The Donas Remember

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Contents

Sincere thanks to the donas who have contributed to this book:

Annette Barr, Edna Belson, Patricia Bracey, Margaret Buckton, Lilian Coates, Maureen Crowther, Evelyn Ellis, Thea Fleming, Margaret Geddes, Susan Hugh-Jones, June Mace, Sheila Parrish, Daphne Sutherland, Sheila Tobin and Norleen Whitehouse.

Also to Ron Williamson for the restoration of the photographs and Vic Schofield for his infinite patience and support.

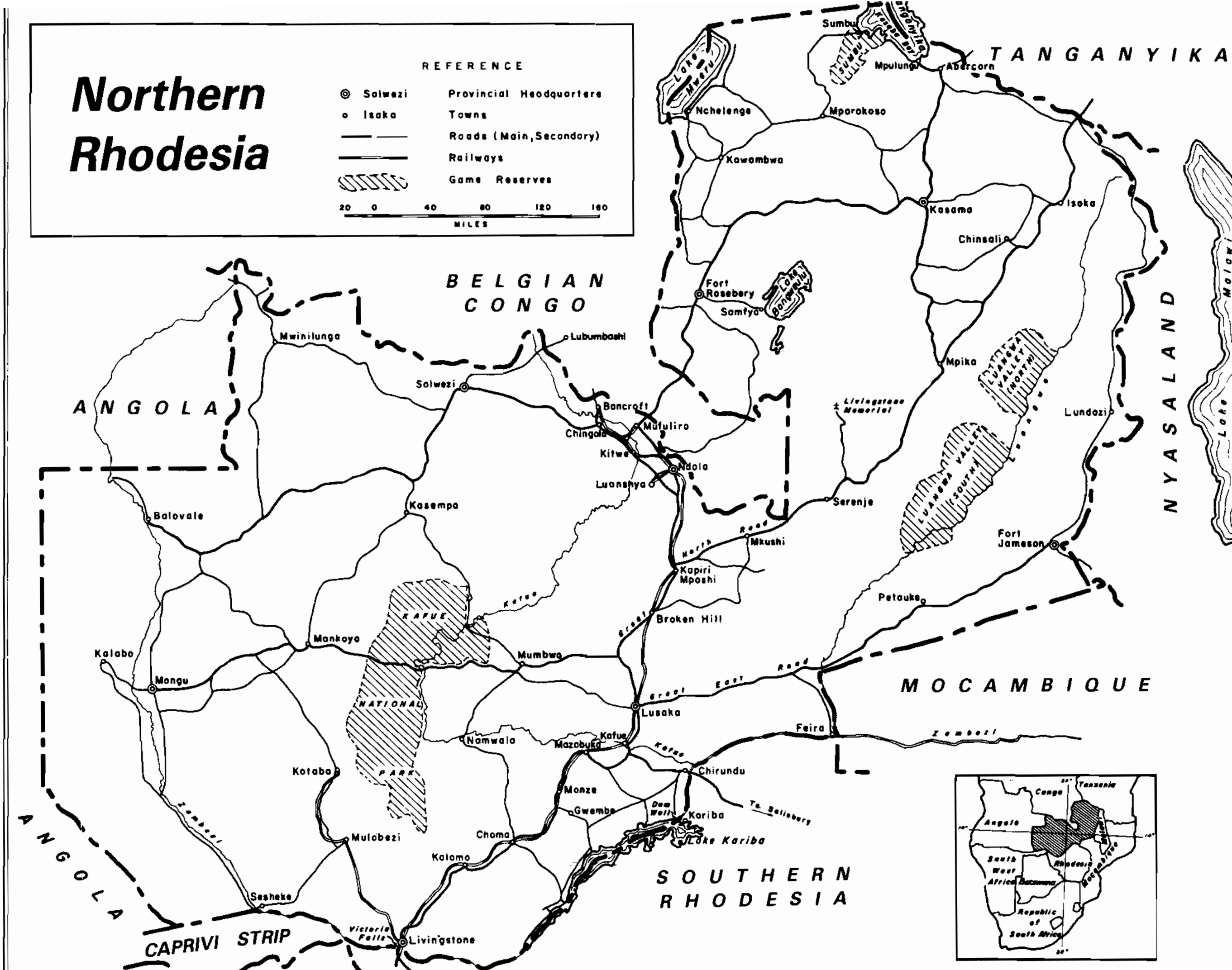
Introduction

In 1911 Barotseland-North Western Rhodesia and North Eastern Rhodesia became one territory called Northern Rhodesia. The Northern Rhodesia Police was formed a year later from the North Eastern Constabulary and the Barotse Native Police. Its members continued to serve the Crown until October 1964 when Independence was granted and the country was renamed Zambia.

Initially the officers were white expatriates recruited mainly from the United Kingdom and other British Colonial police forces.

But what of their wives? Little, if anything, has been written about them, their lives in Northern Rhodesia, their careers and opinions. This book is a collection of reminiscences from some of them who lived there during the 1950's and 1960's.

The book is dedicated to the grandchildren of the policemen (the bwanas) and their wives (the donas) in the hope that it will help them to understand their grandparents a little better.



Northern Rhodesia
REFERENCE
Solwezi Provincial Headquarters
Isaka Towns
Roads (Main, Secondary)
Railways
Game Reserves
20 0 40 80 120 160
MILES
TANGANYIKA
BELGIAN CONGO
ANGOLA
NYASALAND
MOCAMBIQUE
SOUTHERN RHODESIA
CAPRIVI STRIP
Lake Mweru
Lake Bangweulu
Lake Kariba
Sumbu
Sumbu
Mpulungu
Abercorn
Nchelenge
Mporokoso
Kawambwa
Kasama
Isoka
Chinsali
Fort Rosebery
Samfya
Mpika
Lubumbashi
Mwinilunga
Solwezi
Bancroft
Mufulira
Chingola
Kitwe
Ndola
Luanshya
Livingstone Memorial
Serenje
Mkushi
Kapiri Mposhi
Lundazi
Fort Jameson
Petauke
Balovale
Kasempa
Broken Hill
Mankoya
Mumbwa
Kalabo
Mongu
Lusaka
Feira
Namwala
Kafue
Mazabuka
Chirundu
Kotaba
Monze
Gwembe
Kariba
Dam Wall
Mulobezi
Choma
Kalomo
Sesheke
Victoria Falls
Livingstone
KAFUE NATIONAL PARK
LUANGWA VALLEY (NORTH)
LUANGWA VALLEY (SOUTH)
Great North Road
Great East Road
To Salisbury
Zambezi
Kafue
Malawi
Lake
Congo
Tanzania
Angola
South West Africa
Rhodesia
Botswana
Mocambique
Republic of South Africa

The single girl in Colonial Africa

☐ It was a chance encounter with a former Northern Rhodesia Police Bandmaster at a party in Wellington, New Zealand, that first set me on the trail to Central Africa. I had travelled a lot, having exchanged my gymslip for a WAAF uniform during the war and served with the Royal Air Force in the U.K., Far East, Western Europe and the Middle East. The party in Wellington was for those of us who were leaving after a two year tour with the Royal New Zealand Air Force and I was debating whether to go to Canada or Australia when George Jackson advised me that I could easily get a job in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia.

My knowledge of the area was limited to say the least but time and again during my subsequent holiday in the U.K. his words kept coming back to me and a few months later I agreed to accept, at very short notice, a job in the Nyasaland Protectorate. Zomba would be a step nearer to Lusaka! I marvel now at just how short the notice was and how much I achieved in a single day in London, starting with my arrival off the Irish boat train and going to Millbank to sign my agreement and collect my pay and travel documents.

There was no time to study the contract document which was stowed away to be read at leisure six months later in darkest Africa, but over lunch with some friends I did glance at the list of necessities I was to take, accompanied by what seemed the enormous sum of £80 outfit allowance. I knew that I would be accommodated in the Government Hostel in the first instance so decided to ignore the china, linen, bedding and household items. As for mosquito boots — would I really need them? I decided it was probably just another outdated vagary of the U.K. Government departments as I well remembered the hilarity caused in India when we were sent out there equipped with Dr. Livingstone type topees!

The list was also packed away — I would get my own 'Colonial outfit' and with the help of a friendly taxi driver, spent hours driving around the shops, buying evening skirts,

blouses, cocktail outfits and cotton dresses — the latter then a rare find during November in London.

A friend came to the Grosvenor Hotel and helped me to pack two large suitcases and the next day I set off from Heathrow (a much quieter and smaller version of the present set-up) on the Argonaut — a wonderful leisurely way to travel compared with our present flights. After stops at Rome, Cairo, Khartoum and Entebbe we arrived at Dar es Salaam some twenty seven hours later and were soon whisked off to a party by several Nyasaland Government officers homeward bound on long leave.

The thick November fog in London and the heavy head cold I had been suffering from were now distant memories. The following day, accompanied by two fellow travellers (all recruits for the Nyasaland Government), I completed the last lap of the journey to Blantyre, in a Viking aircraft. Here we were met by three separate staff cars with uniformed drivers and flags flying, each carrying an 'escorting officer' from our separate departments (Attorney Generals, Police and in my case, the Secretariat) and driven in style to Ryalls Hotel for a ceremonial afternoon tea before making the journey up the narrow tarmac strip road to Zomba.

It was dark by the time I was shown to my quarters at the Government Hostel and one look at the uncurtained windows and bare bed reminded me of the importance of the 'necessities list.' However, I was not dismayed as Kalidas Hari, the Indian shopkeeper, soon completed my order for curtains, bedspread and cushions and bedding and china was bought at the local 'Mandala' (African Lakes Corporation) and Limbe Trading shops. No doubt I could have bought the goods more cheaply in London but I thoroughly enjoyed wearing my finery to all parties that followed at the Gymkhana Club, Government House and the rest.

My arrival was duly reported in the Personal column of the newspaper and an invitation arrived for me to have drinks at Government House to meet H.E. and his lady.

I started work at the Secretariat and later moved to Public Works where I was secretary to the Director. I also attended meetings of the Legislative Council as a reporter. My salary of around £45 per month with £12 deducted for food and rent, sounds very meagre today but

I seemed to manage well enough and many of the girls bought little cars on hire purchase. We each employed a 'personal' boy to do our laundry and chores and once settled we could apply for a house. For some time I shared one with the Governor's Secretary. It was a semi-detached bungalow in a large garden with one bedroom in the house and one in a separate brick building outside and we shared the dining room, lounge and bathroom. We employed no less than five servants. There was 'Cookie' who was the bossman and ruled us all, going to market every morning with his basket. Jackie was the kitchen boy who was always blamed for the shortage of bacon at breakfast time. Jackie had a tendency to 'borrow' his wages for months in advance and was wont to spend 17/6d out of his last pound on a smart trilby hat with a feather! Then there was Martin, the garden boy who only appeared, sweeping furiously on the verandah, on POSHO and pay days. We eventually discovered that he worked for several households and arranged his pay days accordingly. As well we had our two 'personal' houseboys.

We took it in turn to order the meals and supervise each month and on my first 'tour of duty' I insisted on inspecting the kitchen despite warnings to the contrary. It was a small thatched rondavel some distance away from the house and one glance inside its dark, smoky, smelly interior was quite enough — that was my first and last inspection. Despite this 'Cookie' still produced some excellent meals. Water was laid on at the house and we seemed to have no difficulty in getting fresh food but it was a different set-up on some bush stations I often stayed at. There, one seemed to live on mountains of tinned food and rice. Fresh meat could be bought from time to time — 'on the hoof' and had to be slaughtered by the purchaser. Chicken was always popular and was even served for breakfast at one rest house I stayed at. At Njakwa the water was carried up each day from the river by a team of girls, heated and poured into the bathtub in its dark brown muddy state, so it's doubtful if we were ever much cleaner after our ablutions.

I was fortunate to have an early introduction to members of the tea and tobacco planting community so was able to escape the constant round and petty gossip at 'the club.' I had friends at Fort Johnstone and the Shire River which was then the haunt of crocodile hunters

and the resorts of Palm Beach and Monkey Bay could be reached easily at weekends. I travelled all over the country and have such happy memories of it all . . . Mlanje Mountain, Nkata Bay, the beauty of the Vipya and the Nyika Plateau with the antelope and zebra. I loved the lake and once spent ten days travelling around it on the steamer 'Illala.' I had another never to be forgotten holiday when I replied to an advertisement for a 'Travelling Companion' and found myself making a three thousand mile round trip of Nyasaland and the Rhodesias with a Nursing Sister in her little Morris Minor — no mean feat in those days of corrugated dirt roads, remote rest houses and the perils of going through Mozambique. It was then that I got my first glimpse of Lusaka and the Ridgeway Hotel and went on to Livingstone, the Falls and the Wankie Game Reserve. I can still see the look on the face of the receptionist at the Cecil Hotel in Bulawayo when Gwen and I walked in covered in dust and grime!

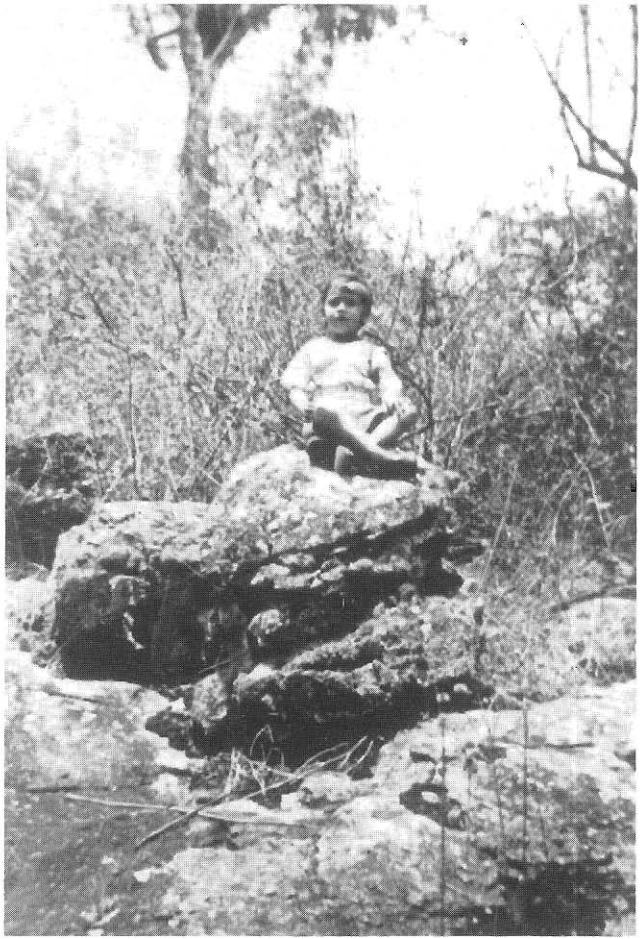
Much of the 'old colonial backwater' atmosphere was going from Nyasaland with the onset of Federation and I felt I had had enough of the government service there at the end of my contract although I toyed with the idea of returning there to the private sector. In the event I went back to England for long leave and as was usual in those days (1950's) jobs tended to find those qualified and adventurous enough to take things in their stride, so with no great effort on my part I found myself in Canada, first with the Royal Canadian Air Force and then the Ministry of Air Defence.

I had a secure pensionable job and a comfortable apartment in Montreal and those places I thought about long ago — Yellowknife, White Horse and Goose Bay — could still be visited on holiday. My friends advised me to settle there but the onset of another Canadian winter plus the offer of a cheap passage on a small cargo ship tempted me to move once more and less than two years after I had watched Table Mountain disappear into the mist, I was back in Africa and on the train to Ndola as a 'returning resident' to the Federation.

Within a few weeks I returned to Government service. I found the pay better than Nyasaland and there was a good social life. I even went back into uniform once a week as a Woman Assistant Inspector in the Police Reserve and I enjoyed my very busy job at the Magistrates Court. I left there to get married but Northern

Rhodesia was to be my home for some years to come and when my daughter was still quite young I was appointed to the post of Judge's Confidential Secretary at the High Court.

After many thousand miles of travelling by land, sea and air around four continents and some eight years after the Bandmaster mentioned it, I had, at last, got a job in Lusaka!



An African childhood — Sheila Parrish as a girl on their farm near Mokambo

Donas in the making

☐ I was born in Ndola but as a little girl we lived for a while in Durban. I started school there and when we returned to N.R. I completed my education at Mufulira. My father was the manager of the slimes dam, five miles from the border post at Mokambo in the Belgian Congo and my mother was the local midwife. When I was seven years old I fell in the slimes dam and my brother saved my life by getting me out. Had he not pulled me out I wouldn't be here today!

I had to walk three miles to the next farm to get a lift into school and back each day. There was only one path and if you met an African coming towards you on the path you would both step aside, bend a knee and say 'mutendi' in greeting. I was never afraid; child molesting was unheard of and children were such precious commodities, so many of them died very young.

Because there were few girls and many boys, most of the girls got married very early at about sixteen years of age. I was determined I wouldn't and would go to university. My father died and so this was impossible and I decided to train as a nurse. My mother pointed out that I was far too squeamish to be a nurse so I applied for jobs in Barclay's and the Standard Banks. I was offered jobs at both and went to Barclay's. This meant living in Mufulira with my sister, rather than out at the farm.

I cycled everywhere and one evening I was stopped by two policemen in the police Landrover because I didn't have a reflector on my bike. I was made to walk home, pushing the bike with the Landrover following me! This was my introduction to my husband, Dave. I met him several times when I went to claim my bicycle from the police lost property. It was such an old thing, the constables who saw it outside the bank thought it had been stolen and used to take it to the police station.

We got married in Mufulira and went on long leave to England for our honeymoon.

☐ In August 1958 I completed my probationary year as a teacher of Physical Education at a

secondary school near Leeds. I was introduced to Vic by a mutual friend and couldn't believe that we had never met before. We had several friends in common, were born in adjacent villages and had attended rival schools. Vic had completed his first tour in Northern Rhodesia and was enjoying the first week of his long leave in the U.K. He planned to join the Hong Kong Police but as we started going out together on the 16th August and became engaged on the 30th, he decided to return to Northern Rhodesia rather than stay single for another tour, as he would have had to do in Hong Kong. We married in the December and sailed for Capetown in January.

☐ I was born in Macequece, Portuguese East Africa and trained as a nurse at Groote Schurr Hospital, South Africa before going to train as a midwife at Guy's Hospital, London.

Before going to work in Northern Rhodesia I worked for the World Health Organisation in their specialised kwashiorkor unit at Kampala. This unit was a self-contained hospital and I trust that the work we did there had a profound effect on the treatment and prevention of kwashiorkor.

After returning to Rhodesia I worked for Rhodesia Railways as their 'Travelling clinic sister.' It was an interesting job, running clinics in many remote areas. I think my greatest fear, when I was working at Wankie, was coming face to face with elephants on the rural roads. The first sight of 'steaming elephant dung' meant a heavy foot on the accelerator!

I was sent to Monze to run the clinic when Dr. Paulsen went on leave for two months. It was a very busy clinic; I saw an average of fifty patients a day. The nearest hospitals were at Choma and Mazabuka.

The receptionist at the clinic told me on my arrival that I simply had to meet Jack Fleming. That was enough for me not to want to meet him but fate stepped in and one day I was forced to go to the Monze Club to get directions. The N.R. Police team were playing cricket against Mazabuka, Jack gave me the directions I needed and then had the cheek to invite himself to dinner! The dinner was a total disaster: I had 'flu' and so left the cooking to the gardener. He cooked the dogs meat by mistake and served it with pumpkin floating in a bowl of water. Jack was at the Monze Hotel by nine o' clock, having dinner, so that tells all.

Our engagement was a public police affair: Jack and five of his colleagues arranged for a selection of engagement rings to be shown to me after shop hours and they all helped me to choose the ring and cheered when Jack put it on my finger. Six months later we were married in Bulawayo on 13th August 1960. Unfortunately all police leave was cancelled and so none of Jack's colleagues were able to attend.

☐ I met Russ in December 1960 when he was home on leave after one tour in N.R. I was working at Lewis's, Leeds as the Secretary to the General Manager. We had a lightning courtship, got married in April 1961 and sailed off to N.R. in May. Really, I suppose before I knew what was happening I woke up one day and found myself living in Mufulira Mine camp. Looking back makes me wonder how I could think of doing such a thing and it must have given my family quite a surprise when I did this.

Mufulira Mine camp consisted of only four European houses and we lived there for two and a half years, Russ eventually becoming the officer in charge.

☐ In 1956 I was a night sister at the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. In those days there were no married women nursing at the Royal Infirmary and I looked at my colleagues, all old maids and thought this could be me for the rest of my life! We had a very restricted life and I suppose I wanted to do my own thing.

My friend, Christeen, had a brother in Australia and she wanted to go to see him before marrying her fiance who was in the N.R.P. So, we both applied to go to Australia on the £10 assisted passages scheme. However, there was a two year waiting list, so we decided to apply to the Federal Government Nursing Service, to work in Northern Rhodesia.

We had our interviews, medicals and chest x-rays at a Harley Street clinic and went home to await the results. We were both accepted.

We sailed from Southampton in the Winchester Castle to Capetown and then had three days on the train to Lusaka where we were to start work on twice our U.K. salaries.

I met my husband on a blind date in June 1956 and we had an on-off relationship until we married at the Methodist Church in Lusaka in April 1958. We decided to get married so that I could accompany him on his first long leave to the U.K. and the government would pay my

passage. The sisters at the hospital gave us a reception and we spent the first night of our honeymoon at the Ridgeway Hotel in Lusaka.

☐ I met Derek when I lost my bike. I went to report it lost at Leamington Spa Police Station. I explained to the Duty Sergeant that I thought someone had taken mine instead of theirs. Anyway, he sent me upstairs to report it to C.I.D. I explained to Derek and he took me downstairs to find a bike. It wasn't mine but he gave it to me as I needed a bike to get to work. Later I saw the person with my bike and did a swap, getting my own bike back.

We couldn't afford to get married, so Derek went out to N.R. and we got married when he came on leave at the end of his first tour.

☐ I was brought up in Ireland, trained as a nurse at Ramsgate and Bromley before working for six months at Chelsea Hospital. One of my friends said "Let's go to work somewhere interesting like Northern Rhodesia." I didn't even know where it was but we both applied to the Colonial Nursing Service and were accepted.

During my first week at Ndola hospital I noticed that there was an invitation on the notice board, inviting the sisters to a bonfire night party at the Mobile Unit Mess and I questioned where it was and all about it. One of the nursing staff came up to me and said "Whatever you do, don't have anything to do with the Northern Rhodesia Police, they're a bunch of no-goods." So I was warned.

Before the week was out John Coates arrived at the mess to meet the two new sisters, Adrienne Clark and I and he invited us to a party at the Mobile Unit

John Coates arranged for Norman Geddes and Peter Brooks to collect us for the bonfire night party at the Mobile Unit. I eventually married Norman and Adrienne married Peter! When we got to Bwana Mkubwa it was a real eye opener, to see how they had arranged the bar, the lights and the fire. It was just great. Norman gave me a gin and orange and that was the start of our courting days which lasted for two years, on and off, but eventually we married in 1958.

The wedding reception was held at Bwana Mkubwa. We had a honeymoon in Nyasaland and then we were posted to Luanshya.

☐ I trained as a hairdresser in London and worked at Francis of Hanover Square, a court hairdresser. My father owned a pub and Mike used to come into the pub after church. He decided to join the N.R.P. and during his first long leave he looked me up and we were married within three months. He flew back to N.R. and I followed him three weeks later.

☐ Although I was born in England, I went to school in Kenya and Uganda. In 1952, on the way back to Uganda from England after my father's leave I met Gill on board the ship. He was on his way to join the N.R.P. and of course everyone said it was only a shipboard romance but it did work. We've been married for forty years! The wedding was in Uganda and we were posted to Choma. No sooner had we arrived when Gill was sent down the valley for three weeks, leaving me stranded, not knowing anyone. Everyone around came to see me and made me most welcome, so that by the time my husband got back, I knew everyone and he didn't know anyone.

☐ I trained at Manchester Royal, St. Thomas and Woking hospitals before I went out to Southern Rhodesia in 1954.

I met my husband at a Mobile Unit party at Bwana Mkubwa. My escort was wearing a woolly hat as he and five others I discovered later, had had their heads shaved by my future husband. In the car on the way there I was told that the party was 'Evening Dress.' When we arrived we saw everyone dressed in various forms of pyjamas and nightdresses! I was introduced to Fred who told my escort to go away as he was going to marry me! He took a curtain ring from the rail and gave it to me. He was a confirmed batchelor and never mentioned this again until two weeks before I was due to come to England on long leave he asked me what I would like for Christmas. I said a brooch; he offered a ring, an engagement ring! He gave me a blank cheque to go and buy a ring, then told me to wear it on a chain around my neck, and not to tell anyone because it would cost him a fortune in beer in the mess if everyone found out that he was engaged!

So, I went on my long leave, engaged and returned five months later to work at Livingstone where we were married, in July 1958. We drove down to Southern Rhodesia for our honeymoon, on the strip roads, both of us rather drunk. We arrived at the hotel at Wankie

very late, couldn't find the main entrance and so went in through the kitchens before finding our room. The following morning tea was brought to our room and then we realised that there was no water in the hotel. All we had was the remains from the tea tray to brush our teeth and get washed.

☐ I was born and brought up in Durban, South Africa. I had a friend in the N.R. Police who organised a job for me as a court reporter in Lusaka in the new High Court of Northern Rhodesia. I travelled up by train from Durban — quite an experience in itself. Life in Lusaka was great fun for a single girl!

One day a young policeman was assigned to court orderly duties and spent his time winking at me during the court proceeding.

After that one thing led to another — he was very persistent and we married in Lusaka with our reception at Highlands House which had been my Lusaka home up to then. Home after that was on a bush station in the Eastern Province: twenty four whites in the middle of nowhere — quite a shock to the system of a city girl but an incredible experience all the same.

☐ I arrived on the Copperbelt in November 1954, after a five day journey by train from Capetown, to take up a post as a nurse in Mufulira Mine Hospital. The Mine Gazette apparently announced the imminent arrival of new nurses so they were immediately inundated with invitations from males who wished to show them around. I had left an English Hospital Nurses' Home whose rules were very strict in a country where females outnumbered males and was now in a place where females were in short supply. We were very much sought-after by miners, policemen, geologist and others of varying occupations!

John Coates, my future husband came to the African Hospital one night to bring in a dead body to the mortuary and Dora Tebbut, who had recently nursed him, invited him to coffee. We found ourselves at the same parties and our friendship developed. He was soon transferred to Bwana Mukubwa which involved a lot of travelling in order to meet. Eventually we resumed our friendship and married in Mufulira. The reception went off with a swing at the Buffalo's Hall and John and I travelled to a hotel in Ndola for the night prior to flying to England on leave.

☐ I lived in a little village in Derbyshire until I was twelve years old when we moved to Cheshire. After an uneventful school life, I decided, at the last moment to try nursing as a life-style that in those days was considered as much a vocation as a job.

I trained at the Royal Infirmary in Derby, in part to get away from home and in part to be near my grandparents of whom I was very fond. So began years of hell, exhaustion, fear and interest; blistered feet, sore back and frozen! We had to sluice out the dirty linen at the end of each day in a room reached by an open balcony and only allowed to wear a short sleeved cotton dress and of course apron and cap. I survived!

My mother lived just long enough to see me qualify and so I returned to look after my father. He soon encouraged me to do my Maternity course (reverting to students pay) at Blackpool and Manchester. After the course I was horrified that I might be considered competent so rushed to do a theatre course at Hammersmith Hospital. London was an amazing place with so much to offer. I was always tired from burning the candle at both ends.

My father had gone to Singapore and I was going to join him there but he died three weeks before I was due to sail. I felt devastated then — no home, no parents but luckily both a brother and sister in London, so I lived with them. By then I was very keen to travel somewhere and finally decided to join another sister in Africa. She lived in Ndola and showed me around the Copperbelt. I fell in love with Luanshya, applied for a job at the Roan Antelope Mine Hospital and started work almost at once.

The natives, black and white were so friendly and hospitable. I was taken everywhere and invited to so many homes for dinner. I remember it being almost too much. One of the nurses invited me to a picnic with her current boyfriend, Sam Beard and his friend Michael Hugh-Jones. We had a most amusing afternoon by the river. So began our relationship and eventual marriage the following year.

☐ I had known Les for several years in the U.K. where he was in the Notts. County Police. During Christmas 1953 we met some people who were on leave from Nyasaland and they made life there sound so wonderful we decided to go. Les applied and left at the beginning of January 1954 and I followed in July.

I lived at Longacres Government Hostel and my first job was as the secretary to the Assistant Financial Secretary, Trevor Gardner. I took over the job from a girl who was having a nervous breakdown and on my first day she had a 'fit' at breakfast. I worked there for five and a half months, not easy as the boss was quite a 'slave driver' and after marriage moved to Livingstone.

☐ I was born in Livingstone, moved to Lusaka where I celebrated my first birthday and then on to Blantyre, Nyasaland where I started school about the time of my fourth birthday. We moved to Zomba where lion spoor was found around the house on more than one occasion. Before my eighth birthday I was sent, in the company of a nursing sister, to Cape Town. From Nyasaland via Beira took five days and five nights.

I was sent to boarding school in Cape Town when I was ten years old, seeing my parents for only six weeks a year, during the long holidays. The train journeys were always good fun but the guards and train inspectors kept a beady eye on all the children. My parents then went to live at Livingstone, which shortened the journey to school and I was able to see them twice a year.

Our long leaves had always been spent in Cape Town but our first venture to the U.K. took place in 1954. As the daughter of a Colonial Civil Servant, my name was put forward for presentation at Court and in due course I received a Command to attend a Presentation Ceremony at Buckingham Palace one afternoon in July, to be accompanied by my parents.

A friend from Livingstone also received the Command and we were taken shopping in London by our mothers to be dressed in the appropriate clothing. Pastel colours were very much in vogue and we finally chose our outfits — I had a pale pink broiderie anglaise strapless dress with a stiffened petticoat and small bolero, close fitting white hat, white shoes and handbag and above-the-elbow white gloves.

We were instructed to attend a tea party at the N.R. High Commission, given by the wife of the High Commissioner, Lady Rennie, where we were given tuition in the art of curtseying to the Queen.

The great day dawned, the ladies dressed in their finery, the gents in top hats and tails and the taxis swept in through the gates of Buck House and deposited us at the foot of the famous red-carpeted steps.

We were ushered down the picture hung corridors where we waited while the parents went up into the State Ballroom. Eventually the debutante's name was called and she was ushered into the ballroom, curtseyed to the Queen and then the Duke of Edinburgh and seated until the end of the ceremony. Thereafter the guests mingled in another room before joining a garden party in the grounds. Quite a momentous afternoon!

I was working at the Magistrates Court in Lusaka as a court reporter when I met Bill. We married at the end of February 1959. After the reception at Chingola we travelled to Ndola on the first stage of our honeymoon, the rains came down in earnest and we were bowling along in the pitch dark when we came across a road block manned by local police officers. We were horrified to discover that we were travelling in a car which had been reported stolen. The officer was fairly aggressive initially until he realised who was driving — he had been invited to the wedding which his wife had attended as he was on duty

The wedding of Annette and Bill Barr, Chingola Free Church, February 1959, conducted by the Rev. Colin Morris

Getting there

☐ We sailed from Southampton on the Winchester Castle in thick fog on the last Thursday in January 1959. The journey was really our honeymoon, but I was very seasick all the way through the Bay of Biscay and spent hours trying to understand why the ladder to the top bunk kept swinging into the middle of the cabin. Once it dawned on me that the ladder was staying vertical and the sides of the cabin were moving away from it with the roll of the ship. I decided that the only thing to do was to get up on deck into the middle of the ship. That certainly helped.

We sailed into Funchal, Madeira on the Sunday afternoon and the island looked like fairyland. There were lights on everywhere and to put my feet on firm ground again was just marvellous. Vic brought me an orchid, for threepence, on the quayside and we toured the wine shops, sampling the Madeira wine. It was all quite magical to me as I had only once been out of England.

Life on board ship then became a delightful holiday as we sailed for ten days down to Cape Town. We swam in the large canvas bucket dropped into a hold in the ship and called the swimming pool. I was duly presented to King Neptune as I crossed the line for the first time and thrown into the pool by his henchmen. Eileen and Gervaise were on the ship and we played canasta, read, drank beef tea on deck for our elevenses and danced after dinner. A most enjoyable time was had by all!

We landed at Cape Town and got onto the train for the four day trip to Northern Rhodesia. I'll never forget the scenery in the Cape nor the beggars alongside the track through Bechuanaland. People who hanker with nostalgia for the old steam trains really should do that journey. We travelled at about thirty miles per hour, it was hot and if you opened a window you were covered with soot. The showers never seemed to work and balancing with one foot in the washbasin as the train crawled around bends was a task for a circus performer.

As we arrived at Beit Bridge, the border

The Crossing the Line ceremony on board the Lloyd-Triestino 'Africa'

between South Africa and the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the Immigration Officer came onto the train. To my horror he asked for a chest x-ray certificate which I didn't have and gave me seven days to produce one or leave the country!

When we arrived at Livingstone on the Sunday morning Vic telephoned the Divisional Criminal Investigation Officer to say that we were on the train and due to arrive at Mazabuka, our posting, in the afternoon. He told Vic to stay on the train and report to Headquarters in Lusaka as he was not posted to his Division!

We duly arrived at Lusaka in the evening and I began to wonder if this was the place for me. I climbed down the six foot drop and failed to understand why a capital city didn't have platforms at its railway station. The buildings on Cairo Road, the main street, were all splattered with red mud around their bases, where the rain had bounced up around them and the verandahs (I learned to call them stoeps) gave the place a look of a wild west town. We stayed at the Lusaka hotel for two nights, I obtained a clear chest x-ray certificate and Vic was told at Headquarters that he was posted to Bancroft in Western Division.

We got on the train for the overnight ride to Ndola where I had my first taste of Northern Rhodesia hospitality. We stayed with Derek and June and I met several of Vic's C.I.D. friends. They were very loyal to him, only hinting about his previous girl friends and teasing me unmercifully about marrying him so quickly.

We left Ndola in a new grey police Wolsey which needed to be delivered to Chingola. As we were leaving Jim said "stay at Chingola, Shirley will like it better there and ask Doug to move to Bancroft!" It took me quite a while to get used to what I thought were easy going attitudes but I soon realised that they did not apply to the actual working life of the detectives. Work occupied their lives, twenty four hours a day if the crime needed it and I learned very slowly that the C.I.D. workload to a large extent, organised my life too.

☐ We were married in England and sailed on the Edinburgh Castle in February 1956 for Cape Town where we were met by Jimmy Attenborough who was on leave at the time. He wined and dined us before putting us on the afternoon train with a substantial quantity of

fresh South African fruit and liquid refreshments for our journey north.

Four days later we arrived at the border of Northern Rhodesia and I saw the Victoria Falls for the first time. What a lovely sight they were at that time of the year with the rains almost over. We travelled on to Lusaka where we were met by Babe Cockell and several other friends. There was no railway platform in those days and I can remember being abandoned on the top step of the carriage clutching my round hat box whilst my husband was down below greeting old friends. I was finally rescued and we were whisked away to Longacres Government Hostel as it was 9.39 pm by this time. As we drove out of the railway station I had my first sight of Lusaka. The street lighting was poor, the road mainly dirt, the pavements were about twelve inches high and were covered by rather scruffy awnings and the Corner Bar had swing doors. It looked just like a street I had seen many times in western movies. It only needed a few tethered horses to complete the picture.

☐ We went out in 1956 on the Union Castle Line. We met up with fourteen nurses who were also being sent out by the government.

On the ship was the English Cricket team and a motor bike team who were going out there to race. So, we had a ball as you can imagine! We met a very nice South African couple called Mr. and Mrs. Wright who really took us under their wing. When we arrived in Cape Town we were given our postings. I was posted to Ndola and my friend Barbara to Mazabuka. The Wrights very kindly invited us to their home at Steamer Point for a meal and then took us to the train in the evening, ladened with chocolate, fruit and all kinds of nice goodies for the journey.

We boarded the train and had five days of hot dusty weather. I really wasn't impressed with the passengers, most of them were rough and I thought if this is what the men are like in Northern Rhodesia I don't know why I've come here. My friend got off at Mazabuka and I travelled on to Ndola. I was met by a South African nursing sister who took me to the Nurses' Mess. I had one day to recover from the journey and reported for work the following day and I was put to work on the men's ward.

In the course of the first day I was taken to the laundry. This was quite an ordeal for me: the odour from the natives and the heat was overpowering and I dashed outside and

vomited my heart out! I had a head cold from the dust of the journey and the heat was terrible, being the month of October. The sister wasn't very sympathetic.

☐ In 1954 I sailed out with seven other nurses and when we got to Cape Town we were given letters telling us where we were going to be working. It was a bit like a mystery tour really. I was sent to Filabusi which was about sixty miles west of Bulawayo.

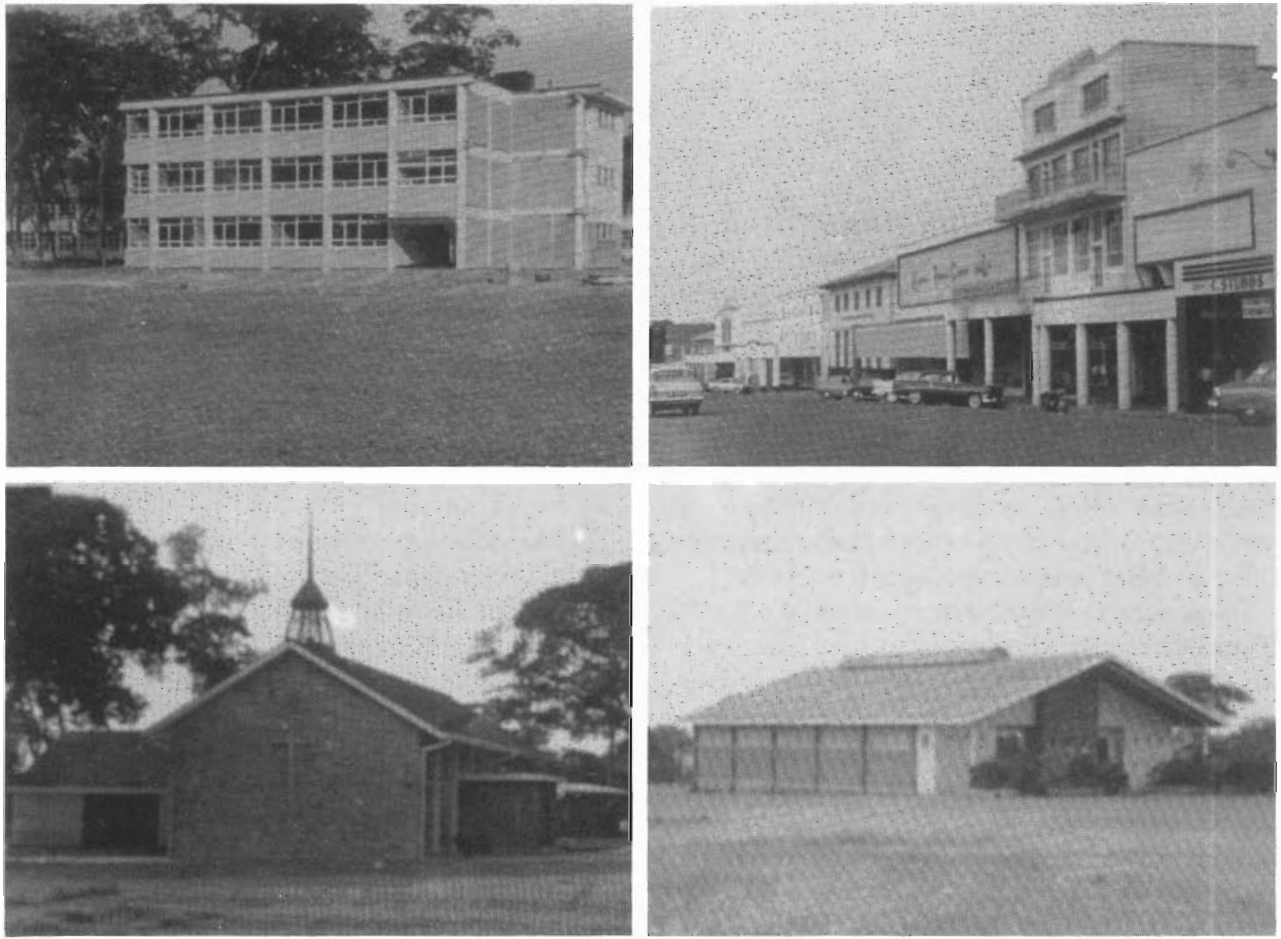
At Bulawayo station I was met by my father's cousin, taken to his home and spent the next three days there, waiting until the hospital secretary was free to take me to Filabusi as there was no other form of transport available.

I was sent to the European hospital where I found three other European nurses. There was an African clinic up the road which was overseen by the hospital staff. When I got there I really wondered why I had come! There were only two or three patients so we dealt with the meals as well as nursing. It took a lot of getting used to. I used to go for walks out in the bush, with the cat. The only good thing was the friendliness of everyone who lived there. We all gravitated to the gold mine club for our entertainment.

I spent a year at Filabusi and then asked for a posting and was sent to Que Que, where I stayed for two years. In July 1954 the Federal Nursing Service took over and I soon realised that there was no career as such for me there. I decided to do one more year to get some money and then return to England. I went to work at Luanshya at the Roan Antelope Hospital where the pay was twice the government pay and met Margaret, Adrienne and Grace, all four of us eventually marrying Northern Rhodesia Policemen!

☐ I booked a passage on a cargo boat sailing from Liverpool in the middle of January. We arrived in Beira six weeks later and a stone heavier. I went by train to Salisbury and then flew up to Ndola to stay with my sister.

☐ I flew from London to Ndola three weeks after our wedding. Mike met me there and drove me to Chingola to stay with friends overnight. His police friends all turned up to see if he really had a wife: they had refused to believe that he had got married on leave!



Chingola 1960 — Chingola High School, 14th Street, the Free Church and the Market Hall

We left the next day for the drive to Kawambwa, stopping at the Blackwells for lunch at Fort Rosebery and then motoring on. It was dark when the car broke down five miles from Kawambwa so Mike set off to get help. I sat in the car and saw lights coming towards me. I crouched down in the car so that I couldn't be seen. It was only an African on his bicycle. Mike returned in a police Landrover, fixed the car and I drove our car behind him to our house in Kawambwa.

He carried me over the threshold by the light of a candle and I saw millions of ants carrying off the insects which had been killed when Mike had sprayed the house a few days before. I was cold, tired and hungry but we had to light a fire before we could eat.

The following morning the European wives came in turn to see me, each bringing a gift of a pineapple or a loaf of bread, so welcome! It was May, so they were wearing jumpers; I was dressed in a pair of little shorts, prancing around, as to me it was so hot!

11 Birch Road, Lusaka — Sheila Tobin with Andrew

Homes and gardens

☐ Our first home was in the Eastern Province, way out in the bush. Our house was called a P. K. Special — the 'loo' was right opposite the front door. The kitchen was the *pièce de résistance* — it consisted of a tiny pantry with a meat safe, a sink and a draining board in one corner, a wooden table and a wood stove on a cement platform. There was no electricity of course so we acquired a paraffin fridge and paraffin lamps. I well remember what it was like trying to put on make-up by the light and heat of a paraffin lamp in the middle of October, suicide month!

☐ Our first house was the second on the right in Chingola Police Camp. It was a large bungalow set in a huge expanse of reddish earth with large trees around. The garden behind the house resembled a cemetery, with mounds of earth about eight feet by two feet in two long rows. This was how vegetables had been grown, the ground raised to retain water during the dry season. There were several banana trees, a servants house at the bottom of the garden and a sanitary lane running behind them. The verandah of the house was enclosed by rusty wire mesh mosquito netting and led to a large lounge, dining room, bathroom and three bedrooms. There were three kitchens — one with a stone sink and wooden draining boards (the 'silver pantry'), the second had a sink, a wooden table and a wood burning stove and the third was totally empty. This became the ironing room.

Outside the kitchen was a contraption which heated the water. It consisted of a forty four gallon drum near the roof, an iron stove underneath it on the ground and pipes and chimney connecting the two. When the water reached boiling point it spurted out from the overflow across the garden and I had to run to turn on a tap to get more cold water into the tank. The first meal I ever cooked in that house was cooked on the top of this stove as I never was able to light the wood stove.

Unfortunately the house had been empty for

three months and so the polished concrete floors had a substantial layer of dust. The furniture consisted of one wooden slatted settee, two similar armchairs, all without cushions, three beds, a dining table and six dining chairs. I started to make one bedroom into a kind of bedsitter, as we only owned one pair of curtains and decided that as we had been promised the new bungalow opposite in six weeks time, we could camp for that length of time. However, as I was trying, unsuccessfully, to light the wood stove on my second day in the house, I saw, through the torrential rain what appeared to be a sideboard near to the banana trees. Someone with a conscience had returned the sideboard which had been borrowed from the house. I never discovered who!

Our second home was a small, two bedroomed bungalow, about eighteen months old. The kitchen had an electric cooker (what a luxury) in the long corridor-like kitchen. I couldn't wait to move in until the occupant told me that I wouldn't be able to make ice cubes without cockroaches in them. As she moved out I paid a visit to the local council health and hygiene department to find out what could be done before I moved in. For the grand sum of fifteen shillings, I had the house fumigated, swept up the cockroaches and other insects by the shovelful a day later and moved in, to start to redecorate what proved to be the first of many government houses.

We were very fortunate to only live in six houses in eight years as many police families moved more often and usually at short notice. We alternated between old and new houses which meant that the plugs on all electrical appliances had to be changed from round pin to square pin, or vice versa. Our first house in Ndola was near the main road, opposite to the hospital and the African mortuary. The professional mourners wailed constantly, a most distressing noise, especially at night time.

Our last house had been the Commanding Officers house at Ndola. It was large and cooled by the large wooden ceiling fans. The floors were green rather than the usual red concrete and I think this too, helped to make the house feel cooler. Each room had a bell push and the number of the bell flashed up in the kitchen. Very colonial!

☐ To begin with we had a three bedroom

house at Mufulira Mine Camp, which was a very nice way of starting one's married life. I was the only European woman living in the camp at the time. The house only had basic electricity and we were supposed to cook on a wood stove but the previous occupant had a Baby Belling electric cooker and I was pleased to take this over. I started my life as a housewife cooking on the Baby Belling which wasn't a bad thing as I didn't know much about cooking and it was a good excuse not to do much more than the basic cooking. When I look back I wonder how I had the cheek to entertain people for meals in those days but it didn't really matter as we all seemed to have a good time.

☐ After our arrival in Lusaka we were told that we were posted to Ndola in a months time, when there would be a house vacant. In the meantime we were allocated a small but brand new house in the Police Camp. It had all new black government type furniture and it was perfect apart from the fact that the electricity had not been connected. However, our neighbour turned out to be a PWD employee and in no time he connected our house to his own electricity. This was my first taste of the hospitality which was so prevalent among the residents of Northern Rhodesia.

Later we were posted to Livingstone and allocated a lovely house in Jacaranda Lane. It had been build privately and was in the shape of an 'H' with kitchen and living accommodation down the right side and bathroom and bedrooms down the left side with a covered verandah/porch along the centreline. It had a swimming pool with gardens growing everything from citrus fruits to hydroponics. It was in a quiet area and I enjoyed many hours with a quiet drink on the verandah listening to the sound of the many birds, crickets and other wild-life singing nearby.

☐ Magic stoves! How many of us remember them with fond or fiendish memories! My Magic had many tears on it — the wood fire would burn out at the most crucial moment and making something simple like Welsh-rarebit became a work of art.

Cooking reminds me of one of the local Monze characters who was sent to England on a crash course in farming. On his return I was anxious to hear what he thought about the old country and I was expecting to hear him

extolling the praises of the British farming methods. He said that he had found something wonderful and it was the highlight of his trip: scrambled eggs! I was summoned to give lessons on how to make scrambled eggs to his wives!

☐ On our arrival at Chingola we stayed one night in a hotel and then moved into the first house on the right in Chingola Police Camp. It had about twenty one chairs and very little else in it as it had been used as a furniture store. The electricity had not been switched on but we started to unpack. At about six o' clock my husband disappeared to the Police Club, leaving me sitting on the verandah in the dark, waiting for him to come home. I must have smoked fifty Matinee cigarettes before he came home at eleven o' clock!

Our first house at Chinsali was tiny but modern. The wood stove made the house unbearably hot. There was no electricity of course and no modern conveniences to speak of. At Mongu we had a thatched house which was much bigger and very nice, but again, no electricity.

☐ Our first house was a P3 (dunlopillo cushions and electric cooker) in Lusaka Police Camp and then we moved to an AK3 in Church Road where I used to park the pram in the shade of a mango tree, blissfully unaware that it was a favourite habitat of snakes. When she could walk, my daughter would use an anthill as a slide and I'm glad to say that neither of the children suffered from any tropical complaint other than a single 'putsie' fly.

We went to live in Monze, a really desolate place by comparison to Livingstone and then later to Choma which proved to be our last station before Independence. We were housed at the upper end of Mochipapa Road in a large 'PK Special' which had a vacant plot on one side and an empty house on the other — rather isolated and lonely at night as I soon found out. Our alsation dog had been lost during the move and our faithful Same (our houseboy) who had served us well on four stations, decided that he could not live in that area so I was left to the mercies of a succession of indifferent nurse girls and houseboys who disappeared once darkness fell. Then the call of duty left me quite alone at night with just the children for almost a week at a time when a dangerous escaped prisoner

was reported at large in our area, so I endured many wakeful hours until his recapture.

☐ Our first home in Bancroft was set in a quiet Police compound, in which the indigenous trees had been left and were interspersed with flowering trees and shrubs. From there we moved to the bush — Solwezi — three weeks after the birth of Pat, our daughter. John packed our goods and chattels into boxes and tea chests, while I was recuperating from the confinement at the Durdy's home in Mufulira. Everything was safely stowed onto a lorry which was to transport them to Solwezi. We were to drive up by car with the baby and the dog, hoping that, at the other end the departing occupants of the house would have their luggage ready to load on to the truck when our stuff was unloaded, so that we could move in.

Reality was quite different: the occupants were still firmly in situ, had only just started to pack and asked us to sleep in the rest house for a few nights. After a day they had cleared a small bedroom and asked us to move in while they slept in the rest house and continued to do their packing around us. They seemed to have a lot of servants to help them and chaos reigned while they all rushed around packing up everything. This included their own three piece suite as they did not like using the Government issue furniture which they had left on the verandah gathering layers of red dust! Eventually they left, leaving a lot of mess for me to clean up, the budgie which they told me about and their golden spaniel which we found scratching at the door later that night!

Now we could start to unpack. John just had time to take the nails out of the boxes when he was called away to the far side of the province, to investigate a murder. We did not have a houseboy, just a garden boy who did the floors, cut wood etc. He spoke very little English, was a Chinyajna speaker and I only spoke a few words of Chibemba. So there I was with a small baby, trying to clean up the place, unpack, feed the baby and try to get to grips with the black, cast iron wood stove, tilley lamps and no electricity. If I wanted bread I also had to make that and very peculiar it was too, until I got the hang of it.

Our third home, after long leave, was in Kitwe and was all electric and easy to manage, except for the floors of course. We even managed to buy a twin tub to do the washing. We were

44 Wilkinson Police Camp, Ndola

again living in a Police Camp on one of the outlying police stations. Everything was very convenient, there were plenty of shops in the town and we did not have to keep poultry. I tried to brighten up the security fence with sweet peas, grenadillas and everlasting beans but a visiting police chief informed me that was not allowed, so all my work was in vain.

What I remember most about this place was that it was near a large African compound where there were many political meetings and I could hear the roars of the crowd as they were aroused to anger by the political agitators. I knew John was there, in the middle of it all trying to keep the peace and as I did not know what was going on I was fearful for his safety. I was always very thankful when he eventually came home in one piece.

☐ When we were living in Ndola I was sitting on the stoep after lunch one day, reading, with John our baby in his pram. When I looked down at the ground in front of me I saw what looked like a black bicycle tyre. I wondered what it could possibly be and I realised that it was a snake. So, I grabbed John, rushed inside the house and locked the door. I don't know if I thought that would keep the snake out but it certainly did!

When we lived in Lusaka we had two little boys. I remember one day John, our eldest boy who was about three years old at the time, was playing in the back garden with his friend, also called John. I looked out of the kitchen window to see them both with sticks, picking something up from the ground and throwing it up into the air. When I looked hard, I realised that it was a snake. Needless to say, I was petrified! I couldn't get out of the kitchen door as our servant had the key so I had to run right round the house, shouting for Russ who was in bed with 'flu at the time.

I rushed into the back garden, grabbed the two boys who were still playing with the snake, and took them away. The snake rushed off into the bush and I should imagine it died from fright or the injuries it had sustained from being treated like that.

☐ I tried hard not to look for snakes, believing that if I didn't look for them, they wouldn't look for me. We owned a large cat, called Sylvester and during the eight years he was with us, I never saw a snake in our garden but, four days

after he died I found a snake skin very near to the children's play area.

I did see a green mamba one day when we were visiting Nchanga Mine Farm. The youngest boy who lived there came dashing into the house to say that he had seen a monster. We all rushed out, to see a green mamba in a tree, swallowing a frog. The frogs back legs were sticking out of the snakes mouth, making it look very weird.

One friend was spat at by a spitting cobra, through the mosquito gauze on the windows. He was rushed to Ndola hospital and they saved his sight although his vision was never as good after that.

Each afternoon my husband and our little boy, John would go 'skopse hunting' around the garden. John wore a silly hat, often dad's pith helmet and the cat followed them. They could always find chameleons which turned dark grey when the cat hissed at them. The large lizards which we called blueskops because of their royal blue heads, basked in the sun until they too saw the cat and then they would scramble away.

Our 'chit chats' (small lizards) ate insects in the house, so we never tried to remove them but mosquitos were disposed of by all means available. The Public Works Department had all the drains around the houses sprayed each week and Ndola was malaria free but I still slept under a net and used Mylol repellent on our son.

We had an anthill as high as our bungalow in the garden and one afternoon when there were six children playing in the garden, I heard screaming coming from it. I ran out and saw the children running down the anthill but one two year old was at the top, being attacked by a swarm of bees. I pulled my skirt up over my head and climbed up to get him. He had dozens of stings, poor lad and was allergic to them so he had to be rushed to the hospital across the road, given the antidote and kept in under observation. The African bees were very, very vicious.

I used to sit on the stoep watching the African children standing under the street lamps in the evening, catching flying ants, pulling off the wings and eating them alive! The African women collected caterpillars by the sackful from near to our garden and made them into a stew to eat with their mealie meal.

When I took the church choir practice at Chingola, there were three brothers who lived

at Nchanga Mine Farm. Each one brought his pet chameleon with him and put it on the pew in front of him. I chose not to react to this at all as I thought they wanted me to make a fuss and throw them out of the choir. Their mother was as determined as I was to keep them in the choir and so a quiet word to her made them leave their pets at home.

The Africans hated chameleons and wouldn't touch them or even go near them. One of their stories about chameleons was that when the world caught fire, the chameleon was sent to tell all the Africans, but, being so slow, it didn't get there in time and the Africans had to retreat to a swamp. They saved themselves by keeping their hands and feet in the swamp and that is why the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet are pink and not burned black as the rest of their bodies were.

I was bitten by a spider in our garden one day, on both legs. I have never known anything quite so painful! I couldn't put a foot to the ground for a week but had to sit with an ultra-violet light shining on the wound, to draw out the pus. A teenager once brought a very large spider, either a Black Widow or a tarantula to school in a biscuit tin. Its body was as large as a shilling and its legs were about a quarter of an inch thick. He paraded it about for anyone to look at until he found the science teacher. I think it was decided that the spider should be preserved in alcohol as a specimen in the Science laboratory.

We never travelled on any school trip without checking that the snake bite kit was in the First Aid box with us. It consisted of a scalpel, some potassium permanganate crystals and a bandage. Thank goodness I never had to use it!

☐ Our garden at Solwezi was prolific, the flowerbeds produced hundreds of nicotinia plants, a crop of cannas and all sorts of flowers. I had to learn about growing vegetables and we found the first crop of everything larger than life. We bought some 'how to' books on gardening and how to keep chickens and ducks. We learned to make compost so that we could fertilise the next crop of vegetables and flowers and were very proud of the compost pyramids that soon grew in lines at the back of the garden. When we moved, we handed over several of these to the next occupants of the house but unfortunately when the dona decided to burn

some rubbish on top, the whole lot caught fire and were destroyed.

The garden boy made a wonderful house for the chickens with nesting boxes, roosts and wire netting to keep them in. The ducks had a little pond to swim in — a far cry from battery hens! We had a little kaffir hen whose task was to brood and hatch the eggs produced by the larger European hens and fierce cockerel. He was a dreadful fellow who always tried to get at me whenever I went into the enclosure to feed the hens. Eventually, before our departure, he made a good meal and I was not sorry to eat him.

Often the hens got sick, had mites or some skin ailment and the book was perused to find a cure. Before long other people used to come and ask me what to do with their poultry and we would look in the book for an answer.

Servants

☐ On my way out to N.R. I was given lots of advice on how to treat servants and what to do if they didn't come up to my standards. So much so, that I quietly decided not to employ anyone but to do the work myself. However, one look at the acres of polished concrete floors in our first house and knowing that we couldn't buy an electric polishing machine in the country, I soon decided that 'When in Rome, do as the Romans.'

Our first houseboy disappeared one pay day, obviously he had had enough of me! I then decided to train our garden boy to do the housework. This only lasted four weeks. He first had to learn to make tea and for three weeks he did this beautifully. He then decided that the milk went in the sugar basin and the sugar into the milk jug. After a week of arguing with him about this, he just had to go! Another houseboy, called Winston stole a five pound note which I had left on the bed before going to town. As I initialled every note when I got money from the bank, it was so easy to identify when it was found in his shirt pocket.

We were very fortunate with out last houseboy, White was his name. He had been trained by a policeman's wife many years before and worked for police families for over twenty years before he came to us. He was married with six children and they lived in two houses behind our house in Wilkinson Police Camp, Ndola. He ran his own car, provided well for his family and was paid the equivalent of half my teaching pay each month (so much for the myth that we paid them peanuts).

At the end of every month he ran a sale outside the kitchen door of any old clothes which we didn't want. As I made all my own clothes they never cost much and White decided what they were worth and was paid two shillings in the pound commission for holding the sale. When it came time for us to leave he had customers waiting for clothes they had seen me wearing! Four constables wanted my white

plastic mac — a mystery to me why men would want to wear a womans coat.

White became very attached to our son John and we saw him last, as we left in 1967, standing on the doorstep crying, a sight I'll never forget.

☐ We had a marvellous cook/houseboy called George whom my husband had employed before I arrived — he and another policeman had shared a house before we were married and for a lark had told George to call them Milord. When I arrived he wanted to know if I was to be called Dona, but my husband said "no-Milady." So there we were in our humble abode in the middle of nowhere, Milord and Milady. One day we were instructed to entertain and accommodate for the night the Bishop of Northern Rhodesia — a lovely man it was a pleasure to have as a guest — but we had urgently to instruct George not to call us Milord and Milady for the duration of his visit — only the Bishop was to be called Milord. Poor George, he did have a lot to put up with.

The gardener must have thought I was mad too — one day he caught a duiker — no trap — it just strayed into the garden. He mistakenly, proudly showed me what he no doubt thought of as his evening meal and this crazy woman took one look at the terrified, panting little buck and made him release it. Also George proudly brought a lovely duck back from a weekend spent at his village as a present for Milady who wouldn't even look at it — told him she couldn't bear to look at her dinner while it was still alive. They must have shaken their heads over us!

One of my most moving and memorable experiences is perhaps the most difficult to describe because it was all in the atmosphere. George received word that his elder brother had died which meant George was now head of the family and needed to get home immediately. The news arrived late in the afternoon and my husband was already home so we arranged to take him to his village in the Landrover — about an hours journey. It was dark as we arrived at the village and my husband went with George to the hut where his brother was 'lying in state,' leaving me in the Landrover. It was a black night with only fireflies flitting about — then the ululating started. It was the essence of Africa and the remembrance of it is with me still.

☐ After I first arrived in N.R. I went through a phase with house servants and found it was

going to be hard to find someone suitable until a detective brought his 'brother' along. This brother turned out to be excellent and he remained with us until we left the country thirteen years later. He got married and had three children whom he named Police-car, Denise and Trevor.

One thing I learned from experience with servants was never to give them old clothing but sell it to them at a cheap price. This way I found that they would look after your clothes, knowing that they would possibly be theirs one day. If you gave clothing away when they were a little frayed, for instance, the servant would make certain that they became frayed very quickly.

Servants made life so much easier, especially with our children. The cook/houseboy, as he became, would follow the children around picking up and washing their dirty clothes when they changed. He did all the cleaning, washing up, cooking and serving meals and the garden boy would wash the car every day. I supplied white uniforms for the evening and khaki for the daytime and my house servant always kept himself clean and smart, all for a few pounds a month and food money.

☐ While we were in Mufulira we employed an African servant called Misumbe. He was only a little chap and one night there was a knocking on the door and there he was with his head split open, right down the middle. The cut was at least one inch deep. His wife had had an argument with him, got out an axe and hit him with it. He went to the hospital to have it treated and so on. He didn't seem to have much more than a headache afterwards. I feel that if it had been me, or anyone else, with that kind of injury we'd never have survived it.

☐ The first thing I asked our new houseboy to do was to clean all the shoes. I found him in the kitchen with all the shoes soaking in a bucket of water! I had a pair of pink quilted, very expensive slippers which had been part of my trousseau and these were in the bucket with the leather shoes! The slippers shrank and I couldn't wear them again!

☐ When donas got together for tea or coffee, the conversation always got around to tales of what the servants had or hadn't been doing.

One very well known tale, often repeated, the source of which remains a mystery to me, was

about a dona out in the bush who had to entertain the Police Commissioner's wife for tea. The cook produced a very good cherry cake with cherries up to the top of the cake. The Commissioners wife asked how he managed to keep the cherries all through the cake, as they usually sink. The cook was asked to demonstrate how he made the cake. He mixed the madeira cake mixture, poured it into the cake tin and then proceeded to pop each cherry into his mouth to suck the syrup off it and then put it into the cake mixture!

Another tale was about the wife who gave her instructions to the cook too quickly: she was expecting guests that evening so told the cook to make the soup, cook the fish and stuff the duck. The soup course was served, there was a long wait and the hostess excused herself and went to the kitchen to find out what had happened to the fish course. The fish had been used to stuff the duck!

Many of us made the mistake of speaking too quickly to the servants: another dona who was known for her superb style of entertaining helped her cook to roast a boar's head then told the cook to present it on a silver tray with an orange in its mouth and parsley in its ears. It was duly presented by the cook to the guests, an orange in the boar's mouth and parsley sticking out of his own ears!

☐ We kept my husbands servant from his single days and when we returned from our honeymoon and settled in he would strip my bed completely, every morning, leaving nothing on the bed at all. I had to tell him that I was there for good and eventually he decided that I could stay. He took great pride and care with my husbands uniform but I wasn't really of any importance to him. He continued working for us but one day we had a phone call from a clinic asking if he worked for us because it had been discovered that his wife had a positive VD test and that we should send him down for a test. You can imagine the panic, as he did all our washing and so on. We sent him for the test and we got over it and life continued as usual.

When we lived at Bwana Mkubwa my husband was away a lot and often on 'standby' but it really was most enjoyable living there. One Sunday he was away but I wasn't worried because I had the dog and the men at the mess were so near and they were very good when we needed help. The children were in bed when

I heard the houseboy returning from the beerhall and then screams coming from the kyah. I got quite worried so I went and looked through the window. I saw a naked woman on all fours being chased around the kyah by her husband who was beating her with a stick. I knocked on the windows but it didn't make any difference. I got back to the house and 'phoned the mess to ask one of the men to come over and sort it out. He wasn't the slightest bit interested — let them get on with it was his idea. Eventually the wife got out of the kyah and ran into the bush and that was the end of it. She had been beaten because her husbands meal was not ready when he came home.

☐ We decided to have a posh dinner party in Kasama, which we didn't do very often. We invited the District Commissioner and his wife plus four friends. We had an excellent houseboy but that night he was rather drunk. As he was clearing away the main course he piled everything up on one tray, and when he was half-way to the kitchen he dropped the lot! We were so embarrassed! The houseboy ran out of the door, our alsation had followed him and jumped onto his back, holding him down on the ground. My husband ran after them, got the dog away and the houseboy disappeared at top speed across the garden, never to be seen again!

We had one houseboy who made excellent bread. One day he decided to put the dough to rise in the pressure cooker, with the locking lid on. At teatime he came to tell me that he couldn't bake the bread because he couldn't open the pot. My husband and I went to see what was wrong and saw the bottom of the pressure cooker was buckling. Fred and his pal tried to get the lid prised off between them and couldn't. I was yelling at them to take it out into the garden. Fred then got a screwdriver and a hammer, took the cooker outside and smashed the steam valve off the top. Dough shot straight up into the air; it must have reached 40 feet up. No fresh bread that day!

☐ Our first Cook/Houseboy had been a waiter at Londonderry House and Woodlands (Government hostels). Poor Arson — he really was quite efficient and a stickler for serving dinner on time. Alas, one Saturday afternoon when we were out visiting he imbibed too freely at the beerhall and was evidently late on duty. We did not suspect anything when he appeared

as usual at 7.30 pm and placed a selection of vegetables and a leg of lamb on the table but it was soon obvious that the lamb had had exactly ten minutes in the oven of the wood stove. A microwave would probably have saved the day for him had such things been invented then.

After Arson left us I bought a small washing machine and Belling electric cooker and with the help of Same, our garden boy who later became our best houseboy, I coped with the housework until once again I became a career girl.

☐ In Livingstone we found an excellent cook who had been well trained and was often borrowed for friends parties. He stayed with us for ten years, moving to Lusaka and Fort Jameson with us. He was a very trustworthy babysitter with his wife.

One Christmas morning he was drunk and produced the pudding with the vegetables instead of the turkey, at lunchtime. At Fort Jameson we bought him a new bike and he gave it to the local witchdoctor who had told him that he would cure his wife's cancer. An African detective sorted out the problem for us and he got his bike back.

☐ One of our friends got very angry when he saw the level of whisky in his bottle going down at an alarming rate so he decided that his cook must be drinking it. To get his own back he peed in the bottle, turned the bottle upside down, marked the level and put it back in the cupboard. Still it went down until one day the cook asked him to get some more whisky. Our friend turned on him and told him off for drinking his whisky and the cook explained where it had gone: he had been putting it into the trifles they had regularly!

Shadrack came to work for us when we lived at Fort Rosebery and he stayed with us for twenty five years. He and his wife Tizzie really were part of the family. Mind you, he could be a rascal when he could get away with it. I came home one day to find him in our bath, having a great time! When our son died he really was most kind though, as he knew what it was to lose a child.

When we went on leave we left Shadrack in charge of the house and the freezers full of meat for the two dogs. We couldn't understand why

they were always so thin when we got back, until a friend told us that Shadrack had turned up at her house one day, on his bicycle, selling dog's meat and she had recognised him.

Long after we arrived back in England to live, my daughter told me why it was that I could smell Africans in my bedroom each time we had been out in the evening: as we went, our three children, Shadrack's children and Tizzie plus children from the police camp all piled onto our huge bed to watch television and Shadrack fed them all sandwiches!

When we went to live in Ndola we were able to provide Shadrack with an electric iron instead of the flat irons he had been using. He used to heat these flat irons on the wood stove and cool them by dipping them into a bowl of water. My husband found Shadrack in the kitchen one afternoon, very cross and asked what was the matter. "This iron bites Bwana, I don't like it" was his reply. He had been dipping the electric iron into the bowl of water!

Once he knew that we would be leaving Shadrack sent Tizzie and the children back to his village to prepare their land and home. Tizzie came back with huge bags of mealie meal, to prove that she had been growing the maize for them. We bought Shadrack a pension and so he was able to retire and he still writes to us every Christmas.

Norleen Whitehouse with Kevin at Kawambwa

Life in the bush

☐ At Chinsali there were five houses for Europeans at the top of the hill and the boma. At the bottom of the hill were two more houses. At the nearest village there was an Indian who owned a shop and African houses. There was a tiny clinic with one orderly and the doctor flew in regularly to visit us. The only system of communication was the police radio.

The water supply was from the river. A garden boy was employed to keep the channel open and direct the water to a storage tank. It was decided that we should have a pump house installed and a man was sent from Southern Rhodesia with the blueprint for the job. He came to ask my husband if he could read a blueprint and they sat down together to decide what it all meant. It turned out that the man was a carpenter but between them they built the pump house and installed the pump. Our water supply for six weeks was brought to each house in a bowser each day and our water tanks filled.

☐ In March 1960, I flew out with Trevor, our baby and was met at Ndola Airport by my husband and a crowd of friends. We had been posted to Fort Rosebery in the Luapula Province. We travelled by Landrover and I soon settled down to life on a bush station.

My husband had to travel quite a long way investigating cases and on one occasion, shortly after we arrived, I asked him if I could go with him on a trip to Kawambwa because he would be away for about a week. He agreed, saying that I wouldn't ask again. He was right; the one hundred and twenty mile journey to Kawambwa in a Landrover on a dirt road was very uncomfortable and we arrived covered in dust. The white cover on Trevor's carricot was brown, as was the tap water when I attempted to run a bath. There was no electricity and we had to use tilley lamps. It was hot with plenty of mosquitos and the days were long waiting alone in the Rest House whilst my husband was working. We only stayed three nights and then returned home. I never asked my husband if I could go with him again!

One of the domestic disadvantages of living in Fort Rosebery was that the town's electricity was supplied by one generator operated by the Public Works Department and it was cut off at 8 pm each day, after which we had to use tilley lamps. If I was having a party I always invited the chap in charge of the generator so that he would keep the electricity on later. I would also invite the butcher to ensure getting the best meat!

☐ After our tour at Kafue my husband was promoted and told we had to go to Mongu. It was a great disappointment to me that we had to go, having two small children by then and we had to take six months supply of food with us as it was the rainy season.

During our stay there we had to do some entertaining or we would not have got out or seen anyone. One day Norman told me that he had invited the District Commissioner for supper and I was in a quandry as to what to give them. Two constables were going out on patrol so I gave them some money and told them to get me some chickens on the way back, unbeknown to my husband. On their way back they visited every beer hall on the way, crept into each compound and stole chickens, arriving back as drunk as could be with four chickens. Norman had a good laugh and said "that's what you get for giving them money."

I was pregnant with our third child in Mongu, so one day when Norman was out on an investigation, he bought me some fresh bread from a bakery to save me the job of baking the bread. We sat down to our lunch and cut the bread but I couldn't eat it or let the children eat it so he was the only one to eat the bread. I couldn't trust the bakeries up there.

I had 'flu one day and so my husband sent the servant to get some margarine from the butcher which he did and put it in the 'fridge. I was due to go on leave early, before my husband as I was pregnant. He made me some toast and put this margarine on it. I was violently sick and couldn't understand why I should be sick after the toast. I examined the margarine and discovered that it was covered with mildew and that had caused me to be sick.

☐ When we were posted to Kasama we were told that there was electricity in the houses and so we took lots of electrical gadgets with us. As we arrived, late in the evening we could see the

lights of Kasama but as we got nearer we realised that the lights were only in the African compound. There was no electricity in the European houses.

We got quite a welcome there and stayed with a neighbour for the first night. The following morning when I drew the curtains at six o' clock I saw a European, dressed in pyjamas, watering the garden with a hosepipe. This proved to be one of our friends. I was invited to go for tea at nine o' clock with his wife. As I arrived I saw an African cleaning the windows outside, a cook in the kitchen, a nanny playing with the two children and a garden boy working in the garden. The lady of the house was sitting, reading a book, with the tea tray all ready alongside her. I just could not believe it! I'd never seen anything like this before and thought it quite incredible!

My husband made a 'fridge to stand outside on the doorstep. He got a wooden box, covered it with sacking and charcoal, kept it wet and through evaporation, kept the butter and milk cool. I never learned how to light the tilley lamps, so when my husband was away on duty I had to get a neighbour in to light them for me. We only had a cold water tap in the kitchen so I asked the PWD supervisor if I could have hot water installed. He was flabbergasted at such a request! Why should I want hot water for the houseboy to use? We grew all our own vegetables, baked our own bread and ordered meat and medical supplies from Lusaka. The men took it in turns to drive to the airstrip each Thursday night to collect the meat which had been flown in. The local butcher sold meat from Abercorn, a hundred miles away. You could see his flat topped lorry coming a mile away, by the black cloud of flies swarming over it. The stench was dreadful and we never bought any of his meat!

The Department of Agriculture decided to teach the local Africans dairy farming. A herd of pedigree Jersey cows was imported to Kasama and Europeans from the department set about teaching dairy farming from square one. We all then had Jersey milk but it made my children sick, it was so rich. Eventually the Europeans identified the African with the most ability and he was put in charge of the farm. The Europeans bowed out and six months later there wasn't a cow left alive! The manager had used the feed money for drink and the cows had starved. A typical story I'm sorry to say.

☐ When I arrived as a new bride at Kawambwa, I was rather naive and didn't have all the domestic skills required, but I learned fast! I was taken down to see where Tickey Tembo made bread for sale and it looked just like a lavatory! So, I had to make our own. The first lot exploded all over the oven, but with help from a neighbour I soon became quite adept although it was such a chore in the heat. My first attempt at sewing was mending my husbands underpants: I tacked them and they came apart as soon as he put them on! I took six months to darn a sock, beautifully and wouldn't let him wear it again because it was such a labour of love!

We had running water in the houses because the prisoners filled up the water tank each day but it had to be filtered and boiled. We got milk from the boma herd but this too had to be boiled before we could use it. We used to go to the Copperbelt every six months, to stock up on basic foods and take the next six months paying it off. We were very poor really. There was one shop, CBC, at Kawambwa where you could buy bacon and basics but it was very expensive. By buying in bulk at Solankis on the Copperbelt, we could get food much cheaper.

We were very lucky to have a friend who would, on occasions, send us fresh fish from the lakes. They were put into a lined ammunition box and sent on the C.A.R.S. bus which arrived at Kawambwa at about three o' clock in the morning. The driver would detour to our house and deliver the fish. One morning the bus conductor woke us up to deliver a very large sack which was tied up with blue ribbon. Out of the top of the sack stuck a turkey's head, very much alive! Mike knocked a stake into the ground, put a rope around the turkey's leg and tied it to the stake. Later he decided to go the Police Club at lunchtime for 'consultations' on what to do with this bird. It was decided that the best way to make sure that the meat was tender was to give the turkey brandy to drink before killing it. So, the turkey was duly given a very large dose of brandy. An hour or so later Mike went, chopper and chopping block in hand to kill the bird but, as he got hold of its neck the turkey looked pathetically at him and gobbled. So, another dose of brandy for the turkey was decided upon to make it more sleepy. This procedure carried on for a while, until the turkey and Mike were quite drunk. The bird was killed, plucked, cleaned and prepared

for the oven. It tasted quite delicious but the meat was blue!

There was only one job for a European woman in Kawambwa. One friend, Nellie went as a volunteer to the Anglican school for the blind where she taught the African women basic hygiene and so on. She took me along one day and I volunteered to type out some books in braille. I only managed three as it took me ages.

If anyone wanted to have their hair done, they came to me in the morning, to have it set, then went home to let it dry and came back to have it combed out late in the afternoon. If there was a ball in Fort Rosebery I did all the women's hair. Gold and silver sprays and the French pleat were in fashion. Once I had combed out and sprayed the hair they each put a large pair of bloomers over their hair to travel down the dirt road in the police Landrover. What a sight they looked!

Whenever my husband went away from Kawambwa I slept with the police automatic gun under my pillow, a lamp lighted and a chest of drawers pushed up to the door. We lost so many chickens to leopards and people told me that leopards could jump straight through the mosquito gauzes on the windows. In the middle of one night the tilley lamp woke me up, popping, because it needed filling up and I saw the door moving. I was terrified and thought to myself "I'm too young to die!" I'm a fighter really, so I got the gun out and said "Whose there, whose there?" pointing it straight at the door. "It's only me pet" replied my husband! He nearly had it that night!

We always went to Mass at church on Sundays so that the White Fathers could have a drink with their lunch. They were only allowed to open their bar if they had visitors present so we called in to see them after the service.

The day before we left we sold our hundred chickens to a friend and a leopard got in and killed the lot that night.

I always felt that one should have been older before being sent out to the bush, so that you had some experience of life to draw on but it made me quite humble. It made me realise how false all the glamour and glitz of London could be.

Margaret Buckton (extreme right) with nurses at Que Que

Donas at work

☐ I had a job as Secretary to the Mufulira Council. It was very interesting as I took the minutes for some of the Council meetings. As well as the main council I attended and recorded the meetings of the African committees. I would go along to these meetings and listen for hours and hours but the minutes rarely stretched to one page. The meetings were in English and obviously many present had great difficulty with the language. But, as we all know, the Africans love to talk and they would ramble on and on, stringing words together for the sake of it, meaning absolutely nothing.

☐ To begin with this dona's work consisted of housework, cooking, supervision and training of a raw garden-boy and preparation for the birth of our forthcoming child. There were curtains to make, clothes to sew and my time was pretty-well occupied.

There were few outside jobs available in Solwezi but after a time I child-minded for a friend who was able to use her secretarial skills to advantage. My husband asked me to teach hygiene to the African policemen's wives so once a week I would get them together and we would discuss child care, nutrition, hygiene and so on. I would show them how to mend clothes or knit and would try to show them some simple cooking.

Most of the constables lived in small houses with an attached cooking area, a simple hearth with an open fire. The Sergeant's wife, however, had a simple wood stove with an oven, so one day I thought I would show them how to make scones and instructed her to light a good fire so that we could cook something in her oven. Unfortunately, when I arrived, had given them the demonstration and was ready to put the scones in the oven, I found that she had lit the fire in the oven itself instead of in the part where one was supposed to put the fire, so that the stove itself was dirty and full of smoke. The next week I had to invite the ladies to my kitchen so that I could instruct them in the art of managing a wood stove and using the oven correctly. We got on better after that.

☐ Two days after I arrived at Chingola the Deputy Head of Chingola Primary School came to ask me if I would start teaching there immediately as they were one teacher short. I pointed out that my training was in Physical Education, a very specialised course, but it didn't seem to matter. So, for two terms I coped with a class of nine year olds and learned what I could from the other staff on the way. Being married I could only be employed as a temporary teacher, term by term on approximately twice my U.K. salary but slightly less pay than a single woman. This really rankled especially as I had trained for three years whereas most teachers had trained for only two and I was not allowed to pay superannuation.

During the second term I dared to apply to my Headmaster for one days unpaid leave, to play in the Northern Rhodesia Womens Hockey trials which were to be held at Livingstone. He told me that if I took the day off, paid or otherwise, I would lose my job and the chance of working any more. As we had only been married for a few months I didn't go, thus losing what was the only chance I had to play for the country.

After two terms and having met the Director of Education, it was arranged that I be transferred to Chingola High School to set up the P.E. department there. There was neither gym nor hall but I felt confident that with the good weather, large fields and the use of the mine swimming pool, I would be able to provide a wide range of activities. This was not to be. The Headmaster had different ideas. He gave me a class of thirteen year olds to teach all subjects other than French, the fifth stream out of five classes, so they and I struggled through somehow!

The girls games were taught by the men on the staff and I felt extremely insulted as (by their standards) I was a highly qualified hockey coach and an ex-Yorkshire player. They did allow me to coach the third and fourth teams. But, yet again I did it and it was ironic that a couple of years later they realised they couldn't send a man to manage the national girls team on a tour of Rhodesia and they had to ask me to do it!

After our long leave in the U.K. we returned to Chingola in 1962 to find that there were no teaching vacancies at the Primary or High Schools so when I saw an advertisement for an Assistant Community Development Officer in

Chiwempala township, I applied for the job, not knowing what it would entail nor if I really wanted the job anyway. The interview was held on the Thursday and as I was the only person daft enough to apply, I was given the job and started on the following Monday. I was to work 8 am to noon each weekday for thirty pounds a month, less than half what I would have received for teaching, but any job was better than none.

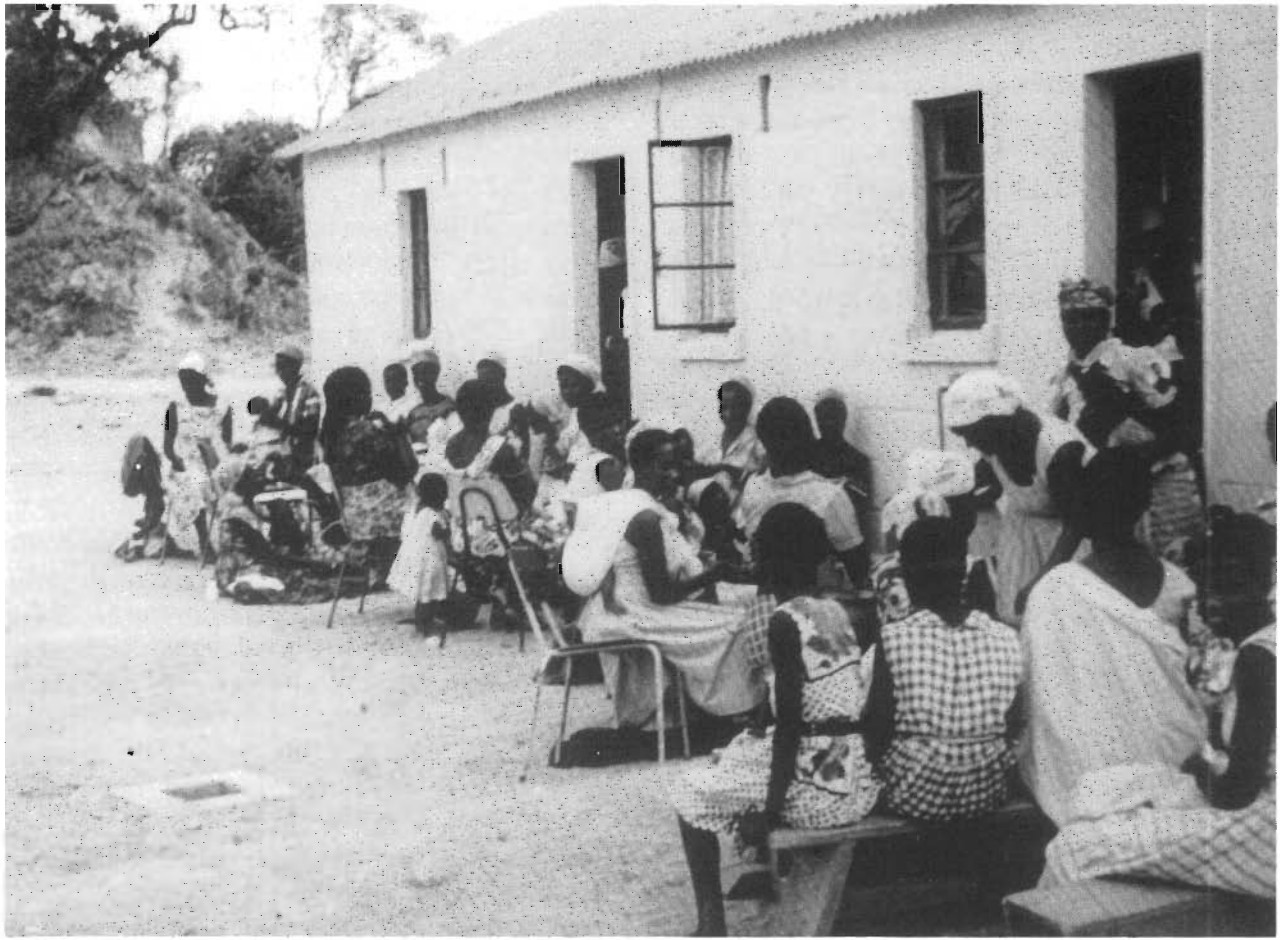
I reported for work to the Welfare Officer at 8 am the following Monday and at ten past eight she informed me that she was going on six months leave on the Friday so I would be in sole charge (for the same pay).

The job entailed supervising six African women teachers who taught basic domestic science to ninety women each day. This was a government scheme which rewarded them with badges for each skill learned. In addition there was a class of one hundred and twenty eight year olds being taught to read and write by an African Anglican priest. He had been sent on this penance by the bishop as two of his girl friends were pregnant at the same time. The children had been unable to get into local schools as they were full and we chose who we could take, using the old missionary trick: if they could touch their left ear with their right hand over the head, this was taken as proof that they were eight years old and we accepted them.

The women knitted and crotcheted beautiful garments, without patterns, relying on the teachers to give them verbal instructions as they went along. They bought the wool as they needed it from the teachers.

The cookery was taught in a small semi-detached African house with a sink and wood burning stove in one room. The equipment available was totally unsuitable for the tasks (boil an egg, poach an egg etc.) as the saucepans were the two gallon size which had been used to make cocoa for the children at the school. So, as there was no money available for small pans, we begged a sack of oranges from the Nchanga Mine farm, asked the local supermarkets to collect empty baby food jars for us and using a hand Spong mincer, started to make marmalade. We made hundreds of these small jars of marmalade and sold them for a tickey (threepence) each. In no time at all we had raised fifteen pounds which we used to buy all the small items which we needed.

As well as supervising the domestic science



A needlework class at Chiwempala township near Chingola

I taught some English, First Aid and Health Care to the women using one of the teachers as interpreter. As I spoke no Chibemba they tried to teach me during their English lessons. They didn't get far, I'm afraid. Their English was always very much better than my Chibemba.

My other duties consisted of banking the cash taken at the cinema, organising the football teams fixtures and travel arrangements and letting of the Welfare Hall.

One day two men came to ask if they could hire the hall for a ballroom dancing competition. I asked how it would be financed, what would be the prizes etc. I was amazed to hear that the first prize was to be a goat, the second a duck and the third prize a silver cup. I questioned this but they seemed to think that I was the stupid one, thinking that a silver cup was worth more than a goat or a duck. They duly invited me and my husband to be judges alongside the Mayor and Mayoress of Chingola.

The event took place on a Saturday night. We all arrived, the Mayor and Mayoress were welcomed and we went onto the stage to judge the competition. I could not believe my eyes! The women were wearing tulle dresses, the kind you still see on Come Dancing (and unobtainable in N.R. as far as I knew), plus flat lace-up shoes and large black or navy felt hats. I wanted to laugh but realised that this was the fashion they had decided was correct for a ballroom dancing competition so who was I to upset them?

The competition included the candidates dancing the waltz, the slow foxtrot and a quickstep with the occasional dance in between for all to join in, to the music of Victor Sylvester's records. All went well until just before the prize giving when one of the organisers came up onto the stage to whisper to me that the goat had been poisoned and was very dead. What should he do? I suggested that the duck be first prize, the silver cup second and five shillings the third prize. He agreed and started to announce the results. The Mayoress stood up to present the prizes when the duck was brought onto the stage. It was very much alive, objecting strongly to being held and we guessed from its condition that it was covered in fleas. The Mayoress shrunk backwards, obviously not wanting to take hold of the creature so I grabbed the string which was tied to its leg and offered her it, telling her to present that and the organiser to hold on to the duck! We kept our composure

until we got out of the hall and shrieked with laughter all the way home!

Being European, I should have asked permission from the District Commissioner before going into Chiwempala each day but I never had the time to bother. Often on Monday mornings the roads there were littered with dustbins and the aftermath of riots in the beerhall on Saturday nights. I once asked the Director of African Affairs what the security arrangements were for me working in the township. His reply was: "If you go in after dark, 'phone me when you get there and when you get home?" Fortunately for me my husband was promoted after I had been in this job for six months and we were posted to Luanshya.

A few weeks later the post of Physical Education teacher became vacant at Llewellin High School, Ndola and I was appointed to it. Although it was twenty five miles away it was the best chance I was ever going to get to do the job for which I trained. I loved working there. The girls had been well trained and the school teams were very successful.

The school ran its normal timetable from 7.30 am to 1 pm and then games started at 2 or 3 pm depending on the season. So, I would then teach through until 5 pm. We had a large swimming pool at the school and many of the pupils were able to obtain life-saving awards as they were such capable swimmers.

All good things have to come to an end and after almost two years we went on long leave, returning to live at Ndola. I was then able to do some voluntary coaching, my baby in the pushchair alongside me.

☐ I was seconded by the Rhodesia Railways to run a clinic in the backwoods at Monze whilst the resident doctor was away on leave. My first 'patient' arrived bearing a note from the kraal of Chief Monze. To quote: "Dear Sister, I bring you tidings and news to tell you that one of my villagers has committed suicide by hanging himself from one of the trees ouside the town. Can you please come and help him. I beg to remain" etc. "P.S. he is still hanging on!" Definitely a case for the boys in the N.R.P.

Whilst working for the Jesuit fathers at the Education centre I had an amusing experience. One Friday I happened to be looking out of the window when I spotted an African on a bicycle. Swinging from the handlebars in a plastic bag

was a muscovy duck — it was in a terrible state — half dead from the heat of the day and the plastic bag was certainly not helping matters. I rushed outside with Father O'Connell in pursuit. The poor man was given a dressing down about cruelty and the SPCA etc. I gave him a ten shilling note and said that I was going to see that the duck was looked after. During all this time Father O'Connell said nothing.

Six months after this event when we were packing up to go on overseas leave Father O'Connell came to say goodbye. Before leaving he asked whatever happened to the duck. I said that it had gone to a good home (unbeknown to me Jack had sold it to a constable and it ended up in the pot). Father O'Connell said that he had a confession to make: it transpired that the Bishop was due to visit him for Sunday lunch and said instead of the usual fish fingers he would like duck in orange sauce. He felt really bad because he had given the African the bag and the string! I think he had to pay a penance on the Sunday.

☐ After we returned from my husbands first long leave we were posted to Chingola and I was able to work at Nchanga Mine Hospital. There was some rivalry between the nurses who had trained in South Africa and the ones who had trained in the U.K. but we all worked well together. The pay certainly seemed good at the time, compared with the policemen's pay.

Many nurses married policemen and they manned the clinics out in the bush stations, either paid or voluntary. We were expected to know all kinds of things and people always came to the nurses to ask for help before sending for a doctor. One Government doctor, Dr. Braithwaite used to fly into Chinsali, visit every house and leave any vaccinations required with me so that I could give them later. He was a marvellous doctor, especially during the troubles. He flew his own plane and the government paid him mileage allowance for a Landrover! He must have spent a lot of his money on his job and he got no recognition for all the work he did.

☐ The Zambia Government, in its wisdom, decided to stop education for five, six and seven year olds so a friend and I decided to open our own school. We did a PNEU school correspondence course for people who lived overseas, had two classes of eight pupils in a class and

thoroughly enjoyed it but it made me realise how much teachers do and what is involved.

I worked for a pharmaceutical firm in Ndola for ten years, part time when the children were on holiday from boarding school and full time when they were back in the U.K. This firm provided all the bedding, food and medicines for the children's ward at the Arthur Davidson Hospital at Ndola when the Zambia government couldn't provide them.

☐ When I was nursing at Ndola we had one patient who came back to the ward after a major operation and he was very restless. I was on night duty and he was heavily sedated but he slept all day and all during the night he was awake, throwing bottles through the window, pulling his drip out and he nearly drove me mad. I reported it and I was told to leave someone sitting with him. I got one of the Africans, Thomas to sit by him. I told him to sit by Mr. Slattery, not to let him move, touch his drip or anything. So I went to carry on my duty with the other patients. I went back and found Thomas fast asleep, Mr. Slattery was sitting on the side of the bed, his drip out and he was carrying on so I had to call the doctor again. The following day I reported this to the day staff and they decided to get someone into 'special' him. The following night I arrived to find a nursing sister there, so I told her all she had to do was to supervise Mr. Slattery so I could get on with my duties. Within half an hour I looked in and she was missing. Mr. Slattery had pulled his drip out again and I eventually found the nurse, suffering from night sickness rather than morning sickness as she was pregnant.

After I was married I went to work at Luanshya on the clinics and then on the Children's ward of the African hospital which I enjoyed very much. It was quite an experience! Whilst I was there we had dozens of babies brought in who had been treated by the witchdoctor and were brought to us on their last legs. We would put them on a drip and try to keep them going but after a while they would keel over and die. I had six deaths in one night. The women were wailing outside and it was terrifying really, but, like most things, you got used to it.

Another thing we had to deal with was to teach the mothers to express their breast milk when they came in as some would have a lot,

others only a little. We put it all in a jug in the 'fridge until it was needed, then sterilised it before feeding it to the premature babies. One day my husband told me when I got home that the African Mineworkers Union leader had been to see him to complain that the sisters were using the mothers milk for their tea and he wanted it to be investigated. We all lined up in the office as my husband questioned us. It was quite a laugh really but we had to go through the procedure. We were also accused of taking the placentas after deliveries and putting them on our roses to make them grow!

☐ After we were married I continued to work in the bank at Mufulira but after we had been on leave and went to live at Broken Hill there was no vacancy in the bank there. I got a job with Central African Road Services (CARS) and did their accounts. I used to see the huge lorries carrying kapenta come in from Fort Rosebery and the smell really turned my stomach. It was absolutely revolting! Some of the kapenta looked rotten but the worse the smell the better relish it made, or so I was told.

Fortunately for me, the bank manager rang me up one day to say that there was a job avilable at the bank so I went there and stayed for eighteen months until I left to have my daughter.

☐ After school and college I worked for a firm of solicitors in Livingstone then I joined the staff at the High Court and worked for a number of judges, eventually becoming a court reporter which was a very interesting job.

When the High Court moved to Lusaka I worked there and continued with court reporting. I got married, went on long leave and returned to work at the Magistrates Court in Mufulira to work my three months notice before resigning to take up a secretarial position at Nchanga Mine.

Our last posting was to Lusaka where a friend working at Government House put my name forward to be Social Secretary to the British High Commissioner's wife and I worked there part-time for Mrs. (and subsequently Lady) Monson for some time. This was during the run up to Indpendence. There were numerous important officials visiting from time to time, including Malcolm McDonald, Barbara Castle and the Head of the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind.

Some of the donas children, May 1966 — John Schofield, Sarah Graham, Sandra Fleming, John Tobin, Sally Attenborough, Tony, Neil, Paul, David and Christina Melloy with their mother, Marie

Childbirth

☐ It was a balmy Saturday and I was enjoying some relaxation when I was summoned to Chief Chona's village to deliver his third wife's baby. The village was some distance out of town and we soon got to the point where we had to park the cars and walk, carrying all the equipment. This entailed walking a long way across a dry river bed and through some pretty thick bush. I was accorded a royal welcome by about two hundred people who had gathered for the occasion.

I suddenly started to feel nervous and prayed that there would be no complications as many pints of skokiaan had been consumed and my car was too far to run to! In for a penny, in for a pound — I was taken to the Chief's hut. Once my eyes had become accustomed to the comparative darkness in the nut I was able to assess the situation. I noticed an army of cockroaches parading on the thatched roof. Fortunately, everything went off smoothly and I was able to present Chief Chona with his newest Princess.

As is usual by their custom, the baby was named after me. After everything was finished and it was time for me to begin the trek home, I was asked how much my fee was. I had no idea what to charge and said five pounds. There was a gasp from the crowd which I had difficulty in translating. Had I overcharged? Would I ever see home again? All ended well: the regular doctor charged fifty pounds for the same service! So, off I went, armed with live chickens, horrible Muscovy ducks and my five pounds.

Late one evening I acted as midwife when our servants wife gave birth to a baby. As he was rather premature and not breathing too well, I decided that he needed to go to the Mazabuka hospital. This baby was called Landrover Jack! *En route* to the hospital, Jack driving, he accidently ran over a hare. There was a loud scream from the back seat. "Stop!" Jack screeched to a halt, thinking that something terrible had happed to the distressed baby. John, our servant jumped out of the car and came back carrying a very dead hare — for his supper.

☐ One afternoon my neighbour in Ndola came to ask me if I would go to the kyah in their garden as her servants wife had just given birth to a baby. We went together, thinking as I went that my First Aid was very rusty. What could I do? Outside the kyah stood the houseboy, beaming. Inside the room was very dark, the tiny window having been covered to keep the room cool. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness I saw his wife lying on a piece of sacking on the floor, a baby in her arms. In one corner of the room sat another African woman repeating "ok.ok.ok." The houseboy explained that she was the midwife and that all was well.

The mother, covered only with a dirty piece of cotton material, looked exhausted. Her tiny face was drawn but there was such joy and pride in her eyes. I told the houseboy to make her some sweet tea and got her up onto the bed to make her more comfortable. Only her husband slept in the bed; she always slept on the floor.

I went back to my house and found a cardboard apple box, lined it with a flat pillow for a mattress and tore up a flannelette sheet to make sheets and nappies. With these and some old baby clothes, I returned to the kyah and dressed the baby. I told the husband that they were not to use yellow dusters for nappies, as many did, as they could cause skin rashes on the baby. As was the custom, they had not bought anything for the baby in advance of the birth, in case it did not survive.

The next day saw the woman up and about, baby strapped to her breast and feeding well.

When I taught African women First Aid, they asked me to explain how it was that European women knew when their babies were due to arrive. This calculation was a complete mystery to them. I explained, through my interpreter and this caused howls of laughter and such comments as 'White womans juju.' They did not think it at all necessary to know, believing, correctly, that the baby would arrive when it was ready and couldn't understand why we needed to use calendars or even have names for the months!

One of my teachers, Victoria, was pregnant at the time and late in the pregnancy she was told that she was going to have twins. I knew that the second twin was regarded as the devils child and not fed, so very few of them survived. I was determined that Victoria would raise both if at all possible. I arranged for her to go into

the hospital once she was in labour and when I heard she was there I dashed down to see her.

She had just given birth to two lovely babies and I told her very firmly that they were both to be looked after equally. I visited her each day and watched her feed each one. Soon she said that the second one would not feed, so I bought baby milk and bottles, showed her how to make the milk and again visited at least twice a day to give the baby some milk in case Victoria hadn't fed it.

The babies grew well and I felt content that I had saved the second twin. However, I had to leave that area when they were three months old and when I returned two months later on a visit there was only one twin. A shame-faced Victoria told me that the second one had been "sent back to her village" — no doubt to die.

☐ My mother was the local midwife and delivered the African babies in the kyahs, on the packed earth floors. She only had a clean towel on the floor but insisted on lots of boiled water. A lot of the women, often carrying wood on their heads, through the bush, would deliver their babies themselves and arrive back at the farm with a baby. I saw this so many times. It was quite incredible.

☐ My daughter Sandra was born in Fort Rosebery in March 1961 and what an experience! My husband had been in the bush on a case and did not return until 8 pm. He brought with him a young policeman named David and whilst I was preparing some food for them, I felt the signs that meant that the birth of my second child was not far away. When I mentioned this, Dave disappeared very quickly, as being a single man, the situation was very strange to him. At that time at Fort Rosebery there was a small European hospital which was closed most of the time and only opened when required. I telephoned the African hospital to tell the White Sisters that I was on my way and my husband drove me to the hospital which was situated on the edge of town. The road was so bad with corrugations and pot holes that it was a wonder I did not give birth *en route.* Sandra was born twenty minutes after arriving at the hospital by the light of a tilley lamp and the sound of water dripping into a bucket from a hole in the roof of the building. My husband was then allowed into the ward and he sat on

the bed with the doctor having a cup of tea.

Owing to the poor state of the building, I was the last patient to use the hospital and future 'mums to be' had to travel to the Copperbelt for the births.

☐ My first baby was born prematurely in our home at Choma but unfortunately he died as there was no hospital to put him in to. I had a lot of miscarriages, as many policemens' wives did — I don't know why as we were all so young and fit. After we had been on leave we returned to Chingola and our son was born there in Nchanga Mine Hospital. They rushed me out of hospital so that my neighbour Eileen could have the bed. Beds were few and far between. Our second son was born at Nkana Hospital, half an hour after I arrived. Everyone was very kind and looked after me very well in the mine hospitals.

☐ I had my baby on leave and we returned with him to Kafue. Norman had to go straight back on duty and I had to start to unpack the boxes. I put a disc out in my back and finished up in hospital. Old Mrs. McGregor looked after my baby for six weeks.

☐ Shortly after the birth of my baby I started with back trouble, caused, I think, from doing the washing in the bath as we all did. I had to be taken to the African hospital where they made me a plaster cast and I had to lie in it for six weeks. My husband did everything for the baby except feed him. He would go off to work, leaving the baby in the bed with me and lock me in the house. The nurses from the hospital were very good and came to help me to have a bath. After the plaster came off I had to be flown to Lusaka and stayed there for a month with friends so that I could have regular physiotherapy.

☐ I had my first two children off the line of rail so we were not able to get any new equipment for them. We bought a second-hand green and cream four in one pram, a cerise enamel bath on a stand, which weighed a ton even when empty and a Wedgwood blue cot which had been made by a missionary for his family. When the second baby arrived I borrowed an iron cot from the hospital, which was very comfortable for her.

☐ How many of us owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Lehrer, the Gynaecologist at Ndola

hospital? Her skill and devotion brought many donas children safely into the world. She was particularly kind to me, arranging for my baby to be born on my husband's birthday by Caesarian section because of my history of miscarriages and a breech presentation. Three days before I was due to go into Ndola hospital for the operation, a drunken lawyer in the Ndola Police club told me that my baby would be alright but I would die. I ignored him at the time but when I was left alone in the theatre, the anaesthetic hypodermic needle in my arm, I remembered what he had said. I said the General Confession and the Lord's Prayer to myself and was just about to get up and run out of the room when Miss Lehrer came in, apologising because I had been left alone. It was the worst two minutes of my life!

I woke up as I was being pushed along the outdoor corridor by a nun dressed in a white habit. All I could think of was 'I must be alive because I'm not good enough to go to heaven!' Miss Lehrer carried our son, John, out of the theatre to my husband and wished him a Happy birthday.

☐ When I was pregnant at Kawambwa it was decided that I should go to the Copperbelt six weeks before the baby was due and have the baby at Kitwe hospital. I stayed with the Schofields, duly produced a son and set off when he was only ten days old, back to Kawambwa. What a nightmare of a journey! Kevin was difficult to feed and I felt so helpless and alone but we all came through fine.

The next time I was pregnant was at Fort Jameson, when I spent four months in bed, trying to save the baby, only to have a miscarriage at six months. Fortunately I became pregant again shortly afterwards and produced another son, Nicholas.

We had an African doctor who had trained in the USA at the hospital and I took Nicholas to see him when he was four months old as I knew he was ill. The doctor diagnosed an upset stomach and gave him mistasprin. I wasn't happy with his progress and so took him back to the hospital each day for eight days. On the ninth day, Sister Newbury, who had delivered Nicholas, came to see me at the hospital and asked what was wrong with him. I told her that they didn't seem to know what was wrong and that he had been given mistasprin for an upset stomach. She took one look at him and said "its

malaria." Of course by this time it was celebral malaria and Nicholas was admitted to the hospital that day, a Sunday. I didn't panic, I didn't know how serious malaria was, as it was the first time I had come across it. On the Monday morning I was just about to go to the hospital with Kevin to see Nicholas when my husband came back in the Landrover: he howled like a lion "He's gone, he's gone, Nicholas died just now." I was stunned and just could not believe it.

Mike arranged the funeral for the same day. I was only able to see Nicholas for such a short time. I wanted to hold him and to say goodbye but I didn't get the chance. We asked to have a private funeral, just us, but the whole town turned up which was very comforting to know everyone cared so much. It was a terrible day, absolutely terrible.

My next baby, Andrew was born at Ndola Hospital and all was well but when I was expecting my daughter, I was taken ill with placenta abruption and she was delivered by Miss Lehrer, two months premature. I nearly lost my life and Shelley was saved only because an English paediatrician delayed his departure for the U.K. to help Miss Lehrer. We owe our lives to Sylvia Lehrer and that kind gentleman from London. I was told no more children!

I always marvelled how Sylvia Lehrer managed to operate. She wore two pairs of glasses and even then had difficulty seeing — we all said she did it by feel. Sylvia was a family friend and doctor so it was sad when she developed Alzheimer's disease. She just roamed the streets of Ndola — you would pick her up and take her home only to see her out wandering again. Such a sad end to someone who had devoted her life to Africa and its people.

A Christening day — Patricia Bracey with Sarah and Margaret Geddes with Philip

Chiwempala African clinic

Health matters

☐ The climate in Northern Rhodesia was very pleasant, compared with the U.K. The rainy season started in October and lasted until March then there was no rain for the rest of the year. The Copperbelt area was over five thousand feet above sea level and so much drier and cooler than Livingstone, in the Zambesi valley. There the month of October, known as suicide month, was unbearably hot and humid.

The water supply to the Copperbelt was reliable, on the whole and there was no need to boil water in the main towns. Out of town everyone had to boil water and filter it through 'camp filters' before using it for cooking.

We were all warned never to swim in streams unless they were flowing fast as the snail which caused bilharzia could be present. This disease could appear years later after swimming in infected streams. Tuberculosis was very common in the African population and many people suffered from malaria, usually after a trip out into the bush.

Every piece of clothing which was dried outside had to be ironed, particularly the elastic waistbands on clothing as putsie flies would lay their eggs in the damp clothing. If they got onto skin they hatched out under the skin to produce grubs which then wriggled to the surface of the skin, through what looked like large boils and were extremely painful!

I called to see our doctor in Luanshya one afternoon, for a pregnany test. As I went through the waiting room I saw a very smart young African woman. I dashed off to meet my husband in the Police Club, delighted at the positive result of the test and less than an hour later our doctor came in to join us. He asked me if I had seen the African woman in the waiting room and told me that she had just died at the foot of the stairs to the surgery. She had gone to see the doctor to tell him that she was bewitched and was about to die. He examined her thoroughly and found nothing wrong with her but decided to send her for a chest x-ray just in case. Her death was recorded as 'Natural Causes.'

One evening I went into the Chingola Police Club and saw one young policeman on his own, looking extremely embarrassed. The others were calling him 'Stinky.' That afternoon he had been called out on duty after a report that a baby could be heard crying in a latrine. The policemen went, climbed down eight feet into the sewage and rescued a new born baby. I thought it was a very courageous thing to do! The men thought it hilarious!

Another young policemen, John Maxwell, out on farm patrol along the Solwezi road outside Chingola, went into the Kafue river to rescue two young boys, sons of the farmer. He got the boys to safety but a crocodile bit his leg. I don't know how he got away from it and onto a rock but he did and then persuaded an African women to help him out. He used his belt as a tourniquet on his leg and got Dorothy, the fourteen year old daughter of the absent farmer to drive him to Nchanga Mine Hospital. I find it amazing that he stayed conscious and equally amazing that he taught Dorothy to drive the Landrover on the way. He was awarded the George Medal, justly deserved!

☐ There were two sad incidents I can recall from my days at Ndola. One concerned a young policeman who lived in the single quarters just a little further down the road from our house. He was found in his room one morning, completely paralysed and it was later discovered that he was suffering from poliomyelitis. There were no 'iron lungs' in N.R. and he lay paralysed for weeks. Everyone joined in to try to assist but it was by sheer tenacity that he finally managed to hobble along on crutches.

The other incident involved a young policeman who shot himself after seeing his girlfriend dance with another fellow at a Police Club dance. His room-mate found him and got him to hospital before he bled to death. He survived but was despatched to England shortly afterwards for further treatment.

☐ Our young son, Leslie had to be flown from our home in Chinsali to Kasama hospital when he developed convulsions from gastro-enteritis. We had been without piped water for six weeks and had boiled all the water very carefully. When the new pump had been fixed and the water supply restored we were told the water was safe to use but even then I continued to boil all water for cooking and drinking. He must

have got the infection from his bathwater, as children do.

At Livingstone my husband got a message to say that a European had committed suicide at the Falls. The message said "A woman has parked her car in the Boiling Pot!"

☐ Medical care was sparse to say the least at Solwezi, where Jane was the nurse in charge of the clinics in the province. When she was away there was no medical cover so people would call to me for advice. I did my best but sometimes when real emergencies occurred, I felt very inadequate to cope.

One day, when Jane was away there was a call for me to go to the clinic to see Margaret Tremaine who had had an accident. Margaret was engaged to my husband's number two, Mac Thompson and had been staying with me the previous week. She had come up to collect Mac who was to be the best man at his brothers wedding. A teacher colleague of hers, Ken Jackson had been driving the hundred miles from Chingola when Margaret asked to drive for a while. Unfortunately an accident happened and Margaret was thrown from the vehicle. Someone in a Landrover was passing and brought Margaret and Ken to the clinic.

I hurried, hoping it was not too serious, but was horrified when I saw her condition. She did not know me, but was screaming with pain, the top half of her body was thrashing around but the lower half was ominously still. Fortunately Jane had left her keys to the medicine cupboard and I gave Margaret some pethidine to ease the pain. There was no telephone communication at that time in Solwezi and only a daily radio communication which was past for that day, so we had to try to think up a way of getting Margaret to a hospital without delay. The ambulance was away taking patients to Ndola with Jane so we had to fix a mattress on a stretcher, place Margaret on this in the back of the vanette and try to immobilise her as best I could. Ken did not get much attention, as he seemed alright, though he must have been suffering from shock. He sat in the front with the driver, whilst I sat in the back with Margaret. The journey seemed very long indeed as I sat crouched beside her and her condition seemed to get worse as we went. Her pulse was not good and the pain was returning but I didn't feel that I

could give her any more sedative without a doctor's prescription. It was beginning to get dark and we were nearing the Copperbelt when we saw Jane's ambulance returning. She stopped to find out why the vanette was coming towards her and I was able to explain.

She took over from me and I returned to Solwezi. Margaret was found to have a fractured spine when she was admitted to Ndola hospital and after a few days was flown to Stoke Mandeville Hospital. Unfortunately she was unable to regain the use of her legs, which was very sad and she had a difficult time afterwards. Her determination and stamina enabled her to cope with life after she married Mac, had two children and later coped with separation and bringing up the boys on her own. I would like to know where she is now.

On another occasion, Jane herself became ill, with malaria and she sent for me. At the time she was looking after a great dane for the Agricultural Officer who was away on leave. The dog was guarding her from all intruders and lay stretched the length of the bed, so that it was difficult to take her temperature, blood sample or anything else. The sample proved to contain malarial parasites so it was necessary to take her to Ndola in the ambulance so that she could be looked after properly. Until this time, the medical authorities were unaware that I was left with the keys to the medicine cupboard and that I was dealing with queries when she was absent. Now that they were faced with me bringing Jane into hospital, they decided to make me an official 'stand-in' and I was paid a small retainer for the times I did so.

I had to drive from Solwezi to see the gynaecologist and have a D and C. The next day I drove back the hundred miles. The road was diabolical and it was raining heavily part of the way, so by the time I got home I was done in! On our door was a note to say John was at a friends house and I was to go there for a meal. I did so and promptly burst into tears and dropped into a welcome chair for comfort, resuscitation and a bite to eat.

There were further visits to the same gynaecologist when we lived at Kitwe. One time as I was waiting in the outpatients, very diconsolate, a familiar face passed through, a nurse who had worked with me at Barts in London. It was nice to see her cheerful face. I was very disappointed on my second stay to find the lady specialist was going on holiday and the House-

man was in charge of me. I was not cheered up as I was being pushed into the theatre to be told by the nurse "I've not heard of HIM doing a D. and C. I hope you'll be alright!" I could only say a little prayer and hope for the best!

☐ I remember my mother being given some muti by the local witchdoctor when she had malaria. He gave her some bark to chew and it cured her. She never poo-pooed the witchdoctors although she was a nurse. My brother had a series of carbuncles which were very nasty so she asked the witchdoctor to help. He gave her one of his mixtures which drew out the pus better than anything my mother had. She had a lot of respect for their medicines although she didn't know what they were.

I had malaria so many times when we lived on the farm and my sister had cerebral malaria. I was sent to the neighbours to telephone for someone to come and collect her to get her into hospital. We got her into a van and off we went in the pouring rain. The driver didn't see a tree across the road. We hit the tree and jumped it — how, I don't know. It was a miracle that we got her to hospital.

Many children died from malaria or Blackwater fever. Once you had had a dose of malaria you could be given quinine as a preventative but it did turn your skin yellow. It didn't really prevent malaria but helped to lessen the severity of future attacks. You only got Blackwater fever after you had had malaria several times. It was the haemorrhaging of the kidneys, due to malaria and there was no cure for it whatsoever.

A family outing — Derek Mace, June Mace, Cynthia Coase, Debbie Bruce and Brian Coase

Entertainment

☐ There wasn't a great social life in Mufulira Mine Camp and we, as members of the police, were the poor relations. The people with the money were the mineworkers in those days.

So, we found the cinema at the mine club a great place to go. The show changed three times a week so it wasn't unknown for us to go there three times a week. We were often prevented from going much further afield because of the situation in Mufulira, the two political parties being equally divided and there was quite a lot of rioting. Russ was often 'on call.' Often we would go to the cinema and a message would be flashed on to the screen for the police at Mufulira Mine Camp to return to camp and then half the audience would stand up and walk out.

Now and again after the cinema I would go on patrol with Russ as he went to the various sub-stations in the township to see if things were alright. I remember on one occasion we saw a group of Africans carrying a bed frame. Perched on top of it was Harry Nkumbula, the leader of the African National Congress. He was being paraded round the town as a show of strength.

☐ When I was a girl in Mufulira we all made our own entertainment. We had ballet lessons and piano lessons and took part in concerts at school — it was such fun! Each Sunday we went to church at least twice and then everyone, all the families, went to the mine club for a sundowner. You had to go early to get a place as it was so crowded.

I played hockey for Mufulira and N.R. Schools and Womens teams and represented N.R. at athletics. The N.R. team took part in the All South Africa Womens Hockey Tournament at East London and played the other provinces.

☐ Our three years in Ndola were possibly the happiest years of our life. We had an old, but very cool bungalow in the Police Camp where we were able to entertain the many friends we

made during our stay. Being married, we did our best to entertain the single policemen, especially during Christmas time. There was always something happening at the Police Mess or the Police Club during the evenings. Cricket, golf and tennis were the most popular outdoor sports whilst drinking was the most popular pastime indoors.

Very often on a Sunday, a group of us would go off to the river and have a barbecue. A trip to the local butcher/baker/liquor store to stock up with essentials and twenty to thirty of us would set off in several cars to the river where we would eat, drink, swim or have a 'zizz.' Everyone would put ten shillings in the kitty (50 pence) and there would be plenty left over to finish at our house when we returned home.

Another successful form of entertainment was held regularly at the Police Club when ten shillings would give access to a dance (sometimes fancy dress), free drinks until ten o' clock, followed by fish and chips. After ten o' clock drinks had to be paid for and believe it or not, the club always made a profit because the drink was so much cheaper then.

My first introduction to the Bwana Mkubwa Mobile Unit took place shortly after we arrived in Ndola when we received an invitation to visit the Mess, for drinks. When my husband and I arrived we were met at the door by the Mess President, Derek Gray and he escorted us to the bar where we were introduced to the members who had obviously been waiting for us to arrive. It all seemed very formal and when I was asked what I would like to drink I thought I would 'break the ice' and replied 'I'll have a pint of whisky please.' Fred Buckton, who was serving behind the bar, without batting an eyelid, produced a full unopened bottle of brandy, placed it in front of me and apologised because he did not have a full bottle of whisky at that time. Although I said I was only joking, Fred replied "You ordered a pint and you have a pint." I had to take the bottle home with me, thus started a fondness with the Mobile Unit which lasted throughout our time there. Many members visited our house and we were invited to all the functions which they were renowned for, in particular the dances and the bonfire night party.

Apart from Ndola, we made many friends around the Copperbelt towns and I will always remember the evening Derek Hartley arranged for us to visit Mufulira Mine.

When we arrived we were kitted out in badly fitting boiler suits, tin hats with lamps and wellington boots. Then off we went with the shift foreman as our guide. First we went nearly one mile underground by lift and then we started walking along passages, around a large cavern housing the generators etc., climbing up and down ladders, shown how they blast the rockface and finally walking along a seemingly endless conveyor belt, tired and exhausted but urged on by our guide with promises of a cold Castle beer at the end. When we finally surfaced at about eleven o' clock the only drink was a large dirty mug of cocoa, which under the circumstances tasted like nectar.

When we were in Lusaka I used to enjoy the Police Band playing at the many ceremonies but my favourite was the 'Beating of the Retreat' which never failed to bring a tear to my eyes.

At Livingstone we had an eighteen foot cabin cruiser which we used to moor at the Zambesi Boat Club and we spent many hours on the river. Very often on Sundays, about half a dozen men and three or four children would set off early to go fishing and the women would join them at about nine o' clock for breakfast on one of the islands. There would be steak, eggs, sausages, bacon and potatoes cooked over the open fire.

On one occasion I was asked by the Tourist Board if I would join other local residents and assist Joy Adamson in make a publicity film on the Zambesi. It was great fun, dressed as tourists and we spent most of the time getting on and off a boat. The film was called 'Zambia in the sun' but the only shots of me were of my bottom. We were asked several times to take visiting VIP's for a trip up the river.

We had a lovely Police Club with a swimming pool and a cricket field where many pleasant hours were spent. As my husband was Chairman of the club, I used to help him to organise dances, social evenings, treasure hunts etc. One year we were asked if we would run the prestigious Agricultural Show Ball. It was a terrific success and with the help of the Superintendent of the nearby Katambora Reformatory, we were able to display a large variety of fruit and vegetables. We even had a few piglets in small pens. I remember the occasion well because I was eight months pregnant, danced all night and went home with the milk!

☐ When we arrived at Chingola I saw two very

A weekend 'house party' at Fort Rosebery

overgrown tennis courts so I asked the members of the Police Club if we could have them resurfaced. They agreed to pay for the laterite, molasses and salt petre to resurface the courts and I duly ordered it from the mine. The laterite was delivered one morning when I was at school and the Commanding Officer sent out a team of prisoners to repair the road around the station with it! I was not pleased. He did offer to get another load and then supervised the resurfacing of the courts, thinking a woman incapable of the task, no doubt. I had hoped to be allowed to drive the roller but the C.O. decided that this was his job. We had many happy hours playing on those courts.

I played hockey for Nchanga Mine Club and arranged for some 'friendly' games with a mixed team from the police camp. I was frightened out of my wits the first time I played in these games as the policemen wore police boots and flayed their hockey sticks around my head! After this game I decided to umpire, it was safer and I made them play to the women's rules which were not too popular. I was even less popular when they asked me to umpire cricket matches behind the police club as they never agreed with my l.b.w. decisions!

When we lived in Luanshya I had the opportunity to manage the girls Northern Rhodesia Hockey team on a tour to Bulawayo and Salisbury and then to go to Port Elizabeth in South Africa as Manageress of the Women's Hockey team to the All South Africa Women's Hockey tournament. The latter trip involved nine days of travelling by train for four games of hockey but both trips were most enjoyable and they gave me the opportunity to see something of Rhodesia and South Africa.

Our farewell party at Luanshya was held at the Police Club and a club member, Chauan, the local tailor demonstrated his skills as a Health Yoga to us. He put a bed of nails (three inch screws actually) on the floor, lay down on it and put a similar bed on top of his chest, points touching his silk shirt. He invited four policemen to stand on the top bed, which they did and then he got up to show us there was not a mark on his chest. He then replaced the beds of nails and his sons placed a huge rock on the top bed. A very large policeman then struck at the rock with a fifteen pound hammer. Again, no apparent affect on Chauan. His sons then produced some lengths of steel, each about eight feet long and half an inch in diameter. One

end of a piece of steel was placed touching the wall about five feet from the ground and Chauan placed the other end on his throat. He pushed forwards and bent the steel into a U shape. He repeated this with other pieces of steel, first pressing the end with his solar plexus and then with his eyeball! I have never seen anything like it and would never have believed it had I not seen it for myself.

☐ At Mongu we had a Police Club and a tennis club. Everyone met for 'Tennis tea' at the club on Sunday afternoons.

We all contributed to the cost of having a small swimming pool built and spent many hours there, often swimming at midnight.

At Chinsali we would go to the 'cinema,' the local courthouse, each taking our own camp chair and ashtray with us. The only films we saw were medical ones owned by the doctor!

☐ At Ndola we went to the Bijou cinema, resplendent in evening dress which was the done thing in the fifties. The show would start with about twenty minutes of adverts and news then there would be an interval. Everyone dashed off to the bar and returned later to watch the 'big film.' It was not unusual for the projectionist to have problems, showing the second reel of the film first, then the third and then the first. Interesting!

We thought nothing of driving from Chingola to Ndola (seventy miles) to go to the cinema but once the 'troubles' started it was unwise to travel after dark. The petrol rationing in 1966 curtailed our travelling too.

☐ Our first real outing after our arrival at a bush station was to a dance at Fort Jameson, one hundred and twenty miles away. The police Landrover had to go to Fort Jimmy to take a body to the mortuary, so we got a lift to the dance with a very dead body. Fortunately it was in the trailer behind, covered with branches and the driver travelled at breakneck speed so as to leave the odour well behind us. How romantic can you get?

☐ In the larger towns the policemen had their Mess Nights fairly regularly, but, of course they did not include wives. They would set off in their white starched mess jackets, looking very handsome, have a substantial dinner, large quantities of drink and then play their 'mess games.' These included a wild form of rugby

and 'bok bok' which left their jackets grass stained, beer stained and often blood stained! Broken arms, collar bones and occasionally a leg was broken at these events. The wives dealt with the bruises and the servants bleached and starched the jackets in readiness for the next mess night!

In 1964 it was decided that there would be a Police Ball at Luanshya, before many people left prior to Independence. It was a most enjoyable occasion, dancing to a Congolese band and meeting up with so many friends from the Copperbelt. I remember it also because my coat and handbag were stolen from the police Rover!

The committee which ran Nchanga Mine Club often arranged for 'artistes' who were touring southern Africa, to extend their journeys and perform at the club. On these occasions the club was packed. I saw Anne Shelton, Jean Sablanc and Mickey Most perform. Anne Shelton made us all feel homesick for the U.K. when she sang all the songs we had learned after the war and she led a sing-song which nearly raised the roof!

I made the mistake of volunteering to play the piano for rehearsals of a Christmas show, Listen to the Wind, at the Chingola Arts Theatre. As there was no one else available, I finished up as the 'Musical Director.' We had thirteen performances and the theatre was fully booked for all of them. Later there were productions of Free as Air and Salad Days and plays performed each month by the Chingola Dramatic Society. Many hours were spent in the bar of the theatre, my favourite bar as they stocked milk for my 'White cows and 'Brown cows' (ginger beer and milk or coca cola and milk, most refreshing).

☐ We were posted to Kafue, not a very nice posting, but we had to do as we were told so off we went. One Sunday morning we decided to go on a picnic to the Kafue river. We went with some friends. It was a hot day and we unpacked the car, putting a rubber sheet and a rug on the ground for our little Phillip. We had a very good afternoon, despite the usual mosquitos and flies and we made the most of it. The following day Phillip was covered in spots from the waist down and I took him to a doctor friend. He said it was teething spots. My husband disagreed and said it was putsie flies — he was right. Phillip had about fifty putsie flies all over his legs and bottom, up to his waist. We sealed them all off with sellotape

and so got rid of them. It was quite an experience!

☐ As an inexperienced housekeeper I was very fortunate to have a wonderful friend who would slip around to the back door with a basketful of goodies and then appear again at the front door with the other guests at my afternoon tea parties and never blink an eyelid when 'my' sponge cakes were praised. Dear, kind Jean — with her encouragement I soon learned to cook and was quite proud of my first-ever Christmas cake which was made without the aid of a whisk, never mind a food processor. Even when the cake was iced the battle was not over for I had to put it on top of the fridge to dry out and stand guard with the flit gun everytime a column of sugar ants marched towards it.

The drinking water was put into gin bottles which fitted so very neatly into the fridge but inevitably the labels were sometimes removed — with dire results. I well remember Sarah's second birthday party when the children were rolling around, the strictly teetotal Godmother was in a right merry mood while the remainder of the adults were getting more and more morose, despite their many 'Gins' and Orange! We finally discovered that neat gin was being used as water and vice versa.

☐ At Livingstone the social life was pretty hectic both at the Police Mess and the Old Police Club, known as the 'glue-pot.' There used to be card sessions which lasted, non-stop, all weekend. Like the fools that we were, the wives used to take the Sunday lunches to the Police Club and pool the lot so that the cards could continue. We played tennis, enjoyed Scottish dancing and played the men at cricket. Despite the heat, it was a great place to live and many visits were paid to the Wankie Game Reserve, the Falls Hotel and the North Western Hotel.

In Lusaka I came across another 'glue-pot' and my husband took over the running of the club. Again, we organised Scottish dancing and this time I ran the children's section. Some of the wives at Police H.Q. were recruited by Sylvia Shute into a Can-can team for the New Year's Eve Ball. We were all very nervous and drank several bottles of champagne before performing to give us 'Dutch courage.' I barely remember cartwheeling round the room as it was the only item I could do. Anyway, it seemed to be a hit and a repeat was requested but we declined.

New Year's Eve, Lusaka 1959 — David Cator, (???), Alan Margison, Shirley Gooding, Frank Cook, Joan Tyrer, Dickie Dixon, Edna Belson, (???), Ray Pritchard

Some of the wives played tennis on Saturday mornings and we used to send for cream cakes from the Swiss Bakery. The Commissioner sent us all some of these cakes to Headquarters when he married Rosemary.

Tessie O'Shea came to the Woodpecker Inn and performed there for several nights. We went to see her and her voice was so powerful that we heard all of her performances as we lived nearby.

We made our own entertainment at Fort Jameson and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves there. The Police Club and the Victoria Memorial Institute were the 'glue-pots.' We had tennis tournaments, Scottish dancing and golf was very popular. Fr. Pierre Au Coin ran a Choral Society and guided us through The Messiah, Elijah and The Creation. He was an excellent choir master as we were such a mixed bag and some of us could hardly sing at all!

We stayed in Fort Jameson for two years longer than the end of our tour as we enjoyed it so much and knew that this would be the end of our stay in Central Africa.

Visitors

☐ I soon realised that it was necessary to keep an open mind and the spare bed made up as we never knew who would be visiting at any time.

One afternoon Vic brought a Scotsman home. We gave him tea and home-baked scones and he seemed grateful but just would not look at me. He sat, disconsolate, on our cabin trunk, hardly saying a word. They both went, leaving me wondering who he was and why he was so strange. Hours later, when Vic came home, he told me that the Scot was a prisoner who he had just taken to Bwana Mkubwa prison but he thought he ought to have something to eat before they left.

The first 'official' visitors caused me some embarrassment. We were camping in one room of a large house at Chingola with scarcely any furniture. I was woken up after one o'clock in the morning, my dressing gown draped around me, to be led into the lounge and introduced to Senior Superintendent Brockwell and Assistant Superintendent Green from Western Division C.I.D. They were sitting on a cabin trunk sharing a bottle of Green Chartreuse. All I could offer them was a cup of tea which they declined in favour of the green alcohol.

I spent many, many evenings alone, worrying where my husband was, when he would be coming home and I often got myself into quite a state worrying about him. The Western Division officers visited Chingola regularly on 'inspections' and at the end of working hours 'inspected' the clubs in the town. During the evening of one such visit I decided to go out and come back home later than they did, to give my husband a fright! I drove around town until I found the Western Division Chevrolet parked outside the Nchanga Mine Club. I parked around the corner, intended to watch until they left and then follow them a few minutes later. However, I fell asleep, woke up after two o' clock in the morning and their car had gone!

I drove home, walked in, expecting some kind

of reaction but all I got was "would you like a cup of tea?" My husband was oblivious to the time of day so my efforts had been wasted!

It was necessary and fun to entertain policemen from other stations. The government paid a small hospitality allowance whenever we did so. There were so few hotels and it was always a change to meet new faces or old friends. It often meant that when I got up in the morning I would find a stranger in the house as he had arrived after I had gone to bed!

☐ I remember when the Queen Mother visited Ndola in 1960. She was travelling in her Rolls, escorted by traffic police with brand new vehicles fitted with large sirens placed above the front bumpers. Unfortunately the sirens restricted the flow of air through the radiator to the engines of the police vehicles and they had to drop out of the cavalcade one by one with over-heated engines.

We had a visit from the Monkton Commission which had been sent from England to investigate the possibility of Northern Rhodesia becoming independent. I will always remember the cocktail party which was held at the residence of the Provincial Commissioner, Luapula, for the Monkton Commission to meet and talk to the local residents. Whilst we were drinking on the front porch on a cloudless evening we were able to watch one of the orbital spacecraft passing in the sky overhead.

In 1965, owing to Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence, the border posts had been replaced at Victoria Falls and local residents were warned not to cross over to the Rhodesia side of the Zambesi in their boats. We were still allowed to cross the border but had to produce a passport. The Zambian Government were concerned that money was being taken out of the country by locals visiting the Victoria Falls Casino.

The Head of Immigration from Israel, Colonel Saltman came to Zambia to advise the Government on Immigration matters generally and he came up with the idea of discouraging regular trips across the border by increasing the size of the passport stamp so that it used a whole page of a passport each time someone passed through Immigration. We were given the job of entertaining Col. Saltzman during his stay in Livingstone.

☐ Father Hoey, a monk from the Community

of the Resurrection at Mirfield, visited the Copperbelt on a mission. He stood in the pulpit at each Anglican service, giving a running commentary on the proceedings and explanations of the significance of the words and actions. He asked for a married couple to be re-married so that he could explain the service. Vic and I were volunteered by our vicar at Chingola. So, one Saturday evening, dressed in Annette's magnificent wedding gown with a Matron of Honour and my Headmaster to 'give me away' we went through the service.

Towards the end, the heavens opened and the noise of the rain on the church roof drowned out any commentary. We went into the vestry and Vic went home to collect macs and shoes. The outside of the church was a mudbath and so I left wearing bra, pants and a large police mac with Annette's gown wrapped up in another one. We all had bacon and eggs to celebrate!

☐ When we were in Lusaka, John Stonehouse and Barbara Castle, then relatively unknown, came to Northern Rhodesia on a 'fact finding tour' but they were only interested in making a name for themselves. After they left Northern Rhodesia the gents toilet in the Lusaka Police club was named John Stonehouse and the ladies toilet was named Barbara Castle!

☐ I had the enjoyable task of organising a day at Chingola for the England Women's Hockey team in 1960. It was a treat to meet so many P.E. teachers and have a gossip. The Nchanga Mine managers proved as welcoming as ever and showed the team around the mine, the Open Pit and the Leech plant. We all had a good lunch at the Nchanga Golf Club.

When Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Chingola in 1960 she opened Chingola Arts Society new theatre, visited the Open Pit and had lunch at the Golf Club. The Scots in Chingola had raised the Royal Scots Standard over the Open Pit and had painted, in huge letters on the side of the pit 'Welcome Elizabeth, Queen Mother.' Political squabbles were forgotten that day.

☐ During her tour, The Queen Mother visited Fort Jameson and stayed at the Residency where Derek Goodfellow was the Provincial Commissioner. All the Europeans were invited to a 'sundowner' to meet the Queen. I went to work

for the P.C. only a few days after the visit and was shown all the alterations which had been done to the Residency in preparation for her visit: a lovely pink bathroom suite had been put in, a twelve settings dinner service obtained and the lounge redecorated in off-white with top quality furnishings.

☐ The Queen Mother visited Mongu before flying to Ndola. Extra police were posted in for her visit, ten of them stayed at our house and slept on their camp beds. There was a garden party at the Residency and she was taken on the Ku-omboka, the Barotse Royal barge to an island for a picnic. I hope she enjoyed it!

A picnic spot — the Hippo Pools on the Kafue River near Bancroft

Patricia Bracey (second from left) winning the Fancy Dress Parade competition as the 'Queen Bee', 1959

Leaves

☐ The Northern Rhodesia Police were granted two weeks 'local' leave each year and at the end of a three (or two and a half) year tour went on 'long' leave for approximately six months. This paid leave had to be taken outside of the tropics and the government paid a travel allowance towards this.

We all spent many hours deciding what we would do with our long leave, where to go, who to see. We planned to go to Japan, down to Australia and back to the U.K. for our leave at the end of my first tour, but it was not to be. My father in law was taken ill and so we were allowed to cut short our tour of duty to fly to England to look after him.

We packed up our home quickly, I took our possessions to the store at Ndola in a police troop carrier and we flew on a Britannia to England. Our new car was at the airport to meet us and we drove to Yorkshire. At two o' clock in the morning we reached two miles from home and we met a thick pea-souper fog so I had to walk in front of the car, Vic driving close to my heels. What a contrast with life at Chingola!

When we left Zambia, in 1967, we flew down to South Africa, spent two weeks there at Pietermaritzburg with Thea and Jack and at Ramsgate with Mavis and Jim before sailing from Durban on the Lloyd Triestino 'Africa' up the east coast. That was a superb holiday! We travelled First Class, visited all the ports *en route*, had a shopping spree in Aden and after disembarking at Venice, travelled on the Orient Express (not the Simplon version) to Folkestone.

We were extremely lucky to be able to complete this trip as the Six Day War broke out and ships behind us were either stranded in the Bitter Lakes or sent back around the west coast, a very long trip.

We only had one weeks local leave during my eight years in N.R./Zambia when we went to see the Victoria Falls. No one who has seen the magnificent falls, the herds of elephants crossing the main road at dusk, the baboons trying to get into cars at the car park or the monkeys

stealing the sugar from your table at the Falls Restaurant could ever forget it. The bush seemed to belong to the animals. We were the intruders and only tolerated in their world.

☐ I wouldn't have missed living on a bush station for the world, even though I couldn't wait to get back to civilisation by the time our long leave arrived. Oh! the joy of sitting on Durban beach, eating grapes and drinking fresh milk and switching on lights, kettles and all things electric.

We had a wonderful month in Durban and sailed from there on the Windsor Castle — its maiden journey — three marvellous weeks on board and we arrived at Southampton as brown as berries, to be met by family and friends, all lilly white and fragile looking. My husband, who had left the U.K. as a pale and slightly pimply beanpole, arrived back married, tanned, filled out (but not too much), looking very handsome with his blond hair and very blue eyes — so my shares were up right away with the family I was meeting for the first time.

☐ On one trip we were returning via the East Coast. We shared a table with an Egyptian couple who invited us to spend a few days in Cairo with them. When we disembarked from the ship's launch there was a red carpet down — we were embraced along with our newly-acquired friends. Ismail said he had to attend an offical function and that the relations would take us and the children to their house in Cairo.

We arrived at a wonderful mansion, resembling an MGM set — the walls were decorated with Chinese and Persian silk carpets plus such opulence never seen in our police houses!

As we were there during the feast of Ramadan, we were invited to a banquet held in Ismail's honour. I will never forget the sight of an enormous table, positively groaning under the weight of silver salvers piled up with roasted pigeons stuffed with rice and covered with apricot sauce. All the speciality delicacies were magnificently served.

During our stay in the house General Nasser 'phoned to enquire about Ismail. I asked what Ismail did for a living — his son replied that he was the Minister for Commerce and Industry!

They were wonderful hosts, taking us to the Nile Hilton with me resplendent in my hostesses second mink. Nothing was too much

trouble; we were rushed from pillar to post to see the many wonderful sights, culminating in them taking us to Suez to board the boat there.

Leave . . . How we miss those wonderful holidays that we did not really have enough money to make the most of!

☐ We left Ndola by train to Cape Town on our first leave and as typical with farewells in Northern Rhodesia, we were seen off at the railway station by quite a crowd of friends — even the Mayor of Ndola was there — who brought fruit, chocolate and drink for us to consume on our four day journey. We arrived back in England late in 1959 and I gave birth to Trevor the following January in Leamington Spa. My husband had his leave extended for a couple of weeks but had to return to Northern Rhodesia alone, a few days after I came out of hospital.

One memorable trip we made on local leave was to the Kariba Dam which at that time was about halfway to completion. We were able to walk along the bottom of the dam wall, explore the site and look around the small township which was also under construction. The township had a modern hotel, an outdoor cinema, a church and several other places of entertainment.

We had several holidays whilst in N.R. visiting Bulawayo and Salisbury on several occasions and the Mvuma Mountains, Umtali. We visited Wankie and Ngoma Game Parks, the latter on several occasions as we knew the Game Park Warden.

We went on some memorable safari's, sometimes camping out in small mud hut compounds in the Game Park. We would get up as early as 4.30 am and sit around the camp fire to keep warm and then wash in ice cold water. After breakfast, cooked on an open fire prepared by the servants, supplied by the Game Warden, we would set off in search of wildlife.

In the early morning we would often come across a lion eating his prey, usually buffalo or kudu. We would see many kinds of wild animal from elephant to giraffe and being in a Landrover we could get quite close to them. The children loved travelling on the back of the open Landrover with the other tourists, hanging on for their lives as we travelled over bumpy tracks.

One day, when I had an infected arm, I had to sit between the driver and a game ranger in the front of the vehicle. My bottom was getting

hotter and hotter as we bumped along at great speed and I realised that I was sitting on the metal plate cover above the engine but could do nothing until we stopped. Whew! What a relief when we stopped and I was able to get off the 'hot seat'!

☐ During our long leave Norman booked a cottage at Glen Islay for a bunch of us to meet there. We had three couples and three single men, all from the N.R.P. It was quit a big cottage but not large enough for us but we managed. One couple were newly married, another expecting their first child and the third had a new baby. The single men, all snorers, slept downstairs and the three couples had the bedrooms. Each day Norman made a huge stewpot full of stew and we set off with this in our cars to explore the countryside. It was lovely, no barbed wire fences anywhere! When we were hungry we stopped at the roadside, lit a fire and heated up the stew. It was a great holiday!

☐ Our first baby was born in the U.K. and taken to Africa at just six weeks old. In 1959 the shops did not cater so well for new mothers and I recollect my improvisations for the ten day sea voyage and train journey up country from Capetown with a very young baby: the fridge box that served as a 'sterilisation unit,' the plastic tablecloth which was used as a 'change mat,' the 'Bunny muff' and the large consignment of paddi-pads which I had delivered to the ship. The paddi-pads were useful in more ways than one: unopened packets, wrapped in crepe paper, were borne by the 'Three Wise Men' in the ship's Nativity play that Christmas. Later I used the pads to transform my best hat into a beehive and won first prize as 'Queen Bee' in the fancy dress parade.

The B.I. Line (East Coast) was a favourite route for travelling on leave but it was essential to make a very early booking — probably a year in advance which could and did lead to problems. Having already booked our next homeward trip I was out shopping at the Fashion Boutique in Lusaka when I caught sight of a rather expensive 'Chanel style' French suit which I tried to resist on the grounds that it would be far too warm for local wear. The sales-lady persisted "Would it not be perfect for Madam to wear on arrival in the U.K. next year?" With memories of past arrivals in our out

of date clothes after years overseas and whispers of "that one must have gone out with Livingstone," I succumbed and bought the suit. Some months later it was very obvious that my son was destined to make his appearance in the world on the very day of my expected arrival at Southampton. The trip on the B.I. Line was cancelled and six weeks before the 'happy event' Sarah and I travelled to the Cape where we were met by a charming Afrikaans courier. The Customs Officer took one look at me and said "Get her on board at once" and I was led up the gangway well ahead of everyone else to get the full attention of the Captain, Purser and line-up of stewards waiting to greet the V.I.P's. It was indeed an honour for me and I would have appreciated it even more had not my underskirt slipped over 'the bump' and fallen around my ankles just as the Captain shook my hand and said "Welcome aboard!"

The baby was four months old when we set off again, travelling first class on the Pendennis Castle which I thoroughly enjoyed. When our new car was off-loaded we drove up in easy stages to Livingstone.

Long leaves were enjoyable — visiting friends and relatives and then settling into a leave house. There were no sad farewells when we boarded ship again and I often drew the cabin curtains to shut out a misty and cold England.

I enjoyed our local leave and the trips around the Livingstone area in the hope of seeing an elephant but the hippo that rose from the river near our picnic site, the wart-hog that charged the car and the monkeys that made off with the sugar were the only big game that we encountered when out with the children. For years I had toured Nyasaland, Mozambique and Wankie without sighting an elephant so it was a great thrill when, on my very last weekend in Africa (near Livingstone) I saw four large elephants emerge from the bush just by the 'Beware of the elephant' sign.

☐ During our local leaves we visited Southern Rhodesia, Kariba and the Kafue Game Reserve when it was very new, the rest camp being very primitive. The cooking was done over an open fire, barbeque style, with a grill over a wood fire. My daughter was still on a bottle and I had to boil it in a saucepan and had some difficulty in catering for her needs. Still, it was most enjoyable and we saw much game.

Later we visited a much more sophisticated game reserve in Luangwa with very smart rest houses to lodge in. We had two visits to the Nyika Plateau which was a very different type of reserve, with wonderful vegetation high up in the mountains of Nyasaland. The Nyika rest house was very isolated and bookings were made via the boma at Lundazi. We sometimes broke our journey at the spectacular rest house there which was build like Rumplestiltskin's castle. The grounds were like a great park with a lake and lovely trees. Unfortunately, the foundations did not have an 'ant-proof' course and once when we were there a great deal of work had to be done to repair the ravages of the termites which had eaten into the fabric of the place.

Another stop-off point for our journeys was Mbesuma Ranch which was along a very bad road and often impassable in the rains. Ted Boult, the rancher, loved to entertain passing travellers and we swam in his outdoor swimming pool to refresh ourselves.

The road to Nyika was atrocious and it was necessary to take spares of things which might break down on the car. We took spare wheels and made sure that the footpump worked. One holiday we had so many punctures, John had to mend three on the first day after our arrival. Despite our precautions, the foot pump did not work and the washer was defunct so I cut a new one from the tongue of John's slippers and it worked a treat. Another time my ingenuity was called for when we struck a rock on the bush road and the sump of the car was damaged. I mended the leaky sump with elastoplast and a sanitary towel. It allowed us to reach a garage to have a proper repair done.

We usually arrived at the Nyika Rest House after dark and as bookings were made from Lundazi, no one ever knew when to expect guests. The camp supervisor would hear the car coming and be waiting to greet you with a paraffin lamp, to show you to your rooms, while others would be lighting the Rhodesian boiler to heat the water for a very necessary bath. By the time you were clean and changed, a superb meal would be ready for you. At dawn a game guard would take visitors round to see what game and birds could be seen. It was not so varied as the Luangwa or Kafue reserves but it was delightful to see the scenery and vegetation. The temperature was always very low in the early mornings and evenings and I managed to

get chilblains in the morning when there was frost on the ground yet get sunburned in the afternoon.

Once we stayed on the shores of Lake Nyasa, with its idyllic beach, golden sand, palm trees and peace. Here we were able to swim in the lake as there were no crocodiles nor bilharzia. It was perfect paradise.

Emergencies

☐ Two days after I arrived in Northern Rhodesia in 1959 a State of Emergency was declared throughout the country and my husband was called to the Police Station. One of the wives explained to me what usually happened and offered me the chance to stay with her if I was worried at all. During the rent riots at Chingola it had been necessary to put all the wives and children in the Chingola Police Mess under armed guard but this didn't happen during my time there. What I soon found out was that when the men were needed at the station, the bugler would ride up the camp on his bike, sounding the General alarm, then the telephone would ring to tell my husband to get to work quickly. He would answer, go to the station and then I would always get a second call to make sure he had left. I didn't find this at all amusing in the middle of the night! We all had to listen very carefully to the bugler: if he played two G's at the end the call was for the whole camp, if he played four G's then the call was for the Mobile Unit detachment only. Practice call-outs were very popular with the Mobile Unit at two or three o' clock on Sunday mornings when the men had been in the bar all Saturday night and Eric Graham heard the sharp edge of my tongue often on such Sundays!

We were all shocked to hear of the horrific murder of Lilian Burton in May 1960. She was driving her two daughters home from Ndola along the Mufulira road when they were attacked by a gang of stone-throwing Africans. The windscreen of the car was smashed and petrol thrown in and set alight. This event made us all think that maybe Africa wasn't safe for us any more and many women started talking about leaving the country before Independence Day.

The only time that I was actively employed on 'Emergency Duties' was in 1960, during the Congo exodus. In June, independence had been declared and the Belgian Congo became the Congo. We were celebrating Rhodes and

Founders bank holiday weekend, the second weekend in July, when civil war started in the Congo and the Belgians and other expatriates decided to leave.

On the Saturday night there was a party at the Chingola Police Club. The men were standing around the bar, their wives sitting behind the trellis screen in the easy chairs, usual police club style, when the men were called out on duty. One by one they left and occasionally one would return to tell us what was happening. Many hundreds of people had driven across into Northern Rhodesia to Mufulira and Ndola on the main road and many were expected to arrive from Elizabethville into Bancroft and Chingola.

A refugee reception centre was set up in the police club and we started to make mountains of sandwiches for anyone who arrived. At the same time the bush telegraph got to work and the people of Chingola came to the station to help. The managers of Nchanga Mine bought every mattress available in town and set up a refugee centre in the Lawrence Allen Hall (the Youth Club hall, the largest in town). I don't think that anyone actually stayed there because as the Belgian families arrived they were taken to the homes of Chingola families and looked after by them superbly well.

By early Sunday morning I decided that I needed some sleep so went home to find our guests, a doctor and his family who were staying with us and due to start the overland drive to the U.K. on that day, had decided to stay. The doctor, Bill Nolan, had gone to work at the mine hospital for as long as he was needed. This was typical of the reaction of everyone in the town. Hospitality was offered and long term friendships made.

I was given the job of 'Acting Customs Officer' on the Sunday as miles of cars drove slowly into the drive in front of Chingola Police station. Each car stopped in front of a line of tables and my job was to ask for any weapons and ammunition. I knew just enough French to ask if the guns were unloaded and to get the name and address of its owner so that I could issue a receipt. Twice I had rifles unloaded above my head which caused us all some unease. I was most apprehensive when I was handed a hand grenade but passed it on very quickly to my husband, nearby.

Many of the cars were loaded with ammunition — I remember a Volkswagen beetle

which had its seats packed with bullets and a small car with a beautiful camphor wood chest on the back seat, full to overflowing. Some of the Belgians had taken lorries from showrooms and filled them with their possessions, others had got into their cars with their children just as they were and left everything behind in their haste to leave.

The arms and ammunition were carried into the old gaol behind Chingola Police Station, by prisoners, under the supervision of one police officer.

Things began to quieten down in the Congo on the Monday but by that time over ten thousand people had come through Chingola and many more to Ndola and Mufulira. On Tuesday morning several Belgians decided that they wanted to go back. Sheila and I, who had sent all the arms into the gaol went to see if we could get some back for their owners. Our hearts sank! All the weapons had been thrown into the small cells without any system so we started the task of sorting and assembling them outside in the exercise yard. We wrote numbers 1 - 5000 on the walls and put a square of benches, similarly numbered in the centre of the yard. We were given three prisoners to help us get these weapons organised with one policeman on the gate to guard us. (We must have been out of our tiny minds!)

By lunchtime we had most of the five thousand rifles in order and many of the six thousand small weapons and packages of bullets on or under the benches. The District Commissioner then arrived, saw our work and said "If they want their weapons, they can have them back at the border. Load them into a troop carrier and send them all to Kasumbalesa!" I was exhausted by this time — are rifles always as heavy as those were? Sheila and I decided that enough was enough and left the moving to the prisoners and the (digruntled) policeman.

In September 1961 the people from Elizabethville who had been housed by the people of Chingola organised a ball at the Lawrence Allen Hall, to thank the town. What a lovely occasion it proved to be!

☐ The Belgian Congo ran along the western border of the Luapula Province and part of it jutted into Northern Rhodesia dividing the Copperbelt with the Luapula Province. To get from one to another necessitated a pontoon ferry across the Chembe River, Customs/Immi-

gration Control points, forty seven miles across a dirt road and then more Customs/Immigration formalities. After the Congo was declared independent in June 1960, it was extremely dangerous to cross this road because Katanga which was the Congo Province on our border declared Independence from the Congo and the Force Publique mutinied, resulting in rioting, rape and looting. Belgians fled north in their thousands but those living directly on the border with Luapula descended on Fort Rosebery for safety. We found temporary housing for the refugees and even gave up the Police Club to house thirty of them. Fortunately there was the Fort Rosebery Club and hotel to serve the needs of the three hundred or so permanent residents.

On one occasion I was travelling on holiday with my husband in our car and we had to drive over the Congo pedicle road. Trevor, who was not yet a year old, travelled on the back seat of the car in his carrycot. We had to wait at the Congo Customs Post quite some time because the officials were drinking in the nearby bar. We eventually got through but half way across the pedicle road we were stopped by an armed gendarme. He stuck his rifle through the car window and demanded that we open the boot lid which we did. He allowed us to travel on and we were relieved because there had been many instances where these armed and leaderless gendarmes had been responsible for many atrocities, including several murders.

As time passed, the political unrest increased in Luapula and every day saw another school or some building burned to the ground by local U.N.I.P. supporters. Road blocks appeared, cars were stoned, rioting occurred frequently and the Army and the R.R.A.F. were called into the province on 'Stand-by.' On one occasion the situation became so serious in Fort Rosebery that the children whose parents were working were brought to my house and armed guards were placed around the premises.

☐ Eventually I was the only white woman living in Mufulira Mine camp and as I had a job with the Mufulira Municipality, it meant driving through the compound to work, back home at lunchtime and back again in the evenings. Strange as it may seem, I never used to worry about it. Some weekends we were confined to camp which wasn't very nice for me, being the only white woman there. I would spend the

whole weekend on my own. However, after a couple of times like this it was arranged so that I could go into Mufulira and spend the days with friends there.

We joined the shooting club and I learned how to shoot a .22 pistol. At one time I kept it under my pillow. Goodness knows what I would have done if anyone had tried to come into the house! I think that I would have been petrified about using it. It wasn't a very sensible thing to do because if anyone had taken the pistol from me I would have been killed.

☐ During one emergency my husband decided that I really ought to learn to fire a weapon so he took me and a friend out into the bush, found a large anthill, put a Woman's Own magazine against it and taught us, strict police fashion, what to do. We fired a .38 revolver and a .675 Biretta pistol. He was most surprised that we could hit the magazine!

I owned a small gas pistol but never had any ammunition for it so I decided that my best weapons, to keep under my bed, were the aerosol fly spray and my hockey stick. I felt that I could cope with these. Any firearm in our house was always carefully locked away, ammunition locked in a separate cupboard, so if I had wanted to use them I could never have got both out in time.

I knew very little about what was going on politically and could only ever find out what case my husband was working on by reading the Northern News each morning. I could then decide from the crime reports, where he had been and what he had been doing.

At six o' clock one morning in 1966 our houseboy woke us up to tell my husband that there was a dead African in our garden and he should go and look. It turned out that the African had been stabbed in the groin in the police camp, had tried to wake up our neighbours and then crawled towards our house, dying under the hedge. My husband dealt with it and came back for his breakfast before going to the office. He told me what had happened and I carried on eating. It was only two hours later it really hit me and I decided then and there that if Africa had hardened me so much, it really was time to leave.

☐ One night in Chingola the men were going to a riot. My bedroom faced the police station and I could hear the noise and rattling going

on outside. Before Les went he said "Here's a gun — shoot at the middle panel on the door if you have to." "What me? I can't shoot" I replied. He said "If anyone's coming in to kill you, just shoot — you will!" Off he went. I shoved the bed up against the bedroom door, pushed a chest of drawers against the door to the small bedroom then I put the gun in a drawer and locked it. I got the fly spray, the pepper pot and our little dog Julie, then I peeped out of the window to see the men all climbing into the troop carriers. I was frightened, really petrified! When he came home in the morning my husband asked where the gun was and I told him it was locked away in the drawer.

There was a lot of trouble in Chinsali. It started in 1961 and continued on and off until well after Independence. In 1963 Kaunda and Kapepwe visited the area to talk to Alice Lenshina and her followers but they didn't solve the problem. Most of the Europeans had planned to go away for Christmas that year but they weren't allowed to go so we finished up with eleven people for what turned out to be a very late Christmas dinner. The members of the Lumpa Church were fighting the United National Independence Party members again and it all became very nasty indeed.

In July 1964 a young policeman called Derek Smith came from the Mobile Unit to see my husband. Les was out, so I made Derek a cup of tea and we had a chat. The following day I heard that he had been killed. I just could not believe it, such a young lad, dead! It shook me deeply.

During one patrol my husband and his constables were attacked as they were walking through the bush. His left arm was impaled to the ground with a spear, he had seven other stab wounds and his boots were hacked with a chopper. He couldn't get at his gun because he is left handed. Derek Hopwood and the constables opened fire and got him free. They started to walk back and called at a mission station. The people there were having their lunch and did not want to get involved for fear of reprisals. They didn't even give him an elastoplast! He continued back to the station and radioed his report to Headquarters. As he was sending the message the African Orderly was stitching him up and giving him an anti-tetanus jab. However, Les was allergic to this and had a very bad reaction. There was no antidote

available. He says that he was very lucky that day!

He was awarded the Colonial Police Medal for Galantry. Her Majesty The Queen presented him with the medal at Buckingham Palace.

On another occasion Les and Dick White were driving from Kasama to Chinsali in a Willis jeep when a spring broke, the jeep hit a tree and overturned. Les was thrown through the windscreen. They had to walk about half a mile to the hand operated pontoon to cross the river. Two locals took pity on the state they were in and gave them a lift on the crossbars of their bikes to the main Mpika-Kasama road. There they hitched a lift to Kasama hospital and received treatment. Afterwards the gentlemen who gave them a lift claimed a kings ransom for their assistance!

☐ On New Year's Eve 1960/61 we were living in the African Mine Compound in Luanshya. The station Commanding Officer was R. Kirby and his wife had invited all the subordinate officers and their wives to a turkey dinner. Mrs. Kirby served it up with Rip having carved the turkey when there was a series of 'phone calls closely followed by a full scale alert. All the men deserted us and their plates of food, to deal with the riot which had begun in the beer hall and ended up with skirmishes all over the compound and trees felled across most roads.

Fortunately there were no serious injuries but we women ended up eating a rather cold and spoiled meal at midnight.

Another riot happened when we were at Broken Hill. My husband was the Officer in Charge of the Mine Police Station. We had friends with us and we were about to go out to dinner to the Elephant's Head Hotel. The men were dressed up in black jacket, bow tie etc., when the Sergeant in charge came running over to the house and said "Bwana, there is a riot in the beer hall."

Nothing daunted, my husband put on his shoulder holster, complete with gun, under his jacket and went off to the beer hall with a few men. He returned some forty five minutes later, all under control. The beer hall populations were so amazed to see someone in full evening dress, I think they fell about laughing! So ended that riot!

I was working at Lusaka hospital during the aftermath of the Alice Lenshina affair. I was theatre nurse and on call one night when I

received a call at about nine o' clock. On arrival at the hospital I could see no sign of any case and thought it a prank of the Surgical Registrar who was known for them.

When I saw him I told him what I thought about being called out and he said "Come with me," pulling my by the arm at a very smart pace through the hospital to the x-ray department. There were bodies everywhere, lining the corridors on both sides, moaning and groaning.

I was horrified and saw only too clearly what lay ahead. The first thing we did was to call in the other theatre nurse, an African lass, who, knowing she was not on call, refused the transport sent for her, which then had to be sent again with an explanatory note.

We operated all night in two operating theatres, on about twenty four people with multiple injuries, mainly gunshot wounds. Most of the patients had three major surgical procedures performed on them.

I leave it to the imagination, the state of the aseptic technique, by nine o' clock in the morning, which is when, I recollect, we finished. A night not to be forgotten.

☐ One night there was a riot in the beerhall at Chiwempala and my husband drove down the Bancroft road towards the township in the C.I.D. Landrover, not realising that the riot platoon hadn't yet got to the township. His Landrover ignition light stayed on so he returned to the station, left it and took one of the blue station Landrovers. As he drove down the Bancroft road his vehicle was stoned. One rock went through the side window and cut his arm so he came home rather quickly to get it cleaned up. There was a Board of Enquiry about why he hadn't put the riot screens on the Landrover and he was 'censured.' It was lucky he didn't have to attend the enquiry as he would have told them that the screens were probably in use as the grill on someones barbeque pit!

☐ In 1961 there was a lot of trouble around Kasama and my husband had to stay at the Police Station for four days and nights. He came home each morning for some breakfast, a shower and a change of uniform and went back again. He had heard that Africans were going to attack the Police Station, so he called up the few reservists and sent for the Mobile Unit to come to support them.

The women were all sent to our house, for

safety and it was only months later that he told me that our house was second on the rioters list to be burned down! I moved my baby's cot to an inside wall and had a bucket of sand in the bedroom in case anything was thrown in through the windows. I could hear the chanting from the African township just down the road, day and night.

One night, after midnight, I heard singing, coming from far away. The sound got nearer and nearer and I recognised the sounds of the Mobile Unit men singing. They arrived in their troop carriers, all singing and drove past our house to the station. It was a very moving, memorable moment, just like the cavalry arriving at the end of a western film! I'll never ever forget it!

☐ On a Sunday in February 1967 there was a huge fire at the petrol storage depot outside Kitwe at about four o' clock in the afternoon. We had friends with us for lunch, Nicky and Dave, and were sitting outside with the children when we saw it. It looked to be at the hospital. The two Daves got changed and went to the Police Station. After two hours Nicky and I decided to go to try to find out what was happening. As we were driving out my husband came back and screamed at us "Get back in and stay indoors." His face was covered with blood and cuts. The police had been attacked by a rock-throwing mob. Dave told us that a European woman had been driving along the main road and had a huge rock thrown at her car which went through the windscreen and crushed her chest. Dreadful!

President Kaunda went on television at six o' clock that evening to say that it was European sabotage and then the riots really started. (The fire had been caused by an African using a faulty pump which was sending out sparks, although he had been told not to use that pump).

The police were attacked by huge crowds. Someone ran into Llewellin Hospital and told everybody that the Europeans were killing Africans and were going to bomb the hospital. Relatives were going into the hospital and taking people out, even babies out of incubators. Many of them died. It was pandemonium, absolute pandemonium and the following day we saw all the important government buildings, radio station and so on under armed guard.

Crowds arriving for a political meeting at Nchanga Mine

Luanshya C.I.D. celebrating the successful investigation of Inspector Chito's Murder. Vic Schofield, John Coates, Brian Brown and Barrie Horlock with the 'tiffs'

Freedom

☐ "Kwacha! Freedom! Africa for Africans!" were the slogans heard daily during the 'Fight for Independence' in Northern Rhodesia. Huge crowds of Africans attended political meetings and listened to politicians stirring them up with speeches which were often seditious, racialist and incited violence. In 1960 one local politician at Chingola said "A British man is a civilised hyena and he is interested in robbing you. He is here to get money from you. If there is no money he is going away and we have to do our best to make life difficult for him this year. An Englishman will never leave you free until he kills you and after killing you is going to put up self government in this country. We have no alternative. These people don't believe peaceable talk tonight. You must sjambok them. Please understand me, these dogs, these white dogs will never understand, will be beaten!"

Another politician said "I am going to get hold of the whole lot of white boys in the country, divide them into categories and send them to Bwana Mkubwa (prison) week by week."

Such speeches led to a great deal of unrest and violence. Trains were derailed and petrol bombs thrown at schools, offices and homes. Attempts were made to destroy the Kitwe road bridge near Chingola and to destroy the Rhodesia Congo Border power lines but fortunately in both cases, the damage was minimal.

Police Inspector Chito at Luanshya was murdered in 1963. Inspector Derek Smith and Constable Chansa were killed at Chapaula, near Chinsali on 24th July 1964 by followers of Alice Lenshina. Two battalions of the Northern Rhodesia Regiment were sent to support the Northern Rhodesia Police and hundreds of lives were lost. Many policemen and their families decided to leave the country to facilitate 'Zambianisation' before Independence Day (24th October 1964) and who could blame them?

Many Africans who refused to support the United National Independence Party had their homes petrol-bombed and so suffered agonising deaths.

The unrest continued until Independence Day, 24th October 1964 and after into 1965 and 1966.

We were on long leave at the time of Independence and we returned to Zambia and stayed on until March 1967 for purely financial reasons. The attitudes of Africans in the streets had changed: a group of teenagers walked towards me in Ndola, filling the pavement, to make sure I had to go into the gutter with my pushchair; after I had queued in the Post Office, the counter was closed in front of me, another one opened and the African behind me served. Very irritating! I heard one day that an ex-pupil of mine had been deported from Zambia for 'defacing the President.' The lad, who was born in Zambia, was doodling on the newspaper and drew around a photograph of President Kaunda. He was out of the country within twenty four hours!

In July 1966 the Special Branch officers were given one week to leave Zambia and as it was expected that C.I.D. would be next on the list, we decided it was time to leave. My husband managed to work out his notice and it was with relief we left. I don't know if the Africans enjoyed their freedom. I certainly enjoyed mine!

☐ When we lived in Lusaka, after Independence, I bought my meat at one particular butchers shop. One morning when I went round to the butchers, I found that the shop had been burned down. Apparently what had happened was one of the butchers customers was the wife of Ruben Kamanga, the Vice President, and as it was near Christmas the butcher had sent a present of a chicken to her. She decided that it was bad and so Ruben sent round the U.N.I.P. Youth in a lorry and they set fire to the place. They did it quite openly; they didn't wait to do it when no one could see them!

I enjoyed my six years in Northern Rhodesia/Zambia. I can't think that I was ever bored. I found life there quite interesting and stimulating. You never knew what was going to happen next. It got a bit fraught towards the end when we were all talking about when we were going to leave, what we were going to do in the future, how much money we would have, when would be the best time to leave to get the most money and so on. It was very sad when people started to drift away but on the other hand we knew that the life that we had led had come to an end and things would never be the same again. I'm very pleased that I had the experience

and we made good friends there. Fortunately we still see one or two of them. Most of my memories of N.R. are very happy ones!

☐ We spent ten years with the N.R.P. with a few moves, unfortunately missing a bush posting. We had two children and many happy memories. We finally left in 1968 and would love to return to the lovely country with a regular rainy season as it was then.

We were very lucky to have had the opportunity to go to Africa at that time of relative calm and development and not in these days of awful drought.

☐ I was brought up with Africans and spent all my life living amongst them. They had never turned on us, always treated us politely and kindly and we treated them the same. It seemed such a shame that everyone was fighting and squabbling before and after Independence when there was so much land and space for everybody. They did need the Europeans so much.

We went back to Lusaka in 1989 and to see it then, with grass growing all over Cairo Road, cars falling to bits as parts were unavailable and no water to flush the toilets in the hotel, I found it all very sad, very sad indeed.

☐ We stayed on in Zambia until 1986. It started to change after Independence, slowly at first and then it deteriorated rapidly. We always managed to get enough food although there was very little to buy in the shops before we left.

Crime increased rapidly and corruption was rife throughout the country. There were bread riots in 1986, when the Government had taken the subsidy off bread, which made it far too expensive for the Africans to buy. We were travelling from Ndola to Kitwe when we met a crowd of stone-throwing Africans across the road, near the Wusikili township. We got away from them and into Kitwe but decided that we really should get home. The police told us that the road was clear, but in fact it wasn't so we detoured via Mufulira and got home that way. That was the day we finally decided to leave.

I loved living in Africa, for all its problems. It was our home for so long and I miss it still!

☐ I left N.R. a few weeks prior to Independence with the two little children who had only known Africa in their short lives. London had a big impact on them — the red buses were thought to be giant toys, black faces were welcomed instantly and my two year old sat with his face glued to the train window, hoping to see a baboon on the line out of Kings Cross.

On the whole, living in N.R. was a happy time and I never thought of it as a foreign land. So much had happened since we left Northern Rhodesia but at times I can still vividly recall the heat of the day and the sounds of the night and Same, his chores finished, standing in the doorway and saying 'Goodnight Bwana, Goodnight Dona."

Who were the donas living in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) in the 1950's and 1960's?

Where did they come from?

What were their homes like?

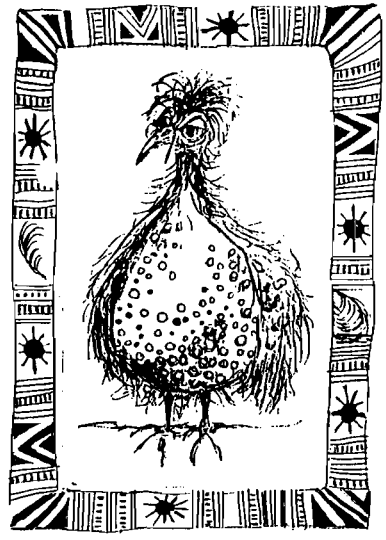
How did they cope with servants?

What was life like out in the bush?

Where did they work?

Why did they learn to handle firearms?

What did they do when the country was in a State of Emergency?



This book is a collection of their reminiscences, many happy, some sad, others hilariously funny.

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