**After reaping the millet, the villagers started harvesting peanuts. I was left home to fetch water because I was not strong enough to go to the distant gar­dens. Every day I went to the stream, I saw a leopard, although I did not know what it was. I thought it was just an ordinary animal. I admired it and said to myself; "What a beautiful animal, if only one could get the skin for wearing." Then one day the woman who looked after me went to the stream with a small dog which the leopard caught. When the dog yelped, the people went and chased the leopard away. That is when I told the elders, "I always find an animal at this same place and it has very beautiful spots." They said, "You are lucky to be alive, you could have been attacked." We finally stored all the harvest and went back to the village.**

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + 173**

***An: Sold to the Arabs***

**One day there came a large crowd of people from Chona Maluti's place. This Chona Maluti was a Lung-wana. (a Swahili trader) settled in Bembaland. He used to kill elephants and buy slaves. People called him Chona Maluti (Spender of Gunpowder) because he used a gun which made an exploding sound when­ever he shot elephants.**

**He sent his people to look for slaves. When they came to where we were they inquired in the village if there were any slaves for sale. My keeper told them, "I have a small slave girl, if you like her, you may buy her." I was kept totally in the dark about this. Only later did I see them bring *mpande* (conus shells) in a basket.tAlthough I am uncertain how many *mpande* there were, there were not more than four. They bought many other slaves and early the next morning they took us to Chona. Maluti. It was-during the dry season, soon after the grass had been burnt.**

**One day Chona Maluti and his people went out hunting and found and shot an elephant. But the elephant seized Chona, threw him down and trampled him to death. His men fled for their lives and then ran to tell the villagers. The people went to retrieve the body. The elephant, when trampling over him, had torn off one of his arms; it was found a little way from the rest of the body.**

**After a few days some people came and reported the death of my father. I cried very much but those who owned me stopped me, saying, "Did you think he was still your father?"**

**At the end of the dry season, they took us to the *Lungwanas* (Swahili settle­ment) in Chief Nkula's area. We stayed for the whole rainy season. The *Lung­wanas* pierced my nose and renamed me "Naumesyatu."**

**During the rainy season I became very sickly and skinny. My owners com­plained, "She has cost us money for nothing. This little person will not benefit us at all." That same rainy season the Yeke (Nyamwezi) came with ivory look­ing for slaves to buy. One of them bought me. After buying me he cut a piece of cloth for me to wear, because when he bought me, I was clothed only in a small *mwele* (a strip of cloth suspended from a string tied around the waist, covering one's private parts). This man showed some kindness; he fed me well. I noticed**

**an improvement in my health as I put on weight. Mulama, my cousin, was also in this village. When he recognised me he told me, "One day I shall escape with you and take you back home." Upon hearing this I was overwhelmed with joy. Each time we went to fetch firewood from the forest I would ask him, "When, if ever, shall we escape?" He would say in answer, "Patience! We will have to wait for the end of the rainy season. At the moment rivers are very full and we could drown." Yet whenever he found any food he shared it with me. Those were days of hunger.**

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**Before we could make an escape my owners took me away into unfamiliar country, eastward, until we eventually reached a very big river. I thought that it was the Luangwa River because the people we found there spoke a strange lan­guage that I did not understand. Also the people used the word *akencembele as* a word for maize, rather than the word *cisaka as* it is in my language. They were *cultivating nkona* (sorghum). At harvest time we went back to the village in Nkula's country. The white men had about then established a Boma (govern­ment post) at Kawa (Fife).**

***The Whites Save Us from the Arabs***

**Upon our return at harvest time, we heard of the order issued by the whites that there must be no more buying of slaves. But even then some people called Nyanyembe (Nyamwezi), from Tabora, had come from their home and resolved, "Whatever the problems, we shall find our way unnoticed past the white man until we reach Bembaland to buy slaves." These Nyanyembe were accompanied by two Arabs and had a little boy called Nasolo with them. One of the Arabs had along a pregnant wife. They went to the Chief Ehitimbwa's area and bought some slaves, and eventually came to Chief Nkula's where we were. Chief Nkula himself took his own child and sold it instead of a slave. We too were sold, for cloth. Because I had been ill for some time, they were pleased to get rid of me, saying, "Let her go and die elsewhere." After being bought I was given a new piece of cloth to cover myself and they gave me a new name, Mauwa, and I was never again called Naumesyatu.**

**After the sale, we spent the night in their grass shelters. Early the next day, *just* as the *sun* was about to rise, we left and walked until it was time to sleep. On the third day one Arab killed a buffalo. We spent a day there (to cut up and dry the meat or to skin and stretch .the hide). That day, a man whose child they had bought when they left Nkula told the Arabs, "I will show you the safe way to go because the white people have forbidden the buying of slaves. Otherwise you may pass near them and be caught." This man then went on to *say,* "Remain here drying meat, Let me go and spy because we are about to reach the white men's place." He got up and went to the white people at Ikomba and informed them that the Arabs had come with slaves bought in Bemba and Lungu country.**

**Upon hearing this, the white men were pleased and sent word to Kawa where the white commander of the *askaris* (soldiers), Mr. Bell, lived. Our guide, the brave man, said, "I shall come with the caravan. You make your preparations."**

**As we relaxed in the evening we saw him come back and start to lie to the Arabs about what he had seen. He lied, "I have spotted a very safe path which we shall use."**

**Meanwhile Mr. Bell with his *askaris* approached Ikomba and his fellow whites told him everything the man had said. Mr. Bell was very delighted and the *askaris* began to take their positions.**

**We left and went past the road from Ikomba to Ikawa This same man told the Arabs, "This is the road from Ikomba. Now that we have gone past this road we are out of danger. We are heading for Mwenzo." When the whites realized we were near, they went to Chitete ahead of us to lay a trap. When the evening came this man said, "Let me go and scout the way again." He went and found the whites and the *askaris* had reached Chitete. The man came back late in the evening. We left. We reached the village and the Arabs decided that we would pitch camp outside the village because it was crowded with people. One of the Arabs went to the village gate, but no one told him his enemies were inside. The villagers came to see us, and evert asked the Arabs if they were willing to buy slaves. The Arabs agreed, not knowing that they were being deceived.**

**On that journey we had been divided into six groups. My group was in the lead. We crossed a *stream* called Chitete and heard the signal *to* make *camp.* We started to prepare shelters. We, the younger ones, carried branches of trees cut by the elders. Our shelter was near an anthill. The Arabs had donkeys which brayed every night, but not this particular one.**

**Early the next morning, the horn sounded, telling us to tie up our bundles. The second horn was sounded, signifying departure time. One Arab took a child from its mother, telling her to dress so that we could leave. After a short while we heard gun shots. Everybody was scared and jumped and scattered into the bush. What confusion! The Arab holding the child had nowhere to put it and he kept jumping to and fro with it. I went to the ant-hill where I found a little boy hidden. He said, "Hide your head in the elephant grass. Get down. Don't let them see us." As I was stopping, another child joined us.**

**Then gunfire shattered the silence. The shooting was continuous. Armed men were running towards the ant-hill where we were. We thought perhaps they had spotted us. We were already running when we saw that the child had been shot in one leg and was crying out in pain. A woman too had been shot in the back. She asked for help. In response I showed her my leg where *nkololwe* (a thorny plant) had scratched me and blood was oozing. I lied and answered, "Look, I have also been shot." Then I ran away to an ant-hill with the two little boys following me. The *gunfire* ceased and all *was* quiet. We whispered to each other saying, "Perhaps they have now gone." There were a few more shots. When one of the boys climbed to the top of an ant-hill to spy he saw no one. Then everything became silent.**

**Because we had been running to and fro, we lost our sense of direction. When we asked one another where we had come from, one of us suggested that we should surrender ourselves to the people firing guns because otherwise we**

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would be lost. I did not know where the Arabs and the rest of the people had gone. When the sun was over our heads, we began to feel very hungry. We for­got all about the soldiers and were concerned only about what we might eat. When we looked about, we saw only trees and because we were all children, we invoked our fathers, "What shall we do?" We asked each other, "Have you been shot?" The other boy said, "No." I said, "I was only scratched by a thorn." One of my companions said, "When I was coming here I found they had killed an Arab's wife." At that point, I told my friends "Let us find a place to go, or are we going to spend the night here?" We then left the ant-hill, moving furtively.

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After a short while we then heard the drums summoning the soldiers back to their camp., The sound of drums came from where we had camped. We fol­lowed the sound which stopped after a short time. We found a small path and hoped it would lead us to the place. It only led us into gardens. Since we were so hungry we plucked and ate the millet like goats. We went on into a field of sorghum and ate that too. One boy noticed peanuts and called us to that place. We ran there and began eating. Thirst also overcame us. When we were full we followed a path and after going a little distance found soldiers' tracks and then a village where people were sitting on an ant-hill. They saw us and said, "Look, there are some children coming." When we got near we realized that they were in fact the people on the white man's side. An order had been made forbidding any person to leave the village: that is why they were standing, keeping watch on the ant-hills. They came and led us to where the whites were.

***The White Men Send Us to Kawimbe***

Thereafter, they took us into the village. I noticed that the donkey used by the Arabs was tied to a stake: its foreleg was broken. They gave us food. Early next day they took us to Ikomba. All of us who had been caught were sent to Kawa and on the way we met an *askari* who was coming from there. He had been sent to announce that we were free again, and all those who knew where they came from were free to return to their homes.

Everyone who knew, went, but we went on to Ikomba, where **I** saw people from Chitimbwa. These were the people the whites said we should live with.

After some days a letter came from Kawimbe inquiring about the girls who had been rescued from the Arabs. The white man at Ikomba told the Chitimbwa people, "Take these girls with you and leave them at Kawimbe because they are small children and cannot go alone." The girls with me were Maci (Maggie) the daughter of Musindo, Zini (Jean), the wife of Malombola and others whose names I cannot remember. We spent four days on the way and on the fifth we reached Lombe, Nzika's village. Nzika was the younger brother of Chief Fwambo. Chief Fwambo was building a village at Mulanda in 1899. Early the next day we reached Kawimbe and found people roofing the church.

As we arrived, we saw Mama Purvis sitting, sewing something. She was reclining with her legs crossed. We went up to her, greeted her and sat nearby. She asked, "Have you come from Bwana Bell?" We said we had. She said, "That

is fine, we are very happy that you have arrived safely." As she talked to us•I noticed that she had no toes. I drew Maci's attention and said, "Oh look, she has no toes! Her foot is all smooth and round." My friend said, "Yes! Even those who sent us here had similar feet." Shortly after the husband came and greeted us: he too had no toes! We then wondered how these people were made. Of course we realized later that they wore shoes. After a short while they took us to a house. They put my friends in one room, qnd I was put among the boys. The next morning they named me Jim. Later I told them that I was not a boy and they exclaimed, "Oh, all along we did not know that you were a girl!" They decided to rename me Mary (Meli) and put me with my girlfriends. The people I stayed with were Math from Yendwe, Nele, Kasulambeka's daughter, Mutawa and the wife of Mulanda. All together there were seven of us, although I have forgotten some names.

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + *177***

***1 Am Identified by My Relatives***

We settled at Kawimbe where people had built their houses surrounding the white men. The whites' village was fenced. One day I happened to stroll with my friends around the village. When I looked around, I saw my uncle Kapempe and the sister-in-law of Museo who was the grandmother of David Namwezi, and many other relatives of mine. When I first saw them, I thought that they were other people whom I had just mistaken for my relatives because our home was far away and there was no reason for therrrto come here.

One day I went out and as I was leaving the white man's gate, I met Chinyanje. She looked at me closely and asked, "Young girl, who are you?" I answered, "I am Mwenya." She then replied, "Mwenya the daughter of Mumemba?" I agreed. She left, apparently satisfied with her inquiry and told Uncle -Kapempe, "Do you know, I have seen Mwenya." My uncle replied, "Where have you seen her? The child was lost a long time ago! Is she likely to reappear now? No, you have only seen some other person who resembles her." But she insisted, "No! It must be she. I have even asked for her name and she told me she was Mwenya the daughter of Mumembe. She passes near here every day" Then one day they came to the gate and saw me walking. Chinyanje said to my uncle, "Here she comes!" When I arrived where they were, they embraced me and began to cry. My uncle also cried and before long we were all crying. The next morning they sent word to Chief Changala in Bembaland. They sent for my elder sister, the mother of Mulenga Chisani, to come and identify me conclusively. When she came my uncle fetched me. When Mulenga's mother saw me she said, "Yes, she is definitely the one." She then asked me about how I had been captured, sold, moved about, and suffered. I told her everything. She was very amazed but at the same time rejoiced at see­ing me. For the two days she spent with me, we sat looking at each other. The following day she went back to Bembaland.

When she got there all my relatives heard that I was alive and Chief Changala was told the story. The Chief then sent three of my elder brothers,

**Mupemba, Ntindi Lubanda, and Chiluwa Mulendo, to verify the story. He told them that, if they found that it was truly I, they should tell the white men to allow me to return with them to Bembaland.**

**Indeed they found I was the one. They asked the white men for permission from them to take me. The whites said, This person was brought to us. We therefore cannot let you take her. If you really recognize her as one of your fam­ily, go and tell Chief Changala himself to come and bring a cow with him to redeem her." My brothers were very sad to hear that they refused to let me go. They then went back and told Chief Changala who said, "Oh dear, what a dif­ficult condition. Where shall we find a cow? In Bembaland too the situation is the same. There are no cows!"**

**After a long time the Chief sent my brothers to the white men with the mes­sage that as he had no cow with which to redeem the child, would they not just let the girl go without seeking payment? The Chief had continued, "Other peo­ple are identifying and freely taking their relatives, why shouldn't I?" The whites said, "True enough you have identified** your relative, **but you may not take her now because she is very hard-working in the house and at school. Perhaps the best you can do is to come and visit her here occasionally and when she marries she will then come to your home with her husband." They agreed. One of them decided to remain at Kawimbe saying, "I will stay and keep an eye on this child." He stayed a year but because he was used to** *citemene* **as opposed to dig­ging the soil, he gave up and went back to Bembaland. Despite his absence Kawimbe village was still crowded with my relatives.**

***I Become Engaged***

**When my brother returned to Bembaland, I remained with the whites, doing domestic work and learning in school. In 1900 Bwana Purvis went to Mbereshi, leaving me in the care of Mama May. He went to Mbereshi with a young carpenter called Jones Changolo, the son of Mutota Simusokwe. In 1901 he sent word to Bwana Govan Robertson to say that he intended to become engaged to me and sent a** *nsalamu* **(token payment to indicate interest in mar­rying a girl). Bwana Robertson called the elders and asked them how engage­ment ceremonies are conducted under Mambwe custom. The elders then told him how it was done. They then asked him, "Who is the young man who wants to become engaged to Meli?" He replied, "It is Jones Changolo." They answered, "Oh, is that so? We know him well. He is the nephew of Chileya. Sichikandawa." The whites said, "Well, we shall hear what his uncle has to say because the girl has already agreed." They then called and asked him. He refused and said, "I cannot agree because the girl is lazy and does not even know how to cook and prepare** *nsima* **(stiff porridge)."**

**The white man informed Jones that I had agreed but that his uncle Chileya had refused, saying the girl was lazy and did not know how to cook relish or prepare** *nsima.* **Upon hearing this Jones was very upset and sent word that he would marry the girl even if she did not know how to cook. She would learn**

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**when she grew older. He further said, "I do not like small women. I want one with a big body."**

**The white men sent for the elders a second time and informed them that the young man still wanted to become engaged to the same plump girl. The elders agreed. The white men then asked, "What do you pay in order to seal an engagement, *nsambo* (bracelets) or beads?" They answered, "If the girl agrees and the father has given his blessing, one also pays *icumalui* (a token payment to request admission to the girl's home, literally meaning a knocking fee), a hoe striped with lines drawn out of white lime. After all these tokens are accepted the boy makes *nsambo* (bangles) for the girl to wear on her legs. Finally, a bridewealth of ten sheep (an installment) is paid."**

**The whites, upon hearing all this, sent word to Jones saying that the girl had agreed and the elders had explained the traditional things to be carried out and the dowry that he would deliver. He should therefore *come* back in the *month* that the rain finishes. When he came, Chileya discouraged him and said, "The girl you want is not a good one. Many people do not like her because she is hopelessly lazy. She does not know how to prepare *nsima,* she is a useless woman. We want you to become engaged to Nele who is hard-working." But Jones Changolo, whose other name was Silanda, refused. The elders also discouraged him and said, "If you want a girl that is big in size you can choose Mpatame." Nevertheless, he objected strongly. They then said, "Well, you go ahead and many her on your own but we do not like her." He replied, "Yes, that is all right, she is the one I want." These words were exchanged in the evening of the day he arrived from Mbereshi. His father, Mufota, did not know anything about all this. That same evening the whites, having heard that Jones had come, summoned Chileya and his relatives and asked them, "The young man has come. What is your stand? We want to hear from you in his presence." Silanda told the boy they sent, "Go and tell the whites that I shall come early tomorrow." The whites came and told me, "Your fiance will come early tomorrow, so wash your body well and dress properly." As I was dressing, Mama May came to see how I was doing and 'she gave me some oil to rub on my body. After a short while we saw the young man had arrived holding a lovely walking stick in his hand. He was very hand­some. He waited outside. As she turned her head, Mama May saw him standing there. She ran to me and said, "Meli, hurry up! Your fiance is here." I went and greeted him and all my friends too greeted him. They whispered to each other saying, "What a tall handsome man, so dark—as dark as *lufungo* (a dark plumlike wild fruit)." Mama May led us into the house and called Robertson. They asked the young man if his intention to marry me was serious. He said, "Yes." He went home. The next day they came with *icumalui* and the ten sheep. He spent only two weeks at home and then went back to his job.**

***The Wedding***

**In the year 1902 the whites sent word to my man asking him to come back to
  
wed me. Mama May particularly told him, "It would be a good idea for you**

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + 179**

to return and have the wedding, for I am going back to England. **I** want to marry off my 'daughter' before **I** leave." Silanda, not one to refuse, came at har­vest time and the preparations got under way. Mama May told my Uncle Kapempe and my father-in-law Chileya, "I do not want this wedding to be organised by you. I shall do everything and **I** will not do it in a European way. I shall not even insist on going to church at all. I want to learn the Mambwe cus­toms. **I** shall do everything properly; I shall buy the oil, perfume, and flour to anoint her during the wedding." She did everything and bought all the things required for any wedding. She even bought a black cloth. "But," she said, "I will not brew beer."

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The wedding day came. Mama May invited many people, men and women, my relatives and my bridegroom's relatives. All came on the arranged day in the late afternoon when it was cooler. The women went into Robertson's room and began to dance to the *nsimba* (finger piano), while also playing *vingwengwe* (clay pots rubbed upside down against another object to produce a rhythmic sound). They ululated (made a high trilling sound). Yes, there was great rejoic­ing. **I** was hidden away in a dark corner and covered with cloth. After some time the women told Mama May, the bride's "mother," "Mother of the girl, why don't you come and take up the *nsimba* and let it be heard?" but she replied, "Fellow women, you must show me how." They forced her and she joined in the dance. When the people saw how she danced they went wild dancing. She got them to stop ululaiing and it became quieter. They danced on. The house was filled with excitement.

The bridegroom's party was sitting outside. He was ushered there. In his left hand, he held a bow, arrow, and a spear and in his right hand, the tail of.a Zebra. A lot of youths had come and many people were beating drums and dancing *kaonje* (a type of dance). Men would form a line on one side and women another line on the opposite side and then choose partners. They danced *kaonje* for only a short time and began to sing around the bridegroom. He raised the tail in his right hand and then lifted the left hand holding the bow and spear and then spread out both his hands to either side. Nearby a girl was carrying water in a clay pot resting inside a *civo* (a basket). The bridegroom dipped the tail in the water and then splashed it over people. The girls ululated. The youths then encircled the bridegroom and his best man, singing:

*Siwinga Mwanche*

*wazana twakwima inkolongo tusiule cisiu ciondo*

*tusiule cisiu ciondo*

They continued dancing. The bridegroom and his best man outdanced every­one. The girl carrying water put some of the water into her mouth and sprayed it on to the face of the bridegroom and the best man in order to make the oil in their skin shine.

**When the bridegroom danced outside, I was inside being anointed with oils, perfumes, and talc. As they anointed me they also sang many wedding songs. One went:**

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***Chilende ndulole .. . Vino akauzo kaya ongal***

**After they had finished anointing me, the best man took *usule* (small objects equivalent to confetti placed on the bride's head) and patted the bridegroom on the face with it. Then they gave me *luwazi* (a cooking spoon). I took it and shyly bent my head. They then led me out of the house and sat me at the entrance. The bridegroom moved forward and lightly touched my head with the bow. People then shouted with joy; I was lifted shoulder high and taken to the gate near where Kawimbe school now stands.**

**While returning from the gate I held hands with the bridegroom and walked ceremoniously in short slow strides. During the procession, the bridegroom was brushing my bent head with the Zebra tail, wiping off the *nkula* and *usule* as we walked. He dipped the tail into water and then brushed it over my hair, as if to clean my head. When we reached the house we stopped and I quickly went into the house. The bridegroom remained standing outside and they began to give him words of advice. After they had all spoken, Mama May, as the bride's "mother" came and took the bow, the arrow, and the fez hat from the bride­groom, then she entered the house and placed them on a shelf. Thereafter, the bridegroom and his party came in. When the wedding ended the whites advised my husband, "You are now married and it is a good thing, but our `daughter' will stay with us. She will be yours when the new leaves come (Sep­tember). We want you to escort Mama May to Karonga (in Malawi) because she is going to England." Mama May gave my husband two shillings.**

**During the wedding people feasted a lot because the whites had slaughtered two cows for the occasion. One cow was for the bridegroom's party while the other one was for the bride's. In the evening the wedding moved over to the bridegroom's home. The next evening we were seated to receive more words of advice. The whites, including the bride's "mother," came to the village to wit­ness the occasion. Early the next day they packed me a basket of mealie meal and I went back home.**

**When I reached the entrance I stood with the basket on my head, holding a walking stick in my hand. Mama May came out to welcome me, received the basket, and then gave me two shillings. From this `day onwards I never went back to my husband's home. Upon noticing this my husband wondered, "Hey, what kind of marriage is this where in the beginning they 'confiscate' your wife?"**

**The time for the journey to Karonga arrived. It was towards the end of har­vest time when we travelled to Karonga. We stayed there a whole month wait­ing for two white strangers, Stewart Wright and his wife. They finally came.**

Mama May told them, "Look after this girl and her husband. Do not give her to her husband until September." We finally went back home and I spent three weeks working for Mama Wright. Then they finally called my husband to come and take me away.

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***My Second Wedding***

My father-in-law, Mutota, did not know about the wedding. Apparently he did not even know that I was engaged because most of the time my husband stayed with Sichikandawa, who wanted to totally isolate my husband from his other relatives. Thus all along, when the negotiations were going on, no one bothered to inform his father.

When Mutota heard that his son was married he became furious and said, "Just how can the Sichikandawa clan marry off my son without letting me, his father, know so that I could contribute a cow? They did not even tell me about the engagement negotiations. All right, I shall also conduct a wedding, I, Simukowe from Misansansa, *Kwakwe Kungwi Muntapona"* (a saying in self praise).

Mutota began to prepare the wedding. He soaked a large quantity of millet and made plenty of beer. Then they came to take me for the second time. My father-in-law was at this time still at Yanda. When he reached the gate they gave me a billy goat as a token of welcome.

I was seated in the house. They gave me a piece of red cloth. After anointing me, they gave me six *nsambo* (bracelets). The person who anointed me was my husband's stepmother, for his real mother was dead. They allowed his step­mother to anoint me because she was born into their family.

The next morning, my sister-in-law Namukale brought me a small hoe from Lunda. It was very well decorated and beautiful. When presenting me with her gift, she advised, "My sister-in-law, look at me. In my family we are not many—we are only three, with the youngest one seated over there. Even though they are present at your wedding, we do not acknowledge the others." She then handed me a tray full of millet with some bracelets on top, ceremoniously invit­ing me to grind the millet. When I saw the millet I said to myself, "Oh, dear me, how shall I grind all this millet, a thing I have never done before in my life! . . . As if back home at Kawimbe we grind millet." I took the bracelets and gave them to Nyina Kangwa, asking her to grind the millet. When the wedding came to an end we went back to Kawimbe, where we found that a house had been built for us near the white people.

On moving into that house the whites gave us many household articles. Mama May and Mr. Purvis had already packed the things that were to be given to me. Dr. Morris gave us a lot of paper, other writing materials, and medicines. The whites with whom we came from Karonga gave us some plates and cups. Mr. Ndelempa (Draper) said, "For my part, I am not giving you anything today, but I will help you with anything you may need from time to time because Silanda has worked with us for a long time."

One day all the whites gathered to discuss the distribution of bridewealth my husb'and had paid to marry me. They then decided to give it all back to my husband. They told him to bring the rest that was still owed. They would then give back the money, the value of the ten sheep, and, in addition, a cow. He thus gave them twenty-five shillings. Then they gave him one small cow, which he gave the name Acisi *kwa mwene cili uku milimo ya Mambwe.* When interpreting this name he said it meant that white men did not care about -Wealth **as** the Mambwe do. And so we set up house. After one year we had our first child whom we named Elizabeth.

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + 183**

***We Become Wealthy***

As days went by, while we were still there, a *mzungu* (literally white person, but popularly anyone of Western culture) called Heman, a black, came from Amer­ica, from the people they call Negroes. He stayed at Kawimbe only a short time before they sent him to Niamukolo, near the lake. One day he came from there to visit his friends, who welcomed him warmly at Kawimbe. I did not know he had come that day. I only heard the next day as I was to go out to the gardens to harvest millet. I then said to myself, "I shall come and greet him after work."

As we came from the gardens we met him just by the workshop. He stopped and saw me. I then greeted him, and he asked me, "Young girl, where are you coming from?" I replied, "Sir, I have come from the gardens." He said, "Why did you not come to greet me? Did you not know that I came yesterday?" I then replied, "Sir, work preoccupied my mind. In fact, I did learn that you had come only this morning as I picked up my basket to go harvesting millet. So I decided that we would meet when **I** came back." He then said, "Well, that is a fine young woman. I want you to visit me one day and afterward I shall come to see your baby."

When this man *(mzungu)* went back to his home, my husband bought a sheep and a goat as a gift. We started for Niamukolo, sleeping at Isoko and arriving the next day. However, while we were still in the wild bush on the slopes of mountains, the sheep broke its rope and ran away. My husband gave chase, but unsuccessfully, because there were plenty of stones. The sheep was never found. We reached our destination, found Bwana Heman, and greeted him. We told him how the sheep we were bringing had escaped into the hills. He thanked us for the goat. They accommodated us in David Musena's house. We spent five days and while there he served us with rice and fresh fish.

The days of our visit came to an end,The evening before our departure we told him, "Sir, tomorrow we are leaving." He agreed and told us, "Come and say goodbye to me in the morning." Early next day we went to bid him farewell. My husband was given a roll of calico drill cloth *(merikani)* and six shirts. The child was given little dresses and diapers. I was given a small roll of spotted cloth, fashionable for women, and a bunch of black beads *(ntundukalu).* He gave us a tin of sugar, three boxes of soap, sugarcane, a bunch of bananas, and a bag of rice. He also gave us two people to help us carry the gifts. We left and he

**and his wife escorted us for a short distance and blessed us, saying, "May God be with you so that you have a safe journey to Kawimbe."**

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**At this time our poverty ended. This man is the one who helped us very much because my husband then began to sell the cloth and other things he gave to us. Finally, we were running a little shop.**

***We Have More Children***

**Our first child, born in the year 1903, was indeed a very healthy child who did not fall ill very often. When she reached the age of two, however, she caught smallpox. This disease was very serious. The child suffered a lot and soon died. By the time she died the disease has blinded her.**

**In 1907 we had our second child, a boy. The midwife gave him the name of Satu. They used to praise him: *Mulansa Satuka all yayili yatize yakwane uwa­mamba.* This praise arose because Mr. Sichikandawa, my husband's uncle, often argued with his father over my husband. Both wanted to claim him. Each one would say, "He is our child," and the other one would say, "No, he belongs to us." That is why they gave the infant this name. It meant that they were giving a message to the father of the baby, to say in effect, "Poor man wake up, do not let these two people tie you down in servitude." They were really telling him to go back to his father.**

**After three months, we requested baptism of the child and he was given the name of Michael by Mr. Wright, who baptized him. Many people could not pronounce the name properly so he was given another name, Ernest. His spiri­tual name was Mfivambo. This child had many names indeed!**

**In the year 1910 we had another male child; this one was named Kela. He did not live long, only nine months. He died when he was able to crawl and laugh. In 1911 we had another baby girl, and she was named Lukoti, whose Christian name was Agnes. The last-born was named Henry.**

***How \_I Was Baptized***

**In the year 1910, all the missionaries gathered at Kawimbe. Missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland came from Mwenzo, Kondowe, Ekwendeni, and many other places in Nyasaland. Some church officials came from England. It was a very big. meeting.**

**On Sunday there was a big religious festival and all Christians attended, but not I. When the communion ended Donald Siwale and Peter Sinkala. from Mwenzo asked my husband why I was absent. He replied, "She is not yet bap­tized." They then came to me and asked whether I would like to be baptized and I agreed. The person who baptized me was Mr. Robertson. When the white men from .England were coming for the conference, Mama May told them, "When you get to Kawimbe, look for a girl named Meli and her hus­band, Jones Changolo." Thus, when they arrived, they were anxious to come to my home. Mr. Robertson came and said to me, "Today white visitors are com­ing to your home." I replied, "But what are the dignified people going to eat in**

a poor man's home?",He replied, "They will eat whatever you will gave them." I then replied, "Yes, a Mambwe saying goes, *`Unzwenyi wakwe fiche akalya tuna fiche akalya'* (A guest eats what his host eats)." ',borrowed plates from him. At midday they came. Both were men. They found that I had fried a chicken and boiled Irish potatoes, cooked pumpkins, beans, and prepared tea. They settled down and I served them the food. **I** thought they might refuse it, but I saw them eat willingly without any hesitation. They left in the afternoon. A few days later, they returned to England.

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + 185**

After a long time at Kawimbe we moved to Mfundula. When the whites saw us leave they were not happy and even took from us the girls they had given to us to help us with work.

The world war in 1914 forced us to move again. The Germans looted the lit­tle wealth we had and dug up the floors of the whole house in search of money. We moved to Kela. The boma (district officer) gave my husband the job of buy­ing mealie meal for the forces. We stayed at Kela for a very short time and then the boma sent us to Chief Nsokolo's village where we lived until 1915. We left there and went on to Mwalu. At this place my husband distributed war supplies such as mealie meal and many other things to the military carriers. We were there only two months. At the end of the dry season (November) we came to Nchengwa where the missionaries had sought refuge. Here the boma told my husband to hunt for game to feed the soldiers. They paid him twelve shillings and sixpence whenever he killed a large animal, such as a bushbuck or an antelope.

In the year 1916 we returned to Kawimbe with the missionaries. This was a year of starvation everywhere around Musia's area where the Germans were. The boma told my husband to look for food to help people. He bought plenty of millet in Chief Chakonta's area and distributed it to all people who were suf­fering from famine.

***My Husband Dies***

In November 1918 we heard that the Germans were coming to Mbala. Many people came to witness the surrender of the white man. I and my husband too went. When we were coming back my husband passed through Maswepa to collect the millet he had been buying for the Boma. On the day that he returned, his relative, Mbokosi came to talk with him. As they spoke, my hus­band said, "Brother, even though we are chatting like this I am a sick man. I feel pain in my back." It was Thursday, the 29th of January, 1919. That evening he became seriously ill and during the night I went to fetch medicine from Mama Ndelempa (Draper). Early next day, the 30th, he was much worse and his elder brother, Cambala came. He remained in that state on Friday and on Saturday he came close to the point of death. When the sun was about to set, [our son] Ernest was in the yard outside making a toy bicycle from reeds without know­ing.that inside the `house his father was on his death bed. **I** drew him away and reprimanded him; he ran away and continued his toy-making. We suffered the whole night until, at cockcrow, he passed away.

We started mourning. When I looked at the three children he had left me I was distraught, crying until there were no more tears to be shed.

**186 + THE Mtn-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

In the morning of the first day of February; a Sunday, we sent word to the whites. They sent back a person with the message that he should not be buried until they came and prayed. Such crowds of people came to this funeral that one might think • the entire population of Mambweland had come to mourn. We buried him. After we came back and the house had been cleaned, Inoki Nsokolo "boiled up" and said, "Jones was my debtor, I want all my money today." People who came to mourn told him, "Young man, have you lost your senses? The custom is to restrain yourself and not seize things abruptly. Be patient. Today we have only come to mourn." But the brute refused. He beat his walking stick on the ground so they let him have it.

Two weeks later the question of inheritance arose. All my late husband's rela­tives gathered and began the task of choosing a person to succeed my husband. The Sichikandawa family said, "Let us take it." They had even chosen Njoni ( John) Kalyonga to be the heir. The Simusokwe family, however, objected strongly. There was a heated argument until the Sichikandawa family finally gave in.

The Simusokwe family chose Chimbala, but he declined. Then Mbokosi stood up and declared, "I shall then succeed because I have the energy to go to all this (dead) man's debtors and collect all his money." I refused and said, "No, I cannot marry him because Mbokosi has a wife and I am a Christian and can­not therefore enter a polygamous marriage." On hearing this, the people dis­persed and the whole matter of inheritance ended there.

After a week Mbokosi came back and told•me that he had divorced his wife. I did not believe it. A month passed. Then he came back and insisted that he had truly divorced his wife. After some time I gave in. He consummated the marriage and took me to his home.

When this man succeeded my husband, he took all the wealth left by my late husband and squandered it. With some of it he paid the fine in a case in which Silanda had been involved. He also sold all the cattle, together with other things. The children were not properly supported by this man and it pained me greatly. So in 1922 I left him and went back to Kawimbe to Mama Ndelempa who gave me a domestic job.

In the year 1925 Harry Sichikandawa married me. This man said he was unmarried but he lied to me. When he took me with him to Kasama I found he had another woman from Bembaland, a Bisa of the Ngumbo clan. I stayed in the same house with this woman:

While I was still in Kasama, word came round that at the hospital thdy wanted some women to learn midwifery. I went and enrolled. We used to go into the villages around Kasama looking for pregnant women. In 1934, while I was working my husband died. I returned to Kawimbe.

After returning I went to stay with my sons Ernest and Henry at Mulanda. There I found Ernest had had two children, Howard and Monica. Their sister, Agnes, was then in Nyasaland.

**After a short stay my son-in-law came and took me to Nyasaland. In 1935 I came back and Mama Brooks at Kawimbe wanted me to help her look after school girls. I went there and settled, not to teach but only to look after the school girls.**

**FROM SLAVERYTO FREEDOM + 187**

***The Days That Followed***

**As I did my job of looking after the school girls I noticed that the white woman was very keen on working with me at all times. In 1936 a mishap occurred at Senga. Porrit's wife died. She was Mama May's daughter whom I used to look after, the one I used to call "my sister" because her mother had cared for me as if I were her own child. Bwana Porrit found it hard to remain alone at Senga, for it was an isolated pltce. Therefore he came to Kawimbe and married Mama Brooks. The school was closed!**

**My job too ended and I went to Nyasaland. While there I received money from Mama Baker at Kawimbe asking me to go back to help her work in a home for orphans. I returned and we worked together looking after the chil­dren. This woman truly worked very hard in this cause. I did not work alone, for I had companions, Namuzoo, Causiku, Ndumoa, and many others. We all worked together very happily because Mama Baker was a good white woman, polite and cheerful.**

**In 1945 this woman went to help lepers at Kabalenge near Mbereshi. She then returned and worked among lepers at Kawimbe. Many people were upset about her departure because they liked her very much and trusted her. When she left, all of us midwives scattered to our villages like sheep without a shep­herd. The hospital itself closed down. I remained looking after three orphans, Jenifa Chombo, Timu, and Chisambi.**

**While I looked after these children, the congregation chose me to become the preacher in villages surrounding Kawimbe, and in the same year ordained me as an elder of the church. Others chosen with me were Chisya Yambala, Bwana Abel, and Mama Luxon, the lady in charge of the schools, who worked hard to develop primary education at Kawimbe. She was the one who started to send children to high schools at Munali and Chalimbana. Benjamin Sim­pungwe and David Namwezi were the first ones she sent. The day on which we were installed as elders was a great one because it was the first day on which we welcomed the leaders of the London Missionary Society. Many people from small congregations in villages came to witness what was going on. The mis­'§ionary who officiated was Reverend K. D. Francis. People were overjoyed to see this new development.**

**Forever after I have praised God for rescuing me from great hardship.**

***Translated by M. Sichiolongo and Barbara Lea***

***L.B.***

**188 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

THE IMPORTANCE OF READING

Malawi 1951 Chichewa

This letter appeared in the women's column of *Mthenga,* a newspaper of the Nkhoma Mission in central Malawi, in 1951. It is signed only with the initials "L.B." The writer opens her letter by referring to another rare article by a woman, this one published in the May-June 1938 issue of *Mthenga,* and signed by Juliana Nangondo. Nothing is known about either writer, but both would have been among the few literate women of their time.

It is clear from the references to Nangondo's article that the debate about girls' education had already begun as early as the mid-1930s in Nkhoma, a region where the mission educational strategy aimed to produce obedient and industrious women, not readers of interesting and informative books. L.B. begins by summa­rizing Nangondo's discovery of reading and her subsequent encouragement to other women to read books. Then **L.B.** elaborates on these ideas by suggesting that mature women, including the wives of elders and (male) teachers, help local children learn to read. The implication left by the brief article is that education, perhaps especially education for girls, needs some assistance even from informal sources.

*Fulata L. Mayo*

Today I want to speak with you about gaining wisdom. I was looking at old issues of *Mthenga* and I found the May-June 1938 issue, in which I found an article by Juliana Nangondo of Katitima, Mvera. The following is a short sum­mary of what she wrote:

She *wanted* to discuss *several* issues with women including their Christian­ity. She also wrote about her experience when she followed her husband to live in town, where he was working. One day she became so lonely after her hus­band went to work that she started searching for a book to read from her hus­band's pile of books. She discovered very interesting small books. When her husband came, she asked him where these books came from. She was told that they were books from Nkhoma Printing Press in our area.

Mrs. Juliana urged women to learn how to read so that they can read these interesting books. Now Nkhoma Printing Press produces many books at a very low price, which would give us a lot of wisdom, especially to help us learn how to live a good life and how to take care of our children and families in our vil­lages. We can be the eyes of those who cannot read themselves. At most of our mission stations there are bookstores where we can get these good books, from which we can learn so many helpful things.

These days it is very important that children learn how to read, helped by Christian women belonging to Chigwirizano, a women's guild. Traditional advisors, teachers' wives, and wives of elders should help children who other-

wise might go astray. If a mother could read these books filled with advice for her children, then these children would benefit. And the women would benefit even more.

**BIRDS WILL MOURN HER + 189**

I am your friend,

L.B.

*Translated by Bright Molande and Fulata L. Moyo*

***Ng'washi ng'wana Nzuluge*BIRDS WILL MOURN HER**

Tanzania 1956 Kisukuma

Ng'washi ng'wana Nzuluge was **born in the region of Mwanza. and Shinyanga in
  
*Tanzania.* She composed the poem in 1956, although *it was* not recorded until 1999.**

**Since childbearing occupies a** very important place **in Sukuma society; those who** cannot **conceive seek the help of herbalists. A woman without children is pitied or frowned upon, even by other women, and a marriage without children is considered a weak arrangement. Children are to be the guardians of aged parents; they are expected to take charge of their burial. Elders without children have no one to look after them.**

**In "Birds Will Mourn Her," Ng'washi ng'wana Nzuluge writes of** a woman **who cannot conceive, perhaps because she has lived frivolously** ("preferred fash­ion"). **Now she is desperate to have children, but has passed the birthing age. She considers herself a person of no value—"like bitter cucumber"—who will** be **mourned by no one but birds.**

***Ng wanza Kamata***

They are seeking local water herbs A hint to the boys

They are seeking local liquid medicine.

She is looking for kocal liquid medicine A hint to the boys.

Daughter of Kisinza,

How will you give birth

Since your womb is burnt out?

Because you preferred fashion

You have failed to give birth.

Only birds will mourn you. At his home, Kiloma is rich

Even if I sleep. Child of Kinya, Child of Makungu, I am a bitter cucumber.

I cannot be eaten. Yes, I cannot be eaten.

I cannot be eaten.

I shall be mourned only by birds. I shall be mourned by birds.

At his home, Kiloma is rich Even if I sleep.

Child of Kinya,

Makungu's child, I am a bitter cucumber.

I cannot be eaten.

Yes mother, I cannot be eaten I cannot be eaten.

*Translated by Stanley Sabuni and Amandina Lihamba*

***Zaynab Himid Mubamed*LETTER ON OWNING LAND**

Tanzania 1956 English

This letter was written by a Zanzibari schoolteacher, a middle-class woman of Comorian descent. (The descendants of immigrants from the Comoros, islands off the coast of Madagascar and Mozambique, were treated by the colonialists as a separate group from the indigenous Africans, and often received favors, such as bigger education quotas, or bigger rations during the war.) She was about thirty-eight years of age at the time.

There were few Zanzibari women in the British colonial administration, the author herself having been one of the first to be admitted to school. For these first admissions, education would have been available only at primary level, secondary education having started much later. Consequently, the level of English fluency gained would not have been high, and the author had to seek assistance in refin­ing the draft of her letter.

It.was also fairly unusual at the time for women to own property. They could inherit if there were no male children, and the author had the good fortune of inheriting a house from her father. Following her father's death, she undertook repair work on the house, after receiving a government loan. Loans were regularly given to civil servants with a certain salary level, and many people, including sev­eral women, took loans to build or renovate their houses.

The author recalls paying 128 shillings per month to service her loan, a process that continued up to the time of the 1964 Zanzibar Revolution, which

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**took place a month after the island achieved independence, overthrew the sul­tanate, and led to unification with Tanganyika. A minister in the new government then wanted to nationalize all buildings whose owners had loans, but Zaynab made an appeal to the new president, Abeid Karume, who ordered the cancella­tion of her debt, which at the time stood at 12,000 shillings.**

**LETTER ON OWNING LAND + 191**

**The request for a leasehold would have been necessary at the time because most of the houses in the area would have been not much more than huts, con­structed on unsurveyed plots without the necessary government approval. Zaynab subsequently obtained the lease to her plot of land.**

**The author died in 2002, but the house remains family property. She had**

**retired from teaching in 1967. *Saida Va hya-Oth man***

**Zaynab Himid Muhamed**

**Kisiwandui Government Girls' School,**

**Zanzibar**

**9th October 1956.**

**Land officer**

***Zanzibar.***

**Sir,**

**I have the honor to apply for a lease with the Government on the Government
  
plot of my house No. 1039 situated at Malindi for which.1 now pay monthly rent.**

**This house belonged to my parents for well over 50 years before it came to me, and we have had the right of this plot from the Government on a monthly tenancy ever since.**

**I have applied for a loan from the Civil *Senants' Housing Loans* Board *for* improvement on the house, and approval has already been given by the Board, but the loan cannot be granted until I produce a lease of the plot. Unfortu­nately, I was not aware of this condition for when I received the approval of the loan in principal, I straight-away gave the work to a Building Contractor and paid him half the amount on an agreement to pay him the remaining half on completion of the work, hoping that I shall get the money from the Board when the work is certified complete.**

**I attach herewith plan No. 89 of 26/4/56 for the said building. All the work is complete and I have a certificate to this effect, but I cannot get the money to pay the Contractor without having the lease of the plot, and I request you Sir, to be good enough as to approve a lease on the said land for a period of 99 years with a clause for renewal.**

**The Contractor is pressing for his money arid to save me from falling into an outside mortgage of exorbitant interest, I shall be grateful to get your approval of the lease at your earliest convenience, for which I beg to thank you in advance.**

**I have the honour to be,**

**Sir, Your obedient servant,**

**Zaynab Himid Muhamed**

***Florence Lubega*DEBATE ON HIGHER EDUCATION**



**Uganda 1959 English**

**In 1959, Uganda was still under British colonial administration, and there were relatively few black Africans in parliament, let alone women. Of the forty-nine males in Uganda's law-making body, the Legislative Council (LEGCO), twenty-eight were whites and twenty-one blacks. There were four females in parliament, two blacks and two whites. Sarah Ntiro, a renowned scientist and academician, was one of the two black female parliamentarians. The other was Florence A. Lubega, the author of this piece on higher education.**

**In this speech to parliament, Florence Lubega is responding to a report on higher education in Eastern Africa, which includes recommendations for the future. In her eminently sensible and forward-thinking response to the report, Lubega anticipates the challenges that the Ugandan educational system will face in the years following independence (which would be achieved just a few years later, in 1962), and even up to the present day. Responding to plans for the creation of a second university, the Royal Technical Institute, Lubega argues that the nation should first attend to problems in secondary schools, which are failing to prepare students for higher education. She points to the fact that Uganda is not even pro­ducing enough qualified students to fill its long-established university, Makerere.**

**Makerere was and continues to be—one of the most prestigious universities in Eastern Africa, and a magnet for students from Kenya, Tanzania, and else­where. Lubega also wants to ensure adequate support for Makerere, which is lacking in well-trained teachers and other vital resources. "If another university is opened prematurely, Makerere may become crippled," she declares.**

**Based on this statement, it appears that Lubega has a sophisticated under­standing of such things as finance and strategic planning (more sophisticated, one suspects, than most of her male colleagues'). She argues against grand plans that do not reflect factual realities, and warns her fellow parliamentarians not to depend too much upon promises of financial support from Britain, which has evi­dently agreed to proyide funding for the new university.**

**It is remarkable to note how many of Florence Lubega's points still resonate in Uganda today. At the beginning of the twenty-first century, free secondary edu­cation was still available to less than a quarter of the nation's children, prortipting the government to announce an ambitious scheme for Universal Secondary Edu­cation (USE). While Uganda's progress in meeting its earlier goal of Universal Primary Education (UPE) has been widely praised, critics of USE echo the con­cerns expresse&by Lubega nearly fifty years earlier: Its success will rely largely on funds provided by Western donor nations, which not only may prove unreliable but also come with strings attached. Already Ugandan institutions—including its educational system have seen a dramatic move toward privatization, in part to meet growing demand, and in part to accommodate the structural adjustment policies demanded by the West. The qualifications of university staff also remains an issue in contemporary Uganda: The 1999 Mujaju Report shook up higher education by taking the position that all lecturers at Makerere University must have doctorates.**

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**Even the question of science education for women, so prevalent today, was on Lubega's agenda in 1958: "If we are to expect to have women doctors and women science teachers," she declares, "more science laboratories should be established in girls' schools."**

**DEBATE ON HIGHER EDUCATION + 193**

***Florence Ebila and Austin Bukenya***

**Mr. Speaker, listening to the honourable the Minister of Education and Labour last Friday, putting before the House in the most able way the proposals in the Report of the 1958 Working Party on Higher Education in East Africa, I could not help thinking that there was no need for fear in going ahead fast with the scheme, since the greatest obstacle has been removed; money was coming from Britain and the Minister himself had said that the Makerere College was not going to be interfered with in its development. We need more and more people to receive higher education and here is the way being opened. But Sir, looking at the report of the Working Party; and also at the White Paper on Higher Education in East Africa, and then turning to the White Paper on Education in Uganda 1958/59 by my own Government, I fail to see how the scheme could be brought into operation very soon until we have made enough provision for secondary education. And, although some territories have been able to do so, it is obvious that they are not going to get enough graduate teachers to teach in these schools. And so the scheme to improve higher education will not be a success. Therefore, Sir, I feel that the Minister's motion needs to be debated thoroughly in this House before it is noted and endorsed.**

**The problems should be pointed out, the difficulties and the need for careful thinking, careful timing, seriously emphasised. The proposal that there is need for additional institutions of higher education in East Africa and that the United Kingdom government is taking over the financing of these universities could not be more appreciated. And the fact that the East African Govern­ments, in proposing this scheme, were well aware of a number of difficult aca­demic and financial problems, makes me feel confident that there will be care­ful planning in the development of higher education in East Africa.**

**Sir, if I repeat what the Minister has already explained, I hope he will forgive me because I could ,not hear him clearly, because of sitting behind him. The Minister said in his speech that the Royal Technical College will be converted into a university in the next quinquennium and that will be in 1961. But he did not satisfy us as to why there is need for that urgency. Such a scheme as this requires a great deal of discussing by the public before implementing it. Great care should be taken on the question of timing, since on this will depend the future success of every university in East Africa, old and new, and of the stan­dards of higher education.**

**I would have liked the Minister to have gone at length into considerable details of the scheme; giving us at least a satisfactory picture of a steady flow of students from Uganda alone, who will be going to Makerere College for the**

next few years, without Kenya coming into the picture, and also the financing of Makerere and the other universities, so that we know how much Britain is proposing to spend on each university in the next quinquennium. For although we have been told by the Minister that the financing of these universities will be taken over by the United Kingdom government, I still feel, Sir, even Britain could be helped and advised not to take on "premature babies" too early.

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Although she is responsible and is committed to the building up of universi­ties in East Africa and elsewhere in the Commonwealth, by doing more hard thinking on our part and not allowing political pressure to make us act in haste unless we must, we could save Britain a great deal of worry for the discontent among the Africans not only as regards higher education, but other things as well, that seems to be prevailing in East Africa today.

It is known, and the Working Party commented on it, that there is some­thing like a state of emergency in East Africa, arising from the lack of young people with training needed to support a rapidly evolving society.

Now, one could say that here is a way of meeting that need, we are opening a new university to help these young people to be trained. But I still think that would be putting the "cart before the horse." It is impossible to build up univer­sities before we expand secondary education. In fact our present secondary edu­cation'standards cannot meet the requirements of two universities. If Makerere were filled to net cap'acity then we could open up a new university. Sir, the Working Party came to examine and advise on these proposals, they did not propose the scheme themselves. They were invited to come and make recom­mendations on the White Paper which was issued jointly by the East African Governments, and because of their great experience in the field of education and their knowledge, they warned us against falling into traps as regards devel­oping higher education in East Africa. They made it clear from the start that secondary education and higher education are mutually beneficial and necessar­ily bound up together.

Sir, they warned us that, without an adequate flow of good students from senior secondary schools, the colleges would suffer great handicaps and their development would be delayed and that to flood our universities with students of low qualifications would be a serious disservice to the communities at this stage of their development and would be unduly expensive. University planning should, therefore, be related to the progress of the scheme for the development and multiplication of secondary schools in all the territories. The introduction of the sixth forms in increasing numbers should be thought of seriously as an essential condition of full University development before we open up another university in the near future. Also, Sir, we cannot hope for good secondary schools which are to feed these universities, functioning without a staff of thor­oughly well-trained teachers. .. .

MO.kerere is still having difficulty in recruiting its staff and it had 20 senior staff vacancies last August, and I have been told there are even more vacancies now The staff are overworking at Makerere College and they have no time for

**research. Now, I should like to know how many members of staff there are at the Royal Technical College, and why those people do not get transferred to Makerere College and to fill up these 20 vacancies, and some more, which I hear they have got now If they fill up that gap they will relieve the people at Makerere from overworking, and leave them free to get on with their research.**

**DEBATE ON HIGHER EDUCATION ♦ 195**

**The Working Party also stressed the point that it is of vital importance that, in spite of all the difficulties, every effort should be made to search the world over for the ablest men and women to be lecturers in these universities. I should like to know what the Royal Technical College has done about recruiting its staff?**

**Sir, another point is the financial problem; although we have been told that Britain is going to finance these universities, we have already heard what the Financial Secretaries in all these territories have said, that they have run out of money, and we know.that the position is not to be recovered overnight. Their revenues are too small in proportion to the country's current needs. I do not think Britain can give us every single cent to use in these universities. We assume we will take part in the financing of these universities. I should like to hear from the honourable the Minister of Education as to how the govern­ments of East Africa are going to make their contributions when we have more than one university. I should also like, with all due respect, to ask the East African governments to follow the good example of the British Parliament; of submitting, and well in advance, university programmes covering say five, six or seven years, and secondary school programmes, for the public to see, or for the House to be able to discuss.**

**You may say that Britain has money to help her to make plans well ahead, but I believe that, although we have limited funds, we can still give a fair picture of what it will be like in the next five or six years if we start another university. I should like therefore, Sir, to ask all the governments to draw up their univer­sity programmes stating how many students will be forthcoming during those years, with either Higher School Certificate or School Certificate first grade qualifications. How many of those will go to Makerere College andhow many to the Royal Technical College and how many to the new university, if it is started during the next quinquennium?**

**They should also show the senior secondary school development pro­grammes. Although Kenya has already done so to some extent, we could still have some more information on how they are going to get the teachers, and graduate teachers, to teach in their new schools.**

**I feel the graduate teachers are the main obstacle. Sir, these two programmes are essential to the .steady development of our universities, and as responsible governments we could not do without them. I want this point to be taken seri­ously by the Minister of Education and Labour, for these universities must be judged, not according to the political power in each territory, but exactly judged in relation to the supply of students of good quality if we expect our universities to have success in international standing and to attract students even from**

outside East Africa. One college may have enough of such good students but what about another? We must work in co-operation and have higher education discussed together. Unless we do so it is likely that staff, time, energy and money will be wasted. If another university is opened prematurely, Makerere may become crippled.

**196 + THE Mm-IVENTIErn CENTURY (1936-1969)**

Let us turn to Makerere College now It is important to see that Makerere, as the University College of East Africa—for it does not consider itself to belong only to Uganda, since it draws students from all the territories—emerges successfully from its special relationship with the University of Lon­don not later than 1966. We should not propose new schemes to interfere with this work. Sir, if this timing is not given serious thought and careful considera­tion, very grave damage may be done to the cause of higher education in East Africa and the success already achieved may be in danger of coming to an end.

Makerere should be allowed to admit students from all over East Africa in the next quinquennium, then left to its own development towards academic autonomy at the end of that quinquennium. This institution is now eleven years old, but I am subject to correction here. I think it started in 1949 and, in the same year, it started degree work and it has been doing wonderful. work from the reports we study; and I am sure that we could still ask for it to remain, in the future, the co-ordinating university of East Africa. It has also been stated, and I think it is correct, that it has 895 students from all over East Africa and is not yet filled to its capacity....

Now, supposing we start at the beginning of the quinquennium, let us assume that the Royal Technical College is allowed to start, as suggested in the report of the Working Party, a Faculty of Arts and Science. Since °I believe Makerere College draws more students from Kenya than anywhere else into these faculties, I should like the honourable the Minister of Education and Labour to show us how we are going to fill up that gap. It must be realised that the staff at Makerere are doing more work than they need, in order to coach students in the preliminary year to get to Higher School' Certificate standard for their degree work. They are anxious to stop this and this means that we have to start Higher School Certificate courses in as many secondary schools as pos­sible. Makerere College is also doing some other work and that is to improve the English of the students in order to make it better for their work as degree students. We hope that the honourable the Minister of Education and Labour is going to note these very important points and give the lecturers at Makerere time to do their proper work and research, without doing the sort of work that should be done in secondary schools.

Now, let us look at the problem in Uganda alone of secondary education. Secondary education in Uganda has to improve if Kenya and Tanganyika are going to keep their own students. It has been often stateckhat the best students at Makerere College do not come from Uganda. Why? It has also been often stated that the English of the students from Uganda is not as good as it should be. This is another matter that the Minister could probably look into and see

**how it could be improved. In the White Paper on Education in Uganda on page 9 it says: "Academic courses leading to School Certificate will continue to be provided as at present in the senior secondary schools. It is an aim of policy to transfer to the schools work at the higher school certificate level and to this end three schools will start the two-year course for higher certificate in 1959, in arts and science; while a further school will start in 1960. In the beginning these courses must be partly experimental and it is felt desirable to review the early results before expanding or increasing the courses at present contemplated. No further expansion of Higher School Certificate work will therefore take place for four years, at the end of which time the matter willtbe reviewed in the` light of experience." Now this is the statement, Sir, which I found contradictory to the White Paper on Higher Education. We are faced with another university, and it means, if we are to do Makerere justice, that we have to start Higher School Certificate work straight away without even making experiments. But how are we going to do it? Where will the teachers come from? That is the question; Makerere should not feel that it has to depend on Kenya and Tan­ganyika students.**

**DEBATE ON HIGHER EDUCATION + 197**

**The White Paper on education in Uganda also says, Sir, that it must be repeated, that from any one group of children, no more than one-fifth are likely to be suitable for an academic course. As far as finance permits, therefore, the Government will aim at providing places in academic course in senior second­ary schools for a maximum of one-fifth of the children who complete the best course; but our children fail a great deal because of their English, so we cannot rely on one-fifth coming through straight away. The report also goes on to say that to provide a good secondary education fully qualified specialist staff are required, together with the specialist facilities such as science laboratories. That is another point, Sir, I should like to look into. How many science laboratories have we in our secondary schools and if we want more where will the money come from? Makerere draws most of its students from Kenya and Tanganyika for the Science Faculty, and if we have to get students from Uganda alone to feed Makerere in the next quinquennium, how could that be done. And even if we forget the next quinquennium, I still feel that something should be started straight away on the lines of having good science laboratories in secondary schools. Science teaching in most of our schools is very poor indeed, because there are not enough teachers and not enough equipment, especially in girls' schools. If we are to expect to have women doctors and women science teach­ers, more science laboratories should be established in girls' schools.**

**mentioned earlier on, Sir, the problem of English in our secondary schools and that the Makerere staff was doing most of the work to improve the English of the students before they start their degree work. The teaching of English needs a great deal of improving in many schools in Uganda. Very often I meet students who have failed to get into Makerere and many people will agree with me that it is not because they are not intelligent enough, but because they had a bad start learning English and they have not had good teachers to teach them**

**the language, which is the medium of instruction. I feel sorry for these young men and women who are really very intelligent but who, because of failing in one or two subjects and it is not altogether their fault but the fault of the bad teaching and especially in the subject of English—miss their chance and cannot achieve their ambitions.**

**198 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

**There is another point, Sir, which I should very much like to emphasise; to see if an investigation could be made to find out if these people are really stupid and unable to manage the course in higher education. There are many people who meet these young men and women and who feel absolutely sure that, if they were given another chance, taught English by either a European or a very well-trained African in the teaching of English, they would get their degree straight away without any difficulty.**

**Another matter, Sir, which is in the White Paper on Education in Uganda 1958/59 and is contrary to the recommendation in the White Paper on Higher Education and the report of the 1958 Working Party, is on page 16 of that White Paper and reads as follows: "To a great extent the curricula and syl­labuses of secondary schools are tied by the requirements of the Cambridge Overseas Certificate. It has been, and will continue to be, the responsibility of each school which offers a School Certificate course to plan its own work. Assistance is given, in the form of conferences and refresher courses, arranged either at Makerere College for teachers from the whole of East Africa, or at training colleges for teachers in Uganda. The help which the staff of Makerere College—in particular the Faculty of Education—has given towards the improvement of the standards of teaching in secondary schools of the Protec­torate has been most valuable and much appreciated. It is intended.that confer­ences and refresher courses on specific subjects should continue to be held in the future, as they have in the past."**

**This is a very slow development. I feel, Sir, that there should be a definite plan and improvement on these two points. As regards Cambridge School Cer­tificate, how can each school plan its own work? And again, unless you have got very good, and able teachers to do so, how can we go ahead quickly? This raises the question of the Working Party's recommendations on Makerere College, advising on courses being taken in secondary schools. I should like to know, Sir, if Makerere College has already started or will be starting very soon this job of trying to advise on syllabuses and courses for secondary schools.**

**The last point, Sir, is the teacher training colleges or the duty of training teachers. I should like the honourable the Minister of Education and Labour to look into the question of teacher training in Uganda, to see if we could not raise the standards in many of the colleges, and to see that the teachers receive extra time to study the teaching of English. They also need more help generally, such as putting the children first before anything else, so that they would be saved from failing in their examinations without any good reason. It has been expressed several times that Uganda has not a good secondary school system, designed to feed Makerere College. I have not made investigations for this**

statement but I think I have mentioned enough points to make me believe that we have not got a good secondary school system designed to feed Makerere without difficulty, in turning out students of good quality. I cannot see how we can start another university and leave Makerere in the standards of our second­ary education, and then see that, at the end of the next quinquennium, the Royal Technical College starts its own courses. Sir, with these observations, I beg to note and endorse the report of the 1958 Working Party on Higher Edu­cation in East Africa.

**ON EDUCATION + 199**

***Joyce Masembe Mpanga*ON EDUCATION**

**Uganda 1961, 1989 English**

**Born Joyce Masembe in 1935 in the Buganda area of central Uganda, Joyce Mpanga graduated from the two best-known Anglican-run girls' high schools in the country, the Lady Irene College in Ndejje and Gayaza High School. She went on to take a degree in history at'Uganda's Makerere University before proceeding to Indiana University, where she earned a master's degree in education in 1962—probably the first graduate degree ever earned by an East African woman. Upon her return from studies abroad, she served as the first African deputy head teacher at Gayaza High School.**

**Joyce Mpanga's leadership qualities and her excellent education had caught the attention of British colonial administrators, who nominated her to the coun­try's law-making body, the Legislative Council (LEGCO) in the heady days just before independence. Joining her two fellow Gayaza alumnae, Sarah Ntiro and Florence Lubega, in the LEGCO, Mpanga soon established herself as an elo­quent advocate of women's rights, and especially of enlightened educational poli­cies. She was to remain in politics, with changing fortunes, for the next forty years. At independence in 1962 she was elected to parliament, where she was part of the first coalition government of Milton Obote. But when Obote abrogated the independence constitution in 1966 and abolished the Buganda Kingdom's autonomous government, in which Mpanga's husband Fred Mpanga served as attorney general, the family had to flee to London. As Uganda experienced coups and countercoups, she returned in 1972, only to flee once more, this time to Kenya, and for a longer period still.**

**In 1986, under the new government of President Yoweri Museveni, Joyce Mpanga was appointed the first minister for women in development. Later she became state minister kr primary education. She was elected women's member of parliament for her home district of Mubende, serving in parliament until 2001.**

**Among Mpanga's achievements are her distinguished service as deputy secre­tary to the East African Examinations Council:, as chair of the Uganda Council of Women; and, alongside Janet Museveni, as chair of the founding task force of the Uganda Women's Effort to Save Orphans, a nongovernmental organization**

formed in response to the ravages of war and the HIV/AIDS pandemic. Joyce Mpanga was also called upon, after the 1994 genocide in Rwanda, to help set up a ministry of gender and community development there. She continues to serve on several national and international boards and committees, including the Board of Evaluation of External Support for Education in developing countries.

**200 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

In Joyce Mpanga's June 1961 speech to the Legislative Council, she explains her three-pronged opposition to the motion in support of the Ministry of Educa­tion's budget. First, she deplores the meagerness of the funds allocated to educa­tional services, anticipating, rightly, that this would require parents to pay higher school fees for their children—and knowing that whenever school fees become too heavy for parents, girls are the ones to be withdrawn from school even when their brothers stay on. Second, she notes with dismay the ministry's failure to pro­vide the necessary resources to prepare students for real-life work, and also deplores the blatant inequalities in the admission of women to the few technical institutions available. Third, she faults the ministry's proposals for their flippancy about disabled children **and** other socially disadvantaged students. Nearly all the problems Mpanga finds in 1961's educational proposals still afflict Uganda's edu­cation and employment system today, some even more critically.

In 1989, Gayaza High School's *Golden Jubilee* magazine published Joyce Mpanga's essay recalling her years as a student in the late 1940s and early 1950s. She was the "head girl" at Gayaza during a crucial stage in the school's develop­ment, when it was establishing a full-fledged secondary section that prepared young women for university. In the course of her narrative, she mentions the donation of a block of classrooms by "His Highness the *Kabaka,"* Edward Mutesa, the traditional ruler of the Baganda, who was later the first president of Uganda. She also mentions Joan Cox, the Englishwoman who spent all her work­ing life at Gaya.za, founded its secondary section and headed it for thirty years, and then wrote a history of the school.

These recollections provide a sense of the spirit of self-respect and confidence that Gayaza came to inspire in its graduates. Founded by Anglican missionaries in 1905 to prepare prospective wives for the educated sons of Buganda aristocrats, Gayaza later became the training ground for Uganda's women leaders in all fields—including most of the Ugandan women who appear in this volume. What Joyce Mpanga describes as the "Gayaza way of doing things" reflects the philoso­phy of the new Ugandan woman: spiritual, caring, articulate, self-confident, and determined, epitomizing Gayaza's motto, "Never Give Up."

*Austin Bukenya*

**SPEECH TO THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL**

**Mr. Speaker, I rise to oppose the motion and these are my reasons. Much has been said about education and I will try not to repeat what others have said, but I entirely agree with whatever has been said, especially about girl's education. Sir, our educational needs are many, our funds are limited, and I also appreciate the fact that the minister of finance was faced with the problem of funding: which project would give the quicker return. It is true, sir, that education is a**

very slow process, but I believe it is a very good investment and we will not lose by investing more in it. At this stage of development, Sir, we cannot afford to waste any educational chances and we must set ourselves a goal, and it should be to make education available to each and every child in Uganda.

**ON EDUCATION + 201**

It is their birthright to be educated, but this, I agree, cannot be done in a day but we must gradually work towards it. In this year's budget, Mr. Speaker, it is very distressing to see that instead of making education more and more available to the children, we have made it more unavailable for them by reducing the grants to schools, and as a result fees might go up and parents will find they can­not afford to send their children to school. My main worry about this, Sir, is that very often when a parent cannot afford school fees he•always asks the girl to stay at home because he believes that a boy needs it more. I feel, that as we are taxing these people more we should satisfy their needs more and this we should give by giving them more education and increasing the facilities for education.

Looking at the budget again, Sir, it is very distressing to see that in spite of the almost complete lack of classroom equipment, there is not anything said about it and there is no money given towards this end. Someone said yesterday that there might be something wrong with our education system and I think this is one of those things which are wrong, especially [in] primary and junior secondary schools. The government should see that steps are taken to provide good facilities for good teaching.

While this budget caters for leper children, it completely ignores all other handicapped children. The minister of finance is aware that this is creating a problem. He says somewhere in his speech that there is a class of unemployed educated people and he admits too that they are frustrated but what has the government done towards this before it becomes acute. Children leave primary six and junior secondary two when they are too young to be employed by pri­vate companies and to be taken in training centers, and it has been the govern­ment policy in the past to see that they get jobs, but we have been told last week by the permanent secretary to the minister of education that he expects about a quarter or half of these children who could not go to senior secondary schools to return back to the land, but how much are we giving them to enable them to go back to the land and work? How much do these pupils at the age of 13 or 12 know to go back and be able to fit on the land and make it more productive? Why can't we, then, instead of sending them straight back when they are still young, give them education in scientific methods of farming and then expect to get better results from them? The minister of finance, Sir, said that he is inter­ested in increased production. I feel we should look at our problem in a more realistic way. It is a fact, Sir, that about 50 per cent or over 50 per cent of our farming in Uganda is in the hands of women, and yet in spite of this there are only three girls at Bukalasa, and this is a course for senior secondary girls, but the majority of the girls who leave primary six and junior secondary two are those who go back to the land and actually live on the land and are not given any facilities to be taught agriculture. If we are to stop giving lip service both to

**increased production and girls' education, we should give girls more facilities for agriculture training and production. Let us not wait until they are too old and have gone wrong, and then give them the training. I completely deplore the fact that in spite of increased industries, there is a complete lack of industrial training.**

**202 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

**GAYAZA HIGH SCHOOL AT THE DAWN OF MODERN TIMES, 1947-1952**

**My introduction to Gayaza High School was nothing very impressive. My pri­mary school, Ndejje High School, had much better buildings, but despite all this I was still excited over the fact that I had made it to this famous school. The compound, as we were to learn later, was often overgrown and at one time we cut the grass ourselves. All classrooms were grass thatched, mud and wattle walls—white washed—and a number of such temporary buildings went up, whenever there was need. Then what was it that people made so much fuss about? It was only later as you grew up that you discovered that it was a number of so many intangible things, like living and learning, that there is a Gayaza way of doing things, like learning to share experiences and improving together. It was a spirit of togetherness that bound the whole family together. It was the pride of belonging to a school with history, a school so respected by all in soci­ety, and a school that taught pride in real values—not materialistic—but we learnt to be content with the little we had.**

**It did not take you long to discover that although the Chapel was tucked behind the Headmistress's house, it was the center of life at Gayaza. In the Holy Week we took all benches and chairs out and sat on the mats on that uneven floor. Each day beginning with Psalm Sunday we acted the event of the Day.,On Good Friday we acted a Crucifixion play adapted by Miss Cox from *A Man Born to Be King.* Miss Patterson did the costumes; Miss Corby and later Miss Galer arranged the music. It was a team production. The parts were played by the same people every year; they were only replaced when they left school or if one's behavior did not merit being an actor in a Holy Play. It was taken as a disgrace when that happened. Some years the public and parents were invited, other times not. Yet each year that play had new meaning for you and each year many people were so emotionally involved that they cried at the Crucifixion.**

**The dawn of modern times started with the coming of electricity and the opening of the new classrooms built in the woods where they now stand. His Highness the Kabaka visited Gayaza just after the Art Room was condemned. He gave the school a gift of four classrooms. It took weeks to prepare for his visit, and we were all excited when it resulted into the promised gift. Talks of the new building materialized and we began to see the eucalyptus trees cleared, and materials brought in. At about the same time our dormitories were wired for electricity. Then the day came, you entered the dormitory, switched on a**

**light, and that put an end to the whole house of seventeen to twenty people crowding around one hurricane lamp on the floor in revision time. The school programme changed too. We then did our Prep after supper, and the games period after tea was extended. It meant too that, if it was your turn to prepare breakfast** *for* **the school, you had enough** *time* **to** *collect* **the water** *from* **the pump near the Konko Valley. We took it in turns to do that and we worked in pairs. If you had no strength to bring enough water and collect firewood and there was not enough tea or porridge, the hungry eyes looked at you in accusa­tion. This was enough incentive to do the job well. Thanks to the coming of electricity one didn't have to miss "Prep." We took the event of the coming of electricity in our stride. The only strange change for which I have never been able to find a justifiable answer was the strict rule set in connection with the main switch. This switch was [placed] very high [on a wall]. It switched off all the lights in the dormitories and dining room, for our classrooms were then grass-thatched and had no electricity yet. The members of staff decreed that the light should be switched on at 6:30** P.M. **and switched off at 10** P.M. **at lights out. And so it was.**

**ON EDUCATION 4. 203**

**The makers of the decree were the only people to touch the main switch. Finding it was too high for any of them to reach, a special stick was designed and made by the school carpenter, and with this, only the staff on duty switched on or switched off the lights at the appointed time. I was the only one who shared this privilege with members of staff—for as a head girl, for two years I was the person on duty every Thursday. Obediently I used to walk from my dormitory to Bethlehem, rthe staff house, to fetch the stick, and at 10** P.M. **I would walk back to Bethlehem to return the stick. I have never known why I did not take a broomstick to do it and save myself the walking. At one occasion, Busoga College Mwiri [a boys' school] visited the school. They were to stay overnight. We had a concert in the dining room beyond ten. Miss Cox had allowed us to have it without the supervision of the members of staff. It was done in good faith to give the girls and boys a good time, and as we found out later it was a test to see how we could keep the good name of the school in mixed company. As head girl I had decided to extend the concert beyond lights out and my friends seconded the idea. At 10** P.M. **sharp the matron switched off the main switch and the boys and girls yelled. We quickly had our conference, and decided not to let the Mwiri boys find out that they do this to us—so this time, I ran to Augustine and using a broom stick, I switched on the light. "Temporary fault" we all declared to the boys. The.Matron could not forgive me for this misbehavior but Miss Cox did.. ..**

**This period would not be complete if I did not tell you about our class. After Junior III, there were five of us left and promoted to what we called Secondary 4. We were short of classrooms. There were two girls, pioneers of Secondary 5. These were Eseza Nsibirwa (now Eseza Kironde), who was specializing in domestic science to join a domestic science college the following year, and Beatrice Nakaweesa (now Beatrice Kuuya), specializing in fine arts at Makerere**

**the following year. . . . We shared the same crass and practically did the same lessons except in their field of specialty: Occasionally Miss Cox asked Sec­ondary 5 and Secondary 4 to stand up after us. These were the times we remembered that we were two different classes.**

**204 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

**The following year there were four of us left—we still had the same prob­lem. We found ourselves sleeping in one side of the Wilberforce House, a room in the middle of the old dormitory of which one side was demolished so our classroom was on the other side of the same room. This was to be the home of the first School Certificate Class. If a teacher came too early, before we finished our drinks at break time, cups or glasses went under the desks, and we giggled as she went around in case we were discovered. In our final year, we had a doc­tor from India, a friend of Miss Cox, coming to Gayaza for holidays. She declared our diet insufficient for growing brains, particularly for the School Certificate Class. This was the beginning of many delicious dishes sent spe­cially from Miss Cox's house to supplement our diet. We enjoyed milk, eggs, and other delicacies; then, when examinations were near, a pot of steaming stew, warmed daily by an officially-appointed girl. We must have been envied by other girls... .**

**To end on a personal note, I must say Gayaza prepared me well for life after school. I came to Gayaza a shy and self-conscious girl who did not like to be noticed by other people, particularly my teachers. I ended my school career as a head girl, taking prayers, giving out notices in assembly, handling girls, and mobilizing them to do community work. Gayaza gave me the moral values that have enabled me to live in Uganda. Training for leadership for me started early in life—being the eldest girl in the family, nobody allowed me to be young. Gayaza. trained me for responsibility, from being a letter monitress to being a head girl. As head girl, you had to make important speeches; you had to be on duty and had to learnpublic relations with the staff and children to ease your work. Judgment of what is.right, what to say, of people's character became your daily activity: This has assisted me in my work as a teacher, a deputy head-. mistress, and a lecturer, an Assistant Secretary in the East African Examina­tions Council, a Deputy Chairman, Public Service Commission and now as a Minister.**

**I have known Gayaza High School, first as a student, a head girl for two years, a Deputy Headmistress, a parent and now as a member,of the Board of Governors for a lbng time. I feel proud to have been called to this great society where we value service above self: where nothing but the best is good enough; where we never give up. In other words, we don't accept,defeat—other people should learn from us: where we learnt to be creative and use our imagination to overcome our difficulties; where there is a will there is a way.**

***Anonymous*PRAISED BE JESUS CHRIST: A LETTER**

**PRAISED BE JESUS CHRIST:A LETTER + 205**

Tanzania 1963 Kiswahili

Mbeya, in southwestern Tanzania, occupies rich, fertile soils with enough rain to support paddy, maize, plantain, coffee, and tea cultivation, as well as livestock. The strong agricultural community has supported relatively permanent social for­mations, although a vacuum was created by the migration of young men to South Africa and to Northern and Southern Rhodesia seeking employment in various colonial ventures in the early 1900s. Traditionallx, social arrangements were determined by elders; elders from two families negotiated marriage terms, and often fixed a wedding date without seeking the marrying couple's consent. The couple was not expected to object to the arrangement, since marriage was not an individual matter but a community concern.

At the same time, Christian missionary activities in the area had begun in the late nineteenth century. Many children were sent to mission schools, sometimes boarding there, and a few girls and boys were taken in to live at the missions. Some of these were freed slaves, who thought of the church as their savior. Life education, baptism, and other religious teaching gave these young people new norms, attitudes, beliefs, and culture—in effect, new identities, redefined to suit a new sociocultural and ideological environment.

Along with new social and cultural values, the missions brought somewhat expanded choices for women: A young woman could become a nun, stay and work for the convent or mission, or return to her family and get married. Traditional marriage allowed for polygamy as an option; Christian marriage forbade it. Tradi­tion called for obedience to the community elders; Christianity for obedience to God and the church. Christianity thus became a springboard for cultural conflict.

Such conflict is reflected in this letter, from a young woman at the Galula Roman Catholic Mission in Mbeya to her father at home in her village. The sig­nature on the letter is not legible and the writes name is not known.

*Rehema Nchimbi*

Galula Mission

P.O. Box 179

Mbeya Diocese

15-6-1963

To You

**Dear** Father,

Praised be Jesus Christ.

It is my hope that you are all well in your household and enjoying good health as you informed me in your letter. **I** am very well indeed; God Almighty has taken good care of me.

I am writing this letter dear father with the aim of beseeching you to under­stand me your daughter. As regards relations with men and getting married,

God has not arranged it for me. I have a calling to become a nun and my life here in the convent is a happy one and full of hope.

**206 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

Regarding that K'anzaga the son of Mr. Suha from whom you claim to have already received five head of cattle as bride wealth for me, I have never talked to him about anything whatsoever. I am therefore advising you to return all their cattle and to disabuse yourselves of the idea that a day will come when I will get married.

God, the Beloved father, is the one who gives one a good husband or wife. Therefore, it is not good to receive people's property without knowing what your child says herself about the prospective husband.

Let me end my letter here today. Greetings to my mother and my young brothers and sisters. The Head of the convent sends her regards.

I am your loving child,

*Translated by Kapepwa Tambila*

***Princess Nakatindi*THE PRINCESS OF POLITICS**

Zambia 1963, 1971 English

**The first Zambian woman from a royal household to participate in politics, Princess Nakatindi was the daughter and granddaughter of** *litungas,* **or kings, of Barotseland. She was the first member of the Barotse royal family to complete junior secondary school, and later she studied in South Africa among such future leaders as Seretse Khama, who became the first president of Botswana. In the days before Zapibian independence, the Barotse royal family maintained good relations witIi the British, which had granted Barotseland a measure of autonomy within the colony of Northern Rhodesia. Nakatindi, however, defied her family by joining the Zambian freedom struggle in the early 1960s, at a time when the colonial government described members of the liberation movement as cannibals and murderers. Nakatindi, a mother of eleven children, would go on to become the first director of the Women's Brigade, the first woman member of the United National Independence Party's** (UNIP) Central **Committtee, and the first woman to be appointed permanent secretary in the Zambian Civil Service. She was a junior minister from 1965 to 1968 and later became Zambia's permanent representative to the United Nations.**

**The first of the following extracts comes from an informal talk Nakatindi gave at a party rally in 1963, to celebrate the departure for England of Kenneth Kaunda, who the following year became the first president of independent Zam­bia. In this speech she identifies herself and Zambian motherhood with the causes of political struggle. In Nakatindi's 1971 speech, she speaks as both a patriot and a feminist. After making a plea for national unity across tribal lines, she asserts that women must have the same rights and opportunities as men, so**

**that they may make an equal contribution to building their young nation. (Some of the issues she mentions in 1971 have been acted on: The Intestate Succession Act of 1989, for example, protects widows from losing their property.) This speech was covered by the *Sunday Times of Zambia,* and published under the headline, "The Princess of Politics."**

**THE PRINCESS OF POLITICS + 207**

***Boston E. Maseko and Nalishebo N Meebelo***

**BLESSING THE JOURNEY OF KENNETH KAUNDA**

**It is a great honour to be given the opportunity of opening this rally, I am very grateful indeed and I am certain this pride does not fill my heart alone but also that of all women in this country. May I therefore address myself on behalf of all women to the President before he goes on this important trip to England in order to fight for independence we so long to get. Sir; we as mothers of this country are the ones who brought up all the people. We rear the young and helpless babies until they grow into manhood and womanhood. We know by heart if our children are well or unwell, whether they are small or grown up. Our children and the people of our country are always close to our hearts.In our customs at home, a mother lifts up her breasts when she gives blessings to a person spoken to. I am doing this now for all mothers of this country, blessing you and wishing you luck and success for your important task. We are saying farewell to you, sir, hoping that you may not come back empty handed, but bring with you the freedom and independence we are so anxiously waiting for. May your trip be blessed and the day of your return be crowned with success.**

**THE PRINCESS OF POLITICS**

**Public life is in my blood. My father was the Litunga of Barotseland and from early childhood I watched him making speeches and helping people. I was reared to the idea of public service. I was the first member of the royal family to join the freedom struggle, and I had to break through traditional ways of living in order to join the fight.**

**In those days Barotseland stood very strongly against joining with President Kaunda and his people. But I knew it was no use for us to try to stand, alone. To be successful the nation had to stand as one family. The Colonial Government has given the Barotse people the idea that they would lose their identity and their rights if they joined with the rest of the country. I never did believe their stories. I said if we joined the freedom movement a Zambian government would listen to our needs and honour our way of living.**

**I used to meet and talk with the men who were detained in Barotseland. We had been told by the Colonial Government, that they were cannibals and mur­derers. But I found they were just men fighting for their rights and I decided to join them in the struggle. I was never gaoled. I don't think the government**

dared to put a woman into prison. But they issued many strong warnings and went to my uncle, the Litunga, to try to influence him that I was a bad person, mixing with equally bad people. I reminded my uncle that my father—his elder brother —who had been the Litunga before him, had always taught us that we should not segregate along tribal lines. That we were all people together.

**208 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

I regret 'nothing about those days. I believe wholeheartedly that my stand had been justified by events. Zambia has done so much more for the Western Province than the Colonial and Federal Governments ever did in the past. I was the only woman to fight the election of 1962 and I won. Of course it was unheard of in those times for a woman to dirty her hands with politics. Some people thought I was mad. My family disapproved strongly. Not only was I going against Royal tradition, but some believed that I was selling them to the UNIP people. For me, the winning of independence was just a beginning. I still see very clear goals for myself and for Zambia. We must crush the tribalism that has grown up since independence.

During the struggle we were all united. But since then we have tended to drift back to tribal thinking. We must also fight for economic independence. We have political power but without economic power we cannot really be free. But my personal goal, the one that absorbs my personal energies is to promote the women of Zambia. In the past we women were in the kitchen. Now that is not so. We have realized that we can do the same work as the men—apart from very heavy jobs in the mines and so on. Women have the same brainpower as men. All they need is a chance to take their rightful place alongside their menfolk.

The.government is giving us that chance and we are lucky to have a Presi­dent who is keen to see women uplift themselves. We have been thrown the ball—it is up to us to catch it. Of course I don't expect all women to enter politics. That would be a foolish idea. I just want to see them become better educated—in fact, I think it's more important to educate a woman than a man. After all women are the mothers. What they teach their children is never lost. What we learn froin the cradle is .with us all our lives. And women are sincere.

There are some husbands, too, who don't like to see their wives in public life. So much depends on the family and on the beliefs of the husband. If a husband realizes 'that it is important for his wife to be educated and contribute to society, then he will be willing to help and encourage her. I have known husbands to look after the children while the wives go abroad to further their studies. 1 admire such men.

I have been very fortunate in this respect. My husband, Mr. Nganga, who is the Prince Consdrt, Malundwelo, is very understanding. It would be very diffi­cult for me to enter politics if he hadn't agreed. He has always given me support and helps me in my work as a chief. Fortunately he also agrees with my ideas on women's rights—there would be a lot of arguments in our home otherwise!

There are changes I would like to see made. I would like to see widows pro­tected by law. Tribal custom often dictates that a widow's property can be taken

**away by her husband's relatives. Sometimes she is even beaten by them. This must be changed. I also want to see a national board of all women's organiza­tions set up. A body that is non-party political and where we can all be free to express our views and promote the welfare of women.**

**LETTER ON SECLUSION + 209**

**My life is very full even though I lost my Parliamentary seat in 1967. For a time, I was ill and was ordered to stop some of my activities. But I am right back into things again. If the next general election was near I'd certainly stand again. But it's too far away at the moment for me to make any decisions. Perhaps, perhaps not. I simply want to serve my people and the nation. I'm proud of what I did in the past and I don't worry about what will happen in the future. . . I prefer to stand by what I have done already and leave the future to itself.**

***S. Nyakire*LETTER ON SECLUSION**

**Tanzania 1964 Kiswahili**

**This letter appeared in *Kiongozi,* a periodical owned by the Catholic Church and first published in the 1940s in Tabora, in the west of what was then Tanganyika. In the 1950s it openly took the side of the nationalists struggling for independence from Britain. It also initiated debates on such important issues as the payment of dowry, the viability of marriages between "educated" men and "non-educated" women and vice-versa, interethnic and interracial marriages, and various aspects of development. For a newspaper produced in a provincial town, it was quite progressive.**

**Nothing is known about Mrs. S. Nyakire, other than the fact that she wrote from Masasi, in southern Tanzania. A check on her return address reveals that the post office box' was being used by the Ministry of Agriculture in 1996. Since min­istries seldom change their postal addresses, it is likely that Nyakire was somehow connected with that ministry.**

**Nyakire writes in response to a previously published letter concerning the practice of keeping women in seclusion. This custom was and still is common in some parts of the Islamic East African coast. It was not generally enforced by African Muslims in the interior, except by those of Arab descent, many of whom were shopkeepers. Mr. Latif Tajmohamed, the person who provoked Mrs. Nyakire's letter, lived in Bukene, which used to have sizable numbers of Arabs residing in its rural areas. Many of them were married to black African women, who were more likely to rebel against the custom of secluding women. The term *Wamatumbi,* though an ethnic group in the southeast of Tanzania, was used in 1964 to connote black people generally.**

**Written just a year after Tanzania achieved independence, Nyakire's letter challenges the custom not only because it is oppressive to women, but because it is damaging to the welfare of the new nation. She calls for women to participate**

**in developing the country, citing the Kiswahili term "barambee"—"pulling together"—which had been adopted by Jomo Kenyatta as the slogan ofTanzania's newly independent neighbor, Kenya.**

**210 + THE Mm-TwENTJETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

***Kapepwa Tainbila***

**Arabs and Tradition**

**Publisher of *Kiongozi***

**Sir,**

**Allow me space in our esteemed paper so that I can enlighten Mr. Latif Tajmo­hamed of Bukene on the above subject, [in response to] what was published in *Kiongozi* of 1/6/1964.**

**Keeping women in seclusion in the house cannot be compared to wearing long beards or robes and turbans. Such practices are purely personal, intended to attract attention. It appears from your statement that to you women have no value whatsoever, that they are on a par with robes, turbans, and beards. You do not realize that women form the basis of a healthy and generally prosperous household. If you keep the woman permanently secluded, who will implement or be responsible for the five-year-plan? Or are you suggesting that we should leave this plan to our men only?**

**I agree with you that keeping women in seclusion is an Arab custom; how­ever, you should not think that every custom is good. That is one of the worst customs and should be fought against. I am pretty certain that those who are thus secluded db not like it. It is like children playing by throwing stones into the water, unaware that they are thus endangering the lives of the frogs.**

**You say the Arabs [women] are deserting [their husbands] because of that custom. I do not think that is the case. After all most of the women are Wama­*tumbi,* who are secluded against their own will, owing to Arab jealousy. Their desertion is a lesser evil than allowing them to retard their development.**

**Are you indeed aware of the call by Kenya's Father of the Nation? *Harambee!* [Let's pull together.] Is this *Harambee* for men only?**

**There! Sisters, this is the time: Time to better our lives! What do you say?**

**Yours,**

**Mrs. S. Nyakire**

**P.O. Box 21, Masasi**

***Translated by M.M. Mulokozi***

***Genda Mislay Loki***

**AN UNUSUAL GIRLHOOD + 211**

**AN UNUSUAL GIRLHOOD**

**Tanzania 1964 Iraqw**

**Genda Mislay Lohi's exact birth date is unknown. Her account notes that when the Germans arrived in Mbulu, in northern Tanzania, her third-born son was "at the age of paying the head tax," which was about eighteen years old. The Germans arrived in 1890, although Grandma Genda's family might have encountered them some time later. The earliest events she describes, therefore, must have taken place some time in the 1850s or 1860s. Since Grandma Genda related this story to her great-grandchildren in the early 1960s, she clearly lived a long life. This story was written down by Martha Qorro, Grandma Genda's great-grandchild, specifically for this project.**

**This was a period of famine, and also of epidemics of smallpox, rinderpest, plague, and other highly contagious diseases that attacked people and livestock. Grandma Genda herself used to refer to this period as "when famine and small­pox met in our land." In an effort to limit the spread of these diseases, the fami­lies of those who died were placed in a kind of quarantine, in what was known as *meetaa* or *meetimaan.* People who were away from home when a death occurred could not go back home until the period of *meetaa* was over, usually one year. Up until early 1950 the practice of *meetaa* was still part of Iraqw culture; it ended only with the introduction of Christianity and modem medicine.**

**When her mother died, Grandma Genda's father took her to live with his rel­ative, Manimo, and went away to the land of a neighboring tribe to the south. Her life as a child and later as a little girl with the Manimo family was full of hardships that included going without meals, going to the stream very early in the morning to fetch water, and sitting by the doorstep in the evenings when dark­ness fell to scare away hyenas while the family was taking their meals. It was a time of famine and food was scarce. The geographical setting of the story is northern Tanzania between the.land of Iraqw, which is the present Mama Isara Ward in Mbulu District, ,and the the land of Mbugwe, on the southwestern shores of Lake Manyara, between Tarangire National Park and the Rift Valley wall. Grandma Genda told her story to her great grandchildren often in the late 1950s and early 1960s. This was during the time of the nationalist struggle for independence, and Grandma Genda wanted to counter the young people's repu­diation of the British colonialists with accounts of how much she and her family had suffered under the Germans.**

***Martha Qorro***

**That day, I went to the stream to fetch water as usual; it was very early in the morning. I was crying and thinking what life would have been like if my mother had been alive. I was only a little girl, able to fetch water and do some household chores. As I stood by the stream crying, with gourds in my hands, a stranger came and asked:**

*Stranger:* You little girl, what is your father's name? *Genda:* Mislay Lohi.

**212 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

*Stranger:* And your mother, whose daughter is she? *Genda:* She died, long time.

*Stranger:* Where is your *father?*

*Genda:* He has gone to Gorowa land.

*Stranger:* Leave the gourds and come with me.

I followed him. It was very early in the morning; the sun had just risen. We walked until we reached his home. He asked me to sit outside while he went into the house. I heard him talking to his wife. Then he came out with an empty bag, folded and rolled on the lower end of his stick. He put his stick on his shoulder and said "Let's go." We went—he walked ahead and I followed him. We walked until we got to Kitolay slope [rift valley escarpment], then we went down Kitolay to the land ofManda [Mbugwe]. The sun was overhead and it was very hot. I was very hungry and tired. My throat felt dry. We met an old man herding his cattle. When the old man saw me he asked the stranger, "Can you please give me this child?" "No," the stranger said, "this child belongs to someone."

We left, and a few steps down the path we met with a group of [Mbugwe] youths who had just come out of their initiation ceremony. When they saw me they said:

*1st youth:* This little girl is going to be my wife. *2nd youth:* No, she's mine.

*3rd youth:* No, mine.

The other youths responded: "She belongs to none of us, so let none of us get her," and they all raised their spears ready to strike. I looked up at all of them. All around me spears were raised—I was terrified. The stranger, realizing that I was in grave danger, told them, "Wait, wait young men, this child belongs to that old man, don't kill her please." He then called out to the old man: "Mzee! Mzee! Your child is being killed, come quick!"

The old man came rushing. "Young men, what's wrong, don't kill my child!" he said. Seeing the old man from their tribe, the young men lowered their spears and walked away.

The old man took my hand and said, "Come my child, let me take you home." I was greatly relieved. We all three walked to the old man's house. His wife, an elderly woman, received me with a lot of joy. She took me into the house while the old man and the stranger remained outside. I heard them mur­muring and later the old man came into the house with the stranger's empty bag and filled it with white millet.

I was given some fresh milk to drink but vomited all of it. Then porridge was prepared and I took some and lay down exhausted. Then I fell sick. Having not

eaten for a long time, it took time for my body to start accepting food. The el­derly woman who I now called my mother fed me with *ugali* [maize porridge] cooked with *ghee* [clarified butter]. It helped soften my stomach.

**AN UNUSUAL GIRLHOOD + 213**

I lived with the elderly couple until I grew into a big girl. They had a son, Tundu, who was big and strong. Every season the stranger would come, talk to the old man, and be given a bag of white millet. He would tell me that I was his niece and he was my maternal uncle. He had probably told the old man the same lie. On one of the visits—which turned out to be the last—he asked me if I would go back with him to Iraqw land. I didn't like the idea. My new parents did not like the idea either. In fact they were very unhappy. I thought I had to find a way of telling him off. I thought of that day when he found me near the stream and took me to his house. I was very hungry. He didn't give me food; if they had *metimani* he could have asked me to take a raw maize cob from the *shamba* [garden plot] in front of their house, or even a *migagi* [maize stem], but he didn't. What kind of man was this? Where was he going to take me? These questions went through my mind and I made up my mind not to go with him. So I confronted him with questions.

"If you really are my uncle, can you tell me my mother's name? What is her mother's *name?* And where does her *clan* and her *family* live?" The *"uncle"* could answer only the first question because he remembered it from our encounter at the stream that first day, years ago. The rest of the questions he could not answer. It then became obvious that he was not my uncle, and the old man refused his taking me. That was the last I saw of him.

Years passed and I became betrothed and married to a man called Matkayko Migengi from a rich family with big herds of cattle, goats, and sheep. My day began immediately after the first cock-crow, with grinding millet' for morning *"ugali* and cooking the morning meal, followed by cleaning the cow-shed, which took me to ten o'clock. Then came the grinding of millet for the afternoon meal and cooking the meal itself. And when the sun was beginning to move past overhead, I had to go back to grinding millet for the evening meal. Before the sun went down, the goats and sheep return from grazing. Anything that had not been said before that time could not be said and heard until the cries had died down. It was difficult to hear each other amid the noise of cows, goats, sheep, and their young ones. My major duty at this time was to direct each young to its mother. This activity lasted until after darkness fell. Then I started cooking the evening meal.

After the meal everyone went to bed. I stayed behind to put the dishes and utensils away. I would usually be the last to go to bed. All this work took place in the main house—my in-laws' house. My husband and I slept in our little house a few steps away from the main house. He would normally wait for me until I was about to finish, then proceed to bed and I joined him a short while later. This life went on for a month. Then one day I realized that every time one of my bead-strings broke, I had to put it away because I had no time to mend it. Slowly all my bead-strings were breaking, one after the other, and I had no time to mend them.

Then one day I thought it could not go on like that; I needed to do some­thing about it. I decided to go back to my "parents." It was full moon and the skies were clear and bright. **I** decided this was the day to run away. So after everyone had retired to bed and my husband had gone ahead to our little house I put away everything and walked out. My in-laws thought I had gone to bed. My husband thought I was still in the main house. **I** rolled my cloth around my waist and walked away quietly, then started running. I ran all the way home, knocked, and when they saw me, they inquired what was wrong. I told them everything and said that I had run away and was not going back. The next day my father-in-law came. Traditionally the father-in-law was not allowed to talk directly to his daughter-in-law, so I was telling them to say that I was not going back. I did not go back. My father-in-law left and my parents had to return the dowry.

**214 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

After some time [two seasons later] I married a man called Gitew. Our mar­riage was short-lived because my husband died. Then I heard that my father had returned to Iraqw land from Fyomi land where he had been since I was a child. **I** went back to Iraqw land to meet him. He had remarried and their child had just died. They were therefore in *metimani* and could not allow me into their house. My father took me back to my uncle's house where I had lived and had used to fetch water as a little girl. I stayed there until the period of *metimani* was over then went to live with my father and stepmother.

I 'married Bea and we had six children, three boys and three girls. Gway­dumi, my eldest son, was killed by the Maasai, who burned our house and took all the cattle. Massay, my third born, was at the age of paying tax when the Ger­mans came to our land. He worked as a messenger for the Germans and later, after the war between the Germans and the British, he was taken by the Ger­mans to carry their baggage as they were leaving the land. After two days' travel towards the land'of Irangi, Massay and another young man escaped the Ger­mans and returned home. He settled in this area that is now called Dareda. And that is where we have lived up to now

*Translated by Martha Qorro*

***Rose Chibambo*THE TRUTH WILL ALWAYS SPEAK**

Malawi 1964 **English**

**Rose Chibambo was born Rose Ziba on September 8, 1928, at Kapukuni village in the Mzimba District of northern Malawi. She went to primary school in Kafukule and later on went to Ekwendeni, one of the earliest mission schools at the Mission Station of the Church of Central African Presbyterian (CCAP),**

**where she completed grade seven. She was unable to finish her schooling because of an early marriage to Edwin Chibambo, but she continued to study privately and attained a junior school certificate. She bore nine children.**

**THE TRUTH WILL ALWAYS SPEAK + 215**

**Chibambo was exposed to politics while she was at Ekwendeni, when the first political movement, the Nyasaland African Congress (NAC), now the Malawi Congress Party, was taking root in the country. However, her political career began in earnest in August 1945, when she attended a political address by a Rev­erend Charles Chidongo Chinula, the vice president of the Nyasalana Afric'an Congress (NAC), who urged Malawians to participate in the stiuggle for inde­pendence from the British. Chibambo would soon become a significant figure in the liberation movement, taking her place among the first cadre of Malawian women who managed to combine their political activism with their domestic and child-rearing responsibilities.**

**In 1951, Chibambo became active in resistance to the British plan to join Malawi with Northern and Southern Rhodesia into one federated colonial terri­tory. In 1952, Chibambo became treasurer of the Blantyre District Committee of NAC, led by the militant Grant Mikeka Mkandawire, and in 1954 she joined with other women to launch the NAC's Women's League, and was elected its first chair. On March 3, 1959, the colonial government declared a state of emergency; the following daylit detained Chibambo, who had given birth to a daughter just two days earlier. Mother and child remained in prison for thirteen months.**

**In 1964, after Malawi achieved independence, Chibambo stood for elections, representing the NUC's successor, the Malawi Congress Party. She became the first woman member of parliament in Malawi, and was appointed deputy minister of the Natural Resources, Survey and Social Department, with special responsibil­ity for social development and community development. Later the same year, the country was plunged into a cabinet crisis generated by the introduction of hospital fees in the health system and by President Kamuzu Banda's uncritical views toward apartheid South Africa and Portuguese East Africa (now Mozambique).**

**Banda expelled the dissenters from the cabinet on September 7, 1964, and called an emergency session of parliament the following day. There he dismissed Rose Chibambo, accusing her of spreading the word that people should not pay the hospital fees. She responded to Banda in the speech that follows. Chibambo lived in exile in Zambia for twenty-eight years, while Malawi was under one-man, one party rule. She returned to her country in De6ember 1993, after Malawians voted to institute a multiparty democracy and a general amnesty was declared for exiled Malawians.**

***Edrinnie Lora-Kayambazinthu***

**Mr: Speaker, Sir, I am rising here as a back-bencher . . . to speak on the motion that has been moved by the Prime Minister. . . . I have come to be a back­bencher today, after hearing what has been said. I got it just as hearsay that I am no longer a member of parliament; I am no more parliamentary secretary.**

**Today is the 8th of September 1964, and to me it is a day when I was born, and it is a day that I am exposed to such a situation in which I am. I have always, always, in the past been with the Prime Minister. I gave all my services that I**

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|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | **would want to give as an honest follower of the nation of Malawi, as an honest follower *of* the Ngwazi Kamuzu Banda ... which I feel up to this day. Even some of the Members say I have failed. I have not failed, and I will never fail.**  **I must always speak only the truth and it is only the truth we will not appre­ciate to say. I am not even afraid to say that I am afraid, because I know what I am talking about. I am really disgusted with the statements that have been made. I know that all these things that the PM has been talking about weren't even aforementioned from outside by those people. I was appointed as a National Chairman of the League of Malawi Women and I honestly worked until the day when this State of Emergency was declared. . . I was not doing those services because other people were doing them, but because I dedicated myself to the nation and to the leader. I did not care about my family, neither my children, whom I left, fighting for the good of the people. No matter, I was arrested. No matter, I was taken from the maternity ward, from labor, and put in prison. I did not care because I knew what I was doing. Not for the sake of myself but for the sake of the nation and the leader; we must be free and let us get what we should get.**  **I am very sure that I can stand here talking about these things, being put in a situation being regarded as a traitor, which I am not and have never been.**  **Let us face truth if we want to know the truth, and if we want the truth, the truth will always speak. Why *should I* do those things today, *that* I conspire and speak against the Prime Minister today? I am not a person who can easily be deceived, or be bought by anyone. I do not worry because I always tell the truth, and it is only the truth that I must speak of; and it is only such things that will make me say what I know is true. I have never changed my colours ever since I identified myself with the cause, for the liberation of this country. I have never.**  **If we want to be honest in this country, if we want to save ourselves, if we want to live to save this nation, it is better that we give the Prime Minister the true stories that we know. It is better that we must explain to our Prime Minis­ter what the feelings of the people are.**  **I have sung Kamuzu No. 1. I have sung that Kamuzu is the only one in this country. I have not forgotten, even now; I still say so that he is the Prime Min­ister, he is the leader, because that is what I believe; he struggled and I followed him as one of the people who struggled with him, not because there was any­thing else but because he was fighting for the truth and he said let us save this country. I did not fight for myself No matter what happened. I did not care. I said [I] would always be with him and, even now, I say I will be with him because it is the duty of the nation, who has taught us all to do something *if* we are able to do it.**  **It is better to be honest and I must say that I will always speak the truth, nothing but the truth, and this is what I am saying.** |
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***Susan Buxton Wood*WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON**

**WHAT WE HAVE IN COMMON + 217**

**Kenya 1964 English**

**Susan Buxton was born in 1918, in what was then the Belgian Congo. Her maternal grandfather was the formidable cricketer and missionary C.T. Studd. Her mother, Edith Buxton, later wrote a memoir, *Reluctant Missionary* (1968), in *which she describes* some of the domestic hazards and surprises of the place and time. Her father, Alfred Buxton, later moved to work in Kenya, but their children were educated in England, where Susan studied nursing in wartime London.**

**In 1943, Susan Buxton married Dr. Michael Wood. They moved to Nairobi after the war partly because of Michael's asthma. He began working as a general surgeon, but then decided to pursue reconstructive surgery, an urgent need in Kenya. His interest in flying led him to pioneer the Flying Doctor Service in Kenya, associated with the African Medical and Research Foundation (AMREF). In the early days, the couple moved from the city to a farm at Limuru on the edge *of* the plateau, *described* in the first of the *passages* that *follow,* and then to one on Mount Kilimanjaro on the Tanzanian side of the border. At first, the airplane allowed them to commute to Nairobi, but as AMREF developed along with other medical initiatives, they lived in Nairobi as a base. In her retire­ment, after Sir Michael's death, Lady Wood has been running a jewelry craft project to open commercial opportunities for African women.**

***A Fly in Amber,* Susan Buxton Wood's 1964 memoir, conveys aspects of the lives and thoughts of the third *missionary* generation, who lived through the period of Kenyan independence. The text reveals a preoccupation with home-building, community-building (almost inevitably paternalistic, considering the attitudes of the time and the high regard given to medical skills), and human needs. Around the time of independence, the Woods were associated with the short-lived Capricorn Society, which advocated racial parity rather than direct democracy. They were able to transcend this view in the new society that emerged after A *Fly in Amber* was published, but the second excerpt reveals some ambiva­lence and wistful regret about the changing social order in Kenya. The moving scene described in the third excerpt, which is not dated, shows some of the soul-searching that preceded the growth of that new Kenyan society.**

***Ma****rj****orie Oludhe Macgoye***

**The site which we had chosen for the house was a gently sloping piece of ground which needed only a little levelling to make interesting banks and dif­ferent levels of lawn for the garden. I had, however, chosen it mainly for the beauty of the view. In front of the house stood a very fine wild fig tree, a flat-topped thorn tree and a rare grey-leafed tree from Japan. The main windows were to be at the back of the house overlooking the rippling countryside stretching to the horny back of the Ngong hills, which lie like a sleeping dragon on the horizon. To the left was the farm and on that morning I could see, in**

place of the tangle of bush, the neat paddocks we planned and the honey-coloured Jersey cows we coveted, munching idly under the trees which would line the garden.

**218 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

At the edge of the farm the land dropped suddenly into a steep valley with red eroded soil, running down each side to the stream at the bottom. Each suc­ceeding ridge was lower than the farm, so that the view down to Nairobi and the plains was uninterrupted. The air was clear and Nairobi could be seen etched against the great backcloth of wide plains and the distant sturdy blue mountains. To my mind the view combined the charm of dairy pasture with the vastness of space. The most important thing to me in the building of the house was that this sense of space, peculiar to Africa, should be felt inside as well as outside. No more small latticed windows and dark rooms, I said to myself; this house will reflect the breadth of sky and horizon.

"I see what you mean," said the little man, and together we consulted the plan. We each took one end of a long piece of sisal string and measuring the distance either way from the spot on which we stood, we firmly pegged the string to the ground. . . .

[During a flying medical safari to Marsabit in the early 1960s, the Woods encounter the husband of a woman who had been a pupil of Susan's father many years before.]

"Things are not as they were in your father's day," he replied. "Then there was life in the church. People thronged to it, and the school was flourishing too. Now the people go from bad to worse. Theytare turning again to witchcraft and of course when they do that they get so deep in evil that they cannot return, and they die."

I was not sure whether he was referring to spiritual or physical death so I said "Oh!" in non-committal wonder.

Our visit and the talk of old times did not seem to cheer him much, although our presence caused a considerable diversion among his children while we sipped the 'hot sweet tea. They returned repeatedly to the doorway each time with a new flashing smile. When we left, the old man insisted on giving us a box of oats, which he had harvested from his small plot of land. He escorted us down to the car and on the way we admired his maize and beans and a few cof­fee trees which he had newly planted. No doubt the man was feeling too low physically to enjoy life much; I discovered afterwards that Michael was due to operate on his lung that afternoon. He remains a sad figure in my,memory. His sense of depression over the work which had been so much of my father's life left me feeling dejected. Father had been so full of life and creativity that peo­ple loved to follOw him and be with him. I could not imagine him living in this atmosphere—there must have been an earlier splendour. . . .

I was-awoken at thre-e in the morning. A woman in the farm camp was in labour
  
and in difficulty. . . . The rain fell heavily. . . . I reached the but and went in,

shaking myself like a dog in the warmth of the room. The only light came from the fire. . . . My eyes smarted and watered as I slowly made out the forms of three women, two were sitting beside the fire and the woman in labour was lying on the ground beside them.

**THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN + 219**

She lay on an old,sack and under her head was a wooden stool. In the fire­light her face shone with sweat and her eyes were wick open with fear. The two old crones, who had been with her all night, added their lament to the woman's groans. . . . Her pulse was strong, so I gave her a sedative and took her hand and said, "This is the most important work a woman can do and you are doing it beautifully. Hold my hand tight and when the pain comes don't fight it. Let it do the work for you."

One of the old wrinkled women leant over from the fire. "You'll break Mama's hand if you hold it as tight as that," she said, giving the girl an impa­tient tap.

"Leave her alone," I said. "She will have to do as she's told all the days of her life, but not tonight. This is her night and she shall do as she likes . . ."

In the dim light filtering through the cracked mud wall, the baby was born. . . .

So another life has begun, I thought, and the first thing which we have in common, before all else, is pain.

African women ... Mike the English memsahib . . . have been conservative, clinging to the old tribal ways which were familiar and which gave them influ­ence and standing. . . . Perhaps all women, black or white, suffer from the same strange schizophrenia. On the one hand we create new life, and on the other we try desperately to protect, and carry on in the old familiar ways.

***Barbro jobansson*THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN**

Tanzania 1964, 1965 Kiswahili

Barbro Johansson was one of a few European missionaries who came to Africa to propagate the Christian gospel, but identified with the African nationalist aspira­tions of the 1940s and 1950s, joined the struggle for independence, and eventu­ally adopted Africa as a permanent home. In Tanzania, she was popularly known as "Mama Barbro."

Born in Sweden in 1912, Johansson came to Tanganyika as a Lutheran missionary-teacher in 1946, and was assigned to Bukoba District in the north­west. Shortly afterward, she founded the only girls' middle school in the district, Kashasha Girls Middle School, where she taught for many years. She joined and supported the independence movement in the fifties, and worked with future president Julius Nyerere to spread and strengthen the Tanganyika African National Union (TANLT) party.

After the nation achieved independence in 1961, Johansson served as a mem­ber of parliament for about twenty years, until she retired in 1985. She was named Tanzania's first ambassador to Sweden in the 1960s. In addition to her parlia­mentary duties, beginning in 1965 she also served as headmistress ofTabora *Girls* School, the government's only secondary school for girls, which she had rescued from imminent closure owing to alleged lack of discipline. After her retirement, when her health deteriorated, she went to live in Sweden, where she died in 1999. The Barbro Johansson Girls' Education Trust, founded in her name in 1997, has opened a model girls secondary school near Dar *es* Salaam.

**220 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY 0936-1969)**

Tanzania's adoption of a relatively progressive policy regarding women's rights and gender equality generated heated debates in parliament, often reflecting the conflicts between official policy and social practice. In these excerpts from two of her speeches in parliament, Johansson combines a concern for the future of Tan­zania's young people with a dedication to gender equality. Following the attempted coup in 1964 against the Nyerere government, National Service was begun in order to involve young people in *national* development and to make them more "patriotic." In the first speech excerpted here, made on February 20, 1964, Johansson expresses her concern about the place of and benefits for young women in this new scheme. In the second speech, made on June 29, 1965, Johansson supports equal rights and equal opportunities for women. As in her speech on National Service, she recognizes differences between women and men, but insists that all Tanzanians must be given "a chance to discover, develop, and nurture their natural talents."

Like many other writers in this volume, Johansson sees gender equality as integrally tied to the project of nation-building in postcolonial Africa. Soon after these debates, Tanzania launched Ujamaa (a Kiswahili word meaning "family-hood"), the socialist program that collectivized land and resources, and also pro­moted *social, economic,* and political equality; including gender equality.

Debates in Tanzanian parliament are usually carried on in Kiswahili, the national language, thus enabling people who do not speak the colonial language, English, to participate. This practice has helped make it possible for citizens who have lacked access to formal education—a group that includes disproportionate numbers of women—to become parliamentarians. In one part of her second speech, Johansson supports Kiswahili as a unifying national language, and advo­cates for improvement to Kiswahili instruction in higher education.

?11

*MM. Mulokozi*

**ON NATIONAL SERVICE**

Mr. Speaker, ... I am happy to note that in Article 5 both female and male youths are being considered [for National Service]. This is a big step forward, and I appreciate it. Today we have heard the Minister referring to this bill as the Bill on the National Service Force. The word "force" is not bad. I like it. How­ever, it does show that weapons will be used. I would like us to think of a less dangerous future, particularly as regards the participation of women and female youths in the National Service.

**I would like discipline to be emphasized. Women should also learn disci­pline. In the army women need discipline even more than *men.* Our women should acquire discipline and learn drills and sports so that they may later help their people in the villages and homes. However, remember that after the two years of national service, there will be differences between servicewomen and servicemen. Women will have a different kind of life. Hence, during training, servicewomen should take into account their future mode of life. .**

**I do like equality before the law. A traitor is a traitor, whether a she or a he. I do not want to segregate the sexes before the law with regard to punishment for crimes committed. However, in the *training,* we should make allowance *for dif­ferences* in the talents of women and men .. .**

**ON A NATIONAL LANGUAGE**

**The Minister spoke about Kiswahili. I listened carefully, and I was pleased to hear that he has tried to make a plan [for promotion of the language). But, Mr. Speaker, the Kiswahili language is not adequately taught in higher education. Even though the Minister has appointed two people to go around and try to help, I do not think that that is enough. I would also like to ask about the amount of money allocated to the Institute of Kiswahili Research: Nine hun­dred pounds, Mr. Speaker, would *create a* mere pygmy *among* giants. Yet the value of the national language is such that it deserves a bigger allocation of funds. Let us have a thorough crash program to teach the language well. And it is necessary to train indigenous Kiswahili specialists; foreigners cannot be of much use in this matter.**

**ON OUR YOUNG PEOPLE**

**Now, I would *also* like *our* youth to be people who are willing to be led, so long as the leadership is right. They should be shown living examples. We should therefore take politics to the schools: I hear there are plans to do that, and to form political [party] branches in the schools. I would be happy, Mr. Speaker, if that could be done. However, as it is voluntary to join and buy a TANU party card outside the school, joining the TANU Youth League in the schools should also be voluntary. And the leaders of the school branches should also be trained to become real leaders, and their training program should be on a par with the school curriculum. And maybe in the Youth Center, which we are building in Dar es Salaam, we shall be able to train many leaders who shall be responsible for leading the TANU Youth League branches in our schools.**

**I also thank the Second Vice-President, who *has said* that these days many of our youths will join the National Service. In many countries, youths are taught to use arms and to prepare for war. Fortunately, our National Service has many branches; it will be good if our secondary school youths are given an opportunity to build the nation in various ways, such as building roads,**

**THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN + 221**

teaching villagers, or engaging in scientific agriculture. This matter should be implemented as early as possible. . . .

**222 + THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY (1936-1969)**

Now, I return to the word *manpower.* Here, too, Mr. Minister has mentioned the word *revolution.* I want major revolution. I want major changes in the entire structure of our society. Girls and women must have the same opportunities as men. *Manpower,* Mr. Speaker, does the word signify men only or is *manpower* to be understood to include women as well. In the capitalist and imperialist countries, they were very late in using their reserve "manpower," i.e. women. Women's advancement in those countries was delayed. Women had to go through the kitchen and the natal clinics first, before getting a chance to con­tribute to other community work. I am not saying that that kind of work is unimportant. In fact, I want to emphasize those areas of work very much, and I would even ask the Minister to help all the home-craft centers in the country. It is shameful, Mr. Speaker, that we don't assist those who teach in the home-craft centers.

But if we look at the socialist countries, countries such as Russia, Cuba, East Germany, China, women are equal in every way to men. Furthermore, the new developing countries, Tanzania among them, have an opportunity to avoid delay and procrastination. If we will give girls the same places as boys, then the "manpower planning unit" should budget for them as well. The world loses a great deal when many people don't get a chance to discover, develop, and nur­ture their natural talents; and to transform those natural talents and to become people whose creativity and expertise will function for the benefit of the com­munities in which they live. In this way, each post will be held by that person who is better qualified to fill it.

IN

We will be working against this goal if men can compete for a post estab­lished only for men, while certain jobs are set aside as suitable for women. We are losing a lot of wealth in this world, truthfully. A person's abilities should be allowed to develop to advance the whole society.

There are many signs in Tanzania that women are advancing much more than in many other countries that I have seen. But it is not enough; I want to empha­size that their abilities must be allowed to blossom a lot more, and they should work together with men to build our nation, so that we don't lose this important asset. It will be a great revolution if we do that, and we will see miracles.

With that small contribution, Mr. Speaker, I support this motion.

*Translated by SaidaYabya-Othman and M.M Mulokozi*