

December 1963-January 1964: Zimbabwe, South Africa and Namibia

From late Nov. 1963 through late Jan. 1964, on the long year-end Holiday break, I made several long or long-ish journeys through Zambia and then in the longest of all, through all of southern Africa including a flight from Cape Town to Namibia. These were described in one extremely long letter / narrative [21st December 1963] to mom and dad and two shorter ones on 13th & 23rd Jan. and 7th Feb. (Much of my 7th Feb. letter to my paternal grandmother has been omitted as I was clearly copying from the earlier letter.) Headings have been added to help readers. All text is taken from these letters without other editing.

21st December 1963 – to my father and mother

My Prologue

Sorry I haven't written. BUT there I was in Africa selling pinball machines to the pygmies when this mermaid shot me with a poisoned dart and NOW I'm only 4 ½ inches tall and I can't reach the mail box. You have no idea how much damage a poisoned dart can do! [Just joking!]

Anyway, I certainly apologize for not writing. But, I have had so many things on the last month. This week I have written about 24 letters to make up for not sending mail. And now I will begin probably **the longest letter I have ever written to anyone in my life**. So many things have happened that are exciting that it is really impossible to ever tell you all. . . .

I have found the school boys here quite hard workers, very intelligent (of course they are the cream of the NWP!)

Fulbright application for second year

I just completed my renewal application this week for another year. I won't learn for a while if it was accepted. But I know my chances are good. However, I went to do as the Lord wills. I [enclosed] a copy of the letter. I did delete one sentence on Dr. Brown's advice -- the one expressing my displeasure with Mr. Nisbet. Otherwise it is a copy of the letter. Don't worry about my staying longer [than one more year] as I can only renew my contract once. **Really, I do love it here**. The only thing I miss is cold weather. Isn't that awful!? Here I am boiling on a severe hot day until the precious rain comes (Dec. 21, 1963). It is most unusual for me to have come when it wasn't so much as cloudy for months and now rain every day or so. This week has been especially dry. So each day gets hotter and hotter than the last. Until today it was really hot (like our warmest days in July), until 3:00, an hour ago -- when I started writing. It got very cloudy and down it came!!!! Very comfortable and will be for a day or so. Lusaka never gets as much rain as Solwezi I understand. The dirt roads are getting back especially when it rains a day or so steadily. . . .

My “unrealistic” abandoned dream of travelling with Philip Muke to South Africa

Let me start my narrative of life in the last month. In November I made several trips to Kitwe and the Copperbelt, one early in the month between dry and rainy season and two or three together at the end of the month and beginning and the beginning of December. Anyway, early in November, I got the inspiration to ask a student to travel with me to South Africa and closely observe the racist society. I knew he could not get in except as my servant, would have to constantly maintain master-servant relationship, and never be friends except in public. This is obvious before one would ever start. Anyway, I was determined to try it. And if we could succeed what a book we might get information on! Anyway, I spoke to my only real friend (or person I [consider] on the staff as a friend), Mr. Wallace, next door. And he felt it would be worth the risk to take and would be great if we could put on a good enough act. Thus, I had several boys write essays to see their writing ability. I talked with them about everything conceivable might reveal attitudes toward life, Europeans, Christianity, to pick the right person.

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Out of six (most in the Christian group) I considered the strengths and weaknesses of each who would be willing to take the risk of trouble and be able to put up with possible indignities without becoming bitter at life and people. (Risk to myself was no small matter.) Anyway, I settled on Philip Muke, about 21 in Form IV (grade 11), quiet, a Christian, observing, fairly good student and asked him one day after he was hired to work on my car (polish). We went for a drive and I asked him if he would like to try it. Undoubtedly, he would! Above all the agreement he was to not tell a soul except his family. He wrote his older brother in Kitwe and his family in Mwinilunga where his first cousin is principal of Kitwe Mission School. We started driver lessons when we could do so without being suspicious. This was helped by fact that I hired him (so he could earn spending money) and so I could get excuses easier to give him lessons. I had decided to tell no-one at the school except Mr. Wallace and his wife. (Bob still knows nothing.) Anyway, he made two trips to into Kitwe with me and he stayed with his brother and I at the Government hostel. (May I digress to comment on the rest hostel -- very specious and large but nothing in the room, bad lights etc. And, above all, the curtains in the room only cover half the large windows -- you soon lose all sense of modesty! There is no chance for any whatsoever.) Now to return to our adventure. His brother is quite pleasant and works in a store in Kitwe, speaking very good English. We got necessary clothes and equipment as I decided I wanted to camp out on the trip if possible I would find it more exciting and also much cheaper. I got a gas stove, light burner, dishes etc., etc. and two sleeping bags. Just about ready to go!

Just as the travels begin, car troubles with my Morris Mini

Then bang! The last trip to Kitwe!! in early December, 1 or 2, I think. Well, anyway, I promised to take two of other boys to Chingola also as they were leaving school (all Forms I, III and IV left early) as they had no external exams to take. Thus, four people with four suitcases on muddy roads was all about my car could take. Thirty miles from Chingola was the momentous place. I was playing the camp meeting tapes which had just arrived. (The boys and Muke especially loved the music as it has feeling in it and is informal -- which has surprised me. In fact, Muke, about wore the music out on the rest of our "shortened" trip.)

I didn't see a series of bad pot holes and hit them hard on! Then bang, bang, bang went the motor. Just the weekend before, the fan started to hit the casing as the casing was loose and I had to have it repaired in Solwezi. (We had had to take the last 40 miles to Solwezi, [at] about 20 an hour.) Anyway, back to the bang, bang, bang. I stopped instantly and shut of the motor. I could see the motor fan rested on the radiator casing and I thought the man's work had come apart and the casing had come apart again when I hit the bump. Obviously nothing could be done but wait until someone came to rescue us and I could get a tow truck. About this time to top matters off, it started to RAIN -- probably 1 inch in 30 minutes. Just as it started to pour, a truck started to come. So I got out and flagged them down. But, NO. They would not take any of us in to Chingola to get a tow truck. I was soaked to the utmost in 60 seconds. In fact, I might as well have fallen into a river, I was so wet. After an hour a CBC truck (a store in Solwezi) came by and I left two boys at the car to listen to music, and Muke and I got in the back of the truck (lorry) and rode in Chingola. While there I cashed a cheque, got a room in the horrible but expensive hotel in Chingola for Muke and myself and got the tow truck. [You can imagine the money I expected to spend and did!] We had just washed the car before leaving Solwezi and you couldn't have seen a sorrier sight when we got to Chingola -- towed, rather pulled, behind a truck on a dirty road.

Anyway, I thought when we got [from 2:00 to 7:00 PM] to the garage that the others would have a place to stay. And they did, but the elder was offended because I got Muke a nice place and he had nothing, which was silly as he had gotten a free ride in to Chingola. But you know children.

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Anyway, I couldn't say, nor could Muke, anything that might hurt our plans. Finally, we got to the dump of a hotel (\$14.00 for both, for bed, dinner and breakfast -- worth about \$7.00). I was upset naturally about everything including the dump when we were supposed to be in Kitwe, 40 miles away. Muke, of course, had never stayed in a hotel before. The place was great, a really funny situation to think about. The next day they fixed the car. We were stuck in the "frontier" city of Chingola when I wanted desperately to shop for the trip to Kitwe. Guess what had happened to the car? The motor support had broken and the whole motor had dropped on the on the casing. Fortunately, not going through radiator or doing any other damage. Let's face it: this car was a mistake, a purchase bargain or not. The Solwezi roads need a big car. They are tearing the car to pieces! If I stay another year, I will certainly trade the car off.

I also had to have a new battery, and made an appointment to come back (on December 6th I think, as I don't have a calendar handy). Thus I thought I would start my vacation on that day. We arrived back in Solwezi finally.

Advised by Jones Banda to forget my "unrealistic" idea of travel with Muke to S.Af.

Two incidents of note (the first happening one week before). A good friend of mine, Mr. **Jones Banda** who is an accountant in Kitwe was the second person we told of our plans to and who hit the first sore note as he had visited in Johannesburg (Jo'burg) before to see his uncle and said "don't do it, trouble would await us and it would be 'hell' the whole way until we would flee! Africans and Europeans are kept completely apart(!) in all ways conceivable." I am telling you now of what I expect so I can confirm it or reject these facts when I arrive without risking saying too much!) Americans are troublesome people, they think! . . . Also I expect to see a society built on the poverty of 15 million Africans so that the 3 million Europeans have the highest standard of living in the world, not excluding America.

Trip begins: through the Copperbelt to Lusaka

The second incident I should have included above was the little Church of God I found in Kitwe. Lovely and somewhat different from to what I to what I am used to, but better than Solwezi, anyway given prayer it holds the best possibility I know of in future and also holds the chance of meeting more Christian youth, especially girls which are depressingly lacking completely in Solwezi. What a place for a single woman and what a horrible spot for a single man. [Note: I was still subconsciously thinking of only **white** girls!]

Back in Solwezi school went on, but no teaching (formal). The Form II had to take their exams and likewise Form V their G.C.E. exams which they had to pass to graduate. The former to senior secondary school and the latter to get their diploma. I had 500 essay tests to grade . . . to Form[s] I and III, so I had plenty to do. Also I kept Muke and three other librarians to get the library ready for next term and did we work! Many books were stolen so we spent much time putting in stop gap measures to hinder this is the future. Muke washed, cleaned and polished my car and the boys worked hard in the library. The library looks very nice now with all books stamped, rearranged, catalogued, cards made out. Several are good typists now and a real help to me. I was given Friday off to come in and get my car fixed and prepared for the trip. So on Thursday all was a mad rush. In fact I had to stay up until 2:00 AM Friday morning to get my records complete to leave! What a task! I got up on top of this at 6:00 AM and started out, picking up Muke in the dormitory. Very bad, muddy roads.

I finally got the car fixed in Chingola and had seat belts put in, etc.. All costs recently with this have reached £50 (\$150)! On Saturday morning we shopped in Kitwe and left for Lusaka. We arrived here about 5:00 Saturday (December, 7) and finally after great effort got a hotel, The Lusaka.

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Problems at The Lusaka Hotel – racism won this round! What a place! A real high class dump again. It cost more than the Jameson that we stayed in Salisbury -- note comment later. Anyway, I had the most annoying thing happen that took the most grace to not tell off the manager good, that I have needed for a long time. I truly prayed hard for God's help! We entered the cafeteria, I with a tie and jacket and Muke with a dress sweater and tie. In Europe or America this would be fine, but not in Africa! Not only are the hotels here the most expensive for quality in the world (and I'm not kidding) -- they are [probably] twice South Africa's and twice those in Europe and 50% more than America. But they are most precise in making sure you have a tie and dinner jacket to eat in. Almost all are like this. They are trying to preserve English customs harder than the English! Anyway we got to the far end of the cafeteria and got seated and they refused to serve us and asked us to leave. We were mortified, what bad taste and I was ready to explode. We decided to eat out and then reappear. Anyway the next day by the Lord's help, I said nothing and we were on our way to Livingstone and Victoria Falls. Here is the start of next adventure and how much difference a little border can make!

Livingstone, Vic Falls, Salisbury with Muke – racism of Southern Rhodesia hit me head on

We arrived [in Livingstone] mid-afternoon after a hot trip and Livingstone was equally warm. They had had two weeks of rain (and it continued all the time we were there). And it was a large swamp and most moist with the heat. (Livingston always is hot because of the lower altitude.) We decided to stay at the **South Bank rest camp [problems]**. [Here] trouble began. The South Bank is under S.R. and the North under N.R..(This was Sunday, December, 8th. The African attendant gave us a room (hut) and we got settled in. (I should say these rest huts are composed of beds, linen blankets, dresser and wash basin. And you must cook outside and carry water. Many have electricity in that part of the country.) A few minutes later he came back. He had talked to the "great white father" who said **the camp was only for Europeans** and Africans must sleep elsewhere. This accommodation was free. The argument didn't work that he was a travelling companion and not a servant. We decided to say this until we reached S.A., but no luck. So we checked the servant accommodation which turned out to be a damp cell -- like room with no bed, concrete floor -- horrible. I wouldn't leave a dog there! Thus we packed up and went to the north side. And if I was told this was segregated, I was going to cause trouble as it belongs to N.R.G. and they just passed a law two years ago making segregation in public utilities illegal. Anyway, after some hesitation we got a hut called a rondavel. Really interesting and comfortable. It had a thick matted grass roof and was quite large with brick walls. We had a netting to keep out mosquitoes. A grass roof is marvelous deadening the noise of the rain which we had constantly.

Victoria Falls: more descriptions. We had an exciting time. We put on swim trunks and went out to the edge of the falls and walked along for about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile -- remember they are $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles wide and twice the drop of Niagara. I don't think Muke believed me when I talked of how wet you get. Walking along is like walking in the hardest rain storm you can think of! But what a heavenly sight. God made man indescribable beauties and this is the greatest! The waters are rising and higher than last time. I am anxious to see them in January when they will be higher yet. I got pictures of most things and the edges of the falls, but I didn't get pictures of the Falls, as you can't except in an airplane. They are so wide! We tried to get an airplane. (I tried before.) But, you need a group of four and we just couldn't find two other people.

Salisbury, 22nd December 1963 [Continuation of my longest letter]

Also, I visited the Nuppen's in Livingstone and had a most interesting conversation. Mrs. Nuppen is the Fulbright teacher there and she married a European Northern Rhodesian who is

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planning to become an American when she returns next June. They didn't altogether feel our proposed South African trip advisable but didn't discourage us. She ended up being in the Lusaka Conference with me and I picked her up at the railway station when she arrived. While at the Falls we got a ride down a cable car to the bottom of the gorge where Livingstone has a power station. Fantastic view and pictures! You would certainly never know it now that I was once so afraid of high places! The drop was like this [was steep] Going out over nothing makes the cable ride at Niagara look sick! Muke was really scared I think, but wouldn't say so and went along as he didn't want me to get the impression he was afraid! In the end we both found it very beautiful and worthwhile. Other things we did of importance were: (1) went to the enormous baobab tree . . . ; (2) went through local game park seeing the usual giraffes, antelopes, etc.; (3) visited the African crafts village where the guide and Muke (Lunda tribe) really made clear to me more of the old customs and crafts that are disappearing, many quite beautiful and skilled -- what a pity! That is why the crafts village is a living museum as it preserves old crafts that are fast dying. (4) visited the National Museum for N.R. (the Rhodes-Livingstone) which is very good and will help me if I ever can get started on any research projects on the NWP. The curator spoke with me, and I gave many tips and what a man. I went in dressed to perfection and walked in and here he was in an old khaki uniform! I felt funny! I ended up having tea with the staff.

On Thursday we left **Livingstone and headed back towards Lusaka [via Kariba Dam and then Salisbury]**. On this road is a thirty mile detour on a bush road. I mentioned going down to Muke how horrible it would be if we hit the road during heavy rains! We did! It was one long river on the way back. I thought my Mini would actually float. But, thankfully, we survived. But, what a mess! The car was mud inside and out! We didn't go back into Lusaka but turned off on the Salisbury road 30 miles south of Lusaka and then, when we got near the Zambezi, turned west again down the Kariba road (50 miles of good gravel road). We got a chalet at the North side (no more south side problems we decided). This was a little cabin with screens on all sides except two foot gaps at the ceiling which ended up letting in plenty of mosquitoes (and no netting here). Again we had to carry water and cook outside and even for a chalet had to pay \$5.00! a night for two. Isn't that horrible? One mystery, while we were out, a terrible storm hit. And when we returned my clothes were soaked as I had left my suitcase open and there were no windows only screens all the way around. But the floor wasn't wet -- only clothes and bed. I'll never figure that one out! At the Dam you look down at water (deep) on one side (west) and on the other you look down (a gorge that drops hundreds of feet). At present (until Aswan is completed in Egypt) this Dam forms the largest man-made lake in the world. Mead in Arizona (Hoover Dam on the Colorado River is the second). The power works are terrific. They supply the Copperbelt in NR and Bulawayo in SR, each over 500 miles away(!) with electricity. On the south side is a high class city for those who run the project. It is built on a hill top overlooking the lake on three sides. Imagine the beautiful view.

We only stayed in Kariba one night and on Friday took the S.R. (south road) out towards **Salisbury**. And what a mountainous road! It went over the Zambezi Escarpment before the main road. (In the north the main tarred road goes over the Escarpment so that the Kariba road is flat.) We arrived in Salisbury at 3:00 PM Friday. I had wanted to come here for two reasons as I told you earlier. One, to see the city (a real city) once again and two, to get **Dr. Brown's fatherly advice** on my [Fulbright] renewal and our proposed South African trip.

Salisbury (now Harare) and Dr. Brown [who aborted my unrealistic dream of travel to S.Af. with Muke.] What a man! He is the greatest person I have met in years! If our country has many diplomats like him, it is no wonder we are the greatest nation on earth. In fact, he is the reason for my being in Lusaka now. He invited me to spend Christmas with him and his wife and

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other local Americans at his house. Thus, I will be here in Salisbury four days and head toward S.A. on Dec. 26 at 6:00 AM. He recommends I leave out my criticism of Nisbet if I wanted to be sure of another year and he would "take care of that matter" for me. **When told of our South African plans he said: "No, don't do it! Americans are considered troublemakers in S.A.. And your stay will be hell!" "They'll hound you until you will want to leave as quickly as possible."** We had decided to leave the whole matter up to his opinion as I still had not definitely made up my mind on whether the risk would be worth it. Thus, we disappointedly took his advice and took measures to cancel our plans for South Africa together. (By this time we had all needed papers, pictures, money, etc.)

Salisbury before Muke returns home. To me Salisbury is like home -- a big city. So I was surprised when Dr. Brown asked Muke what he had enjoyed on the trip most. And Muke said: "Salisbury". The big city was something exciting he had never seen before. Really it is a gorgeous modern city. But to me nothing could compare to Victoria Falls. We then decided to stay from Friday until Saturday morning when I would go immediately back to Lusaka and there we would split up. He decided to go visit his brother in Kitwe and then go on home to Mwinilunga since we cancelled all our long-made plans. I, of course, had to grade part of the junior secondary leaving papers, which I mentioned all N.R. students must pass to get into senior secondary school. This took until yesterday (December 21) to complete. Enough on Lusaka.

Getting back to Salisbury. We stayed at the **Jameson [Hotel]** where I stayed before and is lovely to no end and interestingly -- non-racial. The only non-racial place in S. R. and Salisbury -- the most expensive, which I think is unusual. The stay was a real restful one. And we saw the balancing rocks on Saturday afternoon, just outside town.

Theft. This exciting incident took place on Sunday AM just before we left for Lusaka. The Jameson warned us to leave nothing in the car, locked or not. Nonetheless, I had never have trouble with car thieves in my life and had no fear. In fact we both forgot and left our camera in the car Friday night and no trouble, but not so Saturday night. I left all camping equipment in the car, and Sunday AM. we came out and my door was ajar. Although I first thought I had left it unlocked and they just got in easily, we later discovered it had been broken and I had to have a whole new lock put on the door in Lusaka. At least they were selective in what they stole! They left the medical kit, books, food and food utilities and took my new gas stove, light and burner (never had been used) with a total value of \$15.00. Frankly, I am thankful they took no more and I had to learn a lesson the hard way. As routine I reported it to the police and they fingerprinted the car and us but chances are 1000 to 1 of ever finding [it] and, frankly, I didn't want to make a [big] case of it as probably some poor African took them and I would rather he got good use of them than to face the bad and harsh penalties of the SR courts.

Lusaka to mark papers. Anyway, we arrived last Sunday safe in Lusaka in late afternoon without trouble and I got Muke on the 10:00 PM train. In fact Mrs. Nuppen arrived on the one he took. She had come from the south in Livingstone and he took it to the north to Kitwe. I just got a note before leaving Lusaka of his safe arrival in Kitwe which relieved me. Probably I will relax now by myself as I found myself unconsciously being protective and treating him in a fatherly way. This was no doubt absurd as he was used to more dangers than I have faced, and is Danny's age [my younger brother]. Probably this was because he was quiet and I was sponsoring the trip. As you can imagine I spent and am spending a fortune but every shilling has been worth it. (Note: I now say "every shilling" not "every cent".) Really the government intends for us to spend it and not take it back. I have considered your suggestion of stock or land, but the unstable conditions probably make this unwise. Above all I would not buy land for a possible mission as I am fast getting tired of the idea of sending missionaries to people who know the Bible better than

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most Americans and even what American Christians do! Probably they'll send missionaries to us soon if they get the money. Anyway, I am speaking for this part of N.R. and the church work here. I am going to buy next year (after I pay fantastic income tax to USA) valuable and small things I can bring and send back, for example a 12 piece set of highest grade sterling silver, etc.. Things that have constant value anywhere.

School marking board in Lusaka

In Lusaka, last week, I met many fascinating people. "What a marking board!" The only thing all 50-100 of us had in common was that we were marking Junior Secondary Leaving papers and we were teachers. (1) Both men and women who varied in age, from 18 to 70. (2) Every religion possible (Christian) including Salvation Army, Anglican priests, Catholic priests, nuns and laymen, Methodists, Baptists, etc., etc.. (3) Nationalities included Africans (N.R. and S.Af.), Welsh, Scot, English, Canadians, Americans, Germans, Australians, and French. (4) Tribes and languages of all N.R. and most of all South Africa, who had settled in N.R. (All among less than 100 people.)

I really enjoyed it and all were most interesting and had fantastic things to tell. Many (not 105 miles in the bush as I am) but 505 miles in Mongu (Barotseland). Also I met some interesting young Government workers at the rest hostel (usual government big rooms with dumpy furniture and horrible lights. At least the curtains covered almost all the window -- but, of course, not quite). In fact last night I went to the theatre with two young Africans to see "The Singer not the Song" -- a worthy production.

The marking wow! I never worked so long at such a tedious, mind demanding job. I felt for awhile I would be carried away by men with white coats by Friday or Saturday. I graded 3,000 to 4,000 short essays on the three topics: (1) wheat farming in Canada; (2) petrol production in U.S.A.; or (3) manufacturing in New England. They had to study North or South America this term in geography which pleased me and for which I was well qualified and their questions on North America were appointed to me and the American Catholic Sister from Livingstone to grade. What a job! I shall never forget those questions and answers if I am tortured by the old Spanish inquisition or brainwashed by the Communists. And the wrong answers, oh my! At least they gave spice to the job. Did you know that "manure is added to the soil by snow" (meant moisture) or that New England is the main manufacturing area of N.W. Africa? (This made Bob upset as he is from New England and considered this an insult!)

Heading towards S.Af. Anyway, Muke's home; the papers are graded; and I'm back in Salisbury. I will have company to Cape Town (until January 4) and someone to camp out with in South Africa. (Don't worry we'll stay in proper and safe camp spots until that date, after all.) One young chap at the conference is working his way around the world (from Australia) and had taught in a mission school in Barotseland and has now finished. And he was going to hitchhike. He decided to share petrol ("gas" as we say) south. And most important, he will give me company for the journey down I think. I will fly from Cape Town to Windhoek (S.W. Africa). And, I would be crazy by myself as everyone tells me to take off in my shoddy Mini across the deserts for 1000 miles (although everyone says the road between Cape Town and Windhoek is good). He will meet me at the Jameson (where I am now again). On Christmas night we will leave, December 26th at 6:00 AM(?) towards Bulawayo and Beit Bridge (South African border). We hope to make to Johannesburg in 2 days plus possibly Cape Town in four which will be first driving. . . .

Fortunately, today I picked up a young European South Rhodesian south of Lusaka 30 miles and he rode all day with me to Salisbury. He was going 120 miles further to get home for Christmas.

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What a lucky chap! He got a ride from me shortly after he left the first ride. And when we entered Salisbury, he met neighbours at a traffic light who took him on home. (What a coincidence!) He was most interesting and a real relief to have as it was much safer crossing the Zambezi escarpment with someone, as it is 70 miles of nothing except a service station at the N.R. and S.R. border. Fortunately, the roads are marvelous like ours in the States. Although we never told our names, we became old friends and I learned all about his interesting life as an assistant manager of a large NR farm and he about mine as a teacher. . . .

Early Christmas in Salisbury after leaving Lusaka and finishing marking papers. Thanks to wonderful hospitality of **Dr. and Mrs. Brown**, in Salisbury, I had a scrumptious American Christmas dinner. The food was heavenly. This gave me a chance to meet several fascinating and dedicated American Government workers in Africa. I was really proud to meet them. If all American Government workers around the world are of this quality, we Americans can be duly pleased with our foreign representatives.

. . . . Jim (the Australian) and I left Salisbury at 6:00 AM, 25th December. We arrived that night in Messina South Africa, where we slept in our sleeping bags under the stars. On the way south, we stopped at the Zimbabwe ruins near Fort Victoria -- most mysterious. The ruins seem small when you first drive in but their size is deceptive until you go through them. Built on top of a high hill, temples, etc., yet did not use any mortar between the large rocks and still the walls or these ancient buildings remain.

On 25 December we arrived in **Johannesburg**, a large Cleveland-sized, American city, complete with skyscrapers and traffic snarls. Here is where my Australian friend proved to be quite a help. (Most of the time he was a horrible back-seat driver.) He knew of a non-denominational church camp 16 miles from the city **Roodeport**. Here we met an American minister and his family. This particular group was trying very hard to maintain a non-denominational and non-racial camp. However, Government was politely crushing it in assorted ways. For example, they now refuse Africans passes to come. (All people must carry these passes, especially non-whites or suffer heavy jail sentences.) Anyway, here we had a chance to attend an interracial social gathering. (The government is now trying to make even interracial social gatherings of any kind illegal.) Also, we had the rare opportunity and chance to meet a missionary in the Paris Mission who administers to 10,000 Basuto and Lozi miners in the numerous gold mines dotted on the land around Johannesburg. He took us through the mine compounds of the African mine workers and we attended the church service for them. Although we could not understand a word, the Lord richly blessed my heart to worship and be privileged to take communion with them.

While in Johannesburg, we visited the colourful and well performed mine dances. Each Sunday various tribes in the mines compete in all the regalia and finery of the old reserves. I don't think there could be any finer in the world, real talent that many of the non-Africans pass off as nothing.

Johannesburg varies, as any other city would, from the extremely wealthy to the extremely poor people. In general I would say the Europeans in Johannesburg and all [over] South Africa has as high or higher standard of living than even Americans. On the other hand, the African who is hindered by law from getting skilled jobs, is almost without exception the poorest. I readily agree with the South African argument that the African there is better off economically than in most other African nations; but, the catch is that this extremely beautiful and wealthy nation can easily have enough money if all are allowed to do their best to make everyone wealthy. Many other African nations lack any real source of wealth. I think they could support a much larger population and rival the big nations of the world. They have most minerals necessary for making

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a great industrial nation. Thus, in proportion to the wealth of the land, the African is worse off than elsewhere in Africa.

Leaving Johannesburg on 29 December [1963], we arrived late at night in the diamond centre of the world -- **Kimberley**. We almost had to sleep on the street, as Jim thought there was a youth hostel and I thought there was a Y.M.C.A. It turned out there was neither! Fortunately a hotel had a room left and the day, rather night, was saved. The next day we saw the big hole which has a mile circumference and which is thousands of feet deep. It sits right in the centre of the town. Other towns may have a beautiful courthouse or skyscrapers; but Kimberly has its hole! Kimberly sits on the edge of the desert and looks like a picture of one of our American wild west towns. All you need to complete the picture are cowboys riding down the street.

Crossing the scrub and sagebrush edge of the desert, we headed toward Cape Town and picnicked at stops along the road. Ever try to picnic with a 30 or 40 mile, hot, desert, wind? Try it! It's fun, rather different. You hold the cup tightly in one hand and the plate in the other to keep them from bidding you goodbye and then eat! It's a real trick. . . . Anyway, at Prince Albert, we headed across the mountains which run parallel to the Indian Ocean, from Cape Town northwards. At this point we left the scrub. We took a dirt road across the high pass just before the dark on 30 December. Really a thrilling and beautiful ride with the afternoon sun setting. In the mountains and in the Karoo, south of Kimberly are the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen. We slept under the stars for a second time at **Oudtshoorn**. This lovely resort centre lies in a high, dry mountain valley. The mountains give it water for irrigation. I understand this dry climate and the good soil is perfect for raising ostriches. Off to the biggest farm I trotted. And a most interesting place I must add. Ever ride an ostrich? Of course, I have. Most of you have. [joke] A common everyday occurrence in the U.S.A. and Britain. One thing for sure. It's not like picking up a baby chicken when you sit on one -- if you can picture me on one. **It is like sitting on a horse with feathers.**

While in this valley I visited the **Congo Caves** which South Africans think are the greatest in the world. While they are nice, our Luray or even Ohio Caverns are much nicer. So you didn't miss much. However, I soon learned to say that there were better in the world was a mortal insult! In general, white South Africans are so touchy or touchier about their country, either beauty or political, than the Americans are about the beauty of America or the African nationalists are about the politics in Rhodesia. **Most white South Africans operate on a giant inferiority complex and feel that the whole world misunderstands them and their "unique problems."**

Passing on, we hit the Indian Ocean at **Mussel Bay**. For the first time in my life, I saw the Indian Ocean. Edging towards Cape Town on New Year's Eve, we hit the little town of **Genadendal**, 80 miles outside the Cape Town. The town is at the edge of a coastal belt. The mountains rise straight up behind it to form a backdrop for this old mission centre. (It was the first permanent mission to the non-whites in Africa, south of the Sahara.) The town is all coloured and the old mission church of the Moravians rises above everything. I couldn't pass up the chance to spend New Year's Eve there and left my journey to Cape Town for the next day. The Moravian Youth had met for the summer vacation camp and put on a program that lasted until 11:00 PM. Then we went to church while the New Year came in. The church was conducted in Afrikaans, but certainly one felt right at home. The mountain had been on fire for days as this is the dry season. The next day, after we had had a hard out-of-season rain storm that stopped the fire, a young man whose acquaintance I had made said that whenever the fire occurs, the people pray for rain and are never let down. Truly I had found a stop where I met sincere Christians with great faith and hope, and love.

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Culturally and racially the Cape Coloureds in South Africa are identical to Negro in America. When I arrived in Cape Town, on New Year's Day, the "Coon" festival of the coloureds was in full swing. The holiday lasts a full week and is cheerful and colourful. Yet, interestingly, these minstrel shows that highlight this cheerful season would be most insulting in the way they are put on to the American Negro [and most Americans].

I spent my time in Cape Town at the YMCA and made Cape Town my centre point and rest haven from the trip's fast pace. One day I swam in the COLD Atlantic Ocean with its current from Antarctica. Yet, the beach was idyllic. Then, the next day I swam in the warm current of the Indian Ocean. But, here the air was quite cool. Except for general sightseeing such as the old fort, the other interesting thing that I did was to go to Cape Point. I went to the top of the high rock that separates the Atlantic and Indian oceans. It was quite inspiring to feel that I was actually looking at the spot many consider to be the confluence of these two mighty oceans. One thing that gives this area and Cape Town a beauty all its own is **Table Mountain**. This flat mountain overshadows the area and is a most lovely sight when the clouds that hang over the mountain creep down the sides into the city at night.

Namibia (then South West Africa): Windhoek and the dry desert coast of Swakopmund and Walvis Bay. I made it my goal to get to Windhoek, the capital of South West Africa [S.W.A.] to see personally what I had studied about at Western Reserve University last year. Finding no one to go along, I felt that the journey (2,200 miles return) would be a little too strenuous by myself. Thus, I splurged and made my fifth and sixth journeys by air in less than a year.

It wasn't long until I was sorry of my decision! I made my first mistake of eating a luscious breakfast in Cape Town. The flight during the mid-day was unpleasant as we hit many air pockets over the southern deserts of S.W. Africa before hitting the cooler highlands of Windhoek. I was the sickest that I have ever been in Africa.

Windhoek is a modern city of 30,000 to 40,000 people in which the European, as elsewhere in South Africa controls the wealth. Some of the most colourful costumes I have ever seen are worn by the African **Herero women** there. They consist of full hoop skirts that are made with five to fifteen colours. The idea is derived from missionaries 150 years ago.

After seeing Windhoek from end to end and visiting the government archives, which contain material from the German regime, I looked for a way to the coast. I wanted to cross the desert and see the town of Walvis Bay and Swakopmund. I ended up taking a night train across the Namib Desert. The car rental would have been fantastic[ally expensive] and would not have been too wise for a single person.

Sleeping on the train, I arrived and rested in **Swakopmund**. This is an exciting little German town sandwiched between the desert and sea. My goal was to find a way along the desert coast 80 miles [north] to **Cape Cross**. It is open only ten days a year to visitors. Fortunately, the day that I arrived was one of the 10. I was just about ready to walk if I did not get a car. Finally, I found a grizzled, old "desert rat" an ex-Katangese fighter, who took groups out to the Cape. What a sight! The beauty of the desert, especially where it meets the sea, is indescribable. Cape Cross is the only seal rookery accessible by land in Africa. It is also very historical, as it is the first spot in Africa, south of the Sahara that Europeans set foot on -- the Portuguese in 1482. We picnicked there and returned to the little resort city of Swakopmund and Walvis Bay, which I next visited, where the air is moist most of the time and dampens you completely. But it adds no permanent moisture and thus a permanent desert is the result.

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While Swakopmund is a charming resort city for S.W.A., **Walvis Bay** is the fishing centre and port. While both are about the same size, only 35 miles apart, and are on the edge of the desert, they are certainly different! Walvis Bay smells from 5 miles out! As it never rains, there is nothing to cleanse the area. In the morning I walked the town over from the port on the west to the desert on the east, and from the desert on the north to the desert on the south. In the afternoon I read until the daily train left. Crossing the desert by night again, I arrived in Windhoek just in time to get the plane back to Cape Town.

I completed my plane flight [back] to Cape Town. Another pleasant trip after a ghastly trip up from Cape Town to Windhoek over desert (hot) with wind pockets. I think the flight to Cape Town was more pleasant over the desert as it was earlier the morning before the desert became so hot.

Back to Zambia via the Garden Route, mosquitoes in Port Elizabeth and then straight north back to Solwezi.

Back to Cape Town and points north to Zambia. After I arrived back in Cape Town, I had one persistent goal, Solwezi, that overshadowed everything else. This was 3,000 miles away. And now I was travelling entirely by myself. For the first night, I went back to the charming little town of **Genadendal** with its mountain background, where I spent the weekend. I got there just in time to sit in on the evening Bible study. The topic was Matthew 5: 23--24. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave thy gift before the altar and go thy way! First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

Their problem needing solution, they felt, was how could they as Christians could not hate, but find ways to work with fellow "Christians" (Europeans) who had ought against them solely because of race. I never got so much new inspiration out of two passages in one evening as I did during this discussion. On the following day we worked on the new road into a mountain valley for their new youth camp. In the afternoon we hiked through the beautiful rugged that I keep mentioning. It was a real struggle to leave this place. I have never had as enjoyable three days in Africa as I did at the camp. May the Lord's blessings rest upon such wonderful people.

Garden Route and back to Jo'burg. From Genadendal to Port Elizabeth is the beautiful "Garden Route" dearly beloved by South Africans. They feel it is the most beautiful road in the world. While I do not think it can compare with the beauty of our American Skyline Drive of Blue Ridge Parkway, I agree that it is lovely. Along the route, mountains lie along the north.

My mosquito story in Port Elizabeth

I thought I had picked a nice [hotel] and it was -- till the light went out! Then I heard noises nearby! (Not girls! HA I fooled you I bet.) But mosquitoes! I spent -- not joking either -- from 12:00 midnight to 3:00 AM killing them and my arms and neck are full of welts. This morning I told the manager it was not my policy to complain, but that was too much! (Most hostels /hotels/) with mosquitoes either have screens or netting above bed, not that high class dump. And he guessed what I was going to complain about and said others had noticed them. "What gall!"

The night after the mosquitoes, I stayed in **Umtata**, the capital of the African reserve area, the Transkei. From the Transkei I crossed a pontoon bridge into Durban and the colourful coast of Natal. The beaches are wonderful and warm, but beware! Sharks. Many towns have nets in the sea and at one of thee protected spots I spent a most enjoyable afternoon in waist-deep water feeling the waves roll over my head! **Durban** is a modern city, as are most cities in Central and

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Southern Africa, catering both to both business and to tourists. I stayed just long enough to swim and shop before heading north. Outside of Durban I picked up an [African] law student from Witwatersrand University in Jo'burg. He ended up showing me around Jo'burg. This visit around the city was both exciting and very enlightening on what the policies of a police state can do to the lives of many people. It is a most ironical fact the nation which calls itself the most anti-communist in the world is so much like the communist regimes. Imagine it would do to your initiative if you were hindered from getting any skill or knowing that as a professional you could make only 40% of the salary of your European neighbour. Freedom for many is only nominal. [We visited **Falling Leaves**, a shabeen in Soweto or Alexandria, I've forgotten which and did not record it.]

[From another letter, I noted] that I stayed at the YMCA in both **Durban** and **Johannesburg** and met many interesting people there. In fact the thing that made the trip so good was the unusual things that I did and the places that I went to. I was not the usual tourist in any sense of the word.] . . . Last Thursday I left Durban. On Friday I left Jo'burg, and on Saturday I really travelled and all by myself as I didn't pick up any hitchhiker. . . . On Saturday I travelled clear across S.R. and into N.R. to Lusaka -- 700 miles!! What a day! I just got the urge to keep going. In Chirundu (between S.R. and N.R.) I hit the edge of cement at the petrol station and ruined my tyre. And they had no spare so late at night. [Thus,] I had to cross 70 miles of some of the wildest country in N.R. with three smooth tyres and no spare. Also I thought my ignition system may have shorted out and I was afraid of fire. What an experience! Thank God I made it with no trouble.

Jo'burg, Lusaka and back to Solwezi. From my exciting episodes in Jo'burg both times, I moved quickly through the rest of South Africa. On 18 Jan. I left the South African border and before 10:00 PM that night I was Lusaka. I completely crossed Southern Rhodesia and part of Northern Rhodesia in one long day -- all by myself -- 700 miles. Tired? Yes! From here there is little to tell, except that I drove 200 miles with two smooth tires, no spare, and bad fears of a possible fire from a short in the ignition system. I'm getting daring in my old age! (ha) I paid a visit to **Jones Banda**, a friend at **Mindolo Ecumenical Centre** (Kitwe) who is considering sharing a proposed journey with me across Africa from East to West sometime before I leave Africa. . . .

I feared voters might be a little too enthusiastic during the last part of my trip, . . . (N.R. voted for its new leaders that will carry it through to full independence late this year.) [Thus,] I told [Jones] if anything happened before I get to Solwezi, to pass on the details of my trip. I was really worried at this point as I thought elections were on Tuesday and Wednesday, not on Monday and Tuesday. . . . But good fortune. I was afraid of roadblocks. But everything throughout the whole country went very smoothly. No violence and my fears were groundless.

23rd January 1964 – reflections and comments from these letters

I am now back in Solwezi I had a **trip that was indescribable in every way. Frankly, it was far better than the trip to Europe, as in Europe all I did was see the proper tourist attractions and do the usual things.** But not South Africa! If their horrible government knew what I did in many spots, I would never get back it. It is as wealthy as the USA, as beautiful almost, so very tragic. I did not write anything about the politics as I was afraid of the mail being opened. The country is definitely a police state. And the non-European doesn't have many liberties except economic ones of buying where he pleases. Very sad. Their country is as mixed racially as ours. Yet, they are trying to divide the country into four groups that are to remain apart in every way but buying in a few stores. Also they use two languages and everyone speaks

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both. (In S.W.A. they use three languages, most interesting, but ridiculous.) The Europeans control everything, then the mixed bloods (coloureds) come next -- most like our Negro in America. And then the Indians, and last the poor African who is in a majority, but has the least rights. Anyway, I'm glad to be back to N.R. although we just had elections and I fear that the European has voted himself out of the country if he rejected all the candidates the mild African leader put for them among the Europeans. I will not know for sure until later today the final results, but surely hope for the best.

When you talk about South Africa, you are talking about one of the richest, most beautiful and most tragic nations on earth. This is a sad example of where the most devout "Christians" are turning much of the nation into non-believers. Seldom can a conversation arise without getting into a discussion of the government race policy. The government is attempting to separating, completely, the society into four very arbitrary divisions: "Europeans", "Coloureds", "Indians" and "Africans". This is ridiculous when you look at the mixture of "blood" most people have.

Late in this letter of 23rd Jan. 1964 noted

Any rate I am back in Solwezi, HARD at work. We lost two masters (teachers) and the replacements aren't coming for quite some time! That means we have to teach their subjects also! Putting our forms into grades, here is what I am teaching. All the junior schools (two classes of grade 8 and two classes of grade 9) in religious knowledge. The two classes of grade 8 in mathematics! (14 periods! isn't that ridiculous. Danny's majoring in it and I didn't even have much in high school and here I am teaching it!) Then grades 10, 11 and 12 in geography, and grade 10 also in history. Anyone can't do his best with such a load, so I'll just the best I can and hope the new masters come sooner than they are expected. . . .

7th February 1964

Dear Grandmother [Wilkin], [NOTE: much of this letter omitted as it replicates my very long letter above.]

All is well in Solwezi. Trust you are in good health. Our summer is at its height and the corn on the cob is just about over. Seems unusual to have it now. It was a most wonderful feeling to arrive back in Solwezi and find 75 pieces of mail awaiting for me from friends all over the Rhodesias, England and America. You can't appreciate how much this means to feel you are not forgotten, unless you are one who has suddenly moved away from all your old friends. However, all the kindness has created a problem. Most of you who wrote asked for details of my trip through South Africa. I had the choice of writing each of you a page of my notorious scrawl to say the trip was wonderful, or to write all of you one detailed letter and mimeograph it as I have done.

This trip was incomparable to any I have ever made before. During my European trip last summer, I saw the usual tourist attractions -- Eiffel Tower, St. Paul's, Venice, etc.. This time, however, I did things that were unique and exciting and even illegal! (Don't be shocked! What is illegal in South Africa is most amazing. For example, an African and a European sitting down on a park bench together.)