine. Denys and Margaret spent several months in the U.K. earlier this year. The whole extended family is now in Livingstone.

Sorry I will not see you until early next year.

Best wishes for now. Keep in touch.

David

Gaborone 24th November 1998 [?] [date not clear]

Addendums to 3 page form letter

Thanks for yours of September. I'm still waiting for the further trips' report.

I read recently that Merrill Lynch was laying off 3,600 employees around the world. I hope you're not one! I believe this week the Dow is up quite a lot. But the countries of Asia, Latin America and Africa. are not too good.

I really despair of Zambia. I don't think anyone in the Cabinet has a clue. I met Rupiah Banda here this week — he had been invited to speak to their commerce and industry annual dinner. But he didn't say much. I don't see the Internet, apart from anything else I believe I would find myself getting even stiffer and when I've tried to read a computer, it does awful things to my eyes and shoulders.

Keep me in touch with your plans.

Love Muriel

24. NOV 09 '98

[1998]

P.O.Box 56
Gaborone.

Tel: 375800

My dear

David

I started the last letter with the news of Clinton's visit. I just did not anticipate how this would confuse my friends a little introduction. Botswana has a population of 1.4 million - smaller than many cities in the U.S. Very few heads of state visit here - only surrounding African countries. So when the head of state of "the most powerful country in the world" (?) comes here - wow, it's an event.

So, because Clinton visits here and I'm impressed, does that make me a Clinton fan? I'd have been more impressed to meet Mandela, or Blair, and equally thrilled to meet the Chinese President, the Brazilian President, or general ABUBAKAR! I hope that puts it all in perspective.

Before finishing sending off my June letter, precisely the first weekend of July, I went down with a viral chest infection that swept through Southern Africa. It started with a cold, I then coughed every day for 10 days non-stop; and ever since, even up to now, the virus has been through my body and not left me. I thought I'd never feel well again, but after meeting local people having had after the same virus, I realised we were all in the same boat. We were so tired all the time. I had lots of tests at the hospital, and as I'd not had such a thorough check for many years, that was a plus. But the worst of all has been a month of sciatica, which won't go, and is extremely painful. Since July I've really felt my age.

In September I had a five day break and went with Ruth north 450 kms to Selebi Phikwe. She had been invited to speak at the ruling party's women's wing fund raising dinner. At the top table was the President and wife, former President and wife, P.M. and wife of the Northern Province (S.Africa) 2 MP's (women) Ruth and I. The presence of Quett Masire and Gladys makes this country so democratic - they were wildly welcomed. We stayed overnight, then drove back to Serowe (about 100kms) spent 2 days there, then back to Selebi Phikwe for Independence celebrations (32 years) Ruth gave the speech. This town is 100% run by the opposition, but they are in the Bamangwato Tribal District, so once again I was impressed at the political maturity here.

Ian is doing well as Vice President. But he says he doesn't like it. So now I'm on the State House invitation list, and particularly enjoyed the recent opening of parliament.

24th Nov, 1998.

2

My birthday (a saturday) this year was hectic. Ruth and I had arranged to go to the annual dinner - dance of the Botswana Society. My friend Joan Jones was on the organising committee, and that resulted in the band singing "happy birthday" and a birthday cake being produced. I shared it with the 2 top tables and was kissed by both Presidents.

That lunch - time Margaret and Tony had a house - warming party. The previous day Ian invited us all to lunch as he was going away on duty for the weekend, and he had ordered a huge cake (which we shared). I'm still eating birthday cake for my tea. In the evening, friends took me out to dinner. What a weekend.

? *The Women's Shelter is slowly moving. We've had dramas with staff, but we're gradually getting going. There was a most interesting workshop recently. I'm learning all the time.*

I was most grateful for my digital TV in July. I love the news and sport, and the discovery channels; but the entertainment is dreadful, and if there is by chance a film I would like to see, it's at 3am.

The Mackenzies arrived earlier this month and for a week we had a lovely time. They really enjoyed their 2 week trip round Zimbabwe and the Okavango, and Chobe.

Talking of Zimbabwe, what a mess. I can't see that Mugabe can last much longer. From disaster to disaster, dabbling in the Congo, trying to compensate by taking over farms. There's no doubt the poor badly need land, but quite a lot of cabinet ministers are joining the queue, and there's no money for government or banks to lend to the new aspiring farmers.

And tackling of disaster - I think Zambia is still the worse of the two. I meet a few Zambians who come here on business. 2 mines are still not sold, due to mismanagement of the decentralisation committee - so the result is a loss of \$1 million a day. Pres Chiluba is in Gaborone this week chairing a committee on Congo. Too bad he can't do the same for Zambia.

The extraordinary weather this year that's causing so many tragedies around the world has even changed our climate very slightly.

So far, Botswana has not felt the effect of the world economic disaster, but it surely will. S. Africa is already affected and we always follow.

24th Nov 1998

I started with Clinton, so, I'll end with him, I haven't been able to decide whether I despise what he's done more or less than I despise the tactics of the Republicans. Then I decided I was delighted the Democrats did so well in the elections.

Cheers and all the best for Christmas and 1999.

Muriel.

P.S I forgot to mention the book club. I enjoyed "Regeneration" and "memoirs of a Geisha".

My turn is in January and I've chosen the "Diving Bell and the Butterfly", which I first read in French. Of the other women in the club, 3 are librarians, 2 are primary teachers, 1 teaches music, and I is an economics consultant.

David

Thanks for yours of September.
I'll still be waiting for the further
Drip's report.

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Keep me in touch with

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Love
Ariel

P. DAVID WILKIN

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REGO PARK, NY 11374
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(Fax: 718-271-8669)

Current Email: DaWilkin@exchange.ml.com)

December 7, 1998

My dear Muriel,

I had planned to write you a week ago right after the American Thanksgiving, when I made up my mailing labels. Merrill Lynch, however, went completely bonkers after that and I have worked ten days of 10-14 hours per day. Amazing thing the stock market. Merrill Lynch laid off a lot of people and then the market went totally crazy. Even without those people, I have never been so busy in over 12 years at the place. No need to worry about unemployment for now, but maybe February, who knows?!

Anyway, I warned Merrill Lynch I was completely burnt out a week ago and that I absolutely had to have two days off to write my annual end-of-year messages and we agreed on Sunday/Monday. Thus, I am at home rediscovering my home and home computer. Even when off I try to sleep from noon to 8:00pm. It is now 8:00 AM. and my work day/night at home is over. I think I will go for a swim at my workout club before turning in. Had fantasized finishing my correspondence by now, and going down Atlantic City and walking on the Boardwalk tonight. But that trip will have to wait until another weekend. Actually I very much enjoy working nights in downtown New York and plan to continue doing so for the next year or so.

Thanks for comments about the Chronicle. I hope you enjoy all the enclosures with this letter and also hope that you will give me a very frank assessment — especially on the Supplement's social commentary comparing southern Africa to the USA. I suspect you know more about this general topic from a personal point of view than anyone else that I know. Bwalya and Mteto read the Supplement and were quite supportive, but I look forward to your commentary. You will note that I have mentioned you therein and also the Khama family. Since my comments are all positive, I trust they will not offend you. Enclosed is a mini-packet of everything: my new supplement, my "Xmas" letter, and the two articles that impressed me.

I was out in Iowa with Bwalya from 19th - 23rd November for an early Thanksgiving and had a super time. We were six people of four nationalities (American, Zambian, Ghanian, and Fijian) and yet had a true family experience - very lovely. Bwalya's young daughter (now 2 ½) is quite a joy to all.

Unfortunately, as I write this letter, Bwalya is sitting in his home in Lusaka rather miserable, I fear. He had a gang of four intruders (who undoubtedly heard of his coming) rob him and his family 48 hours after he arrived. He was out but they terrorized his family and took a lot of stuff. Fortunately, no one was injured or killed. Also the car remains. Two of the four are now interred and his passport and most valuable documents recovered, but his six weeks holiday is rather spoiled. I feel so bad.

Despite Bwalya's current troubles and my past troubles, I "fearlessly" plan to fly from here for Lusaka and southern Africa on 8th February. Will stay until just before Easter. My current plan is to travel south from Zambia with Peter Njovu and Alexander Ajibu and meet up with an American friend in Jo'burg. (He will help sponsor the trip.) We will all then head to the Kruger and on to Durban and the Indian Coast. Hope to spend 3 days in P.E. with Zindi's family. When my friend leaves after two weeks, in early March I'd like to head to Vryberg and say a quick hello to Nellie and then Gaborone and say hello to you before returning to Zambia in mid-March. But more on travel plans as things become clearer.

I just received your lovely Christmas message last night and have thoroughly enjoyed it. Sounds like you've had a busy and enjoyable year, your health notwithstanding. May 1999 be as enjoyable, minus the health ailments!

Much love and feel better. That's an order! (smile). Have a wonderful Holiday Season. Hope we can meet in early 1999.

You may also write to me at: P.O. Box 7410175, Rego Park, NY 11374-0175
(Note: Rego Park is the same as "Flushing")

xmas98b/12/07/98



Xtra 1998

P. David Wilkin

61-15 98 Street, #4E
Rego Park, NY 11374
(718) 271-0084



Let us rejoice, a child is born.

Birth: a miraculous event, helpless child, adults in awe, nature renewed;

Children: when the child grows within a happy and functional community, life continues and mankind is blessed.

A focus on birth and growth. Although I am not a parent and have no particular regrets about this, the birth and growth of children that enable families and, in turn, societies to renew and nurture themselves has been much on my mind in the last four months. When all is well, birth and growth are wondrous events. But all is not well far too often throughout the world.

Wondrous growth — three examples. Watching my nephew in Ohio, Danny Wilkin, grow up and develop from a tiny bundle to a handsome, sophisticated young man of 18, who is studying calculus, creating far better computer art than I can, and playing Mozart with gusto, has been (to use his old favorite word) "awesome". Likewise, in mid-November, observing Kalalwe, Bwalya Ndakala's young daughter in Missouri, now 2½, mimic adult's words and language shows adults' responsibility in providing a loving, educational environment for a child. Here in NYC, meeting Sipho, my friend Nomazizi's quite sophisticated son, about 10 years of age, who was adopted in Soweto as a baby, is a third variant of this wondrous cycle of child growth and development.

Exceptions not the rule. But in our modern world, with the computer Internet connecting people together as never before, all is far from good and wondrous. Regrettably the children above are among the privileged ones. In so much of our world, endless numbers of unwanted children are born, who will be ill-cared for or become castaways. Danny observed his mother and father's religious devotion and saw them use computers as he sat on their knees as a baby. A few blocks away children of equal potential grow to mimic parent's bad habits that will lead to self-destruction. While Kalalwe thrives, cousins in both rural and urban Zambia and Ghana have minimal food and little or poor quality schooling. Sipho's age mates languish in squalor and illiteracy in the Jo'burg urban slums.

The above happy stories are why I ponder — in this season when Christians celebrate the putative birth of the baby Jesus almost two millennium ago — the fate of children, born so innocently to develop so wonderfully or so tragically. So at present, I am a very happy man, but I caution you that I have a deeply troubled soul that I lay out to all of you, my family and friends; all because of children being cast away! Hence my message below is almost a gothic story. Hopefully, some of you, my friends and family, will ponder with me this modern dilemma of children and far too often, their sad, tragic fates.

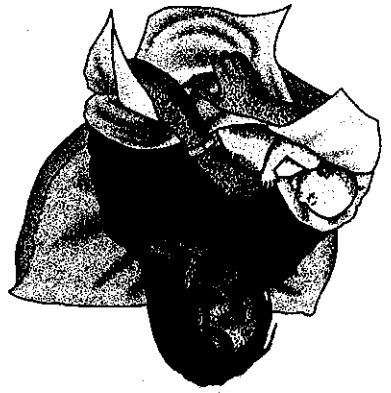
When Bwalya visited NYC in September, we were saddened to read an article in the *New York Times* featuring the new tragic phenomenon of young Zambian children becoming castaways, since parents are dying by the thousand due to AIDS and because of the simultaneous collapse of that nation's economy. Under double stress, the extended family infrastructure that has traditionally sustained children is being destroyed. Equally sad, was a second article a few weeks later that describes the incredible wealth of a tiny number of people in relation to the depressing poverty of the majority of humankind. (Photocopies of both articles are available for anyone interested.) A few facts reveal the depth of the tragedy for most of humankind, and for children in particular, because the world's wealth is so poorly distributed: * The world's richest 225 individuals (including 60 Americans) have assets of \$311 billion, equal to the annual income of the poorest 47% of the entire world's population (over 1 billion people). Less than 4% of the wealth of these 225 people would not only achieve and maintain universal access to basic education for all children in the world, but also provide basic health care, adequate food, clean water and safe sewers for everyone in the entire world. * Americans spend \$8 billion a year on cosmetics, \$2 billion more than the total needed to provide basic education for every child in the entire world. * Europeans spend \$11 billion a year on ice cream, \$2 billion more than the entire total needed to provide clean water and safe sewers for the entire world's population.

Minds and bodies of cast away children that I have recently seen by the score in southern Africa. The futures of literally thousands of young orphaned children in Zambia alone, not to mention other countries, could be quickly and quite cheaply changed with a very simple, compassionate foster home, 3 basic meals a day and decent, readily available schooling. I have often observed children's basic god-given abilities shine through drabness as they play (mind-boggling to me!) complex math games. Or in place of modern toys, they make sophisticated toy bicycles and cars out of string, wire and trash. Their enthusiasm, like their intelligence, rivals Danny's, Kalalwe's and Sipho's. Yet within a few years this enthusiasm will disappear as total despair and hopelessness envelops them.

My personal dilemma of knowing what can be done and hence my heavy heart. Most people who care do not know what can be done beyond kindly sending a contribution to a worthy international organization or to the missionary society of their church. Even if they do know what can be done, they have their own children to guide and raise or have binding economic ties, such as a career and simply saving for retirement. The latter is my dilemma. On my exotic safaris across southern Africa with old friends in the last few years, I have skimmed above the surface of the despair and poverty around me, and will probably do the same this coming February. I now have renewed old contacts in southern Africa, especially in Zambia, who could, with very modest sums of money and gentle guidance, change the lives of literally thousands of young children. Yet I have done nothing. Since I have no family to support, should I abandon my career in NYC at its peak and devote myself to truly making a difference in the world vis-à-vis these children? I cannot bring myself to say "yes." Yet as I continue to proceed through a happy life and lifestyle (see below), these lost children continually nag at my heart strings. Should I do anything, or just continue to ignore what I see? I solicit your advice! Also, prayers appreciated.

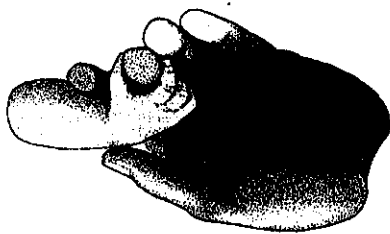
David Wilkin in 1998. The above message is heavy, but so is my heart in relation to these children, especially as my year has been truly wonderful. God has blessed me with one more year of good health: I'm working out, getting more physically fit and losing weight. 60 hour weeks at work can temporarily exhaust mind/body but can be interesting and even exciting and quite exhilarating. Retirement will come later, God willing! Furthermore, in 1998, my work has allowed eight weeks travel in exciting places and/or with close friends/relatives in joyful reunions. Mid-February to early April were spent circumnavigating the Kalahari with two Zambian/Malawian friends. (If you did not get the initial three page chronicle or the follow-up six page social analysis and want a copy, please write or call me.) In June it was a joy to see Danny Jr. graduate and in the same week meet other young relatives with similar dreams and then to travel to Iowa and visit Bwalya and see the lake from his home on a high hill. In August, my stepmother and I drove from North Bay, Ontario to Ohio and visited countless friends and relatives in both Ohio and Canada. Lastly, an early Thanksgiving in mid-November allowed me for a second time this year to see Kalalwe, Bwalya's bubbling young daughter. Though working extremely long hours in spring and fall, the weather in NYC was spectacular. What more could I ask of the good Lord in my 59th year! But what about the children that I did not take time to help in Zambia? Thus, my monologue on castaways — an increasing sadness in my life.

A Child is Born



P. David Wilkin
61-15 98 Street, #4E
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December 1998



Let Us Rejoice

KOFI ANNAN'S Astonishing Facts!

9/27/98

Every year, the United Nations Human Development Report looks for a new way to measure the lives of people. Putting aside faceless statistics like per capita gross domestic product or export-import figures, the report burrows into the facts about what children eat, who goes to school, whether there is clean water to drink, how women share in the economy or who doesn't get vaccinations against diseases that go



THE HAVES: The richest fifth of the world's people consumes 86 percent of all goods and services while the poorest fifth consumes just 1.3 percent. Indeed, the richest fifth consumes 45 percent of all meat and fish, 58 percent of all energy used and 84 percent of all passenger jets and owns 87 percent of all vehicles.

NATURAL RESOURCES: Since 1970, the world's forests have declined from 4.4 square miles per 1,000 people to 2.8 square miles per 1,000 people. In addition, a quarter of the world's fish stocks have been depleted or are in danger of being depleted, and another 44 percent are being fished at their biological limit.



THE GANGES: The Ganges River symbolizes purification to Hindus, who believe drinking or bathing in its waters will lead to salvation. But 29 cities, 70 towns and countless villages deposit about 345 million gallons of raw sewage a day directly into the river. Factories add 70 million gallons of industrial waste and farmers are responsible for another 6 million tons of chemical fertilizer and 9,000 tons of pesticides.



THE ULTRA RICH: The three richest people in the world have assets that exceed the combined gross domestic product of the 48 least developed countries.

AFRICA: The average African household today consumes 20 percent less than it did 25 years ago.

Photographs: Hot dog eaters, Amy, *Ironing for The New York Times*; Barbers in the Ganges, Reuters; Pollution in the Ganges, Associated Press; Poor family in Haiti, Associated Press; Heifer cow, Jim Eakin/*The New York Times*; Man washing clothes near Taj Mahal, Agence France-Presse; Mine worker in Quebec, Associated Press; Starving child, Agence France-Presse

on killing even though they are preventable. This year, the report takes its first look at what people have — from simple toilets to family cars — and what proportion of the world's goods and services are consumed, comparatively, by the rich and by the poor. The pie is huge — the world's consumption bill is \$24 trillion a year — but some servings are very small indeed.

BARBARA CROSSETTE

THE SUPER RICH: The world's 225 richest individuals, of whom 60 are Americans with total assets of \$31.1 billion, have a combined wealth of over \$1 trillion — equal to the annual income of the poorest 47 percent of the entire world's population.

COSMETICS AND EDUCATION: Americans spend \$8 billion a year on cosmetics — \$2 billion more than the estimated annual total needed to provide basic education for everyone in the world.



THE HAVE NOTS: Of the 4.4 billion people in developing countries, nearly three-fifths lack access to safe sewers, a third have no access to clean water, a quarter do not have adequate housing and a fifth have no access to modern health services of any kind.

MEAT AMERICANS: Each consumes an average of 260 pounds of meat a year. In Bangladesh, the average is six and a half pounds.



THE FUTURE: By 2050, 8 billion of the world's projected 9.5 billion people — up from about 6 billion today — will be living in developing countries.

SMOKE: Of the estimated 2.7 million annual deaths from air pollution, 2.2 million are from indoor pollution — including smoke from dung and wood burned as fuel which is more harmful than tobacco smoke. 80 percent of the victims are rural poor in developing countries.



WASHMACHINES AND RADIOS: Two thirds of India's 90 million poorest-income households live below the poverty line — but more than 50 percent of these impoverished people own washmachines, 41 percent own bicycles, 31 percent own radios and 13 percent own fans.

TELEPHONE LINES: Sweden and the United States have 681 and 626 telephone lines per 1,000 people, respectively. Afghanistan, Cambodia, Chad and the Democratic Republic of the Congo have one line per 1,000 people.

ICE CREAM AND WATER: Europeans spend \$1.1 billion a year on ice cream — \$2 billion more than the estimated annual total needed to provide clean water and safe sewers for the world's population.

AIDS: At the end of 1997 over 30 million people were living with HIV. With about 16,000 new infections a day — 90 percent in developing countries — it is now estimated that more than 40 million people will be living with HIV in 2000.



LAND MINES: More than 110 million active land mines are scattered in 68 countries, with an equal number stockpiled around the world. Every month more than 2,000 people are killed or maimed by mine explosions.

PET FOOD AND HEALTH: Americans and Europeans spend \$17 billion a year on pet food — \$4 billion more than the estimated annual additional total needed to provide basic health and nutrition for everyone in the world.

\$40 BILLION A YEAR: It is estimated that the additional cost of achieving and maintaining universal access to basic education for all, basic health care for all, reproductive health care for all women, adequate food for all and clean water and safe sewers for all is roughly \$40 billion a year — or less than 4 percent of the combined wealth of the 225 richest people in the world.





João Silva/Sygma, for The New York Times

A few of the thousands of Zambian children orphaned by AIDS in Lusaka are fed at a church.

In Zambia, the Abandoned Generation

By SUZANNE DALEY

LUSAKA, Zambia — It was only two weeks after their mother died from AIDS that their aunt took them to the bus station. She said she did not want to take care of them anymore. She told them to go to Lusaka, find a police station and ask for an orphanage.

The children, Calvin Katoya and Jackson Kabaso, who would like to be soccer stars someday, did as they were told, riding the bus an hour from the small town of Kabwe, then asking strangers where to go. But the police could not help them. As the days went by, the boys, 12 and 15, slept in the rusting, abandoned cars nearby. They had no money or food.

DEAD ZONES

Children of the Plague

Edith and Khuzini Banda lived with their aunt for about year after their mother died in 1994. But then the aunt said her home was too crowded. She sent the girls — then 13 and 14 years old — to live alone in their mother's house. The girls make do by renting out half the two-room house for \$15 a month, and begging from the neighbors when food runs out.

The two young women keep their cinder-block room tidy, decorated with magazine layouts of models and Hollywood stars. They hope

the headmaster will be lenient about their school fees, which are eight months overdue.

Sometimes, says Edith Banda, she is jealous of those who still have parents. "It would nice to have someone who cares about us," she said.

The AIDS epidemic has been raging in Zambia for nearly two decades, and as the deaths pile up, so do the orphaned children.

It is much the same in many other parts of Africa. In rural areas of East Africa, 4 of every 10 children who have lost one parent by age 15 have lost that parent to AIDS, according to United Nations

Continued on Page A12

X
27