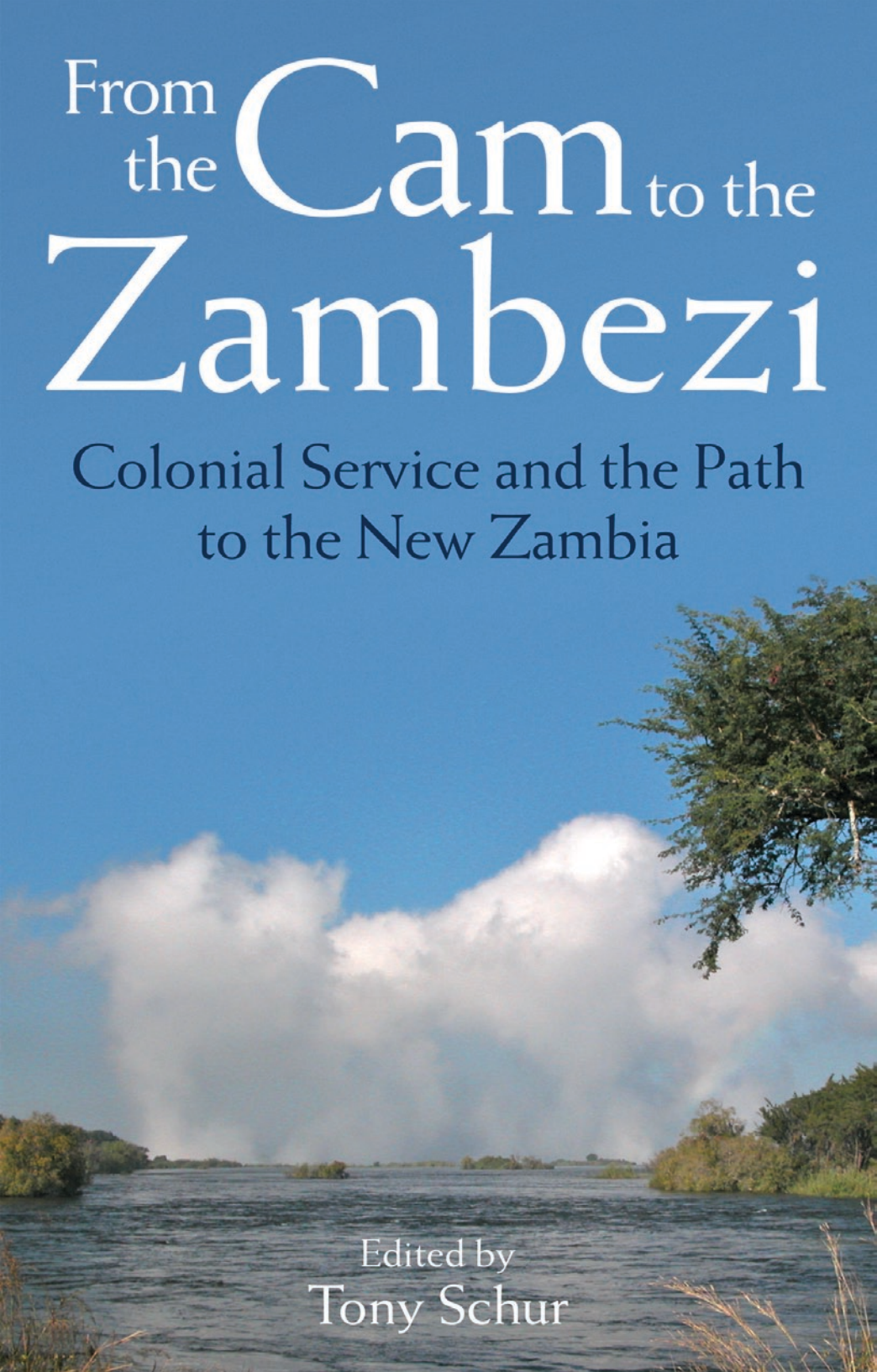
From the Cam to the Zambezi

Colonial Service and the Path to the New Zambia



Edited by
Tony Schur

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With a Foreword by Baroness Chalker of Wallasey

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The photograph of the members of the Cambridge Course is reproduced by kind permission of Lafayette Photography.

GLOSSARY

African The term used in this book to refer to the indigenous people of Northern Rhodesia/Zambia. It was in common usage at the time the events described took place. See also 'European', below.

Boma The building housing the headquarters of a district. Also used to refer to the township in which the headquarters was situated.

Cadet See 'District Officer', below.

Chief Secretary The most senior member of the colonial administration after the Governor (below).

CiBemba The language of the Bemba people. The 'ci' prefix, or a variation of it, is used in many Bantu languages. For example, ci-Ila is the language spoken by the Ila tribe.

Dambo An area of grassland through which one or more small streams flow and which floods during the rainy season. A dambo will typically be surrounded by woodland.

District Assistant (DA) A rank below District Officer (below). Many districts had District Assistants as well as DOs. A DA could be selected to attend the Cambridge Course and then be promoted to DO. Some DAs were recruited as school leavers, when they were known initially as Learner District Assistants (LDAs).

District Commissioner (DC) See 'District Officer', below.

District Messenger (DM) District Messengers were recruited in each district from the local population to assist the District Commissioner. Provided with distinctive blue uniforms,

they had the same powers as police constables and performed a wide range of duties. Many had previous military experience.

District Officer (DO) A senior administrative officer in the Provincial Administration (below), usually a graduate and having attended the Cambridge Overseas Civil Service Course. Named a District Commissioner when in charge of a district, and called a Cadet when first appointed and on probation. Each district would normally have one or more DOs in addition to the DC.

European In accordance with the practice at the time, white people are described as 'European' irrespective of whether they regarded their home country as being in Africa or in Europe.

Federation The Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (also known as the Central African Federation) was in existence from 1953 to 1963. The three countries involved are now called Zambia, Zimbabwe and Malawi. More information about the Federation is included in Appendix 2.

Governor The senior representative in Northern Rhodesia of the British Government during the period of colonial rule, with overall responsibility for the administration of the country.

Governor-General The British Government's senior representative in the Federation (above).

Indirect Rule Instead of imposing its will directly, as other European nations did, Britain governed its African territories by working through indigenous institutions such as the Chiefs and their councils. See also 'Native Authorities', below.

Kapasu Similar to District Messengers (above), but with a smaller range of powers, *Kapasus* were employed by Native Authorities (below) and wore khaki uniforms.

Learner District Assistant (LDA) See 'District Assistant', above.

Native Authority Initially the Native Authorities comprised the Chiefs and their councils. Later, younger, more educated people were brought in as councillors, with some

being given full-time responsibilities for such matters as the authority's schools and roads. Eventually the Native Authorities became elected local government authorities.

Native Court Native Courts, which took their authority from the Chief, dispensed both civil and criminal justice according to tribal custom, provided that this did not contravene Government regulations or go against the principles of natural justice.

Provincial Administration (PA) The organisation which during the colonial era was responsible for the overall administration of the provinces and districts into which Northern Rhodesia was divided. In charge of each of the seven provinces was a Provincial Commissioner answerable to the Minister of Native Affairs in Lusaka. Each province was sub-divided into a number of districts, each of which was under the control of a District Commissioner.

Provincial Commissioner (PC) See 'Provincial Administration', above.

Tour Used both in the sense of a tour of duty, which lasted two or three years, after which an expatriate officer would be entitled to several weeks' home leave, and in the sense of going on tour, which typically involved spending two or more weeks visiting local communities and sleeping under canvas.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My thanks must go first of all to each one of the contributors to this book, not only for the time and effort they have devoted to preparing their chapters, but also for responding so patiently to the editors' suggestions and queries. A particular debt of gratitude is due to Wendy Bond and John Theakstone, who have provided much good advice and encouragement as well as valued help with the editing process. I should also like to thank Lester Crook and Joanna Godfrey of The Radcliffe Press for the skilful, informed and sensitive way in which they brought our book to publication.

I am very grateful to Kapumpe-Valentine Musakanya, who owns the copyright to the writings of his late father, Valentine Musakanya, for permission to include extracts from the writings in this book, and to Dr Miles Larmer, Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford, for providing me with access to the papers and allowing me to make use of material in his book *The Musakanya Papers*, which provides more information about a remarkable man.

A debt of gratitude is also due to Tony Goddard, who has allowed me to draw on his book *My African Stories* for his chapter, and to John Hudson, a former District Commissioner in Northern Rhodesia, for permission to quote from his book *A Time to Mourn*. The extract from a paper David Alexander presented to a conference in 1982 is included with the kind permission of SCUTREA (The Standing Conference on University Teaching

and Research in the Education of Adults) and with their appreciation and thanks to David for his work.

The map, showing the location of the different places mentioned in the chapters which follow, was prepared by Ruth and Mick Bond. My thanks are due to them for their skill in producing such a helpful addition to the book.

Finally I am especially grateful to Baroness Chalker of Wallasey for writing the Foreword, as she has a great knowledge of Africa from her time as Minister for Overseas Development and through her current role as Chairman of Africa Matters Limited.

FOREWORD

I am delighted to write this short Foreword, having had great fun reading the contributors' memories, some of which even predate my active involvement in Zambia!

Whilst my memories are much more recent, from 1980 onwards, I am glad to say that Tusker beer is still available in east Africa now in 2014. I still hear 'Twingi' ('many little things' in ciBemba), which Neil Morris refers to, mentioned outside Lusaka.

The most memorable of my many visits to Zambia in the last thirty-four years was in 1990, when a number of Ministers of International Development from European countries had gathered with those of the Commonwealth African countries to discuss future European Union support for the many needs of the growing populations on the continent. The unforgettable evening at that conference was when F. W. de Klerk announced that Nelson Mandela would be freed from prison and the ANC unbanned. I shall never forget the joy and the celebration through most of the night that followed, and the joy of meeting Madiba for the first time in Johannesburg some months later. Lusaka has always been a favourite African city as a result.

But the contributors have memories of wonderful places that I have only heard of, but never visited during my Zambia time. The tales of running elections, preparing a meal for Kenneth Kaunda before he was elected President, the illuminating extracts from Valentine Musakanya's writings and all the detail of individual experiences have made me get a more detailed map of Zambia,

so that on second reading I can trace all the places where these experiences took place. Then I shall take a copy to read to the past President on my next visit to him when I am in Lusaka.

There are so many memorable stories. Perhaps as a statistician, one that sticks in my memory for amusement is about the vehicle statistics in Mongu, where the 'vehicles' were horses, and Government auditors wished to establish from the District Secretary why their check revealed the district to be 'deficient in one vehicle', and why it had been disposed of without the authority of a 'Board of Survey'? (The oldest horse had died.) The District Secretary's response was classic: 'How would the Board account for an unauthorised increase in the transport fleet?' – the imminent birth of a foal.

But it is not for me to repeat more of these fascinating memories – each of you must read this stimulating collection of memories for yourselves. We owe a big thank you to all the contributors.

Baroness Chalker of Wallasey

INTRODUCTION

In October 1961 a group of young men assembled in Cambridge. We were about to join the 1961/2 Overseas Services Course before going on to work in the Provincial Administration of the Northern Rhodesia Government. Two of the twenty-two who came together at that time were African graduates from Northern Rhodesia, twelve were graduates newly recruited in the UK and eight were non-graduates who had been recruited under a different scheme and had already worked in Northern Rhodesia for a few years. When the course ended each of us was posted to a different district in the territory, mostly in rural areas. The opportunities for meeting other members of the course during our service in Africa were few, but each of us has remained in regular contact with at least two or three of the others ever since we first met over fifty years ago. Two reunion dinners have been held to mark the twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversaries of our meeting one another for the first time. It was following the second of these dinners that the idea of producing a book of our experiences in Northern Rhodesia was proposed.

The chapters have been contributed by fifteen of the original course members and three wives. They cover the last few years of colonial rule in Northern Rhodesia and, in some cases, the early years of the new nation of Zambia after it gained its independence in 1964. Some of the stories are light-hearted anecdotes; some are more straightforward descriptions of the kinds of life British overseas civil servants and their wives led during those

years; and some contain firsthand accounts of important historic events. One is made up of extracts from the writings of Valentine Musakanya, who died in 1994. Having held a number of senior posts in Zambia in the years after Independence, he was arrested in 1980 and sentenced to death, before being acquitted on the grounds that the only evidence against him was a confession which had been obtained by torture. Each of the stories is written in the author's own words.

The world in which these events took place was very different from the one we now live in. It was a time of tension in the Cold War between the Western powers led by the USA and members of the Eastern Bloc under the leadership of the Soviet Union. In October 1962, for example, just as we were settling into our new postings in Northern Rhodesia, there were real anxieties about what might happen as the two leading powers confronted each other over the siting of Soviet nuclear missiles in Cuba. And in the UK the death penalty was still in force for murder; abortion was illegal; and it was a criminal offence for men to engage in homosexual activity, even in private.

It was also a time when racial discrimination was more widespread than it is now. In the UK the first Race Relations Act, which did no more than outlaw discrimination in public places, did not come into force until 1965, and Valentine Musakanya describes his experience of discrimination when looking for somewhere to live in Cambridge in 1961. There was discrimination in Northern Rhodesia, too, particularly in the urban areas of the Copperbelt, where the influence of apartheid-era South Africa was strong. It was not until 1960 that such practices as the exclusion of Africans from European restaurants, hotels and cinemas were banned by law. It may seem strange, looking back, but the descriptions 'Native Authorities' and 'Native Courts' continued to be used until the last few months before Independence. These terms were not intended to be derogatory, but had been in use since the early days of British involvement in Africa to describe the institutions through which Chiefs and their advisers managed the affairs of their peoples. It was through these authorities that the British-governed Northern Rhodesia

and other African territories under a system known as Indirect Rule. Later, as they evolved, these bodies became known as local authorities and courts.

There are also references in three of the stories to hunting elephants. Today, knowing that the very survival of African elephants is under threat from ivory poachers, it is difficult to understand how anyone could choose to shoot one. But in the early 1960s there were large numbers of elephants in Northern Rhodesia. They frequently caused problems for the inhabitants of rural areas by destroying the crops on which they depended for their food, and so individual elephants were shot to encourage the herds to keep away from villages. In addition, a restricted number of licences were also available for trophy hunters to buy. It is perhaps also worth remembering that attitudes towards wild animals were generally different during those years. David Attenborough, for instance, was still collecting animals for London Zoo in the BBC series *Zoo Quest*.

A glossary of some of the terms used most commonly in the text is included before this Introduction. Additional information about Zambia, about the period of colonial rule and events after Independence, and about the Cambridge Course can be found in the appendices. Biographical notes on the different authors are provided at the end of the book.

Northern Rhodesia/Zambia around 1964

1

MWINILUNGA

David Taylor

'Looking at Africa.'

The three Central African countries were joined in a Federation. It was thought that the countries complemented one another – Southern Rhodesia with its agriculture, Northern Rhodesia with its minerals and Nyasaland with its abundant labour looking for a job. It should perhaps have worked but it never really did. Maybe it was done too late or maybe it was badly managed, or maybe the stresses and the differences were more powerful than the neatness of the idea.

Whatever the verdict, it is a simple fact that we had a Governor-General as the Queen's top representative. The Lord Dalhousie's ancestor had held the identical post in India, almost exactly a hundred years before, and is the one widely charged with blame for the Indian Mutiny. He wasn't there when it happened, but then, to be absent when the balloon goes up is the secret of dynastic as well as political greatness. Dalhousie worked his socks off, so it is said, in the office and had not the faintest idea what was brewing in the backstreets of Delhi, never mind in the faraway cantonments of his enormous fiefdom. By the time that murder and mayhem engulfed the subcontinent, and was visited with barbarous revenge, His Lordship was comfortably back home.

The rhythms of history ensured, with rhyming injustice, that it was left to Canning to carry the can.[1]

It may have been to demonstrate that the family lesson had been well and truly learned that our Governor-General declared that he intended to see for himself the remotest corners of his Federation. You couldn't get further into one of the corners than our patch, and thus it was that the Lord appeared to us from out of a Land Rover and in time for a late lunch.

Made flesh by a generous hand, Dalhousie was moist and out of sorts after the long and dusty journey. The Countess glowed with discomfort and the ADC, who had crouched amid a couple of hundredweights of toppling baggage, was bruised, unloved and plain wet. The poor young man was doing his utmost to please and a little encouragement would have gone a long way. He was stabbed to the heart, and all of ours came out in sympathy, when His Lordship confided to Robin in an aside which rent the air like a bugle at dawn: 'Really! One learns not to expect too much in the way of brains, but this one is incredible.'

Later, much refreshed and according to the agreed diary of events, Her Ladyship was taken to try and catch a fish. 'Jacko' was to be her boatman, and her gillie, and had been drafted by Robin. Jacko was the public works buildings foreman and we never knew his other name. Mr Jackson had always been Jacko and that was that. His plan was to enchant the Countess by treating her with a throwaway and earthy familiarity. Robin's nerves were on edge because there were signs that Jacko had fortified himself for his assignment and his earthiness was all too easily stimulated. She called him Jack, which was as far as condescension could be taken. It was inspired; it threw Jacko completely and, in the nick of time, deflected his bonhomie on to an altogether more compliant, less dangerous target. By simple elimination, the ADC who went along to run a soldier's eye over the boat and to squander his miserable life if necessary, had to be 'Jack'. 'You all right, Jack?' our boatman kept asking, and then doubled up because the ADC looked blank and had clearly not latched on to the subtlety of it all. The boat was Jacko's own,

was his pride and joy and had been polished and painted for a week. It passed muster, started up 'first pop', and they were off.

When they came back, all three were ecstatic. She was able to point at the bottom of the boat and three very handsome tiger fish which had given her, as tiger fish did, a good run for her money. She was deliciously fatigued, but Jacko's adrenalin was on the run because he had leaned across to support the angler's forearm and, without the ADC noticing, so he swore, she had stiffened girlishly at his touch. The ADC, and it was good to see, was beaming; something of which he had been a part had gone so right for a change. And then Dalhousie had to spoil it all by pointing in a common fashion at his wife's bottom, which had picked up a smudge of paint. The ADC got the blame and the military shoulders sagged all over again.

We, Robin's three juniors, had walk-on parts and we were not called upon again until the sun was down. Neither Robin nor his poised, diminutive and beautiful wife Veronica was cut out for this; nor were they looking forward to it, but by about seven we were at their house in evening dress for a dinner over which Veronica had taken immense trouble. Jacko had not been invited, which was cruel but understandable on several grounds. As it had turned out, his part had been admirably played, his ambitions dangerously excited and, if he possessed an evening suit at all, his shirt would probably have been pink and frothy. After desultory polite conversation, we moved into a dining-room, which, in a DC's house built in a remote bush station, was never designed for entertainment of the vice-regal. The meal was excellent and, thanks to Robin and Veronica's grace and good wine, passed off reasonably well. Then the ladies, all two of them, delicately 'withdrew' and the brute males tore back gratefully, like swine, down the cliff of farce.

Thrusting the port enthusiastically to his left, His Excellency opened fire with one of the feeblest and oldest dirty jokes that any of us had not actually forgotten. The ADC laughed away with a will and Robin's grimace was covered by the fact that his teeth were clamped onto his pipe, which was beginning to draw like a furnace. Vaughan, a New Zealander, who was sitting next to me, was moved to shift things up a gear with the

opening gambit of a joke of real and abiding quality which he had, almost certainly, picked up in the All Blacks changing-room and which I had heard before. I kicked him under the table because I doubted that the Dalhousie heart was in good enough nick. The joke petered out leaving everybody, even the obliging staff, waiting for the punch-line and looking sideways to see if anybody else had got it. And then, at last, music to our ears, our Governor-General sank his port at a gulp and said 'Shall we go and look at Africa?'

This delicate euphemism concealed the intention not to waste precious water on flushing the lav. And so we hearty lads, easing our shirt collars in the heat, trooped outside and walked off across Robin's lawn into the refreshing obscurity which the tilley lamps of the house could not reach.

Africa was worth looking at from that garden. A wide sky of brilliant stars down to a low and dim horizon, with scarcely a light, a sound or sign of rude humanity below it, and the dark curve of the river making its way peacefully to the bridge and the faintest streaks of white water. And so we stood on the edge where the ground began to drop away and we stood in the strictest order of seniority. On the left of the line the portly Lord, dangerously shadowed by an edgy young soldier festooned about the shoulder in gilt aiguillettes and entrapped in tight cavalry trousers and spurs; Robin, infantryman that he had been, placidly sucking on his pipe and hands on hips; Vaughan, who, for all the difference that it would have made to him, could have been stark naked; and then, where we belonged, Jim and me, both so tense with the onset of sneezing laughter that we nearly missed our chances altogether.

But, in the end, the visit was all well worth it. Neither the province nor the territory exploded in violence as they might otherwise have done.

Note

1 Charles Canning succeeded Dalhousie in 1855 as Governor-General and as first Viceroy of India, and had to deal with the Indian Rebellion in 1857 and its aftermath. His father, George Canning, had been Foreign Secretary and, briefly, Prime Minister.

2

ABERCORN, KASAMA, MPOROKOSO, ISOKA, LIVINGSTONE, GWEMBE, KABOMPO

D'Arcy Payne

'A project I had to develop from scratch.'

On my eighteenth birthday in May 1957 I sailed from Southampton en route to Northern Rhodesia via Cape Town. I was employed by the Northern Rhodesia Government (NRG) as a Learner District Assistant in the Provincial Administration. This position was 'the lowest of the low', and I was at this time the most junior and lowest-paid member of the Administration, at the princely annual salary of £480, from which NRG made deductions at source for house rent, pension contributions and anything else that was remotely justifiable. Up to then I had been working for the family business and not enjoying it. As my father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all spent time in the service of the crown in various parts of the British Empire, I jumped at the idea of getting out of Great Britain – a naive romantic, I suppose, but then, Britain in the 1950s didn't seem to have a lot to offer. I was, in a word, green.

I was very fortunate in my first posting, which was to Abercorn (now Mbala) in the Northern Province. Abercorn lies

at around 5,400 feet above sea level, and therefore, although in the tropics, enjoys a climate that is very agreeable to northern Europeans. There was also at that time a fairly sizeable expatriate community (around a hundred, including wives and children) comprising members of the Provincial Administration and other Government departments, staff at the headquarters of the International Red Locust Control Service and Roman Catholic (White Fathers) and Protestant (London Missionary Society) missionaries, together with a few very colourful characters who had settled in the district as farmers or traders.

Although the Northern Province was populated predominantly by the Bemba people, Abercorn District was occupied by two tribes, the Lungu and the Mambwe. The latter only occupied the high plateau country, but the Lungu also lived on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, some 30 miles north of, and 3,000 feet lower than, Abercorn. Both these tribes had their own language, although ciBemba was widely understood, except on the lakeshore, where Swahili was the predominant language. This presented something of a problem as I was expected to learn ciBemba. The solution was to send me out into the bush entrusted to the care of a District Messenger who spoke no English (he did actually, but had been instructed not to by the DC).

And so the early months of my service were spent miles from anywhere with no European company, only a copy of Longland's *Field Engineering* to guide me on road construction and bridge building and a gang of labourers who were good company when enjoying the local *pombe* (beer), but thanks to my lack of knowledge of their language and their total lack of English not really able to provide much of an intellectual stimulus. As I gained more experience I accompanied the senior District Officer on tour, learning to collect taxes, to listen to the concerns of the local population and to introduce and monitor the progress of development initiatives. Whenever we arrived in a village the entire female population would greet us, as they would a Chief, ululating loudly, which they were able to keep up for a considerable time. A bicycle was an essential part of the job, and the Government in its generosity paid us 10 shillings a month

bicycle allowance, although the allowance rarely covered the cost of replacement, as the cycles had a hard life.

I also learned that we were expected to be able to act as doctors, or at least as nurses, dealing with local health complaints. In most of the rural areas there were no roads and no 'Western' medical facilities. If someone was ill or hurt in an accident, they had to walk, cycle or be carried considerable distances to the nearest town or mission where there was a dispensary – or wait for the District Officer to visit. Thus we carried with us a range of wound dressings, lotions and pills and used the knowledge we had gained in the Boy Scouts to guide us in dispensing them.

The other half of my somewhat schizophrenic existence was spent amongst the expatriate community. The Europeans enjoyed the facilities of the Abercorn Club which had a nine-hole golf-course (with sand greens) and tennis-courts. They also put on various entertainments in the form of dances and amateur dramatics and found any excuse for a party. It was here that I learned to play golf, or at least the local version where ball boys could be hired for a tickey (a silver three-pence coin) a round, and everyone carried two extra items in their golf bag: a sand scraper to smooth a path for one's putt on the 'green' and a stick to break the back of any gaboon vipers found sunning themselves on the greens or in the bunkers. I was never much good at golf – my handicap stayed resolutely at twenty-four – but I did manage to carry away the cup as the winner of the longest-drive competition. This event was staged at sun-up on New Year's Day, when you could use a driver only if judged to be 'well over the eight', otherwise you had to use a putter.

As the most junior officer in the boma, I got some interesting jobs. At Christmas I had to write and produce the children's nativity play which, surprisingly to me, was a great success. Another was to unload the steamer which visited the port of Mpulungu on Lake Tanganyika every three weeks bringing vital supplies such as cement and which towed a barge of petrol and diesel in 44-gallon drums. (It was a much more reliable route than the road from the Copperbelt, which was often impassable during the rainy season.) This job was seen as a real chore; it

was hot work, the temperature at 2,400 feet in that part of the world, even in the cold season, is very high and air-conditioning was unknown (not that we had electricity to power it, anyway). I enjoyed it, though, as one of the privileges of being 'harbour master' was free food on board the steamer (SS *Liemba*, operated by East African Railways and Harbours) and during my time they had a superb Goan cook on board. It also provided an opportunity to drink the East African beer 'Tusker', which many of us regarded as being vastly superior to 'Castle' or 'Lion', and to meet new people in the shape of the ship's officers or the occasional passenger who was touring the lake.

It was during one of these 'stints' that I received a message from the District Commissioner asking me to get hold of some yellow-bellied bream (*Serranochromis robustus*) from the lake and drop them off on my way back to Abercorn at the farm run by the Gamwell sisters. Marion and Hope Gamwell had arrived in Abercorn in 1928. They had driven south from Dar es Salaam intending to travel on to Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) to buy a farm and grow coffee. Instead, they were so taken with the area, that they bought land from the British South Africa Company and began farming it. At first they had tried coffee, but this was not a commercial success, so they then grew Nindi (*Aelocanthus graneolens*), whose oil is used in perfume-making and is thus a very valuable cash crop. The elder sister, Marion, had been unwell, and had asked the DC if someone could obtain some yellow-bellied bream, which, certainly to European palates, was by far the most succulent of all the many species of fish to be found in Lake Tanganyika. I duly delivered the fish and was treated to one of the best traditional English teas I have ever had, with savoury muffins, cucumber sandwiches and a fantastic chocolate cake thousands of miles from England in the middle of nowhere.

The sisters were very well connected and District Commissioners at Abercorn stood in awe of them. The Governor of Northern Rhodesia at that time was Sir Arthur Benson, who was reputed to be either their godson or nephew. Amongst other things the Gamwells were the moving spirit behind the

Tanganyika Victoria Memorial Institute, which, with a small museum, library and other facilities, was a type of cultural centre markedly different from the Abercorn Club. One of its activities was to show films. The films came via South Africa and were subject to South African Government censorship. This was the era of apartheid, so the censorship was somewhat puritanical in nature, reflecting the thinking of the Dutch Reformed Church. On one occasion someone who had recently returned from overseas leave complained bitterly that the film they had just seen had been completely ruined by the censor as they had seen the original version in the West End. This prompted Marion to declare that she would 'have a word with Arthur' and that would solve the problem. The expatriate community was much bemused by this, wondering how the Governor was going to fix the South African censor. The next film that was shown was just as the British Board of Film Censors had passed it. Marion had sent a message to her old friend J. Arthur Rank, and in future all our films came direct from the UK via East Africa.

This most enjoyable introduction to life in the Provincial Administration was unfortunately not to last. After about a year I was transferred to Kasama, the headquarters of Northern Province, where I was assigned to work in the Provincial Commissioner's office. This was a most instructive experience, as one got a 'helicopter' view of the work of the Provincial Administration. One of my jobs, as the most junior official, was to act as cipher clerk. The longest coded message we received was one from the Governor's office in Lusaka encrypted in the cipher that was only used for 'top secret' classification. I spent about four hours deciphering it and was disappointed to discover that it listed the drinks to be provided for the Governor's next visit to the province. Also located in Kasama at this time was the office of the Development Commissioner for the Northern Province, whose purpose was to stimulate economic growth. The Deputy Development Commissioner was Derek Goodfellow, a long-serving officer in the Provincial Administration, who on first acquaintance appeared to be a very gruff and somewhat intimidating figure. On my first

encounter with him he drove me in a Land Rover at considerable speed, with frequent demonstrations of his unique skill in steering with his knees as he lit his pipe with a box of matches and his one (right) arm – not to mention changing gear with his arm through the steering wheel. Needless to say, I was absolutely terrified both of him and his driving. I was later to learn that beneath the forbidding exterior was a very competent, kind and perceptive man. After the heady heights of the PC's office my next posting was to Mporokoso – a district largely infested with tsetse fly and with a relatively small indigenous population and a handful of expatriates.

Returning from leave in 1959, I was promoted to District Assistant and posted to Isoka, again in the Northern Province, where I spent most of my time out on tour. During this period the new Governor, Sir Evelyn Hone, visited the district to talk to the Chiefs about the forthcoming Monckton Commission, which had just been established to consider the future of the Central African Federation. For this meeting the Governor wore his full dress uniform including his plumed hat. The Monckton Commission duly arrived a few weeks later, unaware of the drama immediately preceding their visit, when the ceiling in the District Commissioner's dining-room had completely collapsed under the weight of a termite (white ant) nest.

After about eighteen months I received a letter from the Provincial Commissioner telling me that I was to be seconded on a temporary basis to the Department of Rural (later Community) Development. The Government was concerned about high levels of unemployment amongst school leavers, and was proposing to run Community Service Camps for all school leavers, but it first needed to train leaders for these camps. The idea was to train such leaders on Outward Bound-type courses. To my great delight a site in Abercorn was selected for the experiment on the grounds that the district was remote and endowed with hills and access to Lake Tanganyika, both of which could be used for the necessary activities. Participants in the pilot courses came from all over the country. Results were encouraging and the trial was judged to be a success. This very satisfying interlude was

followed by another short spell in Kasama, where I helped the Provincial Operations team during a period of political unrest, prior to travelling to the UK for the Cambridge Course.

In Cambridge I was fortunate in being able to spend two terms living in St Catherine's College, rather than in lodgings. This provided me with a wider experience of university life than was normally available to members of the Overseas Services Course. No longer needing to learn basic ciBemba, I was able to spend more time studying anthropology, which I enjoyed and was later to prove most useful. At the suggestion of John Keigwin, the Northern Rhodesia Commissioner for Community Development, I spent my spare time during the vacations volunteering as an Outward Bound instructor.

Returning from the course, and now a District Officer, I found myself working for a few months in the Provincial Commissioner's office in Livingstone, where I had to organise a visit to the province by Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of the Federation. This was followed by a posting to Gwembe, also in Southern Province, where I had responsibility for the central part of the district.

In the middle of 1963 I was transferred, at the instigation of John Keigwin, to Kabompo in North Western Province to take charge of the Development Area Training Centre (DATC) there, and to become Acting Provincial Community Development Officer. The previous officer in charge of the DATC, Bill Jackett, who had been running the centre with his wife, Vi, had already departed on leave, with the result that I had to assume responsibility without the benefit of a face-to-face handover. The task of the DATC was to pass skills on to both men and women by running courses at the centre and through extension work out in the villages. For men the training was mainly in simple construction techniques to equip them for building schools and dispensaries in rural areas. Courses for women covered child care, basic hygiene and clothes-making. We also worked with the Agriculture Department on a scheme for small-scale farmers and on some veterinary initiatives. The women's courses were led by Grace Matoka, whose husband, Peter, became a member