

Two journeys to Balovale: pre- and post-Independence celebrations: (Correspondence from 26th July through 20th November 1964)

Thinking about moving to Balovale – still a dream

26 July 1964 (2pp.)

It is a beautiful Sunday night here in Solwezi. . . . We in the States have no conception of a full moon's [brightness] on the equator You certainly would not know it was sub-tropical here lately, unless you were told as it has required a good four blankets and long pajamas lately. The days always get up in the seventies as there are no clouds or at least very rarely a cloud that looks larger than a saucepan. But, at night it is quite chilly.

I have been in good health Our school pressure has eased slightly and I am back in perfect health, for which I am most thankful.

I may also go out into the bush about 350 miles to **Balovale** where the government is setting up a school in January of 1965 and see if the place looks interesting enough for me to volunteer to go out. Obviously they can't find teachers willing to go there. . . . I understand it is a very beautiful place on the Zambezi just across the border from the Angolan border. I assume everything in the new Zambia remains peaceful after independence this October, and it seems likely to be.

Anyway, the above is just an idea that I may soon give up. Incidentally the only trouble would be getting out as the road is only passable in my little car for the first 250 miles from Solwezi.

Starting tomorrow we are giving the mid-year examinations, which will keep me busy marking about 400 or 500 papers for the next few days. I had my garden boy quit today. He suddenly decided the work was too hard. I very cheerfully bided him good-bye. Had he not quit I would have had to fire him next week, as the quality of his work was really to the point of absurdity. On the brighter side, I have had a few days to brush up on my cooking Joseph was sick for several days last week. After Joseph got better, I had a five course dinner for our neighbours who just joined the staff a few weeks ago. It went beautifully. I was quite proud of the cooking and of my organization. The table looked lovely. I should have taken a picture with all my new sterling silver and new corn flower pattern dishes and delicate glasses on the table. We started with tomato soup, processed in formal British fashion to fish. Then to the main course of ham, creamed cauliflower, potatoes, and carrots. Fourth, we had apple jelly (good ole' Am. jello). And, last we cheese and tea.

1 Aug. 1964 (2 pp.) -- not much important

All is well in Solwezi. This has been a rather uneventful week -- no lions or elephants attacking! . . . This week the only exciting event [as] we gave exams was a trip on Wednesday PM to Chingola with the Form V boys to see Macbeth (cinema version) by Shakespeare. They are studying it for exams. It was wonderful. Also, I had a chance on Thursday morning to shop for an hour. I probably won't attempt another journey in until my holiday on the 16th (start of a month vacation). We rode in on the back of an open bed truck. ("Lorry" we say.)

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18 Aug. 1964 (2 pp.)

I am standing in the lobby of the Kitwe Post Office writing this letter to make sure I get it finished. I sent you a telegram on Saturday indicating that school is out and all is well in NR. Sorry I haven't written for two weeks, but the end of school was as all end of school terms, HECTIC! There is so much to tell about school ending

As you could not avoid learning, Rhodesia has had her troubles -- quite sad. A sad form of Christianity gone wild. Anyway, the thing I assume of interest to you is that this happened 400 miles from Solwezi. Solwezi is probably more quiet than Newark!! Trouble is far away as Newark to the race riots of Rochester. So if you are worrying, you are being very foolish. It's like my worrying about you being killed by a Negro rioter in Rochester.

Another problem for the new government leader, and would I hate to be in his shoes, is the railroad strike which is paralyzing the nation. Everything that moves must go by road. The economy is being ruined. The Prime Minister, Dr. Kaunda has warned the strikers, but has no replacements to fulfill their duties!

Anyway, holiday is on. I have spent the last four days at NR's most plush hotel, the Edinburgh in Kitwe. I decided not to visit [stay] w/friends as I just wanted rest. But, wow! I'm not sure I got as much as I wanted. The service was a little too good!! The poor guys tried -- woke me up at 6:30 to ask when I wanted morning tea! Guess I'll treat all the blunders as a joke (a rather expensive one) and not report to the manager. (Cost \$60 for 4 days!) I'm on my way back to Solwezi for a few days. And then, by the time you get this letter, I will have completed the next part of the holiday -- a week in **Balovale**. I will leave Solwezi on Friday AM and head west towards the Angola border and the headquarters (government) of Balovale on the Zambezi. I will take two students, one of which will return with me. We will go by car to the Kabompo pontoon which is as far as I can go in my car and hitch-hike and get the local African bus for the last 100 miles. Then we will cycle or hitch-hike to the various spots or interest. I will obviously be camping. Sounds great!! I'm looking forward to really seeing more of the bush! As the mail strike is on, don't be shocked or worried if mail is most irregular.

Two trips to Balovale with Thomas Samungole: August & October 1964

26 August 1964 (6 pp.)

Doesn't seem possible that in Ohio, that summer is drawing to a close and everyone is getting ready for school. Our warm, rather hot season has suddenly approached. The nights have changed greatly from cool, needing several (generally three or four) blankets to now one or two before morning. This afternoon is quite warm. I have a short sleeve shirt and tee shirt ("vest" as they are called here) and am uncomfortable.

Anyway, I am now back from my trip to Balovale. The second of three I hope to accomplish before school starts in the second week of September. It was, in short, a real success; I really enjoyed myself and saw some unusual and beautiful sights. . . .

[On] last Friday morning, **21st August**, I left with two school boys (rather school men), as one was, rather "is" the oldest boy in the school, namely 27 (a year or two older than myself!). Anyway, he's really a fine fellow. We had planned to drive to Kabompo which is 226 miles

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(incidentally no service station in between, just bush and a few assorted villages of Kaonde, Luvale, Lunda, etc.). There we planned to take the bus to Balovale, which is 100 miles further on and then to Chavuma which is 52 miles up to river (Zambezi, of course). We were told not to drive further than Kabompo, roads too bad for a mini car, but not for PDW -- the present reckless and somewhat crazy and bush happy PDW!

We arrived and ate lunch in Kabompo at 5:00 PM. Then on to Balovale, starting at 5:00 PM! We agreed that if the going got rough, we would go back to Kabompo. But, that word "stop" and "quit" are just not any longer in my vocabulary. So, on we pushed. We were 30 miles out of Kabompo at dark, and I was determined, despite the sand over my tyres, not to stop. We couldn't stop until we reached the Mumbeji River, one half of the way, to camp, as the boys said it was lion country and were afraid. We reached Mumbeji at 7:00 PM, where we met a school boy and some teachers at the primary school there. But, the moon was full. And, as I said before the full moon near the equator is bright enough to read a book by and cast distinct shadows. Beautiful! **I don't know if I will ever be able to withstand the lure of the tropics for long during the rest of my life.** Anyway, after a short rest, I was refreshed. On we went. To pass the time, we had discussed things of interest in each of our customs. I am falling in love with many African customs and manners. I think it is a shame that many are disappearing thanks to missionaries and "civilization." For example, I think the African greeting is the loveliest greeting in the world. You don't just say a quick hello and/or shake hands, but you say hello and clap your hands with a slight bow and then touch or shake hands. Manners are very important to African people. And it is a real shame that many are disappearing in the school; boys who like to think of themselves as really educated.

Anyway, **on to Balovale.** Without any events except the scenery with the moon shining down and stopping to rest at the rivers before crossing. We arrived in Balovale at 9:00 PM A hot place and beautiful. The altitude is low and the temperature is much hotter than in Solwezi. The Zambezi lies below the town, and what a sight! WOW! We didn't have a room at the rest house and couldn't find the man in charge. So, in looking around we found two empty rooms that were unlocked. Since I am not so legalistic as I used to be, we just took them. The only trouble can you imagine of two men with only one torch (flashlight) between them to put their stuff in the room and shower with. Of course, no electricity in the rest of the house and the man not around to give us a tilley to use. And the stores closed so that we couldn't buy candles. Anyway, we managed and in the morning they awakened us and merely asked us if we wanted tea. Later we learned we had taken someone's booked room. But, fortunately, they hadn't stayed for the night. Otherwise, would we have been in a pickle. But, who cares! (HA)

Kabompo Pontoon. I missed one thing that might have been of interest to posterity, assuming you keep my letters, and all of Danny's children and grandchildren want to read them. . . . Just before Kabompo is a pontoon across the river -- no bridge. A pontoon is a barge with cables attached so that it can be pulled from one shore to the other by the cables. Hence, not really a barge and certainly not a bridge. Beautiful scenery nearby and filled with Africans in all kinds of dress, from suit and ties down to women with bundles on their heads and dresses with cloth made up of material with political slogans printed on.

Well, I'm tired of typing and listening to "Gypsy" [the musical]. So, I'm stopping and going up the school to see how Thomas Samungole, the man who went with me and is now helping me

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at school, is doing in the library. I'll be back, readers. Don't let the suspense, of knowing how I crossed the Zambezi in a dugout canoe and wasn't eaten by the crocodiles, kill you in the meantime.

6:15 PM [continued] Well, it's now almost time for supper. And . . . I thought I would jot you a few lines while I'm waiting for the two guests. I had a busy three hours since the last lines, I went up to school to decide some important business with Mr. Samungole, the student I mentioned earlier. I decided to go to Lusaka, tomorrow by myself; we were to have gone together. From Lusaka, I will go to Salisbury to relax for a few days and see a city for a change after all the bush. Salisbury is a regular holiday pilgrimage. I love to relax at the Hotel Jameson. Anyway, no guests yet, so I'll **re-continue my Balovale story**. Having arrived there Friday night and taken a room without all the legal necessities being handed until the next morning, we got at long last a good night's rest. On Saturday AM Samungole and the other boy from Balovale who had ridden along, took me to the river, or rather the bank overlooking the river, far below. And, what a beauty!

After this, we walked around the town and looked over the shops. There must be at least 12 which makes Balovale the biggest town in the Northwest Province, bigger by far than Solwezi. After this we went to see the top Government official, the D.C. (District Commissioner) who introduced us to the [Balovale] Educational Officer, **Mr. Banda**. . . .

[Side point:] I'm starting a nice garden. Now I have my own tomatoes and radishes. Sort of pleased as vegetables are a real pain in Solwezi, that is, getting them regularly.

[Back to Balovale] Mr. Banda in turn took us to the proposed site of the new secondary school that is to replace a trade school and make it the second secondary school in the NWP. It is a fabulous spot on the top of a steep hill that overlooks the Zambezi, about a mile downstream of the town. I really fell in love with it. In fact, that is why I am going to Lusaka to ask for a transfer to Balovale to teach. Shocking, isn't it? (HA) I will go under the condition that when Samungole graduates this year that they also give him a teaching appointment with me, so that I can help him in his further education and he can keep me company. The country is so short of teachers and they can't get teachers to go to Balovale, as it is so far out into the bush. We feel that they may give us each a job, despite the fact that he will only be graduating from high school. Next January the school will only have 70 students; all in form I (grades 7-8). I think it would be great fun. Don't be too alarmed. Balovale has a direct air connection with Lusaka and in this way is more up to date than Solwezi. It's just that the road out is very poor. In fact, if I went out, I would want to buy a Landrover or a big car.

Saturday afternoon [in Balovale] I went to a soccer game held between two of the largest local groups; and then, down to the river to the barge that takes people across the river. Otherwise, I rested in the afternoon and evening. Oh, I did go to Mr. Banda's to see his pictures of his trip to Australia that he just took for further training.

One of the guests just arrived [for supper]. But he is looking at the books in my personal library. So, I'll continue a few lines more. On Saturday AM, we headed north along the east bank of the Zambezi River towards the Angolan border. We stopped at Samungole's sister's village. And, while he visited, his nephew, who spoke rather good English, took me back through cassava (the main food) and maize fields that extend from the village several miles along paths. Most

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interesting, as cassava, so I have learned, is the root of a tree that is dug up about two years after planting. I have some good pictures of it growing. They were very kind and gave us several things such as peanuts (called ground nuts) to take along. However, I always have to be careful as I fear that I will get another case of diarrhea from the food or the water. The road to Chavuma was bad. It was a compliment to call it a road. We averaged about 15 miles an hour and arrived in Chavuma about 1:00 PM. Along the way we saw dozens of villages and villagers, all staring and laughing as they had probably never seen anyone crazy enough to try such a journey up that road before [in a Morris Mini]. Also, along the way, we saw several boys dressed in costume for puberty rites, interesting but that is a separate story on local custom that I must ignore in this letter. . . .

It's now 10:15 PM, all guests have left which were Samungole and a new master (teacher) that just arrived from Britain. The evening was certainly not exciting but did give the new master a chance to get a few ideas (I hope) about the school and a chance for us all to get better acquainted.

Let's see. We were just getting to Chavuma when I left off. After arrival we fixed the lunch, no minor task when travelling and camping as light as we were. Then in a camp spot that beats all that I have seen in this sector of N.R. and the NWP, we set up our [camp] for the night under the stars. As I mentioned, the moon is full at this time of the month. We could lie there and hear the water falling nearby and see the little lake-type feature formed on the east bank of the Zambezi, directly below us about 300 feet. What a spot! On the highest spot in the area is the Chavuma Mission station controlled by the CMML (Christian Mission in Many Lands), mainly Plymouth Brethren. . . . At Chavuma the group of missionaries are mostly Americans. On Sunday night we walked up the hill and looked around. We were invited to supper at a missionary's home who was originally from California. Really good people, but still not a complete success as they just seem out of tune and step with people and political thinking of the day and back 20 years ago in the colonial and tribal areas and thinking that was so much more important than today. After supper (we had waffles -- the first in a LONG time), . . .

On Monday morning we returned up the hill to get literature in Luvala for our adult literacy campaign that I am helping to form in the NWP for the N.R. Government. Also we crossed the river by dugout canoe. . . .

[Solwezi next day -- 12 noon] I have 30 minutes to conclude [this letter] before leaving for Kitwe and then to Lusaka and then Salisbury. What a morning! Busy, busy, busy! I had to see how Samungole was doing in the library, take care of other school matters, go to the Boma to get my tyre fixed and then . . . go pick up the tyre and see the Community Development official of the province who is to send a telegram to Lusaka so the top official in Lusaka will expect me on Saturday. I should really feel important I guess. (Ha) Such a lot of important matters. In a country of this size it's easy to be a **big frog in a small puddle**, contrasted to America where I was a very, very small frog in a gigantic puddle. . . . Well, this was to be the last page. Too late and I must hit the road so I can reach Chingola and Kitwe before the stores close so I can conclude some business with the agents there.

I gave Samson, the lad living with me (he just returned from 4 weeks in Mwinilunga) a few lessons to keep him busy while I'm gone. He should water the garden for me in my absence. Also, I have just packed and closed up the house. Mind you I just unpacked camping equipment

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and opened the house up about 40 hours ago! Now I've covered the furniture, turned the refrigerator off and locked each door, closed windows, etc.. Joseph got the washing done and I'm packed with my better clothes and ready to go.

I think I left the story off in **Chavuma [and Balovale]**. On Monday morning we got up early and looked out on a paradise of blue water and sky, with men paddling their dugout canoes across the river. We washed in the mighty Zambezi. . . . Then we walked to the river and the crossing and joined the paddler and two passengers (a woman with a bundle and a man who was helping with the paddling. I sort of squatted down in the boat thinking myself less likely to lose my balance as I took pictures of the falls. The crossing was only a few yards down from the falls. Really a great experience. As soon as we got across, we walked up the edge of the river to the falls, out to the edge where I took Samungole stretching his arms out toward the other bank to shake hands. (When we got back across, I did the same). So with the two pictures put together it looks as if we are stretching hands across the abyss toward one another. After looking around and learning of the tales and traditions of the area, which are fascinating, we went back across. Samungole was the second paddler this time. . . .

After returning we went to the mission and purchased all available literature on the Luvale and Luvale that was available. Generally the mission has the best supply available at any single place in the country.

When went on the worst road imaginable for five miles within five miles of the Angolan border to get fruits. We really should have walked. It was only a trail in the bush! However we did get plenty of fruit, namely pineapples and oranges and bananas. I bought 11 pineapples for one dollar. We could have purchased a stalk a stalk of bananas for 20 cents, but no place to carry them. Thus, it is a good reason why it would be nice in Balovale: fresh fruits off the tree.

. . . . We stayed Monday night in Balovale, and then at 10:00 AM Tuesday for Solwezi. Too bad we could not stay another day. But the pontoon at Kabompo was to be repaired until the first of September. And if we had, we would have had to stay for another week. And 25 miles from Balovale, we had a flat tyre and had no spare one for the rest of the trip. Namely, 300 miles of bush with only two possible stops. And both those close together at Kabompo. But all went well and we arrived back to Solwezi at 10:00 PM that night.

Love [from] your bush-hopping friend and son.

P.S. I am now in Ndola for the night at one of Rhodesia's high-class dump hotels. Tomorrow I head for Lusaka.

2 Sept. 1964 (Salisbury 3 typed pp.)

As you can easily tell [from the headed stationary], I'm presently at the **Jameson Hotel in Salisbury**. Since I sent you the last letter from the hotel in N'dola, I have proceeded to Lusaka by car and then to Salisbury by air (last Saturday evening). I have had a very relaxing stay in Salisbury and also taken care of a considerable amount of business during my stay.

I arrived in Lusaka last Saturday afternoon and had some rather interesting things happen to me. Friday afternoon I did a very shocking thing. It rather amusing to me when I look back upon it. I 'told off' the top two U.S. Consulate officers in no uncertain terms. Before I left I had them yelling at me in the top range of their voice and likewise I did the same to them. It was all caused, in my opinion, over their stupidity (which is exactly what I told them) of income tax and

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not sending my cheque to the proper authorities which may get me in no uncertain trouble in another year with "Uncle Sam's revenooors". Anyway, we both finally calmed down enough to apologize and leave on a little more amiable relations although I doubt if our friendship will ever be the same again.(HA) Furthermore, I was especially gripped that they did not even know I was in the country until I wrote them a while back. I thought this was gross inefficiency, especially right after I boasted that I was really proud of all the American officials I had met abroad.

To make my stay even more lively and interesting in Lusaka, the next day I met two of the top NR government cabinet ministers and about five of the more important underlings. Sort of nice to be big frog in a little puddle for a change instead of a little frog in a gigantic puddle as the USA. Besides that I am supposed to be back (fly back very early next Saturday morning -- the 5th) to confer with several on the new programs I am involved in the NWP. (literacy, library, etc..) Excuse me for an hour, as I must go to see the orthopedist about shoe fittings -- my last chance for six months.)

I finished my first round of business at 1:00 PM last Saturday in Lusaka and will be back next Saturday morning at 8:00 AM. I took the evening plane to Salisbury as I was tired of driving from Salisbury to Lusaka and reverse. The plane only takes one hour and ten minutes and driving takes all day.

[Still in Salisbury.] Sunday morning I just walked about the town and Sunday evening found more or less a good place to attend church. On Monday I shopped and visited the U.S.I.S. and my old hero, **Dr. Brown at the USIS**. On Tuesday I rested and piddled around. Today, I went to the dentist, my ostensible reason for coming down to Salisbury in the first place. Tomorrow and on Friday he will drill, what glorious thoughts, but certainly, necessary evils as I will not have a chance to see a good dentist for some time. The one in Kitwe is a real horse doctor as I found out a few weeks ago.

Well, that should get you up to date on the details of my life. Tonight I have a date, rare thing . . . it . . . is only a dinner engagement at the hotel here. But, as I have told you before, I think the food here is really great. It reached its peak on Sunday night, but nonetheless I do have good food each night. Of course, you must realize I pay \$2.10 a meal. Since leaving N'dola I've "only" spent for plane, shoes, doctors etc. \$300.00! Please, don't faint. As I told you last month, I had the shocking amount of over \$3,000 put into my account here as well as \$1,000 put into my account in the States.

Second Balovale trip in October for Independence celebrations

[Very important letter] 24 Oct. 1964 (Balovale, 9 ms. pp.)—

Did you ever meet the President of a country? Did you ever own a fancy Volvo? Did you ever hear the most renounced minister (parson) of a nation? Did you ever visit or want to visit the heart of what was once called Darkest Africa? Did you ever see a nation celebrate its independence (not its independence anniversary as we do on July 4th)? -- with celebrations going on non-stop for three days? Did you ever go swimming in the nude on one of the world's most beautiful white-sand beaches with complete privacy? Did you ever see summer come in October and cool down by November because of torrent rain? Were you or do you aspire to be

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principal (headmaster) of a secondary school (high school) with equipment (classrooms) for 200 students, but only 70 existed? Were you ever at celebrations with thousands but one of only six of your race present (seeing some of the authentic African tribal dances and dancing)? Were you ever able or want to meet the top chiefs of a large African tribe and stay in the stay government hostel with them? I feel, dear ones, all your answers are a two letter word and not a three letter word.

Solwezi to Balovale: October, 17 -- October, 24

However, thanks to God, in one grand glorious week my answer to each one is YES -- all within the week, Oct. 17 – Oct. 24. I feel as the prophetess of old stated on seeing the Christ child "let me depart in peace." I would not exchange this week of my life with two years of my past in America. Well, I'm going to attempt to explain all my questions, but it will be long narrative and my writing (or printing) hard to decipher. So, if you're easily discouraged, please, stop now. If not read on.

Last Saturday (October 17) I took Ike Thoka and Samson (my student at home) to Chingola and Kitwe with me little realizing one of the most historic and one of the most historic and momentous week was in store for me. I hurried and rushed and was very upset as Ike has made me late for the occasion and I had to be to Kitwe early to get my car repaired. I was on Saturday supposed to go to Ndola to take care of business matters, but never made it. The garage said they couldn't finish until mid-morning Saturday and stores in this country all close at 1:00 PM sharp. I was really upset. The repair man and garage is a personal acquaintance in Kitwe. So I depend on him. And gripped, as usual, [about] my "hunk of junk" (quote stolen from Sis. Brooks of Cleveland). He said I should buy a 1962 Volvo -- black and official looking -- a man saluted us on the way to Balovale yesterday as he felt we were government officials. Anyway, I was fed up with my car and liked its looks and took a trial spin, and said I would think it over. That evening I went to visit him, talked him into taking my car, as was, for £230 and plunked down the next morning £524 (with seat belts) for the new car. Not altogether new but a 1962 with red leather upholstery and motor in perfect condition. I thought the trade in allowance quite liberal as I paid £375 for the Morris Mini, a year ago and since then have put 25,000 miles over the worst of roads on it.

Anyway, I concluded the deal Saturday AM, mid-morning, but did not go to Ndola. That afternoon I took several friends for trial ride in my Volvo. And in late afternoon bought 3 of the last 5 tickets for the performance of the musical production **Camelot**. It was a gala opening put on by the Kitwe little theatre as the official opening of the Copperbelt Independence celebrations. Also it was the Africa Premier Production of Camelot. Anyway, quite an honour to get in. Despite the occasion I didn't think it was going to be the "snob" occasion it was. Surprisingly out here the people dress far more formally and eat far more formally than Americans (at least the upper and middle Africans and Europeans).

Over 2/3 of the people had formal attire on (tuxs and evening gowns in abundance). But, there sit good old Wilkin and his friends Brian and Heidi Wallace in normal dress up clothes. -- Oh well, it gave me a good laugh! Later on that is! At 8:30 PM prompt, the Prime Minister (and not yet President) Dr. Kenneth Kaunda entered and his party. They played the old anthem "God Save the Queen (tune to "My Country 'tis of thee") and then the new anthem for the new nation of Zambia. A wonderful evening and the best musical I have ever had a chance to get to

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see here. Anyway, arriving back to the Wallace's I got a short night's rest and started for Chingola early Sunday AM from Kitwe with Ike and Sampson. In Chingola we made it our point to stop at the Chingola Free Church. The Minister, **Rev. Colin Morris**, has probably done more for instituting the main Commandment of Christ, LOVE in creating love and understanding between the leaders of the two races here in a time a few years ago when malice was rife. For his work, he is well known all over central Africa and England and has written several powerful books and pamphlets, several in connection with Dr. Kaunda. He had a short but good sermon on Christ as a Rock, throughout our lives to cling upon (to).

Following this, I proceeded to Solwezi and spent Sunday PM until Friday AM hard at work in the school and preparing the students for final exams (external) in late November.

[Continued letter at 10:30 PM **October 25 (Sunday)**]

Well, it's now the next day and a lot more has happened that will interest you. But let's leave that for later. Here's a word on the weather. October, as usual, has been the "height" of summer and very hot. Yesterday the heat was intense and at 4:00 PM the rains came in earnest. The rainy season has come right on schedule. In fact tobacco is planted about 23 October for the rains. We probably had about 1" to 1 1/2" of rain last afternoon. One thing at Balovale, not true for Solwezi, is that the rains soak in quickly as the soil is very sandy and Solwezi very clayey.

Off to Balovale for Independence Celebrations

After buying the car [new, black Volvo] in Kitwe, I made plans to come to Balovale to test it out on real bush roads. Everyone has admired it and felt it was wise to do. I decided to bring only Samungole so we could talk and make plans to come to live in January. The Independence holiday is/was to last from Friday AM (23rd) to Wednesday AM when school starts again -- five days. We left Solwezi at 8:15 AM on Friday and arrived at the Kabompo Pontoon at 2:00 PM. After refueling (240 miles), we decided to go on to Balovale. (I might say, however, the government rest hostel (not called hotel) was/is a lovely spot with the Kabompo River below and a big tree with red orchid like flowers.) Samungole wanted to be in Balovale for the celebration with his friends and relatives. We arrived (t)here at 5:30 PM on Friday and the celebrations were just starting. Another student from Solwezi was (t)here, so the two (Samungole and Makeyi) escorted me around the celebrations until 1:30 AM, sort of as body guards and guides. I did feel a little funny and still do with crowds like this one. I only saw two or three "Europeans" and since there are so few in Balovale, each new face is obviously a sensation. And when 50 to 100 people turn around and stare at you whatever you do or wherever you go, it starts to bother one a mite. The new African government wisely restricted drinking and there were surprisingly few drunks. (Local brew from maize [corn] is called "chibuku". Also powerful drinks with high alcohol are made from honey.) During the evening, there was a gigantic bonfire, speeches (in Lunda, Luvala and English) by local officials and speeches from Lusaka read by local men. Also chiefs had speeches. Incidentally most were on peace and unity and denouncing tribalism. Balovale has been noted as a trouble centre between Lunda and Luvalas. Things have been absolutely peaceful which is really interesting to note.

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Anyway, that evening we saw many tribal dances (Lunda, Luvale and some Chokwe). The boys tried to explain the names, origins and differences. But, I feel that I am still hopelessly confused. There were fireworks of all kinds and I brought a variety of my own although I didn't fire many. We hope to use them tonight and have our own celebration. By 1:30 AM, as I stated, I decided to turn in as I was getting bored and I felt the two boys would like to be on their own for a while without me around. Need I say, however, the dances were just getting a good start and at this time celebrations are still going on. People just keep going until they practically drop from exhaustion. Samungole (I just call him "Sam") came back at 8:00 AM in the morning when I got up myself. He lasted the whole night out. (Incidentally, the moon now is out full, which here is almost like artificial lighting.) Anyway, after breakfast, he left again and I started to read; read 6 pages and fell asleep until 12:00 noon. So much of my vacation has been spent sleeping. Anyway, at 12:30 PM yesterday (Saturday) I finally went down to see the dancing and ended up finding myself the chief attraction wherever I went; got fed up with all the attention; couldn't find Sam or the other Solwezi students and walked two miles to the new school. At 1:30 PM the sun was really blazing down -- hot; man oh man! Balovale is naturally a few degrees hotter than Solwezi as the altitude is several thousand feet lower. (As you should know, Africa is a high plateau [very level] and Solwezi in its heart is about 5,000 feet in altitude.) I looked around the school and WOW. What space under roof. Of course, the new school takes over what was a large trade school; and most of the space is for workshops, but with only 70 boys (and two or three non-boarding girls). We should have tons of space. The grounds consist chiefly of the headmaster's house (17 rooms); some horrible compound homes which we may get if the headmaster or other master appointed has a large family; three gigantic workshops, one of which will continue to be used (leather shop) and the rest converted to classrooms; a dining hall, assembly hall, ablutions block, office and large storage sheds and garden. At the moment I have consented to be headmaster (principal). The word "principal" is reserved for use here in the large secondary schools, but will give up the office and title gladly if they caught someone else, as it's sure to be a headache and no extra pay for me -- it will be for someone else. I think I told you in taking the Balovale assignment I committed myself into staying until December 1965.

Anyway, after looking around and absorbing the beautiful Zambezi view, I walked back to town to the sports matches in session. I didn't find Sam but found another two Solwezi students (Form I's). Sam, who is graduating is form V, promised to take me swimming and, need I say, that was the greatest idea to me as I was about boil to death in the sun and walking. . . . I'll write more this PM

[continued Monday evening, 9:30 PM

Found one last sheet of paper so this will have to be the last page. Another day has passed and more interesting things have happened. On Saturday PM I went to the Zambezi River a mile down from the school where the two boys showed me beautiful white sand beaches 30 yards wide and extending for several miles. The amazing thing -- complete privacy. We had a great time swimming. Then, on the Saturday evening, Sam and I visited the celebrations held at the Balovale Club, Balovale's only attempt to be snotty. Before the club meeting we had rain. (I was writing pages 1-2-3, and the two boys had gone two nights without sleep.) Thus I told them to lie down. And in 30 seconds or less they were asleep. I finally had to awake them in three hours

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-- poor things -- too much excitement in the celebrations. Incidentally at the party we met the new doctor stationed in Balovale; so I am much closer to a hospital than Solwezi, [which was] 2 miles away.

On Sunday I went to the trade school and met Mr. Firth, the headmaster, and whose place will be replaced by the new school. After seeing him, we watched several matches of soccer (British football). In the afternoon, Sam and two others and I went swimming again. Complete privacy, as usual and I buried myself in the sand up to my neck and got a mild tan (burn). I have never had such fun swimming in my life as these days in Balovale -- wonderful -- no croc's in the sight. Mind you, we watched for them as best possible and on clear sand should have seen some approaching. After discussing the school (we had gone back after swimming), we drove down to the pontoon on the Zambezi and had a few fireworks -- our own celebration.

Today (Monday) I've spent the morning at the school taking care of business. This is PM. Sam and I went to swimming again. Tonight we just took care of more planning. So, life's pace and excitement is slowing up. Tomorrow at 8:00 AM. back to Solwezi -- hope to arrive by dark. School on Wednesday AM.

We have had most of the Luvale chiefs here in the rest hotel and the crowning, blasted event was when the chief (head) had a formal awakening celebration this AM at 5:30 AM with full drums. It lasted for 30 minutes. Rather annoying I might add. . . .

Sun. 31 Oct. 1964 (2 typed pp.)

All is well in the new nation of Zambia today. I am spending a weekend in Solwezi for a change. I am now in the staff room up at the school. . . .[Sunday a.m. post-church]

Dear folks, I am now starting again. Once I got home, I got deeply involved in my garden and then decided I would hold all typing until today and read, rather finish reading, a biography about our new president, Dr. Kaunda. Then, later in the evening I marked some school papers before going to a party next door, really a gab and munch session with all the new teachers. Thus, I didn't have much free time last night. Rather I had a well occupied evening. While we have had considerable rain in the last few days, today is likely to be our hottest day of the hot season. It is only 10:00 AM now, but very warm. I only went to the school church service, thought I wouldn't try it to the service at the boma. The school boys will be meeting soon for Christian Union [event] and I may go over for a few minutes.

Concerning the last letter about Balovale and the independence celebrations, please, send it on to Danny as soon as you finish. I think he may want to see it despite the hasty printing. The trip back was wonderful, no trouble at all in my new car. . . .

I have now just about finished ordering all the new goods needed for the Balovale Secondary School for the school year of 1964. Of course, there is still nothing on paper concrete except that the American Fulbright people okayed the idea and consented to my staying until the end of the school year, December 1965. If they (the Zambian Government) change their mind about going there I will be disappointed now that I've done all the work. Also, the delay at ratification is holding up my plans for the Christmas holiday. . . .

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15 Nov. 1964 (2 mm. pp.)

Our weather here has been delightful, both for daily work and the roads. The rains have just started and the temperatures have gone down. Yet, there hasn't been enough rain yet to make clay out of the soil and the roads are neither dusty and corrugated nor muddy and potholed.

This week I have been busy as usual at school, but more important (or almost as important), I have been in the Solwezi Secondary School social "whirl" and centre. Mr. and Mrs. Nisbet leave tomorrow to take over a new Technical High School in Lusaka. So, all the staff met here (20 with wives) last Wednesday PM for a big dinner (buffet). Mrs. Ingram and Mrs. Taylor, just out from England and Scotland, respectively, were co-hostesses, and I the co-host. They ordered the food and arranged my home for the affair. All went well and the food was delightful and delicious. And my house made a good appearance. . . . I received some nice compliments from many of the ladies which went to my head! . . .

Then, this weekend (they just left) the Wallace's from Kitwe were here. They taught here when I arrived and I visit them about every visit in[to the city]. I enjoyed having them but dreaded the visit and was glad to see them go. They have two sons, the eldest 2 ½ (at the destructive age) and the youngest 1 year (at the crying stage)! Wow! My precious house! Footprints all over my furniture and my beautiful chair covers, fingers in mantels of the tilleys, food scraped into the floor, etc. Ike Thoka helped entertain a lot. . . Joseph's a good cook with expert direction.

20 Nov. 1964

Once again another week has passed quickly, but pleasantly in Solwezi. We will be ending the term in a fortnight. So, we are busy planning the conclusion of the term.

Yesterday and today (stayed here last night) I had the head of the Zambian literacy (adult) programme here from Lusaka. He spoke with the boys, looked over our work and spread praise liberally, and offered tips for future work. The boys (and myself) appreciated the visit of someone important in the programme.

Yesterday PM got a telegram finally confirming on paper my appointment to Balovale for 1965 as Principal. Very excited as it will be a very good experience. So sorry I had not informed you of my plans earlier and you received the news right after grandma's death. Please, don't be too concerned as I will try to keep close touch with telegrams, letters and tapes -- all of which will reach you as fast or faster than from Solwezi.