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REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT

1943 - 1974

FROM: CHIPA PA with LOVE

BY: MERFYN TEMPLE

AUGUST 29TH 1974

Chipapa Village,
Chief Nkomesha. Central Province,
ZAMBIA.

August 5th. 1974

The President of the Republic of Zambia,
State House,
LUSAKA.

Mwami,

How simple it is when writing from the village to know the right way of addressing you. No need to use that stilted and rather silly title "Your Excellency". What an idiotic bit of the colonial hangover that is! Thank goodness you never tried to take over from the old Governors those ridiculous plumed helmets that Gilbert Rennie and Arthur Benson used to wear. I might have called you simply "Kenneth" as I did in the old days before you became President, but that would grate the nerves of any Zambian who knows the meaning of "muchinshi", and besides I am not writing to you just as an old friend, I am writing to you as the representative of all the people of this country, as "Mwami" you are the embodiment of the people. I want them also to hear what I have to say.

... This is probably going to be the longest letter that I have ever written, and certainly it will be the longest you have ever read, but there is a ^{great deal} I want to say to you before I leave this country which has been my home for over thirty years. Before I finish, it will be more like a book than a letter. Do you remember our first book? ^{local} It was in 1958 and we did it in one day. — You remember that room in the manse at Chingola, with Colin Morris sitting at one end of the table and you at the other, and me in the middle to keep the peace. Our next book we did in a week. It was a hundred thousand word manuscript and we put it together in just under seven days in old Sir Stewart Gore-Brown's Rest House at Shiwa Ngandu. It was I who thought up its title, "ZAMBIA SHALL BE FREE." We were coming back in the rain at the end of that miraculous week. I wonder if you and Betty remember that journey in the yellow Zephyr? That poor bedraggled white policeman who was standing in the rain by his blue Landrover at the Mkushi turn-off. He had been ^{some} there the best part of two days. He had a thermos flask and a packet of damp sandwiches perched on the flat

bonnet of his vehicle. For a moment I thought he was there to arrest me for refusing to sign up in Welenski's white army, because I knew the police had a summons out for my arrest, but when we pulled up and he poked his head through our window, it was you of course he was looking for.

He has been waiting there to warn us about an ambush and
 "By God, I'm glad to see you Kaunda. We didn't know where you had got to, and there's a rumour around that Harry Nkumbula's chaps have got an ambush ready for you between here and Broken Hill. We were wondering if you would like a police escort?"

I found myself thinking, "I wonder what my champion of non-violence is going to say to that?"

But you just smiled and said,

"I have been trailld for so long by you people in your Landrovers, it will make a pleasant change to have you as my escort."

So we finished that journey with a landrover fore and aft, bristling with armed policemen, and expecting a road block round every corner. I think of that journey sometimes when I hear the sirens going, and see you flashing down Independence Avenue in your big Mercedes Benz with white-uniformed out-riders on their enormous Hondas obviously getting immense pleasure as they weave about you, [“]sounding off their sirens and rising like cossack horsemen in their stirrups to wave aside the innocent traffic on the highway.

My dream house at Chipapa

Now I have not a day, nor a week, but three weeks to write you my letter, and I must get it finished before I go. I am writing at my table in the window of my little house in the village. When I look up, I see Sarah's two grandchildren playing in the dust around her kitchen; she walks by carrying on her head a heavy load of firewood for the oven. Over the top of the grain bins and chicken house I see the water of our little lake aglitter, and the green mimosa trees along the dam wall; and beyond, the quiet hills and the sky. As you know, this mud brick house of mine is very important. When you came to visit me here last year for the first time after seven years, I did not have time to do anything more than show you the toilet which I told you then must be the basis of our revolution. I shall be describing my house in great detail, because this is my dream house.

By that I mean what the village potter means when she says that the pots she is making are dream pots. Here I must digress for a moment, and explain this point about dreams, because dreams are going to keep cropping up all the time throughout this letter.

Dream-Pots

It happened like this. I went to the Chongwe Agricultural Show, and one one of the stalls which were exhibiting the local crafts, I saw a large pot with a tall and slender neck. I had never seen one like it before, so I sought out the potter. When I found her, I asked her from where she had obtained such a graceful design. She looked at me as though to say, "What a daft question! Only a European with a white skin could ask such a silly thing." And then she said, "I dreamed it of course."

I kept my dream-pot for a long time, but it had not been well fired and one day it crumbled and broke. Last year Esther Kabenge, who is a daughter of Chief Naluama over on the other side of the Kafue river, came to live in our village. She brought her own clay with her, and one day she brought me some of the pots she had made. They had a currious silvery glitter on the surface which I discovered was the result of mixing a kind of mica schist into the clay when they were being moulded. I asked her how she had learned to make such beautiful pots, and how did she know about mixing in the mica schist. For the second time I got that incredulous look. "Why of course", she said "I dreamed my pots." Yes her grandmother had been a potter and no doubt her great great grandmothers before her. They had all dreamed their pots, how else should they know their craft unless it was the spirits of the ancerstors who controlled their hands?

It is difficult for me to understand this thing; I who came to Africa with the full benefit of a liberal and scientific education. What exactly do they mean, these potters, these blacksmiths and wood carvers and doctors when they talk about their dreams? I know it is important for me to understand, because if I don't, I will go on doing in ignorance the awful things which the white races have done to the world and which a new generation of Africans is beginning to do. Easter Kabenge does not divide time into three clear parts as I have been taught in the West to do - yesterday, today and tomorrow. Her forebears are with her in the here-and-now, they come to her in her dreams at night, they show her where to find the clay and how to mould and fire her pots. How else would she know that when you build the firewood round the

sun-dried pots you must always light the fire from the top, and not from underneath as you would do with the fire for cooking. It is no accident that in Esther's language she uses the same word for "tomorrow" as she uses for "yesterday."

I cannot begin to tell you about my house and my dream without starting right at the beginning. ^{It} ~~In~~ 1966, after you had appointed me to be the Secretary of the Land Settlement Board, I was sitting in my ^{house in} Lusaka ~~suburban villa~~ when a telephone call came through from one of your staff to say that there was an eminent German professor who would like to talk to me. You had invited him to visit Zambia to advise you on the question of the dispersal of industry into the rural areas. When he came on the phone he said,

"I have been in Zambia for two weeks, and I have had the presidential plane to fly me around to wherever I wanted to go. I have visited every province; I have had conferences and discussions with ~~all the top people - Ministers, Industrialists, and~~ ^{all the top people - Ministers, Industrialists, and} ~~everyone from the Minister of Commerce and Industry~~ and the Director of the Department of Agriculture to the Mayor of the City Council and the Chief City Engineer, but I have never actually set foot in a Zambian Village, and I am leaving on the plane tomorrow. Could you possibly take me out, even if it is only for half an hour to an ordinary typical African village?"

It was not an easy question to answer, because there are no African villages ^{near} ~~within miles~~ of Lusaka. ^{40 years ago had had taken} The white settlers ^{moving the African into "Reserves" and taking their} took care of that, ^{land to make their big farms.} ~~They scheduled all the land as "Crown Land" and kept it for occupation by white farmers only, chasing the~~ ^{There lived} ~~villagers into the "Reserve".~~ But then I remembered that twenty miles to the south-east of the city is a spur of land, a narrow corridor of the "Soli Reserve", which cuts through the ^{private farm} ~~land~~ right up to the railway line at Chipongwe. ^{was a village there called Chipanga where Daniel a} ~~I recalled that two years previously, I had been asked to collect from a village~~ ^{Evangelist had gone to live and once I had been out to visit his} ~~called Chipanga, in this spur of land, a woman who was seriously ill and had no means of getting to hospital. Her name was Sarah~~ ^{It had taken me a long time to find the place where the old woman is} ~~Kalambala and she was the wife of a church Evangelist who had gone to settle there. I had known the husband, Daniel Kalambala,~~ ^{and} ~~when he attended a Bible course which I had conducted at Nambala.~~ ^{her} ~~When I eventually found the place, it~~ ^{came to me as a shock to} ~~realise how long it was since I had been in the villages. Like so~~ ^{missed me, I had} ~~many others after the early years at Nambala, I had drifted into~~ ~~the town where one quickly forgets the life of the villages. What~~ ^{had} ~~I found was a dusty rural slum. What better place, I thought, to~~

take the German professor. I might even be able to puncture some of his romantic dreams of a happy and contented people living in sweet little thatched ~~houses~~^{cottages} with blue smoke curling into the sky, where old men ~~walk~~^{walk} their pipes through the lazy day, and the women dance ~~by~~ⁱⁿ ~~firelight~~^{moonlight}, and the night is filled with the rhythmic beat of drums and childrens' songs.

We arrived in the early afternoon, and the people brought stools and a cow-hide deck chair for us to sit on. They sat on the ground. The conversation began slowly.

"How are you all in the ~~village~~^{town}?" ^{They} I asked

"Very well thank you, and how are you?"

"Very well thank you, and what are you eating here?"

"We have nothing to eat. Our stomachs are empty, there is only hunger here." ^{They say}

"You must have had an unlucky season here, because round on the European farms the maize crop looks very well."

What happened?" ^{Then with all the misery that life offers them} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~have~~ ^{had} a

"Oh Muluti, we are in trouble in this place. All the oxen have died so that we could not plough. When we finished ploughing all the seed was eaten up by the partridges, and at the time of weeding all the women fell sick so the weeds choked all the growing plants, and then we had five weeks without rain and all the plants died. When it came to harvest all the ox-carts got broken so we could not carry the cobs to our grain bins, and the white ants ate them where they lay heaped on the ground."

The village street had not been swept for months ^{they were litter} ~~and piles~~ ^{everywhere} of ~~rubbish~~ ^{litter} lay in every yard. There were gaping holes in the rotten thatch of the roofs, and all the chicken houses ~~had been~~ ^{had been} tumbled down. ^{from beneath one of the huddled huts came} A woman came up to us carrying a bundle of rags. ^{she knelt down at the feet of} In it was a child too weak to cry. It was a tiny thing of skin and bone with hollow eyes which looked at us ~~not~~ ^{but} sadly, but with wonderment from just this side of death. Daniel had heard me call the professor by the name of "doctor", and so he sent a message to call the woman from her house nearby.

"Perhaps the doctor has brought some medicine in his bag to heal the child?"

"No, he is not that kind of doctor, but what is wrong?" I asked. With one hand the woman drew aside her ragged dress revealing an abscess as big as a coffee saucer on her left breast. In her other hand she held a baby's feeding bottle with a filthy

rubber teat. The bottle was half full of a grey liquid in which were floating little white lumps of undisolved stale milk powder.

"No, he is not that kind of doctor", I explained again. He is not a doctor of medicine, he is a doctor of agricultural economics and Planning. ^{Perhaps the woman was with us in the car to the hospital i had?} The woman wrapped up her bundle and walked away to her house. She wouldn't come to hospital. She knew it was too late and now the time ^{had come} was near to dig the grave.

Daniel and the Gospel

I asked Daniel about the church in the village, and he told us that the number of christian in his congregation was very few, but he would preach the Gospel every Sunday. The professor flew back to Germany and I returned to my suburban villa, but in that ~~house in the hills~~ ^{house in the hills} ~~child's death, I saw my own death as a missionary. I had taught~~ ^{child was just the child for the woman to get her Daniel in the hills} Daniel to be a preacher of the Word of God. I had told him that as a member of the church of Christ, he was his Lord's representative in Chipapa village. Surrounded by ignorance, poverty and diseases he preaches the good news of the love of Christ every Sunday in the little missionary God-box on the hill, and the resurrection of the dead at the graveside of a child, but he cannot grow enough food to feed his family and all he can think of when someone is sick is how to get hold of a white doctor. And it is not his fault. Daniel is a simple man in whom there is no guile, in faithfulness I do not know his match. A man of great integrity living in a small place which for him has no horizon beyond the Mpande hills. We have taught him to separate the body from the soul and the material from the spiritual. We have come talking of education and civilization and development, and we have made him terribly confused, and but for the mercy of God we would have destroyed his humanity.

The Caravan

When my family went overseas to broaden their education, I decided that the time had come for me to leave my suburban villa, and go and live with Daniel in his village. I hired a caravan and towed it down to Chipapa and parked it just on the spot where we had sat with the German professor. When evening came Sarah knocked on the caravan door and said;

"Muluti, your bath is ready. I have put it in our house because I have seen that the door of your house is too narrow for our tin bath." She had lit a candle, but she need not have done, because there was plenty of moonlight coming in through the holes in the roof." When I was dry and dressed again Sarah brought me

food, one plate of mealie meal porridge and a little saucer of chicken stew.

We soon had to move the caravan from its awkward position in the village street, but there was a big fig tree near by where we parked it. Some weeks later, Daniel decided that we should all move to another site about half a mile from the village where he had begun to build himself a new house. He gave three reasons for moving. The first was that he wanted to be near the well, because Sarah had never recovered from her illness and she found it a great strain carrying all the water for the family on her head for such a distance. Secondly the white ants and the borers had all but destroyed the timbers of his old house, and he would have to put a new roof on anyway, so he might as well build himself a new house while he was about it. Thirdly he did not like the beer drinking and the quarreling that went on round him in the old place. He needed more space and a place of his own.

I had begun to find my caravan a fairly unsuitable place to live in. It was made of aluminium which turned it into an oven on a hot day. I designed a thatched roof to go over it supported on tall gum poles, and I made it big enough to have include under its shade a verandah, a bathroom, and a small kitchen. Daniel helped me get the structure up and Sarah organised the women to cut the grass for the thatch.

The K50 house

In 1968 I went to England for the World Poverty campaign of the British Council of Churches. I have always been deeply grateful to you for the way you backed me up during that difficult year, especially for the letter you sent when I was doing my fast in Westminster Abbey. I do not know how many people in Britain understood what I was trying to say at that time, but you understood without any need for me to go into an explanation, perhaps because you know what it is like to have been poor and to have been hungry. Going to England for a year meant that I had to give up the caravan, so I wrote to Daniel and sent him K50 to have a house built right under the thatch roof where the caravan had been. He gave an old man and his wife K10 to make some kimberly sun-dried bricks from the clay down by the dam. Daniel used his own ox-cart to take the bricks up the hill to the place by his own house, and he gave Jackson Ntantale K10 to help him mix the mud mortar and build the house. The rest of the K50 he spent on buying some bags of cement for the floor and timber to make door frames and window frames. He gave me a door and three

metal windows which he had got second hand from somewhere, but never got around to building into his own house.

House design

I was subsequently to find that this method of putting up the roof first on a structure of poles and building the walls under it is a marvellous idea. Not only can you go on building when the rains come, but when you want to make an alteration, you just take down a wall and build it up in another place. Since the rafters do not rest on the top of the walls, the white ants never get into the thatch. As you know, they can go through sun-dried brick as quick as a mouse can eat through a pound of butter, but creosote-treated poles completely put the termites off their food. Another thing that happened quite by chance, was that the site we had chosen just at the back of Daniel's house is on a sloping hill-side which runs down to the little lake. This means that each time I want to extend the front of the house, as I have twice done to make my verandahs bigger, I step down the level of the floor, and the roof takes the same slope as the ground. If I wanted to I could go on extending the house right to the foot of the hill.

Having described to you the basic design of my house, I want to draw the lessons from it for all people like myself who have been called "squatters" round Lusaka. First I did not need to employ an architect. We built the bedroom round the beds, the kitchen round the stove, and the bathroom round the bath. We designed the house to meet our need, and there are some interesting points about its design. It is much bigger "outside" than it is "inside". This is because people in Zambia do not really need to live in their houses, I mean right inside them. In this country all you really need is a place to sleep at night which gives privacy to you and your wife, and protection to your family, and somewhere you can lock up your possessions when you leave the place empty. We have a wonderful climate here and even in the rainy season it does not rain all the time, so you do not live inside, you live out under the shade of your verandah or in the shade of a convenient tree. One of the worst things we Europeans ever did when we came to Africa was to "teach" people .. to build our kind of houses. It all started in this part of the world with the French missionaries who came to live in the malarial plains of the Zambezi river. They had no immunity against the disease caused by the mosquitoes which bred in their millions in the swamps, so they had to import from Europe pre-fabricated mosquito proof houses to

live in. If they had not done so they would have died as many of the pioneers did, before they had houses to live in.

The Zambian villager who has always been his own architect starts with a very clear idea of what he wants, and that is dwelling space. He does not have to consult his wife about which is the most important part of the living space. He knows that it is where the food of the family is prepared and cooked. That is where the family lives most of the day, the women and the children and the visitors too. Since cooking is done on an open fire, walls are more of a nuisance than a help, because the smoke gets in your eyes. So the Zambian architect starts with a roof over the fire to keep it dry in the rains, and to provide a shelter from the hot sun for the woman who cooks. Next comes the place to sleep, and the wise man extends the roof of his sleeping room for two reasons. The first is to protect the walls from the driving rain and the second is to provide a store place for firewood, and the wooden stools, and place to hang the seed for next year. Round the central living area are the grain bins, the latrine, the wash house, the place for guests to sleep, and the chicken houses and the place to leave the plough and the ox-cart and the calabashes to ripen in the sun.

Using Local Materials

Secondly as much as possible we used local materials. The walls are made of mud, and they are plastered with mud. The village women did as they have always done, smearing with their bare hands. The floors of the verandahs are made from flat stones which we found in a stream bed across on the other side of the dam. The first roof was thatch which we made from the local grass. Later we replaced it with cement asbestos sheets from the factory at Chilanga, because for any kind of permanence, thatch is not really satisfactory. It needs constant repair, it is a fire hazard, it becomes the home of all kinds of "bapuka", and most important of all, you cannot use it satisfactorily to gather water during the rains. The only materials imported into Zambia that are needed to build houses here are the machines for the cement factory, the steel for the nails in the roof, and the glass for the windows.

Using Local Skill

Thirdly all the people who put their labour and their skill into building that house were found in the village. Neither Daniel nor Jackson have ever been to a trade school, they learnt how to build and lay bricks by helping other builders in the village. Of course the original skill has to be brought from outside, but when

it comes to building houses in Zambia, the basic skills are already here. Now it is a case of multiplying them on a big scale by the method of "each-one-teach-one." I am convinced that in Zambia the provision of adequate "shelter", or in other words a decent house for every family, is not a problem in itself. Given the chance, within a matter of five years, every Zambian family could be living in as good a house as mine at Chipapa. It is we the leaders of Zambia who create what we call "the housing problem". You were partly to blame yourself in 1972 when you called for a great campaign of brick making. Everyone thought that they had to build houses out of "burnt" brick and that such houses should have "malata" roofs. If you have a proper ant-course and you protect the walls with the proper kind of roof with the correct pitch and adequate overhanging eaves, the sun-dried kimberley brick is just as good as burnt brick. In a later stage in my letter I am going to show you how the so called "squatter-problem" of the over-crowded shanty towns can be solved, but that will be under the heading "sewage" and not "shelter".

Water.

Kafue Training Institute

When I was appointed to the Kafue Training Institute in 1944 to teach Scripture and English, and be the assistant to the Principal, I found myself working alongside some very remarkable people. There was Robinson Nabulyato who is now the Speaker of Parliament, Doyce Musunsa who is General Secretary of the United Church of Zambia, Hedley Roberts who was to become Munali Secondary Schools' greatest headmaster, and Len Mathews the Principal whom all the boys called "Mr. Farmer". The reason why they gave him that name was because he believed that his job as a teacher, and minister in Africa was to give his boys a rounded education. The Training Institute took boys up to the highest academic level at that time available in Northern Rhodesia which was Standard Six, but the interesting thing is that every boy had to spend two years in Standard six - they called it "Six Lower" and "Six Upper" because every boy, no matter what his abilities or gifts might be, had to spend time in "practical work". This was not just a matter of an hour a day collecting firewood or drawing water, or scuffling the paths, or sweeping the class rooms. Of course they were expected to do all those jobs as a matter of duty, but every single boy was given his turn on the building site where we were putting up a house for the womens' club, or in the carpenters' shop, or feeding the pigs, or milking the cattle, or in the vegetable garden.

The vegetable garden

I suppose, because I let it be known that at the age of fourteen I had won the gardening prize at my school, I was given on my arrival at Kafue the responsibility of supervising the growing of vegetables. Down by the river the boys had cleared a patch of ground, and each morning a dozen or so would come for work. The hoeing and the weeding was only a small part of their task. Most of them spent their time lugging water in four gallon disused paraffin tins up the steep bank and pouring it on the dry ground. However hard they worked there never seemed to be enough water. In an attempt to simplify their job I made a kind of Egyptian shaduf, but it was not a great success.

There was a deep well on the station, and two men were employed to do nothing else but pump it to the surface into a small 44 gallon drum sunk into the ground, then it had to be pumped up a second time into a tank on a tall tower. This gave the water sufficient pressure to run it in pipes to all the staff houses on the mission. The water for the school boys had to be dragged by oxen in a water cart the long mile from the river to the school. The wheels of that cart were made for a "scotch cart" which had been built by an old Afrikaans farmer. The way he had carved the "fellows", and the spokes and the hub from local timber demanded great skill, and I always regarded those wheels as masterpieces of ingenuity and craftsmanship. The fact that the water cart was for ever breaking down, was nothing to do with the wheels, somehow we never managed to find the right method of securing the two forty-four gallon drums to the frame of the cart, and they kept falling off or springing leaks. I spent as much time repairing that water cart as ever I did teaching Scripture or English. In fact water, or rather the lack of it, is the dominating preoccupation for seven months of the year, in Zambias rural areas.

The river garden

On very hot days, in the late afternoon after school some of us would go down to walk beneath the trees by the cool water in what we called the river garden. It was a garden untouched by human hands and the nearest I know to Eden. There was a school of hippos that honked and yawned and spouted downstream by Livingstone's Bulengo hill. Across on the south bank is the steep cliff where the baboons live, and at the foot of which the people go at times of drought to make the rains come. Small flocks of cormorants fly purposefully downstream into the Kafue Gorge, white terns on sceptred wings and skimmers pass them on their way up to the flats. It is a

paradise for birds, and the home of the green and crimson Knysna Lourie. I read in Priest's book that if you kill this bird for the sake of getting its brilliant plumage, within a few hours all the lustre fades from its wings. The construction of the Kafue Hydro electric scheme has meant that the river garden is now permanently under water, but in time if we are careful not to permit our tourists to pollute the new lake's shores, the carmine bee eaters and the louries will return,

The Kafue Gorge

We used to talk about the gorge downstream from the mission and the bridge, but Hedley Roberts was the only one who had ever got beyond the rapids at the entrance to it. No person had ever been known to pass right through the gorge, and the few African fishermen who had penetrated into it by the stream beds to north and south, spoke of steep cliffs and cataracts, and impenetrable thickets of scrub and thorn. It was the urge to know the unknown that led Len Mathews and myself to decide that we would make the journey. We chose a time when the river was exceptionally low, and scrambling from boulder to boulder and round the bottom of steep cliffs, and through the tangle of creepers and fallen trees we made the trip. On two nights we could not find any patch of ground between the rocks to spread out our sleeping bags, and all our food was finished long before we emerged at the other end, but never before, or since, has it been brought home so forcibly to me that water has such power. Sometimes for half a mile through the gorge the water was white with foam, and all day and all night long our ears were deafened with the rush and swirl and clamour of the tumbling waters. It is power running away to waste and a hydroelectric scheme is such a beautiful and satisfactory thing, because nothing is destroyed by it. This truly is working with nature, and using all man's skill to harness her latent energy. And of course the real beauty of the Kafue scheme is that once the water has rushed through those incredible tunnels, and dropped hundreds of feet sheer down into the turbines it can be used - the same water - again and yet again lower down. How lucky we are to have been given such power in Zambia.

Water on the land

Water has the power in Zambia to release energy in another and quite different way. We all know that Zambia has immense problems with its agriculture. This is nothing to do with lack of skill or hard work on the part of our people, it is to do with the way the rains fall. Not until the month of November can we begin

to get our hoes into the hard ground, and by March the land is dry again. That is only five months of rain during which to cultivate crops, and even in those months we can get a drouth which will shrivel the growing crops. If you allow one month for harvesting the crops when the rains are over, that still leaves you with six months during which the practice of cultivating the soil is out of the question. And it is tough on the animals too. The cattle which put on weight when the grass is green have a hard job to keep alive during the latter part of the dry season when the bush grass has dried and been swept by fire. It always makes me annoyed when people from East Africa draw odious comparisons between Kenya's and Tanzania's remarkable agricultural achievements, and our own which are so deplorable. If we had two rainy season every year it would be a very different story.

Where we are fortunate in Zambia is that we are richly endowed with lakes and streams and rivers. If once we can learn to conserve our water, and stop it all rushing down into the oceans, and learn how to get it onto our lands, we shall enable our people who normally sit partly idle for six months of the year to work all the year round in production. Water, I am certain, is the key which can unlock Zambia's rural wealth, and bring a full free life to our hundred thousand peasant farming families. I had known this to be true in theory, but it was not till I went to live at Chipapa that I came to believe it in my blood.

The Chipapa dam

In 1950 when the people moved back into the Chipapa area from the Mpande hills, some enlightened Colonial administrator, or far sighted Agricultural officer realised that the building of a dam to conserve the rain water running off the Mpande hills would provide water to be used not only for the people and their cattle, but also for irrigation. I have never heard the name of the man who designed the dam, but whoever he was he knew his job, and the dam has stood for twenty years with no erosion of the spillway and hardly any seepage through its rammed earth core. Laid snugly in the base of the dam wall is a six inch pipe with a valve operated by a small wheel. From there the water is carried by gravity onto an area of 22 acres which has been laid out for irrigation.

This year on Good Friday I counted eight spans of oxen working to plough the small plots of land between the furrows, and on Easter Monday there were over a hundred people, men and women, old and young working in their irrigated gardens. Eighty families are

kept busy during the whole of the dry season producing vegetables from this area, and there is enough water to flood each plot once a week and that is quite enough for the cabbages and the beans and the peas and the tomatoes which grow there. Not every year has been as good as this when the rains went on late, and the dam filled right up to the top. You will remember that when you came in 1973 it was after a bad year, and by August we had to make the hard decision as to whether we should go on watering the garden and run the risk of there not being enough water for the cattle, or keep it for the cattle, and let the vegetables die. After long and anxious discussion the villagers themselves decided where their priorities lay. They decided for their cattle, and so all the tomatoes had to die, but they had made the right judgement, and it was their own, and no one ever complained.

This rain water which is conserved in the reservoir made by the dam comes from a catchment area of only two or three square kilometers. It probably cost no more than £5,000 to build in 1953. Its maintenance costs over twenty years have been the price of one new valve. A small investment for such a good return. It cannot be calculated in terms of the money the people get from the sale of their vegetables, nor in the increase in weight of the cattle which are as healthy at the end of the dry season as they are after the wet. Its real and lasting value lies in the fact that the people of Chipapa now know that they have a means of earning a cash income over and above their subsistence and that gives them confidence to hold their heads high as they face inflation and a soaring cost of living.

Water flows like money

Last year in August Winnie Shachibe one of the irrigators came to see me and said she needed a corrugated iron roof for her new house. I was surprised because Winnie is one of the poorest members of our congregation. Her husband has left her and she has quite a family to look after. The last time I had been to visit her she had been living in a thatched shelter, not even with walls of poles and mud, just grass.

"I have paid a man to build me a new house" she said "and now I want to get a good roof to put on it".

I said nothing, but went over to Susu Zumbwa to borrow his tape measure and followed Winnie to her house. It was not really much of a house, certainly the builder had used neither spirit level nor plumb line, but at least the bricks were standing one on top of the

other, and it had two rooms. I measured it up and worked out the cost which came to over K40. Winnie was watching and I turned to her and said

"Sorry, it is going to cost you an awful lot of money, and I am sure you can't afford a metal roof this year with all those children to feed. You had better put a thatch on this year and start saving your money in the Credit Union for next year."

"How much did you say" she asked, "Tell me in pounds because I still can't manage to count in kwachas"

"Twenty pounds" I said.

She trotted off to her house, and from under the bed she pulled an old black trunk. She came back to me with a wad of notes in her hand.

"Where on earth did you get all that money from?" I asked
"From the tomatoes I sold" she said.

Winnie Shachibe in a matter of less than five months had fed her children, bought them their school uniforms and surf to wash them with, and soap and candles and the odd packet of sugar. She had paid herself all the cost of production - the seeds and the cost of taking herself and her tomatoes to market twice or three times a week and she had paid the man who built her cock-eyed house, and she still had a hundred kwacha in her hand. For her water flows like money.

The Furrow through the hills

One day in August ~~five years ago~~¹⁹⁷⁰ I decided to visit Shantumbu an area which lies about four or five miles ^{to the} due North of Chipapa. We had talked about the need to repair the "Shantumbu Road" in our Ward Development Committee and I wanted to see what had to be done. ~~There was no previous year,~~ It was hardly a road, really nothing more than an eroded cattle track through the trees. At one point after negotiating a narrow defile through the rocks, we climbed steeply out of a river bed, and there before my eyes was one of the most lovely sights I have ever seen in Zambia. In August as you know, the Central Province is dusty and dry. The colours of the bush are all russet brown, orange and yellow, ^{all like} tawny ~~as~~ a lion's mane. The trees were bare of leaves, and grass fires had exposed the blackened rocks, but what I suddenly saw was a little green valley ^{set like a jewel within the hills} lying like a stone of precious emerald dropped by ~~Iezza~~ from his jewel box in heaven.

As we drew near I saw women and children at work in the fields. There were long straight lines of curly lettuces, and Chinese cabbage, and rape and tomatoes and onions, and here and

there big clumps of green banana trees. There must have been four or five acres under cultivation. There was water, but I could not see where it was coming from. There was no sound of diesel engines, no evidence of overhead electric cables bringing power to silently running pumps, no river nor stream in the valley bottom, yet there it was, a richly watered oasis in the middle of nowhere, with people growing the precious fruit and vegetables which everyone in Lusaka is crying out for.

We walked down through the gardens to greet the women, and I noticed how expertly the irrigation channels had been laid, how neatly the rows of crops had been arranged, and how free from weeds the whole garden seemed to be. A little runnel of clear water was flowing through the lettuces, and I assumed it must be coming from some hidden spring away up on the hill side, but I was wrong. The truth about that little stream in the bottom of the dry valley is stranger than any Zambian fiction. In-a-nutshell this is the story. *Ki-cha.*

On a farm outside Lusaka, which was run by an old Dutchman, had developed a little irrigation system. a semi-literate labourer called Filipo had learned one of the fundamental principles of hydrodynamics which is simply that if you can keep water running downhill you can take it anywhere you like. About the year 1965, this man, having left his employer who had gone back to the Netherlands, came to settle with his wife and family, and his brothers and their families in this desolate place. They are members of Watchtower and they wanted to get away from the people who had been bullying them. The only way they could find water in the dry season was to climb the steep hillside on the East of their valley, and scramble down into a deep cleft of the hills where one of the perennial streams that trickles out of the Shantumbu escarpment flows down into the Funswe river. Filipo climbed to the source of this stream and found that he was lucky enough to be in a valley where he got the rather crazy idea that if he could divert its water from its own valley into his, he would have his water problems solved. With his brother he started work with hoe and pick-axe and shovel to lead the water where he wanted it go. Winding in and out amongst the boulders, under the roots of trees, through gravel and stone, they labouriously hacked and shoveled and dug their way. At one point to cross a small ravine they had to make an aquaduct from corrugated iron sheets supported on bush poles. After working for months on end, they finally brought the waters of the little stream down into their valley, and started to make their garden.

Soon they were producing more vegetables than they could haul to Lusaka on their bicycles. They decided that they needed a small truck, but they knew that even if they could get the money to buy one, it would be no use to them unless they could drive it up through the Shantumbu escarpment, and all that was there was a narrow cycle track. Again they took to their picks and shovels and made a mile-long road out at the top of the valley. There is one quick way of making money if you are prepared for really hard work, and that is by cutting trees and burning clamps of charcoal. This the two brothers did, and before long they had enough money to buy a little truck.

I suppose if Filipo had been a well educated man, and had known how to write up a project for the Technical Planning committee of the Land Use Division of the Ministry of Rural Development, he might before he started, have applied for a loan from Government for his vegetable production scheme. I can just imagine the chairman of the Committee introducing the subject at the monthly meeting of his experts.

"Gentlemen, we have a request for assistance from a man who wants to grow vegetables in the Shantumbu area. We have made a preliminary investigation of the project from our aerial photographs. You will see that if it is intended to take water in a furrow from A to B on the maps which our efficient secretary has prepared for you, you will see that quite a bit of blasting will be required. There is no road into the area so we shall have to use a helicopter to fly in the equipment. I have asked our agricultural economist to do a feasibility study of the marketing angle and of course a cost benefit analysis After the tea break and some further discussion, the Chairman would say "I think we shall have to turn down this request purely on economic grounds of course, but I shall write a letter congratulating this gentleman for his response to the President's call to the nation to go back to the land. It is most encouraging to find that the peasants of this area are leaving their old traditional forms of subsistence farming and making an attempt to become cash crop farmers."

I know of course that the number of Filipos in Zambia is few and far between. I know that in too many Zambian villages the people booze away the day, and spend the night in drunken stupor. I know that we still must have experts from overseas to help us build the dams we need. But somewhere along the line since we achieved our Independence the link has been severed between the man with the technical know-how and the common man. There was a time when the

agricultural officer walked on foot through the Shantumbu hills, but today unless he can jump into a Land Rover he hardly moves. Malcolm Moffat who brought about the agricultural revolution in the Northern Province by getting people to exchange their axes for hoes, and demonstrating that you can grow crops without the wasteful business of slash-and-burn chitemene, spoke good-Bemba and he walked. He never became a Zambian Citizen, but he knew what was good for Zambia. The result of "Zambianizing" the Department of Agriculture has been to replace some of the right white faces with the wrong black faces, and put the right black faces in place of the wrong white faces. By that rather enigmatic statement, I mean that as soon as a Zambian really knows his job on the ground, as Mathew Sanika does at Chipapa, he gets "promoted" to District or Provincial level where he spends his time in sterile administration. The Zambian who gets a University degree in Agriculture, or gets a really good technical training ends up in a Research Station, or he becomes an economist in a para-statal Board, or an advisor to a commercial bank. During the ten years of our independence we have stood still and we may even have gone backwards in terms of the basic ability of the common man in the village to produce his own food.

Youth

On October 19th 1964 I wrote to the people in Britain saying:-

"There is less than a week to go before Independence Day, and Lusaka's streets are gay with bunting. Special fountains have been installed on the lawns in front of the Secretariat Buildings, and the flags of fifty nations flutter bravely in the October breeze along the Presidential route. Pride of place is given to our new Zambian flag with its bold design in four colours.

GREEN for the grass-lands and the forests.

BLACK for the people who will develop these great natural resources:

ORANGE for the buried wealth of the Copper Belt.

RED for the blood of those whose struggle won our
Independence.

In the top right hand corner of the flag is the soaring Fish Eagle which symbolizes our hopes for the future, and Zambia's determination to rise above all difficulties.

Next Friday, Kenneth Kaunda will drive down Independence Avenue through the cheering crowds in a mile long cavalcade of cars, and in the great Independence stadium which has been built at Matero Township, two hundred thousand people will roar their welcome, then stand in silence while he takes the oath of allegiance to the New

Nation. In every town and in a thousand villages people will be listening at their radio sets to hear their first President declare his loyalty and dedicate himself to the task ahead.

Our little Army, whose soldiers we like to think are as smart as any brigade of Guards, will be on parade. Troups of traditional dancers from twenty different tribes will be performing, and five hundred youths of our new Zambia Youth Service, in their dark green uniforms and black and scarlet caps, will go marching by. For the first time ever this Country will feel itself to be a nation. It will enter into the sort of experience which Britain has on a Coronation Day. Two hundred thousand people, black and brown and white will sing their new National Anthem:-

"Stand and sing of Zambia, proud and free,
Land of work and joy in unity."

Next Sunday, there will be only one morning service in Lusaka and that will be in the new Cathedral. For the first time in our short history, the Denominations will abandon their own services, and in an act of unity join in a service of thanksgiving for the nation.

Kenneth Kaunda with the adulation of the crowds still ringing in his ears will be kneeling with us in prayer, and we shall all know that this is no mere formality for him. With real humility he will be asking for the spiritual strength to lead his nation into peace. All those who were with him in the struggle are deeply grateful to God that we have been given this man to match this hour, but sometimes it causes us to tremble that one man should be asked to carry such immense responsibilities, and be exposed so mercilessly to all the dangers of high office. We just keep on praying.

I shall be in the Cathedral on Sunday morning with my family sitting with our congregations from St. Andrews, St. Pauls and Trinity. I shall watch the leaders of the churches walk slowly down the central aisle; the Arch Bishop in his mitre, and Colin Morris in his Geneva gown with preaching bands on ~~doubt~~ ^{if} a little bit away, but when I close my eyes I shall be seeing our ~~boys~~ ^{young men} in the Camps at Kitwe, Solwezi and Broken Hill. And the boys on the Mkushi project who are making a road down into the Luano valley where Douglas Gray first pioneered and left his heart.

If a thunder storm should break while we are in church, I

shall be wondering about the boys away up in the Northern Province who are helping the Lenshina refugees to rebuild their homes, because their only shelter at present is tarpaulins slung from bush poles. I shall be praying for young Chifunda, the Camp Director at Kitwe, who has in his charge five hundred youths whom we swept off the Copperbelt streets less than three months ago. The only training he ever had for a task that might well daunt an Army Brigadier, was two years in the waste department of a Bank during which, in his spare time, he lead one of the Copperbelt Youth Brigades, and then two years in goal for political agitation. His deputy in the camp is Abel Makumba who in 1962 used to go out with the Luanshya Youth Wing at night to paint my name in six foot letters on the tarmac when I stood for election in his constituency. Like most of the staff in the Zambia Youth Service he also served his apprenticeship in prison. Such men as these are leading the nation's youth.

But of all the faces that pass before me as I pray is one that hunts me even in my sleep. I know exactly the expression on his face, but not the contours of it, because he has no name. He is one of the 49,00 whom we have turned away. We ^{can} only write the names of those who can come in.

There are 50,000 unemployed youths in our new Zambia. Our only chance is to teach them a trade, or get them settled on the land, and this is the task that Kenneth Kaunda has set us in the Youth Service.

So far, in spite of all the sweat and tears of the past six months, we have only managed to get one thousand into Camps - that is just one in fifty. Last week fifty youths with their blankets and suitcases on their heads marched out the ten miles from Broken Hill to our Camp and demanded to be taken in. We had no alternative but to send them home -- I mean back where they came from - strictly speaking they have no homes....."

I wrote those words ten years ago. If I wrote today I would only have to make one change and that would be - "for 50,000 unemployed read 500,000 unemployed".

We have in our Ministry of Development Planning and National Guidance a very interesting and humble man called Mr. Chellaswami. He has made "Manpower Planning" his particular concern. He is a highly qualified statistician and demographer. In the Annual Review of the Performance of the Zambian Economy which was published this year he wrote in the chapter entitled "The Problem of School Leavers"

the following sentence:-

"The magnitude of the problem can be fully understood only if it is realised that close to half a million young people will join the already considerable number of unemployed primary school leavers during the period of the Second National Development Plan".

I can direct your attention to at least ten separate reports of committees, and seminars, and commissions which have investigated this problem, but no one has yet made an attempt to deal with this tragic situation at its root. Some sporadic attempts are made by voluntary agencies with the support of the Ministry of Education to start vocational training programmes for Primary School leavers. Sister Maurice that modern St. Theresa who lives in the Convent of the Holy Cross on the banks of the Zambezi is doing a fantastic job with the girls she is training for her cooperative school-uniform factory, and in a dozen other places a handful of rejected youths are being picked up and given the chance to learn a useful trade. But these are palliatives which deal with the symptoms not the causes of the disease. The National Service may be taking in a couple of thousand, but this is just water in a leaking bucket drawn up from a very deep well. You know don't you that the Second National Development Plan gave a conservative estimate of 100,000 new jobs to be created between 1972 and 1976, and you know don't you that nearly three years have gone by, and the new jobs created are less than 20,000? Now when you raise with your ministers this question about why the Second Plan is lagging so far behind its targets, you will be told that it is all due to "circumstances beyond our control". Economists will be brought in to give you long explanations about the effects of the closure of the border, the increase in the costs of imports and the fuel crisis. When they have finished and you have unglazed your eyes, just ask them a few pointed questions such as:

1. How much would it have cost to have set up the Youth Department which we promised the people in 1972 we would do, and have never done? (K50,000)
2. How much saving would there have been if we had implemented the decision to amalgamate the Department of Community Development and Social Welfare? (K50,000)
3. Why are there more than two thousand Government Vehicles running round in Lusaka, and less than 500 in any one of our eight great rural provinces?
4. How much is UBZ losing per year on running its Zamcabs which are so expensive to hire that they can only be used

by Zambia's elite? (K200,000)

5. How much did the Government spend last year on unnecessary trips abroad? (K2,000,000)

When you get the answers to these questions, and when you have made quite sure that no one is pulling any wool over your eyes, you will find that the reason why the plan has not been implemented is nothing to do with shortage of cash. It is rather a question of how we are arranging our priorities. You will be forced to the conclusion that concern for our youth comes at the bottom of the list.

I know something about this problem, not only had I that rather bitter experience with the Zambia Youth Service as its Deputy Director, but I was for a time acting Chairman of your Inter-ministerial Youth Committee, and Chairman of the Committee which drew up Chapter XIV of the Second National Development Plan under the title "Community Development, Social Welfare and Youth". I was elected to the Board of the new Zambia National Service, and I attended the Commonwealth Youth Conference which was called to deal with this issue.

Let me tell you what happened when I went to Nairobi as Zambia's delegate to this Youth Conference with my air ticket and all my expenses paid. I found myself staying at the Pan-Afric Hotel with Bed and Breakfast paid for, and a fat allowance of Kenyan Shillings to cover the cost of lunch and dinner. I found I could easily stoke up with enough eggs and bacon at breakfast to last all day and needed nothing more for supper than a slice of pineapple or a couple of bananas bought in the market. I was able to save sufficient on that spree to come home laden with all kinds of expensive batiks and Kenyan wood carvings for all the members of my family. But that is not what I really wanted to tell you about the conference. Within the first three days I had heard all the old stories trotted out by all the professional conference hacks, and I had been delighted by Alan Dixon who was there - the man who started V.S.O. and then saw the light and got down to Community Service in the back streets of Britain, and Patrick Van Rensburg that practical mystic from Botswana. By that time I had had enough, and I went down to a bookshop in that capital of all capitalistic African Cities, and bought a book about the Cultural Revolution, and a copy of Mao's speeches. I don't know whether you have ever managed to find time to read the thoughts of Chairman Mao embedded in the matrix of his political and

economic thinking, but they make a lot more sense than when you read them in the little red book. I liked what I read and I liked his earthy images, but I didn't come back to Zambia a red hot communist. However I did come back from that conference with the quite clear idea in my mind that we shall never solve what we so mistakenly call "the youth problem," by talking about youth and their problems.

What we have got in Zambia is a massive economic problem. It is not so much a balance of payments problem, nor a fiscal problem. It is not that we lack wealth nor enough money to buy what we need, it is a matter of not sharing out fairly what we have already got. We are quite wrong when we blame the youth ~~themselves~~ for being unemployed calling them idle and branding them as loafers. It is we who are to blame, because we have trapped them in an economic situation whose very nature it is to create unemployment. No wonder we drive them to cynicism and near despair. It is not their fault if they are idle, it is ours - we who have gained control of the commanding heights of the economy and yet continue to let our enemies occupy the rich valleys.

The solution to this problem of the unemployed youth who drift in their thousands into the towns will not be solved by trying to train them to find jobs in the towns. Little schemes to train woodworkers, and tinsmiths, and burglar bar makers in our cities are just playing with the problem. It will not be solved by our politicians repeating that parrot cry of "Back to the Land!" The solution to the problem has been set out quite clearly in our Second National Development Plan:

"In view of the fact that rural-urban migration is an important factor in the aggravation of the unemployment situation in the urban areas, the provision of more rural jobs is the first line of defence in the battle against unemployment..... It is the increase of agricultural output and efficiency of production in traditional small scale farming that will contribute most to reducing large scale migration to urban areas. The general rule will be to emphasise those modern agricultural techniques which do not displace labour but instead need more labour....."

How clearly I hear the echo of Peter Stutley's style in that paragraph. As Development Plans go, our Second National Plan could have been much worse, but it does not matter how beautiful our plans may be unless we have the political will to carry them out, they

might just as well never have been dreamed up.

I want to come back to this subject of youth when I give you my ideas about education, but perhaps what we should all try and do is to stop talking about the statistics of the "youth problem" and start caring more about boys and girls. When I was dropped from the Z.Y.S. team I had some time to spare before you fingered me for the land settlement programme and I wrote a story for broadcasting. This is it.

"THE BAOBAB"

The big Baobab was exactly half way between Nalusanga's village and the school. Its upper branches carried the scars of stones, thrown into it by school children when trying to knock down its cream of tartar fruit. It provided a convenient stopping place for the children on their five mile walk to and from the school. While they rested, they had - with varying degrees of skill - carved their names on the soft grey bark of the baobab's enormous waist line. Pita, Beni, Dolika, Susu, Fanny and a dozen more. The neatest name of all was that of Nalusanga's younger son Philemon. Beside it were hundreds of tiny little marks which made that particular expanse of the tree's trunk look rather like the enlarged page of a school attendance register.

It had all started when Philemon's elder brother now a waiter in a Copperbelt hotel, had begun to mark off on the tree, the days before the end of one long and particularly boring summer term. Then it had just become a habit, so that every time the two boys passed the tree on their way home from school, they had picked up a stone and scored a mark on the trunk.

It was the holiday month of July and down the path by the Baobab came Philemon himself. The bright sun shone on his glowing skin and he whistled a tune as he walked. When he came to the tree he stopped, picked up a stone, and from force of habit made his little mark. He smiled to himself as he did it, remembering how some weeks previously he had made his last mark on the way home after the last day of his 8 years at the Primary school. He knew exactly the number of times he had marked the tree against his mane; it was one thousand, five hundred and twenty one. That was eight years of walking, five miles to school in the morning and five miles back home again in the afternoon. If you stop to work it out, that comes to fifteen thousand, two hundred and ten miles - nearly all the way round the world at the equator - which is a long way to walk to get your education, but Philemon did not

begrudge the effort, because he knew that this is the price you have to pay, in many parts of Zambia, for the privilege of Primary Education. It is the only thing a village boy can do if he wants to get his feet onto the bottom rung of the ladder which leads up from the mud huts at home to a seat in a Mercedes Benz.

Philemon had decided that he would make this extra mark on the tree, because even though he was now classed as an "old boy", he was going back to the school to see the headmaster. All his friends from the other villages who had been with him in Standard VI would be there, because they had been summoned to hear the results of their applications for Secondary Education. It would be nice seeing them all again, hearing what they had been doing during the holidays, and seeing what new clothes they had managed to get out of their parents. All being well, they should be together again after the holiday, in the new Secondary school which was due to open at the Boma. Philemon had spent many happy hours dreaming about the life which waited for him at the Boarding school. How often he had sat enraptured while his cousin from Munali had told him about the regular meals in the great dining hall, a steel framed bed and a mattress, organized games, a debating society and above all else, no ten mile walk every day to get your education.

There was only one little cloud on Philemon's horizon, but it didn't worry him much. It was just the small matter of the school fees. He knew his father had nothing to give him, there was barely enough food in the grain bin to feed the family, but he was sure he could get a bursary from the Local Authority to start him off and once at Secondary School, he could, he imagined, get a job in the holidays as a clerk at quite a high salary.

When he reached the school, all his friends were there, but they had to spend a very long time hanging about and waiting. It was three o'clock before the headmaster came out of his house and called them into an empty class room to tell them the results of their applications. He was a strict, though kindly man, and the boys had grown to like him and respect him though latterly they had tended to pour scorn on his lack of education. He had never had a chance to go beyond Standard VI himself. Somehow they were a little surprised that he had not come out of his house to greet them wearing his usual smile and jovial schoolmasterish manner; perhaps he was too busy with his school reports. They were beginning to feel slightly uneasy and were wondering whether

something had gone wrong. Perhaps the opening of the new Secondary School was going to be delayed because the buildings were not complete, or perhaps the Local Authority was short of money and could grant no bursaries that year - but it was no more than a vague feeling of uncertainty, and they were all in high good humour when he called them in.

The headmaster stood up behind his desk, and although he greeted them cheerily enough, they noticed that he was twisting a new piece of white chalk nervously between his fingers. The boys knew from long experience that this was a sign of trouble.

"Good afternoon, boys. I've now received the acceptances from the headmaster of the Secondary School. I am afraid that some of you are going to be disappointed, but you know that there are not places in the Secondary School for everyone who passes Standard VI. With only two exceptions you all did very well in your qualifying examinations and I am very proud of this school's results, but I am sorry, only twelve of you have been accepted for Form I."

There was silence in the class room. No one moved, or said anything, because each one of the boys sitting there was quite certain that he would be one of the lucky twelve to be chosen. It was only when the headmaster had finished reading the list of names that the hubbub started. The twelve lucky ones jumped up laughing with relief and went wild with joy, the others shouted angrily, stamping their feet and banging the lids of their desks. The only one to remain quite still was Philemon. He sat like a man stunned by the sudden news of death. Slowly he rose from his seat and went over to the headmaster who stood twisting the piece of white chalk between his fingers.

"Mufundishi, you didn't read my name. You know me, Mufundishi, I'm your boy Philemon Nalusanga. You always told me that if I worked hard, one day, I would go for Secondary. You know I am going to be a doctor Mufundishi. You know my Standard Six certificate won't get me any job at all. Mufundishi, what am I going to do now?"

The headmaster was an honest man, so he just didn't say anything. By now all the other disappointed boys were crowding round him asking the same question. He didn't know what answer to give them because he knew that in a dozen other Upper Primary Schools in the District boys would be crowding round their head-masters and saying just the same thing.

"Mufundishi, what are we going to do now?"

And there could be only one really truthful answer:

"My boys, I don't know, I just don't know."

Philemon walked back to the Baobab, seeing nothing on the way. He didn't even stop to wave to his girl friend across the stream. A storm of anger gathered in him, and when by force of habit, he stooped to pick up a sharp stone at the foot of the tree it burst upon him. In a vicious fit of temper he began to kick and scrape and scour the soft bark of the Baobab. On and on he went in his crazy rage until he had obliterated his own name and every sign of the fifteen hundred and twenty two marks on the trunk. Then exhausted, with bleeding hands, he lay on the ground amongst the broken husks of the Cream of Tartar fruit, and began in a slow monotone to curse everything and everybody in the world. He cursed his class mates, because they had been chosen and he had been rejected, he cursed his teachers because they had told him that education was a good thing, while all it seemed to be was a lie. He cursed his brother because he had taught him to carve his name on the tree, he cursed his father for making him go to school, and then he cursed God.

When he had finished, he felt a little better, but not much. When he reached home, his father received the news of his failure in stony silence, and it was just as well that Philemon had poured out all his anger under the Baobab tree. He just went to bed, but he didn't sleep. In the morning he rolled up his blankets, put his few books in a suitcase and told his father that he would go to the Copperbelt to find a job so that he could get enough money to go to night school and pass his Form I and II externally.

Many months passed by, and when the scars on the Baobab had begun to heal, one day Headman Nalusanga got a letter. Because he couldn't read, and because the only man in the village who could, had gone away to look for a job on the mines, he decided to take it to the headmaster. He found him busy in his office filling in the attendance returns, but as soon as he looked up and saw the old man at the door, he pushed his papers aside, and asked what he had come for.

"Mufundishi, I want you to read this letter for me. I think it may be from Philemon or from his elder brother. You know Philemon went to get a job, but we have never heard from him since."

"The only thing we know is that he arrived on the Copperbelt and was staying with his brother while he looked for a job."

The headmaster recognized the writing immediately, it was not Philemon's neat hand, it was his elder brother's untidy scrawl. He began with some difficulty to read the letter aloud, then he stopped and read on silently. It was a long time before he looked up and spoke to the old man who sat uncomfortably on the chair at the other side of the desk.

"Mufundishi, is it trouble?" he asked.

"Yes, it is trouble. Philemon never found a job. Everywhere he went he saw the notices - PALIBE NCHITO. He never got any money to go to the night school. He joined a gang of other boys and the Police caught him in some trouble. They charged him and he would have been sent to prison, but the Magistrate ordered him to have six strokes of the cane. His brother says he will get into more mischief unless you go to town to fetch him."

The old man borrowed £3 from the headmaster, and he went to town and brought Philemon back with him. As they walked home together they stopped to rest by the Baobab, and there Philemon told his father what had happened in town and about the beating in the prison yard. And when he had finished he said to his father,

"My father, what am I going to do now?"

The old man looked at the scars which Philemon had made on the tree. He saw how the new bark was growing to heal them over, but he knew that time would never heal his own son's wounds.

Again the boy broke in on his father's silence with the same question,

"My father, what am I going to do?"

And because the old man was honest, he said,

"I don't know, my son, I just don't know."

BUT WE DO KNOW

You, Mwami, and I if I am honest cannot say to the youth of Zambia "We don't know what to do". We know very well what we ought to do. I said it to the churches as Chairman of the Christian Commission for Development, and you have said it often enough in your speeches to the nation. The time is past for rhetoric and

emotional exhortations. We have got to start now to implement the policies of the Plan.

We both start from the knowledge that the so-called "Youth Problem" is not a "youth" problem at all. The "Youth Problem" is really an "Unemployment Problem". But the "Unemployment Problem" is not an "unemployment" problem at all. It cannot possibly be that, because there is plenty of work to be done in Zambia. We need to grow more food, and make more roads and dams, and dig more wells. So if it is not an "unemployment" problem what is it? It must be "The Problem of Rural Development" which is just another way of saying how does the nation develop its natural resources i.e. grow more food, and make more roads and dams and dig more wells.

World statesmen have been saying this for a long time, but not so bluntly. They tend to wrap things up in U.N. jargon. The report on the Commission on International Development headed by your good friend Lester Pearson said:

"The main burden of absorbing the increase in the labour force falls inevitably on agriculture.... only a fraction of the new workers find employment in non-agricultural development sectors, even if these expand very rapidly. A strategy for agricultural development which increases employment opportunities rapidly without depressing incomes must focus on labour-using, and capital saving ways of improving agricultural productivity."

Now here comes the rub! What if the youth just don't want to become farmers, don't want to grow more food, and build more roads and dams, and dig more wells? What if they prefer the bright lights of the cities? After all a young man of seventeen leaving grade seven, and coming to town can still earn a few ngwe with a "Singongolo" selling cokes for his uncle until he is old enough to get a job as a security guard to protect the rich men's riches in the town. Did you know that Zambia now employs as many security guards as policemen, and that guarding property is one of the fastest growing service industries in Zambia? This is the practical issue before us: How do we get the young men and women of Zambia to grow more food, and build more roads and dams, and dig more wells? There are three answers; yours, Mr. Chellashwami's, and mine. Of course a lot of other solutions to the problem have been put forward, but ours are the three most widely discussed. I think it is worth examining these three because

something has got to be made to work if the resentment of 500,000 youths is not going to spill over into violence.

First your solution: I call it yours, but only in the sense that it is the only youth programme which the Government is backing with any real money and manpower. The idea is that you draft young men and women into the National Service, and you make the army a "Peoples' Army". While you train the youth to be the defenders of the nation you also give them "skills" training especially in farming techniques. I have two main criticism of this approach to the problem. The first is that the Service is so costly to run in terms of unit cost per youth that only about one in fifty of our young people will ever have the chance of getting into it. The second is that the youth and their leaders confuse the term "modernization" with "mechanization" so they expect to do their farming with tractors, their road and dam building with bulldozers, and their well digging with boring machines.

Second, Mr. Chellaswami's idea, which is to enter into a large scale programme of public works, that is growing food, building dams and roads and digging wells. He quite rightly says that if 100,000 people were to be employed at 50 ngwe per day to do manual work on public works construction, it would be an excellent long term investment in rural infra-structure, and would put new purchasing power into the hands of a great number of people and thus revitalise the rural economy. I have three criticisms of this plan. The first is that the commercial interests in the towns, especially the Breweries, are so strong that cash poured into the pockets of young people in the rural areas would be sucked right back into the pockets of the urban rich who would then be able to afford to employ more security guards at K1 per day to protect their wealth. Second we do not have the skilled manpower to design and supervise a large public work's programme. Of course such experts can be imported, and local people can be trained, but time is against us. Thirdly although I heartily agree that a young man's most pressing and urgent felt-need when he leaves Grade VII is for the kwachas to crackle in the hip pocket of his terelene trousers, he has deeper and more profound needs, which he may not recognise until his need for ready cash has been met, but which cannot be satisfied just by building a dam or a road.

Now for my solution, which is not mine at all. It is the people's own rough-and-ready solution, which they are putting into practice all over the place. What we need to do is to refine it, and give it a better chance of developing in its own truly Zambian way. I can best explain it by telling you of an experience I had. The first time I ever went into a rural area in Zambia was in 1943 and I went with my colleague the Rev. Joel Njase to visit Chiwala school south of Broken Hill in Chief Liteta's country. The next time was a few weeks later when I went North West to Shamputa School in Chief Chipepo's country. During the next five years I travelled quite extensively in these two chiefs areas in the Bulenje, and there was nothing much to distinguish one from the other, except that Chief Chipepo was a far more enlightened Chief than old Liteta. My problems as Manager of Schools were identical. I had to threaten the teachers that if they didn't get the children to dig latrines at the school, the Government would withdraw the grant for their salaries. I had to warn the parents that if they did not send their children to school regularly they would be fined in the Chief's court. I had to complain about young girls of fourteen and fifteen being taken away from school in Standard I to get married. I had to call meetings of headmen to arrange for grass to be cut, and new thatch to be put on to teachers' houses only to be told that from harvest time to October most people had been drinking under the trees while bush fires burned out all the thatching grass.

In 1972, I again visited the countries of Chief Liteta and Chief Chipepo. In one area I saw the people still drinking under the trees as I had seen them twenty nine years before, and apart from the fact that the school had been replaced by a burnt brick building with a corrugated iron roof supplied by a benevolent Government, everything else was the same. In the other area I saw young men tending their thrashing machines set beside little mountains of golden maize cobs. I saw no villages but innumerable family farmsteads, and young men building new ones. I talked to the Ward Councillor who told me that every school in his Ward was bursting at the seams, and he was at his wits end to know how to find places for all children clamouring for places. This is not the time to examine the reasons why one area developed and the other remained stagnant. The point I want to make is this - I saw young men building their own houses. The youth of that area had begun to believe that they had a future because they had been promised a decent price for their harvested maize.

You have to make so many speeches and open so many seminars that by now you can hardly distinguish the really important statements from the cliches and the platitudes, but let me remind you of what you said on March 23rd. 1970. How furious Peter Stutley and I were with you at the beginning of that month. Mind you, we never by the flicker my eyelid nor the gnashing of teeth on his pipe stem let it be known. Without any warning you had called a National Seminar on Rural Development. We had to drop all the work we were doing, and for Peter that meant at least 120 kilos weight of files. We had to cancel all the arrangements we had made for touring - in fact the calling in all the Provincial officers brought rural development to a standstill for the best part of two weeks. But when you got up to speak in the old National Assembly, we couldn't be angry with you any more. Actually it wasn't so much what you said that was impressive, not even the sincerity of your words, it was the fact that you, as Head of State sat down after your speech and talked with us, and listened to anything anybody wanted to say. Even a question from a District Agricultural Officer or a man from Water Affairs, or a vet, or a Co-op Officer was welcomed and patiently answered. On that day you said;

"The truth of our declaration that man is at the Centre of all our endeavours may well stand or fall with what we make of the task we set ourselves in developing the rural areas."

In fact we in Government are not those who can develop the rural areas. The people themselves are the ones who can and are doing that. It is our job to make it worth their while to do so. It just is not worth a young man's effort to sweat his guts out producing maize, or rice, or beans, or pigs, or chickens, or cattle if he gets a lower return for his labour than the man who spends all day and every day pushing a mop around the red polished floors of the Institute of Public Administration in Lusaka. So we come back full circle to what I was saying before that the central issue in Zambia is one of deciding on our priorities, and making sure that the national cake is shared out fairly.

Education

What right have I to talk to you on the subject of "education"? I am not even a trained teacher as you are. We do however have something in common. Neither of us has had a distinguished academic career. I know you have a doctorate, but

it is the same kind of honorary degree that my father had, and which my mother always referred to as "Dr. ... P.O.T.B." (Pat On The Back). I know you have a much greater respect for academics than I do, but that is because you never had the chance of a university education, whereas I did, and I botched my chances. In a sense we are both "self-taught". I remember you when you were almost unintelligible making a public speech in English, and it was most embarrassing to hear you on the radio. Now I know only one man who can knock spots off you when it comes to public speaking, and that is Colin Morris, but you do not have to be jealous because he was actually born with the Shorter Oxford Dictionary in his mouth.

My first qualification for speaking with some authority about education is that I did my primary in a school which was at that time the best in the whole of England. There were only fifty boys in it, and it was more like a family than a school. We all called the headmaster Jimmy (not to his face of course because even in England in those days we knew about "muchinshi"). The woman who looked after us we called Mum-B and we prefixed the name of all the other teachers with Pa-. Just to give you some flavour of what the education in that school was like, let me tell you one or two things about it. No "School Reports" were ever sent to the parents, instead at the end of each term the Headmaster would sit down and write a personal letter to my parents telling them exactly how I was getting on and what problems I was having and what needed to be done to get over them. Every parent had a similar letters. He wrote by hand 150 letters per year. In his last letter, when I had failed the College of Preceptors Examination he wrote "... I doubt whether your boy will ever be able to get through examinations with much success, and I suggest you might consider sending him, when he is a little older, to South America where he would enjoy and make a success of the life of a cow-puncher." I can remember Jimmy coming into the class room on one of those magical days in the English Spring time which sometimes come suddenly and without warning. He said "Close your books and put them away in your desks, we are all going out on the marshes to look for the nests of wild duck and Redshanks and Dunlins. We are going to ring the young birds before they fly to their nests and that will help us when we come to lessons on migration...." At this school the man who taught us gymnastics was the porter at the village railway station. The man who gave carpentry lessons was the gardener. He was an elderly man but he

produced from the school garden all the vegetables, and most of the fruit we had for school meals. He could not of course do it all himself so we schoolboys, aged between 8 years and fourteen, would help him. In the autumn we swept up all the fallen beech leaves on the lawn, and using an old Lewis-gun carriage from the first world war, which needed three boys to handle, and eight to pull, we gathered them into the "leaf pile" where they were left to rot down into leaf-mould which was used to fertilize the garden.

As I look back on my primary school education, I realise that all that came afterwards was merely an amplification of what I learned before the age of fourteen. If I had left school at that age, I would have had sufficient education from which to develop my life. The reason why it was sufficient was because it was a sound and rounded education, and it was deeply personal. In all the five years I was at that school I had the same teachers, apart from one young man who left, but was immediately replaced by another. They knew us inside out and we knew them. We lived under strict but kindly discipline which extended from the class room hours through all the day. The only sins for which you could get a beating were for stealing or lying, there were only minor punishments for walking into the house with muddy shoes, or not folding up your blankets properly, or being late for breakfast.

At the risk of boring you, I have told you about my school because when you look back, I think you will find similarities with your days at Lubwa under Maxwell Robertson, I think there is little doubt that while I was in the best school in England, you were getting ready to enter the best school in Northern Rhodesia, and both of us had the incomparable advantage of getting our earliest education in the heart of a Christian home. I know our schools were exceptional because they were run by exceptional men, but they were only exceptional in degree. Both schools developed from a very clear understanding on the part of both headmasters of what this thing called education is all about. It is about preparing young people for life and equipping them with the tools for their own development. I feel sure that if we would try to get our concept of education right in Zambia we could create an educational system that is the best in the world. The reason I say this is that we have a head start in Zambia. The family - the extended family-is still the basis of our society, and in every village family young children are still being taught the

first elements of "muchinshi". Again Zambians have not yet lost, as large areas of the Western World have lost, their belief that of all values in life the value of the person is supreme. I know of course that city life is fast eroding these deeply personal values, but it is not yet too late if only we would open our eyes wide to what is happening.

At its worst our school system is just a giant sausage machine manned by a clique of comparatively well trained, well paid, and well meaning operatives. The purpose of the machine is to produce a uniform type of sausage for frying in the university and handing out on a plate to Industry Commerce and the Government. Considering the difficulties of running such a machine for a population as widely scattered over the countryside as is that of Zambia, it does a very good job, and with more money and more imported technicians it can do an even better job of producing even more uniform sausages tailor made for the faster development of the modern sector of the economy. The fact that the sausages which come out at one end are only a fraction of the weight of the sausage meat that goes in at the other is largely due to the design of the machine. It was designed and largely built in Europe to produce uniform sausages for a fast expanding modern economy which had to meet the voracious appetite of commerce and industry for qualified people to produce the goods and services to sell to the under-developed world I have said enough for you to get my point. The sheer wastage of our educational system in Zambia is a terrible indictment of our society.

I remember visiting the school at Mwandi with Frank Chitambala on one of our tours. The Headmaster gathered all the five hundred school children round the national flag so that they could be addressed by the visiting minister. The Headmaster said in his introductory remarks said, "Mr. Minister, you will be surprised and pleased to hear that this school has had the most outstanding success this year in the District. We have sent forward into Secondary Education more boys and girls than any other school. Out of our double stream of eighty children in Grade VII we have sent no less than seven boys and three girls to the Secondary school at Sesheke." Everyone cheered and the Minister congratulated the school on this great achievement. I asked the headmaster what plans he had for the seventy children who had "failed to go for Secondary".

"Those who are still very young will try if they can to repeat, but

it is not so easy to do that these days with so many children coming up from lower classes. The others will stay in their villages for a time then they will go off looking for jobs in Livingstone or Lusaka."

"And what happens if they can't find any job?" I asked "It isn't easy to find a job these days with only seven years of education."

"I don't know what they will do. It is really a pity about these children roaming about these days. The Government must open up more Secondary Schools to cope up with the situation

Our basic problem in Zambia, as far as our educational system is concerned is the elitist view that the system exists for the production of the top twenty per cent who will find jobs in the modern and urban sector of our society. This idea is held not only by the elite themselves, but by all parents and by all children even in the remotest villages. The possibility of not qualifying to become one of the favoured few is unacceptable, therefore there is universal and unanimous support for the system as it is. The eighty percent who do not make the grade, feel they have been cheated of something which is their due and they wait expectantly for some wind of change to fill their sails and blow them out across the seas to their chosen port of destination. Very few of them realise that the winds of change that blow across the world today are whipping up an ugly tide more likely to cast them up on their own shores as chunks of useless drift-wood than sweep them out onto the high seas of golden opportunity.

Our present task is to create the climate for a fundamental change of attitude. From the place where we now stand this seems so vast an undertaking that one hardly knows where to begin, and whether there is enough time before the holocaust to achieve anything at all. But we have the movement of history on our side. One by one the 500,000 unemployed are beginning to ask the question "Why does it have to be like this? Why am I denied the opportunity to work and earn a living? Was it for this that I was born? For idleness and envy?" We have only two alternatives before us when they come and ask for work. Either we say "That is not my problem, it is yours. Get back to the land where you came from" in which case, sooner or later, when there are enough of them, they will just move in and take what they want without so much as saying by your leave. And then we shall have to bring out the Police Force

nd the Army, which may win the first round, and maybe the second, nd perhaps the third, but the fourth will go to them. Or we can o the better thing, which is to begin to share with them now what e have got, and have denied to them which is the chance to share n the building of a new Zambia and a new world.

Every time I consider this problem which above all needs faith nd the will to solve it, I think of two things. The first is those arly white missionaries trekking across the valleys and hills of Zambia in the wake of the slave traders; the empty villages gutted y fire, and old men and women and little children creeping out of eir hiding places in the bush. Those pioneers were utterly ppalled by what they saw and you can read about how they were eling when you read their diaries. Half the time they were half ad with malaria or suffering from dysentery or fever. It was ese men who dared to believe that the people of Africa would one y be educated. If ever anyone dreamed impossible dreams they did, t they also knew what they had to do to make their dreams come ue. They had first of all to learn the language of the people, en they had to reduce it to writing, and men like Mackay carved eir own print out of wooden blocks and made ink from banana juice d soot from the fire, and the began to teach, and then they ained African teachers, and there would never have been any dependence for Zambia unless they had created in a thousand llages their little pole and dagga dream schools.

The other thing I think about is you, walking into that mists' shop in Mufulira and asking for a book and being frog- ched to the door by those two hefty white miners because you ed to challenge the colour bar which had clamped the whole of th Africa in its vice-like grip. What he have got to do now in nging the whole direction of the education of Zambia should be ld's play compared with what you did then. The real question is ther we still have in us the kind of faith you had in you then, have we been betrayed so often now by man's deceit that we have t our nerve? Last night I was watching Lombe Chibesakunda being erviewed in the programme "Tonight" on the television. She had t returned from Caracas where she had been attending the ifference on the Sea". It cannot have been an easy task for the gate from Land-locked Zambia to speak with authority in such nternational conference, but there she was on the television en, the little shy school girl whom I used to meet at Chipembi I went there for S.C.M. Conferences, now speaking with charm clarity about a mighty complex issue. And Lombe is just one

of the three Chipembi girls who are now your ministers. (If I were you, and I wanted to be made President at the next election I would keep a weather eye on those three girls). Those three Zambian women, are the embodiment of one man's dream, Douglas Gray the founder of Chipembi I shall be having something more to say about him when I talk about the Church and the Missionaries.

Let me describe to you the dream school I have seen in my mind many time from the top of our little hill. It is January and first day of term in the new school year. There is a big gathering at the school, because not only have the parents of the beginners in Grade I come with their seven-year-olds, but all the parents of all the children are there including the parents of the children who finished their Grade VII in December. The Headmaster gets up to speak

"Mr. Chairman of the Village Committee, Headman Mwando, Headman Tityotyolo, Headman Chisebe, Headman Mufwempa, Headman Mulendema, All parents, All teachers. I am very happy to welcome you to this historic meeting which our good Chairman has called especially for the opening of the new school year.

Before welcoming the newcomers at the bottom end of the school, I want to say a few words to the three girls and three boys who will be leaving us to attend the Secondary School which has opened at Chilanga. We wish them the very best of luck in their studies. We hope maybe one of them at least will end up in the University, and who knows but one may take my place some day as headmaster of this school, or come back as a doctor, or an engineer to design a new dam, or even as Minister of State for the Central Province. We shall be sorry to lose these six students who have contributed so much to our school over the past seven years, but I am glad to let you all know that twenty five out of the other thirty four students will be continuing with us into Grade VIII thus joining the thirteen children in Grade IX making an upper Primary Department of forty-four boys and girls in all. Our new Grade VIII is fortunate in being able to move straight into the new work room over there which was built by the boys who go up into grade IX this year. There is no need for me to introduce to you Mr. and Mrs. Shamilimo who joined us last year for this new experiment in further education. I am going to ask them now to give you their report on the progress last year. Needless to say, they did not achieve all that they set out to do, but the fact that such a good number of boys and girls who went through grade VIII came and asked to be allowed to continue into Grade IX shows that what we are doing here

in Chipapa is meeting a real need in the community. Mrs. Shamilimo, I will ask you to speak first.

"Parents and children. I should start off by thanking and paying tribute to our Headmaster who has supported me through thick and thin over this first year in so many troubles we had with the authorities in Lusaka who did not seem to know how to cope up with a new thing which was unfamiliar to them, however by being able to keep our tempers cooled down we managed to overcome all obstructions, and by the end of the year I had managed to get the last ~~tin~~ bucket and the last cooking pot out of the Domestic Science Department.

I must also thank the parents, especially the mothers, for sparing their daughters from their domestic duties in the house at home to come and learn more about cooking and sewing and every other type of homecraft. You even spared some eggs, and some ground nuts, and some other produce from your gardens for the cooking demonstrations at the school. I do not know how much my girls were able to put into practice the things which they learned when they got home each day, but I was very delighted with the progress that some of them have made. You will see that all the girls in Grade IX have made their own school uniforms and this year they will start on making not only their own dresses, but the shirts and trousers for the boys coming up into Grade VIII.

Now I must thank the Chairman of our Committee, Headman Mwando and the Agricultural extension officer for being so co-operative in getting our garden into production so quickly, and also for help with the demonstration chicken run. I think it is because the girls were so successful in the school garden that they did so well in the small plots in the corners of land which all you parents spared to them in your own land. We sometimes forget how fortunate we are in Chipapa to have our irrigated gardens where we can grow vegetables for sale, but I am sure your daughters never asked you for any ngwe for pocket money, because they were all able to get their own money from the sale of tomatoes. Even after they had bought their Nambi ointment and some stockings they were able to put a small amount into our Savings club.

The girls coming up into Grade VII will go through just the same curriculum which the others went through, though we hope to give two extra hours a week to teaching English comprehension. Now that we have the wind charger working properly the evening classes are becoming very popular. One of the other teachers in the school has kindly volunteered to undertake this extra duty. Now for the girls in Grade IX we have some new things. Ester Kabenge has agreed to come

over twice a week to show how to mix the clay for making pots. Martha Mango who went on a short course at Kabwe for local midwives will be coming to talk about what she has learned there. The elder girls have to spend a lot of time at home helping your mothers with the smaller children so we have decided to give a lot of attention this year to baby care, and we are very confident that after two years in our Chipapa Upper School the girls are going to be much sought after as wives and home makers by the young men from Chilanga and Chipongwe.

Well I want to thank you all very much for your kindness and co-operation, and I want to say that you should never hesitate to come over to my house at any time in the evenings or at week ends if you want to discuss any problem whatsoever that you are having with any of children, or any difficulty you may be encountering in your domestic life." Mrs. Shamilimo sat down and Mr. Shamilimo got up to speak. He was an older man who had been brought back to do this new job after retirement. He had been trained by Mathews at Kafue in the 1940s and he had spent nearly all his teaching career in village schools. He had not distinguished himself in any particular field, either academic or practical but he was a good organizer and a conscientious and reliable man. After welcoming everyone and thanking everyone from the District Governor to the village mail man from the Rural Council, he took a pair of silver rimmed spectacles out of their battered case, and opening a blue covered G.R.Z. exercise book he began to read his report.

REPORT OF GRADE VIII AT CHIPAPA GOVERNMENT DAY SCHOOL FOR THE YEAR
1977

<u>Total enrolment of pupils</u>	10 boys	12 girls
<u>Average attendance</u>	85%	
<u>Subjects taught</u>		

1. AGRICULTURE. On the demonstration plot of half an acre between the school and the church we planted the following crops on the following dates:-

November 15th. $\frac{1}{8}$ acre maize hybrid seed S.R. with underdressing X Compound.

November 17th $\frac{1}{8}$ acre ground nuts - (Makulu red)

November 16th $\frac{1}{8}$ acre Sunflower - (Russian variety)

January 15th $\frac{1}{8}$ acre beans (Haricot, Sugar and Soya)

Each boy and girl with the help of their parents planted similar acreages in their parents' gardens. This is the rotation of crops recommended by Mr. Sanika of our Agricultural Extension Officer here. The maize was top dressed with fertilizer when the plants reached

knee height, and a catch crop of pumpkins was planted in the maize field. This was the main work in agriculture during the rainy season, and another half acre was ploughed by oxen in March called winter ploughing.

Horticulture

In March when the rains were finishing, Headman Mufwempa kindly lent the school a pair of oxen and his plough which was used to cultivate a quarter of an acre of land in the irrigated garden below the dam. Although we had some difficulties in finding a plot because all plots are fully used, Mr. Matches Mulambo kindly spared us a plot which he had been ploughing for his elder sister who is now married again in Kapongo village. On this plot the boys and girls worked under the supervision of Mr. Malambo who is our most experienced gardener. They made the seen beds very well and planted peas, green beans, rape, tomatoes, cabbage, and some few lettuces and carrots. All children were able to help either their mothers or relatives in their own irrigated plots.

2. Livestock

The only animals which we could afford to start keeping were chickens, ducks and rabbits.

Chickens Eleven boys were provided with one cock each which they kept with their parents' chickens. These cocks were provided for us by the Department of Animal Husbandry and Veterinary Services at K1.50 which is a subsidised price, but old cocks were killed and we had some very good results. George Matanga with his cock and three village hens managed to produce no less than 60 young chickens, the hens sitting twice during the year on clutches of eggs in the nesting boxes which had been made for them in the village. Out of the sixty chicks hatched, 45 survived. He fed them for the first month while they were very young on chick mash, and then let them out on free range with some maize, sorghum and plenty outside cabbage leaves from the garden. He sold thirty at one kwacha each, and after paying for the cock and the chick mash he made a profit of K.20.

Ducks Eleven pupils were given one drake and two ducks each of the Muscovy type. These all did very well except for two which were killed by a wild cat. One duck had more than sixteen eggs hatched at a time and everyone in the village was very happy because the meat of the young ducks is very good to eat and they grow too fast.

Rabbits. Sorry to say this was not successful. We could not get any timber for making hutches so we tried to keep them in wire put round an' ant hill as Mr. Porrit used to do in Senga Hill. However somehow the testicles of the male rabbits got somehow infected by being in holes in the ground in the anthill and there was no good breeding.

4. BRICK MAKING AND BUILDING. Two thousand kimberley sun-dried bricks were made down by the dam using brick moulds kindly lent to us by Mr. Shachifwa Kalambalala. The boys also made an extra fifty which they gave to Mr. Shachifwa because of his kindness. George Mwando lent his Scotch Cart and the bricks were brought up to the school and as the Headmaster has pointed out they have been built up into our new workshop. Mr. Chipamina who used to work for John Roberts Construction Company as a brick layer in Lusaka taught the boys how to lay the bricks during of the months of July and August. He was paid at two kwacha per day for mornings only out of the grant we received for this hiring of Local craftsmen. The two trowels and the two levels belong to the school.

5. CARPENTRY. Mr. Kasaila was brought in three times a week during the dry season on the same basis of employment as Mr. Chipamina. At the end of last term you saw the things that he has been teaching the boys to make out of local timber - axehandles, hoe handles, stools, yokes, skeis, dusselbooms for the ox carts, and wooden paddles for cooking the mealie meal. Lucky enough Mr. Limbada at the wholesale in Lusaka came to visit us and donated some packing cases which were broken up and the boys have made all kinds of useful things including small sefas for sifting the flour after grinding at Yoram Mwando's mill. They only made small things while learning in the first year, because we could not waste the timber. Jack Chali became very good at carving stools and made quite a lot of money selling them to visitors who came on Saturday afternoons from Lusaka to enjoy themselves at the dam.

ENGLISH AND ARITHMETIC The voluntary evening classes in English and Arithmetic have been very well attended. Most of the time is spent reading the newspapers for the English classes, and most of the time on arithmetic is spent keeping records and accounts of other activities. The pupils can now manage to keep up to date all the accounts of the Credit Union and Savings Society.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES. In all social activities including football and netball the children have joined in with the other children. This has made us somehow unpopular with the other Primary Schools at Chipongwe and Lukolongo because we always win every match.

We have been very proud to have had so many visitors to Chipapa in 1977 and the best I can do is to read their comments from the School Log-book. I shall ask the Headmaster to help with the Tonga Translation in some cases.

LOG-BOOK

Feb. 1977 I visited the school in the course of my regular school inspection... A good start has been made with the new Grade VIII Class. I found the attendance register being kept in an old exercise book instead of in a G.R.Z School Register. I have asked the Headmaster to rectify the matter as soon as possible.

Signed (Manager of Schools)

March 1977 It was a great pleasure to visit the school and find the crops growing well, not only on the school plot, but in the pupils' own home gardens. The example is very good to parents. Congratulations to all concerned.

Signed: (Provincial Agricultural Officer)

April 1977 I was called to the school to settle a problem which had arisen between the staff and some of the parents. Some cattle had got through the fence and spoiled some of the grown maize. The owners of the cattle said it is the duty of the school to mend the fence. The teachers blamed the villagers for not herding their cattle properly. I heard the case and it is now well settled.

Chairman of Village Committee. (his mark)

June 1977 It has been a great pleasure and a delight for me to visit this truly rural school so near to the capital city of Lusaka. As I went round with Mr. and Mrs. Shamilimo to see what they are doing with these young people, I was touched by their enthusiasm, and their dedication to President Kaunda's philosophy of Zambian Humanism. How I should love to bring my own President here to see yet another example of how "Ujamaa" can really work.

Signed (For Tanzania High Commission Lusaka.)

JULY 1977

This is a mighty fine attempt to crack the unemployment problems facing the African Peoples as they grow up in the modern world. Whether it can succeed in face of the relentless technological revolution which is sweeping the world from end to end, I am not prepared to say, but good luck to you Mr. and Mrs. Shamilimo and all your great kids.

I think it may be worth recording for the research workers who will be evaluating this project shortly from one of our major American Universities, that when I suggested to the Headmaster that all this intermediate technology stuff might be trying in vain to put the clock back he replied "We get the impression that you in American have been in such a hurry to put the clock forward, that it is up to us to get it to show the right time". He may have a point there.

Signed (African America Institute)

August 1977

Three cheers for the Fourth World!! but are you not in danger of overdoing it with that devilish spray thing I saw in the garden. Try cleaning off the black fly with a toothbrush like my wife does on her beans in our back garden.

Yours sincerely John Papworth (for the Soil Association)

September 1977

I visited the school to check up on the attendance returns for July. The Headmaster said he sent them in, but they are probably still in the post. I have warned him that I shall come down in my Landrover later this month if they do not come in time, or else he will have to bring them up himself.

Signed (Manager of Schools)

October 1977

I passed through the school on my way to Chipongwe. I gave instructions that all the school children should tell their parents to attend a very important political rally at the end of the month which will be addressed by a member of the Central Committee outlining the Government's ten year plan for the Agrarian Revolution.

Signed District Messenger.

November 1977

I just happened to be passing by on my way up north after the Zimbabwe Independence celebrations, and I thought I would have a look at the place Merfyn Temple brought me out to see away back in 1959 in that old Ford Popular of his. What a charming place this is, just about as beautiful as my little place in North Wales. I must bring some of our chaps from the south up here. It is going to be one hell of a job getting Zimbabwe back onto the straight and narrow after all that blood, poor Zimbabwe! How different it might have been if K.K. had been at the head of the struggle. God Bless you all.

Signed..... Guy Clutton Brock.

December 1977

In accordance with the honourable wishes of Marshal KIM IL SUNG who led the victorious revolutionary struggle against Japanese and American imperialists, President of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. That great Man who devoted more than half a century of his life to the service of his people, his fatherland and the revolution, that is the history of a difficult and bloody struggle against the enemies of the Korean nation - Japanese and American imperialists, and the brilliant victories over international imperialism and its puppets, I visited this revolutionary school. How it would delight the heart of our Great Leader KIM IL SUNG one of the great leaders of the world revolution and a great Marxist - Leninist theoretician and man of action to see the great idea of "Juche" radiating over the revolutionary struggle of the African People.

When I return to the embassy in Lusaka I shall immediately send a cable to Marshal KIM IL SUNG himself whose philosophical and revolutionary concept of "JUCHE" will surely be able to conquer all oppressors and exploiters because "JUCHE" idea constitutes a strong weapon in our common struggle against imperialism and re-action, asking him to send some Peking ducks to replace the Muscovy ducks on your revolutionary farm.

Signed (Visiting representative of the continuation Committee of the Preparatory Committee of the Pan-African Seminar on the Juche idea of Comrade KIM IL SUNG whose revolutionary....)

When I wake myself up out of my day dream, and look down on the white washed buildings of our village school, I see the cloud of dust left by teachers' motor cars when they drive off to visit the "Hillside" and the "Come Again" bars. If it is Friday afternoon, they will not be back until late on Sunday evening, or more likely Monday morning. For two and a half days, that is a third of the week, the class-rooms will lie empty, and the cattle will not even bother to break through the fence because they will find no green maize to eat. A teacher came to see me once. He had come "Zamfoot" all the nine miles through the hills from Chilambila. When I asked him how I could help, he said he wanted me to give him a loan to buy a Honda generating set so that he could use the television set he had just bought in town. Why shouldn't he have a television set to while away the lonely hours in that loneliest of all lonely schools? If the Government sees fit to pay him a salary from which he can afford to buy a television set, why shouldn't he? Good luck to him, what better way of keeping in touch with the world, the war in Cyprus, Tricky Dicky's slither into hell, Chechiwa Nkonje's demonstration of International Cuisine, Win a hundred thousand Kwacha in the Pick-a-Lot. Good Luck to you Mr. Teacher, you had better try Kapwaymanongo down the road for your loan, because I haven't got that kind of money, and he only charges 25% per month on the investment, and he gets the interest too, because no one else is prepared to lend the teachers money when they run out on the 15th. of the month.

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A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PLAN FOR THE CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT
OF THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF CHIPAPA BY THE PEOPLE OF CHIPAPA

1. Introduction.

The purpose of making a plan is simply so that we can know where we are going. I do not really like the word "plan", because it gives you the idea that it is something written down like a blue-print or a map. Mr. Christian the pilgrim had much more sense when he set out on his journey, he just fixed his eyes on the delectable mountains and started walking in their direction, and took advice as he went along. I think we all know what we want in Chipapa. We want to make what your father called a "Gallilee" a place . . . of peace, - "shalom". We want to make the shalom, not only for ourselves and our parents, but for our children so that they will be here to care for us when we grow old. It always makes my heart sad when I go to visit old Shachifwa Kalambalala - you remember that old man who made that marvellous speech when you came for the indaba down by the dam. He and his wife live quite alone except for Danial. All their other children have gone away to work in towns. We must make a plan if we are going to avoid ending up like them. I am going to set out the plan for Chipapa in roughly the same way as the people did who made the Second National Development Plan.

2. Assumptions.

We assume that the natural resources available to us now will be the same in twenty five years' time, because we plan to conserve them. We also assume that our present population of approximately 400 families will increase at the annual rate of about 3%, so by the year A.D. 2000 we shall have about double that number.

3. Objectives.

We plan to have a healthy life, and that means enough water to drink, enough food to eat, enough space to live without damaging our environment, and without interfering with the privacy of our neighbours. We plan to earn enough money to buy the things we need but cannot produce ourselves, and that means that the Government has got to ensure fair terms of trade. We want FREEDOM, that is all the human rights of the United Nations Charter and we shall accept the responsibilities that go with them.

4. The Programme.

A. Investments and Financial Resources.

We need the Government to continue to invest its confidence in us in two ways.

The first is personnel. We need teachers for the school. We need Agriculture and Veterinary Extension workers. We need a good public Works Officer of the Rural Council to keep our road in proper repair. We cannot pay for these people out of our own cash incomes, nor do we see why we should, because the copper which comes out of the ground at Mufulira, and Nkana, and Chililambombwe, does not belong to the people of Mufulira and Nkana and Chililambombwe, it belongs just as much to us as it does to them. We have sent our children to dig out the copper and we are helping to feed them while they do it, we therefore think we should have a share in the profits when it is sold to America, France, and Japan. Second we need capital to invest in the development of our natural resources. At the moment it seems that our greatest asset is land in proximity to the city, and a good annual rainfall. Money needs to be invested in dams and weirs so that the rain-water is conserved, and led onto the land so that we can grow food for the city. If there are going to be 800 families by the year 2000, each needing a quarter of an acre for cash crops, that will mean bringing another 75 acres under irrigation, and impounding the run off from about another ten square kilometers of the Mpande hills. The cost would be about K100,000 (the price of four luxury buses for tourists, or one ten seater plane). If we say this money is to be invested in the 400 families presently living in Chipapa, and in the 400 families yet unborn, it works out at K5 per family per year, or one kwacha per person per year. (If you check my figures with Mr. Chellaswami our Indian demographer, and Mr. Ferrowdosian our Iranian Land Use Planner, and Comrade Alexander Chikwanda in the Ministry of Finance you will find that I am not more than a few ngwee out.)

As far as loans are concerned for such things as seasonal agricultural credit we shall not be asking for outside assistance, because we have already proved that we have our own financial resources in the village. These Savings when mobilized through our local Credit Union should be quite adequate for our needs over the next twenty five years, though we would ask that the Government, through its Department of Cooperatives, to provide a competent and regular auditing service for our Savings Union.

B. Population, Labour Force, Employment, Incomes, Wages and Prices.

We expect the population of Chipapa to double over the

next twenty five years, and if it does, there should be no overcrowding.

However, we have got to be thinking further ahead than the next twenty five years, so we must start now getting the people to understand the purpose of planned parenthood. Once they begin to enter into Chipapa's peace they will begin to lose the fear of their children dying, and once they begin to see that a large family is not an economic necessity for providing more free labour in the gardens, we shall begin to make progress. If we can take some of the sweat out of pounding maize, and drawing water, and gathering firewood, the women will not need so many daughters and that means they can enjoy each child all the more. And the men will find that when your wife is not worn out with child bearing she becomes a more comfortable wife to live with.

The labour force will grow as more children leave the school and some choose to remain at home. Even if only a few remain, we expect a steady flow of people coming back to Chipapa, who have had what satisfaction they can get from urban living, and want a different kind of life. These people are most important in the development of the area, because they bring skill, experience and a wider outlook to the village.

Employment opportunities should increase steadily over the next twenty five years, providing that equitable terms of trade are established between Chipapa and the City. There is a good chance of this happening, because as inflation mounts, and money loses its value, the man who wins in the money game is the man who grows his own food, draws his own water, builds his own house, and disposes of his own waste. He can always make his clothes last longer in the village by not wearing them at work, the children in the village can afford the luxury of walking barefoot in the sand.

C. The Land.

Nearly all the land which should be brought under cultivation has already been cleared and is under the plough. The first thing to be done is to ensure that all the contour ridges which were made in the fifties are kept in good repair. There is at least one place in Daniel's garden on the Western side of the church, across which the water sweeps in the heavy rains. Daniel needs some advice on how to repair the damaged ridge, and a fairly tart reminder that a man who does not look after his soil has no right to possess it. Also I have noticed two small gullies developing in Matches Malambos' gardens next to the place where the palm trees grow.

D. Crops - in the Rainy Season Gardens.

Mono-culture of maize over the years has been a bad thing for the land, and this is a matter which must be dealt with

↳ urgently.

Bill Verboom, the wisest of all our conservationists, advised me when he came to Chipapa in 1972 that we should adopt a four course rotation of:-

Maize in the first year
Soya Beans in the second
Sun-flower in the third
Ground-nuts in the fourth.

There should also be some fallowing, or ploughing under of a green-crop of sunn-hemp or velvet beans. This rotation, as well as giving us our basic carbohydrate food also gives the oil-seed crops for making our own cooking oil, and of course the residue and the bean and ground-nut hay is excellent stock food. With proper management and good husbandry, which means the right seed with the right fertilizer planted at the right time to get the right plant-population, (at least 20,000 maize plants to the acre) the people will get as much maize from one acre as they now get from four. A great deal more use can be made of small patches of land in corners to grow more of the traditional crops of sweet potatoes, ground beans (imbwila) and "delele" for drying. Again the maize can be intercropped with pumpkins.

E. Crops in the Dry Season under Irrigation.

The practice of putting the irrigated garden under fallow from November to March is good for two reasons. First the people are busy at that time of the year in the food crop gardens, and secondly it is not good to work the heavy soil when it is very wet. Some economic planners have said that leaving the cash crop gardens unutilized during the rains is a mistake, because the cash flow into peoples' pockets is needed at times of rising prices. However there are other things, less labour consuming, like rearing chickens which can keep a little cash coming in for the soap, the candles and the matches.

The present system of growing some peas in the cold season, followed by cabbage and tomatoes when the warmer weather comes, seems to be working very well. It should be continued with the addition of carrots, beetroot and onions.

F. Fruit.

The potential for growing bananas below the dam wall is considerable, and we have found that the local type of sweet banana is best. Enough bananas can be grown in Chipapa for any person there at any time to eat as many sweet bananas as he wants. This is in marked contrast to Lusaka where thousands of children are growing up who have never tasted a banana, because their parents cannot afford to buy them at the current price of 40ng. per kilo in the market.

We already have so many mango trees that in the season there is a surplus for sale and during December and January people with trees make quite a lot of extra money. There is room to extend all these mango groves round all houses and they do not need watering. The same applies to lemons, guavas and mulberries. Paw-paws and oranges can be grown near water, and if grenadilla vines are planted around every latrine the people could be drinking fresh passion fruit juice for two months of the year.

G. Grazing for Cattle.

On the Western side of the dam, the grazing for cattle can be greatly improved by the introduction of new varieties of grasses. Rene Dumont told me that if we would plant many more mulberry trees we would greatly increase the nutritious value of the bush where the cattle browse during the dry season, because the large green leaves of the mulberry are excellent forage. Still the maize stover after harvest is the most reliable and convenient food for the cattle. It is quite sufficient to keep the oxen in good health during the long dry season, but supplementary feeding must be given to the cows and young steers in the form of grain and hay and if possible some silage. With better management and better care of the calves, there is no doubt that the area could carry a greater number of cattle. This is important because we need as much cattle manure as we can get, and only when the small herds reach a level of steady reproductive replacement will it be possible to increase the take-off rate for meat sale and insist on regular culling.

H. Water.

The first thing to be done is to conserve every drop of water that falls on Chipapa during the Rainy Season. As more and more people are replacing their thatched roofs with "malata" and cement-asbestos sheets, so it will be possible to conserve water for domestic use in small underground tanks. Many of the houses are built on the steep slope of the hills, and this makes the construction of tanks all the easier.

More earth dams need to be made, and some of the work on these can be done by hand labour. People need to be equipped with ox-drawn dam-scoops such as the one I saw in use making the Chipembi dam in 1944. There is no point in manhandling wheelbarrows in the dry season when the oxen are doing nothing but graze the stover in the old maize gardens.

There is good ground water in most parts of the area and it would not take many years of digging to ensure that every family is within easy shouting distance of at least one well.

Every well needs to be equipped with a windmill and a tank, and the children when they come back from school are quite competent to yoke up the oxen or a couple of donkeys and haul the water to their Mother's houses in old petrol drums in the family scotch cart. One day there may be piped water laid on to every house in Chipapa, but this should not be until the Government can announce that there is not a single family in Zambia whose women are forced to walk more than a quarter of a mile to draw a cup of clean water.

I. The Forest.

The trees and bush on the Mpande hills must be looked after with great care. All charcoal burning should be utterly forbidden. The law in this respect can be enforced with draconian severity, because the people do not need charcoal, they only make it to take it to sell in the towns to earn a little money, but they have no conception of the damage they are doing. There are plenty of places in Zambia where controlled cutting for the production of charcoal is quite legitimate because there the forest can be left to regenerate, but the trees around Chipapa are much too valuable to go up in smoke. Through a carefully planned programme of community education people can learn to value their trees. They did so in the past, and they can do so again. Nearly all the firewood that is needed can be obtained from the branches and trees which die a natural death. Certain trees should be marked for special use.

"mububa" for making stools

"mutwamaila" for making yokes and skeis

"kubunga" for the handles of hand axes.

"mukoka" for the handles of hoes, though there are so many mukoka trees they can even be used for firewood.

"musamba" for bark string

"mukunku" and "mubanga" for fence posts and building grain bins

"musekese" for its leaves for making cough mixture

"kapapi" for its roots for medicine

"mubula" and "masuku" and "mufumu" for their fruits.

J. Livestock

(i) Goats.

In 1970 you asked Professor Garbrecht, the German hydrologist, to come over to Zambia from Turkey where he had been working for ten years. You asked him to come and help us find some solution to the overcrowding in the Gwembe Valley. Unlike most experts, he did some reading about Zambia before he came and he discovered that one of the important things to know about the Batonga of the Valley is that they base their entire

about the Batonga of the Valley is that they base their entire

economy on goats, even to the point that a woman's dowry was estimated in numbers of goats rather than in heads of cattle. This fact interested him because in Turkey the goat is a highly valued animal, for its meat, its milk, its skin and its long hair which is woven into blankets and clothes of all kinds. Dr. Garbrecht had also been told by the experts who believed that all the people living down there should be shifted out of it, that it was an area of bare stoney hills and eroded valleys. He naturally put two and two together and suspected that the wicked goat, which has caused such devastation throughout Africa, especially in the North, was the culprit.

I was with him on his first trip through the valley and it took him some time to re-adjust his ideas. It was not long before he remarked "Compared with Turkey, this is the garden of Eden". There is some erosion in the Gwembe, but it is nothing like as bad as some people make it out to be. Ninety percent of it is caused directly by man with his hoe and only the rest by the goats. The agriculturalists who started the irrigation scheme at Siatwinda of course hate the goats because no fence, however well protected by barbed wire entanglements seems to keep them away from the green vegetables. In fact the goat is a much maligned animal, for if properly managed it can be of great benefit to man. I remember a farmer on the Western side of the main tar road from Chipapa telling me that ten years ago he started with a ram and three goats, and an old man to herd them in the hills, and a strong pallisaded paddock to keep them in at night. Within a matter of three years he was feeding his whole family, his staff, his workers and his dogs on fresh goat meat, and what his children ate was tender and sweet as any New Zealand lamb.

Mr. Koliás, whom you remember we met in Balovale (as it was then) had taken a couple of acres of kalahari sand, and by pumping onto it a steady stream of water from the Zambezi and using composted goat manure had turned it into an orchard where the tangerine trees were so heavy with fruit that he had to prop the branches up on forked sticks and where the strawberries he grew were as big as plums. I am not sure whether you actually saw his garden, because when I went off to see it they dragged you off to inspect the windswept acre on the new Balovale Farm Training Institute where the spinach was all eaten up by caterpillars, and the tomato plants were riddled by eelworm. But that evening at the sundowner which they put on to welcome you in the Balovale club you met Koliás. You said "You must have green fingers Mr. Koliás" and he looked at you and said "No sir, not green, just dirty. I get 'em mucky with goat manure".

I asked him how he dealt with the problem of nematodes, because his tomatoes plants were bearing fruit the size of little apples. He said he fed his nematodes on compost and so they did not bother to attach the roots of his tomatoes. I told that story to an Indian lady sitting at a microscope at Mount Makulu when I took her one of Filipo's badly infected tomatoe plants, but she said it was not true. What she did say was that there is a microscopic organism that lives in compost which thrives on a diet of certain types of eel worm.

(ii) Geese.

Once an Israeli Expert came to visit me at Chipapa, and when he walked over the hill, and saw our flock of forty Emden Geese as white as any swans afloat upon our lake, he got quite excited. Apparently he had kept Geese at home and he said "What! only forty! If I was here I'd have a flock of two thousand in no time".

"So what would you do with two thousand gees in a place like Chipapa?" I asked.

"Why cut out their livers of course" he said.

"And what would you do with 2000 goose livers?" I asked.

"Why send them to Paris" he said "I'd make a fortune out of patte de fois gras".

Well we did not follow his advice, largely because we never managed to breed from our stock. However we did send some to Major Moxon at Kalulushi, and he was so successful, he ordered a thousand to be flown out from Germany only a few months ago, and they are doing remarkably well. He believes that there is a great future for the goose in Zambia - not for liver export to the gourmets of Europe, but as the poor man's bird for the villages. The important thing about the goose is that it does not compete with humans for food. It eats grass, and you can herd geese just like you herd cattle. They could be kept all round our swamps and in the Zambezi and Kafue plains. In the old days in Britain they used to keep geese on the marshes in the Fens and in Norfolk. The old English Goose girls would walk their geese in flocks numbering hundreds all the way to London - seven miles a day and feeding themselves on the commons as they came to market.

A bird which can be kept in the villages, and which will put on weight so fast by foraging for itself, is an important addition to the poor man's larder, and certainly further attempts must be ade to establish some gaggles of geese in Chipapa.

As a by-product, goose feathers are used in many parts of the world to stuff pillows and cushions, and at present there are no feather pillows anywhere in the shops in Zambia.

(iii) Chickens.

As I look out of my window, I can see Sarah's chickens in the yard. She doesn't keep them fenced in, she lets them out with their cock on free range, and they are always busy scratching for insects, and caterpillars, and white ants and grass seeds, even sometimes leaping into the air to catch a flying beetle. For some reason I do not understand, the hatching rate from her nine hens has been very erratic. I see one hen with one baby chick, one with seven, and one with sixteen. We used to have a women's poultry club at Chipapa, but like so many other 'development' projects, it folded up because it was based on wrong ideas. We sent some women on a poultry-keeping course where they learned how to get a loan to purchase day-old chicks from a big commercial hatchery. They learned how to get parafin lamps and make brooders, and they fed their chickens on special food prepared by the Milling Companies in Lusaka. This food had to be made up with large quantities of imported protein, especially fish meal from South Africa. When the broilers were ready for market, they had cost so much to produce that they could not be sold in the village, they had to be taken to town, and the same applied to eggs. Sarah was one of the women who got a distinction on her training course, and she still sometimes hankers after the days when she stood surrounded by Cobb broilers, Harco layers, Emden Geese, Kakhi Campbell ducks and Silver Dimple Turkeys. She never did get the message that the more birds she kept, the more she had to pay to feed them, and the more time it took to market them, and she never could understand why there never seemed enough money from any particular batch of chickens to pay off her loan. So now she has come full circle and she is letting the hens do the hatching for nothing and brood the baby chicks under their feathers and lead them out to feed themselves on protein in the morning and come back in the evening for the handful of mealies Sarah has crushed for them in her pestle and mortar. She doesn't have any loan to pay off now, and the grain she has grown herself she hardly seems to miss from the grain bin, and the teachers from the school come to buy from her. If she really wants a good price, she can kill a couple of birds and pop them in the oven when she is making bread, and when they are cold she can carve them up, and sell them on a Saturday night outside the "Hillside" or "Come Again Bar" to the gentry who come down from Lusaka for their week-end booze up.

When chickens are kept on a family basis rather than by women's poultry clubs, and when all the nondescript village cocks have been replaced by well bred birds of proven hardy breeds, the protein problem of the villages will be half way solved.

(iv) Ducks.

Although our flock of three hundred Kakhi Campbell ducks never quite came up to expectation in the number of eggs they were supposed to lay, they had an unexpected spin off for us which we had never anticipated. We kept them down by the lake and they always come back in the evening to their pen, but they spent all day scouring the reeds and rushes on the lake shore, and dabbling in the mud, beaks down and bottoms up searching for little worms, and baby frogs and things, but most of all for snails. Ever since the dam was made the children had been warned not to paddle in its waters; not to swim, and not to fish, because they might get Bilharzia from the water snails, but after three hundred hungry ducks had been at work for six months, we searched and searched but never found a single snail. Now on a hot afternoon in October or when the atmosphere is sticky in the Rains, the air is filled with the shouts and laughter of children who love nothing more than to splash about in the shallow margins of the lake or sit in the shade of that big fig tree where we had our Indaba last October moulding toy oxen from the sticky clay.

Our flock of bilharzia-controllers is no more, because the Khaki Campbell duck is a hybrid it does not breed, or if it does it will not sit on its eggs. Probably we should try to get a flock of Aylesburies, but I think I have a better idea. I used to have a picture on my office wall in Mulungushi House of a lake just like ours at Chipapa but bigger and floating on its blue waters was a great flock of ducks as far as the eye could see. I cut out the picture from one of those beautifully produced propaganda magazines which come to us from the Far East. I think it was either North Korea or North Vietnam, but why don't you write to Comrade Kim Il Sung and ask him to send us a little Korean family to come and stay at Chipapa for a couple of years to show us how to cave for ducks on water. Just think how we could turn all the dams in Zambia into children's swimming pools.

(v) Pigs.

Mr. Nkabika, the vice-Chairman of our Ward Development Committee used to keep pigs, but he got a job in the Kitwe Skills Training Camp of the National Service as a plumping instructor.

He left his old mother to look after the pigs, but he never sent her any money to buy them food, and even if he had done so, I do not know how she would have transported the pig food from Lusaka. So the hungry pigs broke out of their pen, and for a long time they were roaming about the villages and an absolute nuisance to us. There were about twenty five Large Whites; the Boar and sows having come from De Goede the European farmer near Mapepe. The herd used to come down to the dam for water, and I noticed that they fed themselves by rooting out the young succulent stems of the reeds on the western shore. I don't suppose they put on weight as fast as when they were being fed on food from the Milling Companies, but they always seemed very healthy, and became so agile they successfully avoided capture for many months.

A long time ago I read in the South African Farmer's Weekly about a man who grew a field of sweet potatoes. He then got some young weaners and penned them into this field. They proceeded to root up the potatoes, feeding on the tubers' rich carbohydrate and on the green vines. Within a comparatively short space of time the pigs had consumed his entire crop, and into the bargain they had manured and cultivated his field. He slaughtered the pigs whose meat he fed to his workers and he planted a crop of maize when the rains came which yielded heavily.

In the western province the Chokwe people keep a type of black pig on free range. It never grows very big, but it never gets sun bruned as the Large Whites do, and one of its most nutritious foods is that tall plant you see growing along the road sides with its great spikes of red flowers. It is one of the first plants to appear after the rains come, and the people prize it for relish, cooking it like spinach. They call it "Chibondwe". Its botanical name is "Amaranthus", and it is cultivated by the people in Indonesia. It has a higher protein content than Swiss Chard, or Australian spinach. The European farmers round Chisamba and Monze call it "Pig Weed".

I am of the opinion that when we imported British and German experts into Zambia to initiate the "Integrated Pig Scheme" to provide our immigrant workers with their traditional meals of pork and beans, bacon and eggs, ham and salad, sausages and mash, we may have taken a wrong turning along the road to rural development. It is not that one should begrudge the American sociologist and the Yorkshire economist, and the Italian air-pilot, and the British Civil Servant, his essential foods.

We presumably need their presence to help us develop this country's vast natural resources, but the trouble is that their eating habits have rubbed off on Zambia's urban elite, who have come to enjoy a plate of ham and eggs as well as any Lincolnshire beet farmer, or Kentish Commerical Traveller. But here's the real rub; the pig when kept on a commercial scale, competes with man for food and we are living in a world of growing food shortage where grain and soya beans are needed for human beings not Large White Pigs.

Fish.

Some time after the dam was made in 1953, a Fisheries Officer came from Chilanga and stocked the lake with fingerlings of two or three different types of bream. He said that after a year the people would be allowed to fish with hooks and lines, but never with a net. He promised that every year the Department of Fisheries would come with their nets and make a catch of fish giving half to the people and taking the other half away for sale. I never heard how this arrangement worked, but I don't think it worked very well. Anyway in March 1972 I wrote to the Director of Fisheries telling him that we were disappointed that the only fish we seemed to be getting out of the dam were little tiddlers, and never a decent sized fish. He wrote back saying he suspected that the dam was over populated with fish, but he could do nothing about it until October when the water is at its lowest ebb. He would send his staff with their nets and reduce the population drastically. They came, but did not catch many fish, so then they said there must be a lot of barbel fish in the dam which were eating the samll fry, and they went away and never told us what to do about the barbel. As you know the best way of catching barbel is with a large hook and a night line onto which you spear a piece of what the Afrikaans farmers call "stink" meat. We tried this, but when we went down to look at the lines in the morning we found that the bait and the hook had gone, and the strong nylon line was broken. We did not know what to do until Mr. Mwiinga who is an astonishingly ingenious sort of chap had the idea of getting a piece of rubber inner tubing, and attaching this between the anchor peg on the shore and the line. It worked because the elastic played the fish, and Mr. Mwiinga caught quite a number of barbel. But only some people eat barbel fish and anyway Mr. Mwiinga got the idea that someone was witching him, and he went back to his home in Mazabuka. All we are getting out of the dam is a few tiddlers. That is a great pity when those waters could be providing such a rich harvest of protein for the people of Chipapa. It seems ironical that we are only eight miles from the Fishery Research

Station at Chilanga yet we cannot find anyone to solve a problem which is beyond our own skill and understanding to handle. Perhaps you know someone in Japan who could help. I believe the Japense are wizards with fish.

Housing, Building and Construction.

I have already written in an earlier part of this letter about our ideas of architecture in the village, and there is little need to make elaborate plans for this sector of the plan. When people are given space and encouraged to have confidence in themselves, there is no housing problem. There is plenty of stone to make foundations. The cement factory is only eight miles away. There is plenty of building sand in the beds of the streams which flow down from the Mpande hills into the dam. With a good ant-course, Kimberley bricks are just as good as burnt brick, and gum poles are in plentiful supply at the Lusaka plantation for rafters. On the Chawama Cooperative Housing scheme at Kafue they have shown how louvre type shutters can be made for windows, and as people become more confident they will build more permanent houses using steel door frames, and will have glass in the windows. This is a clear case of allowing people freedom to build at their own pace in their own way to meet their own needs.

Sanitation.

I have little doubt that traditional pit latrines are not the answer to the problem of disposing of human waste. They are scarcely ever dug deep enough, they smell and breed flies, and after three or four years they fill up and new pits have to be made. Often the pit latrine is a worse health hazard in the village than letting people go into the bush where if houses are fairly scattered, the sun and the dung beetles and the white ants take care of disposal.

I also know that water born sanitation for the villages with septic tanks is literally a pipe dream. Anyway even if such expensive installations could be made, the demand on water to flush them is extravagant, wasteful and entirely unnecessary. You will remember that when you came to see me with all your ministers for the Indaba in October last year the one place I insisted on you seeing in my house was the toilet. You were a little surprised, but of course you didn't show it, and I had to explain the importance of my P.K. I showed you how it was within the house, it was without smell and there were no flies. I pointed out that I rarely needed more than half a pint of water a day to keep it working whereas you in State House probably flush

down your urban toilet with thirty gallons of water a day. I don't think it had ever occurred to you to question that innocent action of pressing down the handle of your toilets' water system, and flooding the basin four or five times a day. But you see that water has to be pumped right up from the Kafue river nearly forty miles away, and that is a waste of energy in a world which has got to learn how to conserve every unit of energy it can. Besides that pipe line flows right past Chipapa's boundary, and I fail to see why you should have priority for your toilet over our need of water to grow food. I suppose you think that there is plenty of water in the Kafue River, so why worry, but it is about time someone started worrying, because if Lusaka goes on growing at its present rate, that is doubling its population every six and a half years, by the year 2000 there will be about four million people in Lusaka, and they will need not one pipe line from the Kafue but sixteen. Then you begin to wonder whether there will be enough water left for the sugar plantations at Mazabuka, and the nitrogen chemical works at Kafue, and the hydro electric scheme in the gorge. It would be rather odd if in twenty five years time everybody in Lusaka was so busy flushing their toilets that there wasn't enough electricity generated to pump up the water to fill their cisterns.

I constructed my Chipapa toilet five years ago on the "R.O.E.C." aerobic system. It is complicated to explain without a diagram but it is really very simple, and I made it with Daniel and Jackson and we did not need any plan or blue print. We just dug a pit the size and shape of a human grave. We spanned the top with thick chibubu logs and covered them with stones, and the earth we had taken from the grave. It was half a day's work for the three of us. Into the pit at one end we made a chute entering at a forty five degree angle, and I got from the asbestos cement factory at Chilanga a four inch pipe about nine feet long which we erected as a chimney coming out of the pit. It all works on the ventura system, whereby the current of air circulating over the top of the chimney draws air down the chute into the pit. The oxygen creates the aerobic action which decomposes the waste. I have heard about a toilet for long used in Sweden, called the "multrum" which I think is probably an improvement on the "R.O.E.C." and in Asia they have a system using bamboo pipes to bring in the oxygen.

A great deal of work remains to be done on perfecting the best type of aerobic latrines, and there are some people experimenting with anaerobic fermentation of human waste to get the generation of methane.

The point I want to make here is simpley this: If we can find the right solution to the problem of disposing of human waste without using vast quatities of water, we are half way to solving the problem of the shanty town or so called "squatter compound". Everyone is talking about Lusaka's housing problem. There is no real housing problem, because given the chance, the people solve that one almost overnight. When people are huddled togther in townships you get a very real and difficult problem of water and sanitation. If you can overcome the sanitation problem without using water, you have gone a long way to solving the problem of an adequate water supply, because with no flush toilets the amount of water you need drops from 50 gallons per person per day to 10 gallons.

We used to have a Roman Catholic Arch-Bishop in Lusaka whom we called Father Adam because his Polish name was quite unpronouncable. The only occasions we ever met with leisure to talk were when you had one of your State House parties to which you invited all the world and his wife. We had both spent the greater part of our minstries in the rural areas and we used to talk about the church and rural development. He said to me once on the lawn at State House "You know it's a funny thing Temple, but when you and I meet, we never discuss Theology, but always 'latrinology'. I suppose it is because we both believe that building a new rural society in Zambia must start with building latrines".

I have a feeling that the "Christian Commission for Development" which brought together the Protestants and the Roman Catholics and the leaders of some Independent Churches might have got off the ground, if it had just been Father Adam and me, and if instead of holding meetings in Lusaka we had gone off into the villages with a hoe and a pick and a shovel and dug pits together.

Energy.

1. The Sun.

On all our tourist posters we shout to the world to come to visit "Zambia in the Sun". We probably are one of the most fortunate countries in the world in terms of hours of sunshine in the year. But apart from digging up the sun's stored energy from the coal mine at Mamba, we have not begun to tap one hundred millionth part of the energy available to us each day from the sun. I am told that in many countries in the middle East nearly every house has a solar heater on the roof, and no one ever needs to waste electricity or firewood to heat up their bath water.

Solar heaters made from plastic are quite cheap to buy, and Bard McAllistar once made a demonstration model from an old petrol

Solar heaters made from plastic are quite cheap to buy, and Bard McAllistar once made a demonstration model from an old petrol

make solar heaters if the supply of materials was properly organised. As is the case in so many of these things, we have the technology but we lack the organisational ability to put the technical know-how into practice.

2. The Wind.

The first thing we need the wind for in Chipapa is to drive windmills for pumping domestic water out of our wells. This is going to be rather expensive until we start manufacturing our own windmills in Zambia. Is it not strange that we manufacture Fiat motor cars in the Assembly plant at Livingstone and these cars run on great quantities of imported oil, and we cannot yet produce our own windmills? If all the Apa Mwamba rode round in Volkswagen beetles instead of Mercedes Benz there would be enough money saved to instal a thousand windmills in the villages. Whether we can harness the wind does not depend on whether we can design the right kind of mill, it depends on whether we have the political will to get our priorities straight.

After windmills for pumping water from the wells, we need wind chargers to generate the electricity for lighting our homes. We shall have to start with light for the community, at the school and in the Church and in Mr. Phiri's village shop. We are already manufacturing our own 12 volt car batteries in Zambia, and there is no reason why we should not soon be assembling alternators, and strip lighting and of course the propellors for the wind chargers.

Gas.

At Chipapa I do my cooking and run my fridge by gas which I have to buy at K10 per 40 lb. cylinder from Lusaka. This gas is a petroleum product and of course it has to be imported. I use it because it is very clean and very convenient, but I know it is far too expensive for anyone else in the village to use. It was only recently that I discovered that it will be quite possible to produce our own gas in the village if only we had the know-how. My son gave me a book for Christmas called "Methane Fuel of the Future", it is published and printed by Andrew Springer in the little village of Bottisham in Cambridgeshire. This roused my interest and then last month I took the Development Officers whom I was training at N.I.P.A. to see the experiment that Larry Hills the American is carrying out on one of the "Family Farms" at Nega-Nega. He is installing a gas plant there which when it is in full operation should produce enough gas from the manure of only three oxen to do all the cooking for himself and his family and run his refrigerator.

As a by-product he hopes to treble the nitrogen content of the manure in his digestion plant, whose effluent he will run off into a small fish pond and then on to his banana trees.

When I use my gas from my gas cylinders, I am using solar energy which was stored up in coal or petroleum millions of years ago as a result of the process of photosynthesis. This process is going on all the time right around us in the village and with the right technology we can tap it for our present day use. Let me explain.

This "Methane" gas I am talking about occurs naturally as a product of bacterial decomposition, it is colourless and odourless and is a gas at room temperature. Any kind of organic material, such as grass or reeds or Kraal manure, or chicken or human manure can be broken down by bacterial decomposition, but the product formed will depend on whether or not oxygen is present. When oxygen is present, you get "aerobic" fermentation, and that is what happens in my pit at Chipapa or in a compost heap. The reason why you need to turn a compost heap is to get the oxygen in to keep the fermentation going.

If on the other hand you stop the oxygen from getting at the decomposing matter, by for example keeping it under-water, something quite different happens. "Anaerobic" fermentation takes place, and you get gas bubbling up to the surface of the water. You have probably seen this happening in any of our swamps and you were told that it was "marsh gas" which is another name for "methane".

The way that Larry Hills is making methane at Nega-Nega is basically quite simple. He has dug a deep pit in the ground about sixteen feet down and lined it with ordinary concrete well-liners. Over the top of his well he has suspended a kind of metal dome - like a very large petrol drum with its bottom cut out. This collects the gas as it bubbles up, just like any gasometer in any British town. But what makes the gas? It is quite simple. He has gathered loads of cattle manure from the surrounding kraals, and mixing this with an equal part of water he has filled his pit. This starts the digestion process and to keep it going he has to add to it every day a mixture of five gallons of manure and five gallons of water.

I believe he obtained his design for this digester from the "Gobar Gas Institute" at Ajitmal 100 miles West of Lucknow. Ram Bux Singh, the Director of this Gobar Institute (Gobar just means cow-dung) has written in his book "The Bio-gas plant" as follows:-

"In India many villages remain without electricity. One of the major consequences of fuel shortage in many parts of

that ordinary cooking must be done by burning pats of cow dung (just what the Mashikulumbwe do on the Kafue Flats where there are no trees). It is estimated that there is one cow or bull for every two people in India, producing over a billion tons of dung per year, and that some three quarters of this is used for cooking and other burning purposes.

The dung is of course dirty to handle, requires half an hour to get fully lit, and until it is burning well, produces a great deal of irritating smoke. More serious than this is the fact that little of the large amount of dung produced annually is applied as manure to the already starved fields".

"At the Gobar Institute, many plants of different design and size have been constructed, and their performance evaluated. The smallest is intended to serve the cooking needs of one Indian family, producing 100 cu. ft of gas per day. Current research at the Institute is looking at ways to use appliances with bio-gas, and at ways of converting its energy into other forms such as electrical and mechanical. Other work has been analysing the quality of fertilizer produced by the plants. Also it has been discovered that simple techniques, applicable to village conditions, can improve the purity of the gas and regulate its pressure. Figures from the Institute indicates that costs are down to a level where they are financially possible for Indian farmers. A small 100 cu.ft. per day model can be built in India for the equivalent of about K80."

If what they say about Methane is true, it is difficult to understand why it has not caught on more rapidly in India, and why we have not heard more about it in Zambia where the shortage of firewood and charcoal is acute in the towns. I would think that one of the major problems is capital, for even K80 is a lot of money for a villager to find. However my own guess would be that as far as Zambia is concerned in the villages where they have the material needed to make a Methane plant work, they also have firewood, whereas in the shanty towns they have neither cow dung nor firewood. The problem would be solved by dispersing the population of the shanty towns into clusters of satellite villages, but that is a theme I want to develop later in my letter. As far as Chipapa is concerned it may be that the nitrogen produced in the Bio-gas plant may be more important than the gas.

My first trip from Lusaka to Chipapa in 1966 was on a bicycle. I wanted to find out whether I could commute each day to work using this method of cheap transport. It took me two and a quarter hours to get there in the morning, and two and a half to get back in the evening because I got caught in a rain storm, and a lot of the way is up hill. Just one journey was enough to prove to me that cycling might be cheap, but it was too wasteful of time and energy. The next occasion I went was in my wife's ten year old Ford Popular which we had bought new in 1957 for £400. That was much better. I think the most powerful argument made by the Chipapa people when they discussed whether I should be allowed to live in the village, was simply that any man with a car is an enormous asset to the community. I was to be the only car owner in the whole area, and the consequences of that I was soon to discover, for the sun never rose but it revealed a little huddle of people with their bundles at my caravan door needing lifts to the clinic at Chilanga or to town. The Ford Popular was made in Britain after the Second World War as the Peoples' utility car, and if any one needed to be persuaded of the quality of British workmanship at that time, he should have seen us chugging up the hills to Lusaka with two on the bucket seat beside me in the front, and four behind, and the boot flap down piled high with bundles.

The first lesson I had to learn is that there is no such thing as a "private" car in a village. It had to be the Peoples' car, but it was too small, more were left behind than I could take, and through the kindness of "Christian Aid" and "The Organisation of Netherlands Volunteers" I was given the temporary use of a two-ton Dyna Diesel. I got Mr. Kasaila the village carpenter to help me make wooden seats in the back, and everyone rejoiced because no one was ever left behind on the road, and everyone who wanted it got a free ride into town in the morning, and a free ride back. That is everyone rejoiced but me. It is one thing to feel virtuous as the Village Saviour, but quite another to be at everyone's beck and call in any emergency from hospitalizing pregnant women in the middle of the night, to taking mourners to a funeral on Saturday afternoon. There were problems too with the Police who simply could not believe that I was not running a lucrative pirate bus service, and when I stopped at the South End Round-About to pick up my returning Chipapa passengers, all the other people waiting there wanting lifts to Chilanga and Kafue just climbed aboard, and it might take half an hour to persuade them to get off. If they persisted I just had to carry them and keep stopping all along the road, and the Chipapa passengers would get furious with the

delay, because the women had promised to get back to cook their husbands' evening meal, and I didn't want to start breaking up the Chipapa marriages. My problem was only solved when I walked out of the situation and went back to Britain for the World Poverty Campaign, but I took Chipapa's problem with me, because the people had been put back right where they were before; as they said "crying for transport".

During the World Poverty Campaign in Britain, many of us were studying Dr. Nyerere's "Arusha Declaration", and one weekend a group of young radicals from the British Aid Agencies like Oxfam and Christian Aid, met with me in a place called Haslemere in Surrey to try and find what our response in Britain should be to what Dr. Nyerere was saying in Tanzania. As a result we made our "Haslemere Declaration" which said that the problem of World Poverty would not be solved by giving more and more "charity" to the "poor" in "undeveloped" countries. I knew that if I set my mind to it, I could raise money from the British Charities to buy a shining new Leyland Bus for the people of Chipapa, but I had also come to understand that this would not really solve Chipapa's transport problem, it might make it even more difficult to solve, because it would not be the peoples' own solution.

By 1971 we had begun to work out together in our Ward Development Committee what we thought at that time could be a possible solution to the problem which loomed larger and larger in the minds of the people as they began to need transport to get their produce to market. Here is a statement of our thinking at that time:-

Transportation for The People of Ward 17

of the Lusaka Rural District.

- * 1. Ward Seventeen of the Lusaka Rural District consists of about 5,000 people who live on the eastern side of the main road running south from Lusaka to Kafue.
2. The people are subsistence farmers who earn some cash from the sale of maize, and some vegetables grown under irrigation. The estimated cash income is about K30 per person per year.
3. There are two primary schools in the Ward, one at Chipapa and the other at Chipongwe. The nearest clinic is at Chilanga which is eight miles from the schools.
4. With the scatter of family groups over the past thirty years, and the break up of the villages, and the influx of squatters, the community is very mobile. The links with Lusaka are strong.

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5. The most pressing need felt at present by the people is for transportation. When they, and their children are sick they want to get either to the Clinic at Chilanga or to the hospital in Lusaka. They want a means of getting their vegetables to market, and they want to shop in Lusaka and visit relatives in hospital.

6. The "Ward Development Committee" under the chairmanship of sub-chief Adam Njaluka is the local body responsible for the development of the Ward. It is a legally constituted body under the new "Registration of Villages Act".

7. After long deliberation and careful investigation the Ward Committee has made proposals for the establishment of a bus service for the Ward (Central African Road Services are unable to provide services except on the main trunk routes, and the demand for transport is not yet large enough to provide a profit for a privately owned service). The proposal is set out in Appendix I of the Seventh Meeting of the Ward Committee and is attached.

8. At present the people walk or cycle to Chilanga and from there they get lifts in authorised or pirate taxis for 30 ng. for a single journey. They cannot get their produce to market in this way and have to rely on the goodwill of local residents with transport to help when they can. (The local missionary who commutes to Lusaka every day takes a daily load of people and produce in his pick-up).

9. The economics of the proposal have been worked out as far as possible. The Ward has been divided into nine sections which have been intensively canvassed to find out whether the people would be willing to contribute K2.00 each for the initial capital to purchase a vehicle. The initial response has been good and collection of the money will start in January 1972.

Report to the Chipapa Ward Development Committee
on the Subject of Transportation for the People.

A. The Need.

The people of Chipapa are in great need of transport for the following reasons:-

1. To get children and their mothers and old people to the Clinic at Chilanga.

2. To get seriously sick people to hospital in Lusaka in good time.

3. To enable relatives to go to Lusaka to visit sick people or when a person has died.

4. To get vegetables and chickens and eggs to the Lusaka market.

5. To do shopping. 68
6. To catch the train or bus in Lusaka when making a journey to a far place.

7. To get more things such as soap, paraffin, sugar matches and candles in the local small shops.

B. The Problem.

1. The Chipapa road is not served by any kind of public transport. The United Bus Company of Zambia cannot agree to run a service until the number of regular passengers increases.

2. The distance is only twenty miles from Chipapa School to Lusaka, but not enough people travel each day to make it economic to make more than one journey to town each day.

3. Some days there are many people who want to travel and on other days there are very few.

4. Most people who are sick, especially women with sick children cannot afford to pay money every time they go to the Clinic at Chilanga for treatment.

5. If a full time driver is employed and given a proper monthly wage, he will spend all day in town doing nothing, but he will expect to be paid for sitting.

6. If a small vehicle is used for transporting people and their katundu, it will often leave many people standing by the roadside without help. If a big vehicle is used, it is very expensive to buy and to keep running and often it will run half empty. A taxi is too small and a bus is too big.

C. A Possible Solution.

The problem has been discussed with many people including the Road Traffic Commissioner to discover all about the legal side of running a bus service.

The long term solution would be for one man in Chipapa to set up a transport business, and a garage and run an efficient bus service for the people, or the U.B.Z. should do it. However it will be some years before it becomes economic for one man to run a service, and the U.B.Z. cannot run a service on a route with few passengers when there are not even enough buses on the main routes and in the towns.

3. The people of Chipapa who are able to take vegetables and other things to market can afford to pay some money and also people earning salaries such as teachers, but the whole cost cannot be met by the people. TRANSPORTATION TO AND FROM CHIPAPA MUST BE SOMEHOW SUBSIDISED OVER THE NEXT FIVE OR SIX YEARS. When the prosperity of the area increases, the people will be able to afford to pay the full cost of a bus service.

4. A bus service can be subsidised in a number of ways. The most important being: the one journey to town.

a. No one person, or group of persons should make a profit out of the service to the people.

- b. The richer and more educated members of the Chipapa community should offer help and assistance to those who are poor and sick.
- c. Outside people can be asked to give help in buying the first vehicle. The Central Government, or the Rural Council, or a Charitable agency could be asked to help with money.

5. It is now proposed that the Ward Development Committee should do the following:-

- a. Seek in every possible way to find K2,000 for the purchase of a strong pick-up truck (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons).
- b. Find one trustworthy person in the community who would take charge of the vehicle making sure that it is properly serviced and kept in good order.

Rules for the Proposed Chipapa Bus Service.

1. Any sick person travelling to the Clinic at Chilanga or to the Hospital at Lusaka will travel free,

OR

any person taking a sick child, or any relative who accompanies a very sick person.

People who go to consult private doctors will not travel free, because if they can afford to pay a doctor, they can afford to pay for their journey.

2. All other persons travelling on the vehicle will pay money

Chipapa to Chilanga 20 ng.

Chipapa to Lusaka 40 ng.

Chipongwe to Lusaka 40 ng.

no charge will be made for the return journey.

3. The bus will only travel at the following times:-

Leave Chipapa School 6.30 a.m. Travel to Chipongwe to pick up passengers and reach Lusaka at 7.45 a.m.

The bus will leave Lusaka South End Round About at 12 noon so that it passes Chilanga in good time to pick up patients at the Clinic.

4. The only places to which the bus will travel in Lusaka is the market and the hospital. When the journey each day is finished, it will be cleaned and be given to the one person in charge.

5. If the vehicle is needed at night for any emergency at least two members of the Committee must give written permission.

6. No person will be allowed to use the bus unless he or she can show a card indicating that the subscription has been paid and is up to date.

We had felt the need, we had analysed the problem, and we had made our plan, but the plan did not work. The reasons why it did not work were not first of all financial and technical, they were "people" problems. We thought that the Ward Development Committee was the proper place to thrash out the issue and that the Ward was the right community to handle it, but we were wrong. Ward Seventeen was created for Local Government electoral purposes. It was created by people who drew lines on maps to enclose a certain number of voters, but those boundaries took no notice of needs and aspirations of the people who lived within them. Ward Seventeen is made up of two quite separate and distinct communities. One is the Chipapa people who live in the seven villages round the dam. The centre of their life is the school, and the irrigated garden. They occupy the land under the customary law of usage, and they are all knit together in an inextricable web of family and kinship relationships. The Chipongwe people on the other hand are immigrants from many different tribes living on old State Land farms owned by absentee landlords. Legally they are "squatters". As they live nearer to the main tar road running North to Lusaka and south to Kafue they have access to the U.B.Z. bus service, and they can get "Zamcabs" and pirate taxis in an emergency.

When we had divided the Ward up into nine sections, and appointed leaders in each section to explain the idea of raising the money for a bus by every family subscribing K2.00, they all agreed, but when the time came to put the money on the table, the Chipongwe people all said that their existence as squatters was so precarious that they might be moved before the bus was bought, and so they would lose their money. The Chipapa people said that if the Chipongwe people did not subscribe they could not possibly reach the target; and then a big argument developed about whether a man with two or more wives should pay more than two kwacha. Some said that a man with two wives was richer because he had more labour to work in his gardens, and so could afford to pay more, others said that a man with two wives was poorer, because he had more children to support. They managed to spin out the argument over the whole day, because they wanted to avoid making a decision about their problems.

But all the time the problem was growing. The Chipapa people were getting desperate to find some way of getting their tomatoes, and cabbages, and peas, and beans to market, and

although I would help whenever I could, I was often away for weeks at a time. More and more people were travelling the road, and at this point two separate ideas began to emerge. First the Chipapa people said that although they could not themselves raise the two thousand kwacha needed, if they could get a loan to buy a second hand vehicle and get a driver, they would be able to pay off the loan from the money they would get transporting their vegetables to market. That was one idea. The other came from a man in the area who saw a chance of making some money out of the situation. Of course the two ideas ultimately came into conflict, but let me tell you what happened.

Our local entrepreneur found out that he could get a loan for two thirds of the capital required from the African Finance Company if he would put down the other third, and if he could get a franchise from the Road Service Commissioner for the route in question. He thought that there would not be enough passengers from the Chipapa and Chipongwe areas alone to make it pay so he applied for an extended route to serve the people right down at Chiaba on the Zambezi for two days a week, and serve the local people on the other five. He found he could purchase a sixteen seater mini-bus for K5,000 so he sold his herd of cattle to get his equity of K1,666 and bought the bus. He employed as a driver a cheerful young man who said he had a P.S.V. licence, and was an experienced mechanic. He also took on another young man as conductor to collect the fares. Everyone was delighted and the bus was on the road from early morning until late at night, and the more it travelled, the more passengers used it and the more money came in, even though it sometimes travelled half empty.

Meanwhile the Chipapa vegetable growers had got hold of a second hand one ton pick-up with a wooden canopy and a roof rack. If they packed in tightly they could carry in this vehicle eight passengers sitting on the floor, and up to half a ton of vegetables on the roof. Their main problem was not the vehicle, but to find a driver. They held a meeting and said whoever drove their vehicle must be a good driver with a clean licence, he must be absolutely honest, and he must be known never to touch beer. The trouble was that they thought they would never find such a person unless he would come down to them out of heaven. In fact there was one man in the village who had a driving licence, so they took him on even though they could only offer to pay him one Kwacha per day.

He did marvellously for one week, and then he did not come home one night until very late, and it was found that he had been using the vehicle as his own private taxi when he got to town. So they said we better start at the other end. We will find a man who does not drink and is as honest as any man can be in this wicked world, and we will teach him to drive. There was a man called Mr. Phiri, who had married a local woman. He used to work in a Lusaka bakery, but he had moved to Chipapa where he had built himself a little shop. It was not a very successful enterprise, because he always ran out of stocks of candles and matches and sugar and salt just when the people wanted them. The reason was that although he never drank beer himself someone had told him there was profit to be made in running a bar, so he bought a licence for K50 and was selling twelve crates a week of bottled beer. He had to sell at the controlled price, and he also had to pay transport charges to get the beer to his stove and also on the empties. I sat down with him one day and we did some simple arithmetic, and I showed him that he was actually making a loss of 1 ngwee on every bottle he sold. Into the bargain he was making it much easier for the Teachers, and the Community Development Officer, and the Veterinary man and Kapipi, and George, and Lamech, and Petros and Managalita and the others to get drunk every night of the week instead of just on Saturday and Sunday.

We asked Mr. Phiri if he would agree to be our driver if we could teach him to drive. He had never held the steering wheel of a car before, but he said he would try, and he started taking lessons in Lusaka. He did not pass the driving test the first time, but he did the second, and he began very cautiously to drive the old vanette to Lusaka every day. I wanted him to take over from me the emergency trips that I sometimes had to make at night, but I never seemed to find the time to take him out at night to show him how to handle the car in the dark. One evening the sun set and Mr. Phiri had not arrived home. Someone told me that he had taken the car up the Nabwale valley the nine miles to the school at Chilambila to collect some teachers who had sent word that they needed him. I was surprised that he had the nerve to drive along that narrow twisting road through the hills, crossing the stony streambeds, and climbing up out of the drifts. Anyway, I thought, he will be sleeping there, and he will drive back in the morning, so I went to bed. I had no sooner put the light out, than I heard the familiar sound of the pick-up's engine, but I was puzzled because there was no light coming in through the window on that side of the house.

I went outside and Mr. Phiri was just locking up the car door.

"That must have been quite a drive" I said "first time you have ever driven at night".

"Yes" he said "I couldn't go very fast, that is why I am a bit late. The head and side lights failed so I had to drive using the flashing indicators." I never lose any sleep now when he is out at night.

Mr. Phiri looked after the car very well, always checking the oil and washing it down on a Sunday morning, but one day the engine developed a knock. We towed it into the garage at Makeni and when they stripped it down, they told us that a most unusual thing had happened - one of the pistons had disintegrated, and the repair would cost over K500. We just did not know what to do, because we didn't have that kind of money between us. Then I thought of Ted Rogers who runs the Methodist Relief Fund in Britain, so I wrote to him telling him the fix we were in, and he sent us the money having been assured that the people who were being helped were Methodists, which they are, if you come to think of it, or at least they used to be before they entered the United Church of Zambia. I didn't tell him that some of the people who use the bus are Seventh Day Adventists, and Mr. Phiri never goes to church at all, but then why should he since he doesn't drink anyway and is devoted to his wife, and he has given up leading the villagers into temptation by selling bottled beer in his store, and a more honest man you won't find this side of the Zambezi.

The vehicle was off the road for two months and our local entrepreneur was laughing. He fixed a roof rack onto his bus, and carried the vegetables to market, but he didn't laugh for long, because while his young driver was having the time of his life careering back and forth between Chiaba and our village and Lusaka, he didn't worry too much about checking the oil, and he always believed that the faster you drove and the more journeys you could make, the more passengers you could carry and the more money you would jingle in your pocket. The minibus was not really designed for country roads, it was made for the cities and within a few months the engine was buggered, completely buggered, and however many times the young driver took it to pieces lying the parts carefully on the dusty ground, and putting them back with new bearings or shims or con rods, it never worked again. So the entrepreneur lost all his cattle, and all the money he had taken was spent on petrol and overtime to his driver and the bus conductor, and in the end of course he could not pay back his loan so the Finance Company had to repossess the

bus and sell it for what they could get. No doubt in their annual report they will have a word or two to say about irresponsible borrowers not paying their debts, but they will write it off and lead some other poor sucker up the garden path never bothering to take care to find out whether he has the experience to manage a tricky thing like transport. But most to blame is the garage which sold him the mini-bus. All they cared about was to get the vehicle out of their glossy show room, and get the money from the sale of the cattle and the Finance Company safely into their pockets, and the pockets of the people who in all innocence make city buses for city streets.

But even when the Chipapa people got their vehicle back on the road again, and did not have to meet any competition from the entrepreneur, they were not quite out of the wood. They were doing remarkably well and paying their way - that is all the running costs and they were beginning to pay off their loan, but this meant packing the back of the vanette with the maximum number of people possible. People just had to get to town, even if it meant dropping down the tail board and sitting with your legs dangling a few inches from the ground. Quite rightly the police could not allow this to go on, and when they finally impounded the car and took Mr. Phiri to see Mr. Banda the Road Traffic Commissioner, he just said flatly "Never more than three in the back and one passenger with the driver in the front".

There were no two ways about it. We just had to get a bigger bus. It was then that I suffered my great temptation. When I came into town in the morning I would see the Bank of Zambia Officials being driven to work in mini-buses, and the Council for the Handicapped had their own mini-bus to drive their blind telephone operators to work, and the National Brewing Company had built a great big seven ton forty seater to transport their staff to the brewery. All these people could cycle to work if they had to - except the blind and handicapped. But Mawine

even if she wanted cannot cycle to market with her tomatoes, and are not the sick children in Chipapa as handicapped as the blind in Lusaka? I wanted just to give the poor in Chipapa their own spanking new bus with twice as much chromium plate as the Bank of Zambia bus, and dress Mr. Phiri in a chauffeur's uniform with gold braided epaulettes and a blue peaked cap and white kid gloves. And I could have done if I had tried, but I knew in my developmental bones that it would be wrong.

So I overcame the temptation and did the right thing. I started working on the members of the little Credit Union in

the village and said that if only they would start saving up the money they were making for their vegetables, and if they would really work at it, and pull together and save they could get the money for the down payment on a new bus. They are not that poor. Some of them have got cattle and if they really put their minds to it they could do it. But they didn't. For the peasants of Chipapa there is no tomorrow for which you can save today. They have learned by bitter experience that the future is dark with impending calamity. If you can manage to store away a little money in a hole in the ground, it must be kept hidden and in a secret place, only to be brought out in time of dire need and that means great sickness or the death of someone in the family. They knew that the little vanette was too small, they knew that sooner or later it would break down or wear out, but as long as Mr. Phiri kept it running they would put off the need to raise money for a new one. I knew they must have a new vehicle, and I knew it was not any good handing it to them on a plate, because they had to feel it was their own, and that they had worked to get it, so I began to talk with them about what they knew they needed.

They knew that a mini-bus like the one that had got buggered was not the answer. It must be bigger but not too big. It must be strong enough to stand the bashing it would get on the Chipapa road, but not as big as the Brewery bus. We began to get a picture of what we needed. It should be a three ton chassis with a Zambian-made body, built to our requirements. It must have a door at the back with a bench with seats for ten down each side with a seat for two or three across the end with their backs to the cab. There must be windows down both sides, but not windows that open, because those are much too expensive. The two windows up front would simply be left as open spaces to let the air in. The main floor space must be left free so that people could pile in their boxes of tomatoes and bags of cabbages and beans, and crates of chickens and even a bicycle or two if necessary. With plenty of floor space the bus could be used on Saturdays to take the football and netball teams for matches at the neighbouring schools. I began making enquiries in Lusaka from the garages to see what a three ton chassis would cost. They said K5,000. I went to the engineering firms to see what it would cost to build on a custom made body. They said K2,000 but with the price of steel going up it might be K3,000 in a few months time. The situation was utterly hopeless because even if the people managed to raise K1,000 or even K1,200 and we got a Finance Company to give us a loan for the rest, they would demand repayment over two years at 12½%, and we should never be

able to pay it off. We would have to find something cheaper. A motor company had recently opened up a new branch in Lumumba Road. I went in to enquire about the price of a Chassis and explained what we needed. The manager gave me a funny look and said "I've got something in the back that might interest you, come and see". I walked into the new big shed at the back, it was like one of those big empty warehouses you see on a dock side waiting for a shipment of goods. Standing right in the middle of this great commercial cathedral was our dream bus, made exactly to our plan. There it stood, all new, and blue, and shining in the morning sun which filtered through the transparent corrugated fanlights in the roof. I said "Who did you make that for?". He said "It's a bit of a sad story. We made it for one of the Mining Companies up on the Copperbelt to carry their workers, and sent it up there, but they sent it back. They said it was no use because the windows don't open and there is not enough ventilation for the people travelling inside. Besides the Mineworkers Union wouldn't pass a home made thing like that! I'm afraid there is nothing for it, but to take the body off and replace the flat bed body and sell it as an ordinary truck."

"How much do you want for it" I said.

"Five thousand, five hundred" he said.

I had got to find five thousand, five hundred kwacha, and find it quickly if the Chipapa dream was going to come true. But that sort of money doesn't grow on trees. If only I had a rich friend to give us a temporary loan until we could organise the money. But the rich don't travel our road in Chipapa, so we never meet them there to make them our friends. Then I remembered that round the corner from the garage where the blue bus stood in all its glory, was a rich man, and he was my friend, perhaps because we had once been poor together. I as a missionary with a wife and four hungry kids to feed had known how to tighten my belt, before quarter day, and he as a business man with too many irons in the fire, and none red hot, knew all the shame of pleading with a long succession of bank managers for just one more extension on his overdraft. Well some of his irons in the end got hot, red hot, so his problem became not how to make money, but how to put his money to good use. I was already in debt to this man, not because he had ever made me a loan, but because he saved me from becoming a one hundred percent socialist. When I see the wicked white capitalists exploiting the poor downtrodden peasants, then I am sometimes tempted to declare that Zambia's only path to economic sanity is the socialist road.

But then when I stop talking about the "masses" and start talking to Daniel and Sarah and the others, I find that they get a much better and cheaper service from that Wicked White Capitalist who is my friend, than from the giant para-statal organization which competes with him in the way of business. The other thing is that although he has grown rich by running an efficient and well jacked up family business, it has cost the Government only a fraction of what it costs them to run their undisciplined, extravagant, and overstaffed para-statal. So although Capitalism has its ugly face in Zambia, it is really no uglier than the Socialist monsters whose towering concrete castles disfigure the human face of Cairo Road.

So I went round the corner to see him, and there he was - not in a carpeted and air conditioned room on the fifteenth floor of the latest Lusaka sky-scraper, but in his dusty office at "the yard" surrounded by his yellow painted trucks and trailers and tankers. I had to pass through no protective screen of busily chatting typists, I walked straight through the open door of his office and said, "Jukes", I have found me a truck and I want you to buy it for me." "What do you mean? You want me to buy you a truck?". "Well it's not really for me, its for the Chipapa people, and I don't really want you to buy it, I just want you to lend us the money". "Bit of risk isn't it to put a truck in the hands of a bunch of villagers who can hardly look after their own bicycles, and have never driven anything faster than an ox cart. Anyway how much do you want? and how are you going to pay me back. I've always said I'm prepared to help anyone who can show he is helping himself. Anyway, where is it? I'm not going to let you buy a pig in a poke. Let's go and see it".

So we went round to see it in the big empty warehouse. It was standing over an open inspection pit, so he got down underneath and had a good look at the suspension.

"How much is he asking you for it?".

"Only K5,500 and a new one would cost eight thousand and"

"Too much" he said, "I'll knock him down by five hundred"

"But supposing someone else comes in and offers him a bit more?".

"Don't be daft man. He wouldn't be asking five thousand five hundred if its worth not a penny more than four thousand. What I have got to decide is whether I can take the risk of knocking him down by a thousand not five hundred."

How I kept my fingers crossed while he was making up his mind!

There was more at stake than just the bus. When we were poor together I never feared for Juke's soul, and besides that was when his wife was alive, and she was an Irish saint on the way to heaven, and helping him to get there too. She is waiting there for him and if we are not careful there are going to be problems when the time comes for him to stand in the queue at the pearly gates. Peter all scrubbed and shining in his white immigration officer's uniform, will be at his desk behind the grill. And he'll say "Glad to see you Jukes. Just let us have a look at your passport old man", and Jukes will say, "I didn't think I needed one, because you see my wife's already a resident in your country. I always thought that you could qualify for citizenship by marriage".

"No" Peter will say "That's not quite enough".

Then Jukes will start searching his pockets, and he will bring out his Rotary Attendance card and say:

"I'd just like to mention that I am chairman of the Projects Committee, and we are working on a project to supply artificial limbs to cripples you know, and we are going to put a building for the Pre-school Association in one of the shabby shanty towns. And when it comes to a whip round I never put less in the kitty than old Abe Galaun".

"That's fine Jukes. You have done a great job, but up here we just regard those subs as premiums on your fire insurance. What you have done has got you as far as these gates, but I thought you wanted to come right inside?".

"Yes of course I do. What is the problem".

"Your problem is not exactly a personal one. We wouldn't dream of keeping you out of it was a problem of adultery, or embezzlement, or drunkenness or any of the things you thought might be an obstacle. No your problem is that you are rich, and it is more difficult for a rich man to enter"

"Don't go on. I know all about that. But look, I've made my money honestly, I've worked damned hard. I have run a really jacked up transport service in the most frustrating conditions, which you people up here just can't begin to understand. If you knew the number of times I have been tempted to take a short cut by greasing the palm of someone's hand".

"Jukes, I've heard it all before. Every rich man who comes up here says exactly the same. Your problem and theirs is identical. The whole basis of business is "profit". That means you have to get out, more than you put in. If you don't, you make a loss instead of a profit and then you go out of business. Now make no mistake about it, there is nothing wrong with profit and the man who runs an inefficient, badly managed

concern is an exploiter of the people. Up here we have our own computerised system of accounts. It is so jacked up, that at any time of night or day when one of our customers comes up here on his last journey we know the state of his account. You never knew it down there, because you people in the business community never seem to understand the real value of things, but when you took that risk and put your trust in the people of Chipapa, your account shot straight out of the red."

"Are you trying to tell me that a thousand kwacha, which I didn't even miss, has increased my credit worthiness with you more than all the thousands I have given to charity, and all the lame dogs I have helped over the style, and that money I put into the tarring of the road in Mumbwa township?....."

"Yes that's what I am saying. It cancelled out all your other debts because almost for the first time, you took a risk for which you didn't stand an earthly chance of getting much reward".

Jukes made the deal which I thought was a very fair one, and one that other rich men might do worse than follow, he said that for every kwacha invested by the people of Chipapa in their bus he would invest another kwacha. Remember the people at that point had raised nothing. I calculated that if they could raise a thousand that would stretch them to the limit. I was left with three thousand still to find. I dreaded having to write to one of the big Aid Merchants in Britain or Germany, because they have to hedge round their grants with so many conditions, and they have to have so many signatures and counter signatures on their application forms, and the request has to go before special committees overseas that it takes months to get the help you need, by which time you need something different. You can't blame them, they have been taken for a ride so often by well meaning enthusiasts that they have to be cautious. Then just when I needed it I had a lucky break. I went to a meeting at the Dutch Farm to tell a bunch of Volunteers from Overseas what a privilege it was for them to be allowed to work in Zambia, and how important it was for them while here, to drink deeply of the waters of Africa if they would quench the drought of their thirsty European souls. And who should I meet there with shrewd Scottish eyes beaming at me from a forest of bristling nationalist whiskers, than Iaian McDonald my old comrade of the Z.Y.S. who now works for a small radical Aid Organisation called "War on Want". I took him to see the bus. He also got down underneath it and said the main chassis beams were unseasoned, and were already beginning to split, and the

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floor of the passenger compartment was made of too thin a guage of steel, and it would have been better if it had been a diesel not a petrol engine. But he was a person with whom you could argue, and you could take him to Chipapa to see with his own eyes what was growing in the garden below the dam. That was better than writing letters to London to a faceless committee of experts. With all the usual provisos and cautions about not counting your chickens before they are hatched, he said he would use his not inconsiderable powers of bludgeon, and finesse to persuade his friends in London to invest some money in the bus.

Now I was faced with the sixty four thousand dollar question. What would the people of Chipapa do? I went to Chipapa, and on the Saturday morning I brought the leaders and some of the elders to see the shining bus. At first they couldn't believe their eyes and said it must be a gift from heaven. "No ways" I said. "It belongs to the man in the garage and he will only sell it to us if we in Chipapa make a really serious effort to get the money to put down a substantial deposit".

They said they would go back to Chipapa and discuss it with the people and let me know. I gave them two weeks, and said we would meet on Sunday June 30th. at 0900 hours, and there must be no promissory notes. All that the man at the garage was interested in was hard cash.

On Saturday (June 29th.) Sarah killed the last of our flock of Emden geese, because we ^{had} ~~had~~ ⁱⁿ expected guests over the weekend. It was a big bird, and too large to go into my little oven, so Sarah ^{on her open fire} stewed it ^{for six hours} which was just as well ^{because} the flesh was tough as old boots. But it made the most beautiful soup I have ever tasted, and was more than enough for all the visitors who came that week-end ^{to Chipapa} of the Heroes and Unity Holiday.

On Sunday (June 30th.) early in the morning Sarah knocked on my door and said,
"A stranger has ^{arrived} ~~come~~".
"Where is he?" I said.
"In the chicken run".
"What do you mean? In the Chicken run?"
"It is ^{not a man it is a bird} ~~a very big bird~~".
"Did it fly in?" I said.
"No. ^{It} just came walking down the path, and stood outside the gate asking to be let inside ~~the wire~~ to feed with the hens and the Muscovy ducks".

I walked over to the hen run and there she was, a beautiful spur winged goose.

Her black and purple wings glistened in the morning sun, and
she held her head high on her proud and splendid neck. A wild
goose, who looked at us with steady eye, and seemed, strangely, to
show no trace of fear. Daniel (Kalambalala), rubbing the sleep
from his eyes, came out of his house to see the stranger, and I
caught him looking round for a stick to clobber her. He didn't
see a wild goose there, he saw some meat for the pot. I didn't
blame him, because once I had killed a wild hare that got
trapped in the house. I killed it with my bare hands because
I too had been ^{poor and} in need of meat. ^{for my family} But as we watched the wild goose
eyeing us, and curving down her neck to feed, we knew that we
were not to kill her. In fact she stayed with us for a full
month flying down to the dam each morning to bathe ^{and} ^{where} ^{she} ^{had} ^{fallen} and graze
along the margin of the lake, returning each evening to ^{where} eat the
grain of the Muscovies and sleep at night with them. One day
three ^{more} wild geese came in at dawn, and landed on the water where
she joined them, and in the evening they all flew away to the
West towards the Kafue ^{great} ^{Plains} Flats and, into the the flame of the sun
at its setting.—

When the time came for the meeting, I went to the courthouse, but no-one came. It had been a cold night with hoar frost in white patches on the ground, so people were in no hurry to crawl out of their blankets nor leave the sweet potatoes roasting in the warm embers of the previous night's fire. By ten o'clock they came straggling in, some with ten, and some with five, and some with only one kwacha in their hands. At 1030 hours Yoram Mwando, the retired cook who owns the grinding mill came forward out of the little crowd and laid a bundle of twenty Kwacha notes on the table. We counted them and there were ten, two hundred kwacha and every one clapped and there was a buzz of conversation, then Elisa brought forty which she had saved from the sale of vegetables last year. Daniel went to get his Bible and started preaching about the talents. He was reading the words of the Master "Well done thou good and faithful servant.." when Mr. Phiri walked in. We all knew that none of us would ever have given a penny for the bus unless we had confidence in our servant the driver, and he showed the confidence he had in himself, and in them by laying his hundred kwacha on the open pages of the Bible.

By five o'clock that afternoon there were ninehundred and ninety nine kwacha in the box. A doctor who came to visit us that day from Kitwe gave the last kwacha to make it a thousand and we had sure promises of another three hundred which in fact was brought before the end of the week.

Everyone was very happy, because now we could go in the morning to collect the bus which had been waiting in the garage, but still a little doubt was niggling at the back of my mind. We had done the sums over and over again, and in four years we could pay off the loan with interest if everything went smoothly. But I had heard that week that the cost of petrol had been doubled, and with a three ton truck with a petrol engine, the cost of fuel is the major running cost. It looked as if the whole venture might come unstuck for a reason beyond our own control. If the vehicle cost so much to run that there would be no "profit" each week to pay back the loan, then the promises we had made to the investors, that is the people, and Jukes, and Iaian McDonald of War on Want would all be empty, and the people would blame the driver, and Jukes would say "I told you so" and Iaian would never trust one of those bloody Englishmen again. And all because the Arabs like a brood of pythons were squeezing us to economic death. Let them squeeze the Americans and the British and the Japanese and the Germans, they deserve it. Haven't they been squeezing all of us in the Developing Countries for long enough? But surely it isn't fair to squeeze the peasants of Chipapa.

— On the morning of the first of July, I went for a walk by the dam. The patches of white hoar frost were melting in the warmth of a sun whose slanting rays gave every tree a halo, and ~~turned the feathery pampass canopy from all the fallen pampass bushes into a~~ ^{turned the feathery pampass tops of all the reeds to a canopy of} snow. Suddenly I was made aware of a great celebration such as I have never seen or heard before, and it was going on all around me. Overhead a pair of eagles were gliding high on ~~motionless~~ ^{silent} wings, then from the West, from behind Chipapa's hill came beating in a single comorant, only a little lower in the heavens than the eagles. When it reached the point directly above its mate who always dries her wings perched on the branch of a fallen tree amongst the reeds, he started a tight spiral and circled down to within a foot of the water's surface and levelled out, and skimmed the whole circumference of the lake. I heard a Lourie, calling from the top of one of the Mimosa trees, and turned to see only his head with the grey crest rising and falling, silhouette against the sun. There seemed to be a bird on the ^{highest} branch of every tree. A dove alighted on a high twig right next to a grey sparrow hawk, and a pair of barbets flew from tree to tree beating out their boundaries with their see-saw call of warning. The blue jays had stopped their monotonous scolding of the black and white crows, and climbing vertically into the sky above their tree came swooping down the sunlight shining brilliantly through azure wings.

The birds of Chipapa do not sing as sweetly as the birds of England, but they have no need, for their music is in their colour and their flight. Even so on that morning in July, the air was full of the ^{bird song} sound of birds. The liquid notes of the bulbuls were everywhere, and the soft call of the pigeons came from the fig trees. The high cry of the eagles and the sound of the plovers answering one another across the water, enraptured me, and made me stand to listen as to some ancient hymn. What I then saw I ^{had} never seen before nor have I seen again. It was one of those great gatherings of birds around the lake, the accounts of which are still preserved in the folk lore of Zambia. It was not the number of the birds, though there were ~~as many as~~ more than I have ever seen before, it was their variety. It was like a parliament with every species sending its own representatives. A sandpiper flew up from under my feet, and from the reeds came first the lilly-trotters, white breasts and chestnut wings, trailing their long thin legs behind them as they flew, and a moorhen, or was it ^{might have been} a coot? which flew so low, it ^{marked a V} left a trail across the ripples of the lake. The pied kingfishers hovered ^{scarcely} still on wings that beat so fast you ~~couldn't~~ see their movement, then suddenly they would plummet, dropping like a stone and rise each one with a silver fish in its ^{of pt} jet black beak. Amongst the reeds I saw the brilliant flash of a malachite kingfisher. It came to rest on its fishing perch, a reed bent horizontal just above the water. I watched ^{for a long time} the tiny creature and marvelled that God had bothered to make ^{such} something so small to be so beautiful.

On the muddy shore were the plovers which look so undistinguished, so dapper when they walk by the water's edge - like the mindless civil servants on the steps of Mulungushi house, but when they take off in flight are transformed into a kalaidoscope of beating wings all orange and black and white and grey. Our great White Egret, who fishes from a mud bank was joined by ^{the} big Grey Heron ^{from the opposite other side} and they seemed to be carrying on a very long and serious discussion about something. I have never seen them stand so close together like that before, and as I watched them there came a glorious bird ^{and gaudy bird} on lazy wings, a great brown heron whose plumes shone ^{like the sun} like coppered gold. He came that day and walked majestically along the shore looking for frogs and other things to eat, but I have not seen him again and I'm afraid the schoolboys have frightened him away with their catapults.



As you know Our lake is not a natural stretch of water, it was man made twenty years ago.

Man ever since he was born has been interfering with "nature" and disturbing his "environment" which is as it should be, because ^{man} ~~He~~ was made only a little lower than the angels, and God has given him dominion over all the work of His hands.

The only thing that really matters is how ^{Man} ~~He~~ does his interfering. If he understands what he is doing and is meek, then it seems to be alright, as it is at Chipapa. Twenty years ago there were no cormorants, no herons, no kingfishers, no Lilly-trotters, no Wattled Plovers, no Sandpipers and no Moorhens or Coots. Now they are ^{here} ~~there~~, ^{they have come to} ~~and they have come as the wild goose came~~ ^{about} ~~to~~ ^{this} place. I think this must be what Jesus meant when he said that the meek would be blessed, and that it would be they who inherit the earth. I have always thought it strange that Moses should have been described as a "meek" man, because he was about the toughest nationalist leader that there has ever been. I suppose he learnt his meekness in obedience in the wilderness. I think there is something here which has a special message for you. While I am writing this you are ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{Principle} ~~Principle~~ ^{humble} ~~humble~~ in the Luangwa Valley living close to ^{God's} ~~the~~ creation. You as head of State have a tremendous responsibility both by precept, and by example to teach the nation that it is only the meek, the ones who do no violence to the creation, who will inherit the earth. At the end of my letter I am going to say something about the violence which we do by building our cities in the way we do, and the violence we do on our roads by our crazy appetite for speed which surely is the very antithesis of being meek.

On that morning by our little lake I ~~came to~~ ^{did not} understand what the meaning was of that great celebration, ~~but at first~~ I did not know what the birds were trying to tell me. It was not until I got to town on Wednesday that I knew. ^{Then} I saw the buses jammed packed full of people going to work, and I saw the great crowds of children assembling outside ^{their steel and concrete} ~~the barracks~~ schools. They are growing up without ^{knowing} ~~the knowledge~~ of the name of a single bird, except perhaps the drongos in the ^{tops} ~~trees~~, and the sparrows which eat the ^{biscuit} ~~bread~~ crumbs round the tricycles of the ^{Coca-cola} ~~singongelo~~ sellers. In so far as we have separated our children from the creation, we have made it almost impossible for them to understand how to be meek, so we rob them of their rich inheritance and make them into hooligans who turn to violence to snatch their own reward. How I should love to be able to take ^{just} ~~one~~ of those ^{little boys} ~~children~~ from the ^a ~~Regiment~~ School, and put a pair of binoculars in ^{her} ~~his~~ hand, and show ^{her} ~~an~~ amalachite kingfisher with red beak poised quite still on his bent reed above the water. Why should that privilege be preserved for the children of the rich American

tourists, who come to visit our game parks to click their cameras hoping to ^{capture} ~~and carry~~ our peace back with them to their restless homes. / And then I thought, "Why just one? Why shouldn't they all come to Chipapa?" Instead of Mr. Phiri sitting all morning in town waiting for his passengers to get their shopping done, and sipping endless bottles of coca-cola, which if he is not careful will make him so round he won't be able to fit in behind the steering wheel of the bus which was designed for a little Japanese not a short burly Zambian. Why shouldn't he fill the bus with kids, and take them for a morning's excursion to the village? After all isn't this what my letter to you is really all about? How we can find a way of bridging the widening gap between town and country, rich and poor, the meek and the violent? Up to that Wednesday morning, I had always thought of our Chiloto Bus as being the link between Chipapa and the Town, but now I understood what the birds were saying, "Use your bus to bring the children of the town to see us here, and who knows? some of them might like it so much they might want to stay with us for ever".

Giving Power to the People.

On October, 14th. 1972 I went to Mbeza to witness the final ceremony concluding the traditional mourning for the late Chief Nalubamba, and the initiation of the new chief Bright Nalubamba in his place. When I got back to NIPA I wrote my tour report for the Principal as follows:

"This was a unique opportunity for me to witness one of the bravest attempts now being made in Zambia to graft the most modern concepts of rural development into the traditional structure of African life. The Ba-Ila are no ordinary people, and the new Chief Nalubamba is no ordinary hereditary ruler. He presently holds the position of General Manager of Zambia's largest Credit Union, with a membership of 8,000 and total shares of over half a million kwacha. He is entirely committed to the belief that the Co-operative Movement can become one of the most effective tools for the economic development of the rural areas of Zambia.

All the B -Ila chiefs were there: Mukobela, Mungaila, Shezongo, Kaingu, and Muwezwa from across the Kafue. We sat under a grass awning outside the old chief's house, and the crowds began to gather making a circle in the centre of which the chief mourners shuttled back and forth, sometimes shouting,

sometimes crooning their praise songs for the departed. Bare breasted women with white clay smeared on their faces, reminded the spectators of the chief's past glories and all his wealth of children. The men performed dances which described his cattle, using crooked arms and up-turned hands to show the length and shape of his oxen's horns. One diminutive and wizened old man with furious face and staring eyes brandished his hunting spears so viciously that those on the edge of the crowd drew back in fear lest he might forget that they were flesh and blood, not the ghosts of the dead chief's enemies.

The day grew hotter, the crowd increased, the air filled with dust churned by dancing feet. The rich smell of cattle dung and cooking meat, mixing with the sweet stench of insaku tailings made us feel we were moving back in time to another world more real to us than the line of police landrovers and the plastic crates of bottled beer and sickly coke. The beating of drums and the noise of happy people talking filled our ears. At midday the dancers from the Namwala Secondary School arrived. Their coming had been awaited with some excitement because they are recognised as the best dancers in the whole of the Southern Province. We were not disappointed. They put on a display of traditional dancing such as I have never seen equalled during all my time in Zambia.

Their vigour, their rhythm, their muscular control, their sheer ability to enjoy themselves shone in them and captivated the crowd who ceased to be spectators and became participants. Their play acting, especially their imitation of their elders, crippled us with laughter, and their expose of witchdoctors as clever confidence tricksters must have shaken the faith of the most ardent devotees of the magical arts.

Suddenly as I watched this generation of young Zambians expressing themselves totally through a rediscovery of their old culture, I realised that the whole astonishing effort of building Secondary Schools in remote rural areas is being amply justified. Not because it is going to produce the professional men and women and the technicians of the future, but because, almost by accident, young people in an age group that is reaching physical maturity, have had a chance to discover for themselves what being a Zambian is really all about.

But the new chief had planned the ceremony with deeper intent than to provide an arena for his youth to show off their prowess and shame their elders. He knows that in Bu-Ila the chiefs still exert great influence, and village headmen are by no means non-entities. Wealth is power, and the Ba-Ila aristocracy who own the great herds of cattle that graze on the Kafue flats hold the key to development of that area.

Chief Nalubamba has declared his intention to develop his people by yoking the power of the traditional leaders to the modern ploughs of technical advancement. In order to demonstrate this in a practical way he has started to build a "People's Chamber" near his court. He commissioned the Zambian architect, Mr. E.C. Maane, to design a new building which would combine the best in modern and traditional design. Already over K2,000 has been raised by subscription. The foundations of the new building have been dug, concrete blocks have been made, and in the absence of the Litunga, we watched the old Chief Mungaila lay the foundation stone"

Signed : M.M. TEMPLE
Senior Staff Training Office.

On August 18th. 1974 we went back to Mbeza for my farewell party. There were twenty five of us in the Chiloto Bus of whom six were traditional Headmen. We met this time under the fig tree outside the new council chamber. It still was not quite finished, but the architect was there with hammer in his belt, and a mouthful of nails putting up the ceilings in the spacious room where the Chief would meet his people, the headmen of his forty villages and other leaders in the community: and the Chairman and Board of the "Mbeza Peoples' Bank", the manager of the Mbeza Consumer's Co-operative Society (with a subscribed capital of K11,000), and the Director of the "Women's Development Brigade", and the Health committee members, and the Government Veterinary Officer and the Agricultural Officer.

On this occasion the Chief had no need to invite the dance troupe from the Secondary School. He has divided his area into ten sections, and each section sends its best dancers to the Mbeza Cultural and Dancing troupe. There must have been three or four hundred of us there on that hot Sunday afternoon all gathered in the shade of the great fig tree. No beer had been brewed, and no oxen killed, but everyone had put on their gayest clothes and we had a party which was as good as any party you have ever called me to on State House lawn. There were only two drummers, but how they made their drums to talk! There was one story teller who told us the funniest shaggy dog story I have ever heard - all to the accompaniment of the drum and mimicry of yapping dogs and baying dogs and snarling dogs and growling dogs. The dancers were neither very old nor very young, except for one six month old baby on her mother's back whose head jiggled up and down throughout the dance and who clapped in gleeful delight whenever his mother held her hands above her head. There was a glove puppet doll manipulated by a prone woman swathed in coloured cloth.

She was supposed to be anonymous but she giggled so much all the crowd had discovered her identity almost before her show began.

The high moment came when the chief dancer came forward all dressed in coloured beads and skins of several cats. He had a black brief case in one hand, and a dancer's reed - and - bottletop skirt in the other. He laid them on the table in front of us, and out of his brief case he took a complete telephone, black stand and receiver, with a wire which he took down under the table. There was no buzzer so one of the dancing girls came forward with a cow bell. The bead bedecked dancer dialled a number and the bell rang "Give me International Exchange please", he said, and the man who was sitting on the ground under the table at the other end of the line replied "What number do you want?".

"The manager of the National Bank of Switzerland".

"And where are you calling from? and what is your number?".

"Mbeza 253 - you ought to know my number by now".

All the time the drums were beating softly and the rhythm of the dance went on. There was much tapping of the button on the receiver stand and much tinkling of the bell and crackle from the man under the table.

"Hello, hello, hello. Is that the Bank of Switzerland? I want to speak to the manager please. Hello, Hello, Hello".

"Just hold on a minute, I'm trying to put you through..... The manager is on the line".

"Good morning Sir Very well thank you and hoping you..... Everything is very fine up here in Mbeza. I just thought I would give you a ring and tell you that developments are going on very well here. Mbeza is at high consciousness of development Thank you very much Sir, I must ring off now, so many people are queuing up to deposit their money....."

The bell tinkled and the drummers stepped up the tempo of their beat. People in the crowd ran into the centre of the circle to join the song and dance, the clapping and the stamping of their feet became a symphony of rhythm a music of delighted joy.

The chief dancer still sitting at the table had put down the phone, and was giving his entire attention to his typewriter. The dancing skirt made up of threaded reeds and bottle tops, under his expert fingers gave out a sound for all the world like any ancient Underwood or Adler. All to the rhythm of the drums he rang the bell, and moved the carriage back, and whipped sheets of paper from his imaginary rollers .

If you ever sit alone in State House and feel depressed about the way rural development gets all tied up in the tangle of red tape in Mulungushi House, then just hop into your helicopter and drop in at any time at the "Keemba" in Mbeza where the Chief holds court. Like the Evangelical Revival of John and Charles Wesley, the revival of the Peoples' spirit of self respect has been born in song and they are dancing their way into the future.

Of course not every chief is like Chief Nalubamba, but every village, and every Ward in Zambia has its leader. What you have to do as Paramount Chief of the whole nation is to create the situation in which you give power to the true leaders of the people, and trust them, and listen to them when they want to tell you something. I know this is what you wanted to happen when you sent out your circulars to the Party about Village Regrouping, and the setting up of the Village Productivity and Ward Development Committees. But something has gone wrong. I can find no better way of describing the situation than telling you what was being said about the leader of a nation six hundred years before the coming of Christ.

"Man, your fellow countrymen gather in groups and talk of you under walls and in doorways and say to one another, 'Let us go and see what message he has for us'. People will come crowding in as people do, and sit down in front of you. They will hear what you have to say, but they will not do it. 'Fine Words!' they will say, but their hearts are set on selfish gain. You are no more to them than the singer of fine songs, with a lovely voice, or a clever guitarist; they will listen to what you say but will certainly not do it. But when the trouble comes, as come it will, they will know that there has been a prophet in their midst."

(New English Bible. Ezekiel Chapter 33 verses 30-33)

In the following chapter in the Bible are some verses which might have been written not about the middle-level leadership of the Jews in B.C. 600 but about constituency and regional party officials in AD 1974.

"Say to the shepherds of Israel. How I hate those who care only for themselves! Should not the shepherd care for the sheep? You consume the milk, wear the wool, and slaughter the fat beasts, but you do not feed the sheep. You have not encouraged the weary, tended the sick, bandaged the hurt, recovered the straggler, or searched for the lost. My sheep are scattered, they have no shepherd, they have become the prey of wild beasts. They go straying over the mountains and on every high hill, my flock is dispersed over the whole country, with no one to ask after them or search for them".

When I took up my appointment at the National Institute of Public Administration in 1972, I was given the task of drawing up a national programme for the training of the 8,000 secretaries of Village and Ward Committees. I could hardly believe my luck, because I knew that it was just the job I felt I had the experience to do. I knew how disappointed you have been-though you don't say it- that the Party has not proved to be the spear head of development that we hoped at the dawn of Independence it would be. By 1970 I was beginning to believe that where the Party had failed, the People themselves if mobilized and properly lead might show the way. I began by travelling very widely in the Provinces, always going to the people, and finding out what their real problems were. I spent a great deal of time in Rural Council offices, and talking to District Secretaries and their Assistants. I became more and more disturbed by what I found. However in 1973 I ran four training workshops, each for a week in four of our main rural districts. It was a fascinating and deeply rewarding exercise. I began to see how right you had been to insist that these committees should be given proper status and power under the law. I also saw how the people whom you had chosen to implement your concept of "participatory democracy" had all the theory at their finger tips, but knew next to nothing about the real situation in the villages of today. By the middle of last year I was told to discontinue the training programme which I had designed because it was going to prove too costly. I wanted K200 to be set aside in each District in 1974 for the training of Village and Ward Secretaries, a total of K10,000. They said no. In all my life I have never had to accept so tough a ruling, nor swallow so bitter a Civil Service Pill. But all was not lost, because in my travels I had discovered in the District Secretary of Choma the very person I was looking for to carry on the training when the money is available, and when I have gone overseas to be Chipapa's ambassador extraordinary.

He is an able man who through extensive touring of his District has gained wide experience, and come to have a deep understanding of the real needs of his people. As a training officer he will be able to do a better job than I was ever able to do. He certainly now does as District Secretary a better job than most of the Colonial District Commissioners ever did.

I now want you to read my report on this subject which is based not only on my own observation, but more significantly on the pooled experience of the continuous stream of administrators and field officers who pass through NIPA.

THE REGISTRATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF VILLAGES ACT.

I What is wrong with the Act.

(a) It is too ambitious.

The original design for "participatory democracy" at village and ward level, as set out in the Handbook and in the Registration and Development of Villages Act was too ambitious. Some re-designing and simplification of the system is urgently required if it is going to be made to work. This overhauling of the system must be undertaken by the people most concerned, that is District Secretaries, Chiefs, Councillors, village and ward secretaries, and Party Officials.

(b) It is too rigid.

The Act is too rigid as it stands. It needs to be more flexible so that it can be adapted to the wide variety of geographical, political and social conditions that presently exist in the rural areas of Zambia.

(c) Ward Boundaries need Adjustment.

Wards were created for electoral purposes, and given boundaries to contain a certain number of voters. These boundaries frequently prove to be inappropriate for the planning and administration of development programme, and are largely unknown to local people.

(d) Headmen are not trained for administration.

Chiefs and Headmen are traditional leaders with considerable residual authority in their areas, but they are not normally either by training or inclination administrators. The Act as it stands makes demands upon them regardless of their inherent capacities.

(e) Most Committee Exist on Paper Only.

Village Productivity Committees are supposed to provide the basic elements from which the edifice of participatory democracy is to be constructed. However almost three years since the handbook was published these committees are only on paper. The reasons for this state of affairs are not difficult to find.

(i) Village Productivity Committees are not "Natural"

The majority of villages in the rural areas are small, and will remain disparate communities until the proposals for "Village Regrouping" have been implemented. The Ward Development Committee as constituted under the Act is an unnatural agglomeration of geographically scattered communities without a focal point or common interest.

(ii) The Village Productivity Committee is too small to be effective.

The Village Productivity Committee is too small a unit of administration to provide an effective forum for discussion of local concerns. Its resources of capable manpower are too limited to enable the committee to carry out the functions laid down in schedule One of the Act.

(iii) Committee Officials must be trained in short courses in the Districts.

Without training and follow-up advice, officials of Village Productivity Committees will not be able to understand the extent and complexity of the duties expected of them under the Act. With present resources it is inconceivable that a training programme could be mounted to instruct the estimated 8,000 officers of our paper VPC's.

(g) The Channels of Communication are clogged.

The channels of communication between the District Administration, Government Departments, and the village committees, both up and down the line become blocked in administrative bottlenecks. The inertia of the system, the constant delays in getting accurate information relayed through the pipe-lines, and the apparent disregard at high level of the urgent needs of village people have led to frustration, cynicism about Central Government's real intention to develop the rural areas, sagging moral throughout the field staff of the extension services, and a paralysis of will on the part of village people to develop their own resources.

(h) Government Field Staff do not participate in Committees.

At no point, either in the handbook or in the Act, is provision made to incorporate in village and ward committees the technical expertise and experience of the field staff of Government Departments working at the village and ward level.

II HOW THINGS CAN BE PUT RIGHT.

1. Simplify it.

A simplification of the design for villages democracy can be achieved by:

(a) amalgamating all the villages of a "school catchment area" into one Productivity Committee which should meet not less often than once in a quarter.

(b) abolishing the Ward Council and making the Ward Development Committee a planning and supervisory committee which should meet not less often than once every half year.

2. Make it flexible.

The rigidity of the Act can be given the necessary flexibility to adapt to local conditions if wards are allowed to divide themselves into sections according to the number and disposition of the Primary Schools in the ward.

3. Centre the V.P.C. on the village school.

The natural primary community is the kinship village, however large or small. The natural secondary community is the "school catchment area". Over the past forty years, village schools have become the focal point of community life. While village people are uncertain about ward boundaries, they are all well aware of the demarcation between school catchment areas. Parent/Teacher Associations draw their members from the school catchment area. They have worked successfully for many years and provide the natural model for making a school-centred Village Productivity Committee.

4. Select good V.P.C. Chairman and Secretaries.

With the amalgamation of small village Productivity Committees into one school-centred V.P.C., it will be possible to find competent chairmen and secretaries within the local community, by virtue of the fact that the area of choice has been extended. By dividing wards into sections, no committee members will need normally to travel further to meetings than their children walk daily to school. Since most of the real work will be done in the school-centred Village Productivity Committees, the Ward Secretary need not feel his duties are as onerous as they are under the Act as it now stands. There will be no grounds for secretaries to claim payment for travel on duty and subsistence allowances.

5. Extend the Training Programme.

The successful pilot training workshops at District level for ward secretaries can be replicated in every rural district at minimum cost, and a programme of seminars at ward level for training chairman and secretaries of school centred village Productivity Committees becomes a practical proposition.

6. Streamline the Administration.

Channels of communication can improve dramatically.

(a) If New District Councils are formed as recommended by the Simmance Report on Decentralisation.

(b) If the District Secretary has on his staff one officer whose special responsibility is to encourage the development of committees at ward and village level.

(c) If the plethora of committees is reduced and the system is streamlined as proposed in this paper.

7. Involve locally based Civil Servants.

One representative of each Government Department (e.g. Agriculture, Education, Community Development, Health) working in each school catchment area should become an ex-officio member of each V.P.C. They should attend as advisers, not as voters, but should be eligible to stand for election to the office of secretary.

8. Give more financial responsibility.

Whereas the collection and expenditure of funds for local projects should be encouraged, this should not be the limit of the financial concern of village committees.

When Government Officers are preparing estimates for the provision of domestic water supplies, or the maintenance of roads or the extension of school facilities, or other local development, committees at ward and village level should be consulted and should assist in determining priorities.

III THE ACT SHOULD BE AMENDED AS FOLLOWS:

PART III OF ACT NO 30 OF 1971 PROVISION RELATING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, COMPOSITION AND FUNCTIONS OF A VILLAGE PRODUCTIVITY COMMITTEE.

Para. 6. to be amended to read as follows:-

(1) There shall be established a Village Productivity Committee for the villages in each section of a rural ward which is served by a single Primary School.

(2) Each Productivity Committee shall consist of the headmen of each village in the section and other persons who shall number not more than two from each village. The officers of the Productivity Committee shall be elected from amongst its members.

PART IV

PROVISIONS RELATING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, COMPOSITION AND FUNCTIONS OF A WARD COUNCIL.

The whole of Part IV should be deleted from the Act.

PART V.

PROVISIONS RELATING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT, COMPOSITION AND FUNCTIONS OF A WARD DEVELOPMENT COMMITTEE.

Para. 14 to be amended to read as follows:

(2) The Ward Development Committee shall consist of:-

(a) The Chairman who shall be the Councillor elected for the Ward;

(b) Other members elected by each Productivity Committee in the Ward and not exceeding in number three from each Productivity Committee.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE CHURCH.

When I wrote to you on August 1st. giving you the three reason why I felt the time had come for me to leave Zambia you replied:-

"... your second point does not impress me. You know my views about the need to internationalise the church and not nationalise it. I only agree with the church being self-reliant in terms of funds, but certainly not personnel. If the church is going to be a uniting force and not a divisive one, we must work ourselves out of this missionary phobia. It is not consistent with the Christian message, at least not as far as I understand it".

It is not usual for us to disagree so fundamentally about such a vital issue, so I am going to take the utmost care to explain my point of view. I do this not just because I want you to understand, but because I believe this to be a matter requiring very clear thinking, and very great loving both by the church in Britain which sent me here as a missionary, and the church in Zambia which for thirty years has welcomed me, and does not want to let me go. I am going to start right at the beginning of "my" church's history in Zambia, because unless we understand what those first pioneer missionaries were thinking and doing when they planted the church here, we shall not understand why the Western missionary must go.

By sheer chance, when I was packing my box last week, and was going through all my papers, I came across a memorandum that had been tucked between the pages of a Bible. It was written out by hand on paper that has turned yellow over the fifty years since it was penned. It was handwritten in a clear flowing script.

I think it is notes for a missionary address to the Wesleyan Methodist churches when Douglas Gray, the pioneer of Chipembni, was on furlough in Britain in 1922. I shall reproduce it exactly as it was written.

THE CHURCH IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.

In dealing with the Church in Northern Rhodesia, we are dealing with a church in the first stages of its growth. Although our church (The Wesleyan Methodist Church) has been at work in Southern Rhodesia for years, it is only 11 years ago that the great Zambezi was crossed, and our church established itself in Northern Rhodesia.

The story has often been told of the man (Chikala), through whom the call came to us to preach the gospel to his people, and though he himself did not live to welcome our first evangelist, yet the place from which he came is now one of the largest of our outstations and the residence of a native minister.

It is difficult in this country (Britain) to realise the vastness of the land from which we come. N.R. is 291,000 square miles in extent. Our work across the Zambezi was opened in 1912 by the Rev. J.H. Loveless, who unfortunately broke down utterly in health after being there only six months. When I was sent there in 1913 to take over the infant mission, I called at Livingstone the capital of the country and went to the survey office to study any maps there might be there of the district to which I was going. I spent about an hour there but could get no information. Our place was "off the map", and we left the office with very little more knowledge than when we entered it.

We got out from the train which took us over 300 miles due north at a tank where the engine watered, slept on the floor of the pumper's cottage, and the next morning set off with carriers for the little mud hut on the hill top at Chipembni, 20 miles to the east of the railway line.

I would like you to visualise what it meant. A young man in a new country among an untouched people. The sole representative of a great church. His nearest colleague over 600 miles by rail in one direction and over 300 miles of almost impassable country in another direction. What policy must he pursue? Must he concentrate on one spot and give himself to that one village and its immediate neighbourhood, or dare he lift up his eyes to take in the sweep of the country all around him?

Believing in the missionary enthusiasm and faith of our church, the latter course was chosen so we commenced to spy out the land.

Here we encountered the geographical difficulties of the country with its great open spaces and scattered villages. The task we set ourselves was the locating of the most thickly populated native Districts, and the choosing of the most strategic points for outstations, and the setting as far as possible of the boundaries of our mission with the representatives of the other Societies.

It will perhaps convey something of what this meant if I say that during the first nine months of 1914 after reckoning up all the days and weekends spent at the mission station, they amounted to exactly eight weeks, so that seven months was spent in trekking, and in that time we travelled 2,400 miles by rail, 500 by launch and native canoe, 900 by cycle and 1,300 by foot. But in that first 18 months we laid the foundations of the work that has since been accomplished and planned out the lines of advance that have been followed.

In 1914 another man was sent to share the work, but the Great War interferred with our plans, and from December 1914 to November 1918 the work was left in charge of one man, the Rev. J. Ward Nave. By this time the work had grown to 8 outstations and there was a membership on trial in the church of 250 with nearly 300 scholars in the schools.

The years that had passed had seen the demolition of the first manse, made of mud and poles, and also the first thatched church. When we returned in 1918 the second church was showing signs of decay owing to the ravages of the white ants. We began to feel that the only satisfactory solution to the problem would be the building of a brick church. We were also faced with the erection of a suitable house for a married man. Accordingly bricks had to be made and burnt in a kiln and bricklaying and carpentry work undertaken, and so the mission house and the church were built. Since then we have erected a school and a house for the native evangelist, and even a four roomed hostel for the Evangelists. These things are mentioned to show that in the pioneer stage of the work actual building operations occupy quite a large place on the programme of the work.

Another problem that faces one in the beginning of work among a new tribe is the need for literature however small. To do this is no easy task when the language has still to be reduced to writing, but it has to be attempted. The last four years has seen the publishing of a spelling book for use in the schools, and also a hymn and service book containing 400

hymns and also the various services of the Church including the form of morning prayers. So far beyond short selections from the Scriptures printed in the spelling book, and the service book the people have no complete book of the Bible in their own tongue. A catechism has been prepared and is at present in manuscript in the hopes of our being able to publish it so that the people will have something to guide them and enlighten them as to the meaning of the truth we preach.

Another side of the work which plays an important part in the opening up of new work, is the medical work one is called upon to do. N.B. relate incident of old Chipembi. From the time that happened, the people have come to us constantly, suffering from all manner of complaints. Tooth extraction is a part of our regular work, burns and eye troubles, wounds, ulcers and snake-bite, skin diseases and internal complaints, coughs and aches, influenza and pneumonia, fever and dysentery, all these things have to be treated until the sick parade becomes a part of each days life. It is part of my good fortune, for which I am always thankful, that among all her other excellencies and capabilities my wife numbers that of a certificate as a fully qualified nurse, and another as a C.M.B. and consequently I am more than satisfied to hand over all the medical work of the station, except the dentistry, to her care. And this is no mean undertaking, for over a thousand cases a year are dealt with in this way. These people have no hope of treatment elsewhere, the nearest doctor is 50 miles away, and he is a doctor for the white people, so if we are unable to help these people, there is no help for them. And perhaps it ought to be said that there is no medical grant for this kind of work, anything that is done in this way must be done at the missionary's own expense or by the assistance of interested friends at home.

I have mentioned these things which are indications of the development and progress of the work. Building operations that must be carried out, translation work that must be attempted, and medical work that must constantly be done. It remains to speak of the actual growth of the work itself among the people.

One of the most fascinating joys of parenthood is to watch the gradual unfolding of the child mind, and the dawning consciousness of new ideas. In some such way does the fascination grip one in watching the birth of the church in a new country and the gradual unfolding of the new life, the response to the various stimuli given and the almost imperceptible

transformation that takes place as the various stages of growth are reached The time has come when the fruits of our labours are beginning to be seen in the lives of the people. After three or four years on probation, during which time their lives were carefully watched by the evangelists, a number of these people have presented themselves for baptism. Having first satisfied us that they know something of the new truth, and the Christian life, and that they are conversant with the Lord's prayer, the Beatitudes, the Commandments and the Apostles Creed, we have baptised them into full membership with the Church.

One of the initial difficulties in the early stages of the Church's growth is the provision of evangelists who are capable of leading the people. In Southern Rhodesia we have a training institution where preachers are trained for the work of Evangelists, but as the work in S.R. is continually growing, these men are needed for their own country. It is with these men of an entirely different tribe that we have had to start our work in the North.....

(At this point on the yellow paper in front of me, Douglas Gray ends his lucid prose and starts making short notes for his speech.)

Must form nucleus of band of our own evangelists. - untrained men must work under supervision of trained men under care of native minister who is responsible to superintendent.

Not satisfied with present conditions - more thorough training necessary - we need boarding school if we are to go forward - success or otherwise of future depends largely on this - impossible with present staff - my area 23,600 square miles - meaning of this in English counties - big as Wales - transport?

Crying need for Sheperding - unless we as a Church are going to carry on and grasp the opportunity that is ours we must face the possibility of closing down some of the work - opened in faith in answer to clamant appeal - has our Church faith enough to carry on?

Lines of Advance - must be intensive - but cant with present staff. cf. Melland's percentages (??) - need for thoroughness - something more than reading and writing - 75% infant mortality and what that means in ignorance.

Perils of an infant church. - the terrible downdrag of heredity and lust - perils of immoral atmosphere - polygamy - child marriage of junior members to deceased husband's brother.

The unanswered appeals - 30 chiefs and headmen appealing - the burden and heartbreak of it! The Butonga - messages received and a whole people wanting us! The D.C.'s letter (??)

The impossibility of carrying on with the present staff.

The future of our work among black and white in jeopardy. - the work of the past ten years thrown away unless we can consolidate and intensify apart from extension - Buchan's book Mr. Standfast - holding the line with cooks etc. - temporary expedient only - must have help or position impossible - position today is that unless we get reinforcements we must Retrench! - occupied the land in faith - strategic positions are in our hands - can only be held if we get help - the tasks are too heavy - Roebuck (??) - 7 days a week, 16 hours a day - We are willing, but that doesn't make the matter right. Sometimes have to wonder why men have to leave - some loads too heavy for the strongest physique - Not whining - but do want to lay bare the facts.

The Mighty Opportunity. The absolute demand for consolidation - the natural expression of growth - board school - the absolute limit of endurance in present staff to hold on. - It is for the Church to share this burden and lighten the load and to go in to possess the land."

It is hardly surprising that when Douglas Gray spoke like that when he went up and down in the churches of Britain on deputation, all kinds of people from little old ladies in Bournemouth and St. Leonards on Sea, to rich industrialists of dirty black cities like Manchester and Leeds, subscribed generously to send more missionaries to "possess the land". The "call to mission" when presented in these stirring terms was irresistible, because Britain was at the very zenith of its imperial and colonial power, and Douglas Gray stood in the direct line of succession to David Livingstone the greatest imperial missionary of all time.

Let there be no mistake about this. You owe your presidency to the missionaries. Without them, there would have been no freedom for Zambia. Zambia will never as long as she lives, be able to pay off her debt to those missionaries who pioneered our schools, our hospitals and the true understanding of man from which our philosophy of "Zambian Humanism" has grown. Let no man urinate on the handle of this hoe. But let us have no illusions about how the Good God sent the good news of his son to us in Zambia. The Gospel could come in no other way than carried by messengers who willy nilly were part and parcel of the scramble for Africa. When Mr. Gray spoke to great audiences of missionary enthusiasts in the Royal Albert Hall in Kensington he knew that the language they would understand was the language of his day.

He saw himself as a Joshua sent across the Jordan to spy out the land. The Wesleyan Methodist Church was for him the New Israel, and he was one of God's Chosen People. One cannot but stand in awe at his utter dedication to what he always called "the work" and his diligence and intelligence in doing it. nor has anyone in our generation ever matched him in sheer devotion and yearning love.

Not long after making that speech in Britain, Mr. Gray returned to Chipembi for another tour of service. He knew that there was work to be done in the field of agriculture as well as in medicine and education. In one of his diaries he wrote "... As long as the people continue the system of slash and burn the bush, so long will they be forced to move their villages every few years. There can be no improvement of their life while they do this" He determined to start a demonstration farm and he bought cattle. It was reported to him that a marauding leopard was attacking the herd at night and carrying off the young calves, so one night he set a trap for it. In the morning he took his gun, and with a few of the mission workmen went to inspect the trap. As he drew near, he heard a leopard snarling and thrashing back and forth in the long grass where the trap was chained. It had been caught by the claws of its front paw in the steel jaws of the trap, and it was frantically trying to break itself lose. Mr. Gray immediately realised what had happened, and was about to raise his gun to his shoulder to take careful aim and shoot, when the leopard wrenched itself loose, leaving half its bloody paw in the trap, and leaping forward knocked him to the ground savaging him at the same time, and lacerating his neck with the one undamaged fore-paw. Then frightened by the shouts of the approaching workmen, it limped off to lick its wounds somewhere in the bush country beyond the hill.

The jagged wounds had come within an inch of Mr. Gray's jugular vein, but by some miracle he survived and in 1927 he returned to Britain to raise more funds and recruit more missionaries. In that year I was a boy of eight, and my father told me that a great missionary was coming to visit us in our home in Truro. He told me the story of the attack by the leopard and described Douglas Gray as "Africa's modern Livingstone", for had not David Livingstone been mauled by a lion? When I was introduced to this hero I said "Can I see the marks where the leopard clawed you?" and I was taken upstairs to the bathroom of the manse in Agar Road, and Mr. Gray took off his shirt and I saw the scars. So it was at eight years old I set my heart on

becoming a missionary Africa

I am now 54 and that is four years older than you, and I have been a missionary for thirty one years, and I am telling you that the time has come for the missionaries to leave Zambia. I find it very difficult to express in cold print what in the agony of my heart I have come to believe. As you said in your letter to me, what I am saying seems to be inconsistent with the Christian message. All I can do is to quote from the letter which I wrote to Jackson Mwape the President of our Church when I tried to explain the reasons for my decision to stop being the kind of "missionary" he wants me to be, and become one of a new breed of missionary now being developed to meet the challenges of the modern world.

Letter to President of U.C.Z.

We know that we can never settle down, that we are on a journey to an eternal city, so we cannot ever live in our past. We do not have to reject the past, we have to interpret in our own way, in our own generation, what we now believe to be the mission of God in the whole world.

I have come to share the view of many others that we have now reached the stage in world mission when priority must be given to the local church to become God's instrument of mission. It is this belief beyond all others, that prompts me to pull up my tent pegs in hope that I can be used for the purposes of mission. It is my concern that Zambians and expatriate ministers should find a way together of stating in quite unequivocal terms that the Holy Spirit can be trusted and that the local church is ready for mission. That statement is made most effectively at this time and in this place in Africa by the withdrawal of the Western Missionary from service in the United Church of Zambia. As a minister of this Church I have become convinced that the most effective way of freeing the churches for mission is for them to be saved from their dependence on foreign personnel and foreign funds.

There is no argument between us about the unity of the church meaning the fellowship of Christians across the six continents of the world. That we in Zambia should be linked in fellowship with our fellow Christians in Canada and France and the United Kingdom is clearly part of God's purpose for the ~~unification of all mankind in the love of Christ~~. We know that we must never allow the churches in Zambia to huddle together in a narrow nationalistic sect cut off from the flowing tide of ecumenism. Rather should we be entering into ever deeper fellowship, not only with the churches in Europe and America but also with the churches of the East, and with the churches in our neighbouring African states.

BUT THE PRE-REQUISITE OF FELLOWSHIP IS MUTUAL RESPECT, AND THAT IS DESTROYED BY DEPENDENCY.

This is the real point at issue between us, for we do not agree either about the nature, the extent, nor the consequences of the United Church's dependence on aid from the West. It is your sincerely held belief that no harm is being done to the churches here by accepting financial assistance and free personnel from overseas. You believe that there are encouraging signs that the churches are taking greater responsibility for the financial support of the United Church. You believe that the consequences of accepting aid are not detrimental, indeed that the mission is more effectively accomplished with foreign aid than without it.

It is my contention on the other hand that it is of the nature of dependency to enfeeble the one who is held and to pervert the purpose of the one who holds. (That is not to say that occasions of real need never appear, but when there is real need there is no distortion in the relationship between the one who gives and the one who receives). I cannot believe that the churches here are in real need either of financial assistance or manpower. Both in the United Church and in its supporting Missionary Societies the appearance of need is created by:

- (a) the attempt to preserve an inappropriate and expensive ecclesiastical superstructure.
- (b) the determination to maintain a life-style for the ministry which is more suitable for the minority of urban elite than for the mass of the rural poor.
- (c) the failure to give serious and urgent attention to the development of other less expensive forms of ministry.

The consequences of continuing dependence I consider to be detrimental to God's mission in Zambia:

- (1) because the church becomes absorbed in the struggle for its organisational survival and neglects the call to mission;
- (2) because the church loses the authority to speak clearly to the nation as the Church itself becomes compromised by its growing involvement in the economics of affluence;
- (3) because the church, lacking self respect, no longer speaks with assurance in its dialogue with the church throughout the world;
- (4) because the church has to live on subsidy instead of

You may well be asking why I have left it so late? Why did I not say what I am saying now in 1954 or 1964 when Zambia achieved its political independence. I can only plead that the full measure of the United Church's dependence did not become clear to me until comparatively recently. Perhaps I always kept in my mind the possibility that some way less drastic than the withdrawal of all missionaries and financial aid might still be found. Perhaps I could not face the possibility that I might have to leave a country which I had felt so certainly called to serve, and which I had come to love."

The new breed of missionary is the man who lives the Gospel in his own back yard. He no longer talks in terms of territorial expansion. For him there is no "promised land" over on the other side of the great Zambezi. The territorial scramble for Africa is over, and now the scramble is for the hearts and minds of men everywhere in all the world. Here in Zambia we have to pay a terrible price for the fact that when the Lord Christ came riding in it was not in all humbleness on an ass the foal of an ass, but under the Union Jack on Cecil Rhodes' railway track. Although the "Missions" have taken possession of the land by building little churches in every village and big cathedrals in every town, that does not mean that Christ has taken possession of the mind and heart of Zambia. This is the purpose of mission, to save the nation. I do not believe that this can be achieved now by the coming of white missionaries from the West, nor even by the preaching of the black men whom they have created in their own image.

If you would come to Chipapa for a long week end, and we could look inside the little U.C.Z. church in the fields where Daniel preaches his gospel on a Sunday, or into the Adventist Church a mile away across the Muchito stream where Paul Mulendema preaches for two hours on Saturday, or the Church at Chipongwe two miles further on where the Polish priest from Chilanga celebrates mass every week, do you think we would find the Lord of the Nation there? Yes he is there, not only in the Polish priest's thin white wafers of bread, and in Sarah's broken home-made rock buns, and ~~in the~~ ~~poured~~ ~~out~~ wine from Italy and the diluted Jelly Juice in the G.R.E. tumbler, and the word in the stumbled reading of Scripture in our mother tongue, but more miraculously, in the tattered hymnbooks with their garbled versions of the classic Christian hymns murdered by their singing to classic English tunes. Even more certainly I could show you that Daniel and Sarah and Esther and the others take the Lord Christ home with

them and he is there by the cooking fire at night and by the grey ash in the morning.

But if I took you to the old village where Shachifwa lives, I doubt it we should find him there, at least not in body though he must be there in spirit. If the mission of God means anything, then the Lord should be there and seen to be there, for he has risen and his body is the church.

Sometimes when I sit all through one of Daniel's interminable sermons, I hear the Lord, not speaking to me, but pleading with the Father to escape from the prison where we have captured him, out of hard black cover of the Bible, and the tattered Tonga Hymnbooks, out of that tin roofed tabernacle into which they try to bludgeon God at least once a week, that God-box there in its splended isolation, set apart from the people on its little rocky hill. And all the while they are preaching and singing, there is no good news for Shachifwa and Godfrey his "unemployed-primary-school-drop-out" grandson. Neither of them ever bothers these days to go along to the Sunday morning service. I doubt if it ever occurs to Daniel to stop and ask himself the question why Godfrey his nephew, and Shachifwa his father, no longer come to church to hear him preach his missionary Gospel and sing his missionary hymns. I often ask myself that question, and this is the answer that I get. There is not any good news for Shachifwa in being told that if he wants salvation he has got to give up the polygamous marriage to this third wife. For him it isn't even bad news, it isn't any news at all, it's just nonsense. Why should he waste a Sunday morning listening to a young man's nonsense when he could be having an exciting game of chisolo with the other old men in the village?

What good news would Godfrey hear if he went to Church? "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't commit adultery, learn the Lord's prayer, the Apostles Creed, the Catechism and repent and be baptized". Surely the Lord Jesus is pleading to be allowed to love Godfrey into the Kingdom, but that would mean finding a job of work for him to do so that he could earn some pocket money for the dance and the beer party on Saturday night. Good news for Shachifwa would be that one of his sons working somewhere along the line-of-rail had decided to come home to look after his old dad during his declining years.

My point is this. The presence of the white missionary from the West at this moment in time obscures the truth of the Gospel. He comes here expecting to preach a gospel of liberation, but he finds himself employed in shoring up the crumbling walls of a prison.

August, 24th. 1974.

I am now coming to the end of my letter to you and I must try to draw together all the threads that have been running through this report. I started by telling you about Esther Kabenge and her dream pots, and now I shall finish by telling you about the dream I had today. It is woven out of all my dreams of yesterday and the dreams of my father and my mother. I tell it so that my children and your children can weave it into their vision of tommorow.

It was a day like today but early in September in 1975. It was at the beginning of our Zambian Spring when miraculously out of the parched ground the flowers come, the pale blue potato flowers and the flaming orange pompoms. It was the time of the second honey flow when the air is heavy with the scent of blossoming trees. Somehow you had managed to slip away unnoticed from your body guard. You never told me all the details of how you managed it but I met you at the South End Roundabout. At first I hardly recognised you in an old army great coat, and a khaki balaclava helmet. You were on a bicycle which you had borrowed unnoticed from one of the gardeners at State House. I had asked you to come with me to a meeting of the Ward Development Committee being held in the Chawama shanty town. We had a bit of trouble getting out of Lusaka because there was a big public meeting going on and you were afraid that one of the policemen might recognise you. We just heard the last sentences of a speech being delivered over the microphone by a member of the Central Committee.

"..... Comrades, the people who say that we are an undeveloped country are lying. We are now a developed country. Look around you with your eyes. Look at those trucks on the siding over there.

What do you see on them? Tractors, yes tractors.

A gift from those in West and East who are aiding us in the war on Poverty, Ignorance and Disease. There can be no doubt that our great Agrarian Revolution is about to begin. Turn your heads round and see that great building soaring into the sky. The Findeco building which now stands ten stories higher than any other building in Zambia....."

We cycled down the wide tar road to the south and just before Makeni, we turned off onto the dirt road which runs into the Chawama township which as you know houses ten thousand of our

↳ runs into the Chawama township which
as you know houses ten thousand of our
vo called "squatters".

The Ward Committee was meeting in the main class room of the school, and everyone was sitting at desks. They hardly noticed us as we slipped in at the back and when I whispered to the Chairman that I had brought along a Mr. Kuwanda from Chipapa he just murmured courteously "You are welcome".

We found them in the midst of a very serious discussion about the rising cost of living. It was a woman speaking.

"Mr. Chairman, we must do something about the situation or our children will starve. The price of "salad" is double what it used to be. A reasonable sized chicken is now nearly three kwacha, and we all know that the price of mealie meal has become terrible. We still have no proper water in our houses and the pit latrines get stinky at this time of the year. We are forced to live here because our husbands cannot earn enough to pay the high rents being charged by the City Council. We are really suffering. I am tired of coming to meetings just talk and talk".

The Secretary got up to speak and he had a buff file in his hand. "I have reported this situation so many times. Anyone who wants to can come and read the copies of my letters on this file. What more can I do? If you get no answers from the authorities, you cannot go and spend all day waiting outside their offices in town".

There was a long silence then an old man stood.

"Mr. Chairman, I fully agree with the first speaker. The situation has become very serious. I have already sent my daughter and her children back to Monze to start making a garden there in the village. Now my son-in-law and I will remain alone. While he goes to work I shall do the cooking and we shall let the extra room at K16 to three or two bachelors. They are the only people with money, and we shall be able to buy clothes for the family. I am lucky because there is still room at my brother's place in Monze where to make a garden, but what about all the others who have no place to go? You can see them at any time walking right out into the bush trying to find a place to make a garden, but the land is becoming scarce because so many farms are being fenced off these days. The places where we used

to make small gardens in the rains
are now made into private farms
for big people from Lusaka".

A Younger man stood up to speak.

"Mr. Chairman. The life in Chawama is no good except for Landlords who have built bigger houses and let rooms to people like me. Daily this place becomes more crowded. Everywhere there are pick-pockets and thieves. I even had a new shirt stolen off the clothes line in broad daylight. Not it is becoming hopeless. The old man is right. The women must go home. We must ask the Government to build hostels here like they do in Johannesburg".

The Chairman rose ponderously. He was a big man with grizzled hair and pock marked face. He was the Ward Councillor and he had been in prison briefly during the days of the Struggle. You must have known him, because I saw you pulling the knitted edges of the balaclava across your cheeks ~~there in remembrance~~. /est he recognise you.

"Comrades, this is not a new thing you have been talking about, and it has been discussed right up in the Central Committee. I am still waiting for instructions from Freedom House. We had better not waste any more time. Let us turn to the next item on the Agenda".

He put on his spectacles and took up a piece of paper from the table in front of him.

"Item number four. Allocation of beer at the Independence celebration."

I beckoned to you and we slipped out as quietly as we had come in. We left the Makeni Filling Station and went southwards past the Drive-In Cinema. We were already in open country where herds of cattle were grazing on the stover in the wide maize lands. We leant our bicycles against a fence post and sat down in the shade of a small muskese tree. I took an old envelope out of my pocket and began explaining something to you. It was what I call my "Urban-village" or "Rural-city" plan for the establishment of "M.C.C.s" which stands for "Minimum Consumption Communities". I believe the majority of families now living crowded together in Chawama would leap at the opportunity of having a couple of acres of their own, where they could build their own house, grow their own food and keep their own chickens. I sometimes call it a "Peri-Urban Site and Service Scheme". It would of course need much more land than Kaunda Square off the Great East Road, but there is no shortage of land in Zambia. There would be no need to put in piped water-borne sanitation. You remember my waterless P.K. at Chipapa.

Last weekend I was drinking passion fruit juice from the fruit of the vine whose roots go down into my pit".

As I talked you were ticking off something on your fingers, and I knew you were begining to see the problems. You brought them out, one, two, three, four. I answered them as you raised them.

Question One. Water.

Answer: *Bore holes and windmills.* That's how the farmers get their water. Why shouldn't the people do the same?

Question Two: Present Owners.

Answer: They must be compensated and moved. There is still plenty of land fifty miles out of town for maize and cattle farming. Why allow that kind of farming right inside the rural city.

Question Three: Vested Interest:

Answer: Of course there are a great number of people in Chawama making money out letting their property. They have to do it to survive, and they are providing a service which the City Council simply cannot provide. Let them continue on their new small holding to provide accommodation, and get the young bachelors to do their stint in the vegetable patch at the back.

Question Four: Transport.

Answer: What is wrong with "Chiloto Buses?" and why not a commuter service for workers on the railway line which runs right alongside the area?

It was five o'clock before we got back to town, and the political meeting was over. I suggested that we go into the Findeco building and take a lift up to the roof garden. There was no difficulty because all the security guards were so busy chatting up the office girls, that they didn't notice us. We had a marvellous view from the top and I had brought with me a pair of high powered Zeiss binoculars. Before I lent them to you I explained that these binoculars could not only be focused on distance, but also in time. I set them for the year 2000 A.D. and handed them to you, and asked you what you could see. At first you just gasped and kept saying "Fantastic, unbelievable!" "What do you see to the West?" I said.

"That must be the old Chinese Road to Mongu. But it's a four lane highway and just look at the cars streaming out of town. It must be all the Civil Servants driving home to their farms."

"And what do you see to the North?"

"That's funny I can't see anything?"

"Well you shouldn't really be surprised, because you are looking at the blank wall of another building. You will have to tilt your glasses upwards a bit. We are now standing on the top of one of the lowest buildings in Cairo Road.

"Have a look now to the East. What can you see?"

"There are some really magnificent buildings up there on the top of the ridgeway. I can't recognise any of them. They must have pulled down all those hideous offices we used to have, and they seem to have replaced them with just a few gigantic structures. That one looks rather like the Pentagon. Even the Cathedral has gone".

"Now", I said "What do you see when you look to the South".

"First of all, I see some kind of vast complex, which almost looks like a factory, but I don't think it can be, because thousands and thousands of cars are moving into it from all directions".

"That" I said "is the biggest hyper-market in Africa. We managed to corner the copper market in the year 1995 and that is what we did with the money."

"But I can see something else. It looks like an enormous rabbit farm, thousands of houses in long lines and squares. But they can't be rabbit hutches, because I can see people moving about. Here and there I can see what looks like ruined towers. I wonder what they were built for?".

"Oh" I said "In about 1984 they had a crisis in Lusaka and brought back the Greek planners who recommended that all the population living on an income of less than five thousand kwacha per year should live in high rise flats, but in the end it cost them so much to import psychiatrists to deal with the flood of patients into Chianama Mental hospital that they changed their policy for one of maximum density and total horizontal spread."

You let the binoculars fall to your chest and leaned against the iron rail on the parapet wall. You said you were feeling a bit sick. Then as sometimes happens in a dream; without any explanation we found ourselves looking through that home-made telescope which Mr. Hobby constructed at Namwianga Mission to photograph the stars. It took him years to build because he had to grind in all the lenses by hand, but it worked. I know because in 1959 when I went to see him about the Tonga Bible translation he let me look through the eye piece.

We were looking to the south-east and beyond the smokeless stacks of the Chilanga Cement factory we could see Chipapa's hill. Between us and the escarpment of the Mpande hills was a patchwork of tiny fields and the blue glitter of a hundred little dams. Not many houses were visible because each home-stead was hidden in a grove of mango trees, but the telescope was so powerful that on all the open spaces around a hundred schools we could see the children play.

Then we turned to the West, and sure enough there was a four lane highway where the Chinese had built the first main road. The buses ranged in size from little ten seater mini-buses to monsters carrying sixty passengers. There were no name boards giving the buses' destination. They had been painted by the art students of the Evelyn Hone College in a riot of brilliant colours, and each one was different so that even the illiterate old men could identify their own and know which vehicle to board when going home. And home they were going, thousands upon thousands of people to their urban-villages, right up to the Mwembezhi river.

You asked me how it happened that all the private cars had been replaced by private buses in so short a time as twenty five years. So I had to tell you about the coup. It was sometime early in the eighties. Weapons in Zambia's modern army were becoming so sophisticated that you had been forced to recruit university graduates into the officer elite. No one had told you that even after you thought you had cleared out all the student trouble-makers from the universities in the seventies, a sufficient number of radicals had remained to continue with their thinking about the shape of things to come, and about the kind of Zambia they wanted to grow up in. Anyway it was very well organised and turned out to be completely bloodless. All they did was to take over the radio station and kidnap you from State House one night when nearly everyone was drunk after a party on the lawn.

They only had to keep you hidden for about a week before you agreed to their demands which were basically quite moderate though as you can see they had remarkable consequences. They simply insisted that all the Mercedes Benz should be shipped back to West Germany in part exchange for Volkswagen Beetles and mini-bus chassis. The thing took much longer for you to work out after you were restored to power than the youth had anticipated. Your problem was not to get the people to back the students' demands, nor even to get the members of the Central Committee to drive in Beetles, the real problem was to get the Germans to take back the Mercedes, because they were having their own minor revolution at the same time, and the demand for luxury cars was falling all over the world.

Before we looked to the north west and the north, I asked you to listen to a prophesy from the Bible which very nearly came true, but which we just managed to avert by forbidding outright all charcoal burning anywhere within fifty miles of any city in any part of Zambia.

"How do the beasts groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed,

Even the flocks of sheep are made desolate,
For fire hath devoured the pastures of the
wilderness,

And flame hath burned all the trees of the field,
Even the rivers of water are dried up."

(Joel Chapter I verses 17-18.)

It was a very near thing, and in fact you had finally to call up a solemn assembly and tell the people that unless they came to their senses the Lord would not restore the years that the fire and the locust had eaten. Fortunately they listened and began to rend their hearts and not their garments.

Looking to the north we saw almost the same pattern of small self-sufficient communities. Each one numbered about

three or four hundred families clustered
round the community school.

The railway line had become a double track with little stations every one or two miles, and this provided a fast electrified commuter service to the industrial workers coming into town.

You suddenly realised as you looked around you that the centre of Lusaka in the year 2000 was very little different from what it is today. The Findeco building still towered ten stories higher than any other. The streets had not needed to be widened because there were no private cars and no Zamcabs. Nearly all the ministries had been decentralised to the Provincial capitals, and most of the light industry had been established on the border of the rural city. Of course the shanty towns had all gone and most had been turned into parks and recreation centres.

It was when you turned the telescope to the north-east that you really began to get excited. There was a huge notice on the top of Mulungushi House where the Ministry of Rural Development used to be. In letters ten feet tall it announced its new identity as "THE PEOPLES' PALACE HOTEL".

"What happened to the Minister of Rural Development?" you asked "and all the Heads of Departments, and their deputies, and the Under Secretaries, and the Assistant Secretaries, and the Senior Principals, and the Senior Executive Officers, and the clerical officers and the registry clerks and the typists, and the orderlies, and the cleaners?"

"Well" I said "it was pretty dramatic really, and it all happened within a week of the coup. Everyone was issued with a bicycle and they were posted to the Districts."

"But what did we do about housing?"

"We got the National Service to put up temporary grass shelters, and gave each officer a loan from the Development Bank and told them to build their own houses".

"You know it's extraordinary, that apart from that notice on top of Mulungushi House, nothing else seems to have changed much. The trees have grown up in the Embassy park and the British High Commission is still a High Commission and not an Embassy, so we must be still in the Commonwealth. And there is the Cathedral of the Holy Cross just the same as usual. But wait a minute, there is something different about it. There are no cars in the car park now, and yet there is something going on inside I'm sure".

"Let's go down in the lift" I said "and we'll walk together up the hill to the Cathedral".

So we took our shoes off, and you found you didn't need the balaclava helmet anymore, because when people recognised you they just waved and shouted a greeting across the street. They all seemed to expect you to be walking barefoot up the hill in the evening, and no-one seemed to fear for your security.

As we drew nearer, we heard first the sound of drums and then the music of people singing. As we walked through the main door on the west, the low sun had flooded all the place with golden light. There were no chairs there, and nowhere to sit, because everyone was dancing to their Lord. And a priest who wore the blue and red uniform of a Messenger came out of the crowd and went up to the altar where the lamb from the foundation of the world was slain. Then we all knelt down and we heard him say:

"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you."

Maranatha

Mervyn Temple.

P.S. It was Grace Mabuti who helped so much with the typing. Without

↳ her I would never have got
you this letter on time.