

In these six letters to my family in late 1963, I describe the school and also my first travels to points south in N.Rh. and S.Rh.: Livingstone (Vic Falls), Bulawayo, Harare (then Salisbury) during whatever time I had to get away from Solwezi. I mention Dr. Brown (first name I have forgotten the first name) at the USIS in Salisbury. He was one of the most amazing men I have ever met in my life. The last section is my letter to J.O.A. Herrington in London (12th Dec.) asking him to pass on my application for a second year as Fulbright teacher. [These letters are dated 30th Sept., 11th Oct., 21st Oct., 3rd Nov., 11th Nov. and 8th Dec.]

Beginning travels: to Lusaka and Livingstone (30th September 1963)

As I write you this letter, I am writing you in an entirely different circumstance than last. I am staying presently at a government hostel in Livingstone. What a wonderful week this has been thus far. . . . Last week went very normally -- I had charge of the clinic which proved interesting -- everything from cracked bones and yellow jaundice to the usual headaches and stomachaches. Yesterday morning at 6:00 AM, I left Solwezi with two boys on my week's trip of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. We ate breakfast in Chingola (105 miles) where one [school] boy left us. Then I proceeded on through Kitwe to Ndola where the other boy and myself stopped in the new library. Proceeding on, we landed in Lusaka, the N.Rh. capital and national capital next year when N.Rh. becomes the new nation of Zambia. A beautiful city. But, we arrived after dark and a real problem! [The student] wanted to find his brother (each boy has many brothers and uncles) -- keep in mind plural marriage is common and they have real strong ties of family relations! I wanted to find Government rest hostel. Finally an African policeman in the station next to the African resident compound areas helped us and took me to the hostel and then took the boy, Chimbotu, to his brother. Africa has the underdeveloped nation's usual problems of wealth contrasts -- the few rich and many poor. The contrast to the compound and the European houses is hideous! They are one room round or square hovels of brick -- room for bed and cooking. I wonder how many boys have as high a morals as they do. Besides they have no entertainment (detractions) except talking, political meetings and sex, because of little money.

As Rhodesia gets independence, I hope this changes, but I also hope she doesn't exchange black masters for white -- possibly more corrupt, because of less training. In helping these boys, I feel I am making a contribution to more people than ever before in my life -- the secondary schools are educating the future leaders of the whole country. And many of my boys will be important Government officials in a few years!

Anyway today I made a long journey from Lusaka to Livingstone (Victoria Falls) (300 miles from Lusaka and 600 miles from Solwezi). Most stupid maps make Africa look small about the size of the U.S.A. -- but don't be silly -- it's four times the size U.S.A. and, the southern part -- from the Congo south is itself the size of the USA. I [more-or-less] traveled the equivalent of Newark to Florida. One thing, after you get off the ghastly dirt roads. (The Solwezi [road] is getting worse as they [use] heavy military trucks on it to the Katanga border to prevent the Congolese troops from crossing the border.) The tarmac (paved) roads are straight, level and fast. Many, however, have only one lane paved so that when you approach a car (easy to see) each has to put one wheel onto the dirt.

Anyway, I averaged 50 miles an hour to Livingston in my Morris Minor with no trouble! Already the trip here has been repaid 3 times over. The indescribable beauty -- the Victoria Falls make Niagara look like a bathtub overflowing. They fall twice as far down and are over 1 mile wide. Right now they are enormous with lots of water and I understand this is absolute nothing compared to the rainy season when there is many times the water. In the rainy season there is

supposed to be so much water and spray raising you can't see the falls. As it is, they are hard to see. No commercialization compared to Niagara. Only a few cars at the falls today and you see the natural beauty. You can walk up to the edge of the chasm that overlooks them and look straight down hundreds of feet -- no iron rail either and slippery rocks so one must be careful. Tomorrow I intend to go out near them in my swimming suit and throngs (rubber soled sandals) so I won't ruin my clothes and won't be apt to fall -- an awe inspiring beauty beyond description - - and in the pure state God created -- the beauty of God's handicraft! At the falls I meet an interesting African boy who helped me convince the caretaker of a cove above the falls on the Zambezi River to let us go down close. Afterwards I treated him to a coke and a piece of cake (called "sweets" here). I don't think he, like most Africans, have ever had them at all or very much, before in his life. Also, believe it or not, handicrafts are cheapest here (!) a resort area, than anywhere in central Africa. This is because they are shipped down the Zambezi from Barotseland where they come from. Wednesday I plan to go to Bulawayo (S.Rh.) and then to Salisbury before returning to Lusaka and Solwezi. Please, keep all my letters. I may want them later for reference.

11th October 1963

I am very sorry that I have put off all week writing to you after my exciting vacation. But I have been so busy with my normal work and the arranging of the library that I didn't have time. . . . I have 18 letters to answer from Europe, Rhodesias and America so you needn't pressure anyone to write to me unless they have a great desire to hear from Africa! I am slowly becoming swamped with mail. . . .

I do in resent being called a missionary, as I feel so many formal missionaries here are failing in their work and Moslems are expanding rapidly. Rather I would be called a good will ambassador both for the USA. and for Christ. I feel chances will work out for me to work more with the Christian student group. I know people, especially Newark -- as they watched me grow up -- do not understand my actions. I guess Christ's associates didn't either, to use a good example, but that worries me little. I know I am doing what is right and have no reason to apologize or explain

Concerning books and pen pals -- it is not that we are not getting the books or not getting pen pals for our boys, as the U.S. Information Service in Salisbury gave me 700 dollars worth when I was down there on vacation. It is just that we have no Christian books available with interest to boys. While we have books on theology, most teenagers are not too eager to wade into them. Likewise with pen pals. I seem to be able to get many addresses. But, again, none of the people are Christian to encourage any of the boys here that there are Christians elsewhere. It seems to be one of the ironies of so many Christians today that they are so busy in their own church services and helping each other that the message of Christ of preaching to the whole world or helping others elsewhere goes unheeded. [I am continuing PM]

At any rate don't misunderstand my thoughts above, as I am not at all bitter or really too surprised or disappointed at your comments. . . . It has been taking between one week and ten days for your letters to arrive here. Remember when you post them they are already eight hours old, as your letters lose time as mine gain time. . . . the mumps epidemic has by-passed me, . . . Northern Rhodesia has had many deaths from smallpox. But, I have been vaccinated and likewise the boys at the school so we are not too worried about this disease. Also my finger is much better and shows no signs of coming off (nail) although it is just about completely discolored.

We are just now ready to send out the tape the boys at Chuma House made for Nathan Hale so maybe it will eventually get to you near the end of the year. However, rest assured that you need not wait that long to hear from me personally (as the tape is mostly the boys). . . .

Now to the trip. I left here at 6:00 A. M. on Saturday, September 29. I took one student to Chingola where he ate breakfast, and the other student to Lusaka which we reached late that night after a brief stop at the N'dola library. On Sunday morning (30th), I left for Livingstone and Victoria Falls. As I said last time, it is beyond description. Truly, Livingstone was not kidding about its beauty when he said that "angels in flight must make detours to fly over". Truly, it is one of the world's greatest wonders. The marvel of it all is that all the things I have seen of beauty in my life, this, the greatest of all, is the least commercialized. I met some marvelous people also while I was there. A young African accompanied me around the falls the first night. I met him at the falls. The next day I visited the Fulbright teacher stationed there, who is finishing her second year and married a [white] European-Rhodesian husband and is bringing him back to America next year with her.

One thing for sure, young [white] women are much scarcer here than men. So you needn't worry about me doing anything drastic! Also in Livingstone I saw the David Livingstone Teachers training school. Then I met the educational officer for that part of Rhodesia who is a rare intelligent [white] man in his hopes for N.R..

I just heard recently that the Dodworths who are probably the main Christian family in Solwezi will be leaving us soon to go to N'dola. So, not many people, either European or African, make much of a profession in the town itself, excluding the school. . . .

[11th October] **Anyway, back to the Falls.** The second day I was there at the falls I went out to the edge, my, what a scare with slippery rocks and no ground rails at all. As the falls are a mile wide and fall into a cavern, the rising spray makes a rain forest across from the falls of tropical scrubs and plants. Also the altitude is lower in Livingstone making it one of the hottest places in Rhodesia. I walked through the forest. And when I had been at the edge of the cavern (10 minutes), I was as soaked as if I had been swimming; it was "misting" or raining so hard.

Fortunately, I had sandals on and only my shorts and underwear. But, unfortunately, I had forgotten to bring another pair of shorts. I decided to wrap a blanket around me and as the air was so hot and drying and no one was around, I went out under a famous enormous baobab tree there. Baobabs are hard to describe, big at the bottom but no leaves and few branches. And I hung my clothes on the fence surrounding it. I watched them carefully as there were many baboons and monkeys and I knew they might take them and then I would have been in a fix, going in the hotel in a blanket. Anyway, all worked out well and it was most exciting. The other thing that was amazing at this falls was the price of African craft. As I told you it is shipped down the river from Barotseland, and at a tourist center is the cheapest place to buy it. . . . I bought for \$12 dollars things that would cost 50 to 100 dollars in the States.

Just had a break again. I was in the library typing in the utter silence of the bush (10:00 PM) when a knock came at the door. (The students should have been in bed.) It was the leader of my dormitory to say someone was feeling very bad from an injury in gym (P.T.) and should go to the dispensary which a nurse keeps open for ailments. So from 10:00 to now (11:20) I have been in the process of first of all walking home with my lantern. About ½ mile and then taking him to the dispensary and then bringing him back as they felt it was not serious enough to keep him there tonight. One thing for sure I am far out in the bush or "sticks" as dad would say, but it certainly doesn't get boring. In fact a little too exciting at times. It even makes Cleveland seem

dead and Newark so dead it isn't worth mentioning. As I brought the car in, I could hear drums from a neighbouring village which are still popular despite modern advances.

Anyway, as I was saying, [Victoria Falls] are **unbelievable** and cheap for buying things. . . .

I left the falls with obvious hesitation on Wednesday morning and headed to Bulawayo in Southern Rhodesia. As was usual on the journey, the roads were very level and straight and . . . you can average 60 miles an hour. But the distances are great (like out west) and the roads are not always dual lanes. Many times, if they are paved, they are one paved lane down the middle. So that you meet anyone, each puts one wheel on the gravel; or so we have two "strips" each two feet wide in which you put each tire and spend the time trying to keep the tires on the strips.

Southern Rhodesia. I stayed in the most beautiful hotels of my whole time away from home on this trip. The one in Bulawayo was luxurious. The next day I headed for Salisbury the major city of the Rhodesias and until December the capital. (At that time the Federation will break up and Northern Rhodesia will soon be independent.) It is really beautiful and very lovely. There I ate supper with **Dr. Brown**, one of our top officials in the Rhodesia. He is in charge of the U.S. Information Service and is interestingly an American Negro. His home is a mansion! He is a middle-aged man. And likewise his wife, is positively brilliant. It was a marvelous experience. I think it is interesting that the U.S.A. should send a Negro to S.Rh. which is still attempting racist policies. Anyway, he generously gave us from the Government funds and supplies there \$500 to \$1000 dollars worth of books, which, of course, are American published.

On Saturday I headed back to Lusaka where I stayed until Sunday. In Lusaka I picked up my student who had gone there to see his brother for the week. Between Salisbury and Lusaka I naturally had to cross the Zambezi Valley where the altitude is low but the humidity is low, too. Unless Dad remembers Death Valley, I know of nothing it can be compared to. I stopped at a service station right at the river. And it was 105° in the shade. And just a few days before it had been 115° in the shade. It honestly felt like breezes out of an oven door.

On Sunday we arrived back [in Solwezi], although we didn't think we would make it as we had trouble starting when we stopped. When we arrived back and tried to start the car, it wouldn't go. So, I thank the Lord we got before having car trouble. (I later learned one trouble was that the battery water was gone although I have recently filled it up -- the low humidity to blame again.)

This week has been BUSY. I have been trying to add the books to the library. And, of course, the students were very excited.

In short, I LOVE IT HERE. IT IS NEVER DULL AND THERE IS SO MUCH ONE CAN DO IN THE WAY OF GOOD. Today, if you can imagine such a thing, I, of all people, taught the fellows how to play **American basketball**. They are quite good at British sports, such as soccer or volleyball, but know little about American basketball or football. I am certainly using the knowledge I never thought I would put to use. Above all, one must keep one's good humour and enjoy oneself. Otherwise you would grow to hate it here as the teacher next door who can't wait till June when he can go back to Wales. Life is just what you make it wherever you are.

I am now very tired but in re-reading I just remembered I forgot to tell you the most exciting thing of all on the 3000 mile trip. Between Livingstone and Bulawayo, I turned into **Wankie National Game reserve**. My what an experience! I saw from my car 7 herds of elephants, all less than two miles away and some very close (approximately 75 total), 12 eland, numerous exotic birds, 50 wild water buffalo, 12 gemsbuck, 20 giraffe (some a few feet away), 30 kudus, 30 tsessebees, 8 wild wart hogs, 4 waterbucks, and at least 50 zebras. . . . What an experience, exciting to no end. All this by myself on trails of the reserve in my Morris Minor and not even a camera! I guess my loathing of cameras is bad in such times. . . .

I truly hope the government will let me stay next year, first of all so I can get librarians trained, also so I can work in the Lord's work here and help guide these young men, and also so I can see more of this exciting continent. . . .

21st Oct 1963

I have been very busy working in the library this week. I greatly enjoy the work although the task is certainly a thankless one and a costly one as all expense comes out of my pocket. Other staff members are keen to give advice but are distrustful of all the work I have [put] in and not willing to do any themselves. I guess it is my habit to get into too much work that is all too difficult and thankless. Anyway, I am learning a lot and intend to continue because I enjoy it.

I got an interesting letter from a girl I met in London this week. She lives in the heart of NYC and teaches in the poorest schools of Harlem. She hopes to have her students correspond which should be a fascinating experience for us all. . . .

Yesterday . . . I preached at the school church service to a packed audience of about 150 teenagers. Later in the day, I spoke at the Christian Union meeting which is the organization for any non-Catholic Christians. We had a short talk, prayer and then I played the Youth Choir from Newark, Miriam Anderson and the Back to the Bible Youth Choir that you sent me. They seemed to enjoy them very much and would like you to send more records of the Youth choir. Their knowledge of the Bible is fantastic, superior to any young people I have I have ever worked with in Newark, Cleveland or anywhere else! You can't appreciate it until you have worked with it! The reason for this knowledge is because of their training in primary school at the missions which have religious training (as we do here) as a part of the school work. Even the non-Christians have the same knowledge to discuss the Bible. They have had little doctrinal teaching, but study on the Bible very objectively. Some of their discussions are deep. For example next Sunday the discussion is (in Christian Union): "Why if God is everywhere (omnipotent and omnipresent) do we need to go to church? Why can't we stay at home and do all our worshipping. . . . " That is no light question when you think about it!

At any rate, I tried to encourage them, as many are discouraged . . . It is sad that many non-believers have taken the view that Christianity is for the white man only and no one outside really has time for personal contacts with them. That is why I want to encourage correspondence.

. . .

We still are in the middle of our HOT season, although the nights are still comfortable. It gets cloudy more occasionally, however, so the rains will start soon. As of yet, we have only had a few drops (literally) in all the time I have been here. I am enjoying all the new fruits such as paw-paws. Also, bananas grow everywhere if they are watered in this dry season. We have a bunch at the house right now.

3rd November 1963

As the rains have now started, it is a rather gloomy Sunday afternoon. Most of the staff went down the line to Chingola and Kitwe this weekend. Bob has been gone the last two weekends. There are supposed to be limits on the time allowed to go down. But, I seem to follow the three week schedule (once every three weeks) closer than anyone else. And if I wanted to be nasty, I could tell Mr. Nisbet to jump in the lake as the Government is not paying me and he cannot hold up my weekends. But why be nasty as I am happy here? At times I get discouraged and feel rather confused in my feelings toward the headmaster as Nisbet as a person and a Christian I respect. But, as a headmaster, I get more and more discouraged. He is afraid to do anything (good or bad) else as something might happen. And likewise he is afraid to let you do anything except give money to the school which he gladly grabs, but never gives any himself.

Anyway, with that off my chest, on the other topics. I am in the process of planning a week trip to South Africa in December and January, our summer holidays and would like to cross the Kalahari desert to Windhoek, in South West Africa which I studied last fall under Dr. Siney at WRU. I may go myself, but it is 6,000 miles. So, if I can find a fellow traveler, I will do so.

I am still busy with the library, although it sure looks different, both in organization and number of books than it did when I came. The first three loads of books came through in good shape. . . .

I didn't mention my trip to Kitwe. I stayed at the Edinburgh Hotel and paid \$12.00 for the night. The place is beautiful and it was nice to splurge for a change. I did little else than rest overnight and shop in Chingola on Friday and Kitwe on Saturday before getting the urge to come back.

One thing for sure, in Solwezi there are few ways to spend one's money. And I can do little else but save it, . . . ! I go into town for such things as supplies for the schools and for the house. And, of course, on my trips. I can think of nothing to do with my tithe as I can't send it back to the States. . . .

I think it is ridiculous to go to the lovely, but tiny Solwezi church. While it is now non-denominational, the Anglicans own it, but none come, rather stupid. Almost no one comes except the Dodworths which I told you are leaving in December, and the Nisbets as well as the Mondelas (an African family) and Bob and me. I think I will put all my time into the school service and working and encouraging the Christians among the students.

10th November 1963 (Sunday)

Observations on society in Solwezi. Just a note on a busy Sunday. This morning I went to the **remembrance service for British war** dead in World War I and II. It was quite a formal, a rather sickening affair as all the town was out in their finery (Europeans) while all the Africans looked on at a distance (except 4) in their poor garments. Anyway, it was worthy cause and fascinating, as it is probably the last one this country will have under British rule, and was really the death rite of the Empire (colonialism). . . . Right now I am next door at the Parry's typing so Bob can get a nap. At least half of the days I am finding a nap necessary especially when I don't extend my sleeping hours from 8 to nine. I guess it must be a warmer climate. . . .

A rather humorous experience last week. . . . After our holiday, on Monday, a few weeks ago, Bob came in late from Chingola, after I had gone to bed. And he knocked on my window to let him in. I had just got to sleep and was in a sound deep sleep when he pounded. So I picked up my flashlight (called "torches" here) and felt my way to the door. He came charging in like an elephant asking a million questions to which I told him to shut up as I was asleep and didn't want to get awake. Anyway, I was up so I went to the kitchen (no reading glasses on of course) as I was thirsty and thought I knew where the water jug was in refrigerator. But Thomas had set the "precious" butter dish of Bob's in front of it. I couldn't see it and out comes the butter dish on my toe, breaking into millions of pieces. Was Bob upset! He being awake and I mostly asleep and in a grumpy humour. He was lighting a paraffin lamp. And all the rush caused it to blaze to the ceiling for which I was blamed after him saying it should be cleaned up and my saying Thomas, who had put it in the wrong place, should clean it up the next day. I finally got to bed, I think it is funny. You can't imagine the scene unless you were here. Generally, Bob and I get along well. At times he gets on my nerves as he is very moody, at times never speaking one word through a whole meal and at others talking your head off. Anyway, I think we save enough money and he is helpful enough to forget any faults. So, I will stay where I am. If we do fall out to get on each other nerves, I can always request a house of my own as I am entitled to one. But, the hard thing would be to find a garden or a house boy to do the cooking. . . . Incidentally I started a garden last Saturday (yesterday) as the rains are now coming down more and more forceful. Between

now and March, when they stop for six months, we should get between 40 and 50 inches of water. Our roads are still good. But before long they should be converted from a sea of dust to a sea of mud. It will be nice to get into South Africa which has their rain in winter, this being the dry season.

I am becoming more and more disappointed with Mr. Nisbet as I spoke to you last time. I am respecting him even as a person and Christian less and less as I go on. I still think I shall apply to stay another year. However, I shouldn't let him ruin my stay here, as I love it too much and the students are too enjoyable to work with. . . . Library work is going on as usual. (Interjection, the sun is just going behind the clouds. In another hour now we will probably have some hard rain, ½ or 1 inch probably.) **I have the library decimalized** now which makes me happy. . . .

8th December 1963

Livingstone. I have been trying to get time to write but the longer I put it off the more I have to write. . . . Anyway I will only give the latest news / the highpoints, leaving the rest to later. I am presently in Livingstone as my telegram will tell you. While my vacation has started, I told you to continue to send my mail to Solwezi until the 15th as Bob is meeting me in Lusaka where we will spend from the 15th to the 20th grading special examination papers for the government. Thus, between the 7th, when our term ended and the 19th, I have a week to tour. I will cover Livingstone (where I have been for two days) and then go to the new Kariba Dam and possibly on to Salisbury. I will go to Salisbury only if I can see Dr. Brown as I need some fatherly advice on Rhodesian affairs and whether to apply for another year. (I must do this by June!) He is one of the top diplomats in the Rhodesias for America(ns) and is most helpful. I may have told you when I was in Salisbury two months ago about my visit to his lovely home.

I will leave Lusaka hopefully for South Africa on the twentieth. And by Christmas will be in or heading for Cape Town. No plans are final. . . .

15th December 1963 [A re-typed copy of my letter to Mr. Herrington in London]

Dear Mr. Herrington,

"It seems impossible Christmas vacation is upon us. My four months here have flown by in a hurry, and undoubtedly have been the most interesting days of my life. The staff at the school has been very cooperative and extremely able. The eleven staff members represent six different countries. The students are very keen to learn and thus most enjoyable to teach. [the following sentence was later omitted at Dr. Brown's advice.] ~~The only flaw in an otherwise pleasant year has been the headmaster, who has proven to be the most inefficient and uncooperative headmaster that I have ever worked under.~~

I have **started several [school] projects this year**, several of which need to be continued for another year to be of permanent value to the school and to the country, Thus far, my main endeavour has centered around our school library and a library training program. Upon my arrival, the school library had 1,000 unorganized books and none of the students knew how to use a library. Only five percent of the boys had ever been in a public library. Now twelve boys have been given training toward library management and several want to continue the work at the university. We have: shelved the books, classified them, and increased their number by almost one-half -- thanks to the help of the Salisbury U.S.I.S. and to various American and British friends. It is my goal to double the number of volumes by next June. Also, training has been given to the students on how to act in and how to care for a library. Included in the library training, seven of the librarians have been given typing lessons -- several reaching thirty or forty words per minute in a matter of several months. In fact, these typing lessons have been so popular that it is my desire to continue and expand the lessons with other students.

I have been planning but as yet have been unable to undertake, one of three **possible research projects on the NorthWestern Province of Northern Rhodesia** -- seemingly nothing has been done in this fertile field of research. My plans have been encouraged by the national museum, the Rhodes-Livingstone, in Livingstone. To continue such work and bring it to a successful conclusion, one more year in this country would be most essential.

One other project that I have started and would like to continue is my Christian "good-will" program. Many boys had good religious instruction, but are becoming disillusioned with Christianity as many feel the British and also American missionaries have first represented the interests of their respective governments. To encourage these fellows in their Christian faith, I have started an exchange program with Christian youth elsewhere in the world. To correspond we have sent both tapes and letters in the exchange. This program is helping both to dispel the feeling that others are not interested in them and also helping them to understand that Christian youth elsewhere are confronted with similar problems on such vital topics as marriage and politics. It is also, I feel, increasing their perspective that the people of the world are all basically alike and are confronted with similar problems and have similar strengths and weaknesses.