

TOUCHED BY AFRICA & MUNGER

# Touched by Africa

by NED MUNGER

McGRUDER

ALIKER

R. LEAKEY

FOSSEY

HURRELL

BONNER

SAITOTI

BURDITT

GOODALL

L. LEAKEY  
M. LEAKEY

DELBRÜCK

ROGERS

FEYNMAN

DREYFUSS

BANDA

SAVANHU

KRAUSE  
NDLOVU  
FROOTKO

MATTHEWS

PATON

ARDREY  
MEYER

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# Touched by Africa

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*By*

NED MUNGER



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- 1955 "Geography of Sub-Saharan Race Relations," in *Africa Today*, edited by C. Grove Haines. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
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# TOUCHED BY AFRICA

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## INTRODUCTION

EXHILARATION IN CLIMBING life's mountain is enhanced by a pause. Above, the peak is still inspiring, while the valley below offers a mirror for reflection. Taken too late in the dry season of life, the gleanings of memory may lose their vibrancy.

Autobiography? Shudders of false pretension. What tumidity! However, writing about friends I cherish gives a warm feeling. There is a Rashomon quality to all memories. The temptation is to accent the best and forget the rest. About 1690, Edward Young warned that, "The love of praise, however concealed by art, reigns more or less and glows in every heart."

These sketches touch representative aspects of my life: childhood, Africa, sports, Institute of Current World Affairs, book collecting, the Leakey Foundation, and Caltech. But before we get to them, perhaps a word about antecedents.

"Munger" is early Saxon, from the description of merchants. In this case, the commodities were gold and other valuables rather than fish or iron. One relative can be identified at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. A branch of the Mungers settled in Litchfield, Connecticut, about 1690, and some owned the handsome Federal-period homes for which the city is renowned.

But genealogy can have more vice than virtue. In one of the last of his daily newspaper columns over a period of twenty years, my father took up the subject in 1941:

Genealogy, if properly understood, would be one of the greatest branches of human knowledge, far surpassing mere history. But that *properly understood* must be under-

scored. The man who boasts of his descent from some famous historical personage is really boasting that he has turned the Atlantic Ocean into a beef broth by emptying a cup of broth into it. It may be a symbol and a proud hope but the symbol is so diluted as to be meaningless. If other more recent influences may have predominated, the ocean may even taste like dishwater.

Going back five generations, each individual has sprung from 32 different individuals, and going back ten generations, from 1,024 different progenitors.

If a true analysis of genealogy could be made, with a genuine history of enough ancestors to count, and with due regard for the fact that many of the most hard-working and unselfish individuals never made much history, it would explain many developments in individuals which now astonish us.

There can be few families in which memories of the titled, the rich, or the famous don't outlive the stories about the common, the poor, and the disgraced, as my father suggests.

On my eighth birthday, my grandfather Munger, the year before he died, wrote to me about how on his eighth birthday he was given a special knife as a present. True, his older brother had owned it for the previous year. But the family was so poor that the right to use the knife for one year was as big a present as could be expected. His letter was more valuable to me than the shiny red fire engine that could actually pump water, which he gave me on that occasion.

I respect my great-great-grandfather, who built a sod hut and founded the city of Wichita. He added a general store, a post office, then a hotel. But the prosperity didn't last long! My great-grandfather was trying to grow wheat in northwest Kansas, near the town of Hope, when several bad grasshopper seasons wiped him out. A kindly storekeeper named Eisenhower, Ike's father, loaned the family enough money to move back east to Indiana, with a lot more hard work in their overalls than silver.

My grandfather, Edwin A. Munger, whom I resemble much more in both virtues and vices than either of my parents or my other grandparents, eventually became a Judge in Chicago. I am encouraged to write these sketches in the privately printed genre because of his example. He liked to gather together odd bits of writing by himself, his wife, and my father and mother into handsomely bound volumes to be shared only with the immediate family and a few friends.

In a "Family Garden of Verse," published when I was six, my mother included a long poem that embarrassed me. In fact, the morning it was first published in the *Chicago Tribune*, and was read at the breakfast table, I reacted so negatively that I refused to go to my first grade class. All mothers suffer from fulsome hyperbole toward their firstborn but I will exorcise something if I include the first stanza:

To Ned

My little son with eyes of gentian blue –  
And hair like sunshine on the summer sand –  
My little boy who is a dream come true –  
A glorious gift from out the shadow land.

It still gives me slight nausea, but I now accept her right to express her feelings just as these sketches express mine. If not every thought can be expressed through biographies, I have found pleasure in writing two novels to give me the license to put my thoughts into another's mouth. John Cheever caught the essence of this when he observed that "the role of autobiography in fiction is the role of reality in dreams."

One of my character defects is not doing well at what I don't want to do. Nonfiction I can write when I want to with some success. But I have learned from bitter lessons not to try to sign a contract for an advance if my heart is not in the subject.

This leads me to my father's adaptation of a saying by Goethe, one of the many philosophers he admired publicly in his column. Sometimes "Skipper," as we called him, would use

his sons for examples, much to this young soul's mortification. But one adage has served well: "A man takes the quickest road to ruin who will not do what he can, but is ambitious to do what he cannot."

Another thought of Skipper's that has served me well was one he ran as his entire column in 1935:

"A prejudice is a conviction that is founded on insufficient premises."

Many people I have encountered in life's journey did not appear at first sight to have values I shared. But given time, my ignorance of them gave way to admiration and even affection.

The biographical sketches in this collection include individuals close and dear to me, as well as a number I have not been privileged to know better. They are among the hundred I contemplate writing about when time allows. It is, of course, easier to write candidly about those friends one knows less well. But the selection is essentially random as some serendipitous thought set me to writing. I look forward to writing about individuals I care about who are not in this first volume.

My daughter Betsy worries that I try to make myself "look good." An honest criticism. An old Irish saying has it that "An only daughter is a needle in the heart." Betsy is my sharpest, dearest critic. A memoir is no place to try to settle any old scores. One-sided debates have all the delight of a cold, stale pancake served as a soufflé. On the other hand, as Alan Paton once discussed with me on the question of his autobiography, there is no Law of Masochism that requires one to self-flagellation.

Some will feel that I am too candid. On the other hand, I am reminded of the advice of (Baroness) Karen Blixen – *Out of Africa, Seven Gothic Tales* – whom I didn't meet until she was veiled by age and long out of Africa: Don't tell all the story; what is unsaid will speak for itself.

My thanks go to Wilma Fairchild for copy editing. Wilma took early retirement to return from New York to her native California. She had had a distinguished career as editor of the

*Geographical Review*, and published my first professional article, on water use in Kitui, Kenya, in 1950. Wilma is a much-sought-after freelance editor who generously devotes three mornings a week to work in my library. Wilma could be the subject of a whole memoir.

I am also grateful to Gloria Miklowitz and her changing circle of self-criticizing professional authors for their constructive comments at our weekly sessions. They include, besides Gloria, Kay Goodwin, Bill Miller, Isabel Plesset, Rudd Brown, Eric Bickford, Julie Popkin, Carole Long, Ann Klaus, Mary Dengling, Karen Cutts, Patrick France, Betty Hyland, and Marion Cannon.

Finally, my thanks go to Linda Benjamin for her expert fingering of the keyboard of the word processor and to Susan Denne for fielding the computer output at the Castle Press. I hope all these unfailing good spirits will help carry me through the next volume.

Looking back, how does one sum up the climb so far? I rather like Christopher Morley's definition of success, which is doing what you want to do. That has been my good fortune.

*Pasadena, November 1982*

## BUNKS

(1937-present)\*

I KNEW GEORGE MILLER BURDITT, JR. — called “Bunks” by his friends — well from the time I was six until I was seventeen. He lived across the street on Spring Street and we both went to Cossitt Grammar School and, later, to Lyons Township High School. He and my cousin Jimmy were my best friends.

Then there was a hiatus of thirty-five years. Today he still lives in La Grange, Illinois, but we see each other three times a year and have traveled together twice in Africa. This is because he became involved, to the delight of my fellow trustees, as a board member of the United States-South African Leader Exchange Program.

During the hiatus, Bunks became a lawyer, topping his class at Harvard Law School and being Marshal the year after his friend Elliott Richardson had been Marshal. Many years later, when there were stories in the British and American press that I was a likely choice for a position in Washington, Bunks put in a good word for me with his friend Richardson.

In 1974, Bunks was the Republican candidate for the United States Senate from Illinois. He is currently President of the Chicago Bar Association and heads his own highly successful firm, which specializes in laws as they affect drug companies such as Abbott.

But when we were in primary school this obviously all lay in the future. One does not think at that age that

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\*Dates given are those of the author's friendship.

somewhere among one's age group, and possibly among one's friends, must come future presidents, Nobel Prize winners, corporate leaders, or even felons. In primary school, who appears to have such a future?

At age thirteen, what was most important to me were athletic skills, certainly not academic achievements. In this connection, I don't think I ever expressed adequate appreciation to my mother for giving up her desire for a nice backyard garden so that I could put a basket on one tree and get my father to install a four-by-four to hold the other basket. Having two baskets was a lot better than just having a single one above the garage door.

Bunks and I competed in a variety of sports. I might have been a little faster at football, but he was better in boxing and baseball. We also played a lot of board games, and in retrospect we were both fairly sharp. We battled good-naturedly in everything from Mah-Jongg to chess and Monopoly. We even made up a lot of games, including war maneuvers, for which we cast our own lead soldiers. My father taught us what he described as an old Navy game called "bluff." Many years later, while on wartime service, I recognized the childhood game of "bluff" as poker. If my mother or Bunks's mother had ever heard the word "poker," we would have been stopped immediately. Somehow later on when I was stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, I had retained enough skill from our boyhood playing to put aside \$3000 to finance my first field trip to Africa.

I remember vividly and with frustration playing basketball in our backyard. At six feet, I was much taller than average among my classmates, but Bunks was then an unusually tall six feet three. He had long arms to guard with, and an excellent shooting eye. I don't think I ever beat him playing one-on-one basketball. If I did, it was only one game out of hundreds. As is natural in those years, I wanted to be a star athlete, and at one stage I wrote for some teacher that my ambition was to be a professional baseball or football player. My

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father would smile and say, "Sure, Ned, I'm sure you can."

But I knew it couldn't be basketball. After all, the kid across the street ran rings around me every day after school. Sometimes we would recruit enough others to have two or three on a side, but clearly Bunks was tops and I was at best average.

It was just that I didn't know that Bunks would be a star player on our high school basketball team and would go on to be the captain of the Harvard team. Had I known that, my lack of success against him one-on-one would not have been so discouraging. Well, I never really dwelt on it because there were too many other aspects of life to enjoy. The fact that he was a brilliant student and valedictorian of his graduating class of 400, and that I was way back in the middle of the academic pack, didn't bother me. This was after all only a matter of grades, and what did they have to do with fraternity dances, football games, a secondhand bike, and, most of all, a collection of books that included all the Tom Swift stories and G. H. Henty, and piles of pulp magazines, among them *G-8 and His Fighting Aces*.

Again, my mother must have been quite understanding, because she didn't try too hard to stop me from riding my old bike no-handed, and without lights, down to the local suburban station. There I would crawl up in the window alcove and read when trains were not passing through. I always waited expectantly for the Burlington Zephyr. Such innocent ways in such innocent days!

Once when a man offered me candy, I took it and went back to my reading. When I told my mother she was upset. Why, I wondered. I couldn't even have spelled pedophilia. In fact, at age thirteen, I didn't even know the word homosexual. There was the Pratt boy, son of a banker, who lived on the corner. But we knew that because he was fairly big and didn't play football, he must be a sissy. But that word had no sexual connotation to Bunks or me. I remember my father, or was it Bunks's father, who once said what a pity it was for Mr. Pratt that his son had been beaten up again and found in an abandoned subdivision.

The other day Bunks returned to me some letters and postcards. The postcards I had written to him at age twelve from our cottage on Lake Michigan. My greatest concern, which I knew he shared, was who would win the new All-Star football game that would be played in Soldiers Field before I got back to Chicago. A postcard was only three cents then. I could afford it because I was spending part of that summer picking sour cherries in my Uncle Lou's orchards for \$1.10 a day. That was a lot of money to a young boy about to enter high school and have his weekly allowance raised from fifty cents to a dollar.

One letter Bunks returned was from the *Queen Mary* in 1938 in which I described the vessel as a "peach of a boat." I boasted of winning some table tennis matches, but I note that I didn't put in that I had lost the finals between myself in cabin class and Don Ameche in first class by the scores of 21-5 and 21-4. How easily awed I must have been.

Another letter in that summer of 1938 was from Germany. He was saving stamps then, so I had put on as many small denominations as possible. My letter tells how impressed I was with the physique of the German soldiers. In my high-school-junior mind, I translated the Nazi soldiers into how each eleven of them would make a football team. They looked tough. Rereading my letter to Bunks, I recall vividly the 110,000 people who packed the huge stadium at Heidelberg, the red and black flags, spotlights playing on the swastikas, and the voice of Goebbels as he addressed a crowd that was frenzied with adulation. It scared me.

Our last year together in high school was a fun time. Bunks led the basketball team to the State Championship Tournament. My much lesser accomplishment that year was to win a letter in cross country. When my mother had sewn it on a sweater, the first place I went to show it off was Bunks's house. He wasn't home but something about my countenance led his mother to make the proper oohs and ahs.

There was a certain solidity for Bunks and me growing up in

an upper middle class suburb. We had not really known the Great Depression and the storm clouds of Europe had yet to burst. Memorial Day parades were small-town America. The Civil War veterans rode in cars. We all marched or rode bikes decorated in red, white, and blue, and got self-conscious when the parade passed "our corner" and the assembled relatives and friends would burst out in applause.

High school had been waspishly homogeneous. As I recall, every girl had three long formal dresses, and I don't think I knew one who had more except Dorothy Wypeski, whose widowed mother was a seamstress. I say widowed but on reflection I realize she might have been divorced. That would have been too scandalous to know about. Dorothy was the only student with a Polish name. Lou Saban was also a bit different. I recall him coming from a farm background and being the best football player. But he never impressed us with the talent he later showed as the coach of the Buffalo Bills and the West Point cadets.

We were exposed to a few realities outside our cocoon. I was shocked when Hercules Tipton and I were a pair in the regional debate championships, held at fundamentalist Wheaton College. The judge voted against us because, he was overheard saying, "God didn't want black and white forming a team." Hello bigotry. It hurt. But for Bunks and me such hurts were rare clouds in an empyrean sky.

The hiatus in our association from our teens to our fifties was interrupted only once, though we would hear about each other occasionally from mutual friends. I do recall vividly the visit he made in 1944 to Camp Robinson, in Little Rock, Arkansas, where I was helping to train the 99th Division.

I had heard a few weeks before that my father, in the Marine Air Corps, had been reported missing in action in the South Pacific. I felt it keenly and was in need of support from friends. If Bunks knew this it was characteristically thoughtful. He had another motive, though, because a mutual friend had a brother in camp, so she and her girlfriend and Bunks

came down to Little Rock from La Grange together.

Someone suggested we play cards, and I was designated to get the cards and return to the hotel. The bitter truth was that I was so broke I didn't have forty-nine cents for a pack of cards at the drugstore. I must have been gone an unconscionable amount of time but somewhere, at a USO I think, I managed to pinch a dog-eared deck for us to play with. I've never asked Bunks what he thought of my strange antics, but he took it in his stride and thoughtfully diverted attention from my anomalous behavior. "D-Day" was the next week, and I haven't thought of the incident again until now.

One outstanding characteristic of Bunks Burditt, from which I have been learning all my life, it seems, is his innate modesty, despite his many accomplishments. When he was more or less drafted by the Republicans to run against Adlai Stevenson, Jr., it was not so much that Bunks had been the leader of the Republicans in the Illinois Senate, but that he was willing to undertake a campaign predestined to be lost. He started his campaign late and with low name recognition. It was so low, in fact, that the *Chicago Sun Times* dubbed him "George Who?" because so few voters knew his name. Still, he would get up early to stand at the gates of factories, introducing himself to potential supporters. Somehow, Bunks managed to turn what was a forlorn campaign, which ended in a crushing defeat, into a personal triumph. Even the newspapers opposed to him as a candidate came to admire his unflinching good spirits in the face of heavy odds. When I heard the news of his having been battered by an electoral landslide, I suddenly recalled a costume Bunks's mother had made for him for a masquerade party in the high school gym. I can see him now, parading all around the gym wrapped up like a mummy in heavy white bandages and wearing a sign reading "Victory." He certainly made more new friends in losing than Stevenson did in winning.

Some months after the campaign, at a dinner party for Jerry Brown in Beverly Hills, I asked Adlai Stevenson about

Bunks and the campaign. The senator smiled, brushed away nonexistent hair from his balding pate, and proceeded to tell me what a fine fellow Bunks was. I almost felt that Adlai was sorry that they couldn't both have won.

At a meeting of the United States-South African Leader Exchange Program in New York, the question of having a new board member from the Middle West, and possibly someone in law, came up. I said I had a boyhood friend from Chicago who was in the Illinois Legislature named George Burditt.

Immediately, Alan Pifer and Harold Fleming spoke up and corrected me. "You mean Bunks Burditt?" It turns out that all three were Harvard class of 1944. They were equally enthusiastic, so I went out of the meeting and called Bunks at the Illinois Legislature. As he recalls:

"I was sitting at the end of an aisle when a page came up and said that Ned Munger wanted to speak with me. When I went to the phone you said, 'Hi, how would you like to go to South Africa?'"

"I replied, 'Fine, but how have you been for the last twenty years? Without your persuasion an important facet of my life would never have been uncovered.'" In November 1980, Bunks was a member of a four-man team that the USSALEP put together to study security legislation in South Africa. Bunks and a black federal judge from Chicago, another lawyer friend of mine from Pasadena, and an expert from Washington on the post-Watergate security legislation, traveled the length and breadth of South Africa talking with judges, cabinet ministers, editors, black lawyers, and politicians.

From what they told me then in South Africa, I'm convinced that the questions and comments of the team have made a seminal input into the efforts now under way to revise the security laws of South Africa.

In the middle of 1981, some long-time leaders in USSALEP retired and George Miller Burditt, Jr. was elected Chairman of the American half of the Leader Exchange Program. His in-

nate sense of fairness, his judicial temperament, his ability to cut through the hypocrisy so frequent in U.S.-South African affairs, and his concern for saving human life while achieving justice, make a splendid combination.

The inside history of USSALEP would require a book. But a word is in order because it prospered greatly under George Burditt's leadership of the American side. A group of concerned Americans discussed the idea of closer contact with events in South Africa during 1957. In 1958, we founded USSALEP as a private, multiracial association of Americans and South Africans of diverse backgrounds committed to "the fostering of open and direct human links among all the people by whom the history of South Africa will be shaped."

Initially, we had reluctantly to accept the situation which dictated that on the South African side, the board would be entirely white. But a number of us on the American side, both black and white, made personal reservations that if the South African side did not include members of other races within a few years, we would withdraw from the American board. It was touch and go as to whether this condition could be met. It was, and USSALEP went on in the early 1960s to hold the first interracial and international conferences for South Africa. At first we were severely restricted to the Holiday Inn Airport Hotel in Johannesburg, but gradually we moved out into other locations throughout South Africa such as Umhlanga Rocks in Natal and the Wilderness resort in the Cape. Joint South African-American meetings have also been held in Paris, in Cambridge (England), and in the United States. Tension has been a byword as USSALEP remained at the cutting edge of change in South Africa through its exchange programs, symposia, and educational activities.

USSALEP is more than words. It is a spirit of understanding that we attempt to radiate in both countries. A feature of our meetings after the business of the day is concluded, has been late evening singsongs. Memories flood back from many parts of the world, most vividly a songfest at Harry Oppenheimer's

beach home near Durban, when I found one arm around Harry, and the other around Gatsha Buthelezi, as the whole group sang "Nkosi Sikelili" (the African national anthem) and "Die Stem" (the South African national anthem). The sight of black, brown, and white South Africans so drawn together brought tears to my eyes.

Bunks took the lead at our Fall 1982 meeting in Reston Virginia, in starting the singing. It reminded me that when we were in primary school, he was a paid choir singer at my Episcopal Church, although he belonged to another protestant denomination. He had a beautiful voice then, but now it is more like mine!

On this convivial occasion Tertius Myburgh (Editor of the *Sunday Times* in South Africa) was on the piano, while Steve McDonald, our red-bearded Burl Ivesian Executive Director, strummed his guitar. "Long Dawid" De Villiers (Chair of the Board of the largest Afrikaans publishing group) and Betty Purcell (former Chair of the Vassar Trustees) began by singing songs in Zulu. Franklin Sonn (President of the Coloured Teachers Association) and I then began a series of songs in Afrikaans, starting with "Sarie Marais." From the American side, Ex-Ambassador Bruce Llewellyn (whose parents are Jamaican) and Willie Esterhyse (Professor of Philosophy at Stellenbosch) then launched an American cycle, concluding with "We Shall Overcome."

The Council at Reston was equally divided between the two countries, with half of the South Africans Black or "Brown Black." We have a tradition of telling non-hurtful but hilarious ethnic stories to illustrate the foibles of one's own community. On this occasion an Afrikaner Nationalist told of a countryman who was worried about the future of South Africa and consulted a Zulu Sangoma ("witchdoctor," in the vernacular).

"Who will be Prime Minister in 1984?"

The Sangoma threw the bones: "Botha."

The Afrikaner asked, "Which Botha?"

"P. W." (The current Prime Minister)

"Who will be the Prime Minister in 1986?"

"Botha."

"Which Botha?"

"Pik." (The current Foreign Minister)

The Afrikaner had a satisfied look, but ventured one more time, "Who will be running the country in 1990?"

Again, the Sangoma threw the bones, studied them and answered: "Botha!"

"Which Botha?"

"Bothalezi!" (Gatsha Buthelezi, the Zulu political leader.)

It was my turn. "Ah," I said, "but did you know that the Afrikaner was named van der Merwe? He went back to the Sangoma. The Zulu savant agreed to have van der Merwe reincarnated in America and the Afrikaner paid him for this service." "But" the Sangoma added, "You must choose between being gay or black." Van der Merwe finally answered, "Black. It will be easier to explain to my mother."

In truth, we are often discouraged at USSALEP meetings because of seemingly intractable problems that we see ahead for South Africa if the country is to make a relatively peaceful transition to a just society. But when I looked around at my colleagues as we linked arms in a swaying circle to sing "Show Me the Way to Go Home," and on my right was Ruth Sims, the "Mayor" of Greenwich, and on my left Moses Maubane from Soweto, I thought of our group as a microcosm of South Africa and America, and hoped that our many achievements in working together over twenty-five years will soon be translated into the broader societies from which we come.

I am proud to have had a small part in involving my boyhood buddy in what is now a matter of great concern to us both.

A friend like Bunks Burditt is double joy. I've seen him meet triumph and disaster and, in Kipling's words, "treat those two imposters just the same."

ALAN  
(1950-present)

ON A SPRING DAY IN 1950, I met Alan on his brother-in-law's farm near Carisbrooke in South Africa. He mentions this dorp, or small town, in the opening paragraph of his first book:

There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills. These hills are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it. The road climbs seven miles into them, to Carisbrooke; and from there, if there is no mist, you look down on one of the fairest valleys of Africa.

That afternoon we watched the late Canada Lee, a then well-known black American actor, playing the role of the Reverend Stephen Kumalo. It was clear that Alan cared deeply, and wanted the film to be just right.

Alan was 47. He was a man who could look strong and sensitive at the same time. In conversation, then as now, he was brisk and sometimes brusque. Not for him the cloying sweetness of some famous liberals. For a man who has written so many words, one would have to call him both taciturn (which he was most of that afternoon) and eloquent, for when he feels in the mood his words race over the rapids of his ideas.

He had been born in Pietermaritzburg, where his Scotland-born father was a civil servant, and his mother, Natal-born, had been a teacher. He went on to the University of Natal and wrote poetry, drama, and fiction for school publications.

Driving through the little town of Ixopo that morning, I

had noticed the handsome Anglican Church where Alan was married in 1928. Alan has always been a strong Anglican, and as Canada Lee acted the role of a black-robed Anglican minister, one sensed Alan's identification. When the shooting ended for the day, I got to talking over tea with my fellow American. Canada Lee expressed a desire to visit Durban and I was more than willing to drive him. Alan was obviously nervous because apartheid was tight then. There had been all sorts of problems getting a visa for Canada Lee to make the picture. Although I had an introduction from a friend of Alan's, Winifred Hoernle in Johannesburg, the grand old lady of the Institute of Race Relations, a tension quickly developed because Alan saw me as a threat to take the star actor away and possibly get him into some trouble with the authorities.

That was what I thought at the time. But I suspect that Canada Lee was using me as a cover for other activities. Although he was privately vehement about conditions in South Africa, and understandably so, some of it was rhetoric and some of it dissimulation. While he has genuinely appalled, he didn't do too badly himself. Almost from the first location shots in Johannesburg, he met an attractive liberal white lady to assuage his wounds. The night I offered to take him to Durban to see political leaders, he slipped away to spend the night with her there.

A few years later, when he invited me to his apartment – or that of a lady friend – in the Washington Square section of New York, he started what seemed to be a well-worn litany about how he had suffered. I cut into it asking how his friend was, mentioning the lady's name. He immediately switched the topic and there were no more stories of his suffering under apartheid.

While at Carisbrooke, Canada Lee had asked me to look up two Coloured nieces in Cape Town, explaining that his uncle had jumped ship there at some stage and had started a family. Some time later, I did call at their address and held a limited conversation. They could only speak Afrikaans, and I had yet

to learn the language, so it was not easy to dispel their apprehension over the appearance of a white man at their dusty door.

As I related the incident, Canada Lee said how sorry he was that he hadn't been able to visit them at the end of the shooting and said he would write to them. Two elegant ladies came in from shopping, so we had tea and a drink and that ended the Africa discussion.

Another American actor, younger and with only a minor reputation, had attracted my attention at Carisbrooke because his ebony skin stood out in contrast to the terra cotta tones of the Zulus and Xhosas. Actually, Sidney Poitier is a Bahamian with West African roots. Last year, I chatted with him at a reception that Mayor Tom Bradley gave for President Nyerere of Tanzania. South Africa had made an indelible impression on Poitier.

In between those occasions, I was fortunate to secure John Houseman to direct a play at Caltech. When I mentioned Poitier, Houseman exhibited the didactics so delightfully displayed in his television series, *Paper Chase*, and gave a mini-seminar on Sidney Poitier's work in the Federal Theatre project for blacks that Houseman had run in Harlem in the 1930s.

The next day at Carisbrooke Alexander Korda, the director of the film, started the shooting early, so I could say only a brief good-bye to Canada and to Alan, who was still a bit frosty – understandably so.

It was three years after the filming at Carisbrooke that Alan Paton formed the Liberal Party and was invited to address the World Council of Churches meeting in Evanston, Illinois.

At a dinner given by a Northwestern professor, I was asked about Alan's work in his hearing. I expressed my genuine admiration for *Cry, the Beloved Country*, whose opening paragraph I described as among the most lyrical in the English language.

But in my brashness I criticized the just published *Too Late the Phalarope* for presenting the main Afrikaans character as a

stereotype of the Afrikaner, and especially of the Afrikaner policeman, a view widely held by English-speaking South Africans. I would have said "Natalians" but that would have been a rude jibe at what are jokingly called "banana boys" in South Africa. Alan was never one of them. But my criticism was a measured one.

Alan immediately replied that *Too Late the Phalarope* was not a novel of the Afrikaner, but of the tall grass country of the Cape around Kimberley. Well, our argument has been resumed every four or five years since, both in person and in correspondence.

I have often heard Alan talk in South Africa and in the United States and have tried to read everything he has written. To me, Alan Paton is a great South African patriot. Some of his American audiences have been so full of adulation for him, and so filled with antipathy for Afrikaner Nationalists, that Alan could have exaggerated many faults, manufactured many sins, or laid any accusations and his audiences would have loved it. But I have never heard him stretch the truth, play on people's hatreds, or advocate violence.

Alan has a lifelong willingness to be of help and also to trust people. In January 1955, I lunched with him in his home near Kloof, a small settlement that lies less than an hour's drive inland from Durban. Kloof lies at a much higher elevation and is therefore cooler and less muggy. We sat in the garden and his sharp memory immediately came into play:

"You didn't tell me about your visit to Lutuli."

He was referring to the head of the African National Congress, who lived up the tarred north-coast road from Durban. This road winds between rounded hills carpeted by sugarcane and crosses the streams on single-lane steel bridges; finally it passes Zulu kraals and ends in a sandy track to Lutuli's door.

"He was in good shape. As a matter of fact, he was swinging an axe in his garden when I drove up and he quickly went in the back door to put on a coat to receive me at the front door."

I remembered the scene because Natal summers are muggy

and soon sweat spots showed through Lutuli's coat.

"He spoke very warmly of you, Alan. He thinks that Patrick Duncan's participation in the Defiance of Unjust Laws campaign has been really positive."

Alan asked about the Asian and the Coloured Communities.

"Lutuli was cautious about the Indians. He said that their leadership was always consulted, but he made a crack about 'gouging Indian landlords.' He said cooperation was good at the top, but that there was tension 'in the lower African and Indian ranks.'"

Paton smiled knowingly. When he didn't speak, I went on:

"Lutuli said, 'We are always ready to listen to sincere and sensible suggestions from the Coloureds. But we are tired of going to them.'"

Paton nodded again and I didn't say any more about the visit. We got onto my then current research interest, which was in the evolution of the National Party.

As I have said, Alan has always been helpful and trusting – the latter at times to his detriment. But this time it was all positive. In the midst of our discussion, and as teatime approached, he got up and fetched some paper on which he wrote:

Dear Millie: This is to introduce Dr. Ned Munger, an American researcher into Economic and Political questions in Africa south of the Sahara.

He is interested in the Nationalist attitude towards the Jews in South Africa, say about 1935-45, and I told him he could do nothing better than consult the Press Digest.

He is a good fellow.

Love from us both.

Alan

Alan wrote such notes for me at other times and for hundreds of people. His own impeccable honesty and trust in people he liked were given their most severe shaking when he discovered years later that a number of Liberal Party members in

Johannesburg had yielded to the practice of violence. This was against all Liberal Party precepts, and Alan was shocked when his supporter, John Harris, set off a bomb in the Johannesburg station which killed a grandmother and wounded the child in her arms.

To pass over twenty years of exchanges, Alan wrote me in Pasadena on September 9, 1975, at pains to set his political position straight, as follows:

I read in the Durban "Daily News" of September 8th., that you had said "Even Alan Paton has surprised many Americans with his apparently respectful attitude towards Mr. Vorster's initiatives in Africa, with the result that the modern Afrikaner is seen in a new light." The gist of this is correct, but I doubt if I would describe my attitude as respectful. Mr. Vorster would have to go a great deal further and a great deal faster for that to happen. The article, which is written by Hugh Robertson from New York, is about the new image of the Afrikaner. There is a much more important issue than this. As far as one can see, Mr. Vorster is politically able to make great internal changes, but the real question is whether he is psychologically able to make them. He has set up a Cabinet committee, and while the proceedings so far have been secret, it is generally supposed that certain basic provisions of Apartheid cannot be questioned: 1) the sharing of power, 2) population registration, 3) the Group Areas Act, 4) the Mixed Marriages Act, and 5) the Immorality Act. It is very doubtful that real changes could be made if these Acts retain their present form because as you know, their purpose is clear and direct, and that is to keep every race separate from every other in every conceivable place and on every conceivable occasion. One might relax a little in the field of sport and entertainment, but to take sport alone, if mixed sport means white teams against black teams then the result would be disastrous. Mixed sport can only mean non-racial sport.

I would like to make another point. Mr. Vorster does not only face an internal psychological conflict within himself

and his party, he also maintains an attitude towards his more extreme political opponents which would prevent me from giving him any respect. He has, as you know dealt mercilessly with many of my associates, men and women who would have been regarded with honour in a proper democratic country. He tolerates opposition in parliament but deals savagely with opposition outside parliament, and the reason why there is this strong opposition outside parliament is that these opposition elements cannot get into parliament in any way.

I do not presume to teach you about South Africa, but I would like to make it quite clear that while I approve of Mr. Vorster's attempts to improve relationships with the rest of Africa, I do not think he fully understands what he will have to do inside his own country.

With warm regards.

He wrote again the next month, *inter alia*:

Dear Ned. Thank you for your letter of October 28th., and for your acknowledgement of my letter to the Prime Minister. I may say that since you wrote his stock has risen still further, and that the U.P. [United Party] just cannot make up its mind whether it wants to go in with the nationalists or not. I wish it would, for it would then disappear and we might have a more articulate opposition in the Progressive/Reform Party.

The great trouble about a T.V. show like "Last Grave from Dimbaza" is that it is true. It is not the whole truth, but certainly it cannot be described as an untruth. The trouble with our Ambassador to the U.N. is that he feels obliged to say that it is untrue. It would be untrue if I took pictures of a slum and suggested that it was typical of the way in which African people were housed. I must make it quite clear that this is the way some people are abused and it is a disgrace to a civilised society. I think that now, not being a member of a political party, I am able to speak the truth and to make it bite when it seems necessary.

With all best wishes, yours ever Alan

After the Carter election and the appointment of Andrew Young as Ambassador, I remarked about some of the good things Young might accomplish in Africa. Alan came back with a typically forthright comment on February 21, 1977:

I have nothing for or against Andrew Young, but I would just like to say one thing. If he hopes to pressure white South Africa into a unitary state he is leaving one important fact out of his calculations. It is my own firm belief that Afrikanerdom would rather destroy itself than accept a unitary state. It would not only destroy itself, but it would destroy many other things too, and I certainly would not like to see a new South Africa brought into being at the expense of such desolation. I should like to know what you think of this.

Over the next year we wrote frequently on political questions. In one letter he reported that his new wife complained somewhat bitterly that my letters took too much of his time. He said I was not very popular with her, but not to let it bother me.

Several months later, this was on my mind as I flew to Seattle to spend three days at a symposium on South Africa, organized by the Episcopal Cathedral, in which Alan and I were both participants. The first evening there was a Ladies Guild supper for the various speakers.

Mrs. Paton came up to me and proceeded to give the kind of backhanded compliment that one likes to relate immodestly to one's closest friend. But there was a real anger in her words:

"Dr. Munger, I always hate it when Alan gets one of your letters. Sometimes you make him angry. You do make him think, but then he can't just dash off a reply. It may take him all afternoon to compose an answer. Frankly, and I hope you don't mind my saying so, he has more important writing to do in his last years than replying to you."

I felt chastened but also irritated. Far be it from me to interfere with a great writer's composition. She has a right to be

protective, I thought, but she doesn't have to be so sticky. After all, I'm not making him reply.

A little later, as she passed by to put some apple pie in front of me, she added in what was obviously intended as an apology:

"I must say, you aren't anything like your letters. Not at all. You seem to be a nice man, not as pompous as your letters."

I took the put-down and tried to think of it as a compliment. In the end she succeeded in making me feel a little guilty for the time I had taken from Alan's more worthy pursuits. She did soften up a little as the conference went on, though the edge was always there.

The conference provided a number of occasions in speeches or in television and radio interviews when Alan could have indulged in hyperbole about South Africa and would not only have been believed but cheered. But his even-handed, dispassionate approach to a subject he felt passionately about made a deep impression on me and helped to cement my love for such a great man.

Some months later, I decided to compile a book of essays on Afrikaners and I wrote to Alan asking him to be a contributor. I also made a joke about apologizing to his wife for interrupting his work. He replied, in part:

When my wife made her comment that you were not like your letters, she meant it as a compliment. She thought you were much more human than you appeared in your letters.

Thank you for your compliment about my honesty. This is not entirely due to moral integrity, it is partly due to an education in physics and mathematics. It is impossible to tell a lie in mathematics, and very difficult to do so in physics. Quite apart from that, it is a kind of passion of mine to observe a situation and then to sit down and write the truth about it. Of course there are some people who would say that one can only do this when one has become totally indifferent to what is happening, a kind of extreme stoicism

that I do not possess. I should qualify this immediately by saying that I have become what might be called a Christian stoic.

I had renewed my criticism of *Too Late the Phalarope* as presenting an English stereotype of the Afrikaner. Again, I touched a nerve for Alan replied:

I note that you refer again to *Too Late the Phalarope* "a perspective that may have changed." Let me say that *Too Late the Phalarope* is a story set in a special part of the country which I called the grass country. That is the higher part of the eastern Transvaal, and it is not supposed to be a perspective of the Afrikaner at all. However, I can assure you that like Jakob and his wife and sister, and Pieter and his wife, and Sgt. Van de Merwe, and that silly ass Japie Grobler, are genuine types.

I will say in my defence that *Too Late the Phalarope* is not intended to show all types of Afrikaners. I can assure you that Sgt. Van de Merwe is all too common a representative, however. The latest murder, that of Richard Turner, has had a tremendous effect upon the Natal community, and the suspicion, sometimes spoken, sometimes unspoken, is that the Security Police are responsible for it, directly or indirectly. The assassin (or assassins) came to the door and when he went to the window to investigate, they shot him in the chest with a very high powered rifle.

My purpose in bringing up *Too Late the Phalarope* was not to harangue him or to revive an old debate. It was meant to provoke him. It did. He asked for clarification of what I wanted him to write about Afrikaners because, as he said, "I'm not keen and would like to know what you have in mind."

We settled on an appropriate topic, and the manuscript he produced was twice the suggested length. It is a superb essay on Afrikaners and I used it as the first chapter.

In discussing an American edition of the book with a wide variety of editors in New York, both my agent John Meyer and I often encountered the question:

“Why don't you have a contribution by Helen Suzman?”

The purpose of *The Afrikaners* is to foster a deeper understanding of them on the part of informed Americans. I've known Helen Suzman for thirty years, and will write a profile of her as I have known her, but she is just not the person to delineate the Afrikaners. She really mastered the Afrikaans language only after the age of thirty, and knows them primarily as bitter, sarcastic, enemies across the floor of Parliament. They know her in the same way. I would never think that Prime Minister P. W. Botha, for example, would be the best person to discuss English-speaking South Africans from an Afrikaans viewpoint. He and Helen hate each other and both have good reasons.

By contrast, Alan Paton wrote a powerful, trenchant, and damning indictment of Afrikaners that cannot be faulted for its scholarship, nor can he be accused of using invective or being petty. In his chapter for the book, he tells for the first time how he broke with Afrikaner Nationalism:

Although I have no Afrikaner blood, I sympathized with this Afrikaner resurgence. When I was a young schoolmaster I went to an Afrikaner farm in the Western Province to learn Afrikaans, for at school we had been taught the language of Holland. After a week of torture I reached the first plateau, and began to move at great speed. After a month I was speaking with great fluency and reasonable competency. In 1935, at the age of thirty-two, I was appointed principal of the Diepkloof Reformatory and for thirteen years spoke more Afrikaans than English. In 1938 I decided to go to the laying of the foundation stone of the memorial, and grew a beard and bought Voortrekker dress. The Education Department gave us permission to take our two ox-wagons to the ceremony and, flying the Vierkleur flag of the defeated Transvaal republic, we went rolling to Pretoria.

We arrived on a hot day, and I went straight to the showers. Here I was greeted by a naked and bearded

Afrikaner patriot who said to me, "Have you seen the great crowds?" I said, "Yes" (there were a quarter of a million people there). He said to me, with the greatest affability, "Now we're going to knock hell out of the English."

The great day was full of speeches, and the theme of every meeting was Afrikanerdom, its glories, its struggles, its grief, its achievements. The speaker had only to shout *vryheid* (which is freedom) to set the vast crowd roaring, just as today a black speaker who shouts *Amandla* (power), can set a black crowd roaring. A descendant of the British 1820 Settlers who gave Jacobus Uys a Bible when he set out on the Great Trek was shouted down because he gave his greetings in English as his forebear had done.

It was a lonely and terrible occasion for any English-speaking South African who had gone there to rejoice in this Afrikaner festival. Many Afrikaners could not forget that Hertzog, the very founder of Afrikaner Nationalism, was not there but had stayed, proud and rejected, on his farm. Yet the great Smuts, regarded by every true nationalist as a traitor, was there – austere and distinguished.

After the laying of the stone I left the celebrations and went home. I said to my wife, "I'm taking this beard off and I'll never wear another." That was the end of my love affair with Nationalism. I saw it for what it was, self-centered, intolerant, exclusive.

I had selected Alan Paton as a tough critic, which he turned out to be. His chapter has made many Afrikaners question themselves. An essay by Helen Suzman would never have done so.

In February 1978, Alan commented: "My wife and I talk about our visit to Seattle, I should think at least once a week." And then after some delay, he wrote on May 30:

"I have not forgotten the 4,000 word essay on the Afrikaner. I am quite looking forward to writing it because in a way I shall be writing about my own life."

It was much longer, as I have said, so he cabled me the end of July:

“Article posted this week. Good I think but hope 7000 words poses no problem.”

He followed this up with a letter:

I am sorry about the 7000 words and hope they won't embarrass you. I must say that a great deal of work went into the writing of the essay, much more than I had intended, but you can call it the distillation of a lifetime of thought and experience. . . .

With good wishes for the book and apologies for the amount of work I did, Yours ever, Alan.

Needless to say I was delighted with the length, flattered by the effort he had made, and immensely grateful.

In a long reply to my sentiments he said, among other things:

“Thank you for your appreciative letter. Good luck with your brave venture.”

At the end of July, 1979, he offered a cautiously optimistic view of South African political affairs:

I would like to say that the signs are more hopeful than they have been for some time, but one never knows because tomorrow something may happen which could change one's opinion. However the Prime Minister has just made a reasonably sensible speech and to my knowledge he is the first Prime Minister since 1948 who has said that the welfare of the brown and black people matters a great deal to him. Also Dr. Koornhof was given a great reception in Alexandra Township, to which place he has just granted a permanent reprieve from demolition. Finally the Afrikaanse Studentebond at its last congress more or less rejected policies of racial discrimination.

How to sum up Alan Paton as a friend: He is deeply caring about nature and people. I only approach his love for the magnificent physical landscape of South Africa. I only approach the depth of the anguish he feels for the peoples of South Africa in their common travail.

I see Alan as a man of great integrity; not a moralist, but a moral man. In his autobiography he comments that someone once called him a “distinguished Christian.” I agree with Alan, he is a Christian and he is distinguished, but not the other way around.

Alan shares a love of language with a writer such as Tom Wolfe. But Paton is precise where Wolfe is gargantuan. Both men have a feel of their roots and much of their writing is autobiographical, though this is less true of Paton.

Why do I pick Tom Wolfe? Because contemporary scholarship sees much of Wolfe’s greatness as having been shaped in essential details by Maxwell Perkins. The famous Scribners editor was a vital force for many fine writers from Scott Fitzgerald to James Jones. When Perkins was taken to the hospital with the pneumonia from which he shortly died, he insisted on taking two manuscripts with him: James Jones’s *From Here to Eternity* and Alan Paton’s *Cry, the Beloved Country*. In a sense, they were the last two authors he “discovered.” In my admittedly limited judgment, Alan Paton has written many fine novels and biographies, but he has yet to equal the lyrical sweep and human tenderness of *Cry*.

I asked Scott Berg, the prize-winning author of a massive biography of Maxwell Perkins, who has carefully perused the Paton association, about Paton. Berg first agreed with me that Alan Paton and Thomas Wolfe were almost antipodal in personality. How then, I asked, did Perkins and Paton get on face to face. His answer was succinct:

“They didn’t.” It seems that each man would wait for the other to speak, and in their one meeting in New York the encounter was something of a disappointment to both the writer and the editor.

“But,” Scott Berg went on, “in four long letters, Maxwell Perkins made major suggestions for changes in *Cry, the Beloved Country*.” Perkins’ biographer seemed to think that the master editorial touch had been at work with Paton as with Fitzgerald, Wolfe, Marcia Davenport, and so many others.

In the first volume of his autobiography, Paton denies this, but says he will explain in Volume II.

I do feel a kinship with Alan Paton in the sense that cabbages can look at kings. As he says in *Towards the Mountain*, published by Scribners in 1980, he has been a teacher all of his life.

In the first half he was much more successful when he was teaching students. In the second half, when he has tried to teach adult white South Africans the facts of life, he has found them "a tough proposition."

Anne Paton has proved to be most friendly after the earlier stickiness. When Alan had an aneurysm in 1982, she took over his correspondence and arranged to receive my black American friend, Kendal Price, in their home at Botha's Hill.

My kinship arises with Alan first from also being a teacher of students, and secondly from being much less successful in teaching Americans the facts of life about South Africa. We have discussed this from time to time, and I have been heartened by Alan's encouragement of my study of Afrikaners and of his country, despite the fact that we disagreed markedly in our interpretations. But what a marvelous man with whom to be in disagreement.

## OTTO

(1958-present)

FRIENDSHIPS are my most cherished possessions. As Ralph Waldo Emerson has said: "All history becomes subjective; in other words there is properly no history, only biography."

Often friendships take the form of mentoring. "Mentor" comes, of course, from the ancient Greek; Mentor, a loyal adviser of Odysseus, was entrusted with the care and education of Telemachus, the son of Odysseus and Penelope.

Homer did not contemplate that occasionally a mentor may be involved with someone well along in a successful career but wanting to shift gears. This was true of Otto Krause when I met him. Piet Meiring introduced us at a party in Cape Town. Otto, eight years my junior, was then and is still a man who loves marinating himself in life's juices. He plays a mean honkytonk piano that has dinner guests hanging over the piano into the small hours of the morning. He loves to argue politics and, as a Nationalist, is something of an "enfant terrible" in certain liberal households in the "mink and manure" belt of Johannesburg's exurbia.

Otto's roots are deep in the Orange Free State, where he has numerous relatives, and his distinguished ancestors include his great-uncle, F. E. Krause, the Judge President of the Orange Free State Republic before the Boer War.

Otto comes from a long line of doctors. His great-grandfather was the first doctor to practice north of the Orange River, as a member of the Berlin Missionary Society. His roots are equally deep on his mother's side. She was a Scrivener, and Otto's Uncle Jack was the co-founder with General Hertzog

of the National Party, which rules present-day South Africa. His maternal ties provide him ready access to the top levels of the English-speaking white community, even though he is a columnist for an Afrikaans newspaper.

Krause graduated from Stellenbosch University with an LL.B. in 1949. At that time every South African Prime Minister had been a graduate of Stellenbosch, which was the intellectual heart of Afrikanerdom. He went on to Oxford, where he received a Bachelor or Jurisprudence degree, and later went to Yale University, where he was awarded a Master's degree in Law.

Otto returned to South Africa a bright, energetic young man filled with bonhomie, and ready to make his mark. He began in law and spent two years as a law clerk. But journalism was to be his metier, and he joined *Die Transvaler* as a junior reporter. Subsequently, he spent three years as parliamentary correspondent of the afternoon paper, *Die Vaderland*. The years in the press gallery sharpened his love of politics.

He is a bachelor, and over many years I would stay with him at his flat in Hillbrow for days or weeks at a time. One great advantage of being a friend of Otto's was that I could arrive from the States or from some other part of Africa, and my social/political schedule would be functioning at top speed moments after my arrival.

Usually, unless there has been elaborate advance planning, it takes time to pick up the threads and make appointments both for the business hours and for lunchtimes and evenings when people concerned with political questions are most likely to be available. I have another friend, Dr. Jan Frootko, with whom I have stayed many times in Johannesburg. Jan and Otto understand my ways, although their friends may be baffled that I am often at home in the mornings and afternoons writing when they are busy at an office. My "working time" is frequently lunch, dinner, and the evening. I am not really a rude guest to be out when my host is at home.

With Otto, I would call from the airport, listen to him tell Amy, his housekeeper, to put on another plate for lunch, and then he would tell me that we were dining with a prominent industrialist such as Ulla Grinaker, having drinks with some Afrikaans editors, and going to a smash-up party of Prog types in Houghton. He had a way with hostesses, and it was rare that I had not been asked to be an extra guest by the time I pitched up at his flat.

Otto Krause is a man always brimming with ideas. One that kept coming back to him in the late 1950s was how to reflect his Afrikaans and English heritage in a political and journalistic way. Gradually, from discussions we had among various friends, the idea emerged that we might start a news magazine. It would be in English. But among its political goals would be that South Africa break away from the British tie and become a Republic. In fact, an early name suggested for the magazine was "The Republican."

We wanted to woo English-speaking voters to a news magazine that got away from the jingoistic old-school-tie approach and concentrated on a melding of Afrikaner and English values. This was a period when many fourth-generation English-speaking whites still spoke of visiting Britain as "going home," anachronistic as that sounds today.

We also had the concept of educating white readers of all persuasions about Africa. We saw at this stage that the political oligarchy of South Africa had a desperate need to be part of a greater Africa. Its members were woefully ignorant of the rest of the continent. True, most white South Africans visited Europe, the way New Yorkers may visit California, but they would fly over Africa as though it were terra incognita.

So the magazine would be aimed at bringing the English toward a South African Republic set of values, and also would hope to take the Afrikaner and English readers out of their South African shell and into the African continent.

"Otto," I would say, "you can't do this unless and until you yourself know something about Africa." He may have winced

at an American telling him, who thought of himself as an "African," that he must at least see the parts of Africa I knew from living in Liberia, Ghana, Uganda, and Kenya, and from visiting and publishing articles about all of the other countries and major islands north of the Limpopo River. For beyond what Kipling called "the great, grey, green, greasy Limpopo" was a world Otto knew little about – especially the political mind-set of the black people, who were on the move.

Otto listened, took a deep breath, and set off on his African odyssey. He met Africans whom he truly offended, including dear friends of mine. Some of them didn't grasp that Otto loves to argue for the sake of argument. He can give heavy verbal blows and receive them as well, and then want to shake hands and say, "we must do this again." Many educated Africans, especially in Central and East Africa, were not ready to debate with this roistering Afrikaner journalist. On the other hand, Otto's natural charm and sense of fair play opened many doors for him. Recently, he complimented me. "Ned, the best thing you ever did for me was to convince me that I had to visit black Africa."

First he visited Salisbury and wangled an interview with Lord Malvern, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia for a generation. Lord Malvern was almost deaf and I myself recall that when I was living in Salisbury, I often tried to balance shouting to make him hear my questions with the decorum of addressing a Prime Minister. Apparently the aging P.M. had not grasped that when Otto came to see him Otto was representing an Afrikaans newspaper. Malvern repeatedly emphasized that the Central African Federation had been created as "a bulwark against the expansion of Afrikaner nationalism."

Krause made his trip none too soon. A few years later most of the countries he visited had shut their doors against any white person with a South African passport. This was particularly true of Tanzania, where even black Africans with South African passports were received with suspicion.

But Otto soon managed to meet the then party leader Julius

Nyerere in Dar-es-Salaam. The future President took Otto to the Krazy Kat Kafe to meet with Rashid Kawawa, soon to be Vice President, and they fell into a discussion of nationalism. Otto pressed his emerging conviction that much of black nationalism in Africa was emulating the Afrikaners' struggle against British colonialism. When he mentioned the significant role of poetry in Afrikaner nationalism, Nyerere turned to him and said: "Then, Mr. Krause, you will appreciate the role of Kiswahili poetry in our own Tanzanian nationalism. We wouldn't sell many copies of our party newspaper if we didn't have Kiswahili poetry in it."

Today, Otto opines that Tanzania's laggard development can be traced in part to a lack of a bitter struggle against British domination. One thing Otto found acceptance for from Nyerere was that although white, Otto is an African. He often quoted an Afrikaner named Bibalot in the seventeenth century who said: *Ik ben ein Afrikaner. I am an Afrikaner.*

In Nairobi, Otto made friends with Tom Mboya, then one of the leading politicians. Mboya took Otto to visit the Kenya parliament, which Otto said acted more like the South African parliament than like the British parliament.

While in Kenya, Krause visited the Afrikaner settlement in the vicinity of Thompson's Falls. He talked at length with a bearded patriarch named Retief, who expounded to him:

"You know we Afrikaners always complained about the English talking of 'home' even though they were third- and fourth-generation South Africans and may never have even visited England. But too many of our Afrikaners here in Kenya, including some younger ones who have never visited South Africa refer to it as 'Home.' If this country ever gets independence, I will be one of the first to take out citizenship." Kenya did and Retief did. The last Krause heard the old man was still farming a bit near Mombasa.

Otto had a marvelous time in Ethiopia, where Haile Selassie was at the height of his reign. Otto wasn't always popular when he would remind Ethiopians that it was South African

troops who had liberated them from their Italian conquerors.

I well understood the Amharic sensibilities, since a few years earlier I had gone from a reception by Haile Selassie at the palace to a meeting with his then Crown Prince. In the course of the conversation, Selassie's son spoke of the relative lack of development in Ethiopia as stemming in part from the fact that the South African troops had loaded all the factories onto trucks and taken them south as plunder. I think the Crown Prince really believed this canard.

From Ethiopia, Otto went on to Nigeria. After he had visited Kano, Kaduna, and Lagos, he landed in the university town of Ibadan. One evening at a dinner he met the bright and beautiful wife of an Ibadan professor. "We got on fabulously the whole evening," Otto recalls, "and after a most felicitous discussion, I ended my goodbye by saying, 'You must come and visit me in South Africa.' She smiled sweetly at me and replied, 'I'd love to come to your country, Mr. Krause, and I will - as a conqueror.'"

Krause arrived in Conakry just after the Guineans had declared their independence from De Gaulle's France. He was appalled at the vicious vindictiveness of the French, who destroyed much of what they could not take with them, which included tearing telephones out of the walls.

After some weeks, Otto turned up to meet me in Ghana. He found that throughout West Africa, Africans as a whole were more his type of personality - outgoing, self-confident, even boisterous, and loving a vigorous discussion. One night in Accra we went to the Weekend in Havana nightclub and were soon dancing with local talent. Otto was swinging and winging his way around the dance floor with his usual enthusiasm when there was a break in the music. I'll never forget his words: "God man, wat sal die mense by die huis dink as hulle my nou moet sien dans met hierdie meide?" ("My God! What would the people back home think to see me dancing with this black girl?") At that stage of social relations among various races in South Africa, interracial dancing was against the law

(it no longer is, of course) and Otto's mother, his journalistic associates in the Afrikaans press, and many of his conservative friends would have been aghast.

I introduced Otto to many of my Ghanaian friends, including Dr. J. B. Danquah, the grand old man of Ghana nationalism. Otto's love for vigorous discussion got him in hot water with one of Danquah's younger supporters. Otto's usual point was that Ghana lacked some degree of national unity because the struggle for independence had gone too easily. As Otto put it:

"Man, we lost one-fourth of all our Boer women and children in British concentration camps. You only had 22 Ghanaians killed in riots, whereas we lost one-tenth of our total population."

That was Otto. Provocative, yes. Endearing, no.

I remember particularly a dinner I gave for him at the Ambassador Hotel in Accra. I even remember the menu, which included pepper steaks because the young French sous-chef made a speciality of them. Around the table were Ntsu Mokhele, then a man much wanted by the South African police and today a leader of the Lesotho underground; my friend Julius Kiano, then a cabinet minister in Kenya; and Patrick and Cynthia Duncan, strongly liberal white South Africans.

Soon the discussion turned hotly political and Pat Duncan turned to Kiano, saying: "It will be three hundred years before Krause and his people recognize blacks like you as human beings."

Krause was furious at this put-down by a white countryman. I thought my dinner party was about to break up before I was able rapidly to change the subject to the success of Duncan's anti-apartheid newspaper, *Contact*. Today, Krause is still furious. He recalls, "I'm still mad but at least events have proved Duncan wrong; my people do accept blacks as equal human beings."

That last evening in Ghana ended without fisticuffs and the next evening, when I was telling Prime Minister Kwame

Nkrumah about it, the Ghanaian leader laughed at the picture of the two white South Africans almost coming to blows.

I told Kwame that Kiano had said his staff had told me he must not meet with an Afrikaner. Kiano, a Stanford Ph.D., replied that it would certainly do Krause more good than it would do him – Kiano – harm.

The trip did have a salutary effect on Otto Krause, and his knowledge of black Africa was to be a vital ingredient in the success of the news magazine. Since our first discussions, the Republic had come into being and the name of the proposed journal was changed to *News/Check*. It began publication in July, 1962, at the height of Dr. Verwoerd's iron grip on Afrikaner intellectual thinking. *News/Check's* emphasis was on news from black Africa long before the South African newspapers had developed staffs to cover the rest of the continent. Its impact was particularly strong on Afrikaners. Some years earlier I had interviewed the retired Prime Minister Dr. D. F. Malan, and the Afrikaner leader had mixed up the relative locations of Ghana and Nigeria. It was typical of a South African generation that knew Europe intimately but Africa scarcely at all.

From 1966 until it ceased publication in 1971, *News/Check* was in the vanguard of the "verlig" or enlightened movement among Afrikaners, which has transformed racial thinking in the Republic. It was *News/Check* that put many Afrikaners' noses into the odoriferous problems of black South Africa and forced them to think.

My failure as a friend of Otto's was not in an area of my expertise such as black Africa. I repeatedly urged him, as did many of his friends, to get a business manager for *News/Check*. But it kept losing money as its editorial pages excelled and its advertising dwindled. When Otto had poured in all of his \$150,000 inheritance from his family, and when his friends had exhausted their willingness to buy more stock, the magazine was put to bed for the last time. But its mark on South African history had been made.

Otto himself had gone on to a variety of journalistic positions, including that of editor of the *Financial Gazette* until it, too, folded. He writes editorials for *Die Transvaler* and has become a pinchhitter for editors who need temporary replacement.

Does he regret the time, energy, and small fortune he put into *News/Check*?

“No,” he tells me today. “With your help, I got to know something of black Africa and through *News/Check* I was able to lay the groundwork for a much better understanding of black Africa in my country. Though I could have done more and perhaps made some money.”

The magazine was a satisfying experience for me as well. I, too, would have wished for even greater success. But the cause was noble and victory was at least partial.

Otto Krause’s interest in Africa was far deeper than a publication alone. One friend I had sent to him was Stanley Meisler. I had first met Stan at Peace Corps headquarters in Washington when I was en route as a Peace Corps evaluator in Uganda. Stan had moved on to become the *Los Angeles Times-Washington Post* syndicate correspondent in South Africa. Writing me recently from his post as bureau chief in Toronto, he recalled a story about Otto that stood out from his 1960s years in Johannesburg. Otto had organized a luncheon on the topic of a South African Peace Corps in black Africa. Stan was a natural person to have his brain picked. As Stan recalls the meeting in Otto’s flat:

The questions put to me were insightful, practical, sensitive, and political. I remember marvelling to myself at the wonder of these white Afrikaners actually having enough understanding and sensitivity to be ready to organize a solid Volunteer program in Black Africa – provided that they would be allowed to operate. I remember myself going through for South Africa. But then I had to rush out for an appointment (in fact, I think it was for the Institute of Race Relations). As I got off the elevator at the ground floor of

Otto's apartment building, a black woman started to get in. A white man who had been standing there tapped her on the shoulder. He said simply, "This is not for you." She said, "excuse me," and went up the staircase instead. I lost my mood for optimism for that day right there.

My friendship with Otto has continued long beyond the *News/Check* era. I am grateful to him for all the friends to whom he has introduced me. They include the Labias. Joseph and Lew inherited a fortune from their grandfather, J. B. Robinson, one of the mining magnates at the turn of the century. Like several other such families, they obtained a title, which many thought a little spurious, and a large collection of Dutch and French masters, some of which may also be spurious.

Joseph, or Prince Labia, and I used to see a lot of each other in Cape Town. He finished medical school, had seven children, finished law school, and then as far as I can tell retired to Wimbledon in England. We had lunch a few years ago in St. James, but the reasons he gave me for leaving South Africa seemed a little inchoate.

The other son, Count Lew Labia, did a good Ph.D. in economics at Cambridge and has had a useful academic career. One night Otto called to invite us for dinner with Lew at the Pretoria Country Club. It was not a memorable evening until the second shift.

About 11:00 we bade our host farewell, and Otto took me to a home in Pretoria because he was keen to introduce me to a rising young National Party M.P. in the Transvaal named Pik Botha. Botha was showing slides of a recent visit to South West Africa. I dislike color slide shows and was grateful to have arrived as it was ending.

The conversation had no sooner begun than Pik launched into a monologue in which he excoriated the United States and Americans. I was the rod for plenty of lightning and thunder. Those last words have a terribly rude connotation in

Afrikaans but I was tempted to use them. Finally, about 2:00 a.m., Otto, sometimes an irrepressible talker himself, managed to get in a few Afrikaans words edgewise.

The gist of what he said was this: "Pik, before you talk any more about West Africa and American policy, I must tell you that Ned has had a lot more experience there than you have. Furthermore, you keep attacking him as an American. He may be critical of us but he does know us better than any American, and your comment on American ignorance of the Afrikaner are out of place."

It was quite a strong statement and I could see that Pik was a man not used to being corrected or even cautioned. But to his credit, he immediately changed his whole tone of voice and for the next two hours we had an intelligent discussion of American-South African relations.

So I have Otto to thank for my first meeting with South Africa's sometimes bellicose Foreign Minister. Since that rather rude beginning, I have found Pik most courteous and friendly to me. But I do understand why all Americans don't strike the same vein with him!

Otto and I continue to meet on both of our continents. He came by the beach house in Malibu for a Sunday brunch while touring the States, and not long ago I had occasion to take Mr. and Mrs. William Raspberry to Otto's for a dinner party. Bill is the black columnist syndicated by the *Washington Post*. But that evening belongs in another memoir.

## CHRISTIAN

(1968-present)

IT IS MORE USUAL than unusual to have an intermittent relationship as a mentor. Sometimes one does not wish such a relationship, and even when it is deliberately intermittent one may later wish that it had been more continuous. We live in an imperfect world with imperfect talents!

Someone I now wish I had stayed in closer touch with is Christian Ndlovu. He seemed to be on the right track and is now well along, but for a while was on something of a siding. The question is whether he can be shifted to a higher speed on an even more successful track.

I first met Christian in 1968 when he was ten years old. His mother, Henrietta Ndlovu, came to a lively party in Soweto given for me and two black American colleagues on a mission I led for the State Department Advisory Committee on Africa. My black colleagues – the Reverend Chester Marcus from New York City, and Harriet Murphy, an attorney from Austin – and I were seeking to ascertain the genuine views of black South Africans toward policies of the American government.

At the Soweto party Christian's mother explained that she was a widow, a nurse who worked at Barangwanath Hospital in Soweto. A devout Christian, she spoke earnestly to me about her son, of her determination that he should have every opportunity to succeed in life beyond her own station, and she pleaded for advice and assistance.

Two days later, I met with Christian and his mother. My principal advice was to try, if humanly possible, to have him

study in a strong school, preferably in a nonsegregated atmosphere. This may seem to be simple advice and easy to carry out. But for a woman with almost no knowledge of foreign countries, who had limited exposure to post-primary education in a nursing program (not R.N.) and a meager salary, getting a young boy outside the country into a different educational system and paying the substantial school fees required was like climbing a mountain, or several of them.

I gave her a small sum of money as an indication of my interest and as step one toward the financing. I wished her well and asked her to stay in touch.

Christian had been attending St. Johns Berchmans School in Johannesburg, while he lived with his mother in Dube Village, Soweto. He was good in social studies, English, Zulu, and Afrikaans (I thought at the time that I could never have mastered three languages at once!), in English literature, arithmetic, and health education.

His mother and I did keep in touch, and when Christian had finished primary school, she entered him in St. Marks High School in Mbabane, Swaziland. I had attended the independence celebrations in Swaziland in 1968, and even owned several acres of land in the capital of Mbabane, overlooking the beautiful Enzulweni Valley, that I won in a poker game the night before independence.

My first choice for Christian had been Waterford School. Some years before I had spent two days digging ditches and clearing brush, along with a number of young whites from Johannesburg and young blacks from Swaziland, to prepare the foundations for the first multiracial private school in that part of Africa. A number of wealthy South African whites contributed funds and sent their children to Waterford. But it was too expensive for Christian. Even his attendance at St. Marks was a great burden on his mother. She had no car, and rail and bus transportation for young Christian was expensive, even though the driving distance is a mere four hours from Soweto. He could come home only for infrequent holidays.

In 1974, while he was on vacation from St. Marks, I was in Johannesburg and his mother arranged for him to come and spend the afternoon with me at the President Hotel in downtown Johannesburg. We had cokes and hamburgers and several pots of tea as we discussed his experiences and goals. I tried out on Christian a variation of one of my favorite games – naming the countries of Africa. This time I told Christian that I would hand him one Rand (\$1.40) for every country he could name in Africa. He started slowly, knitting his brow, and going off in various geographical directions. He perspired freely as he kept plugging away for the better part of an hour. One Rand was a lot of money for a poor schoolboy. My motive, as on other occasions with students, was to encourage learning and also to show that it might have at least pocket money rewards! Finally, having named 49 out of a then possible 55 countries, and with some \$60 for his pocket, Christian heaved a sigh and said, “That is all.” He had done splendidly – let the reader try. But he had left out South Africa while including Swaziland and South West Africa!

After three years of sacrifice by his mother and hard work on his part at St. Marks, Christian was accepted at Waterford/Kamhlaba High School. Christian could then be described as a diligent student and he was popular with his peers and teachers, though he was still at this stage somewhat shy. Throughout high school he won repeated prizes for annual progress in his studies, and in 1971 took second place in a provincial (state) essay contest. In 1975 he won a United Nations Scholarship and in 1976-77 he won a Rockefeller Foundation Scholarship to be held at Waterford. I was pleased with his progress and his mother was delighted, as I learned when I telephoned her in Dube. She had every reason to be proud and to be satisfied that her many sacrifices and extra work were contributing to her goal.

But Christian waged a continuous battle all through school. He had really only his mother for constant support, and without a father, studying in another country, in a language

not his own, and lacking a strong primary background, I was sorry but not surprised that he didn't do better on his GCE examination.

This circumstance made further scholarships difficult. However, Henrietta and Christian were not daunted. She managed through friends in her church to get him into Peacock High School in Moose Jaw, Canada, where he completed high school with credits in social studies, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and English language and composition – truly an accomplishment in a strange new world for this bright but still shy young man.

After graduation he was accepted at the Saskatchewan Technical Institute for a two-year electrical engineering course, which he completed in June 1981. He has been supported by the New Life Community and has lived with a member of the church.

Although Christian has come a long way from Soweto through his mother's dedication and his own hard work, I was not satisfied with his achievements, any more than Christian is satisfied. We began corresponding to work out where he could best complete his four years of college, and were looking toward an American university.

Christian is a thoughtful, well-rounded young man who enjoys soccer, field hockey, and track. He has received A's in all his academic subjects at the Technical College, but his background is not considered strong enough for the best electrical engineering schools. Should he start college over again at a more demanding level? And if so, how could this be financed? I would like to have him come to Caltech, of course, but at this stage he would not be accepted. Failure would be the fault of his mentors, not himself. If he is to attempt a doctorate in electrical engineering, Christian will have a hard push in the next few years to complete an undergraduate degree. He wants me to find the financial support, and it takes a lot of doing.

There is an ever-present danger in mentoring, as in parent-

ing, that the mentor invests so much personal aspiration in the mentee as to be blind to the best interests of that person. Pride, despite being considered a virtue, is the one sin enumerated both by the early Christians and the Greeks. I have been guilty of more than my share of hubris.

After talking with Christian by phone, and writing to his mother, we decided on a strategy of having Christian transfer to Occidental College, a fine private four-year college near Pasadena. There he would be getting back to the higher quality education he had enjoyed in Swaziland. Also, if his interest in electrical engineering continued, he could try a single course at Caltech, which has a cooperative arrangement with Occidental, and thus test his talents in a far more demanding environment than Moose Jaw Technical.

I started my inquiries with President Richard Gilman of Occidental, an outstanding college president. Dick was Chief of Staff for Shirley Hufstедler when she organized the new Department of Education in the last year of the Carter administration.

The Occidental faculty has been opposing the Board of Trustees' investment of Oxy assets in companies doing business in South Africa. Dick Gilman, despite his strong liberal record in civil rights, felt that the college should continue such investments. He asked me to defend the American investment in South Africa in a debate before the faculty.

In one sense, the debate was settled before it started, and the winner was apathy. Only a handful of interested faculty turned up for the affair, which was organized by a sociologist who favored disinvestment.

My opponent was a bright young woman Marxist political scientist from, of all places, the University of Southern California. We had quite a hammer and tongs debate. I raised the question of her knowledge, inasmuch as she had never been closer to South Africa than to spend some time in Tanzania. She made the charge of blatant racism on my part because I had visited South Africa, and suggested that my remarks were

being tailored not by what I thought but in order to be able to secure future visas. Naturally, I asked if visits by some 300 leading black Americans such as Arthur Ashe, Jesse Jackson, Vernon Jordan and the like meant that they were tarred?

The final *ad hominem* comment came from a black faculty member who said that his mother had told him that if you take a fool and send him around the world; you will have a well-traveled fool. I couldn't resist responding with the old ditty that *my* mother had taught me:

Sticks and stones  
Can break my bones  
But names can never hurt me.

Several of the faculty came up to me afterward to say that they didn't think it had been a particularly edifying debate and that it didn't represent the highest level of intellectual argument at Occidental. There was no doubt that a majority of the faculty present – about 10 percent of the whole faculty – were on the side of my opponent. I had lunch with her and the organizer of the debate but it was a most chilly atmosphere. She finally shook my hand in goodbye as though she were touching a dead fish.

Dick Gilman wasn't too pleased at the reports of the tone of the debate, which had taken place while he was out of town, but he was relieved that I hadn't taken umbrage at the personal remarks. At the debate, I had asked for concrete faculty response to conditions in Soweto and suggested that financial support for Christian Ndlovu would be a practical step. There was no faculty response. The trustees decided not to change their investments but actively to encourage companies they were invested in to live up to the principles adumbrated by the Reverend Leon Sullivan, a charismatic black minister in Philadelphia and a board member of General Motors.

Christian had taken his SAT examinations shortly after his arrival in Canada and had not done particularly well. So Occi-

dental wanted him to take them over. In theory, this wouldn't make any difference. But practically, being two years older, adjusted to North America and to a somewhat different vocabulary, and having two years of academic achievement under his belt, Christian would hopefully do better and be admitted to Occidental.

At this juncture I had a visit from the two sons of Dr. James Motlana, the head of the Committee of Ten in Soweto. I had taken Dr. Martin Aliket to have lunch with Jimmy two years before and continued to have a high regard for him. His sons had seen newspaper reports that I was a likely choice for the new American Ambassador in Pretoria, and they came to express confidence in me and to urge me to accept the position if and when it was offered.

After lunch, we got to talking about mutual friends and it turned out that Christian was one such friend. They had both known him in Soweto and also at school in Swaziland. In fact, both Labogong, who was studying at the University of Washington, and Karabo, who had come directly from Soweto, called Christian by his schoolboy nickname of Kharamba. It means "thief" in the "tsotsi" argot of Soweto, which is sort of a bastard Zulu.

It seems that one day while they were all young students in Swaziland, Christian stole some cakes from the headmaster's house. This made him popular with his classmates, less so with the headmaster. But it gave him a friendly nickname among the students.

While the Motlanas were in my office, we dialed Christian in Moosejaw and they had a rollicking forty-minute conversation, exchanging personal news and political opinions, largely in Zulu with the odd English expression thrown in.

His mother was disappointed that Christian did not go to Occidental in 1981. At the end of his academic year in Moosejaw, Christian wrote me a long letter. He was pleased with his grades – a 3.25 average out of a perfect 4.00. His letter continued:

A week before I graduated I received a call from a representative of Trans-Canada Pipelines, which is the company which had offered me a \$250.00 per semester award. He offered me a job with the company, and even though I hadn't signed a contract with the company, I felt obliged to accept the offer. I plan to work for only a year.

My work will involve the maintenance of the microwave communications system which monitors the flow of natural gas from Alberta to Ontario. I've already got a small house there which has been rented to me for a very small fee per month. When talking to the institute's counselor, he seemed to emphasize the great need for the theoretical and practical approach. He said an on-the-job experience would greatly improve my overall understanding of the course and my future chances of employment. The greatest advantage would be that I would finally allow my mother to fully enjoy the life that has been otherwise hard on her. I think it applies especially now that she has finally retired.

I know this is rather a bad time to notify you about this, but things started happening very fast and I found myself having to make quick decisions that would affect my total life. I've already got a temporary working permit (one year), which the company arranged.

I really wanted to continue with my education, and I still do, but I think I might have put the same amount of pressure on my mother especially during school holidays when I would have had to spend a sizeable amount of money just to look after myself.

I hope I will get a second chance, if possible, and I will be preparing myself mentally to getting back to the classroom situation.

I do hope you will understand my position and my reasons for making the decision that I have made. I would like to thank you for everything you've done to help me. I do hope you're still fine there.

Christian's decision made sense, as I immediately wrote to him. He has been at the academic grindstone for a long time.

He could use some practical experience and also some money he has earned in his pocket. My judgment is that he and Dolly will want him to continue his education, probably at Occidental with a Caltech tie-in. My only "mentoring" was a little story about not raising your standard of living so high on having a regular salary that it would be difficult to readjust to dormitory living.

Christian has his feet on the ground and I'm confident about his future, however he decides to go. Now he is ambivalent about returning to South Africa. His mother clearly wants him back. I do feel that there is more than a reasonable chance that conditions will have changed so much in South Africa when the time for a decision has to be made that Christian will want to return and help build a new South Africa. A growing number of black South Africans in exile – and Christian is not in exile – are returning after as much as ten years or more abroad.

Professor Ezekiel Mapaphelele of the Department of English at the University of the Witwatersrand is only one prominent exile who has ended a hegira in Zambia, Kenya, Nigeria, and teaching posts in America to return. Another on temporary return is my friend Professor Absalom Vilikazi, on leave from American University to the University in Zululand. Absalom has also been named a member of the Board of Directors of the Anglo American Corporation. Well, that isn't too high a rung in the ladder for Christian to aspire to reach.

To give the flavor of Christian in his family context, I quote a letter from his mother to me in July 1981 as follows:

Dube Village, Soweto

Dear Ned.

Thank you very much for the letter written to Christian, I am very happy that you answered him so soon. He wrote me and told me of his intentions about work, but I was not impressed. I wrote back to him and told him that if

he gets a scholarship for September he must take it and go to school. I would really prefer his continuing with his academic work than working. Christian is still very young and if there is a chance for him being accepted at any college – all I would like him to do is go back to school. He cannot take any break from the books at his age. In fact, there is no time in life to take a break from books. I hope and pray that he takes our advice. Thank you so much for your fatherly encouraging letter.

I was reading the Daily Mail and was so excited that you are the leading candidate to become American Ambassador to South Africa. I wish you all the luck. You must be very busy. Please do not get tired of continuing your encouragement on Christian. Greetings. Sincerely, Dolly.

A different thread to this story began to weave itself in when I saw Dick Gilman at a cocktail party for Shirley Hufstedler. For some years, she and her husband, Seth, have been trying to find time for a visit to South Africa under the United States Africa Leader Exchange Program, and have generously entertained South African jurists in the meantime. The postponements are understandable, since Seth was President of the California State Bar and also headed the investigation in the California Supreme Court, while Shirley had her cabinet post to hold.

Dick's word was that he and his adult daughter were seriously thinking about a visit to South Africa. Dick wanted a first-hand look at American companies there, and they both wanted to visit an exchange student who had stayed with them some years before. A few weeks later, at a USSALEP board meeting on my way to South Africa, I met John Marcum, the acting Vice Chancellor at Santa Cruz, who was putting together a second team of university presidents to visit the Republic. The first team, headed by Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame and including both black and white, male and female college heads, had been a great success.

Not only did Dick Gilman and the other university

administrators have an excellent 1981 visit to the Republic, but they followed through with a most thoughtful report, edited by Provost John Marcum and published by the University of California Press.

Dick Gilman had a long chat with Dolly Ndlovu and with her dogged determination, she impressed him with her earnest desire that Christian complete college at Occidental. I saw Dolly in early 1982 in Johannesburg. She had retired from her senior nursing post at Barangawnath Hospital, but turned up in town in her old uniform which she wore as a nurse in a Jewish Old Age Home in Yeoville, Johannesburg. Her dedication to Christian's education was a major factor in her taking on a full-time job after being pensioned off by the hospital.

Christian arrived in Pasadena in August 1982, and immediately plunged into his studies. He had matured considerably during his year of working in Canada, had saved money for a car, and seemed more ebullient. Before he started at Oxy, I had arranged his participation in a stiff refresher course in math and physics which Caltech gives to academically marginal entering minority students whose previous environments may have been limited. Christian scored "A's" and the course organizer, Lee Browne, gave Christian a party with a big cake.

His future is for him to decide. I greatly respect Dolly for not making it mandatory that he return to South Africa. On the other hand, the opportunities for advancement have never been greater for a Zulu in his own country. Dolly is President of the Business and Professional Women's Association in Johannesburg. As such, she has traveled to Europe and will be visiting Christian at Occidental at the end of his first year. It will be fifteen years since she first asked for help with her young son and an occasion for champagne!

## JAN

(1960-present)

JAN FROOTKO was a handsome young man with thick brown hair, regular features, and strong teeth. At 75, his hair is a gray fringe, and his heavy jowls and bristling eyebrows give him something of a bulldog look. His smile is contagious, and his character is more the bleat of a lamb than the bark of a bulldog.

For some twenty years, I have been made to feel at home in Jan's low, rambling, ranch-like home in Sandown, one of the luxurious suburbs in the mink and manure belt of Johannesburg. It takes only a call from the airport and my room is ready. Jan lives alone with one or two servants. One of them, Rosie, I first knew when she worked for the well-known South African economist, Professor Frankel. She is now on pension from Jan, but her bright granddaughter, Minky, is supported by Jan in a special school and will have a career far from the kitchen.

Jan was born in Lithuania in 1907. His father had emigrated to South Africa in 1886. In 1905 he returned to his native village, married the Rabbi's daughter, produced Jan and his sister and brought the new family out to South Africa in 1911.

It is difficult today to recapture the atmosphere of the pre-World War I Jewish emigration from eastern Europe to Johannesburg. South Africa has never had the kind of "residential restrictions" that characterized the United States for so long. But there was a Jewish grouping together then in wealthy neighborhoods such as Doornfontein and in the poorer Jeppe, Yeoville, and Berea. Four Yiddish newspapers were published in Johannesburg.

Jan Frootko tells a story to convey something of that period

when he was new in South Africa. Almost all immigrant families had black servants, and since the families normally spoke Yiddish, there were any number of blacks who had learned the language.

Jan's story is of Abie, who called home every morning to ask his wife Sarah about their three children. One morning he forgot that his wife was at the hospital for a test and absentmindedly called home as usual, asking in Yiddish how little Frieda was. A woman's voice answered, "Frieda spielt met der katz." So one daughter was playing with the cat. "Vass macht Soralie?" And the answer, "Soralie sitzt af dem tenalle." (She is on the toilet.) "Vass macht Itzi (little Isaac)? This question elicited the Yiddish answer that he was playing in the tree. Suddenly Abie comes to his senses, "Who is talking?" The maid answers "Der Schwartzzer chazir" (the black pig).

Now this use by the maid of a term she had heard applied to herself privately is not quite as racist as it sounds. "Pig" was less derogatory than symbolic, standing for a nonkosher person — a heathen not "treaf."

Jan Frootko matriculated from high school in Johannesburg and in 1927 went to Berlin to study because Germany was then the best place to study medicine. He took his State Examination in 1933 just as the Nazis were beginning to make their presence felt. But soon after, he received a letter from a Minister of State, denying him further study in Germany.

So, for the next year, young Jan Frootko embarked on a perilous errand of mercy to rescue as many relatives as possible from Russian pogroms and from the uncertainties of the new Bolshevik state. The family got money together for the purpose, and Jan wrapped \$80,000 in American bills in a belt around his middle. He spent eight months in Moscow. Finally, with the help of the Lithuanian Ambassador, he was able to get out all sixteen of the family members he had set out to rescue.

Then followed a sojourn in Lausanne, during which he met others who were also negotiating with the Soviet leaders. Jan

showed me a yellowing photograph from his family album, taken in 1929, of himself and Dr. Armand Hammer, the present head of Occidental Petroleum, together by Lake Geneva – both involved in dealing with the Soviet leaders. Jan returned to Berlin in 1934 with some trepidation. His medical studies were full of dramatic incidents. One occurred when young Dr. Frootko was dissecting cadavers with a famous German pathologist, looking for signs of a particular brain tumor. A secretary interrupted them to ask a question. By that period the Nazis had forbidden Jews to attend medical school, but an exception was made in that sons and daughters of Jews who had been “frontsoldaten,” or front-line soldiers, in World War I could finish their training. The secretary explained that two such Jewish fifth-year students had asked to observe the dissection. The august pathologist looked up from the dissecting table and barked, “The only Jews who come in here will be on this table.”

As Jan recalled the moment, his voice was filled with his unrequited anger.

“I had the scalpel in my right hand poised over the body. That professor never knew how close I came to committing murder.”

From Berlin, Jan went to London for work as a general physician specializing in dermatology and venereal diseases, that being a common combined specialty in those days. In 1936, his mother became quite ill in South Africa, and he returned to his adopted country. From 1939 to 1944 he was a Captain in the South African Army, first in a field ambulance corps and then at a military hospital in Nairobi, treating soldiers engaged in the East African campaign.

A good friend in Johannesburg was Sam Gavronsky, a fellow Lithuanian by birth, who had a young daughter named Helen who was to become a famous M.P. with honorary doctorates from Harvard and Oxford. Jan’s partner, with whom he shared medical rooms, was Mosie Suzman, who later married Helen and backed her in her long political career.

Jan went horseback riding with the Suzmans and was often a guest at their large house, Blue Haze, not far from Jan in the suburb of Hyde Park. It was there, in 1956, that we met at dinner, but we did not speak together that night and had forgotten about it the next time we met.

Years earlier, Jan had shared offices with Dr. Wulf Sachs, who was later to become an eminent psychiatrist and the author of *Black Hamlet*. But at that time almost all M.D.s were generalists. Jan was in the Sachs-Frootko office one afternoon when a huge man burst in and demanded that Jan accompany him. The man was Sam Gavronsky, Helen Suzman's father, who was such a human bear that he had killed a man during a fight back in Lithuania. (Much later, at his 60th birthday party given by the Suzmans, Sam hugged a woman who was congratulating him until he broke her ribs.) Burly Sam took Jan by the arm and almost propelled him to a motor car.

As they drove along, Sam explained, "The stupid municipality objects to an alleged smell from my fertilizer factory." He told Jan that the marmalade factory next door claimed it wasn't finding a steady market for a jam that smelled like bone meal.

Jan recalls, "I could smell the damned factory a mile away, but courtesy for Sam precluded me from holding my nose. After I had inspected the factory and we were back in the car, Gavronsky demanded, 'Dr. Frootko, what can you do for me?'"

"Sam," I told him, "I can give you a medical certificate that I could find no deleterious health effects from your factory." Sam beamed broadly, until I added, "But the damn place still stinks."

I should emphasize that Sam Gavronsky was a fine, honorable man. He didn't speak English very well. But he had a gruff rough-hewn manner about him when I first met him at the Suzmans one Christmas Day, when they kindly invited me for dinner. He was not what the Jewish community in the earlier period referred to in the derogatory inside expression as a

“Peruvian.” The etymology of the term “Peruvian” is subject to divers ingenious explanations. It boiled down to gross, objectionable, ill-mannered, loutish, and an object of derision. The term is certainly dying out, as no doubt is that element of the community derided as being “Peruvians,” but it still mystifies gentiles when they overhear it.

Jan has a son and a daughter who were still in diapers when he was separated from his wife and became a single parent. I’ve watched the siblings mature from high school on. At her wedding dinner, held under a huge tent in the garden, Cheryl was a beautiful, cool and collected blonde. Relatives had gathered from the South African diaspora – Morocco, Switzerland, Israel, and Britain. Cheryl and her film producer husband, Roly, did me the honor of asking me to make the toast at their wedding dinner.

Nicky, Jan’s son, was a bit of a playboy in high school and college and I was used to his escapades. But he has settled down and is rapidly becoming a distinguished ear, nose and throat surgeon. He is currently clinical tutor at Oxford’s Radcliffe Infirmary. Nicky was invited by his old University, Witwatersrand, to come back to South Africa for a series of lectures. But much as Jan understands Nicky’s political reasons for never wanting to come back to South Africa to stay, it has left Jan a little lonely to have that part of his family so far away.

Jan is pleased with Nicky’s success in pioneering a new procedure for middle ear surgery, since medicine has been a great part of Jan’s life, including 1967-1972 when he was head of the Department of Dermatology at Witwatersrand.

When Jan retired as head of dermatology, he thought of closing his private practice. But as he said to me, “What would I do with my time?” So he continues his way of life and sees a full roster of patients.

One advantage of staying with Jan is that if you happen to get sick, his medical friends will all rush over to take care of you. One time when I came back from a conference down on the Mozambique border in the low veld, I developed a high

fever and a sharp pain just under my rib cage. It was a Saturday night and going to an emergency room wouldn't have been too appealing. But Jan had two professors of medicine stop by and the three of them almost immediately diagnosed Bornholm's disease. I had never heard of this unusual virus. Doctors who don't know it often misdiagnose it as appendicitis, or if they themselves are ill, they think they are having a heart attack because of the sharp pain. In the 1920s some 20,000 people died of this virus on the Danish island of Bornholm, though the disease was not reported in the United States until the 1930s. In any event, once an accurate diagnosis was made, a lot of concern was dispelled and I merely had to stay in bed for most of the week in Jan's care.

Another time, when I had come back late at night from Swaziland Jan and I were having breakfast when Jan got an urgent call. It was his nurse, Joan Morgan, and she was having incapacitating back pains and had to stay in bed. Jan was understandably upset because he had a full day's schedule of patients in his office. He tried several retired nurses, and as the clock kept ticking he became more concerned.

Finally I said: "Jan, I haven't made any appointments yet. Why don't you let me be your nurse today? I don't know much, but at least I can answer the telephone."

He poured another cup of coffee as he considered my offer. His look was skeptical, but he was in a tight spot and finally he said, "All right. But you don't know what you are getting into."

Jan was right. It was hectic. As patients came in, I managed to find their charts from among the various categories of file cabinets, and have them ready for Jan. Telephone calls were a problem because virtually every person who called and heard a strange male voice answer would immediately hang up and redial. Sometimes this happened three or four times before they would hear me saying, "Dr. Frootko's rooms." Obviously, the idea of a male nurse was so radical as to throw callers, and of course my American accent didn't help. Even doctors who

were calling on consultation would hang up at least once before listening to my actual words.

But I was proud about a trunk call from a doctor's office in the Orange Free State where the nurse could only speak Afrikaans. Somehow I managed to set up an urgent appointment for the next day, but not before the nurse observed that I spoke in a way that was truly *deur mekaar* (all mixed up).

Of course, one reason I volunteered was that in addition to helping Jan out, I saw an opportunity to look at South African society through different eyes. I've often done this in Africa. In Salisbury, in present day Zimbabwe, I once coached a girls' softball team, for example.

It was sociologically interesting, as Jan's office nurse, to observe that every Indian patient who came would come up to the desk and pay cash in advance for the appointment. Africans were mostly on insurance and I battled with the forms. Just before lunch, two really crummy looking whites came in. They were dirty and one had a bad skin infection. Although they had appointments, I hesitated to accept them. Furthermore, I couldn't find their charts. Then one pointed to a different file drawer. There I discovered that the two dirty patients were from the South African police and were assigned to the drug detail, which accounted for their disguises as well as, I assumed, for the skin diseases they had picked up.

At lunch with some colleagues of Jan's, he introduced me as the most expensive nurse in Johannesburg if I were to charge, but explained that actually I was a volunteer. Back in his office, he asked me to come in to see what he was doing for a particular patient, an M.D., who was quite confused when Jan introduced me as Doctor. But I was too busy to chat because I had to make the tea, file the papers, and tell the patients where the restrooms were, in addition to answering the telephone constantly in English or Afrikaans. I have often told Morgan since that day that only I know how hard she works and how vital she is to the smooth running of Jan's office.

I first got to know Jan in 1964. Characteristically of him, he

had driven down by car from Johannesburg with two attractive women, Reino and Maureen. I had driven north from Durban through the white rhino park of Huhluhule to the northern border of Natal, where I did some field work on the Swaziland-South African border. Coming back south, I decided to stop off at a resort in the Drakensberg Mountains, with the idea of driving into Lesotho. Soon after I arrived at the Sani Pass Hotel, I met Jan. We played some tennis that day, had dinner, and got up early to take a jeep into Lesotho.

The road was extremely narrow then as it wound through Sani Pass. At one point the turn was so tight that the jeep driver had to back up and go forward, back up and go forward in order to make the turn. Fortunately, when he backed to within two feet of a 3000-foot drop, his foot never slipped off the brake, and we didn't skid on the snow and ice. I had been in other parts of Lesotho but this was my first chance to see the cold and arid top of Lesotho where individual prospectors try to scratch out a living looking for diamonds, always hoping for the huge stone that would make them rich for life.

Jan is a marvelous raconteur. One evening he told, at delicious length, how he came to be a founding member of the Progressive Party of South Africa. For almost two decades the party had one M.P., Helen Suzman, but it now has three dozen. Jan hasn't been active in recent years, but still supports them financially.

Jan and I have in common a desire to keep friendships alive. It was fifteen years later that I drove Reino and Jan to catch a Greyhound bus in Los Angeles for a Parlor Coach tour of California before Jan attended a medical congress in San Francisco.

One of Jan's friends, and a former next-door neighbor, is Nadine Gordimer, possibly the finest short story writer the *New Yorker* has ever published. Nadine Gordimer is a sophisticate. Few who pass by her somewhat seedy-looking old home in a middle class suburb of Johannesburg would be aware of the almost priceless collection of French impression-

ists it holds. One night we went over to see Nadine and her husband, Rene Cassirer, then the head of Sothebys in South Africa. At the time, I was trying to do a favor for a young colleague of mine who had written a biography of Sara Gertrude Millin. The purpose of my visit was to ask Nadine to write a foreword to the book, publication of which I had arranged with a South African publisher. Nadine Gordimer was sympathetic to my colleague, Martin Rubin, though I'm not sure she much likes Sarah Gertrude Millin. Ms. Millin was a successful writer and her novel, *God's Step-Children*, was at the top of the *New York Times* best seller list in 1931, at the time she visited her friend Theodore Dreiser in New York. She was also a friend of Chaim Weizman, T. S. Eliot, Jan Christiaan Smuts, and many other well-known personages of the 1920s and 1930s. But she was an unpleasant woman personally and combined unusual views – virulently pro-Zionist and equally virulently anti-black.

My colleague wrote a good study of her life and followed my editorial suggestions on shaping the book, as well as accepting the publisher I found and using photographs I dug up in Cape Town.

Any time Jan and I are together the subject turns to politics. Nadine Gordimer occupies a special political niche in Johannesburg – far left but never close to the Communists. I have heard blacks criticize her for living so well from the stories and novels she writes about life in South Africa, including the suffering of blacks. Others see her as a courageous fighter against the government who uses her eminent position as a shield to allow her to make statements that would cause a lesser person to lose her passport. That night with Jan, she held forth at great length on the iniquities of the government. We also had a conversation about Braam Fisher, the late head of the Communist Party of South Africa, who came from a distinguished Afrikaans Free State family. He is the model for the protagonist in her best seller, *Burger's Daughter*.

Jan is not all politics, though his son and daughter think that

we discuss little else. Jan has always been a sportsman and I cannot begin to count the dozens of times I have played Sunday morning tennis on his grass court behind the house next to the swimming pool. He always gathers younger and better players than himself because he likes a fierce game even if he loses. Jan is also a cricketer, and many a Sunday afternoon we would repair to the Inanda Club where Jan would don the heavy pads of the wicket keeper for a friendly match.

During the 1981 cricket season, Jan at 74 dove full length for a "wide" and played painful havoc with his back. But after an operation – he was scared that his heavy smoking would make the anesthesia difficult – he was back playing tennis doubles when I was there in early 1982.

Jan has done so much for me that I have never been able to repay his hospitality. I suppose that in some ways I contribute by bringing to his home a variety of people with widely varying political opinions for both of us to debate. Occasionally, I give a dinner party in a hotel and invite some of my hosts and hostesses. One time I had a dinner at the President Hotel for the Foreign Minister of Lesotho, a man who impressed Jan considerably as being an African statesman whose true interest seemed to be the welfare of his people.

A great plus in staying with Jan is always an understanding of the nature of my work. This was brought out one time when he had a European cousin staying with him, who remarked a little critically to me and, when I wasn't there, to Jan about what a rude guest I was because I – as so often gone at lunchtime and dinnertime. Finally, Jan put her straight and explained that my "working time" is basically other people's recreation time. All morning, I may type on the flagstone terrace and read the English, Afrikaans and African press. Lunchtime I will have an appointment. Then I may come back and write again until, perhaps, tennis at 4:00 somewhere nearby and then, often, dinner with Afrikaans or English friends, or in an African home in Soweto. Jan understands that on a visit I have too many editors, politicians, businessmen, and academ-

ics to talk with to allow me to be a perfect guest. That is the point. Jan encourages me to treat "Chernick" as home.

The greatest plus is always Jan himself. Over the years one can come to expect thoughtful political comments, a willingness to disagree, good food, good company including always intelligent and attractive women twenty to forty years younger than Jan, and above all a happy relaxed atmosphere. What more can one ask of friendship?

## MAX

(1951-1979)

“MAX” IS INCLUDED in this volume not because he has ever lived in Africa or was much concerned about it. Max is included because, over many years, he served as a reference point for me. He was someone whose principles I admired but whose involvement in Africa was peripheral. I didn’t always agree with his reactions, such as his view of Alan Paton, but I listened to him carefully and bounced ideas off him.

I first got to know Max Delbrück as more than a colleague or neighbor when he came to me with the first of a series of letters from a Nigerian student. The young man had read that Max had won tens of thousands of dollars for his Nobel Prize and wanted a scholarship from Max.

As I guided him in his correspondence with the young Nigerian, Max became more and more interested in devoting part of his prize money to Africans for scholarships, although the bulk of his largesse he gave to Amnesty International. But let me continue my friendship with Max from another perspective.

“Martha Dodd.” There was no hesitation in Max’s answer to my question about the first American he had ever met.

“I was introduced by a cousin of mine who was a Communist. In those days you had strong political views: people were communists, liberals or Nazis.”

I knew of Martha Dodd as the daughter of the American Ambassador in Berlin from 1933 to 1937. She is two years younger than Max and was first the darling of the Nazis. Putzi Hanfstaengl took her to meet the Fuehrer because “Hitler

should have an American woman – a lovely woman could change the whole destiny of Europe.” With Goebbels and Goring and others, Martha was, in *Newsweek’s* words, “amorously adventurous, indelicately articulate” although she found Hitler “a frigid celibate.”

But she soon changed, building on her study of Russian literature, into a potent friend of the Soviet Union. From Berlin she toured the USSR, with a favorite Soviet diplomat, finding it “almost like a democratic country after Nazi Germany.”

*Time* magazine in 1957 described her as a “red agent” when she fled the U.S. with half a million dollars to escape a New York Grand Jury subpoena and the attacks of Senator McCarthy. Recently, a personal friend of mine, Sylvia Crane, succeeded in officially clearing Martha Dodd’s record with the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Today, Martha Dodd lives in some style in Czechoslovakia. Recently, her biographer interviewed Max at length about Martha at the home of a mutual friend.

Another time when I asked Max about Martha, his eyes lit up again: “We’ve been having a lot of correspondence since I . . .” His voice trailed away from weakness, a reflection of his fight against cancer.

“Did the Nazis make her a Communist?” I asked Max.

“No, I think she was a Communist when she was at the University of Chicago. But the Nazis provided anyone with strong reasons. It was through her that I met Thomas Wolfe when he came to Berlin.” Max’s eyes shone with delight at the memory.

“He certainly helped to make Maxwell Perkins famous as the editor who cut down *Look Homeward Angel* from a big blob of manuscript,” I commented.

“Oh, yes, it must have been just like Wolfe. A big man, full of energy. Perkins came to Berlin. I’m sure we had him at our house.”

“So you met a lot of Americans?”

“No, not then. I had just come back from England and I wel-

comed the chance to speak English. There was a man named Richards... the brother of Conant's wife. He came to Berlin to be treated by a shrink because he was impotent. Richards committed suicide."

As we talked, Max poured himself another cup of afternoon tea by the fire, and added a drop from a bottle labeled "Rum and Brandy," something I had never seen.

## 1

Max is a tall man, with long locks of white hair and a smooth face that creases into a warm, simple smile. Although physically weak now, his thinking has a tensile strength. He is 74. Until lately, he has moved with an ease that suggests some athletic skill. When we played tennis a decade ago, I found him alert, competitive, and a good sport.

He lives at the end of my block in a low-slung wooden house. The living room has no curtains. The six windows start above eye level so that there is privacy. As I jog by at night, I sometimes observe the white wooden beams of the high ceiling, and on cold nights often the reflected flicker of an open hearth. But usually by an eleven p.m. jog the house lies dark and sleeping.

My neighbor in this house is a great man. He is also a simple man in a Lincolnian sense. If he has a sophisticated vice, I don't know it. He has an innocence that shades toward naiveté in judging his fellow man. Yet he is not taken in. His innocence clothes a rock-solid integrity. He is that *rara avis*, the man who would die at the hands of a torturer rather than betray a friend.

## 2

Max comes from a distinguished academic family. His father was professor of history at the University of Berlin and edited the German equivalent of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His great-grandfather was Professor of Chemistry at Giessen and

Munich, and three of his second cousins held distinguished positions, one of them a Minister of State. His mother's brother-in-law, Adolf von Harnack, was Professor of Theology at Berlin University and was co-founder and president of the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gesellschaft.

Max Delbrück grew up as the youngest of seven children and lived in the upper-class Berlin suburb of Grunewald. His family was very close to the von Harnack family next door and to the family of Karl Bonhoeffer, a professor of psychiatry, a half block away. There were 22 children in the three families and a continuing intellectual ferment. On Sunday nights the academics would talk and talk, while young Max and the other children listened.

After studying at four universities, Max took his Ph.D. exam for the first time in 1930. He failed it, but succeeded on his next effort at the end of that year. His thesis was proposed under the famous physicist Max Born.

The next three years he held fellowships in Britain and on the continent, working with such famous people as Lise Meitner, Niels Bohr, C. F. Powell, and P.M.S. Blackett. It was Bohr who aroused Max's interest in biology.

During a sojourn in Copenhagen in 1934, Max met Milton and Isabelle Plesset, later to be colleagues at Caltech. Milt had a fellowship from Bohr, but the Danish scientist later had to withdraw it because all his funds were dedicated to helping refugees from the Nazis.

Isabelle remembers Max from that period as being, like the other Germans, quite intellectually arrogant toward the Americans. This view was customary on the continent at the time. But she also recalls Max's playful nature when some of the young men rented a seaside house for a weekend party. The Plessets arrived well into the party, whereupon Max gave a humorous speech, probably fueled by schnapps, to the effect that the hosts were broke, but that the visitors were more than welcome if they would go to the store and refill the larder.

The Plessets have always thought of Max as being at least a

semi-refugee at that period and concerned about Lise Meitner's future. This isn't quite the view I got from Max, and Isabelle comments: "You know, we've never asked Max about that."

To pursue the interaction of physics and biology, Max returned to Berlin, and a small group of physicists and biologists, later to become distinguished, began meeting in his mother's house in 1932 during a visit home.

### 3

Among the first questions I asked when I came to know Max twenty years ago focused on the impact of the Nazis on his life. It would have been easy for him to accept people's plaudits for being anti-Nazi and their sympathy with his plight as a refugee in exile. Max will have none of that. He has often emphasized how murky the political situation was for someone concentrating on science. His leaving Germany was due primarily not to the Nazis but to the good fortune of being offered a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in 1937. He chose to use it at Caltech. He had had a Rockefeller Physics Fellowship earlier, but this second one was specifically to encourage physicists to work in biology, and Caltech was famous for the work on the fruit fly.

The foregoing does not mean that Max did not oppose the whole Nazi philosophy. As the inhuman outlines of Hitler's plans became evident, Max was appalled and said so. Perhaps one reason he does not falsely wrap himself in a hero's garb is that he is deeply sensitive about members of his family who had not by chance been offered fellowships, and who stayed in Germany and fought against the Nazi ideology.

As Max has said to me on several occasions, there was a fairly clear choice for those who opposed Hitler. There was the liberal side and the Communist side. The split is reflected, for example, in commemorative stamps of family friends of the Delbrücks. One, issued by the East German government,

honored Arvid Harnack and his American wife, who were both executed in 1943; another, issued by the West German government, commemorated the famous theologian of the resistance movement, Dietrich Bonhoeffer. The theologian and his brother Klaus (Max's brother-in-law) and Max's brother Justus were all executed in 1945.

Once, Max did refer to his mentor, Lise Meitner, and to the fact that she was half Jewish. He thought that she was protected by Max Planck and also because she was Austrian. I've never heard Max refer to any of his activities in the Third Reich as courageous. Yet as the machinations of the Nazis became apparent, Max was not without acts of defiance. For example, he speaks vividly of a man named Fritz Haber, the head of a key institute in the mid-1930s. Haber had developed a process of nitrogen fixation that led to manufacture of a synthetic fertilizer, so important to Germany in World War I. He also was in the forefront of chemical warfare weapons.

Haber had a lot of Jewish colleagues in his Institute and was under strident attack from the Nazi press. He went abroad and died shortly thereafter. A year or so later a memorial service was planned. The Nazis were violently opposed and decreed that no state employees, which included professors, could attend. Max's close friend Karl Bonhoeffer was then a professor at Leipzig and was supposed to give the address. After he arrived in Berlin, the Minister forbade him to speak, and it was arranged that the famous Otto Hahn would give the address.

Max tells how he and Bonhoeffer walked around outside the hall trying to decide whether to go in. Bonhoeffer decided not to enter, but Max went in and found it a dignified and moving ceremony. From then on, as he describes it, the Nazi pressure got violent. Max was due for his next academic step, the Habilitation, but he says the government obviously didn't like him and refused to answer his letters.

Max emphasizes that if you were Jewish and had to leave the country, there were people to help you. But if you weren't

Jewish and you left without a job or prospects, you were under suspicion from your friends. Also – and this always surprised me – you were under suspicion wherever you went because the Nazis were sending out intelligence agents mixed with refugees. Max stresses that he was one of very few non-Jews who had an opportunity to leave, and if he feels any guilt it is in not staying and fighting against the regime.

“Of course,” Max added, trying for complete accuracy, “the Jews over the age of forty who left had a difficult time adjusting to their new countries. Language was a problem for many who wanted to leave. There wasn’t much English spoken in Germany. I learned all of mine as a Fellow at Bristol. Even my French was poor because of the teacher we had in World War I. I think I knew Latin and Greek better than French.”

4

I asked Max once if he ever saw any Nazi terrorism himself. He put on his contemplative look,

“Well, I’ve told you about the two summer camps I went to as a young man where the Nazis were trying to ‘educate’ young people. They were in beautiful locations at the sea and in the mountains and we were supposed to have free discussion groups. I didn’t satisfy them the first time or the second.

“But the only terror I actually saw myself was when I was sent for semimilitary training at a terrible place in the south of Germany where it was flat and we lived forty men in each room of some old barracks.”

I asked, “Was this in violation of the Treaty of Versailles?”

“I’m sure it was. They did what they wanted.”

“I’ve always thought that the punitiveness of the Versailles Treaty helped the Nazis to rally public opinion.”

Max nodded affirmatively and went on, “So we were in these barracks and did various kinds of drilling. It was sort of silly. One of the young men was the son of the editor of a

liberal newspaper that is still published today. He wrote a short satirical piece. The kind of thing you'd find in *The New Yorker*. Anyway, it was published – unsigned – and the S.A. was furious. They lined us all up and said they'd find out who did it. But they didn't find out at the camp. They went into town, broke into the offices of the newspaper, found the name of the young man, and hauled him out of the barracks in the middle of the night to beat him. Then they took him away and, I heard, beat him some more. That is the only terrorism I saw myself.”

5

Max's background in Germany during the rise of Hitler has made him and his wife acutely sensitive to the dangers inherent in some political movements. Today their financial support for liberal causes, whether a school board election or civil rights, can always be counted on.

An interesting sidelight on Max came up one night in 1978. He called to ask if they could come over to listen to a televised speech by President Jimmy Carter on his energy policy. The Delbrücks don't have television. Personally this puzzles me because I equate it with not reading newspapers. One can aspire to a closely knit, healthy minded family and still utilize television and other media on a discriminating basis. Max is generally not in tune with the broad currents of American life, many of which – such as the Kennedy missile crisis and the return of the hostages from Iran – are played out on television. On the evening I mentioned, Max sat quietly in front of the set, shaking his head negatively from time to time. When the speech was over he said, “I've never seen or heard Carter before and I don't think I need to again.” Regardless of one's views of Jimmy Carter, I thought this a surprisingly arbitrary conclusion on so little evidence.

The incident tells something about Max's political involvement. His principles are deep; his interest in individual leaders

may be shallow. He has almost no concern for the political gossip of the day. But if you go to him and say that so and so is a good man or woman, and that the issue is an important liberal one, he will ponder it for a day or so and, if he trusts your judgment, come back with an endorsement or a check or both.

In contrast, his wife Manny is well abreast of current events (although I notice the lack of television input) and she is an excellent volunteer for political causes she believes in. Her causes are usually, but not always, those that Max supports.

## 6

Max does have a clear-cut idea of forces for good and evil, as he sees them, in the world. Take an issue such as South Africa. When Max read a book manuscript of mine to which various South Africans had contributed, he was particularly admiring of the chapter by Alan Paton. He feels the oppression of black South Africans strongly.

An example of how people can differ in their reactions was Max's reaction to what I consider to be one of the most lyrical openings of any novel in English. Alan Paton begins *Cry, the Beloved Country* with the lines I have already quoted at greater length:

There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills.  
These hills are grass-covered and rolling and lovely beyond  
any singing of it.

Max scrawled on the manuscript: "This passage is unintelligible if you have not read the book. (I have not read the book and don't feel encouraged to do so.)" As he is a keen student of both poetry and prose and an avid reader, I was surprised to find him at such odds with my feeling. But that is one of Max's strongest qualities. He speaks his mind. And how boring it would be if people agreed on every judgment.

On the subject of oppression, I recall the time I objected to the venue of a local meeting of the Explorers Club because

Max's brother-in-law had scheduled it for a private club (the Valley Hunt) that does not admit Jews or blacks. In spite of his own family ties, Max strongly supported my protest of the venue.

Aware of his sensitivity to racial oppression, I asked him about his first association with people of darker skins. He said he saw his first person from India at a circus when he was a university student in Germany.

"Didn't you see the Americans at the 1936 Olympics when Hitler snubbed Jesse Owens?"

"No, I was away from Berlin that summer. But there were still a lot of foreign visitors when I got back home." Max's further comment reveals a playful side of his nature. I like it because this old man I revere was revealed as a high-spirited young man, giving me the key to some of his actions since I have known him.

"We played a great joke on a cousin of mine who, at age 17, had just appeared in a motion picture and was rather taken by it. We told her that a famous Rajah from Jakarta had seen the film and wanted to meet her. She was excited. One of my friends dressed up in an outlandish outfit to look like the mythical figure. I was disguised as a retainer. My cousin never caught on to the masquerade. We went into cafes all along the Kurstendam and had a hilarious time."

He laughed at the memory of the prank. Then he returned to my question. "The first black person I ever knew was in the lab at Vanderbilt. You know I lived seven years in the South. I got to know this chap in Tennessee." I waited for more, but at that moment his eldest daughter joined us and the conversation switched.

Later, however, he returned to the 1936 Olympics. "By that time the dangers were quite evident. I think we wanted other countries to boycott the Olympics. But we could see the future. After Anschluss, Lise Meitner had to be smuggled out to Denmark.

Max's concern for the underdog was evident when he came to ask me a special favor. In 1969, after he received his Nobel Prize in Medicine, he had a deluge of letters requesting some of the \$50,000 or so he received along with the award. As I have said, these included heart-stirring requests from African students for financial aid. It was a pleasure to help Max sort out the charlatans and to determine the most meritorious, and I wrote a lot of letters on his behalf. In the end, I believe he gave away all of his prize money.

It is not easy to delineate Max Delbrück. One day at the faculty club I asked some colleagues to free associate with his name, with the following results: genuine sanctity; noble soul; humility; poetic component; non-Teutonic; for a man of his fame an unusual willingness to listen to anyone regardless of age; scientific integrity; universalism.

Several years ago, Max developed the habit of stopping by as he walked home from his office in the late afternoon. Sometimes he would have a beer, at other times some tea or nothing. In good weather, which in Southern California is much of the time, we would sit out in the back yard and play backgammon and talk. He had played a little with his wife, Manny, and clearly relished the competition. Because backgammon has a mathematics component I expected him to learn rapidly and shoot ahead in skill and technique. In the time we played he learned at about the average rate for a relative beginner. Well, Max never claims to be a genius.

One day after backgammon, Max kindly agreed to read a novel of mine in manuscript form. It was 95 percent scientifically accurate and 5 percent my own imagination. Max read it carefully. But in the 5 percent where I used the novelist's fictional license, his interest was turned off. Howev-

er his generous nature came out when he proceeded to give me a fascinating lead which indicated that at least one of my biological speculations had been carried out in secret by an East Coast laboratory. Max said he thought chimpanzees had been impregnated with human sperm.

9

One side of Max that I have never seen much of, but is obviously important, is doing things outdoors with his family and friends. He once asked me to go camping, but something interfered. We did play tennis a number of times some years ago. I asked him when he first learned:

“Oh, in Berlin. It was very much an upper class sport in those days. Courts weren’t available the way they are in America. I can’t remember where I found to play in Berlin. The time I played a lot in my youth was the summer when I was 22. I was at Göttingen trying to do an astronomy thesis. It wasn’t going well and I spent a lot of time on the tennis court.”

In his sixties, Max and Manny played regularly on the faculty club courts, sometimes with their children. I found Max to be a courteous and enthusiastic player. Although he had only a modicum of skill, the experience gave him great pleasure. One thing about Max on the court, you could always tell him from afar, because, as our colleague Ernest Swift pointed out to me, he has the old European technique of standing well behind a bouncing ball and taking it after the rise.

10

In recalling Max’s sports activities I am only reflecting common interests. Of course, one is aware that Max laid the foundation of molecular genetics. His studies of the relationship between a virus and its host bacteria led to an understanding of how both cells mutate and thus both infections change and so

does the resistance to them. His development of the plaque technique to purify viral strains is now used all around the world. One thing I do know about Max and science: if he reads this, he will immediately protest that it was his team, not himself alone, who did the work.

11

In discussing the Nobel Prize with Max it is clear that he thinks the fame it brings is exaggerated. As one who received it long after the work for which it was awarded was done, he says he knew that his work was comparable with that of many who had received the prize. He once said that the way to win the prize is to pick a difficult problem that can be solved. He said this somewhat ruefully, since he has been attacking extremely difficult problems without finding great, neat breakthroughs.

One evening we had dinner together in the cafeteria with Max's former student, Jim Watson. Jim had left Caltech for Cambridge, and in his early twenties participated in work on the double helix of DNA that won him a joint Nobel Prize. Professor Crick had been the senior member of the Nobel winning team. I watched Max and Jim closely because I knew from Manny Delbrück that Crick had written to Max that Jim, then working with Crick, looked up to Max as his scientific father.

Watson's book came as a sad revelation to Delbrück. Max couldn't conceive of the plotting and scheming the Crick-Watson group went through in order to announce the double helix before Linus Pauling at Caltech. In my less knowledgeable way, I shared Max's abhorrence of scientists who maneuvered to gain prestige rather than immediately to share their discoveries. Yet, it revealed the somewhat naive or innocent side of Max.

Max is frank in saying that a lot of people do nasty things and when he finds out he is disappointed. But when Jim Watson,

though still a friend, wrote nasty things in *The Double Helix*, that really shocked Max. However, Max feels that the book was perhaps necessary in that it let Watson hang out his guilt. Max read the best seller in draft form and found it most readable. But he doesn't think it is a model for the lay person as to how science is done. In a public discussion that night with Jim Watson, Max made his displeasure at the competitive secretiveness described in *The Double Helix* quite evident.

Professor Hallett Smith recalls the time when on a trans-continental flight, he found Jim Watson as a seatmate.

I asked him a question that was being kicked around at Caltech a lot then: What environment is most successful in promoting creativity? Watson said in his experience the Institut Pasteur in Paris was the most favorable, and perhaps next to that was Caltech. Why Caltech, I asked. "Oh, mainly Max Delbrück; he has lots of ideas. Most of them are wrong, but they're always stimulating." (This was before Watson had written *The Double Helix*.)

12

One day around a faculty round table, I brought up Max's reaction to his student, Jim Watson. The topic provoked a strong reaction. President Murph Goldberger shook his head: "I read the book and took a strong dislike to the man." Dick Feynman, himself a Nobel Laureate, said "I liked the book, but I thought of it as a novel, not as science. It is true that Watson showed himself to be a crumb bum the way he did it, but then his ideas changed after he got the prize and that made interesting reading."

Former Caltech President Lee DuBridge joined the discussion: "Well, I didn't know Jim very well when he was a student here, but when I was Presidential Science Adviser he came to dinners at the White House and I got to know him much better. It was a good book."

The subject came back to Max's reaction, and I was

impressed with the respect and even affection these three distinguished scientists had for Max.

13

A few years ago, Max was asked to give the Commencement Address at Caltech. He was very frail from chemotherapy in the months preceding the occasion, and some of us just prayed that he would be able to concentrate enough to write the address and would be well enough to deliver it.

When he had completed a draft, he asked several of his friends to read it and comment on it. The first choice of the students for commencement speaker that year had been Woody Allen. So Max had a funny beginning, implying that in some ways he would try to satisfy them by imitating Woody Allen. However, the serious theme of his remarks was that a pristine faith in science has been shattered. He saw science as both a stabilizing and a destabilizing force. He foresaw that scientists would be more concerned with values. But he was also inclined to correct that statement to say that scientists need to do what they have always done and that it is the institutions, such as Caltech, that must be more value-oriented.

Commencement Day was great. Max spoke humorously and eloquently and the students and audience appreciated both qualities. At the reception I stood by him and saw that he was keen to have reactions to his address. I sensed two feelings in him. One was his deep conviction that what he had to say was right and that he would believe in it no matter who challenged him. But there was also a genuine humility. When a high school student had a criticism, Max listened and pondered the argument.

14

Not long ago, he called me late one evening and said he wanted to see me, and the next afternoon I went to visit him. He

was frail and was resting on the bottom half of a wooden double-decker bunk. He mentioned a woman scientist, whose paper he had given me to comment on some months before. He wanted her and her husband to come from Switzerland for a symposium at Caltech.

I suspect that Max would have been embarrassed at the intensity of my admiration and concern, and if I had expressed myself, he would have at least attempted some jocular self-deprecation. But sitting there, holding his weak hand in mine, I did revere him as a great man and someone whose wishes I would do my utmost to fulfill.

I noted down the details, and later called the organizer of the symposium, Professor Irving Devore at Harvard. Irv had the flu and in any case was reluctant to do what was wanted. Irv is a friend and I felt justified in pushing Max's request. Finally, Irv said that by no means must the woman speak, but if Max wanted her to attend, that was fine, though he had no funds. So I sent a memo to Murph Goldberger, the President of Caltech, explaining the situation. Murph found \$5000 to underwrite the visit of the couple. When I reported this to Max it pleased him very much, even though when he called them in Zurich it turned out that they had other commitments and couldn't come.

That afternoon, when I went to leave, I reached out for Max's hand to say goodbye. He drew it back.

"Don't grip too much," he said. "A Hungarian friend of mine was here last week and gave me too strong a handshake." He pointed to some crusted blood on the back of his right hand. "That came up a few days later." Then he put forward his left hand, indicating a wound in the same position on the back of that hand. He gave a light laugh; "You see, I've got my own stigmata. This is as close to being a saint as I'll ever get."

As I left, Max asked if I were walking the half block? His jibe reminded me that I've never seen him drive the three blocks to campus although he would often ride an inexpensive

black bicycle. Several times he has made fun of my driving to the office. My explanation that I may run errands during the day or transport heavy loads of books doesn't make much impression on him.

I never point out to Max that in the division of labor in his household, he never worries about the housekeeping details. He says it is a question of efficiency. Max will give his name to a cause and also give money. Of late it has been an anti-smoking proposition. But he feels he is just not efficient in a committee on such a cause and he leaves that to Manny. The point is that going home, Max never stops at the grocery store, the shoemaker, or the laundry. So I take his jest at my driving as a joke, even though he is serious.

15

For years, Max had a seminar on "Selected Topics in Biophysics." Each year, he would take a topic he wanted to know more about and proceed to study and teach it. This way he claims that he has never been on top of subjects he taught.

In 1976 he settled on "The Epistemology of Evolution." I sat in, along with several professors' wives and a dozen graduate students. Max began with philosophy, worked his way through astronomy (his first love as a secondary school student), the origins of life, the emergence of man, and on to mathematics. Because he covered such an encyclopedic range, Max would have to study the latest literature in dozens of specialized fields. It was inspiring to have him borrow some books one day, and then give a digested version in class with his own evaluation of the quality of the author's work. An extremely bright woman graduate student, Julie Greengard, who had done research for both of us, took down his lectures and the discussions and put them into book form. I didn't have the detailed scientific background to understand all of his lectures but they shone with a clarity that enabled me to understand far more than I would have anticipated. In 1981, as

he was making a slow recovery from what he termed "heavy weather," I asked him about completing the book. He shook his head, "I don't think I'll ever finish it. I had planned to go over it again at Mount Holyoke last fall, but..." He opened his hands expressively. "Maybe someone will finish it posthumously." It hurt me when he said that.

Max was clearly resigned to not finishing the book and didn't seem overly concerned. But he had been invited to lecture at the Poetry Center in New York and this excited him. Previous speakers in the series had included T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. Max asked: Have you read (Rainer Maria) Rilke? I have decided to talk about his poetry."

My lack of erudition embarrassed me a little, as it often did with Max, though he never appeared to notice it.

"Yes, I read him in college and became quite interested." Then I added lamely, "But it was in English."

If there is such a thing, Max gave a friendly snort. Then he shook his head: "The English is terrible."

Max is the only deep philosopher I have ever known at Caltech, and I'm sorry that we, as a division, didn't take up the almost-serious suggestion by my English colleague, David Smith, that we appoint Max the Dreyfuss Professor of Philosophy.

Max was making a slow recovery that January of 1981. After we had talked by the fire for an hour and Manny had kindly brought us tea, a graduate student came in. We got to discussing his research, which focused on whether human beings have a capability of orienting themselves by some magnetic mechanism. The bearded young man explained his experiments with pigeons, whose sense of direction was impaired by being placed in a magnetic field. After a while Max appeared to be dozing. His eyes were shut. The young man went on about the ability of bees to navigate using polarized light. He referred to the famous Fritsch experiments on bumblebees but said that later German researchers got on to the possibility of birds having minute pieces of magnetized

material to set up a field. Without opening his eyes, Max broke in, "You mean the paper by Landau and. . ." I didn't catch the second name, but was heartened by Max's acuteness on the subject matter.

The student explained that he was going to do some research in Botswana for six months, and Max immediately began a series of pertinent questions on the nature of the work. The young man politely looked at me as though not to leave me out.

"Yes, I know Botswana," I said in answer to the look, "In fact, I'm the first American to have written a book on Botswana."

I felt as pompous as I sounded. I was more than normally uncomfortable with what I had said because Max is so low-key, and my pomposity really annoyed me. It isn't that Max doesn't have definite opinions.

Max is a conscientious teacher. Never soft. But demanding and emphatic. He never hesitates to put himself on the same level as his students and let the best ideas win. Our colleague, Professor David Goodstein, decided to reinvigorate the freshman physics course that is a cornerstone of a Caltech undergraduate education. David sent out notices to all the faculty asking for volunteers to teach small sections of a dozen students, who would meet separately from the larger lectures and demonstrations. Although he was then a Professor Emeritus in Biology, Max was the first volunteer! "As soon as news of that spread among the faculty," Goodstein recalls, "we had a wealth of senior talent to choose from."

The course was a great success. In fact, David applied for and received a foundation grant of more than \$1,000,000 to reproduce the course on video cassettes for instructional use in first year physics course throughout the United States and abroad. Max would be the first to give David the lion's share of the credit. But Max provided a critical spark.

Max has a reputation for walking out of seminars he doesn't like. It is a habit – some would say an overly built-up croquet. Once when a famous professor from Rockefeller University was giving a biology seminar on animal cognition with a notable lack of lucidity, I could see Max squirming in the front row. The instant the seminar was over, he bolted out a side door. Just before he left, he leaned over and whispered to Professor Mark Konishi. Later, Mark explained, "Just before the seminar began, Max asked me, 'Is he good?'"

Mark explained, "I invited him, but on this topic I've heard people say he talks intellectual bullshit."

Max had whispered after the lecture: "It wasn't even intellectual."

In February 1981, Max was one force behind a major two-day meeting on social biology at Caltech. Because the Leakey Foundation was a co-sponsor, I asked Max if he had specific ideas for the speakers.

"Yes," he said sitting by the fireplace, "speakers must understand that there is to be a discussion. They aren't coming just to display their brilliance. Ideas should be presented with such clarity that even the dumbest physicist can understand. I'll be in the front row if they rattle on."

It was vintage Max. I couldn't resist relating the comment on the "dumb physicists" to President Goldberger, who was opening the two-day symposium. Being a physicist himself, Murph used it in his opening remarks and it drew amiable laughter from the 400 or so people.

Unfortunately, the exposure of the "brightest young minds in social biology" to the Caltech faculty was not a great success. Max was unhappy with my friend Irv Devore for selecting some of the speakers and was especially critical of Irv's own paper which Max found superficial.

"If you want it done right, don't ask a Harvard Professor," he

pronounced, as though this was the sum of that learning experience.

If Max was critical of sloppy science, he was keenly aware of outstanding work. After his stroke, he called up a brilliant young biology colleague, John Allman, and began to describe the stroke. John immediately went to see Max and was greeted with a proposal that they try to use Max's stroke for a scientific experiment. John made measurements of the sclectoma and found that it was narrowly limited. Max's vision was divided sharply down the middle of his field with a common bulge at the center and slight vision at the extreme periphery of his blank side. As John explained it to me:

"Max was extremely precise in the way he could describe his own sensations. We found that he could not follow a moving point into the dark area. But Max was acutely aware of the visions he was receiving from the dark side that emanate from an advanced part of the brain not directly related to the eye. Max insisted on a worthwhile experiment on himself."

Professor Allman faced three problems:

"It had to be a nontrivial experiment or it wouldn't be worthy of Max. That was a real challenge.

"To do a meaningful experiment, we probably had to have Max in our laboratory. Because he was being given such heavy immuno-suppressives, there was a major risk that he would pick up a possibly fatal infection from one of the lab primates – human, monkey or ape.

"Finally, we faced the delicate problem of examining Max's brain tissue after he died, as a critical part of the experiment. Max was cognizant of these three problems and was game. In the end we did not proceed, perhaps to Max's disappointment."

In rereading this brief memoir, I am first of all conscious that Max has many close friends. These few anecdotes are not

meant to imply that I am one of the closer friends or that our relationship is anything more than the anecdotes represent.

Secondly, I am conscious that I know almost nothing of Max's real love for his scientific work. One day, walking to the campus together, he tried to explain to me in lay terms what his research on phage was all about. I simply lack the scientific background to be able to understand it in depth. Perhaps most people who know Max well know him in terms of his scientific achievements and their mutual interest in science. Our friendship concerns more mundane matters. But then, they are a side of him I am privileged to know and am grateful to share.

I had tea with Max and Manny, herself just home from the hospital after lymph node surgery, on Friday, March 6th, 1981. Max was in good spirits. We covered the usual *mélange* of topics. A woman cousin, a physiotherapist, had come from Munich to help Max and we talked about Bavarian attitudes. The next two days were painfully difficult ones for Max and he was finally taken to the hospital. He died on March 9.

I quote my note to myself of March 10:

Tonight as I walked up to the low-slung house to leave a note for Manny, a sliver of crescent moon hung alone in a cold, dark sky. Many will mourn Max and many encomiums will be spoken in eulogy. But tonight, as I walked up to the darkened house on our quiet, empty street, I felt terribly alone as the tears coursed down my cheeks. What a great man the world has lost; what a priceless gift to have known him.

18

Two weeks later Manny, who was magnificent throughout, wrote this note:

Max enjoyed increasingly dropping in on you, and Ned's coming up for the "Social Hour" in the late afternoon. It did

seem like it could go on forever, until suddenly that unbearable pain, but even then he was clear and strong, and spoke out to us. Manny

The memorial service for Max was held on a rainy Easter afternoon with friends gathered from across the United States. It had its somber moments, of course, but every speaker managed to include one of Max's witticisms.

Seymour Benzer, in introducing Jim Watson, said that Max had first felt loved by Jim as a father and then hated by Jim as a father, but that there had been amends. Watson, now the Director of the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, spoke in praise of Max's insistence on selfless science. Many listeners had to think of how this contrasted with the story told in *The Double Helix*. But Watson added, with his voice breaking, "I never told Max, but except for my wife and children, I have never loved anybody more." Many who knew the relationship and its strain admired Watson for this as a *mea culpa*. (Some asked afterward if Watson always spoke so poorly. Others said that it was just because he was under such great emotion. Murph Goldberger, who had taken such an instant dislike to Watson, is notable for having an open mind. The Caltech President invited Watson along with other out of town guests to lunch. I asked Murph later if his opinion had changed from previous meetings with Watson. "Yes," came the emphatic reply, "I formed a much more favorable image of him." He also indicated admiration for Watson's *mea culpa*.)

In keeping with Max's spirit, three long hilarious tapes were played of a slightly tipsy Max singing slightly ribald songs, and a mock interview of Max, playing Max, on his receipt of the Nobel Prize, with Max having written out the questions to be asked him.

On the tape Max told of the phone's ringing one cold morning, which Manny answered. Max got up grumbling that he had only his light summer bathrobe because Manny said winter didn't come until November. When he came back to the

bedroom, Manny asked what the call was. Max said it was notification of the Nobel Prize and reported Manny's reaction: "She giggled and said, 'Keep it.'"

The packed hall laughed and laughed at fond memories of Max on the tapes and in the photographs projected on a screen. The program ended with a Bach cantata that had been a favorite of his, with his youngest daughter playing the cello.

19

Max's diary of September, 1978, reads:

The journey of life, which seems to be going outward, in the end turns out to have been going inward most of the time.

"Wohin Gehen Wir Denn?  
Immer nach Hause."

*Epilogue*

Max is not forgotten. The Honorable Shirley Hufstедler, former Secretary of Education, dedicated her 1981 Caltech commencement address to Max's memory. When I told her that this meant a lot to others of Max's friends Shirley replied:

One of the real joys of my association with Caltech was becoming a warm and close friend of Max and Manny. He took me to his lab several times to see some interesting things that he was doing. But primarily we went walking together. Max's gentle pixyish humor always brightened those walks, and, of course, his extraordinary fund of knowledge about all kinds of things popped out all along the trails. No one who knew Max could have failed to take

delight in the puppet shows that he used to arrange with Ludena. The scripts were always both unexpected and engaging. I miss him very much, as I'm sure you do.

One night shortly after this, Manny called and suggested that their son Toby would welcome doing battle at backgammon. They came over immediately, and Toby and I played out the evening. We now have a regular series going with a cumulative total. Toby learns faster than Max, and I can see that he will soon overtake me. I enjoy Toby, a senior at the University of California at La Jolla, and playing with Toby, I still feel Max at the table.

Because this memoir began with Martha Dodd in Berlin half a century ago, it is worth noting that after a long break in their friendship, Martha and Max took up a warm correspondence. Martha had lived in many "socialist" countries including seven years in Cuba, before settling in Prague, where she wrote her autobiography. Her passionate letters to Max rekindled the days in Berlin and even led her to address him as "Dear Hippie Max. . . ." They spoke several times by phone in Europe, and she commented on how little accent in English he had after so many years. But it is strange that for all her admiration and affection she had to write, quite prejudicially perhaps, that he wasn't after all German. Max? On a light serious note, in one of her last letters she wrote:

"Take care of yourself, and we'll meet someday here on this earth and not in heaven which would reject us both. So don't try to fake being an angel now, God knows better. But as usual he's wrong. My love always, Martha."

## DIANA

(1979-present)

DIANA IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE in the greatest coincidence in my life.

The scene is a curving white sand beach on Mahé de la Bourdonnais Island in the Seychelles, a thousand miles east of Africa in the Indian Ocean. I had stopped there briefly when sailing from Mombasa to Bombay twenty years before. The article I had published then on the Seychelles was entitled "Where the Clock Strikes Twice," in reference to the somnolent nature of the islands and the helpful reminder of the cathedral clock. I say "cathedral clock" because in that piece I had called this landmark in the Victorian capital of the islands, Victoria, a "town clock" and had found I was wrong.

Evelyn Waugh had made the same mistake in his account of the islands when they were a retirement haven for Colonel Blimps. Whiskey was \$3 a bottle and there had been an abundance of tawny and nubile housekeepers. Not without reason do Seychelles women command the highest prices in Nairobi.

In those days of grinding local poverty, a family of twelve with one fetching daughter could live off one retired colonel. However, there was the danger that if the old gentleman's ardor began to flag, the housekeeper would tell the mother. The mother would fear losing him as a family meal ticket and would add all manner of local peppers and other alleged aphrodisiacs to his soup, with ghastly gastric consequences. But that had been in another era.

Now I was back and had landed in a 747, whereas there

had been no proper landing strip before. My purpose was to assess both the new independent government of Prime Minister Jimmy Mancham and the development of the economy, which included tourism. The modernistic resort hotel in which I was staying had replaced a handful of quiet little Victorian cottages.

One day I booked a place on the ferry to Praslin Island, the home of the mighty coco-de-mer palms with their unique double coconuts famous for their startling resemblance to a woman's torso, down to minor genital details. Discovery of the palms in 1743 shattered many myths as to the origin of the extraordinary nuts occasionally found floating in the Indian Ocean. The 24-pound seeds are the largest in the vegetable kingdom and are worshipped by a sect when washed up on the shore of India. General Chinese Gordon had visited Praslin in 1881, convinced that it was the Garden of Eden and that coco-de-mer was the biblical Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

At the last minute my trip was cancelled, owing to high seas. I was annoyed and at loose ends. My interviews on Mahé had been completed and it was too late to find something to do in Victoria. Consequently, I welcomed the chance to fall in with a dozen hedonistic tourists heading for lunch under umbrellas stuck in the sand below a line of takamaka trees.

One is no longer surprised to find that the best information on country "A" may be found by talking to informed people from that country on holiday in country "B." I used to urge my Africa-bound graduate students at the University of Chicago to take a ship from Britain through the Suez to East Africa instead of flying, just for the candid shipboard conversations with important people at leisure who could barely spare them ten minutes once back at their desks in East Africa.

On this occasion, on the beach in Mahé, country "A" was represented by a South African Air Force pilot describing in great detail the secret airfields and techniques used by the Mirages in South West Africa. Years later, when I had rented a

small plane to fly north from Windhoek, I was glad to know another comment he had dropped, that before planes land in the north a helicopter circles the airfield looking for rocket-armed guerrillas who may be lying in wait.

About four o'clock, a slim brunette in her late twenties passed by the raucous group, spread her towel about twenty yards away by the ocean, took off a terrycloth wrap, and lay back in her swimsuit to enjoy the late afternoon sun. Just after she passed by, I turned to the group and said, "I'm sure I've seen that woman before." As the stories went on, my befogged mental computer kept turning over. But it couldn't come up with a place and certainly not with a name. We all have the experience of suddenly seeing a passerby, a face in the crowd, a character on television, and have the feeling of having seen that person before; but when the moment passes we forget about it. I would have done just that except that the lady had stopped near us. Every ten or fifteen minutes, we would shift positions on the sand, sometimes facing the sea to look at a sailboat, sometimes lying prone, with feet to the shore.

On the beach, serious conversation was washed down with so much wine that by late afternoon the party had progressed – or regressed – to telling one funny story after another. Everyone was contributing stories and jokes and there were gales of laughter as one fed on another. Let me recall as best I can a bilingual one as a surrogate for dozens. The Mirage pilot told it over the protests of his new South African bride from Durban, a corporal in the Air Force:

Hanna wanted to find out where to buy a new record on the South African hit parade, so she called Stuttafords Department Store:

"Het jy die record *Twee Lippe en Sewe Soene?*" (Have you the record *Two Lips and Seven Kisses?*).

"Nee, juffrou." (No, Miss).

Then Hanna calls Garlicks, with similar results. When she tries a third Cape Town store she gets a crossed line and

is answered by Corporal Labuscagne (La-boo-skak-knee) at the Police Station:

“Het julle die record *Twee Lippe en Sewe Soene*?” (Have you the record *Two Lips and Seven Kisses*?)

He replies, “Nee, juffrou. Ek het nie twee lippe en sewe soene nie, maar ek het twee *balle* en sewe duime.” (No but I have two balls and seven inches.)

Innocently she asks, “Is *dit* die record?” (Is *that* the record?)

“Ag, nee, jy moet my sersant sien.” (Ah, no, you must see my sergeant.)

Well, no one said that copious wine must produce brilliant conversation or that Afrikaans humor is noted for its couthness.

There followed some cockney stories and then the corporal-bride told a string of van der Merwe jokes. The non-South Africans looked puzzled as she began.

“Van der Merwe is the most common Afrikaans surname – comparable to Jones and Smith in the United Kingdom. Poor ‘Van’ is always the dumb butt of the stories which have their analogue in Polish jokes and others in which an ethnic group is put down.”

When she had regaled us, the corporal asked me: “You don’t have any van der Merwe jokes in America?”

Not many ethnic jokes appeal to me. But I couldn’t resist this challenge. “No, we don’t. But when van der Merwe came to America he was asked, ‘What do you like most about the United States?’ he replied, ‘That you don’t have van der Merwe jokes.’ And what do you like least about the U.S.? ‘M and M’s.’ Why M and M’s? ‘Because they are so hard to peel.’”

I did say that the party was deteriorating.

Once I tried to focus on far off Praslin, but the light coming off the blue translucent waters seemed to make it shimmer like a mirage. My eyes came back to the combers breaking on the crescent-shaped beach, fringed with the palms and takamaka, until they rested absent-mindedly on the brunette’s

supine figure. She gave no hint of acknowledging our presence. Perhaps our ebullience was drowned out by the plangent sounds of the sea.

"Damn," I said to myself, "this isn't your day. First the ferry and now you can't even think of a stupid name." I snapped my fingers and then blurted out, "I know where I've seen that lady. It was in the airport in Moscow!"

The group laughed at my jejune enthusiasm. The Afrikaans chap said half-seriously, "Maybe she's a KGB agent here to plan a takeover of the Seychelles, as if this bloody Manxman isn't left enough."

"You think it is funny," I retorted. "But six months ago, when I'm sure I talked to that lady, I walked into Scheremetyero Airport and the first people I heard whispering in the corner were speaking Afrikaans!"

"Sis," he replied, using a rude Afrikaans word.

"Seriously, I later recognized one of the names at the conference I was attending as a well-known South African Communist in exile since the 1960s. But now that I think again, that isn't where I saw the lady."

"Ag, my husband told you she's a Russian spy," the corporal commented, pouring some more wine from the jug.

For the life of me I still couldn't place the dark-haired lady; every once in a while I would look again and yet the strange feeling I had wouldn't go away.

When my thoughts focused back on the group, a confidential secretary in a Nairobi ministry was telling of her disgust at the way her country "A" was dominated by Moma Ngina, the uneducated wife of aging President Jomo Kenyatta. The stories of stealing officially confiscated elephant tusks, using a Kenya airforce plane to fly them to Hong Kong, and then pocketing the proceeds were told in great detail. "How," she asked, "was my boss supposed to reconcile those official facts – customs in Hong Kong shows that they import five times as many tons of ivory from Kenya as we export?"

Her husband, a game ranger, said he felt dirty and ran down

to the water and took a dip. Coming back he hesitated as he passed the mystery woman, but reported to the group, "I don't think she understands English. She didn't even look up when I spoke to her."

The pilot chimed in, "She looks French to me." It was a good guess, considering that the language in the Seychelles is French, that no one among the hotel tourists recognized her, and that she did look rather chic.

"No," I insisted with new insight, "She looks English, but I did talk to her someplace."

"Well, why don't you stop saying that, Ned, and just ask her?"

"Oh come on, man, I can't go up to a lady and say 'Haven't I seen you somewhere before?' We've had enough jokes around here."

Just then another Kenyan told a joke and somehow the wind carried it to the sunning lady. She must have heard it because she sat up, turned on an elbow, and looked at our group, laughing. Well, I thought, at least she understands English, and was more sure than ever that I had talked to her.

The whole episode would have passed except that about six, just before our group broke up to bathe for dinner, a good-looking man in tailored slacks came down from the hotel to speak to the lady. She gathered up her wrap and towel, and passed us as she walked back to the hotel with him. As she passed, we heard her say, "That's fine, I'll just change." She carried her beach towel in a bag stamped "Lindblad."

My mind jumped. "Lindblad" struck a fiber of recognition. "Don't be so dumb," I said to myself. "Of course you know Lindblad. Its the name of an agency for luxurious travels. They have a boat they operate from here." Then the penny dropped. I just knew that wherever I had talked to the slim brunette and whatever her name was, she had mentioned Lindblad to me. I looked after what's-her-name. They had not only passed out of earshot but out of sight as well. I

resisted running after them. But I did turn to the group: "You see. She does have an English accent. I'm right but I can't prove it. She asked me to call her at Sonja Lindblad's."

They all laughed in several national accents. I gave up.

But the next day, being my last on Mahé, I called home at 10:30. One advantage of being in the Seychelles is that the longitude is precisely twelve hours different from California. If you want to know what time it is there you don't have to add or subtract hours. You merely look at your watch and change a.m. to p.m. or vice versa.

After I completed the call, I picked up the slim Seychelles telephone book. If my shaky memory proved correct, there would have to be or had been a Lindblad residence somewhere in the Seychelles. As I started thumbing through the directory it occurred to me that even if there were a residence the number might be unlisted. I found the Ls. The Lindblad residence was on the other side of the granitic peaks of Trois Frères. An English voice answered. My words stumbled out: "I'd like to speak to an English lady staying with Madame Lindblad." My voice trailed question marks.

Her voice was wary, "Well, I'm the only English woman staying at the Lindblads."

I paused, embarrassed, but explained, "My name is Ned Munger. Mine was the only American voice you must have heard from the group telling stories on the beach yesterday afternoon."

"Yes, I recognize it." Her voice was still cautious and I was glad that I had given her the impersonal quality a telephone can provide. "Some of the stories were jolly funny."

"Well," and I must have er'ed and ah'ed, "I'm just certain that we had a conversation in a queue sometime in London, or New York, or possibly Moscow. But we never introduced ourselves. Perhaps it was last August when I was on my way to Russia."

"I've never been to New York or Moscow." Her tone was definite and I half expected a click ending the conversation.

"And not in London?" I asked timidly, almost sorry that I had been so bold as to telephone.

"Well, I have been in queues in London. In fact, last July I flew from London to stay here at the Coral Sand."

"Yes," I replied, "Now I remember that you told me so and I said, somewhat know-it-all, that I'd been in the Seychelles."

Her voice became cooler and more emphatic, "I'm sorry, whatever your name is, but I have never seen you in my life. Goodbye."

It made me feel funny. I sat on the bed puzzled and defeated. Well, you were wrong this time, I thought as I started to pack. The lascivious Praslin double coconut I had bought in Victoria wouldn't fit into my suitcase. "Damn," I thought, "I'll have to carry it separately on all flights back to L.A."

I had almost finished packing when the phone rang: "This is Diana Hurrell. I'm sorry I was rude. I'm sure I've never seen you. But I'm coming across the island to your hotel in a few minutes to have lunch with the manager's wife. Incidentally, yesterday was the first time I'd ever been on that beach. Would you like to meet me for a few minutes on the terrace in about an hour?"

As I sat on the terrace and watched the frangipangi blossoms sway in the aftermath of the previous day's storm, one of the huge rats that plague the islands scampered past my table. I jumped in my chair. "Cool down, Ned," I said to myself. "And whatever the lady says, just accept it; you've made enough of a fool of yourself!"

Diana swept in wearing a pink dress with a flower behind her ear. She ordered a shandy.

I couldn't keep back my puzzlement and tried for the last time to explain earnestly how I felt I had stood in a queue and met her. She listened without protest. Why I was making such a performance out of it, I wondered myself at the time.

I asked her how the Tusker Lager from East Africa mixed with the bottle of lemonade from South Africa.

"Fine," she said, charming but aloof.

We had been sitting there for about ten minutes, interrupted only by a barefoot, ragged boy walking along the beach who came up to the shaded terrace with a string of fresh fish, asking in a pleading tone, "Poisson, poisson?"

He was shooed away by the manager's wife, who came by to explain, "Di, I'll be busy for another half an hour. We've had an unexpected charter flight from Hong Kong and I have to organize some Seychellois maids to make up rooms now."

If I had been flattered to think that even if Diana didn't recognize me, she might have enjoyed my storytelling from a distance and have made an excuse to come to the hotel for a drink, my bubble of ego had been burst. I put out my hands, palms face up, and said, rather lamely, "I can't help what you think of me, but I sincerely thought that I recognized you, that we had chatted for about five minutes. You mentioned the Seychelles, and I, trying to play the role of man-about-the-world, said as nonchalantly as I could, that I dropped in on the Seychelles from time to time. I must have been dreaming because I have the distinct memory that you said if I did so again, I must look you up at Madame Lindblad's. Obviously, I'm mistaken. But you must admit it was a strange dream. I hope you'll let me apologize?"

She paused before answering, "You seem like a nice, decent man." She paused again, bit her lip, and then, as though relieved to get something off her chest, she told me the following story:

To tell you the truth, you are probably right. But you must let *me* apologize. You see, just about a year ago I was in my office in the P.R. section of Alcan in London when I got a call from my ex-boss from Dublin, where he had been promoted.

He said that he was coming to England to see his daughter at Rodean and he would pop into the office.

"Good," I told him, "there is some mail for you and I have a package on my desk that I was about to forward to you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Well, open it."

My ex-boss was a bit of a ladies man, so I half-teasingly asked him, "Are you sure you want me to open it? Maybe some girl sent you something personal?"

At this point I interrupted. "Do you mean knickers," I asked rather rudely, showing off my knowledge of British slang. Diana's expression froze in disapproval. "No, neither I nor any English lady would say something like that." Then she returned to her story.

"My ex-boss laughed at my question and told me to open the package. I cradled the phone between my jaw and shoulder, took the package, and put it on my lap while I slipped off the string.

"It looks like a book," I told him, as I got the outer cover off.

"Well," he said impatiently, "who is it from?"

As I opened the cover I could see a dark rubbery substance. Then there was a flash that made me drop the book to the floor.

[I was on the edge of my seat.]

Having it on my knees and dropping it saved my life. The bomb shook the whole building. Fortunately, my desk was aluminum. One Israeli Ambassador died when a bomb exploded by a wooded desk and sent a splinter through his heart.

"While I was unconscious, a secretary came over, picked up the phone, told my ex-boss that there had been a bomb explosion and hung up."

When I regained consciousness, I was sure I had been blinded. When I could see it was mostly blood. My fingernails had been blown off and the tip of my right-hand third finger, where the blood was spouting. My hands were horribly blackened and burned.

Her dark brown eyes were aware that I was looking at them.

"But you weren't hurt?" I asked solicitously.

"Not physically," she answered, putting her long slender

hands palms-down on the table. "But you can see all the blue bits from the powder and. . ." She modestly pulled down the high round neck of her cotton dress, revealing tiny blue dots. "You can see I was wearing a lower cut dress that day."

"So you were O.K.," I said, relieved.

"Well, not really. My nerves were shot. Any noise startled me terribly. I couldn't ride the tube, or hear a hooter in traffic. But fortunately, the man who sent the bomb to my ex-boss left his fingerprints on the wrapper. Shortly thereafter, he was arrested in Dublin and charged with kidnapping a Dutch businessman in Ireland. The fingerprints matched, and Scotland Yard asked me to stay and possibly to testify at the trial. But when the man was convicted in Ireland, they said I didn't have to stay at home in England. Alcan gave me indefinite sick leave. I must have been in the queue at Gatwick when we talked six months ago. But everything that happened to me in the month before the bombing has been absolutely wiped out." Her smile was charming. "So I hope you will accept *my* apology for being so disbelieving."

"Yes," I said with a sense of relief and vindication, "but you said that you had forgotten everything *before* the bomb?"

"Well, that's why I didn't believe you at all at first. But now I realize for the first time that my mind has also blacked out on the few times I was in London after the bomb. I must have caught the bus to Heathrow, but I can't remember anything about it."

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of years later, I was staying, for just one night, at the Britannia Hotel in Grosvenor Square. Coming around the corner, by the FDR Monument, I met by chance a dear friend from Uganda, Dr. Martin Aliker, who was in England also for just one day. This not-so-uncommon coincidence made me think of Diana and my most extraordinary one. I called Alcan, which is just a few blocks away in Berkeley Square. She was

back at work in public relations, so I invited her for lunch. As she walked onto the back terrace of the Britannia pub, I almost *didn't* recognize her. She appeared to have aged considerably and had dark circles under her eyes. The bomb episode was really taking a terrible toll, I thought sadly.

But it turned out that she looked distraught and beaten down because only a few months before her husband, whom she adored, had suddenly died from a heart attack at 38. It made me realize that one needs to think of luck in life, and that there is no quota on disaster.

It took a couple of quiet years, but apparently Di has bounced back in great fettle. She told me in a card at Christmas that she is working in the heart of Westminster, visits the House of Commons almost daily, and travels a lot. She had just come back from a holiday on Ibiza and was planning a longer trip to Australia. I'll always be grateful that she called back and helped me decipher my greatest mystery in traveling. I do have the double coconut in my office to remind me of the Seychelles. Now if I can only run into the Afrikaans Air Force couple, I'll tell them I was right after all – if I could only remember their name.

## “DEAR MR. ROGERS . . .”

(1950-1965)

WALTER S. ROGERS is difficult to delineate. David Reed, whose life was also profoundly changed by Mr. Rogers, is a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest*. He tried once to profile Mr. Rogers in a “Most Unforgettable Character” piece. Dave has published many such articles but the Rogers one didn't come off. So I try with trepidation to give some insights on the man as I knew him. My story begins shortly before meeting this remarkable molder of men.

It was 5:30 in the afternoon of February 20, 1950. The next minute would change my life. The place was the famous Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi, which Hemingway loved to write about. I had actually seen him drinking one evening on the stoep, looking much more in character than his successor as the American literary lion of East Africa, Robert Ruark, ever did.

The Norfolk has had great sentimental meaning for me over many years. It was the first hotel I stayed in after driving up from Mombasa in 1949. On the coast I had played softball, and skinned my knee sliding into second base. Coral dust in the wound produced a high fever during the two-day drive to Nairobi, where a bed at the Norfolk was bliss.

In 1953, I had invited the well-known Kenya politician with the atypical name of Argwings-Kodek to lunch with me at the Norfolk buffet. The editor of the *East African Standard* told me later that it was the first time he had ever seen a Kenya African eating at the Norfolk. I had sensed that from the hostile stares of the surrounding whites who still dominated the country.

There were many happy sojourns at the Norfolk, but only sadness in 1979 when I read that a New Year's Eve bomb explosion at the Norfolk had killed a dozen people, including a good friend and Leakey Foundation Fellow, Peggy Bartells, from Orange County, California.

But to go back to 1950, and the crucial 5:30 moment. I was in my shorts putting on one black sock when there was a knock on the door. I opened it, shielding my torso. A good-looking man in his forties, with wavy brown hair, put out his hand.

"I'm George Weller from the *Chicago Daily News*. I noticed your Chicago address in the register. Would you like to have a drink?"

A few minutes later my wife and I joined George for a drink that turned into dinner. George used his reporter's skill in drawing me out. My wife, Liz, and I were on an emotional high from just having spent three days climbing to the snows of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania, almost 20,000 feet high. George was interested in the details of our taking with us the first Chagga Chief ever to climb to the summit, but that is another memoir.

Later, over coffee I explained that my Fulbright, the first one to the British Commonwealth, seemed far too short. I described my first trip to West Africa, financed with poker winnings from the U.S. Army, and waxed eloquent about my desire to make a lifetime study of Africa.

George seemed impressed with my enthusiasm. Before we parted he made a helpful suggestion:

"I know a foundation that might be interested in your plans. You write to Hal O'Flaherty, the Managing Editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, and tell him what you have told me. You may hear from a man named Walter S. Rogers."

"Who's he?" I queried.

"Well, he is an odd sort of duck. He used to be special assistant to the Crane who started the Crane Plumbing Company in Chicago. At some stage Rogers was the publisher of the

*Washington Post*. But I've never met the man. You write to Hal and see what happens."

The next day I was off for a sojourn in Ethiopia and then back to my base at Makerere College in Uganda. Three weeks later, we made a swing through Fort Portal in western Uganda, into Rwanda, and down through the heavily cultivated, steep-sided hills of Burundi. Although I had taken the prescribed prophylactic, somehow I was bitten by an infected anopheles mosquito. The first couple of times there isn't anything too serious about malaria – except that, like seasickness, at first you are afraid you are going to die and after a while you are afraid you won't.

So I wasn't feeling too chipper two weeks later back at Makerere when I got a cablegram. It asked bluntly: "Can you meet me for weekend at Nolte's house in Oxford?" and it was signed Walter Rogers.

So this was the reaction to my letter to Chicago. I tottered down to Barclays Bank and explained to the Scots manager, a tennis partner at the Kampala Club, that I had this cablegram from an American and I had to buy a ticket but I didn't have the cash. He looked the laconic Scot as he peered at the written words on the poor quality brown paper cablegram.

"Seems as though you need an overdraft."

Two days later, I boarded the BOAC Short Sunderland flying boat on Lake Victoria. Soon we were flying along at 8000 feet over the southern Sudan counting elephants. I went down to the lower deck to get a better look. The air conditioning invigorated my malaria bugs. The rest of the flight to the night stop I spent on my knees in front of a toilet. After an adventurous night in Malta, I had recovered somewhat before landing in Southampton. A train to London, a train to Oxford, and a taxi later, and I rang Richard Nolte's doorbell.

Dick Nolte was combining a Rhodes Scholarship with a fellowship from Mr. Rogers foundation, the Institute of Current World Affairs, to study for a D.Phil. in Arabic Law. Many years later, Dick was in Cairo, about to present his credentials as the

American Ambassador to President Nasser, when the Suez War erupted and he was evacuated to Greece, where he was warmly welcomed by Ambassador Phil Talbot, the senior Fellow at the time I met Walter S. Rogers. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

It was a pleasant long weekend in Oxford. We saw some theater at Stratford. (On the balcony I didn't ask, as President Larry Kimpton of the University of Chicago once did, "What river is that?") Whitman J. Sevringhaus was in from a fellowship in the Transvaal to see Mr. Rogers. Also in the group was John George of New College, who was planning a fellowship in Kenya.

In retrospect, I couldn't have made a good impression. I must have looked as wrung out as I felt. Certainly, I didn't hold my own in the conversations among Dick, Sev, John, and others. Mr. Rogers didn't say much. But now I know he must have been listening.

He couldn't have been observing with his usual perspicacity, or, perhaps, he was influenced by the round trip fare, when he brought up the subject of my visit as I stood by the front door waiting for the taxi that would eventually lead me back to Uganda.

"Ned, you wrote to Hal O'Flaherty about your plans to study Africa. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Rogers. I'm having a marvelous year in East Africa but it is too short and I have lots of ideas. . . ." My voice trailed off and I sounded simpish.

I turned and looked directly into his piercing sky-blue eyes. In a characteristic gesture, he pursed his lips before speaking.

"Well, you go ahead and carry out your plans."

My heart jumped. Was my hearing affected by the malaria? The taxi had arrived outside.

"Thank you, Mr. Rogers. What may I spend?"

"Whatever you need."

"And what shall I do?"

"What you want to do!" His voice was a shade annoyed as

he added, "and write me a letter every two weeks telling me what you are doing. We'll send copies to people who might be interested in you and any friends you wish. There is no point in learning if you can't express yourself."

As the taxi drove away, I leaned back in its deep recesses and realized I had gotten the biggest break of my life. What a challenge! To go where I wanted, spend what I needed, and write every two weeks: "Dear Mr. Rogers. . . ."

My elation in the taxi was matched by my mystification on the flying boat back to Lake Victoria. Why had I been so fortunate? It was only many years later that I gradually found out just what I had going for me with Mr. Rogers. Fate had shaped me to his template. Walter S. Rogers had a preference – or more accurately, a prejudice rooted in the times and in his social class – in favor of six characteristics that fitted me. He favored midwesterners, the University of Chicago, the *Chicago Daily News*, and, as Dave Reed has observed, white Christian males.

## 1

From the perspective of 1982, the last three characteristics jump off the page as reflecting racist, anti-Semitic, and sexist attitudes, all of which I personally abhor. Walter Rogers' outlook was shaped by his origins, by his mentor Charles R. Crane, and by the attitudes of the time. I have taken considerable trouble in locating, obtaining, and reading the correspondence of Charles R. Crane, who moved with presidents, kings, and prime ministers at the end of the nineteenth century and in the first of the twentieth. It is absolutely clear that Crane had a strong anti-Semitic streak.

Crane still casts a long shadow. In April 1982, *Fortune Magazine* noted:

In the annals of American business, Charles Richard Crane deserves a special footnote. Not because he was the son of the founder of the Crane Co., manufacturer of bathroom

equipment, and served briefly as its president, but because he left the realm of plumbing fixtures to indulge his urge to travel to remote places. In 1931 he became the first American ever to meet King Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, the founder of Saudi Arabia.

The king was on his uppers. Worldwide depression had dried up his main source of income, the Mecca pilgrimage business, and his debts were mounting. Anxious to help, Crane offered to sponsor a survey of Saudi Arabia's mineral resources, and this led to you know what.

In circulating a draft of this memoir among friends, the characterization of Walter Rogers has produced strong emotions. Several ex-Fellows have criticized me for emphasizing elements of prejudice, for being ungrateful, and have even accused me of defaming a man unable to defend himself.

On the other hand, I have had bitter criticism for admiring Rogers on balance. A black woman writer said "I have no patience with your efforts to whitewash such a terrible man."

One test of Rogers' character would be to examine what happened to the Fellows he picked. Did he indoctrinate them with his prejudices? Did they, in turn, apply the same narrow criteria?

Charles Crane's son John, who died in 1982, was Walter Rogers peer and was deeply committed to the Institute. John had been a guinea pig Fellow while living in the Masaryk household in the presidential palace at the Hradcany in Prague in the momentous thirties. John Crane disapproved of Rogers' prejudices but he failed to challenge them.

John's widow, Sylvia Crane, is a good friend of mine and an Institute trustee. Sylvia would describe herself as being Jewish, a pre-ERA feminist, and an intellectual radical, who helped drive the final nail into the coffin of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Sylvia once commented to me, "I was always treated with great respect as appropriate to John's wife, but Walter Rogers never once asked me for ideas." Sylvia confirms my characterization of the Crane family and

the narrowness of the selection of early Fellows.

But before we can come to the present generation of Fellows, a lot of water must flow down the Nile.

2

Once the flying boat had landed back on Lake Victoria, I entered into the Fellowship with gusto. Walter Rogers eventually appointed eight fellows to study in Africa, but only two of us had had previous African experience and I was the only one seeking a career in the Africa field. My ambitions, as outlined to George Weller in the Norfolk Hotel, coincided with Walter Rogers' current goals. Opportunity may knock, but the individual must answer. My first travel after finishing up my fieldwork in Uganda, was to drive from Uganda to Kenya, Tanzania, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and South Africa, where we put the car on a freighter for the Gold Coast. Living in Accra, I got to know the nationalists such as Komla Gbedemah and, when he got out of jail, Kwame Nkrumah, and wrote one of the first pieces to predict that the CPP, or Convention People's Party, would sweep the upcoming elections. The American consul read my piece and was incensed. He was reporting directly the opposite to the State Department and the better informed British colonial staff agreed with him. How easy it is to remember predictions when one is correct!

I used my time with a vengeance. We drove north through Ghana to Upper Volta. The border isn't marked on the map, but it is clear enough as you drive, or from the air. Because the French required adult males to repair roads for nothing, there were no villages for forty miles on the French side of the border. Because of differing food subsidies in Europe, the crops also demarcated the border.

Ouagadougou had a magnificent railway station but no tracks leading to it. Twice the station was repaired by eager-beaver French colonial governors before the line came up

from Abidjan a decade late. When I took a group of 85 tourists to Ouagadougou a few years ago, I couldn't believe how modern it had become. From a dilapidated colonial rest house, to which you brought your own blankets, the town had progressed to support two hotels and even a swimming pool.

I also made flying trips to Niger, Chad, Cameroon, Dahomey (including the one-square-mile Portuguese territory of Ajuda), and Togo. It was then that I resolved to visit every country in Africa and every major island, including such rarely visited ones as Annobon, Principe, Réunion, Pemba, and Mahé. It was to be another decade before I had achieved my goal and wrote Mr. Rogers letters about them.

### 3

522 Fifth Avenue! The name was magic for me. For more than a year I had been writing to Mr. Rogers at this address and from it had come the checks for sustenance. The building has been torn down now and replaced with a more modern structure, but the clock that marked the southwest corner of 43rd and Fifth still stands.

522 Fifth Avenue I approached in awe, appreciation, and some trepidation. What had Mr. Rogers really thought of my work? Would the fellowship continue? New York wasn't all that alien to me. My great uncle had been medical superintendent of St. Lukes Hospital on Amsterdam Avenue, where I had stayed before sailing for Europe on the Queen Mary twelve years before. After the months in Africa, Broadway's lights burned brightly.

The first session with Mr. Rogers went smoothly. As I was leaving, he asked me to drop off some important letters for an older Fellow, Albert Ravenholt, at the Algonquin Hotel down the street. I'm sure that I knew about the famous Algonquin Hotel with its literary round table – Dorothy “men never make passes” Parker, Alexander Wolcott and other wits. I must have been under great tension or in a mindless euphoria,

because when I saw the sign for the Iroquois Hotel, I immediately went inside and gave the letters to the desk to hold for Mr. Ravenholt.

Three days later, Mr. Rogers asked me if I had delivered the letters. Apparently Al had come to town and failed to find them at the Algonquin desk. The penny dropped. How I had blown my assignment! I confess that I dissimulated. I told W.S.R. that I'd check. And straight to the Iroquois I literally ran, retrieved the packet with some difficulty, and left it for Al at the Algonquin a few doors west, hoping he would attribute its belated appearance to hotel inefficiency. But when I met Al and saw W.S.R. in the following days, I was weak-kneed.

The next time I blew it for W.S.R. I didn't get off so easily. He was sending me to lecture at Stanford and I was to spend the night in San Francisco and try to interview a famous geographer at Berkeley, Carl Sauer. "And," W.S.R. added, "make me a reservation at the St. Francis for the 21st..." or some such date. I saw Carl Sauer, and I did make the reservation, but at the Sir Francis Drake. When W.S.R. arrived at the St. Francis and found no room, he let me hear about it. How I kept that fellowship for four years, I still don't know.

The Institute of Current World Affairs didn't have application forms or a standard stipend. I actually lost a few hundred dollars the first year of my fellowship for fear of reporting all my legitimate expenses.

Perhaps Mr. Rogers had a bit of a soft spot in his heart that made allowances for people like me. He was fond of the University of Chicago which, in his day, sent its baseball team on tours of Japan. Besides being a pitcher, Walter Rogers had been the campus correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. My first regular paycheck was from the same newspaper the summer before I entered the University of Chicago, and I had edited the campus paper. I also suspect that Walter Rogers didn't like to admit mistakes. He didn't make many.

Walter Rogers' style was to roam the country, dropping in unannounced on editors, college presidents, and deans,

looking for talent. For example, one day he was at the University of Oklahoma and heard about a bright country law student named Tom Blakemore. He dusted him off, polished him in England, and sent him to Tokyo. Tom became probably the wisest and wealthiest American lawyer ever to practice in Japan, and was the first to be admitted to practice (in Japanese, of course) before their Supreme Court.

While the Institute, as we called it, had originally been formed with funds from Charles R. Crane in 1926, and didn't have much formality about it, it had Walter S. Rogers as Director for its first thirty-plus years. And he had some definite ideas.

As I have said, they included the unspoken requirement that Fellows should be white, Christian, and male. Before World War II, Rogers demanded another quality: being single. I would add for the present generation "no room-mates," but that was unthinkable then. Not that Walter S. Rogers always got his way!

Just before World War II, Phillips Talbot had been sent to India. Phil later became Assistant Secretary of State for the Middle East in the Kennedy Administration, and is currently President of the Asia Society. But at the time of his fellowship, Phil wanted to marry a young Dean of Women at Champaign-Urbana. And Mildred wanted to marry him, despite Mr. Roger's dictum. So the Red Cross soon had a volunteer named Mildred in India; a wedding was performed, and Walter S. Rogers may not ever have been the same. Hats off to Mildred.

My problem with Mr. Roger's formulation, about which I knew nothing when he generously offered me a fellowship, was that I had been President of the NAACP at the University. I was also working in West and East Africa all the time and Africa was my chosen field. But there had never been a black Fellow. There had been one woman Fellow, Professor Maurine Leland of Vassar who, during the male shortage of World War II, had been appointed to study French Canada. She was, of course, single.

I tried to explain my feelings about why he should have a black Fellow to Mr. Rogers one day in the back office at 522 Fifth Avenue. I trotted out all my liberal arguments and some pragmatic ones as well. Mr. Rogers sat back in his swivel chair, seemed to narrow his already aquiline nose, and said: "Let me tell you a story about a buck nigger."

I gulped. I had thought my fellowship was about half over. I suddenly realized maybe it was entirely over – by his choice or my resignation.

"No, thank you, Mr. Rogers, I'm late for an appointment," I sort of stammered as I bolted for the door.

In the three decades since that incident, I have often failed to analyze it to my satisfaction. Walter Rogers, for all his prejudices, was not a man given to telling ethnic jokes. He was also a man who didn't brook interference. Even if I had made it clear that I felt my own career in African Studies might be harmed if the Institute maintained a "whites only" policy, I must still have sounded as though I was trying to tell Mr. Rogers how to run the foundation. So I think now he was more interested in putting me in my place than in casting a racial slur. But it certainly sticks in my memory.

Much as Walter Rogers cared for his Fellows, there was always to me something of a forbidding quality about the man. The way I keep writing about "Mr. Rogers" is a reflection of that. He was more austere than warm. He was more reticent than voluble, although a wonderful storyteller. Keenly aware of the value of publicity, he eschewed it for himself. He was not intimate with his Fellows. I would have not felt free to take a personal problem to him – and not many Fellows did. But this touch of standoffishness may have been absolutely vital to the sense of independence and self-reliance that he sought to inculcate in the Fellows.

One of the first Fellows that Dick Nolte appointed when he succeeded Walter S. Rogers as Executive Director of the Institute, was a black American, Charles Patterson, from Berkeley. I wrote Chuck often in his early days in Nigeria. Chuck's

"First Newsletter," in which he analyzed the impact of "Africa" on him as a child, was the best of any Fellows' newsletters I have read.

After Mr. Rogers had retired, and after Chuck had completed his fellowship and had become the Number Three ranking official in the Peace Corps, I dropped in to see Chuck in Washington before undertaking an evaluation of the Peace Corps in Uganda.

"Have you seen the *Post*?" Chuck asked as I came into his office. "Walter Rogers has died and his funeral is this afternoon at Columbia Arlington Cemetery."

And so it was that Chuck Patterson and I stood close together as a light rain fell and Walter S. Rogers in his eighty-seventh year was lowered into his grave.

Clearly, I disagreed with Walter Rogers on his ethnic prejudices. But in almost all other respects I had great admiration for him and am much indebted to him for all he taught me and for the extraordinary opportunity he gave me.

I tried to express this before the end of my fellowship when I conceived the idea of having his portrait painted. He rather liked the idea. I approached some of the contemporary Fellows for \$100 each, which was then a lot of money to most of us.

It was not easy to take time from my Ph.D. prelims, but I made numerous trips to the near Northside of Chicago to negotiate the portrait with a Norwegian-born painter named Abramson. When I viewed the half-finished portrait, I naively suggested that Walter Rogers' hands were so expressive that perhaps not one but both should be in the portrait. The artist said he would happily include the second hand for an extra \$1000. I don't remember where we dug that up.

The Institute of Current World Affairs was having its annual meeting in Chicago when the portrait was finally finished. President Laurence Gould of Carleton College, famed as second in command of one of the Byrd South Pole expeditions, said I couldn't speak at the presentation because it

was a trustees' meeting. But he added that it was nice of the trustees to have had the portrait painted.

Larry is one of the nicest men I have ever known. In 1981 he won the eighteenth Distinguished Award of the Cosmos Club, in Washington – the club for which Walter Rogers had first proposed me. But I never told Larry how crushed I was that the trustees were never told that the portrait was a tribute to W.S.R. paid for by the Fellows. Today, it hangs in the Institute offices in Hanover, New Hampshire, and is, if I do say so, a remarkably good likeness of the flesh and of the spirit of Walter S. Rogers, including both his hands!

4

Walter Rogers, a tall man, with a strong face, combined broad vision with attention to detail. When he was graduating from West Division High School in Chicago, there was keen competition among the handful of high schools over graduation ceremonies. As chairman of the class arrangements committee, young Walter Rogers thought big. In his own words:

“I arranged to have the ceremonies held in the Auditorium. It had been built as part of Chicago’s splurge in connection with the World’s Fair of 1893, and probably it was the finest and most widely known assembly hall in America. I got it at a bargain price, since the Manager was a graduate of West Division.”

Walter Rogers invited distinguished speakers and the whole program outshone the rival schools. As Rogers exulted in memory, “We put one over that time! The Board of Education thereupon clamped down on such splurges.”

An example of Rogers’ vision came at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919. President Wilson hated to be bothered during the discussions, but one item so concerned Rogers that he passed a note to the American President with one word: “YAP.”

Rogers knew the vital importance of Yap Island in the Pacific.

ic as a cable station between the United States, China, and Japan. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Wilson changed his position to reserve Yap from the Japanese mandate. Rogers' reservation was later ratified in a 1921 treaty between the United States and Japan. That is why some Institute Fellows want Yap renamed Rogers Island.

What we now call the Crane-Rogers Foundation arose because Walter Rogers, then assistant to Charles R. Crane, had admired the way Mr. Crane had supported able young people. For example, Crane backed Samuel Harper, the brother of the famed William Rainey Harper who started the University of Chicago. Sam Harper had lived in Paris before World War I, knew all the prominent Bolsheviks, and followed them to Moscow to observe the early years of the revolution. Forty years later I took a class in Russian History from Sam Harper, never imagining that I would follow in his footsteps on a different continent.

Charles Crane's foresight carried over to Walter Rogers and Crane left the then princely sum of two million dollars to support young men in the study of foreign areas. Crane and Walter Rogers foresaw in the 1920s the coming Arab renaissance. They supported George Antonius, who later wrote a seminal book, *The Arab Awakening*. In the 1930s, Rogers backed Eyler Simpson in studying land reform in Mexico, out of which came his book on the "Ejido."

It was Rogers who foresaw the rise of Japan and found Tom Blakemore. He expected that his Fellows, such as Tom, would have the kind of adopted country friends who would warn you, as Tom was warned in November 1941 to get out of Japan. The Fellowships are to train a person but also to encourage a career of interpreting a foreign area to Americans. John Crane, almost alone, thought that Tom Blakemore betrayed his Fellowship by becoming a rich lawyer in Tokyo. However, Tom has since shown a million dollars' worth of appreciation to the foundation that made his career possible.

Walter Rogers placed great emphasis on the Soviet Union

in the 1930s and created a successful career in Soviet Law for John Hazard by sending him to be a student of Andrei Vishinsky. When a young mathematician from Berkeley, Ken May, was also sent to Russia, Rogers didn't anticipate that Ken was to be attacked by McCarthy for his ties with J. Robert Oppenheimer and Communist circles at Berkeley. But he resolutely backed up Ken May and even helped get him a professorship at Carleton College through Larry Gould, before Ken was invited to fill a chair in Toronto.

When Walter Rogers picked me up to study in Africa there was only one full-time academic post in the United States for an African specialist. In 1957, when seventeen of us formed the African Studies Association, there weren't many more. A decade later we drew 2,000 Africanists to an annual meeting. But characteristically, Walter Rogers had been first. Through his foresight, I feel that I have always been on the leading edge of the first wave.

Walter Rogers never tried to indoctrinate me. I couldn't have told you how he voted. He had an idealism tempered with a reporter's cynicism and a great faith in America. But he disdained the trappings of patriotism. W.S.R. was quizzical, shrewd, kindly, farsighted, misogynistic, broadminded, opinionated, and visionary. No doubt some Fellows who were closer to him could paint a deeper and more sensitive portrait.

Walter Rogers, as I knew him, was not a patient man in small matters. He complained bitterly to me about the St. Patrick's Day parade because it tied up Fifth Avenue and delayed his walk to his Lexington Avenue hotel. He didn't like what we called, in preinflation days, being "nickel and dimed" to death by outstretched hands. And he had no time for talkative taxi drivers. He once gave me a severe look for overtipping in a taxi. I remembered not to put that tip on my expense account.

But these are trivial touches of humanity in a great man. Just as Walter Rogers was farsighted about areas to be studied, he

was farsighted in anticipating careers for young men. He made a point of encouraging excellence in hobbies as a point of contact with leading figures of the time: one man to pursue falconry, another to excel in fly fishing. He would have bought me polo ponies, I think, if I hadn't thought I would fall off them. In those days I had won a few trophies at table tennis and somehow Walter Rogers had heard about them. So one day, he remarked to me,

"Ned, why don't you be really good? Can you be national champion? Take off some time for practice if you need to."

Well, that was beyond my limited abilities, but it was characteristic of W.S.R. to back you to the limit. When former Fellows get together, as we do once a year, I always hear a new story of how Walter Rogers encouraged a hobby, a sport, or a special talent no matter how esoteric and unrelated to studying a country it might appear. Walter Rogers disliked the limelight. For example, I knew he was proud to have won his "C" or college letter under Amos Alonzo Stagg, but I never felt free to bring it up. Walter Rogers was certainly a private person. He rarely brought his wife Edith to events and I never met any of his three daughters. He was of the generation that preferred the company of men and he made few bones about it.

And while he followed the fortunes of his Fellows closely, it was not from an intimate relationship. I never called him "Walter" and always winced when some of my seniors as ex-Fellows rather gingerly used the first name. Of course, I heard Robert Maynard Hutchins say, "Hello, Walter," and Rogers' close friend Henry Allen Moe, the genius who created the Guggenheim Fellowships, always referred to "Walter." But there was a forbidding quality.

## 5

David Reed has generously shared some comments he gathered on Walter Rogers for the "Most Unforgettable People" article.

Writing to Rogers from England, Phil Talbot paid tribute to “your uniqueness of talent in giving unlimited opportunity to a few fortunate men while imbuing them with a driving sense of self-responsibility.”

W. J. Sevringhaus wrote Rogers, recalling “your comment on the need for an Institute man to enjoy himself.”

Ted Schultz, who was later awarded a Nobel Prize in Economics, has said that what stood out about Rogers was his unfaltering devotion to the individual Fellow as a person. “Your values and motives have always been foremost, never have you been carried away with the glamour of a degree, or a title, or an honorarium.”

Peter Bird Martin, when a senior editor at *Time*, recalled how as a junior reporter on the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* he went to New York to meet Walter Rogers:

Imagine my chagrin when I arrived at the late, lamented 522 Fifth Avenue and rode up to the eleventh floor. Down that dingy green hall lined with real estate agents and middling members of the legal profession and around the corner sat the man who was going to send me to Umtali, and the only thing on his door was the anonymous No. 1117. He had spread visions of the dark continent before me, and his office didn't even overlook the street! I walked into a little book-jammed room with a table in it, and there was Walter S. Rogers behind a pair of glasses and an impressive beak of a nose.

He was sitting at a table under a stern portrait, done mostly in browns, of a forbidding type dressed in some sort of Hispanic costume. He seemed to be having trouble keeping a small cigar in a short brown holder – mostly because he used it to underline words he had spoken that were still floating in the air overhead. He started talking, the cigar went out (and was lit again and went out again and was lit again and went out again) and he told me about a kind of learning I never knew existed.

Columnist and former editor of the *Washington Star*, Smith Hempstone, wrote of Walter Rogers:

He gave me the chance to work where and at what I wanted, to draw my own conclusions from the experience and to write about it in my own fashion. This is rare. It is rare because it is in all men to seek to impose their ideas and prejudices upon those subordinate to them. Yet never once during my fellowship, although often it would have been warranted, did he say "do it my way." As a young writer, nothing has been more valuable to me than the opportunity to make my own mistakes.

A long-time secretary of Mr. Rogers remembers him as "full of ideas, nonsensical and otherwise," and he delighted in puns, practical jokes, and turns of phrase. When ordering orange juice he always startled the waitress by asking for a "hugged orange." Red Austin recalls Rogers for his "meandering misdirection, combined with a demand for discipline" and Tom Blakemore for the fact that he was "always looking for simple honesty."

Albert Ravenholt, in a column in the *Chicago Daily News*, stressed that "throughout his life Walter S. Rogers carefully avoided publicity, while at the same time cultivating a remarkable range of contacts at all levels in the United States and abroad."

Walter Rogers distrusted recommendations on paper. As he roamed college campuses and city rooms, dropping in unannounced on busy people, he usually carried an inexpensive but thoughtful gift of a book. As Larry Gould says, he was the most unorthodox of interviewers, with "an intuitive capacity for discovering an individual's sources of strength."

I have related my vague instructions from Walter Rogers at our first meeting. Dave Reed, then a young reporter dealing with policemen and politicians, had dinner and drinks one evening with Walter Rogers at the University Club in Chicago, after which Reed was told he would have a fellowship. As Dave recalls:

“Where should I go?” I inquired.

“Oh, I think Kenya would be a good place,” he said.

I wasn’t too sure where Kenya was, but I did know what it was – i.e., a piece of Africa – and that helped.

“Well, what do I do when I get there?” I asked, a bit bewildered. I was used to city editors who thought of everything and never hesitated to tell you so.

Mr. Rogers waved his hand with one of those classic don’t-bother-me-with-petty-details gestures of his.

“But how do I go about getting there?” I asked, feeling that somehow I had gotten off the track somewhere along the line.

He indicated, with some impatience, that I should buy an air ticket to Nairobi and have the bill sent to the Institute.

Thus briefed on what was expected of me and still thoroughly bewildered, I went out for a walk. I think it was Monroe Street, but I’m not certain. Apart from a few short visits, I’ve never been back to Chicago since that meeting.

These few anecdotes reflect the esteem in which Mr. Rogers was held and how deeply he influenced the lives of most of his Fellows. When I digressed from discussing my own Fellowship, I was on my first stateside sojourn. During it I completed my doctorate at the University of Chicago. I suspect Mr. Rogers was as surprised as I was that I survived the ordeal. I know that President Robert Maynard Hutchins was at least mockingly surprised, because when my name was called and I stepped forward in Rockefeller Chapel, Hutchins with characteristically wry humor started to hand me the sheepskin and then withdrew it. There was a perceptible pause as he whispered,

“Did they really let you through?”

Then he quickly thrust it in my hand before the whispers could spread in the packed chapel.

My “Dear Mr. Rogers . . .” letters resumed from my new base in Salisbury for the year that ended with the referendum on the Federation of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia,

and Nyasaland. I got to know the leading politicians, both black and white, in the Federation and made excursions to Mauritius, Réunion, Madagascar, and several times to South Africa. After two years we returned home via East Africa, India, Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong (where I met Institute Fellow Al Ravenholt), Japan (with Tom Blakemore), and Hawaii.

The American Universities Field Staff had been created by Walter Rogers out of the dream of Charles R. Crane in 1926. It is another story, but it exemplified Walter Rogers' patience in building up a corps of specialists on foreign countries to start the Field Staff, seeing it dissipated by World War II, and later rebuilding it. The next decade of living in Africa, starting in South Africa and lecturing every third year at twelve American universities, was under the leadership of Phil Talbot, but Walter Rogers was always the hovering angel, observing perceptively but commenting rarely.

It is remarkable that of the nearly one hundred Institute Fellows chosen by Walter Rogers and his successors, I've never met a man or a woman I didn't like. Now the foundation is run largely by former Fellows. During my tenure as Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Peter Martin proposed as a Fellow a recent Dartmouth graduate, Kendal Price, who wanted to learn Afrikaans and to spend two years in South Africa. I felt good about Kendal being the first black American to have a fellowship in South Africa. When I met with him in Johannesburg in 1982, it brought back vividly my own days as a Fellow. I couldn't be as patient as Walter Rogers would have wanted me to be and I tried not to give too many of my own observations.

The reader will be asking: How did a black American fare in South Africa? There were problems but Kendal did not hesitate to travel freely alone or drive with an Afrikaner young woman to see her parents in Cape Town. The most serious incident of his first year took place outside the Protea Hotel in Mafeking where Kendal went to attend a birthday party. As he

began to enter he saw a black man severely beating a black woman on the sidewalk. Kendal intervened, allowing the woman to escape, and asked passersby to call the police. When Sergeant Vorster arrived it was determined that the assailant was an off-duty policeman named Kgabosele. At the police station, when Vorster was out of the room, Kgabosele assaulted Kendal, knocking off his glasses and cutting his mouth. Kendal added battery to his charge made to Lt. Lewis. The complaint went to T. J. Masile, Commissioner of Police, and the policeman was discharged from the force. Both Peter Martin, who visited Kendal in Mafeking shortly afterwards, and I complimented my old friend President Mangope for the way Bophuthatswana justice functioned in a color-blind fashion and better than in many new states.

Kendal Price carries out the Crane-Rogers tradition of excellence in the study of foreign areas. Walter Rogers used to say, in fact he did say to the Ford Foundation in his successful bid for one million dollars to establish the American Universities Field Staff, that "new times demand new institutions." They also demand new attitudes.

What can one say of the legacy of Walter S. Rogers, and before him of Charles R. Crane? When Rogers was succeeded as Executive Director by Dick Nolte, and a decade later by Peter Martin, they carried on the same search for excellence. They also carried on probably the most difficult of tasks for an Executive Director who gives a lot of money and wishes the recipient well: keeping one's hands off, letting people make their own mistakes, and never trying to make a Fellow an extension of yourself. Easy to say. Hard to do.

The directors who followed Rogers, and a new generation of largely ex-Fellow trustees – both groups reflecting changing times and their own sense of rightness – immediately opened up the horizons in searching for men and women of talents. Eden Lipson, the first Jewish woman Fellow, is now a senior editor of the *New York Times Book Review*. Dr. Frances Foland carved out a career in Brazilian agriculture. Barbara

Bright parlayed study on Germany to be a highly regarded editor in New York.

Only vaguely reminiscent of my confrontation with Mr. Rogers, was the time I asked Dick, "Isn't it time we had a black woman Fellow?" He replied, "Haven't you met Barbara Bright?" For three years I tried especially to encourage Barbara by letter, only to meet her finally and find she was, to my surprise, white! Still, it was a pleasure to arrange for Barbara and Kendal to visit Alan Paton in Natal.

A succession of black Fellows have concentrated on Nigeria and on West Africa generally, and on East Africa. In appointing our most recent Fellows to study in Mexico, Africa, and North Korea, considerations of ethnicity or gender were in no way criteria for selection.

Walter Rogers was admirable in many of his attributes. His strengths outweighed his weaknesses in my mind, as well as in the opinion of hundreds of his friends and acquaintances who observed his great gifts. The British historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, who was at the Paris Peace Conference with Charles R. Crane and the young Rogers, concluded an essay on Crane's life with words that apply as well to Walter S. Rogers:

A successful man and a happy one. He did what he wanted to do. He satisfied his curiosity. My guess is that he felt that his life had been well spent, and if he did feel this, I declare that I agree with him.

## BOB (1959-1978)

ROBERT ARDREY is a man who organized his life to his likes. Early on he had a marked talent for writing. This he capitalized on by writing screen plays for large sums. Some men of comparable talent would have lived in Southern California, buying bigger houses with bigger swimming pools and bedding blondes with bigger bosoms.

But Bob Ardrey was early seduced by affairs of the mind. For more than twenty years, he wrote screen plays when he needed the money and pursued his intellectual interests when he was well financed.

Among his eleven original and adapted screen plays, most of them produced at three-year intervals, were *Lady Takes a Chance*, *The Green Years*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Madame Bovary*, *The Power and the Prize*, and the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. He also produced six Broadway plays and others off Broadway, including his favorite, *Thunder Rock*. All this would be a career for most writers. But for Bob Ardrey it was a way of making a living and was the prologue to the love of his life.

His last screen play, for which he received an Academy Award nomination, dealt with Chinese Gordon's deathly dance with the Mahdi, which came out as the superb movie *Khartoum*.

One time when I was introducing Bob for a Leakey lecture in Caltech's Beckman Auditorium, I heaped praise on the film script and on its historical accuracy, and mentioned my pleasure in having purchased the mini-library on the Sudan which

Bob had assembled specifically for writing the scenario. I described having attended the premiere of the film in London and how it starred the great British actor (here I paused so that the audience would appreciate what kind of company Bob's script had kept) Sir Laurence Olivier as the Mahdi.

But after I had finished introducing Bob and was walking off the stage, I noted to my dismay that in the third row was an active Fellow of the Leakey Foundation named Charlton Heston. He had, of course, played the lead role as Chinese Gordon. Heston and Jimmy Stewart and Dick Rowan had been the strongest Foundation supporters in what Angeleños call The Industry. It may be coincidence, but after my gaffe, Charlton and Lydia Heston never again attended a Leakey event and never sent another \$1000. Bob kidded me for some years on my public relations brilliance. This concerned me so much that I turned to Gloria Stewart. Gloria assured me that her Thespian friend "has a good sense of humor although not Johnny Carson's," and that it is not in his nature to be piqued. This proved to be true years later when the Hestons generously helped to sponsor a Leakey Foundation primate symposium that concluded with a talk by His Royal Highness Prince Phillip.

What Bob did in the long periods away from Hollywood was, as most people know, to pursue his nascent interest in archaeology, early primatology, and the behavior of man. After coming under the influence of Professor Raymond Dart in Johannesburg, the discoverer of the Taung skull, Bob sat down and wrote *African Genesis*. Then he researched and wrote the highly controversial *Territorial Imperative*, which gave a new phrase to the English language. His next effort, slightly less successful but still a bestseller and profitable, was *The Social Contract*. But all that was long after I first met Bob in Johannesburg in 1957.

Our meeting took place on the open restaurant balcony of Dawson's Hotel. I was early, and while I waited for him I watched the late evening crowd rush for their trains and cars.

The Africans were mostly going for the trains to Soweto. Some of them had briefcases tucked next to their pinstriped suits. Others clearly had more mundane occupations. As the crowd jostled past just below me, I thought of how packed the African crowd got before entering the station. Someone else must have realized the tension and anger created by compressing people, because within a few years the street near the station was barred to traffic so that the jostling crowd could spread from store window to store window. Whether the new design ever prevented a riot, I'll never know.

My thoughts were interrupted by Bob's arrival with his lady, Berdine Grunewald. She was a famous Afrikaans actress, somewhat past her prime, with an intelligence to match her beauty. The two of us being Americans soon to be married to Afrikaans-speaking women immediately gave Bob and me something in common and we got on famously. When they came in, he was much smaller than I expected, and something made me look to see if Berdine were wearing flat heels. Bob looked like an effete Englishman. The type that the Afrikaners put down as a *rooinek* because they aren't used to the sun and get red necks when they are outdoors. But he had a leonine head and a strong jaw, framed by wavy, dark brown hair. Not that Bob ever even talked a sporting line and, in fact, would occasionally refer to his lily-white skin and somewhat spindly legs. He was a welterweight version of Ernest Hemingway, with a Cadillac head on a Volkswagen body.

Another topic of mutual interest that we chanced on that evening and continued to write and talk about was the University of Chicago. Bob had gotten his bachelor's degree eight years before I came on the Quadrangles, but we shared an admiration for the quality of the education the University dispensed. Both our fathers had been editors in Chicago, which added another dimension.

I immediately told Bob how greatly I admired a description of the Cape of Good Hope that he had written in *The Reporter* magazine. To his astonishment and obvious pleasure, I quoted

the first sentences of the following passage:

The Cape of Good Hope is an earthly paradise standing in wonder where the oceans turn. It is a garden at the end of the world, a poem for the weeping of travelers, and in its valleys there is bounty, and on its mountains there is mist. To this heavenly garden came the early Dutch settlers to raise vegetables for sailors in the Indies trade. As far back into the hinterland as their hunters probed, there was no one about; only the wild, wary Bushman, that yellow-skinned paleolithic left-over, as untamable today as he was then. And there was the Hottentot, not too numerous and likewise mysterious in origin, but intelligent and adept. The Dutchmen settled down with the Hottentots, and bred with them as freely as with the slaves from the Indies. It was at the time of Nieuwe Amsterdam when the Dutch came to the Cape, but for a hundred and fifty years no one thought to take it away from them. Soon they were joined by other Europeans, especially Huguenots. You can find those French names in any newspaper today – Du Plessis, De Villiers, Marais. It was the most fortunate of unions, for the French brought wine to the valleys, grace to the table, gaiety to the Calvinist hearth. The two bloods blended, and became what we call the Afrikaner. The two languages also blended and became what we call Afrikaans.

Bob and Berdine were married two years later. She retired from her acting career, and they spent many happy years back in Rome together, broken by Bob's field trips to Africa, an occasional visit to the Cape, and business trips by Bob to the United States.

Of the various times I introduced Bob, one stands out in particular. It was in 1971. The Foundation had arranged a dialogue following a Fellows Dinner (I'm sure Heston was sorry to miss it) between Bob and Louis Leakey on the topic "Aggression and Violence in Man."

When Bob arrived at the Athenaeum, he was bearing beautiful little packets of herbs, which Berdine had grown in

Rome, and which Bob generously gave to a few friends. He could be irascible at times but was always sensitive to little gestures.

In responding to the moderator's introduction, Bob said, "From what Ned Munger has told you, you will understand that you have here two of the most opinionated men of the twentieth century." He never spoke truer words. Well, the debate had some verbal pyrotechnics but the men liked each other too much for the blood-letting some people had hoped for. It seemed to me they both leaned heavily on the male chauvinist side, as the following suggests:

*Leakey:* I have never seen the sexual instinct play any part at all in animal aggression, in animal violence. Never, never, never. Animals and birds defend territory but they are not sexually jealous.

*Ardrey:* Well, I've never known two men that killed each other over a woman. I've heard stories about it, but I have never known them. This has been a vast case of self flattery on the part of women, may I suggest.

The debate continued after hours as the brandy flowed into and out of large snifters. Both men were raconteurs and both capable of absorbing a great deal of human warmth. But on that memorable evening they graciously shared the spotlight.

One thing that Bob and Louis had in common was enemies. Perhaps number one was Lord Zuckerman, the South African-born scientist who became one of Churchill's two scientific poohbahs in World War II. Louis felt that Zuckerman had blackballed him from the Royal Society, and Bob felt that Zuckerman's protégés had tried to kill the sales of his books in England through unfavorable and biased reviews. Neither did they have much affection for Desmond Morris, who wrote *The Naked Ape*, and for others at the London Zoological Society.

One of Bob Ardrey's appealing qualities to me was a certain combativeness. I couldn't get it to surface in the Leakey dia-

logue, but it often showed itself when critics became involved. Bob was never, in my grandfather Stanton's words, backward about coming forward. Thus he wrote me in November 1975:

"I'll be off to Africa when my new book – *The Hunting Hypothesis* – comes off the press, but I'm asking my publishers to send you an advance copy in the hope that you might review it – aside from the fun of reading it. You have the background to be a marvelous critic. It's the best, most readers think, of my evolutionary books. Definitely, it's the last. And I sometimes wonder if by saying it's the best they don't really mean it's the shortest. Could be. I hope my path will cross yours, although I have no clue as to my itinerary."

The book was clearly uppermost in his mind because he wrote again from Via Garibaldi in February 1976 *inter alia*:

We're just back from South Africa, and I have your letter which has been gathering lichens on my desk. I've reminded Athenaeum to send you an advance copy of *The Hunting Hypothesis*, which will be published March 15 in New York, and in London in July. I wish my New York publishers had more influence when it comes to the selection of critics. You have the status and the long experience to write a major review somewhere, but these are the very publications most turned off by publisher's suggestions. Oddly enough, the situation doesn't exist in Britain, where ideas are welcomed, though not necessarily acted upon.

I had inquired about Bob's health and proposed a symposium if he felt up to it. He was enthusiastic about the symposium but with this comment:

I'm in as good shape right now as I have been in years, but not so last spring after a tough (lecture) session in the Middle West. That was probably a consequence of just too many things going on at once. If you're juggling enough Indian clubs it takes only one to land on your head.

But the book was paramount in his mind as he concluded:

I'm in a period of intensely cultivated mindlessness till after the NY publication date. About the only hint is a brilliant advance review in Publishers Weekly. But wait till the Women's Libber's start working me over and a few others.... Oh well, if I ever started getting non-controversial I'd have to go out of business.

Bob always received both enthusiastic and devastating reviews. He was highly sensitive to scientific criticism and most of the knocks dwelt on that. Eric Sevareid described *African Genesis* as:

An intellectual exercise and literary work of no mean order . . . solid enough to stand or fall by its own weight. . . . So much so that Mr. Ardrey's scientific credentials, or lack thereof, ought not to be part of the fierce argument the book should arouse. . . .

Less understanding was the reviewer of *The Territorial Imperative* in the *Times Literary Supplement*:

It is a pity that so many reckless statements blemish a book that contains so much information, vigorously presented and imparting some of the author's patent enthusiasm and wonder.

Then came the characteristic British putdown:

Mr. Ardrey is a successful playwright and has some training as an anthropologist; unfortunately the outlook and mode of expression appropriate to a dramatist have too often overwhelmed caution, critical spirit and precision of language necessary in the scientist.

He hated that.

It struck me as unusually cruel, and I wrote Bob a sympathetic letter. He and our mutual friend Louis Leakey had a great deal in common. They were smart men of great enthusiasm. Together, they probably reached more people in the

world than anyone else in the fields of prehistory, early man, and the reactions of man and animal. Both were quick to theorize and sometimes incautious in defending the dubious dogmatic assertions that inevitably occur in a rush to judgment.

Of the two men, Bob Ardrey had the better education and the greater philosophical depth. But Louis was better able to rely on his Cambridge credentials and his published papers as a scientist, and thus caught somewhat less criticism. Dr. Mary Leakey was, if truth be known, a better pure scientist than either one of the men, something Bob admitted to me one night.

Life in Rome became increasingly hectic and may have been the push, but there was also the pull of the Cape that both Berdine and Bob loved so much. So it was with a light heart that Bob wrote that they were closing up their Italian home and moving to Kalk Bay, a seaside suburb of Cape Town.

It was not surprising that they retired, in Bob's words, to "an earthly paradise standing in wonder where the oceans turn." H.V. Morton wrote dozens of books selling millions of copies starting with *In Search of England* and going on to other countries. When I went to have tea with him at his retirement home at Somerset West, outside Cape Town, he said that from his first visit to the Cape, he knew it was where he wanted to retire. Small wonder that I want my own ashes scattered on Table Mountain.

But the Cape is not just for retirement. Mary Renault's *The Bull From the Sea* and other bestsellers on ancient Greece pour out from her cottage at Camp's Bay across the peninsula from where the Ardreys settled. When I would meet Miss Renault at the homes of friends, I found it remarkable how she could so appreciate the ambience of the Cape without ever touching on its politics.

Letters continued back and forth between Bob and me describing our respective adventures in life. Then I wrote Bob asking him to contribute a chapter in my forthcoming book on

*The Afrikaners*. His reply seemed to portend a certain sense of mortality. Others had told me of his desire to write his memoirs, so I had couched my request for a diversion in apologetic terms. His reply in June 1978 was brief:

Dear Ned. This is a hard letter to write because I can't do it. We spent three and a half months in a Cape Town hotel room waiting for our furniture, then the total confusion of getting settled (I still have unpacked cartons), and then the six weeks in the states airpoting around nearly killed me. I've put the autobiography on the shelf for a few months, and I'll be doing absolutely zero until I feel like myself again. In the meantime I am perforated with shots.

Your trip sounds like the ultimate in fascination and the truth is that you had it harder than I did. My trouble was that I was in bad shape when I started. But what an exposure you had to the rip-tides of this continent.

Well, anyway. Include me out, pal. I can't even write a long letter. Always. Bob.

In a few months Bob felt better and he naturally completed the manuscript before he died. His Boston publisher reacted most favorably to the memoirs. But they didn't appear. Earlier this year, when I was dining in the Cape with the painter Alice Goldin, a dear friend of Berdine Ardrey, we thought that an offer by me to publish a chapter or two in my African journal might start some movement. Something was making Berdine hold back. That is certainly her prerogative.

Bob wrote quite openly and with happy enthusiasm of the days they lived in Rome before their own nuptials. Some of Bob's candor might not sit well with staunch Calvinist friends in South Africa. Along with Bob's love for South Africa and his admiration for Afrikaners, there is the other side of Bob Ardrey that rails against racial prejudice. Such trenchant criticism of South Africa could prove controversial. Many of us criticize the faults of those we love with a particular acerbity.

In any event, when Berdine was asked about it, she sent me

her regards and said that the manuscript was in someone's garage and she'd try to dig it up when she could get around to it.

I hope she does and that she lets me print a chapter. There is a legion of people who would like to read Bob's thoughts on his life and times.

## SAVANHU

(1952-present)

EARLY IN 1982, while on a visit to Zimbabwe, I searched in the telephone book for the number of Jasper Savanhu. I found a "Savanhu Hardware" and called the number. It was my friend. Thus I found myself driving some forty miles from Harare (formerly Salisbury) along a tarred road, through the flattish savanna land of Zimbabwe, the horizon broken only by characteristic huge granitic kopjes. The typical summer sky had serried rows of white cumulus clouds and the baked soil waited for the rain.

Across the Hunyani River, I found the totally African shopping center of Steki. In fact, I thought as I drove to the last shop in the row that I hadn't seen a white face since leaving Harare an hour before. I got out of the car and walked past Shona women who had spread their produce on canvas sheets for sale.

There were peaches, onions, mealies or corn, and small piles of a local delicacy – caterpillars. I noted that they had gone from the familiar 1 cent for a little mound of them to an inflated 10 cents.

Savanhu had heard my car and came out to greet me. Tall, handsome, reserved, and I noted a few grey hairs on his head. After a few words, he drove me in his pickup to a small farm of a few hectares two miles away. As he drove along, he decried the destruction of the once plentiful forest. "Did you see the women selling charcoal?" he asked. I nodded affirmatively.

"It is tragic. We will be getting electricity but cooking food will still be expensive."

We were approaching his place. "See there," he pointed to a healthy stand of eucalyptus trees. "I planted them when I came and have already thinned them once for charcoal. They grow very well, but no one plants them, only they cut down the old Mumscha trees that take so long to grow."

I sat down in his new modest corrugated-iron-roofed home. It was a scorching summer's day and he had wisely transferred some baby chicks to the stone hearth of his fireplace, the coolest place on his small farm.

A lot of water had gone down the Zambezi since I first spent time in Salisbury in 1950. A strictly racist society had been transformed with much struggle, ten thousand deaths, and hardship all around into the black government of Robert Mugabe.

Mugabe I had met occasionally at meetings of the Capricorn Society, when I lived in Salisbury from 1952 to 1955, and later in Ghana where he was teaching in 1958. But my deep friendship was with Jasper Savanhu. They are both from the Zezeru section of the Shona people.

Actually, history would be more easily understood if the Mashona were thought of as a linguistic group such as the Nguni- or Sotho-speaking peoples, and the various Shona divisions such as Zezeru, Manica, Karanga, etc., were considered analogous to the Zulu, Xhosa, Matabele, etc., of the Nguni peoples. But white ignorance of African ethnicity and history played a critical role in the tragic misunderstandings between the races.

When I first met Savanhu and Mugabe, the former was in his thirties; the latter in his twenties. Mugabe was to spend twelve years in prison and to lead (after an added 14 months detention in Mozambique under Soviet instructions) his country to independence.

Savanhu was already fighting the good fight within then Southern Rhodesia. Looking back from age 65, he remarked, as he ate his chicken slowly, that both the whites and Mugabe shared one characteristic. Both of them thought of Zimbabwe

as a palimpsest before they took power.

It was part of a fatal flaw in European thinking to assume that history began with their subjugation of the country. They always spoke of and wrote about the "occupation." But it was subjugation, as new historiography makes clear. The Europeans dismissed Mbuya Nehanda, the powerful spirit medium who rallied the Shona peoples to resist during the Chimurenga of 1896-97, and who was tried and sentenced to her death in Salisbury.

Archaeology has greater political importance in Zimbabwe than in any other country in Africa. For when the Europeans discovered the magnificent conical towers and the great wall of the Zimbabwe Ruins, they refused to believe that the ancestors of the local Shona peoples had erected such precise mortarwork or had carved the huge stone birds. Although as early as 1902 reputable archaeologists recognized them as having been built during the fourteenth century and under the Monomotapa Empire, the majority of whites preferred to attribute them to "Phoenicians" or as part of the biblical "King Solomon's Mines," and in other ridiculous ways to deny the local African people any historical connection.

Even during the early stages of the Smith government, I had personal correspondence in the local press with some racists and their fanciful ideas over the origins of the copious ruins left from Monomotapa.

But, as Savanhu went on to point out ruefully though without bitterness, Mugabe and most of his ministers seem to think of Zimbabwe as being without African nationalism before their own day in the sun. If this attitude persists they, like the whites, may suffer from failing to recognize the historical roots that go deep into the fertile soil of Mashonaland.

Savanhu, speaking Zezeru, asked for some more "huku." I laughed and remarked how similar the same word for chicken was in Kiswahili. I told him of the time some Americans had come to dinner in Uganda and heard me asking

the cook if we had enough "kuku" (chicken) for dinner. Suddenly horrified at a supposedly barbaric African habit of eating cuckoo, they had made hasty apologies that they couldn't stay for dinner.

Savanhu laughed in his low-throated relaxed way as though the foibles of visiting Americans were an old story to him. He harked back to when we had first become friends almost thirty years before when there were no American officials and only a handful of Americans living in Salisbury, a city, incidentally, that was surveyed and laid out by an American at the end of the last century.

Savanhu had grown up at Domboshawa Mission where his illiterate father had worked. Savanhu himself made great educational strides, far outstripping most of the locals in the village, but he was forced by poverty to abandon his education before completing high school. For even when Mugabe came along a decade later, there was no post-secondary education, and he had to attend college at Fort Hare in South Africa, with more sophisticated students such as Nelson Mandela, Gatsha Buthelezi, and Oliver Tambo.

Savanhu had no such chance. But he was bright. He wrote careful letters to the editor of the local African newspaper, owned by the Paver family from South Africa. I remember Paver remarking to me along about 1952 that he had just promoted a bright and thoughtful young African named Savanhu and urged me to attend a meeting at the Jameson Hotel, the first hotel in Salisbury where Africans were allowed as guests.

Today, it is hard to recall the racist, colonial attitudes of Southern Rhodesia. Doris Lessing accurately describes Salisbury of that period through the eyes of a young white woman in her early autobiographical novel *Martha Quest*.

Savanhu and I took to each other at once and we had many long political discussions. The next year, he stood for one of the African seats in the Central African Federation and was elected a Member of Parliament.

Savanhu became a much admired figure in some circles in

London. He was tall, well spoken, and carried himself with great dignity and self-confidence. To his regret, he was distrusted by some African leaders in then Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, although he never failed to battle Sir Roy Welensky and other European leaders on their behalf.

It is rather ignored in the history books today, but the thrust of the Federation came from the British Labour Party and was fueled by their desire to keep Southern Rhodesia from falling within the hegemony of the right wing National Party which had so surprisingly come to power in South Africa in 1948. However, Federation was broken up, in effect, by the British Labour Party when it was in opposition to the Tories.

Under Huggins and Todd, Southern Rhodesia made great strides, from somewhere in the racial middle ages, toward being a just society. As Executive Director of the American and African Universities Program for the Ford Foundation, I made a grant for a seminal study of "Racial Attitudes in Southern Rhodesia," which was adopted as the bible of change by the initially liberal and progressive Whitehead government.

The nationalism of Josh Nkomo, whom I knew well in those days, and of younger men like Mugabe, clashed with fatal results given the slowness of change under Whitehead. A young backbencher named Ian Smith, whom I remember because of his Lincolnesque appearance and shy, awkward, raw manner in Parliament, emerged as the hero of the new right white majority.

But before Whitehead lost out, his government tried to do something about the Land Apportionment Act, which divided the superb Rhodesian agricultural land 50-50 between the roughly 6,000,000 Africans and 200,000 whites. As part of an ill-fated early 1960 effort to make some adjustment in this inequitable situation, Jasper Savanhu was allowed to obtain a tobacco farm in previously white territory.

I was no longer living in Salisbury, but during a visit, Savanhu came to town to have dinner. It was a soft summer evening and the jacarandas lining the stately avenues were a

profusion of delicate lavenders and powerful purples. Over coffee, he regaled me with some of the highlights of his proprietorship. He always had a dry sense of humor but I couldn't help but laugh and feel the pain when he told me of how a white electrician he had called to fix something in his farm home acted toward him.

The middle-aged electrician found Savanhu in gardening clothes pruning some bushes in front of his new home.

"Wapti baas?" (Where is the boss?)

"Good afternoon. I'm the boss."

"Aikona, mimi foona baas." (No, I want the boss.)

The dialogue went on, with the white electrician unable to shake the habit of speaking to any black person in the "pidgin-Bantu" that served as an inter-social *lingua franca* in Southern Rhodesia, and with Savanhu speaking grammatically correct and lucid English.

Finally, as Savanhu told it, he invited the electrician to come into the living room for a cup of tea. Then, apparently, the tradesman realized that he was, in fact, despite its being in a so-called "European area," actually talking to the real owner. He was so discomfited that rather than sit down to tea with an African, he mumbled some excuse and beat a hasty retreat.

Savanhu recalled ruefully at the time, "It was six weeks until I finally got someone to finish the wiring."

Alas, with an equity approaching \$40,000 in a tobacco farm that could be worth \$250,000 today, Savanhu was suddenly confronted with the hostility of Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front. The board which held the mortgage demanded immediate payment. Protests availed nothing. In the end Savanhu lost his farm and almost all of his investment. One of his sons spent the last weekend on the farm helping him dig up \$2,000 worth of irrigation piping he had installed, which they loaded into the back of a small truck and thus salvaged.

In the 1970s we deliberately did not correspond. Censorship was heavy and I did not wish to add to his burdens. Actually, I lost track of him after he moved to Mrewa in a "Tri-

bal Trust Territory” to try to be as inconspicuous as possible. Twice I was in Salisbury but didn’t locate him. Now he tells me that throughout the Civil War he was frequently harassed by the police. Bullying alternated with cajolery by the Rhodesian Front to be a figurehead African in various positions, but Savanhu would have no part of it. He never “collaborated” but pushed consistently for African advance.

On one occasion a guerrilla ammunition dump was discovered in a nearby village and Savanhu was savagely grilled and accused of transporting it. A young white officer insultingly interrogated him at a police station in the pidgin-Bantu, refusing to use English. He ordered the confiscation of Savanhu’s lone remaining vehicle, but at the last minute an older officer, who knew and respected the former M.P., restored it to him.

After independence, Savanhu moved closer to Salisbury onto land where his people had roots. He has set up a small hardware store and the day I met him had been talking with the bank manager trying to get credit of \$800 to finance the wholesale purchase of cement for resale. It was, obviously, a great economic comedown for a potentially wealthy tobacco farmer. I was all the more aware of his changed circumstances because so many Africans have recently been able to acquire large estates and thriving businesses. The victors deserve not the spoils but the long-denied opportunity for economic success. I’m glad that Stanley Samkange, who had taken a graduate degree at Indiana, could have his Rolls Royce and become a multi-millionaire. It is just hard that Savanhu is struggling for the last spoon of the gravy, although he did so much to make it possible.

But then he is luckier than some. When I first lived in Salisbury the black nationalist leader was Charles Mzingeli, who had a small shop in Harare Township. I wrote about Mzingeli, but I was one of only a handful of white friends. He suffered many indignities and several dreadful beatings at the hands of Europeans. But he was an old man in the early 1960s and never lived to see the Zimbabwe flag fly proudly over Salisbury –

now renamed Harare. His general store still operates in Harare Township and continues to bear his surname.

Savanhu has lost none of his dignity, quiet reserve, or warmth of friendship. He has regrets but no bitterness. As we reminisced about the cataclysmic changes we had seen in what was Southern Rhodesia, he spoke with quiet pride of the success of his children.

"My father couldn't read or write and you know, Ned, how little education I had. But my eight children have done well.

"Geoff is an agricultural assistant. Godfrey went to Zambia to fight with the guerrillas. But after some of the internal fighting and the assassination of our friend Chitepo, he went into the taxi business in Kabwe. He has a transport business now here in Zimbabwe. He owns three trucks and is hauling mealies for the government.

"Gladys also did well in school and is nursing in London. She married an Englishman but they are divorced. Dorcas lives in St. Louis and is a physiotherapist in a Catholic Hospital. Daisy has her B.A. and is doing an M.A. in sociology in London where she is married to a Zimbabwean and has two children. Koswa is a telex operator in Marandellas."

I commented on the change from English to African names.

"Yes," he laughed in his deep-throated way, "fashions change and one changes with them." He went on with the progeny recital.

"Nyarai lives with her mother (Savanhu was divorced in 1948) in Harare."

I sensed something in his manner. "What does her name mean?"

Savanhu was slow to respond. "Well, it means 'you should be ashamed.' I gave her that name."

Africans in southern Africa tend to be highly reticent about personal matters. With regrettable insensitivity I probed for the reason behind such an unusual name to be given by a father. Immediately I realized how gauche my suggestion was and withdrew it. But not before a slight look of hurt passed across my friend's countenance.

“And then there is Nekati, who completed ‘O’ levels and handles foreign exchange at a Salisbury bank.”

“That is a record to be proud of from a man whose father was illiterate and who had to battle for ten years of schooling for himself!”

Savanhu smiled.

What a different world from the one he was born into in 1917, only three decades from the beginning of white occupation. He could sense my thinking.

“My mother died in 1959. She lived until 93. When she was born in 1866. . . .” He did not need to complete the sentence. Then there were no whites settled in Zimbabwe. But there was also no western education, no roads, and certainly no Zimbabwe television, I thought, noting the battery powered set in the room.

Suddenly he stood up. “I have something for you, my friend.”

He motioned me to follow him into the next room. There he dug into a trunk. Slowly, he unwrapped what he described as a ceremonial battle axe.

“In 1910, a special spirit possessed my mother. This axe was made for her as a symbol of authority. Ned, you have been my friend for a long, long time. I want to give you this axe as a symbol of our friendship.”

To say that I was touched would be to underestimate my emotions. There were tears in my eyes.

Later, I meet his new 28 year old wife, who told me of how cruelly she had been treated by her first husband, and what a good man Savanhu was to her. He also told me of his work on three days a week as an appointed member of the Immigration Committee. He defended the recent deportation of an Australian married to a Zimbabwean girl, saying, “We think he only married her to find a job in our country. We have more people of our own than jobs.”

But I wasn’t listening as carefully. I had been so moved by the gift of his mother’s axe.

## DICK

(1960-present)

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH DICK has been essentially collegial and sporadic over two decades. Its main focus has been his passion for drumming and mine for Africa. For example, the time that Dick was to appear in a play in San Francisco where he had to say some African words before drumming.

"I don't want to say something like 'mumbo-jumbo,'" he told me, "because that would be condescending. Give me some real Ghanian words to say."

So, I gave him several sentences in Fante that not only sounded African but were! Later he said that an occasional member of the audience recognized the words as being authentic and that pleased Dick.

More recently, as we had an hour or so to kill waiting for curtain calls at five performances of a faculty-student production of *South Pacific*, Dick Feynman and I just chewed the fat. (Incidentally, he was magnificent as a South Seas Islander with an enormous headdress playing the traditional drums for a bevy of "native" dancers.)

In the *mélange* of "lissome native dancers," Chinese and Chicano professors playing Polynesian chiefs, and supposedly suntanned Seabees, my nose expected the redolent presence of greasepaint. Makeup seemed to have lost an olfactory dimension. Commenting on its absence, I wondered, "Where have all the odors gone?"

Dick laughed. Sprawled out in the hallway, trying not to rub off too much of his nut-brown makeup, he put up his bare feet and told of the boring wait before receiving the Nobel Prize in Stockholm.

To pass the time, he had struck up a conversation with a Danish Dowager Princess, or she had struck it up with him. Dick is a gregarious soul who either speaks to strangers or invites conversation. In any event, she got around to asking him what his subject matter was.

"Physics," he replied.

"Oh," said the Dowager Princess, "that's too bad. Nobody knows anything about physics so we can't talk about it."

"No," he replied forthrightly. "It is precisely because we do know a lot about physics that we can't talk about it. We can always talk best about subjects we don't have scientific knowledge of, such as religion, psychology, politics, making love, or raising children. What we know a lot about we don't speak about."

"That put the Dowager Princess off completely," Dick said with a sigh, "but as she moved away, the Japanese Ambassador to Sweden, who had been listening, spoke up."

"Pardon me, sir, but I couldn't help overhearing. In Japan we have many studies for a diplomatic career. But you are not selected to be a diplomat until you realize that very little is known about diplomacy."

"Oh," said Dick, "you are being modest."

"No," said the Ambassador, "just honest. Next time you list subjects we don't know about, please add diplomacy."

At this point his assistant drummer slumped down beside us. We immediately began talking about a political-military game that I had organized and the drummer had played in a decade ago. After a review of how closely African political developments in Mozambique and Zimbabwe had followed our old scenario, Dick commented:

"You guys are really into that. You'd think it was real."

The drummer looked up, "Well, it was real. My involvement changed my career to the social sciences."

"Speaking of careers, why weren't you a drummer?" I asked Dick, half facetiously. "I have heard almost as much about your drumming at Los Alamos during the war as I have

about your legendary ability to pick locks.”

“Ned, there is a story there.” He brightened up. This production of *South Pacific* was his first major effort to do something on campus since a second drastic cancer surgery only two months before. I thought of that as his face became animated.

“You know how much I liked the drums. Remember when I played the bongos in an African show in San Francisco?”

“Well, when I left Los Alamos after the war to be an Assistant Professor at Cornell, I sold my drums and decided to put away such activities. In Ithaca, I got a small apartment that had been made downstairs in a large home. One day I saw a drum in a store – though I knew better than to buy it. But then I did buy it. Just for decoration. About two weeks later, I bought another traditional drum for decoration. One rainy afternoon, I took them down just to see if I had the old feel for them. Pretty soon I started to play them loudly.

“Immediately the telephone rang. It was my landlady. She wanted to know if it was I on the drums.”

“Yes,” I replied somewhat sheepishly.

“Marvelous,” she said, “may I come downstairs and listen?”

“Later, she got me some drumming records from the Congo, and I used to practice them. Remember when you invited me to lunch with your witchdoctor friend, Credo . . . ?”

“Credo Mutwa, the Zulu from Johannesburg? Yes, of course, I remember.”

“Credo had this idea,” Dick explained to the assistant drummer. “He thought that seven was a number which kept coming up in his life and that for a Zulu it was unlucky. Credo said that whenever he was going to an airport he always knew in advance that his plane would be at gate 7 and his seat would be 7 or 17 or 77.”

The drummer looked doubtful.

Dick expanded, “I’m sure that the number 7 comes up a lot. But I explained to the witchdoctor that any number you look for comes up a lot.”

I chimed in, "Dick quickly suggested as an example the number 6, and said it was magical the way it kept coming up. We are in Professor Munger's office and his name has six letters. The office number adds up to six, I came in here at six minutes to twelve . . ." Dick had another six examples but I can't remember them.

Credo Mutwa went, "Uhm uhm."

What impressed me about Dick the Nobel Laureate vis-à-vis Credo the witchdoctor was the genuine interest that Dick showed in a professional in another field. He ventured, and the *sangoma* (a more professional name for a witchdoctor) concurred, that much of the success of the sangomas lies in their insightful use of psychology to discern the problem of the person, and also, when the fears are irrational, to find rational or irrational judgments to solve the person's problem.

Some time later, Credo invited us to a real "session" at the place he was living outside Los Angeles where he would "throw the bones" and give us the benefit of the full sangoma treatment. I was out of town, but Dick made the journey out of curiosity and respect for Credo.

Subsequently, in Soweto, Credo told me excitedly what a tremendous experience it was to have had Dick participate, confiding, "Dr. Feynman would make a fine sangoma with proper training." What greater accolade could a physicist ask for, I thought.

Dick Feynman is of medium height, with black hair and a face animated by an infectious smile. His face has no creases where a frown would fit. His eyes follow you as you talk. Never do you feel he is thinking of what he himself will say instead of listening to you. In fact, he is one of those rare people who can both concentrate on you and formulate his own thoughts.

Being a genius at theoretical physics does not guarantee a quick mind. But Dick's comprehension is almost instant, and you learn to stop some sentences short because he has already grasped their conclusion.

While Dick was on stage drumming up a storm, followed by

a storm of recognition and applause by the audience, the director of the musical wandered by. "Shirley," I asked her, "you've directed Dick in three or four musicals, how would you sum him up?"

She replied, "Well, he is creative, cooperative, and comfortable on the stage. He is a private person but in no way is he standoffish and certainly he's not a prima donna. He's just, well, a wonderful man."

During another wait for curtain calls, Dick asked me "What's happening in Africa?"

I had just talked with a friend in Johannesburg, so I said a little smartaleckly, "Tomorrow you will read about some National Party M.P.'s being expelled."

The next day, Dick half-kiddingly announced to some of our fellow thespians, "If you want to know what's happening in Africa, don't read the paper, just ask Ned."

My friendship with Dick has touched on a few other topics. I told him that no one had taught me more beyond my mental ability to comprehend than he did in a two-and-a-quarter hour lecture on how color vision works in the eye. Dick is such a superb lecturer that I must record his only failure. He gave a commencement address in which he had notes for a nine-hour series of lectures beginning with his experiences in a hot tub at Big Sur having his big toe massaged. Not surprisingly, he failed to compress all his material into forty minutes, with the result that he frequently said, "If I had more time."

Nonetheless I retain parts of his talk – which is a rarity for commencement talks – in which he stressed to the graduating students the critical importance of recording negative research experiments.

We also have a tie through a mutual friend, Joanne Baker, who arrived on campus with the red dust of Natal still behind her ears and has stayed in the community since as a nurse. In fact, she nursed Dick through his first major operation when a seven-pound tumor was removed. The night before

Dick went into UCLA hospital not long ago, Joanne had a dinner party for the Feynmans in Santa Monica, where she now nurses, at which Dick was at his funniest as a raconteur.

I could mention, too, the time he invited me for lunch and we ended up at his favorite strip-tease place in Pasadena. When the owner was later on trial, Dick shocked our Caltech colleagues by testifying on the owner's behalf because, Dick said, "I get inspiration from the curves and they stimulate me mathematically."

The sound of a barrel being scraped doesn't make as pleasing syncopation as Dick's drumming, so I'll conclude this brief sketch with the hope that next year we will again appear in a faculty-student musical, or that the witchdoctor from Soweto will pay a repeat visit.

Postscript: A week after completing this memoir, something typically Feynman happened. I was crossing the parking lot of the faculty club before Caltech's 90th anniversary dinner, when Dick accosted me,

"I've been meaning to ask you and forgot during the play. You must know about Simon Kibangu. No one else seems to have heard of him."

Well, I'm sure that out of the one hundred and fifty fairly distinguished guests that evening, no one but Feynman knew anything about the evangelical preacher in the southeastern Congo who, in the 1920s, started a religious movement known as the Kimbanguists. The movement was eventually suppressed by the Belgian authorities, but I have encountered remnants of it in the Katanga bush.

Dick, to the slight annoyance of his wife Gweneth, who was getting chilly, proceeded to describe the movement in great and accurate detail.

As we got inside the Athenaeum, I commented, "Yes, it was one of the most powerful of the syncretistic movements of the period."

Typically of Dick, he asked, "What does that mean, I don't know the word."

I explained that it was a common technical word meaning a blending of formal Christianity with traditional customs.

“That’s it,” he enthused, and went on with his description.

“Where did you hear about Simon Kimbangu?” I interjected.

“Oh, I was reading a book about Africa when I lived in the Telluride House at Cornell in the late 1940s,” he said, as if anyone would naturally remember the story of an obscure African sect read more than thirty years before.

You see, once you begin writing about Dick Feynman, it is like eating salted peanuts – you just can’t stop.

## TRIMATES + ONE

(c. 1970-present)

THIS ESSAY is on more than one person because these women have much in common and my somewhat avuncular relations with them have a common theme. They are all protégés of the late Louis S. B. Leakey. The Trimates have each conducted the longest field investigation ever done of their particular higher apes. Jane Goodall, Dian Fossey, and Elizabeth Meyerhoff have all done their research in eastern Africa, which I know well. Birute Gadikas' work was done in Indonesia. All received a major part of their funding from the Leakey Foundation for the Study of Man's Origins, Behavior and Survival, during a decade in which I have been its president.

Although I know nothing whatsoever about primatology, and very little about anthropology, it fell to me to try to exercise a firm hand in turn with the four by insisting on some change in life-style as a condition of further funding. In attempting to exercise some control I have always reflected the view of the Foundation's Science and Grants Committee, composed of distinguished scientists, and of the general board. But if there was any chastising to be done, I'm afraid it was my comments that were resented.

This, then, is an essay in administrating funds to highly independent and successful researchers overseas by someone whose only recognized talent is fundraising. At first blush, almost everyone thinks how nice it would be to "give away money." But one doesn't have to be near the process for long to realize that the medical admonition applies here: first do no harm. In the careers of three women, a time came when more

harm would be done by sending requested funds than by denying them subject to certain caveats.

Anyone who knew Louis S. B. Leakey was aware that he had a great deal of charisma. This shone particularly on women and there are many who fell in love with him. I'm not sure that he had a very high batting average in furthering the careers of young women. No one counted those who arrived in East Africa only to be beaten by boredom, hard work in difficult conditions, and even drugs. But the careers of the Trimates make up for a lot of failures. Louis was successful in encouraging young women to move into archaeology, starting with Mary Nichol, who became Louis' second wife. Elizabeth was the last in anthropology.

It is certainly not to Louis' discredit that he was notably unsuccessful with young men. Whether he was too competitive, or whether his enormous appeal as a person had a sexually attracting aspect is for others to judge. It is true that Jane Goodall first came to work as Louis' secretary because of his long and intimate relationship with her mother. If Jane was not the most promising candidate out of Bournemouth Secondary School, so much greater the credit to her and to Louis Leakey that she has succeeded with her long-term observations of chimpanzees in the Gombe Stream Reserve.

## 1

Jane is a somewhat reserved Englishwoman of 49, although her mother, Van, is quite extroverted. When Jane first started lecturing, she looked wan and pale and several times I thought she might faint in the middle of a talk. But after giving more than a hundred lectures to some 100,000 people, she became an old pro, so to speak. One of the last times I introduced her I missed the cue from the backstage manager to walk on stage. Jane saw the cue, gave me a big whack on the backside with her hand, and said, "Ned, get going." The shyness was gone!

Jane started her work at the Gombe Stream Reserve in 1960

and stuck to it, often alone, for seventeen years. Louis thought she needed better photographs for her publicity, something Louis had a nose for. Jane's marriage to Baron Hugo van Lawick had all the earmarks of propinquity. Louis was not surprised at the result after he sent the handsome young Dutch bachelor into the bush to photograph Jane's chimpanzees. Jane's second husband was a much older man who seemed, at times, to be as much father as husband. Derek Bryceson was lame from World War II, but his position as Director of Parks for Tanzania was extremely useful to Jane. This was especially so after the Gombe kidnappings, when she could use Derek's official plane to visit her station periodically.

If Jane had fallen under the spell of Louis Leakey, I always thought she was quite independent in her thinking when married to her Dutch baron. But for some reason she seemed to come utterly under the influence of Derek after they married. Someone who knows her well speaks of Jane as being mesmerized. Derek disliked Americans and anything that didn't fit into the socialistic planning for Tanzania. Just after four of Jane's staff were kidnapped, three of them Stanford students, Derek was quick to tell her – and she appeared to accept it – that it was probably all a plot by the CIA and that the four would soon be safely returned.

When it became evident that a band of Marxist-oriented guerrillas from across Lake Tanganyika in Zaire had brought off the kidnapping, one of the problems of the negotiator, Professor David Hamburg (now president of the Carnegie Foundation), was to raise ransom money. Jane was asked to supply the names and addresses of her supporters to whom an appeal might go. Under Derek's direction, she absolutely refused. His excuse was that she needed to use this list of supporters to request gifts for her own research needs. Needless to say, this didn't sit very well with the Stanford negotiator nor with the University authorities. Some quarter of a million dollars had been raised and spent for the first section of a primate center at Stanford. I found myself in the acrimonious middle, with Jane

on one side and the Stanford authorities on the other. While I don't know the reasons, Jane's annual visiting professorship at Stanford was terminated and the primate center all but abandoned.

Since Derek's death from cancer following last-minute treatment in Frankfurt, Jane has seemed much older. She used to be introverted in a shy way. Now she seems withdrawn by choice, with a thicket of thorns around her. She never gained the outgoing vivacity of her mother, who, even while nursing Louis in a country cottage through his last days, was still able to come up to London and sparkle through a luncheon I gave for her.

At our 1977 annual Leakey meeting, held in the spacious surroundings of Ditchley Park, outside Oxford, where Churchill spent many a wartime weekend, the Grants Committee spent four arduous hours considering Jane's request for further funding. The scientists knowledgeable about her work included David Hamburg (then at Stanford), Irving Devore (Harvard), Hal Coolidge (dean of Africa primatologists), and my Caltech colleague Murray Gell-Mann. The latter's Nobel Prize is in theoretical physics but he is a renaissance man who dipped into James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* for his coinage of "quark" for an unseen particle.

In all candor, the committee had some strongly negative views on Jane Goodall's proposal which they adumbrated at some length in written form. These they asked me to convey to Jane as diplomatically as possible. It was not my dynamite but I had to carry it.

She was by then well established. The film that Hugo had made on the Gombe chimps, starring Jane, had won an "Emmy" on American television. Her first book had been a best seller and had been translated into several languages. She was the apple of a number of the trustees' eyes.

I drafted and redrafted the letter for three months. As tactfully as possible, I pointed out that Jane's popular output far exceeded her scientific papers and monographs. I also reiterat-

ed our wish that she would not rely just upon uneducated Tanzanian rangers to operate the Gombe camp, which was now considered too dangerous for her to reside there, but would show us some progress in training educated Tanzanians to take major responsibility.

The training of local people has always been a prime concern of mine, both because it ought to be and because in my political judgment – and here I speak from professional knowledge – it is unhealthy in any African country to have an entire research field dominated by expatriates. I had secured a \$600,000 bequest for the Foundation specifically for the training of African scientists.

Finally, as delicately as possible, I conveyed the judgment that Jane had exhausted much of her material on the Gombe chimpanzees and that we could not fund her on a year-to-year basis for more of the same. So much for the stick.

The carrot was that if she were to present a well-thought-out, long-range research plan, and if she would agree to train Tanzanians, and if she would give more attention to serious scientific publications, then we would fund her for three years at a time at \$60,000, a higher level than she had requested.

When she finally replied, I could read between the lines that Jane had been quite angry. Of course, she didn't write, "Who the hell are you to tell me, Jane Goodall, how to do my research?" But I am happy to concede that she did make a strong case for her scientific production. She took up my "misunderstandings" seriatim and had an answer to each one. The result is what frequently happens. She basically denied the flaws that I had pointed out on behalf of the Science and Grants Committee, while at the same time undertaking to do everything we asked. It was a felicitous result and I think we continue as good friends, though I will always sense an inner resentment. I know that I too can take some acid but well-meant advice from friends, act on it, and still harbor a little hurt.

Dian Fossey grew up in the Bay Area and her mother and stepfather live in Menlo Park. She was early on a loner, and I follow her wishes in never giving out her parents' address, there being some tension in the relationship.

Dian always liked animals, she told me when I first met her in San Francisco. Not only do I admire her, but she is immediately likable. Dian is six feet tall and wears clothes well. She has an outgoing personality, especially when talking on her favorite topic of gorillas. One can see that she was a tomboy and that such feminine concerns as fixing her hair are perhaps more irritants than pleasures for her.

She first studied veterinary science but later took her degree in occupational therapy, and began to practice that field in Louisville, Kentucky. Dian had dreamed of going to Africa for a long time. Finally, in 1963, she simply borrowed money from a bank and took off on a six-weeks' photographic safari to East Africa, where she met Louis Leakey. Back in Louisville, it took her three years to pay off the loan.

When Louis Leakey told an audience in San Francisco, Dian among them listening with all ears, that he was looking for someone to study gorillas in the Mountains of the Moon, Dian rushed up to the stage afterward. In my mind's eye, I can see Louis talking with both hands, his white mane ruffled, and the adoring circle of young women around him hanging on his every word. It was characteristic of Louis' showmanship that in answering a question about the gorilla study, he tossed off the comment that, "Of course, anyone I would send to live in the Ruwenzori would have to have their appendix out." Dian saw her chance.

A few weeks later, when Louis was at the National Geographic Society in Washington to look over a dozen applications from people wanting to study the highland gorilla, he got a telegram from Dian to this effect: "Appendix out! When do I start?" She was far from being the best quali-

fied applicant, but it was a little late for Louis to tell her to put her appendix back. She got the assignment and settled among the Ruwenzori gorillas in 1967.\*

She had been working successfully for almost a decade, albeit with meager publication, when several worries surfaced among the Foundation's trustees. One was a comment that she dropped at a stateside meeting that she kept her notes in a tin trunk. With Dian, one always has to be careful not to let her think you are challenging her judgment about gorillas or anything else. But diplomatically, I got her to agree that a tin trunk could possibly be stolen or the notes incinerated in a fire, and she agreed to send out copies of her notes to Professor Hinde, her mentor at Cambridge University.

The second concern grew out of the solution to the first. At a Leakey symposium in London, Professor Hinde expressed the view that no one would be able to reconstruct Dian's research from her notes. The way she took notes was meaningful only to her. Obviously, if something happened to Dian, all the research would be lost.

One approaches Dian the way porcupines make love: carefully. But I finally conveyed to her that the Leakey Foundation was not satisfied to help her become the most knowledgeable person in the world on the mountain gorilla if she didn't keep better records and if she wouldn't publish her findings. I pointed out that her health was not of the best – she had a partially collapsed lung, which is not helped by living at 10,000 feet. Furthermore, there were distinct threats on her life from poachers. It may have sounded a little hard, but the truth was that there was a limit to how much money one could expend simply to put knowledge in her head. In my

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\*I believe Dian Fossey, who told me after this memoir was written that she had met Louis much earlier when she had spent her savings for a long dreamed of trip to Africa. Dian says that she arrived at Olduvai Gorge, met the Leakeys, and promptly broke her ankle. But I retain Louis' version because, as Dian says, he probably forgot the earlier meeting or didn't want to spoil a good story. Dian's book, *Gorillas in the Mist* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1983), which includes her story of having her appendix out, is a superb contribution to science.

opinion it was not the safest place for it to remain.

Whereas Jane had the one disastrous foray by human guerillas, after which she has never lived at her base camp, Dian has been forced to contend with a whole series of gangs wanting to poach gorillas in the National Forest. Rwanda has one of the highest ratios of people to land in all of Africa. I once did a study of the seasonal migration of poor Rwandan peasants to work in the cotton fields of Uganda for rich Baganda landowners.

The peasants are so hard up for food that some of them cannot resist setting snares in the protected forest for *duikers*, a small antelope, to feed their families. Unfortunately, gorillas can also be caught by the same steel traps and die as a result. Other hardy poachers have learned that middlemen in the villages will pay well for gorilla hands and feet because of their "magical" qualities. Consequently, Dian has felt compelled to spend a lot of her time organizing anti-poacher patrols.

With Dian, I was gradually working myself into the ultimatum on behalf of the scientists: no scientific publication, no more money. We bluffed back and forth. Dian knew that I was concerned with her general health, but she felt that only *she* could protect the gorillas. We sent a series of younger men and women to assist her, but for one reason or another she fell out with all of them. The months went by and still no hard publication was forthcoming.

Finally, I cabled her requesting that she attend the annual meeting in 1979 in Charleston. It was best to speak with her face to face. Dian could always threaten to say goodbye to the Foundation and appeal to friends on an emotional basis to support her and thus save the gorillas. I talked with her on the flight back to Washington, but failed to make much of a dent in her agreement to leave eventually, but "not this year."

She told me how upset she was when Digit, a particularly favorite gorilla of hers who was featured on a Rwanda stamp, was hacked to death. I empathized with her seething anger at the murderers and rejoiced when she described how some of

her guards caught at least one of the gang. I had begun to wonder when she had told me how she awoke in the night, worried that the poacher might get free, so she got up and poured water on the knots of the ropes binding him so that they would tighten.

Rumors abound about how Dian, having surprised poachers, threatened to perform delicate surgery on them with the machete she was brandishing. Whether apocryphal or not, the story suggests the spirit of the woman.

But there was obviously no hyperbole in her comment to me of her satisfaction that when a tied-up prisoner wouldn't talk the morning after his capture, Dian felt fortunate she had a knife she could lend to the guards, and before long he was telling who his conspirators had been.

It was clear that we were not being effective in supporting scientific research in such an atmosphere. Along with others, I tried tactfully to persuade her to take a year off in the States. We had raised money for additional guards. Correspondence with Belgians in the Park Service was encouraging. The American Ambassador made a special trip up the mountain to see Dian, at our request. All these moves helped to overcome her reluctance to leave. I'm sure that Dian sees me as a necessary evil – someone who can raise useful amounts of money for her, but who knows nothing about gorillas, and has to be suffered. Although I have been nearby several times in Uganda, I have always refrained from visiting her because I could add nothing constructive and would take time away from her work. It was one thing to help the daughter of our Leakey Fellow, Jimmy Stewart, to visit the camp, since Kelly Stewart and her fiancé Sandy Harcourt are qualified primatologists with Cambridge D.Phil.'s and add something to the camp. But Dian didn't need the President of the Foundation descending on her.

Finally, Dian acceded to our wishes more or less graciously, and has spent a year at Cornell, recouping her health and doing some scientific writing. A definitive book is ready

for the press. But she wants to get back to her camp and fight the damn poachers. Dian Fossey, at 51, is a woman of courage who knows her own mind. One must recognize one's limits in using the power of grants in trying to guide anyone. It would be the height of presumption to attempt to act *in loco parentis*. One can insist that grants made be spent on research and publication of the work. But in this case Dian must be allowed to run her own risks with her health and with the other dangers in her camp.

### 3

Birute Galdikas has presented a similar problem, though not as serious. I always thought that Louis wanted someone to study orangutans because they lived outside of Africa and were the third of the great apes, so that studying them would ensure a certain amount of symmetry.

Birute is 39, was born in West Germany of Lithuanian parents, and is a Canadian citizen. She was at UCLA in 1965 on a National Science Foundation Undergraduate Fellowship when she first met Louis Leakey. He took to her immediately. She was already interested in primates and I think that Louis took a special pleasure in covering the last of the more intelligent great apes. He wanted so much to visit her in the field, but circumstances were never right, mostly Louis' own health. But I do think he inspired her and her then husband, Rod. After some years in Borneo, she got to the place where it appeared from the great distance of Los Angeles that she wasn't accomplishing much. I talked to her parents in Los Angeles, and they too were worried about her. She seemed to be preoccupied with rehabilitating orangs, with running the camp, and with caring for her baby. In addition, she was intermittently sick with fever and so was the baby. It would have been unreasonable to ask her: "Are you making any progress on your doctoral thesis? Why haven't you scientific publications in press?" But on the other hand, sending her thou-

sands of dollars just to continue to exist, without making any progress, was neither productive for her nor a proper expenditure of the Foundation's funds.

So out went a carefully-worded ultimatum: come home, get well, finish your thesis, and we'll send you back with extra money – or all money will stop. I cannot say that Birute liked the ultimatum, with which the scientists on the Board had agreed, and I'm sure that there is a nagging resentment against me on her part, just as there must be by Jane and Dian. But she did come home. She did get well. She did learn some new techniques, and she did get her Ph.D. And we did send her back to the Kalimantan Peninsula with more funding. Birute's husband, Rod, had taken good care of the camp. Unfortunately, the Indonesian cook may have taken good care of him, and husband and cook departed for Canada. Was the separation responsible? I don't know.

In March 1981, I was at the same table with Birute for lunch during a break in a symposium the Foundation was co-sponsoring at Caltech. I don't recall how the subject came up, but Birute began to talk of how the Indonesians often think of orangs as people, and of the many Indonesian myths and children's stories about orangs carrying away a villager. Drawing on my extremely limited knowledge of orangutans, I asked Birute, "Isn't it surprising that with primates as individualistic as orangs, living isolated and never in troops, the Indonesians would think of them as socializing?"

"Oh," she quickly corrected me, "Indonesians often think of isolated encounters involving rape by orangutans."

"But that is myth?" I said rhetorically.

Birute turned to me, her eyes flashing some fire and possibly contempt for ignorance, "Well, my cook was raped by an orang last season."

My voice doubting, I asked, "you see it yourself?"

"Of course I did," she replied with greater annoyance. "There was a servant girl with me and we tried to stop the orang."

I realized she was being dead serious. But I persisted. "But couldn't two of you stop the orang? Couldn't you hit him with a stick, or something?"

I can still hear the condescension in her voice as she lowered her tone and, speaking deliberately, she asked, "Do you know how strong orangs are? Have you ever tried to wrestle with an orangutan?"

I brushed aside her contempt for my ignorance and asked what I thought was a logical question: "Well, aren't you worried about yourself then?"

"No," she shot back, "that orang sees me as a mother figure."

Well, I thought, you can't just drop something as sensational as an orangutan raping your cook into a luncheon conversation and let it go so easily. So I carried on despite Birute's low opinion of my knowledge:

"Are you suggesting that the orang was only interested in your Indonesian cook? Was it a racial thing?"

"Oh, no," she was again quick to answer, "he tried to rape a Dutch scientist who was visiting me, but she got away from him."

By then I had been put in my place. Bettyann Kevles, who had written a prize-winning book for juveniles on the Trimates, had listened to the conversation with astonishment and incredulity equal to my own, so I asked her after Birute left whether she had heard what I heard.

"Yes," Bettyann answered, "and she is just as hot under the collar as you think she is. But I've never heard anything at all about an orang rape in her camp or anywhere else."

I suppose that collectively Jane and Dian and Birute have taught me more about the great apes than I ever wanted to know. But I do look on the three of them as friends. Anyone who is used to living alone in the bush and making life-saving decisions is not going to be happy when told in an avuncular fashion that she cannot do this or that. While most people shrink at the thought of living under such isolated and often very difficult conditions, the three women – and particularly

Dian and Birute – love it as a life-style. The less Dian has to do with human primates, the happier she seems at times.

4

Elizabeth Meyerhoff from Beverly Hills studied female circumcision while living among the Pokot of western Kenya for almost seven years. She tried to make her Cambridge doctoral thesis the final definitive work on this subject. But it is rare at the doctoral level to be able to succeed to that extent. Students often forget that the thesis is a learning device as well as a record of research. Better to get it done in a year or two and then go on to another and larger problem.

I erred in the discussions of the Science and Grants Committee in repeatedly voting to extend our financial support to Elizabeth. I have strong personal feelings about the unnecessary evils of circumcizing women in most of eastern Africa. It is virtually an untold story because men set the cultural patterns and they insist upon it. Further the dreadful and debilitating effects on the health of young girls and women does not seem to be of great concern to the almost entirely male medical personnel and administrators in the countries concerned. On the other hand, I am proud to be the first publisher in the United States to print and disseminate the pioneering work of Fran Hosken, who has written the most about genital mutilation in WIN (Women's International Network) News and elsewhere.

Elizabeth has finished up now but we did make a mistake. (When intervention goes well, I use "I" but when we haven't succeeded as well as we might, I use "we.") So "we" made a mistake in not having Elizabeth leave the field after eighteen months, write up what she had, get her doctorate, and then if she wanted to go back among the Pokot for another study, we might support her. The academic test will be whether or not, with this one long involvement, she has shot her academic bolt.

Considering the four researchers has raised the problem of giving funds judiciously. With Jane the question was not to continue, uncritically and irresponsibly, to support her because of her past success. With Dian and Birute, we also had the problem of the all-too-human clash between a life-style routine and the need for scientific production, as well as considerations of health. Both would have stayed in the field to their own detriment if we had simply kept sending the funds. With Elizabeth it was setting a cut-off date.

By exercising judgment one may make mistakes of commission; by not exercising judgment one surely errs through sins of omission. Trustees and supporters develop strong emotional ties to the romantic young women in the field. Each of the young women has had to cope with adulation and a measure of fame. But when the Trimates all spoke at a Leakey-Caltech symposium in May 1981, they modestly displayed a sense of proportion about their own fame. I was sorry to miss the occasion, but I was on an African trip. If the Leakey Foundation is a minor part of my life, so even more peripheral must be the trials and tribulations of the four women. But that doesn't mean that I have not benefited from and enjoyed the association with each one of them.

Jane was given a D. Phil. by Cambridge, though she did not go to college, and it was certainly deserved. Birute has hers from UCLA, and Dian and Elizabeth theirs from Cambridge. Jane, Dian and Birute now have respectable publication records and are writing more. All these Leakey legacies will have come through. Louis Leakey would love to be alive now to bask in their accelerating fame.

## LOUIS, MARY, AND RICHARD

*Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey (1950-1972)*

*Dr. Mary Leakey (1970-present)*

*Dr. Richard Leakey (1967-present)*

THE L. S. B. LEAKEY FOUNDATION for the Study of Man's Origins, Behavior and Survival was named in honor of Louis Leakey and has grown into a major American foundation source of funds for "stone and bones" and for primatological research.

This memoir concerns Mary Leakey, Louis Leakey, my relations with Richard Leakey, and a brief account of the Leakey Foundation insofar as its operations mirror the style of Louis and Mary.

I valued Louis Leakey as a friend for a long time. I have known and admired Mary for half that period. According to their peers, Mary is the superior scientist; Louis was the inspiration, fundraiser, and bon vivant.

Mary Leakey's role in the partnership has been undervalued. It is good that in recent years she has emerged from Louis' giant shadow.

In September, 1982, Mary delivered the first Alan O'Brien Memorial Lecture at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. It was followed by a dinner for Smithsonian and Leakey trustees in the famous "Gem" room. Mary sparkled that evening, even outshining the famous 45-carat Hope diamond she sat facing.

She was amused and pleased when I told her that following H.R.H. Prince Phillip's recent participation in a Leakey Semi-

nar at Caltech, he held a press conference at which the final question was: "Your Royal Highness, can't you give Dr. Mary Leakey a life peerage?"

Prince Phillip answered with a broad smile, "You'll have to ask Mrs. Thatcher about that!"

I added, "Dr. Leakey is giving the Alan O'Brien Memorial Lecture for the Leakey Foundation this week," to which Prince Phillip replied:

"That is even better than a life peerage."

Just before getting up to speak that night, my mind went back to a discussion in 1967 at the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg about Mary Leakey. The university, seeking to honor excellence and attract publicity, thought that they might entice Louis Leakey by offering honorary doctorates to both Louis and Mary. Louis told me that he declined for fear of offending Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere, then intensifying his campaign against South Africa. But Mary accepted! Behind the scenes at "Wits" there were second thoughts. After all, it wasn't Mary they had been angling for. The powers that be contemplated renegeing on their offer. Fortunately, Dr. Phillip Tobias, a Leakey trustee, was able to convince the authorities of his university that Mary was in fact the more deserving scientist and that by giving her a doctorate, "Wits" would be honoring itself.

Dr. Mary Leakey is a scientist's scientist, devoted to her field work, eschewing personal publicity, and possessing an indefatigable drive for understanding early man. If archaeological genius is nine-tenths patience, Mary Leakey is a true genius.

Mary Leakey's artistic skill in drawing comes to her naturally. Her father was the well-known British landscape painter, Erskine E. Nicol. Much of her early childhood was spent in southern France where the abundance of early cave paintings fueled her interest in prehistory.

After she married her teacher, Louis S. B. Leakey, in 1936, Mary Leakey devoted herself to African prehistory, as well as to bringing up a distinguished family. To me she has always

been a person for great admiration. I like her laconic nature; her shrewd, if sometimes biting, observations on the foibles of mankind; her absolute lack of pretense; and her ability to sit back, light up a cigar, pour drinks and swap stories with old friends. When I think of Mary Leakey, picaresque images spring up like Tommy gazelles from the tall grass. When Mary heard that *Playboy* was coming to interview her, local friends report she took to the hills with a small tent until the intruders had departed.

In 1955 the Henry Stopes Medal of the British Geological Association was awarded jointly to Mary and Louis Leakey, the first time it had been awarded for work done outside of Great Britain.

Her discovery of the world's oldest hominoid footprints at Laetoli, Tanzania, in 1978, dating from about 3.6 million years, followed on her seminal discoveries at nearby Olduvai Gorge.

In 1978, Mary was awarded the Medal of 1760 by the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences for her "outstanding contribution to science."

At all stages, Louis Leakey encouraged her work. Although he took the center of the stage, he always, as Gayle Gittins, the Executive Director of the Leakey Foundation, emphasizes, "gave Mary the full credit for discovering the skull of Zinj."

I reprinted the Leakeys' *String Figures of Angola*. It was one small but delicious fruit of the Leakey's 1947 visit to the then Portuguese territory. The original publication had had a limited readership: few people read English in Portugal or Angola, and Portuguese publications have limited circulation in English-speaking countries. This entrancing piece of scholarship is probably the least known of the numerous Leakey books and the hardest to obtain. When it does turn up in a rare book shop a price of more than \$50.00 is justified.

Mary Leakey's pleasure in having the study made available to a new and wider audience was evident in the following letter:

## OLDUVAI GORGE

P.O. Box 30239  
Nairobi, Kenya  
Tel: Nairobi 22648

P. O. Box 7  
Ngorongoro, Tanzania  
Radio Call 3681

Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> 1980

Dear Ned,

I would be delighted for you to reprint  
the paper lion and I wrote on the Aupstau  
string figures. It was a most enjoyable  
exercise, learning them, drawing them and  
making the diagram. So, please go ahead

Although I am in Nairobi, your letter has  
only reached me today!

Looking forward to seeing you next year,

Yours sincerely,  
Mary,

(M.D. Leakey)

I hope that Mary Leakey never changes her serious, some-  
times acerbic approach to life. She is truly a remarkable person.  
Introducing her many times, I have seen her overcome an  
innate shyness and insecurity on the platform to become an  
outstanding speaker. At a San Diego symposium, the micro-  
phones failed and the lights went out. But we opened a side  
door for light, and Mary held her huge audience by sheer  
willpower.

Louis Leakey was born in Kenya in 1903, grew up among the Kikuyu he has written about so extensively, and became a great lion of a man with a white mane to match. Louis was a man of divers enthusiasms, a meandering mien, and a capacity to inspire great loyalty. His radiant charisma not only sparked constructive controversy among academics, but served him in great stead when it came to fundraising in Europe and particularly in America.

Louis Leakey, who loved to marinate himself in life's juices, had both a penchant and a talent for mentoring promising young people. He was always fascinated by and fascinating to the young. His wide repertoire of string figures was a never-ending source of delight and education to children on three continents. The National Geographic Society film of Louis Leakey's life, premiered on the Public Broadcasting System on January 9, 1978, included a sequence provided by the Leakey Foundation that showed him teaching his grandchildren how to make string figures.

Louis Leakey's European tutor in string figures was the Cambridge Reader in archaeology, Dr. A.C. Haddon, who had written on them. Haddon asserted that there were no string figures in Africa. On his Angolan trip, Louis delighted in finding a particularly complicated one known as the "fowl's anus."

A characteristically generous impulse of Louis' occurred just before his death when my wife, Ann, had lunch with him at the Thorn Tree cafe on her first visit to Nairobi. Louis immediately suggested taking her on a tour of the Nairobi Game Park to see lions. He was obviously weak from accumulated injuries and illnesses. Louis said he had been stung by more than 800 bees shortly before this, and his doctor had ordered him to rest every afternoon. But it was not easy that afternoon to persuade the grand old man not to rush off to the game park. As he drove off alone at great speed, you wouldn't have bet a shilling that he actually went home to rest!

The genesis of the Leakey Foundation, recognized by several of us simultaneously, was to try to save Louis Leakey from exhausting himself. Louis would commit himself to supporting a friend's archaeological dig in Israel, to Jane Goodall for assistance in chimpanzee research at Gombe Stream in Tanzania, and only then would he set off to America to raise the money.

When the Foundation was established, under the leadership of the late Alan O'Brien, in 1968, we envisioned it as honoring Louis Leakey. It was never a foundation to carry out his ideas. His scientific batting average was mediocre. In cricket terms, Louis had many "sixes" and many "ducks."

I am indeed proud that in her biography of Louis, Dr. Sonia Cole reports an instance of Louis' annoyance with me because some funds were not spent the way Louis wanted them spent. In fact, it took a few years to convince some scientists that you didn't have to be a Leakey to obtain a grant. At the same time, Mary and their son Richard Leakey erroneously felt that they were excluded.

Louis Leakey was a showman. Every time he ran into a financial bind, he would pull out what became a hoary chestnut: "Well, I'll have to put a bond on my house in Nairobi." "Louis," I said one day, "you must have the most mortgaged piece of property in the world."

But the genuine need to lessen his burden is illustrated by a conversation that took place when I was Chairman of the Beckman Auditorium Committee. Caltech had a handsome new facility. For the first five years the programs were primarily my responsibility. We were able to get Stravinsky to conduct his own orchestra, John Houseman to present Agnes Morehead in plays, and we produced the most successful science lecture series in the country. The two greatest individual draws were Sir Fred Hoyle, speaking on "Stonehenge: the British Palomar," and Louis Leakey.

In 1962, aware of how exhausted Louis looked after a strenuous fundraising trip, I offered him a proposition:

“You say you want \$100 to lecture and you want to give talks at Northridge, Pomona, and three Junior Colleges on the same day. Suppose I offer you \$1,000 to speak at Caltech and you save your energy?” It seemed wrong for Caltech to exploit such a genius for only eight cents a person with a full house!

“That’s fine, Ned,” Louis replied. “You give me the \$1,000 but I can’t give up the other lectures.”

I loved the man and wasn’t feeling as stern as my reply suggested: “Whatever you choose, Louis. Give six lectures at \$100 each or give one at \$1,000. It is up to you.”

He grumbled but accepted. More than 2,000 people showed up for 1,200 seats. I made everyone happy by paying Louis \$300 to repeat his lecture the next afternoon. At that price he insisted on a Junior College date the same evening, but the bargaining power was then on his side. Still, the principle of lessening his work load was established.

## 2

Louis Leakey was a renaissance man. He testified in court as a handwriting expert, knew far more about Kikuyu phonetics and history than most Kikuyu, could make stone tools, and mastered string figures. But above all, Louis was a raconteur. He was marvelous with children, scientists, and lay audiences. He actually took employment as a “Nanny” during a Cambridge student break.

Many is the memory I cherish of sitting around after a good dinner and listening to Louis spin his tales. One that I found funny and scientifically significant concerned an evening that Louis and Mary spent with a distinguished Portuguese anthropologist.

We were relaxing with brandies after a Caltech lecture. The evening had gone well and Louis was in an expansive frame of mind. I don’t recall what prompted the story – Louis didn’t really need much prompting – but suddenly he was off:

A strange thing happened when we went to Angola in 1947. Mary and I had dinner with Dr. J. Redinha, who had studied the tribes there for thirty years and had published books on seven of them. I told him that although string figures are common in East Africa, my own tribe, the Kikuyu, had only a small repertoire of them and asked him:

“What string figures do your people do here?”

He replied: “My people do not do string figures. There are no string figures in Angola.”

Louis Leakey's marvelously expressive face showed great shock as he quoted the anthropologist. Louis' jaw dropped, his hands opened up flat, and he shook his white mane, saying in body language: “How could anyone be so ignorant?” Louis paused, the small circle of friends holding their collective breath while we waited to hear what Louis had replied.

I was astonished with Redinha's reply. To me, this was almost beyond belief. The biggest ethnic groups north of Angola and in Northern Rhodesia, to the east, all had particularly large repertoires of string figures and tricks. Since there were so many cultural resemblances in other respects between these groups and those of northeast Angola, I found it hard to believe that no Angolan tribe practiced this art. However, I did not wish to argue with my host, since he seemed so sure of his facts.

But after dinner when we had retired to his sitting room, I pulled out a string from my pocket. I almost always carry a suitable piece of string wherever I go in Africa. As I sat on the sofa waiting for the coffee and liqueurs to be brought in, I proceeded to demonstrate some of our East African string figures. I was in the middle of a very complicated figure known as “the bed,” which is very common in Africa and is known in the United States as “the tent flap,” when a servant came through the door carrying a tray loaded with coffee cups, a silver coffeepot, brandy glasses, brandy, and cigars. When he saw me his face turned to utter consterna-

tion. A white man doing string figures! He virtually dropped the tray on the table and fled as though in fear for his life.

With an effort, Louis pulled himself out of the easy chair, favoring his bad hip. But he had to be standing to give the proper emphasis of the African servant dropping the tray on the table. As Louis simulated the movement, he looked up and his infectious smile pulled his audience even closer.

My host was, naturally, shocked by this display of uncontrolled behavior in one of his highly trained house servants. Redinha was about to rush after the man when I stopped him to explain that I was sure the poor servant had suffered a terrible shock and had better be left alone. He had just seen a foreigner engaged in doing something he probably regarded as sacred and known only to his own people. I also sensed that there was a strong taboo against performing in front of strangers. But I couldn't resist asking my host,

"Are you sure that people here don't know string figures?"

"Yes," Redinha replied, "I'm quite sure. I've been here thirty years now and there are no string figures in Angola."

I said, "Wait. We will see." Then Mary, who is adept at string figures, and I began to show our host and his other guests a large number of string figures from Melanesia, Alaska, Canada, and Australia, as well as from Africa. As I was doing an Eskimo one and then a South Seas one called "kite (the bird) flying," I noticed the door at the far end of the room open very slowly, to admit the head of the African waiter. Next, at the level of his waist, his wife's face appeared, and below her the faces of three children. A few minutes later the door opened wider, and the cook and his family and a whole bevy of servants were watching. I watched them in silence. Then I asked my host.

"You won't mind if they come in?"

He looked distressed. An African invasion of his sitting room! And by menial staff at that! I motioned the staff to come in and began doing more figures, beginning with the bed again. The Africans watched in silence for a while. They were wide-eyed as I showed them more figures, especially from the adjoining territories of the Congo and Northern Rhodesia.

Finally, I tossed my string to one of the men, and Mary gave hers to one of the women. They hesitated a few minutes and then, as one took the lead from the other, we were given a fascinating display of Angolan string figures, many of them absolutely new to us.

I turned to my anthropologist friend, "No string figures in Angola – Sir?"

Redinha's face was an absolute mask. Neither surprise nor anger showed – just blank, staring amazement. Finally he relaxed and began to question the members of his staff in their own language. He was completely at a loss to know how he could have lived in the country for so long without ever having seen the people he was studying making such figures.

We all know people who annoy us by asking rhetorical questions or by expecting us to punctuate their conversations with the right words as though we were monkeys on a string. But Louis never made you feel that way. I was a passable straight man, but it was with genuine interest that I asked, as expected, after a long pause had sunk in on his admiring listeners:

"Well, why didn't Redinha know about string figures?"

Louis' mien changed to the pedantic – no, he was never really pedantic – but to that of the serious lecturer:

The reason he hadn't seen them was that in Angola string figures can only be done at night. One is forbidden to do them in the day time, possibly because they have religious or magical properties. Or it could be because once you start doing them neither you nor your fascinated audience does any work.

Everyone in the traditional society has to work by day but after supper, sitting by a fire, string figures are done. Often they illustrate stories. Western people might take out a writing pad for a drawing or use a photograph to illustrate a story. In societies without them a string figure does the trick.

3

“Why the phenomenal success of the Leakey Foundation?” is a recurring question. Its functioning mirrors Louis’ and Mary’s collaboration. For example, the split in gender roles among trustees mirrors the successful team of Mary and Louis Leakey. This is partly a function of the sociology of affluent American society. Both men and women provide leadership. But on balance the men have taken care of the finances; the women have supplied the brains and the drive. (But Gordon Getty is our best grammarian!) Before it was fashionable, Louis had a way of impressing bright women that they had ability and then backing them up. The greatest part of the Leakey Foundation achievements has been the leadership roles exercised by exceptionally talented women. My principal contribution is to try to support such leadership.

Another attribute of Louis Leakey was to have a good time and share it with everyone. The Foundation’s annual meetings are an extension of Louis’ approach, whether they are arranged by Fleur Cowles and Bernard Campbell at Ditchley House at Oxford, by Dielle Seignious on a plantation near Charleston, by Kay Woods in the Napa Valley, or by Barbara Newsom in Sante Fe. Happy trustees work harder – and give more!

Of course, there was always another side of the coin of Louis’ generosity. I never heard Mary Leakey refer to it except peripherally, but it could not have been too rewarding to have Louis extend invitations to people all over the world, including many bright young women, to come and stay or at least have a meal at the Leakey ménage in Nairobi. More often

than not the foreign visitors would pitch up when Mary was home alone and Louis was off in Europe or America. She probably doesn't remember it, but several times after I first knew Louis, I would call the Leakey home in Nairobi and find Mary alone. There was every reason for the always courteous but brusque lack of encouragement to visit.

In considering the Leakey Foundation as a reflection of the Leakeys, most analogs are positive. In one important respect, the Foundation is quite different. No one bats 1,000 percent in any league. Louis Leakey had many brilliant ideas. He also was often far from the mark and occasionally stubborn about it. The timing of the emergence of man in the New World is one controversy in which he has yet to be proven right.

Louis had a hunch from mining the "Calico" site, near San Bernardino, that man was in North America some 100,000 years ago. He was the first to project such an early date and was ridiculed. Contemporary thinking has pushed back the date but it still stands at from 20,000 to 40,000.

Louis Leakey sometimes spouted off ideas that he, himself, didn't necessarily take seriously. At a cocktail party in New York, he commented to an admiring circle of women that, "Some day we'll find a food that early man used to control fertility." Suzanne Pinus, recently pregnant, said, "Sure, and it will prove to be peanut butter."

Louis laughed and said, only half jokingly, "If you think so then we'll try it on the monkeys at Tigoni."

When Louis Leakey was wrong on a hunch, he usually paid the price either in wasted work or in some professional criticisms. He had his heart set on being a member of the Royal Society in Britain. He was never invited. It rankled. He considered it personal prejudice against a colonial born or the "spite" of his enemies such as Lord "Solly" Zuckerman.

The Leakey Foundation's scientific judgments are made by a Science and Grants Committee drawn from Europe (including Poland), Africa, and the United States. The keystone to the Foundation's reputation has been the work of the Sci-

Grants Committee of twenty led by Professor Clark Howell with frequent assists from Professors David Hamburg and Irving Devore on the primatology side. No grant can be made without the blessing of the committee. But the converse is not true. The lay trustees are not compelled to make a grant recommended by Sci-Grants for many reasons, the most frequent being that there are usually far more meritorious requests than money to fund them. For the first ten years of my being President, we have consistently "spent money" by making worthwhile grants, and then set out each year to raise it. This financially adventurous tight-rope walking by Leakey philanthropoids makes for lively trustee meetings and a treasurer's report with the suspense of a mystery story.

4

When I became President of the Leakey Foundation a few years after it was launched, it had all but foundered. Its survival was sparked by a million dollar matching pledge by Robert Beck. Through the efforts of some marvelous trustees led by Beck, Gordon Getty, George Jagels, Mason Phelps, Hubert Hudson, Ed Harrison, and Larry Barker, the Foundation has come back from a total of \$3.08 in the bank to more than \$2,500,000 in the bank as endowment. Another \$2,000,000 has been administered in grants.

The financial success would have been meaningless without the artistic and scientific accomplishments brought about by the work of Joan Travis on lectures, of Ruth Fox and Liz Brady on publications, of Kaye Jamison on educational projects, and of Barbara Newsom, Kay Woods, and others in producing symposia.

But before the financial and scientific successes the Foundation is enjoying were realized, there was a tough and bitter struggle for its control between Richard Leakey and myself. Richard, with considerable logic, wanted me to hand over the assets of the Leakey Foundation to him for use exclusively on

East African archaeology. But shortly before his death, Louis Leakey had predicted that this would happen, and warned me not to accede to Richard's demands. I can understand why Richard Leakey felt he had a right to the Leakey name. He eventually established a foundation to carry out his aims in the United States, and it has been handicapped without the name "Leakey." The truth is that when Richard Leakey appeared on the cover of *Time Magazine*, or was interviewed by Walter Cronkite, or appeared in other glamorous roles, the spreading of the name Leakey did far more to benefit the Leakey Foundation than Richard's Foundation for Research into the Origin of Man (FROM).

Just before the crucial board meeting, held in my office at Caltech, Trustee Mason Phelps came in to see me and put it bluntly: "Ned, you must face the facts. Richard has a majority of the Trustees on his side in favor of turning the Foundation over to him. He has met privately with most of them and has persuaded a majority."

At the board meeting, I was certainly prepared to go down. But I was going to sink carrying out Louis Leakey's instructions rather than to abandon ship. Fortunately, I had absolutely no professional standing to lose, since all I know about archaeology or primatology you could put in the left eye socket of *Zinjanthropus*. Richard had denigrated the Foundation's primatology grants because he said that his father had never published a paper in that field. However, I could point out to the board that more than half of our donations came for work on the great apes, and neither I nor Richard had a magic wand that would force donors to switch their gifts to concentrate exclusively on East African archaeology. Once in New York, when I handed Richard a check for \$100,000 toward the Museum to honor his father in Nairobi, he was surprised when I encouraged him to apply for grants himself.

Richard Leakey is probably the best scientific administrator that archaeology has ever seen. For a hundred years this was a field dominated by lone individuals and it has now been trans-

formed into a multidisciplinary effort. Richard is a genius at bringing disparate efforts together, at inspiring the talented Kenyan workers he has attracted, or moving with *savoir faire* in the drawing rooms of the rich, raising funds. But Richard, though nurtured on archaeology, is more a success in his own right than as an extension of Louis Leakey.

In fact, Louis Leakey had great success in mentoring young women and a notable lack of success in mentoring young men. Although I do not presume to know Louis and Richard's personal relationship, I do know how they spoke about each other. Something in Louis seemed to dominate and even smother young male competitors while encouraging young women to display courage and scientific acumen.

It is true that toward the end of his life, Louis expressed to me the feeling that Richard was pushing him aside. I do not think this was true. But Louis did develop a touch of paranoia and even said to me – absolutely unjustified, in my judgment – that Richard wanted him to die.

Before the board meeting, Richard had spoken with some contempt of the Leakey Foundation as a failure. In a typical sweep of his hand, he said that if he had been running the Foundation, "it would have an endowment of at least \$20,000,000." To tell the truth, Richard may have been right. He has the celebrity status, speaking ability, contacts, and charismatic selling talent that make no boast seem unattainable.

My feelings were quite composed as the trustees gathered in my office. I had suffered no pretense. Everyone knew my ignorance of archaeology and primatology. I had made no claims as a super fundraiser. My affection for Louis had compelled me to accept the reins of the lame Foundation and it had moved along quite successfully, albeit not at the racehorse pace Richard asserted that he would have achieved.

The discussion at the meeting flowed back and forth. Did Richard "have us" so to speak? Trustees differed. Mary Leakey was sitting outside in my library. She was in a difficult position. It was a Foundation named for her husband. But her

son was a contestant. I knew I must avoid asking her to take sides. When Mary Leakey was asked to join the meeting and present her views, she did so with great dignity. To her credit, she backed the work that Louis had started in primatology although she was not personally interested in the great apes, or necessarily close to Louis' protégés in that branch of science.

Unbeknownst to me, Richard Leakey was on the other side of my office door with a former trustee. How much he overheard of the conversation I'll probably never know. The debate was quite heated. Finally the vote came. A clear majority of the trustees voted not to turn the assets of the Foundation over to Richard. The reasons were not the same for all trustees. Loyalty to Louis' ideal, IRS considerations, Richard's personality, an enthusiasm for the work of Jane Goodall and other "ape ladies" probably all played a part.

Afterwards, the whole entourage of trustees, ex-trustees, Mary Leakey, Richard Leakey, and I had lunch together. Subsequently, Richard launched his foundation and has gone on to public acclaim, a popular BBC television series, two best-selling books, and other accolades, all of which he deserves.

I admire the whole Leakey family, including Richard's siblings Phillip and Jonathan. Since Richard had his life saved by receiving a kidney transplant from Phillip, his personality has changed. Now I can understand the urgency with which Richard rather ruthlessly pursued some goals and his arrogant sounding remarks such as, "The only time I go to universities is to lecture to professors." When we met the last time, in Los Angeles, he acknowledged a former abrasiveness. My admiration for him as a scientific administrator is now matched by my liking for him as a person.

In time, I expect that Richard's foundation FROM and the Leakey Foundation will join their common interests. To encourage that, the Leakey Foundation invited a most able trustee, Joan Donner, to serve on its board at the same time that her husband, Robert Donner, serves on the FROM board. I have asked Richard to contribute signed pieces to the Leakey

Foundation News, which he has agreed to do, and he responded with a generous invitation for Gordon Getty and me to join him on a personally conducted tour of his prize sites in the Turkhana and elsewhere in Kenya. All this pleased me and, I hope, would have pleased his father. It has been a rare privilege to know all of the Leakeys.

Was Louis Leakey the last of a breed? Have we ended the era of the lone digger raising funds from a few patrons? Scientific administrators such as his son are the new wave. But there is a backwash to the Leakey style. It's healthy for science to be supported by the wealthy. But some donors do not discriminate and are susceptible to sycophancy as practiced by some scientists from the Medici period on down.

When a scientist has gained public acclaim, he or she may not want to be bound by peer judgments. Louis Leakey never accepted such judgments. To circumvent peer review by the National Science Foundation or the specialized Wenner-Gren Foundation a scientist may establish a personal foundation. Charisma attracts money. It is dispensed at the scientist's will subject only to conscience and the IRS. This attracts criticism.

A variation is the personal foundation – with high-minded goals – set up with an international board of scientists so large that it is financially impracticable for it to meet. This confers respectability and the illusion of accountability. But responsibility is so diluted that the originator can pull all the strings with chimerical results.

The Leakey Foundation, with its annual gathering of its Science and Grants Board, is not operated in the free-wheeling self-fund-raising Louis Leakey style. It honors him by progressing beyond what he personified for his generation.

## ERIC AND OTHER BOOKSELLERS I HAVE KNOWN

*(1952-present)*

ABOUT 5'7", wiry, ten stone in weight, Eric Bonner was always a bundle of energy. One sentence would trip on the last word of its predecessor because he talked as though he were on his last breath and had to change the topic several times in the same flow of words lest it be his last.

I regarded Eric as the quintessence of book dealers. For twenty years, I would pay my annual visit to his half-basement shop in Belsize Gardens in north London. He is gone now, but I can see him as though it were yesterday, standing in the middle of his main room, his hands gesticulating frantically as he pointed excitedly to a mass of books piled on the center table:

"It's terrible. Just terrible. This librarian from Yale insisted that my wife let him in. And now he wants to buy all these books."

His face grew dolorous as his voice almost broke into a sob.

"That is half my new catalog he wants to buy. I won't send him a single book. He wants to ruin my new catalog. What would my customers think? That man" – he sputtered – "that man can't have a single book." And Eric stuck to it. For several years Yale was on his blacklist because of excessive buying. I doubt that my friend Moore Crossey was the cause of Eric's choler. If so, Moore was only doing his buying conscientiously.

A decade before that incident, I remember turning from Eric's bookshelves to say,

"This is a fascinating pamphlet. But how can you charge only 18 shillings, Eric? I've never seen it before."

"Oh, Ned, it is just a little thing. I haven't seen it either but I can't charge more. I suppose some *American* would pay five quid for it. But what would my customers think if I charged that much? You take it, Ned, but not a penny more than eighteen bob."

Once I published an article on "Where to Buy Books on Africa." I gave Eric Bonner praise for his erudition, conscientiousness, and modest prices. He was secretly flattered, his wife told me, but he complained to me,

"Now, why did you do that? Every Tom, Dick and Harry will be coming here. I want only serious collectors."

The mention of Helen Bonner, who often invited me to share supper with her and Eric over the last decade of his life, reminds me that most of his customers thought Eric was a confirmed bachelor. For years he clearly needed someone of some sex to help organize his life. He quite reluctantly allowed Helen, a most congenial and pleasant woman in her forties, to move in on a trial basis. One evening over a pint of bitters at the "local," Eric confided to me, "I'm not sure that marriage and bookselling are congenial." It was clear that for Helen, the African books would be Eric's wife and she could be at best a jealous mistress. But in the end, he came around and became most fond of her. She even persuaded him to acquire a small place in the country and – such extravagance – a motor car in which to drive there. He grumbled about the car, never having owned one until he was past fifty.

Eric never got rich at selling Africana. But in his books he found happiness. Yet it was a toss-up whether his eyes danced with greater excitement in having a rare book than in making someone else happy. I think the balance tilted toward I. a Rochefoucauld's maxim that "we are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite." it is true that Eric sometimes had a seemingly childish delight in the most insignificant book if he had purchased it for a farthing, turned a modest profit,

and made a customer happy. Edward Newton must have been thinking of someone like Eric when he wrote, in *This Book Collecting Game*, "The formula for complete happiness is to be very busy with the unimportant."

Strangely, Eric never visited Africa. He was not of the genre of bookmen who studied the catalogs of rivals to find an underpriced item that he could buy at the trade discount and resell for much more. Thus he did not correspond with the Africana dealers and never traveled, in the words of the old missionary hymn,

Where Africa's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand.

Cornelius Struik was a Cape Town dealer and, for a time, the leading antiquarian in Africa. At my urging he once visited Eric Bonner. But my suggestion proved as practical as dropping a lighted match in a gas tank to see if it were full. Struik wanted to buy out Eric's whole shop, cart it away to South Africa, and mark the prices up 100 percent. The Dutchman was about 6'4" and weighed more than two hundred pounds, so if Eric did not literally throw him up the stairs, they did part without love.

Struik was an interesting man. He had been taken prisoner in Indonesia at the start of World War II and remained a prisoner of the Japanese for almost six years, becoming one of the few survivors of the Burma Railway ordeal made famous in *The Bridge Over the River Kwai*. Struik's weight dropped to some 90 pounds. He remained in Japanese custody for almost a year after the surrender until repatriation could be arranged.

Postwar Holland was crowded with booksellers, so Struik emigrated again, this time to South Africa. I met him when he was assistant manager of the religious H.A.U.M. bookshop in Cape Town, which had a few shelves devoted to secondhand books on Africa. I was living in Stellenbosch then, but frequently, when I was in Cape Town, I had lunch with Struik, and I encouraged him to go into business for himself. Finally

he did so, leasing first a tiny shop and later more spacious premises opposite the South African State Library in Queen Victoria Street. There he had a back room where Africana collectors would gather of a Saturday morning for tea and biscuits.

Struik did me the honor of making his first publication a hardback reprint of 817 pages of my reports on Africa for the American Universities Field Staff. Another Hollander, Dick de Kiewiet, then President of Rochester University and a fine historian of Africa, wrote the introduction, in which he described me as a "successful experiment."

Struik only printed 500 copies – it was his first venture and he risked almost all of his spare capital. Consequently, the book, which came out at about \$20, now brings as much as \$80 at auction as a function of its scarcity and not of its merit.

Gradually, Struik bought up most of the old libraries in the Cape at estate sales, until there were no longer enough old books to meet his growing market both in the shop (now moved to Wale Street) and in his catalogs. He turned more and more to publishing reprints in the Africana field, until today, after his death, his wife and sons have gone out of the rare and secondhand book business and reprint pictorial Africanist. But the old man until his dying day loved to tell visitors around the coffee table how I was responsible for encouraging him on his way to a small fortune.

Struik was succeeded as the leading Africana dealer in South Africa by Robin Fryde in Johannesburg. An old-time book dealer named Frank Thorold had fallen in his last years into the fatal trap of letting the best items be purchased, until his stock was without fresh blooms and held only the dry stalks of picked-over weeds. I bought a few dandelions but there wasn't much to choose from. In the end he did not replenish his best stock because he had no one to carry on for him. However, he had a famous name, which Robin purchased, and today Thorolds is the leading place in the world for books on South Africa.

Robin, while a young lawyer, had made a deal with a small new bookstore in Johannesburg to stock a few shelves with Africana. I made periodic purchases and finally met Robin, who had gradually abandoned the law and moved full time into books.

His partner for many successful years was Rosemary Block. One of my many purchases from Robin and Rosemary was an unsigned Baines painting of Africans assisting a Portuguese gunboat in the Lupata Gorge of the Zambezi River in 1858. It was one of many canvases that Thomas Baines, David Livingstone's storekeeper and accountant, had left at Tete in present-day Mozambique. Somehow it made its way to London where an entrepreneur, more enterprising than scholarly, painted on the names of Harris and Bowler. To Africanists this is as absurd as taking a canvas and signing – in the same hand – Renoir and Picasso. Robin discovered the painting in London, and also found David Livingstone's signature carved on the back of the wood frame, which he had authenticated by the leading British handwriting expert.

Well, I owed Robin some \$4,000 for the painting, which now hangs in my library. As always, I was financially over-extended. Finally, I told Rosemary Block's husband, a Johannesburg lawyer before they emigrated to Australia, that I would trade two acres of land in Swaziland for the painting. I owned the land because on the night of the Swaziland Independence celebration I had become involved in an expensive poker game at the Swaziland Spa. The then American Ambassador, a wealthy Indian businessman from Durban, and a rich Johannesburg stockbroker had, by the small hours of the morning, paid to see too many cards at seven card stud, which left me with the wherewithal to purchase a magnificent piece of ground on the escarpment overlooking Enzulweni Valley. My agent in the capital of Mbabane forgot to pay the taxes and I almost lost the property until Julian Block came along, paid them up and arranged the sale so that his wife and Robin could be paid for the Baines painting.

My confession of how I came to have the property reminds me of the time I was profiled by Jean LeMay in the *Johannesburg Star*. I told her how my first field research in Africa was partially financed by poker winnings when stationed during the war at the Presidio of Monterey in California, and of how a reporter for the *Pasadena Star News* had seized on the fact as a colorful item in her profile. Jean put the same tidbit in her story, but the sub-editor cut it out with the declaration that, "The *Star* is a family newspaper and we can't have a well-known professor admitting that he financed research with poker winnings." Personally, I thought the printed story lacked spice. Jean still reminds me of that when I run into her.

"How does one come to build a library of 30,000 books on such a highly specialized topic as Africa south of the Sahara?" Perhaps it starts with a basic love of books. Love is lust's cousin. Among collectors the stories of book-buying-inspired vices are legion. A friend of mine on the faculty of the University of Chicago Law School was literally divorced because of uncontrollable Africa book-buying.

Books were more important to me as a child than candy. For instance, my present knowledge of the Sepoy Rebellion still depends, perhaps unreliably, on Henry's potted history of India.

Unfortunately, I'm not particularly proud of how I acquired most of my pre-adolescent library of some 500 boys' books. About 10 percent of my classmates at Cossitt primary school came from a Masonic Orphans Home. They were really poor at the bottom of the Great Depression. But they still had boyish wishes to fulfill. I couldn't resist buying books from them for a large sum such as 35 cents, or at a low price of 5 cents if the book wasn't too important. I can't now remember the accession stamps from the Home's library but I'm positive they were there. Just as I know now that I encouraged the children to steal the books and thus deprived other orphans of the chance to read them.

Worse than that, my insatiable desire for books led me to “borrow” the odd dime or quarter from my mother’s change purse. There is often a curious morality – or immorality – about book collectors. I never stole change from my mother to go to the movies or to buy candy. But as is true of many collectors, books blinded my ethical values.

Fortunately, I was never caught – though the lesson might have been one worth learning – and I have long since stopped that type of stealing. It remains only in my purloining telephone books in African hotels for use as reference books in my library. No doubt they could be bought at the telephone company if I were not too lazy or too parsimonious. Writing this down may break me of the habit. On the other hand, I would never think of stealing a hotel ashtray or a towel. Oh no, that would be wrong. Book collectors with champagne tastes and beer pocketbooks make a venal cocktail!

But I haven’t answered the question about building what has been called the finest private library on Africa in the United States. That had an economic rationale. When I was completing my Ph.D. and thinking of teaching positions, few libraries in the United States had even passable holdings on Africa. By deliberately building a strong collection, I felt that I would be able to take a post anywhere and have with me the book tools I needed. This proved to be prescient when Hallet Smith and George Beadle offered me a professorship at Caltech. My one condition was that Caltech provide the space for my “laboratory” and I would provide the equipment – books.

It was ten years before I was able to occupy the superb facilities I now enjoy. Before that my bookshelves were “stepped” with blocks of wood so that they could be three deep. A book without the title at the top of the spine had to be recognized by its color and size if it were to be found. My exultation in 1970 at moving into the generous space allotted to me in a new building was so great that it literally overcame me. I was scheduled to give a key speech at the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. But the total joy of finally getting all

my books organized properly in one place was so great that I became emotionally and physically exhausted and had to cancel the speech.

But after this long digression, back to Eric Bonner and his books. Eric had a German father and an English mother. He spoke fluent German and bought heavily on the continent, but he was always ambivalent about discussing German politics, past and present.

Eric was his own best runner. That is the term for someone without capital who spends the day visiting bookstores – in this case up and down Charing Cross Lane, from Joseph's to Foyle's, looking for a cheap book, running to another dealer to ask if he wants it, and running back to make a few shillings or a pound profit between the seller and the buyer. As he grayed a bit, Eric would occasionally deal with runners, but he mostly preferred to do his own buying in country bookshops. As the colonial days wound down and civil servants retired to the British countryside and eventually passed on, their books would be flogged for a pittance by a widow, to be interred in some country shop until they were resurrected by Eric Bonner.

There is always a new generation coming on, and Eric was succeeded in London by Alan Mitchell. Alan was a bright young chap who lived on the cheap by renting a flat in London's back of beyond, Putney. Fortunately, he was only two blocks from the open-air tube stop, so one could get there easily from the West End. Alan followed Eric by a bookselling generation of twenty years, but had a keener eye for the shilling and eventually rose to his present position as a Director of the famous Francis Edwards antiquarian bookstore in High Street, Marylebone. I bought a fair amount from Alan in his younger, hustling days when turnover was critical and he couldn't leave a valuable book on the shelf like a good wine to age gradually and increase in value.

Not everyone started from the bottom. John Maggs inherited his eminent position in the book trade along with the fam-

ous Maggs Brothers shop at 50 Berkeley Square. Bookstores should ideally be in low-rent buildings, such as Eric's English basement, Alan's spare room in his inexpensive flat, or Robin Fryde's present second-floor shop kitty-corner from the Johannesburg Public Library. The Maggs's three-story shop is too valuable a piece of real estate for mere bookselling, and the interest they would collect on the capital from a sale probably greatly exceeds what they can make even on expensive books. For many years, I would have an occasional leisurely lunch with John's uncle, a real bookman, but it was John who sold me a Sangorski-bound copy of Daniells' *African Scenery and Animals*.

I paid John a thousand quid, or the then equivalent of \$2,800 in the 1950s. Two years ago, I noticed in a Johannesburg paper that a copy had sold for \$30,000. "Whoops," I shouted to myself, and put my copy under my arm the next month when I flew to London. Alas, Sothebys would only put a reserve price of \$12,000 on it if I put it up for auction. Later, in Johannesburg, I found the reason for the discrepancy. It is a beautiful color-plate book and I have a magnificent reproduction of it that came out at \$500 and has since doubled in value. But so far as the original was concerned, a London dealer had been told to "buy it" for a client. The British bookseller and Robin Fryde hooked up in a bidding duel in Cape Town, which the Londoner won for the \$30,000. So I went to the underbidder – Robin. However, when the British dealer took his copy back to London, his client said he had overpaid. The dealer tried to return it to Sothebys, who said "no soap – you pay or else." Finally, rumor has it, the dealer sold the expensive book for a \$5,000 loss. Robin Fryde and I negotiated for a while, bearing in mind he would be seeking a final buyer, and he bought it from me for around \$20,000. If you look at the top price, the barrel was one-third empty – but at my original purchase price it was nearly overflowing. Robin soon sold it at the market price, making the new owner, myself as seller, and Robin's accountant all happy.

Which reminds me of a transaction with the most eminent, quite likely the most expensive, and probably the most knowledgeable antiquarian on the West Coast. Warren Howell succeeded his famous father, John, as proprietor of the exquisite Post Street Bookshop in San Francisco. Many years ago I bought from Warren a document, dated 1510, concerning the purchase of a slave in Africa by Vasco da Gama, and had made other, more modest, purchases over the years.

Again, it was a newspaper item that caught my eye. The famous coin specialists, Spinks, in London had entered the atlas business. They bought at auction a copy of the famous Ortelius Atlas of 1596 for some \$20,000. I immediately looked in my locked bookcase for a copy that had been given to me many years before as a present from a local San Marino lady. The invoice to the buyer on my copy had been \$500. I checked my insurance and found that its value was estimated at \$4,000. Whoops again! The Ortelius has a few Africa maps, but I had no particular interest in the whole Atlas for my library. In fact, a copy of the single Africa map from a “breaking” of Ortelius had been given to me in 1951 when I first visited Caltech by the then Dean of the Faculty, Earnest C. Watson. I had thought at the time that Caltech was a strangely wonderful place when my host welcomed me so thoughtfully with what was then a single rare map valued at about \$100.

Off to the Huntington Library I went with Ortelius under my arm, to compare editions. Mine looked as good as the description of the one Spinks had bought at auction. As in the case of the Daniell, when a book brings an exceptionally high price – and the Daniell set an all-time record for Africana – you look for the underbidder if you want a second sale. I called Warren Howell and he located the German consortium who had been the underbidders in London. What price he worked out with them I have no business knowing, but when he said \$15,000, I said I’ll bring it on the plane tomorrow. Something may have gone awry with the sale. In any event, after I had delivered the book in San Francisco, Warren called me

with an understandable criticism. In the first pages of my Ortelius there was a worm hole, then several pages without it, after which the ancient worm had continued its way. One deduced that somehow the copy had been altered. I had a moment of alarm. If my merchandise was defective, then the buyer had reason to lower the price or return the book.

One always remembers a tale when one proves to have been right. In this instance, I looked up the invoice that had been left in the book when it was presented to me. It included a careful annotation by the bookseller that did not mention the inconsistent worm. I would have been sunk except that the man doing the authentication had signed his name – Warren Howell. When I pointed this out to the buyer, he was every bit the gentleman he is and made no further protest. I doubt if he lost money on the final sale, no matter what protest the German consortium may have made.

Collecting rare and not-so-rare books on Africa has been a preoccupation of mine in the 153 countries or so I have visited at one time or another. Unexpected finds turn up in the oddest places: for example, nineteenth-century photographs of Basutoland in a small bookstore in the sheep country of New Zealand; some marvelous pamphlets in what is now Surinam; papers of a retired missionary from Africa in Fiji; and a cache of Portuguese items on the Chinese mainland at Macao.

I've visited extensively in the Portuguese-speaking world, including Portugal for many sunny holidays, the Azores, Guinea Bissau, Cabinda, São Tomé, those specks of islands in the South Atlantic. During the somewhat perilous flight to São Tomé, I developed huge welts all over my body. "Some terrible tropical disease," seemed a logical conclusion. It wasn't until several days later and after much agonized itching that I realized I had been the feast for a thousand ravenous bedbugs.

But the itches were the least of it when I began poking around in the capital of São Tomé, trying to size up the politics and also to find any odd publications. Naturally, I had with me

the Spanish material from Fernando Po and also some political pamphlets I had picked up in Nigeria. What I didn't know wasn't just about bedbugs. The local Africans were restless. Several of the gardeners at the Governor's palace had soaked the grass and the walls of the mansion with gasoline. They were arrested before the torch was lit, but the Portuguese authorities didn't view the planned internal heating as welcome in such a hot climate.

The lawyer for the defense shared – by chance, I guess but am not sure – my double room at the Pousada. I noticed my typed notes had been handled in my absence. More suspicion of me. Then one night when I left the restaurant to walk back a mile to the Pousada, six or seven athletic young Portuguese insisted, a little forcibly, that they would give me a ride. But the driver immediately headed for the steep rocky cliff overlooking the harbor at São Tomé. My escorts got out and by sign language got me out to do some exercises, such as running and tumbling over each other. I wasn't a very enthusiastic participant. Suddenly my ankles were gripped by two men, my arms by two others and I was given a swing free of charge. They walked as they swung and soon they were on the edge of the precipice. I forgot to mention that they held me prone, so that when I would swing out in a wide arc, I looked down four hundred feet onto the jagged rocks below. Fortunately, no one let go, though if they had I doubt whether anyone would ever have discovered me because no one knew I was within two thousand miles. Back at the Pousada, I heard the first English words as I was let out.

“You'll leave tomorrow?”

I nodded in the affirmative. I don't scare easy, but I do scare.

Thus it was a relief the next noon to be at the end of a long immigration line in Luanda, the capitol of Angola, and to admit to the inspector that I had a passport but no visa for Angola. After all, I had taken the first flight out. I did have a Congo visa, I pointed out, and meant no harm. Down to the police station in a squad car. As I sat in a cell, with the door

open, the local representative of TAP, the airline, bargained with the police chief. Finally, I was allowed to go to a nearby hotel under "house arrest" on condition that I depart for Léopoldville the next morning at six. That night I did not inquire for local bookdealers but stayed in my room listening to the fado in the courtyard.

I started to list Portuguese possessions I had visited. The other ones include Mozambique, Goa when it was independent from India, and Macao. But I have left out Timor, although twice I have made airline reservations to include it on a China trip. The chances of finding books on Africa on Timor aren't zero. Colonial civil servants moved around. In a door-to-door survey in Goa, I found that every third household had a member who lived or had lived in Africa. And at one stage elephantine Mozambique was governed from mouse-size Goa.

The unexpected is normal when you search for books. When I first went to Nigeria in 1948, I had met the famous Nnamdi Azikwe, then an anticolonialist editor of the *West African Pilot*, and one day to be President of Nigeria. My introduction to "Zik" was through my friend Mbonu Ojike, a friend at the University of Chicago with whom I once traveled in the South, where he wore a turban to designate that he was a "foreign" black.

The next time I saw Zik was in the fourth basement of a bookshop in Zurich. I was on my hands and knees on the grimy cement floor when I heard what I took to be a rat scratching at a book in the next aisle. I got up and looked around the end of the next row of dusty books. It was the President of Nigeria, also on his knees, trying to see the lowest shelf. He, too, knew that hit-and-miss collectors will often pick the eyes out of the top shelves of a secondhand store but leave real gems unmined on the less convenient lower shelves.

Speaking of cellars, the next time Zik and I met was at the Cellar Book Shop on Wyoming Avenue in Detroit. This used to be the best place in the United States, next to Robert Gold-

water's in New York and Allen's in Philadelphia, for Africa books. The name must have dated from an earlier incarnation, since The Cellar was on the second story and its wooden floor was clean. Zik remarked on this occasion, "We seem to be upgrading our surroundings. What have you found?"

By chance, the last time we met was in the elegant office of a famous publisher in London. The three of us had a scrumptious lunch from gold plates set on fine linen, washed down by the best of French wines. Our host's superb collection of West African books and pamphlets was displayed on gleaming shelves. Among his business acquisitions was the venerable weekly paper *West Africa*, long edited by my mutton-chopped friend David Williams. When the publisher walked thirty feet in his handsome wood-paneled office to answer one of his telephones, Zik whispered, opening his palm as he turned toward the row of bookcases, "It shows what money can buy."

The prices the publisher had paid were exceptionally high. When I told Eric Bonner about the lunch over a pint in his pub, he made all sorts of wry faces. "Kind of chap who ruins the business," he said disapprovingly. You would have thought Eric would be delighted at the sharp rise in the prices of Africana from *West Africa* that followed the creation of new universities. In a market of limited supply, orders for four copies of a book can drive the price to highs that are treble a long-prevailing level. This phenomenon for *West Africa* in the 1950s was duplicated for East and Central Africa in the 1960s.

If most of my friends among booksellers are abroad, it is because most rare books on Africa reside abroad. But this is a truism: the more books you have on a topic, the less surprised you are to find something new. Thus it was in the Heritage Bookstore on La Cienega in Los Angeles that I found some Albert Schweitzer letters. I had visited the famous theologian at Lambaréné in the French Congo, and have always been amazed at his great nineteenth-century mind. He

once wrote that he had a low opinion of African intelligence. Another of his more racist-seeming remarks was when, before World War II, he said that blacks couldn't drive trucks. The assertion did not anticipate the role of West African truck drivers on the Burma Road. So I have had an eye out for what the great theologian and Bach organist might have said about African capacities in private letters. Heritage had a lot of Schweitzer letters for me to examine on approval, but none that bore on my point.

Unsuccessful visits to booksellers are the rule. Perhaps that is why one treasures the personality of the antiquarian; there is at least a human reward for the time and effort of a visit. That brings to mind a recent dinner of the Zamorano Club of rare book collectors in Los Angeles. One of the regulars is the 84 year-old dean of rare book men on the West Coast, Jake Zeitlin. His young assistant was also present that night, and I asked him about a visit I had made to Jake Zeitlin's red barn on La Cienega. I had called that Saturday morning about an item in Jake's beautiful catalog, and had made an appointment for four in the afternoon. When I arrived at the back door, only Jake was still on the premises. In his back room, he leaned back in a chair, his white hair forming a halo around his pink face, and regaled me with stories. Finally, without haste, he came to the point of my visit, a rare book on medicine in Sierra Leone.

"It is in the safe," he motioned to a huge steel antiquarian safe behind me, "but my eyes are too old to see the combination. Would you mind working it for me?"

I was flattered, and clumsily followed the numbers as he called them out, trying not to remember them and feeling a bit nervous. I supposed that if the book I sought was worth \$400, then all the other books I saw as I swung open the heavy door, must total up to several hundred thousand. As it turned out, what had appeared to be a different edition of the Sierra Leone book was exactly what I had purchased years earlier in Amsterdam for much less.

So when I recounted the anecdote that evening for some of the antiquarians – both in age and in book interests – I asked Jake’s assistant, “Does he do that often? It certainly impresses a customer.”

“Not too often,” the young man replied with a smile. “He must have thought particularly well of you that day to give you the full treatment.” Even if I were part of a charade, it was an honor to be in it.

Speaking of money, it is curious in a way that if you are a visitor to London, you can’t go into an expensive jewelry store and walk out without paying for a \$25 trinket. But if you look respectable, you might well walk out of a bookstore with \$1,000 worth of books on approval. This distinction isn’t as sharp as it was several decades ago, but the difference remains clear: in jewelry you may get hustlers, in books you do find “gentle people.”

Part of the reason is obviously resalability. Books are eminently traceable. So are pictures; hence a stolen old master is more likely to be ransomed than sold through a fence. This attribute of books made one bookman come a cropper. For many years I had dealings with this famous antiquarian dealer on Bond Street. He was a fastidious dresser. Once when he invited me to go to the Derby, I had to rush to the famous Moss Brothers to be fitted out with the proper attire, including a top hat. He was a good bookman, though his prices were high. I never complain about prices. Either I take the book and pay or I decline. I may bargain for 10 percent as an old customer, but am never so arrogant as to imply that I know as much about a bookseller’s business as he does.

The dapper gentleman to whom I refer, who would not have looked out of place in the House of Lords, volunteered to organize a collection of books donated to a famous girls’ school for their endowment. My friend volunteered to do all the pricing and collating of the books. The sale did splendidly. But one old lady who had sent in a somewhat dog-eared volume noticed that it had not been included in the sale. Alas, the

bookman had decided to pay himself a generous commission of \$8,000 by purloining the missing volume and selling it privately for his own account. He was sentenced by a Judge and disbarred from the Antiquarian Association. I still buy from his old firm, however.

Although ethics in the book business are generally high, the morality of illegal "rings" damages the reputation of honest antiquarians. I was myself the foolish victim of one of them at a house sale in Sussex. In its simplest form, half a dozen dealers agree not to bid against each other. Thus a book worth \$500 may be sold for \$100. Occasionally an interloper such as I may bid, and then the ring goes to almost any price to make him lose. Afterward, the ring members repair to a tavern a discreet distance away and begin the "knock out." All of the buyers are paid off in the amount of their low purchase price and a true auction is then held. The difference between the original total and the "knock out" total may run into thousands of pounds. This sum is then distributed among the dealers. A dealer may therefore make a tidy sum without ever buying a book. But an outsider such as I was made to pay dearly that day. Although I suspected shenanigans, I wasn't sophisticated enough to see through them. So I overpaid for the two books they threw me like bones to a hungry dog, and watched other books go for a song.

Since then, when I have been spotted at an occasional auction, it has been intimated that I might like to join a ring. I never have, but I must admit that I have been tempted. Larceny in acquiring a rare book is different from profiting from a plot.

Trust is a street that runs both ways. I've certainly learned to have great trust in booksellers. But I must relate one incident that proves the exception to the rule. At one stage, to clear our overflowing bookshelves of duplicates, temporarily ranged along both sides of my garage, I let out word that they were for sale as a collection. The antiquarian booksellers were meeting in Los Angeles, and a book dealer with whom I had

dealt in England took time off from the gathering to see my duplicates. He was ecstatic and made a reasonable offer. I accepted and said I would pay for the shipping if he would pay for the insurance. "Oh, no, I don't want them insured. Send them in canvas mail bags by book post."

That evening McBlain, a dealer from Iowa, came to see the books. He, too, was ecstatic and offered a considerable increase in price over the offer I had accepted from the British dealer. I reminded my Iowa friend that I had told him the books had been sold but he was welcome to look at them because he might want to buy certain ones from the new owner. McBlain called the next morning to see if there had been a change of heart. Later in the day, I visited the British purchaser at his stand at the Book Fair at the Ambassador Hotel and found him still firmly committed and almost rubbing his hands with glee over his acquisition.

Apparently, back in England, his attitude changed. I don't know whether his partners were not as enthusiastic or whether cash had run short, but he didn't want to make good on his purchase. He entered a claim through the Antiquarian Association that some of the mailbags had never arrived. I told the arbiter that the buyer had insisted he wanted no insurance and that I was sorry. And, indeed, I was sorry until he issued a catalog featuring duplicates from "The Munger Africana Library." The books had been placed in canvas bags in alphabetical order. I had an agent purchase books from the catalog that were in bags that had been alleged to be missing. In fact, none was missing. Eventually, I was paid. In spite of this lone unhappy experience, however, my faith in rare book sellers remains almost boundless!

Still, the ethical issues are not always easy. It is never "fair" to a dealer who has invested many long years in learning his business to give of his knowledge gratis. When a grieving widow ignorant of books asks, "How much is it worth?" The honest dealer can only offer his price and say, "You might get more elsewhere." But the elsewhere may involve a lot of tedi-

ous traveling and some expense. The usual answer is "I'll take it."

There is a wonderful old bookstore in Moorija in Lesotho that has been part of a press operated by the Paris (Protestant) missionaries in Lesotho since the middle of the last century. One snowy day in this mountain kingdom, I was let into the back storeroom. It was without heat and the floor was cold and wet from the snow that had been tramped in. I couldn't find the books – a few years old – that I was seeking. But from the wet floor I picked up what were to me almost priceless pamphlets of the last sixty years. Several of them had acquired my dirty footprints before I realized what they were. I carefully gathered them up, along with a map of the country dated 1912, and took them to the front counter of the bookstore. "How much?" I asked.

"Oh, these are all odds and ends and out-of-stock stuff. How about ten pounds?" I would have paid a hundred. "And this map?" I asked. "That is way out of date, but if you want it take it along, no charge."

Was I morally right in not saying, "These materials are worth a lot of money, more than I can pay?" It is a rare book collector who has such compassionate blood in his veins.

That is a good thought on which to end this remembrance of Eric and other booksellers. Of collecting there is no end nor of the stories about collectors. Carlyle saw books as both the "soul of the past and the university of the present." And yet I can be learning from books only so long. Africa calls me every six months. In his essay on the ignorance of the learned, William Hazlitt caught my feelings: "A mere scholar, who knows nothing but books, must be ignorant even of them."

Have I read all my 30,000 books on sub-Saharan Africa? What a foolish question. Have *you* used every word in your dictionary? But when you need a book on a special topic, that is not necessarily the propitious time to try to find it! And especially not without friends like Eric Bonner.

## OLE

(1977-present)

THROUGHOUT MY LIFE, I've been concerned with race, both in America and in Africa. In my college days, as an organizer of the Committee on Racial Equality and as president of the campus NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People), the thrust was illegal discrimination against black Americans.

In colonial Africa, it was discrimination against Africans by their European overlords. In South Africa, racial problems continue to be extremely complex and dangerous.

But racial problems are by no means solved in the United States. I'm working as a member of the Educational Committee of the Pasadena NAACP Board to try to lessen the local dropout rate, which appears to be 40 percent for black students between seventh grade and high school graduation. This situation has tragic consequences for the individual and for the greater society.

While I believe that blacks should have affirmative action to compensate for past discrimination, I do not support well-meaning whites and blacks who promote blacks (including Africans) whether they are qualified or not. I particularly abhor such attitudes when they are rooted in the conviction attributed to former President Nixon that, "American blacks were genetically inferior to whites."\*

Such condescension arises in the education of my friend Tepelit Ole Saitoti. Ole (meaning son of) appears especially exotic

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\* John Ehrlichman, *Witness to Power* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1982), p. 223.

to Americans. He is a Maasai – the warrior race in East Africa who live on cow's milk and cow's blood. A noble people fighting for survival.

Ole has been a great success on television and in lectures in promoting the cause of African conservation in America. His abundant charm has led him to financial success and many friendships.

But there is another side to his years in America that is less salubrious. The reason is racism. Should some blacks be held to lower standards than, say, Chinese students? Ole Saitoti may have been misled by American education and institutions. Some extremely well-meaning people disagree with this judgment and have themselves contributed to it in a spirit of condescension. The issue, which aroused the conscience of white Americans in the years when Ole was being educated, appears to be resolved in favor of absolute standards wrapped in empathy and compassion.

Saitoti was born thirty years ago and says that he received the traditional rearing of Maasai children. He tended cattle, sheep, and goats and worked around the kraal. He departed from the norm at age eight when his father, who had fifty-seven children and seven wives the last time Ole counted, sent him to school.

I have never inquired as to Ole's mother's origins lest it be impolite. But the sociology of siblings among the Maasai is fascinating. Ole appears to draw half his genes from a Bantu parent and half from a Nilotic one. The Maasai are Nilotic. This shorthand appears to confuse the linguistic term "Bantu" with a physical type. But if you know East Africa you know what I am saying. Suffice it to remark that Ole is quite black in countenance compared with the copper-red hue of most Maasai, such as those siblings of his I have seen in photographs.

This is not uncommon among the Maasai. For generations they made successful cattle raids against the darker-skinned Kikuyu and allied peoples and often brought home Kikuyu wives. I mention this only because I have found Ole defensive

about his “Maasainess” and can ascribe no other reason.

When Ole completed the four years of his one-room bush primary school, he returned to his family and went through the rites of a traditional warrior (*morani*) for two years. He tells in varying detail how when he was defending his father’s cattle one night he speared a lion that attacked him. Among the Maasai this is like winning a high school sports letter in America, though possibly more hazardous.

In 1967 Ole joined the Tanzania National Parks Service and became a local ranger and guide. The event that was destined to change his life came when after four uneventful years, Ole was selected as the “star” of the National Geographic Society film, *Man of the Serengeti*. It is an excellent film, and was made all the more entertaining and educational by having a single photogenic Maasai as the hero of various episodes.

As a result of the filming, Ole was given a chance to study German at the Goethe Institute in Germany. He didn’t complete the course or have a command of German. But he was given a certificate of proficiency, he tells me. Was it condescension that he was treated differently at the Goethe Institute because he is a Maasai?

Ole’s introduction to German was interrupted by the need for his services in narrating the Serengeti film in Los Angeles. Who can blame a young man who is offered a trip to the United States and the chance to be paid for his work?

Ole’s exposure to the world of Europe and America created a commendable thirst for education. Well-meaning friends helped him to enroll in Emerson College in Boston, where, after four years, he was given a Bachelor of Arts degree in English. His principal mentor, John Blackwell, speaks enthusiastically about the many friends that Ole made in Boston, about the remarkable adaptation he made to a drastically different cultural milieu from the one he knew as a boy, and of his academic progress.

Neither Ole nor I can measure whether his degree was based upon “progress” or “attainment” and to what extent he

may have been "humored." Certainly, I would not expect Ole to refuse a college degree any more than most Americans would refuse, even if they did happen to suspect they had not met all the qualifications. The moral that I am drawing is that slow accretions of goodwill create misperceptions.

Greatly encouraged by his progress through academe, Ole aspired to higher honors. He was proud that as a Maasai he was excelling in the academic world. His well-intentioned friends helped him become a graduate student at the University of Michigan.

I was delighted when I first made contact with Ole Saitoti. His application for a Baldwin Fellowship included enthusiastic letters of recommendation by his mentors along the line. These Fellowships reflected my personal concern that archaeology had long been in a politically parlous state in eastern and southern Africa because its practitioners were almost exclusively white.

After considerable discussion, I made a suggestion to a charming 80-year-old lady, Elizabeth O'Connor, as to how she might honor the memory of her first husband. Mr. Baldwin had struggled through hard times in the depression. Together they finally made a small fortune which Betty did not want to leave to her second husband. The Baldwin Fellowships were established for the graduate education in the United States of aspiring African archaeologists. The bequest now totals more than \$600,000, yielding \$40,000 annually to support the program. These fellowships have made possible Ph.D.s and field research for Africans from Kenya, Tanzania, Malawi, Zambia, Togo, Somalia, Ethiopia, South Africa, and Nigeria.

Ole Saitoti is interested in the somewhat peripheral field of ecology. When he applied for a fellowship with the strong imprimatur of the University of Michigan, I was delighted to support it. I must confess to a special pleasure in reading an application from a Maasai. It should make me tolerant of those I feel have gone overboard in their enthusiasm for Ole -

sometimes to his detriment, in my opinion.

After he received his Master of Science degree in 1977, Ole came to my office for a visit. I liked him immediately. He has a charming manner. We talked about all kinds of East African issues. He left me a copy of his thesis to see what suggestions I could make for possible publication.

After he left and I settled down to read it as an editor, my first impression was that the American educational system had taken Ole for a ride. Or that Ole had taken the system for a ride! It was clear to me that the degree in English wasn't worth the parchment it was lettered on. The thesis was terrible. The writing was poor and ungrammatical. The historical references were botched. The reasoning was muddy and the exposition little more than superficial rhetoric. Was it his fault? Not really. If you give a student an A, the student had a right to think that he did A work. Ole had thanked professors for their assistance and they had accepted his work as meeting the standards of the University of Michigan.

For me the discreet course would have been to keep still and chalk up a victory for condescension. But this bothered me. In truth there is nothing so terribly remarkable about a Maasai obtaining a western education. There are several truly able Maasai Ph.D.s from first-class universities. If I were an educated African, I would find this double standard of condescension somewhat insulting.

Dr. David Western, a highly respected ecologist in Nairobi, who at Ole's and my request spent a lot of time trying to help Ole as a sponsor, comments:

Maasai do feel it when a double standard is applied to the Maasai. They feel that they can make it on their own merits without special concessions by the whites. Ole encountered resentment from African staff at the University of Nairobi because of this. Lecturers there clearly appreciated that he had ridden through the United States on a series of special concessions and they did not regard his degrees as valid. It was the great "put on" that so obviously put them off.

I drafted a letter to the Dean of Graduate Studies in Ann Arbor, raising the issue of their standards being lowered when it came to black students. Perhaps they did this for all foreign students? In the end I chickened out and didn't take the chance of raising a ruckus.

Later, I did make inquiries of the Director of Admissions at Michigan and of the faculty. Ole Saitoti's degree was in the School of Natural Resources, which has four main sections. His area was "Behavior and Environment," and was headed by Professor William Stapp. Dr. Stapp was working in Paris when Ole was accepted at Ann Arbor, but soon got to know him and apparently devoted considerable thought and time to Ole's career.

Dr. Stapp makes a number of points regarding Ole's time at Michigan.

In the first place, Dr. Stapp emphasized that with his Maasai background, Ole brought a diversity and richness of experience to the behavior program that was of great and continuing benefit to other students, particularly to Americans without experience of foreign societies.

Second, Dr. Stapp looks philosophically at foreign students (or any student) at Michigan and tries to gauge where they stand academically and how their learning can be enhanced. He feels confident, and I'm sure he is right, that in two years at Michigan, Ole Saitoti broadened and deepened his educational experience. Dr. Stapp points out that many students complete a Master's within one year but that Ole spread his courses over two years. Dr. Stapp made it clear that "no double standard was applied" and that all students require a 3.0 or B average for graduation.

Considering my disappointment on finally reading the master's thesis replete with truly egregious errors, I asked Dr. Stapp about it.

He was immediately concerned that I might have seen copies of the "original thesis" before the department had been able to make improvements in spelling, grammar, citations, and other tidying up.

It strikes me as unusual to emphasize the value that a foreign student has for the other graduate students, but it was clear to me that Dr. Stapp is both well qualified in his field and is concerned about Ole Saitoti.

A digression is in order if one is to criticize a graduate thesis in the United States. Having made a point about the weakness of the thesis, it is only fair to set it against the background of theses throughout most of the academic world. I have read doctoral dissertations at Oxford and at the University of London which I found disgraceful. There are also brilliant theses. Every five years, through the Munger Africana Library, I run a prize contest for the best theses on Africa and award \$500 to the best entrants. But the American minimum standard is shocking.

To its great credit, the Department of Geography at the University of Chicago still requires that its doctoral dissertations be published. This is valuable for the candidate, as I found out myself. But the greatest pressure is not on the student. No, it is on the faculty! If every thesis in which the student extravagantly thanked his academic mentors for their help were published, it would do more than deplete the Canadian forests; it would deplete respect for higher education. But I know from the University of Chicago that if a professor, and I include myself, knows that colleagues – even a dozen – around the world are going to read a thesis you supervised, you set yourself considerably higher standards.

So my criticism of Ole's thesis and of my raised eyebrows at Dr. Stapp's defense of it, is not from a holier-than-thou position. However, when you have to decide to give funding to one student, such as Ole, for an expensive research project and to deny others research support, then the rigor of the ideas in the thesis is germane.

Granted all that, I tried something with Ole that one rarely undertakes. The next time Ole came in we had a long heart-to-heart talk. My thoughts were that he should accept all that was given to him, to continue in his successful career

within the American system, while understanding precisely where he really stood.

The analogy I used was of a young man with many admiring supporters with great confidence in him. But if his supporters told him that he had such great gifts of flight that he could launch himself from a 40-story building and flap his wings and fly to earth, he should think twice before taking off.

“Ole, you are doing fine. But if you don’t appreciate how and why you have gotten so far, you could be setting yourself up for a disastrous crash.”

He listened intently as I explained my perception. But then he asked:

“Friends tell me that I must publish my thesis, it is so good. You said you would help me with it.”

I told him that the thesis was unpublishable as it stood, and in my judgment it should not have been accepted on academic grounds. But I explained the ethical difference between getting outside help on a thesis, which is not normally allowed, and being given editorial assistance for a monograph. Perhaps feeling some guilt for having been so harsh in my warning, I agreed to edit the manuscript for him and to publish a section of it in my *Munger Africana Library Notes*.

With his encouragement, I heavily edited the manuscript, queried him on various points, and incorporated his answers in the text. Ole knows a lot about the Maasai and the Serengeti from the vantage point of a primary school leaver and a ranger. I corrected his quotations, straightened out his footnotes, and published an honest account by him entitled: *A Maasai Looks at the Ecology of Maasailand*. Whether his ideas are right or wrong does not vitiate the title. He gave his views. The publication is a modest contribution to knowledge.

Up to this point the influence of American institutions on Ole Saitoti grades out as a large plus. His contributions to the cause of conservation in Africa, his concern for the survival of the Maasai, and his contributions to broadening the horizons of fellow students are all positive. So, too, were the many lec-

tures he gave which entertained and informed Americans. If there was an element of generosity in Ole's academic progress, who was really hurt? The only strong objections I heard came from Africans who had battled through and won their degrees and resented what they perceived as a lessened standard. But the balance for Ole and for conservation was clearly positive. The one catch was if Ole Saitoti believed all the encomiums heaped upon him.

Buoyed by the success of his first publication, understandably proud of his degrees, and with the praise of his well-meaning friends echoing in his ears, Ole returned to Nairobi. Soon he had conceived a study of the whole Maasai ecosystem that would provide the answers to the future of his people. A laudable ambition. To start with he decided that he needed \$20,000 to study the Serengeti, \$5,000 of which he requested from the Leakey Foundation. I do not fault Ole for making the request. If fault is to be found it is with the funding institutions.

Ole's request posed a dilemma for me. On the one hand, I have always supported African scholars. But on the other hand, Ole Saitoti was no scholar. I opposed the grant. Several lay trustees, much taken with Ole's genuine charm, and acting out of the purest of motives in wanting to help such a nice young man, took umbrage at my objections. I compromised to the extent of two caveats: that he have an experienced researcher to oversee his work, and that he acquire a formal affiliation with an African University. Otherwise, I argued, you are making a fool of the Foundation and are setting Ole up for a disaster.

In taking this position, I tried to recall the counsel I had received from various black Americans over the years. My earliest such mentor in these matters was Claude A. Barnett, the publisher of the Associated Negro Press. Claude and his wife, Etta Moten Barnett, were steadfast friends over the years. Etta had been one of the original stars of *Porgy and Bess* and I had nominated her successfully to the board of the African American Institute.

Claude did a lot to educate black America on the admirable aspects of Africa and worked tirelessly against colonial domination. In 1948, when I returned from field work in Liberia, they invited me to speak to an entirely black audience. Together we tried to educate this group of leading citizens of Chicago's South Side that Africa was not all jungle inhabited by Tarzans and savages. Claude was always sympathetic to individual Africans in their aspirations. But he always drilled in to me that in the end they must meet established standards. One of our best discussions concerning Africans took place in Accra, Ghana, in 1958.

I particularly remembered also a long conversation in my Pasadena home with Roy Wilkins in April 1964, when I was cochairman of the Friends of the Caltech Y and we had invited him as a "Leader of America" to spend a few days on campus. My attitude toward Ole probably has the virtues and the vices of Roy Wilkins' somewhat pedantic approach. Wilkins was then 64 and of the old school. Some young white reporters referred to him sarcastically as the leading fighter for *Negro* rights. Roy was also a man for legality. This trait characterizes the NAACP. Roy opposed any concessions based purely on race. But he would have been sympathetic to Ole. Even in 1964 he complained to me about "Black" leaders who wanted to advance their people by ripping off society.

I cannot say that I felt easy with the caveats I insisted on applying to Ole's possible grant. Too many times in colonial Africa, I had suspected white officials of viciously denying some advance to an African on spurious grounds of "standards." Was I not being guilty of the same sin?

Ole's charm triumphed over my standards. Or perhaps it was racist condescension on the part of the others? Anyway, while I was on a trip to Africa, the National Geographic and the New York Zoological Society came through with grants and Ole got a mentor in Nairobi. The Leakey Foundation went along with the grant, even though neither the University of Nairobi nor the University of Dar-es-Salaam in Tanza-

nia would give him an academic home. The fact that his academic peers appeared to want no part of the project concerned me.

But I had been chicken. Instead of using my own judgment that Ole was simply not qualified to undertake the study from a theoretical, administrative, or writing point of view, I had failed to transfer responsibility to his African peers.

It gives me no satisfaction that Ole proved he was not competent to carry out the project. I have seen nothing on paper. The grant is gone. The sponsor in Nairobi confessed to failure to control expenditures.

A year passed before I could find an explanation for what happened, beyond my own judgment that the American educational system had not prepared Ole for his research project and that three responsible funding organizations had imprudently ignored these facts in backing him.

Dr. David Western, whom I have quoted, known to his friends as Jonah, had agreed to become Ole's sponsor in East Africa. Jonah is British by birth but has lived for many years in East Africa where he has been a keen student of ecology. He was elected to the Leakey Foundation's Science and Grants Committee with the highest recommendations, including those of his employer, the New York Zoological Society.

In the fall of 1981, when I broached the subject of Ole Saitoti to Jonah, he reacted with both sadness and anger. He felt that the strong recommendations from faculty members at the University of Michigan and the award of a Master's Degree were something he could rely on for a certain level of academic quality. As Jonah says, "I have worked with many African graduate students and have had excellent and sometimes superb results. I had no reason to expect anything else from Ole until I read his thesis. Then I knew I was in trouble. After he was turned down by the University in Dar-es-Salaam [even though he had the funding promised for his research], I tried to help him at the University of Nairobi. But he seemed to antagonize every department he approached.

“Although I had agreed to his urgent request that I be his sponsor, I soon found that I could not be responsible for his personal life. How he spent the money was his responsibility, and I so informed the Leakey Foundation.”

Jonah went on to explain that part of the problem was Saitoti's lack of standing among the Maasai. Each age set had a “warrior spokesman,” a *laigwenani*. He cannot dictate but he is a leader. Saitoti tried but failed to obtain backing from the one Cabinet Minister in Tanzania who is a Maasai, Ole Saibull.

One does not have to be a *laigwenani* to have standing in Maasai society. When Ole returned to East Africa from his American years, there were already a number of prominent Maasai spokesmen connected with wildlife. Maasai actually *dominate* the top wildlife posts in Tanzania. Ole Saibull, ex-Minister of Natural Resources, a former director of the National Parks, and the Conservator of Ngorongoro are examples. Another Tanzanian is Ole Konchallah, Director of their National Parks.

In Kenya, just to dispel the idea that Ole Saitoti went home as the only Maasai savior, Daniel Sindiyo is Director of the Wildlife Fund and Professor at Nairobi; William Ole Ntimama is Chairman of the Narok County Council and Director of the Governor's Camp Wildlife Lodge.

One could mention other Maasai who have succeeded on merit in prominent posts in the wildlife field. Almost all of them view Ole Saitoti as an unqualified upstart when there are dozens of Maasai with better credentials struggling for recognition.

Not only did Americans (and to some extent I include myself) not take full cognizance of these facts, but Ole Saitoti himself was not clearly aware. That was part of the great culture shock encountered when he returned home from his long American sojourn. There wasn't a satisfactory role for him. Dr. Western observed:

“The real tragedy for Ole is that his case falls apart by the very standards he himself set. While he plays professional

Maasai in the U.S., his carefully cultivated Maasainess cuts no ice among professionally qualified Maasai and other African professionals. Many are at the top doing precisely what Ole Saitoti has convinced liberal Americans and himself that he is *uniquely* qualified to accomplish.”

I had asked Saitoti to get in touch with Dr. Richard Musangi, then Dean of Agriculture at the University of Nairobi and a friend whom I expected would be sympathetic and helpful. Ole didn't have a chance to do this. Richard had strong feelings on the whole matter of the Leakey grant to Saitoti. He strongly decries what he sees as the unnecessary application of double standards to African academics as a form of racism. Dr. Musangi is a mild-mannered and thoughtful scholar, but he used stronger language than I had ever before heard from him in criticizing the Saitoti grant and the fact that he, Musangi, as a Leakey trustee was not properly consulted.

There must be another side to this stream of criticism. A black American friend who knows the whole story has great admiration for Ole Saitoti as a “street fighter,” just as so many immigrants to America have had to be in order to survive. And an articulate street fighter has answers. According to David Western, Saitoti's answers are:

- Leading Maasai are jealous of his success in America.
- Dr. David Western is a typical colonialist and racist, who wanted Ole to fail.
- Dr. Musangi, though not a Kikuyu, works closely with the Kikuyu establishment who are always anti-Maasai.

To Ole's great credit, he feels badly about the academic fiasco. So far he has paid back \$2,500 of the \$5,700 advanced to him by the Leakey Foundation. He says that he will gradually pay back all of it in dribs and drabs from lecture fees. Am I being honest with myself when I say that the repayment will be good for his character?

I have come to believe that Ole will continue to be successful in playing the system. He is a games player. Thrown

by no choice of his own into sophisticated Western society with a minimum of tools except his "Maasainess," he is a successful survivor in my opinion.

Ole is "the author" of a truly handsome and educational art book entitled *Maasai*, for which Carol Beckwith has produced some exceptional color photographs. If Ole wrote the text unaided, I'll eat it and the coffee table under it as well! But it is an impressive book and is an alternate selection of the Book of the Month Club. In contributing some ideas and his name to the book, Ole has made a positive contribution to better American understanding of his people and their concerns.

The Maasai do need educated people to help them in their fight for survival. But they need to be led from the basis of genuine knowledge. Ole sincerely wants to help. Are his white friends his greatest barrier to achieving qualifications? Africans seem to see through his presently shaky qualifications. Some American blacks also see through them but others are mesmerized by the rhetoric.

I hold no brief for the "noble warrior" syndrome that wants to keep the Maasai as some anthropological museum piece for the edification of tourists. The Tanzanian government has already gone too far in that direction by exempting the Maasai from some of the "westernizing" laws that apply to other peoples in Tanzania.

Ole says he wants to serve the Maasai, but first he wants to write his autobiography. I don't think he wants to go back again and I believe the Maasai would choose better qualified leaders if he did go back. But am I being paternalistic? It is an ugly word to me. I do not presume to "know best" for him. On the other hand, I have a visceral feeling that to substitute race for merit would be an insult to thousands of talented Africans.

And yet, one must admire Ole for being, in the vernacular, so "streetwise." His contributions to better American understanding are genuine. The African folk tale of Anansi the spider suggests that persistence pays. The story of Brer Rabbit

is tribute to a certain degree of play-acting.

Ole Saitoti is a master in the art of charisma. While I can fault him for refusing to return the jeep to the New York Zoological Society when asked to do so by Dr. George Schaller, on the grounds that he had to sell it to pay for round-trip airfare to America and other expenses, I do so in more sadness than reproach.

On the one hand, America has idolized Ole Saitoti. He has had enthusiastic supporters all along the way and the letters of recommendation from important people are impressive. He gives highly entertaining lectures with – as one enthusiast puts it – “absolutely magnificent slides of the Maasai.” Someone who knows Ole quite well and is empathetic has concluded:

“When Ole returned to Kenya after virtually six years of being lionized in America, and being told how he was such an exceptional and talented man, Ole must have had a great culture shock going *back into African society* where he had almost no standing.”

Well, if the snows of Mount Kilimanjaro that overlook much of the traditional Maasai lands produced a shower of cold water for the returning hero, it would explain his overoptimism as to his own research capabilities and the dissolution of the research funds.

I think that the American educational system and foundations have “ripped off” Ole Saitoti. Fortunately, he has the self-confidence and courage to survive.

Also talent. Recently, Ole appeared on a television interview program with an acquaintance of mine, Professor Keith Berwick of UCLA. Keith is a kind man and usually quite perceptive. Maybe he meant it when he explored Ole Saitoti’s psyche as “a man of letters.” He kept saying throughout the program how much Ole wants to go back and devote his life to serving his people. That is what Americans believe virtually all Africans who study in this country should do – and therefore want to do. Isn’t this view a little paternalistic?

On Keith's program, Ole leans into the camera and says poignantly that he must save the wildlife of the Serengeti. Never mind that the Maasai don't seem to want him as a spokesman, or that Dr. Western believes him to be professionally unqualified, the statement fits an American ethos. In the study I edited for Ole, he concludes, "If the wildlife vanishes so will the Maasai culture."

More recently, I'm told by his fans that he has "great" talent as a writer of fiction. I have read some of his fiction and have come to the opposite conclusion. It will certainly not surprise me if a novel appears about the Maasai with Ole Saitoti as the author. My experience with Ole has strengthened my resolve not to make grants to applicants who appear destined to fail. One does the grantee a disservice. We were wrong to make the Leakey grant to study the Serengeti. But we have made a contribution by presenting Ole Saitoti to audiences where his personal knowledge and flair for public relations has enhanced American appreciation of African conservation.

After our mutual trials and tribulations, I hope that both Ole Saitoti and American institutions realize that his forte is not scholarship, but that he has a worthwhile and satisfying role to play in America for which he is uniquely qualified.

## CHARLEY

(1965-present)

CHARLES HOSEWELL McGRUDER III is running through life as though he had caught its kickoff deep in the end zone. His eyes are always downfield to the goal line of his ambition, even when he has been forced into some lateral open-field running.

Charley enrolled as a freshman at Caltech in 1961, the year after I moved to the campus. I have felt close to many students over the ensuing years. None have I felt closer to nor admired more than Charley.

The Registrar's Office does not keep records as to race, but the registrar, Dr. Lyman Bonner, says that when Charley graduated on schedule in 1965, "He was, as far as we know, the first black American to enter as a freshman and complete a B.S. degree at the Institute."

There had been several black Ph.D.'s before Charley and several black undergraduates who didn't complete a Caltech degree or who were transfer students. But Charley was a first\*.

"Why" the question bursts for an answer, "was the 'first' as late as 1965?" As Bonner says, "No one was conscious of Caltech being a racist institution. We took the best students who applied. In the 1920s and 1930s we were much more parochial than when Charley enrolled. In 1929 a substantial number of

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\*The first black graduate was Grant Venerable, who transferred from the southern campus of the University of California in 1929 at age 25 after having attended half a dozen institutions. At age 73, Grant tells me that only one member from his Depression days class got an initial job with an engineering company - as a cook!

students commuted to campus from their homes.”

Director of Admissions, Dr. Sandy Huntley, points out that almost no institutions in American life had active affirmative action programs until well after World War II.

It is true that although Los Angeles has a black Mayor in Tom Bradley, the current black population is only 15 percent in Los Angeles and less than that in Southern California. Before World War II and the postwar influx from the South, the black population was around 5 percent, even though blacks had played a prominent role in founding the City of the Angels two hundred years ago.

The black perspective pre-1961 was to encourage black college students to take theology and become preachers and teachers, or to study to be doctors or lawyers.

As Charley McGruder himself pointed out to me: “Between 1920 and 1962, according to a Phelps Stokes study, only 17 Blacks took Ph.D.’s in physics or astronomy. It is clear that Blacks historically have stayed away from science as if it were a disease.”

But in the pre-Sputnik era a great part of the American South was not fertile ground for recruiting Caltech undergraduates because, except for a few isolated institutions, Southern schools did not teach the science or mathematics that Caltech required. If this circumstance blocked out white students from that region, it was even more a barrier to the 60 percent of black Americans who attended segregated schools in the South.

I am stimulated to try to answer the question of why Charley was a first because that is what Charley questioned me about on the twentieth anniversary of his enrollment at Caltech.

For greater insight, I went to Lee Browne, who heads the secondary school and minority recruitment program at the Institute. Lee came to Pasadena in 1958 with a Master’s degree in Chemistry and Science Education from New York University, and in 10 years became “Mr. Science” in the Pasadena

school system. He taught chemistry and science in two of the three local high schools and greatly stimulated black students in particular to consider the field of science. From 1979 to 1981 he headed a private California society concerned with minority education problems, called MESA (Math/Engineering/Science/Achievement).

“Lee,” I began, “Pasadena has long been known for having a strong black middle class. Surely there would have been some black students who excelled in science and wanted to come to Caltech?”

He thought a few moments before answering:

“Pasadena’s black middle class grew out of a servant class brought here by the Wrigleys and by other wealthy Easterners and Middle Westerners who ‘wintered’ in Pasadena.”

“But Pasadena had Jackie Robinson who become a star in four sports at UCLA and the first black baseball player in the major leagues, and his brother, Mack, who was second to Jesse Owens in the 1936 Olympics. There must have been blacks who were talented on the academic side?”

Lee paused again, as though to explain something to his naive friend:

“What you don’t understand, Ned, is that the black middle class values in Pasadena and the USA differ from those of white middle class. In the period you are asking about blacks felt strong urgings to try to emulate the wealth of leading whites. The period was dominated, and rightly so, by a heavily materialistic outlook. There was no money available to them in science. We have something of the same situation today – with one exception. The growing perception in the black middle class is that you can make money by being an engineer. Prospective engineers we can recruit and encourage to graduate.

“Another outgrowth of the materialism of the black middle class and its emphasis on homes and cars and furniture was a determined reluctance to spend money on private schools. They have much confidence in public education. Many of my

black friends think I'm offbeat for spending so much money sending my children to a private school. But the other day my daughter, who used to complain that we didn't have a bigger house in a better neighborhood, said as she was going off to college that now she appreciated her education."

"But Lee, isn't there a paradox?" I asked. "On balance Caltech draws a substantial proportion of its students from the white lower middle class. The so-called upper class in America may no longer want a son to go to Princeton and become a bond salesman, but still we don't get many students from wealthy families."

"That is true. If we compare our students with those in institutions comparable in prestige and entrance requirements, we have only 10 percent from private schools, whereas our friendly competitors have 25 to 35 percent. But on balance blacks will not pay for private schools, even if they have the money. Because many still are driven by materialism – the short goal, not by education – the long goal."

Charley McGruder disagrees with this in its emphasis, writing from Nigeria:

"Personally, I feel the answer is not materialism. It is white racism and a black inferiority complex. These are clearly inter-related. The traditional educated occupations chosen by Blacks could all be practiced in the Black community. Educated Blacks avoid white racism by avoiding occupations that could only be practiced in the white world. Look at Dr. Ernest Just (1883-1941), perhaps the world expert on egg cells of marine mammals. He was elected Vice President of the American Society of Zoologists.

"But from all reports Dr. Just was frustrated and embittered. With all his brains and insight, the walls of racial prejudice in America were too high for him to scale. He wouldn't encourage Black students into research careers. In the years he taught at Howard, he encouraged students to follow clinical medicine instead.

"Furthermore, the mathematical sciences were considered

to require the most intelligence. If the deepest prejudice against blacks was on their intelligence, how would Blacks with little means or opportunity to prove otherwise dare to enter this esoteric world? *Confessions of Nat Turner* underlines this assumed Black inferiority in intelligence.”

These are degrees of emphasis as to what is responsible for the real problem at Caltech in the admission of black students. If you go by the basic Scholastic Aptitude Test scores there are about 600 black students a year in the United States who would qualify for Caltech. There are only about 5,000 white students who qualify, so the percentage of each group isn't so different. But as Lee Browne hastens to point out, the number of blacks who might qualify on SAT scores is cut to about 300 for the whole U.S. because other criteria come into play such as advanced evaluations in math and physics. There is no simple answer to that. Some of it is sheer lack of information on the value of the additional tests; counselors of little faith, fear of failure or fear of racism, lack of role models, and so on. A majority of high schools where a majority of black students go simply do not offer the science courses that are essential. To Lee Browne's credit, Caltech has above the national percentage of black students enrolled in math, science and engineering.

## 1

Charley McGruder comes from Bristol, Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia. His father is a physician and learning was encouraged at home. Although Charley was good in math and science subjects in high school, his main interest was in football. He was an excellent halfback and fullback. But he was also curious about life in general. In his junior year, one of his studious classmates had a catalog about Caltech and Charley read it without much enthusiasm. But during his last year he began to think more about what he wanted to with his life.

As he recalls it, he had received scores of about 480 and 550

(1030!) on his Scholastic Aptitude Tests – adequate for admission to college but impossibly low for Caltech, where the average combined scores are between 1400 and 1500. Although the testing organization says that cramming doesn't help, Charley girded himself for another try.

On the retake, Charley received 610 in English and 630 in math, (1240!). He also received 640 out of the possible 800 in special advanced math. Today, these SAT scores would not make him a regular “admit” but he would receive a “special admit” for promising minority students. He did do exceptionally well in chemistry, prompting Professor George Hammond to send him a chemistry gift to encourage him in the field. “But,” Charley recalls, “physics and astronomy were and still are my first love.”

“Of course,” Charley now reflects, “I didn't tell Caltech or anybody else about my earlier scores.”

Charley wrote to Caltech and received a pamphlet for prospective students. He considered Princeton, which wanted him and liked his football experience. One reason Charley finally chose Caltech was that, like Princeton, it had no women then – a point to come back to.

Charley McGruder's graduation with his class rested on his steady application to his studies. I do recall that he occasionally relaxed with his motorcycle, but he was a determined young man who wouldn't brook interference in his studies.

When Charley was at Caltech (1961-1965), I shared the belief that although he had been All State Halfback in Pennsylvania, he didn't go out for the Caltech team because he was a marginal student. Recently, over lunch in Los Angeles, he explained:

“I know about the rumor. But I really wasn't that good. I did need to study. There was peer pressure to play football. One day I gave in to the coach and went out for practice. I think I made quite an impression. But the next day I was seeing the Dean of Student's secretary, Mrs. Hale, about something and

she asked me what was wrong. I explained that I really didn't want to take the time from my studies to play football. So Mrs. Hale told the Dean, Bob Huttenback, who told the coach not to pressure me again. That was the start and finish of my football career at Caltech."

Asked about it today, Bob Huttenback, now Chancellor at the University of California at Santa Barbara writes:

"One of Charley's letters of recommendation was from his football coach, who commented that he was perhaps the best back to 'turn the corner' in all of Pennsylvania. It was the final consensus of the Admissions Committee that if Charley made it to Caltech, due to both the pressures of his studies and the inadequacy of the team, he might very well never reach the corner, much less turn it."

If Charley matriculated at Caltech today, he would be part of an affirmative action program for students whose SATs are in the lower region of our admit band. We have a dozen such freshmen each year, mostly black or Chicano, or white students from rural areas such as Appalachia. They receive special summer science, English and math tutoring and are encouraged to graduate in four or five years; but graduate! Caltech does have a serious retention program.

But Charley McGruder was on his own. And he made it on his own without special tutoring and without a single failing grade. It was a battle. The first year his grade point average was 1.9, or less than a C average. Then it went to 2.2, 2.3, and in his senior year to 2.8. He graduated 139th out of a class of 150 that remained from the 179 who entered.

Frankly, one reason his grades came up after his first year was that he did much better in Humanities classes, though he did register a B in a tough Physics course. In all, Charley took five courses with me, and his grades ranged from B plus to A plus. Twenty years after he came to Caltech, he volunteered what he remembered about the Africa courses:

"First the big map of Africa. That stayed in my mind. (I nor-

mally use a blown up 7 by 8 foot version of the map I edit for Denoyer Geppert.)

“Then I remember you gave the class xerox copies of part of James Baldwin’s *The Fire Next Time*. That was some of my first reading on black issues.

“I also remember that blind professor from Harvard you had in to speak to us and what we read in his book on colonialism in Africa. (Professor Rupert Emerson was not blind but his eyesight was impaired.)

“But most of all I guess I remember how fair you were in grading and how helpful to the students.”

Charley’s comments touched me. It is true that students who receive A’s invariably say you are a fair grader! However, teaching humanities in a scientific institution, one cannot aim a year or so ahead into a student’s graduate studies, but rather on what impact one makes on a person’s life ten to twenty years ahead when he has succeeded in his chosen vocation and has had time to grow in other dimensions.

When Charley graduated and came to say goodbye, I was not prepared for the role he assigned to Africa in his future plans. The courses on Africa are designed as part of a general education. They are not African Studies in any formal sense. But from time to time, without any obvious seduction on my part, the occasional student wants to become involved with Africa.

## 2

A brief word is in order about some of the students other than Charley whose lives have taken an African bent. Patrick Manning, of the class of ’63, majored in chemistry. He recently wrote:

“The Civil Rights Movement and the political excitement of independence for African countries sparked my interest, so I naturally enrolled in your Africa class my junior year. I stayed enrolled each quarter for two years, watching a new world

open up before me as I listened to a fascinating assortment of speakers, many of them from the AUFS." Pat mentioned specifically Minister Gikonyo Kiano from Kenya.

When Pat told me he wanted to try for a Ph.D. in African history, I tried to dissuade him, pointing out all the financial advantages he would have as a chemist. But being adamant is a Manning character trait. It wasn't easy to get him from Caltech chemistry into African history. Most of the places to which I wrote letters for him turned him down flat. But Phil Curtin at the University of Wisconsin offered both admission and a scholarship. The first year of graduate study, Phil reported that Pat was his weakest student and the second year his strongest.

In 1967, Pat did research in Abomey, in present day Benin. He also did research there in 1973, and his book on Dahomey has been published by Cambridge University Press. Pat now teaches African history at Canada College in Redwood City. A few years ago at Johns Hopkins I had the pleasure of joining Phil Curtin to hear Pat give a seminar on his work.

Larry Shirley was another bright student. He served in the Peace Corps in Ghana, where he took a Ghanaian bride. He subsequently taught in Sierra Leone, did a Ph.D. at Illinois, and now teaches at the Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria, Northern Nigeria.

Joe Rhodes was a student at Caltech a few years after Charley McGruder, and he did play defensive end at 155 pounds. Joe was also the first black student body president. After his graduation, I took Joe with me to a conference in South Africa. A funny thing happened one night in Soweto. Joe had been slipping away from the conference to date the winsome young daughter of a wealthy friend of mine in Soweto, Constance Ntshona. The daughter has since finished medical school in England. She was then about sixteen and quite flirtatious. Late on a Saturday afternoon Connie called to say, "Ned, you've got to get Joe out of Soweto."

Some of Miss Ntshona's black suitors thought that Joe was

“Coloured” in the South African sense. At that time there was intense Black-Coloured rivalry. As Constance put it, “If Joe takes her to the bioscope some of these guys will want to kill him.” So some of us rescued Joe from Soweto. Later, Joe was a member of the Kerner Commission on Crime and was the youngest member of what the Watergate press referred to as the “Nixon Hit List.” He now serves in the Pennsylvania legislature and just missed nomination on the Democratic ticket for United States Senator from Pennsylvania. He retains an interest in Africa and will make a mark in American politics.

Jon Portis is another student who became engrossed in Africa, and specifically in a study he did for me on the origins of the well-known *Broederbond*, a secret Afrikaans organization. My library holds the only copy of the original constitution outside *Broederbond* hands. Jon researched the origins of the brotherhood’s founding members, including a visit to South Africa. He also visited Easter Island, where he married an Islander. She accompanied him to Cambridge, where he completed Harvard Medical School. I expect Jon will carry on his African interests when his medical career is farther along.

### 3

But back to Charley McGruder. When he came in to take leave of me after graduation, I naturally asked him what he planned to do. I think I can recall his words quite accurately.

“I plan to take a Ph.D. in Astrophysics at Heidelberg.”

“But you don’t know German?”

“No, but I had it in high school. I’m taking a course at PCC (Pasadena City College).”

“Then after my Ph.D. I want to travel around Africa with my brother.”

“And then?”

“I plan to teach at an African University.”

“That sounds like about a six- or eight-year program.”

“Yes,” Charley acknowledged, with that determined look I had learned to associate with him.

Well, to make a long story short, he did all he said he would do in the order he had laid out. A few excerpts from his letters along the way are illuminating.

1969, from “Collegium Academicum,” Heidelberg:

Dear Dr. Munger:

Although it will take me at least another year to get my Ph.D., I am already making inquiries about post graduate opportunities. . . . Do you think it is possible to combine my intellectual interests with teaching in Africa? I would appreciate any help or suggestions. . . .

Sincerely, Charles H. McGruder III

1974, from Tiergartenstrasse, Heidelberg:

Dear Ned:

It is hard to believe I have finally finished my thesis. I am now working at Heidelberg Observatory on two papers. I should complete them by the end of the month. . . . My brother Steve and I went to England to pick up a new Land Rover from the factory near Birmingham for the Africa trip.

Since you are one of the people who awakened my interest in Africa, you know how long it has been that I wanted to go to Africa. Do you know anyone along the way who you think would be interested in talking to us. I hope you are feeling and doing as well as I am. I got my Ph.D. June 12, almost nine years after Caltech. We haven't seen each other for that length of time. Perhaps we will meet in *Africa*. Charley.

November 1974, from Basel, Switzerland:

Dear Ned:

Thank you for your wonderful letter. My father was in Germany at the time and very much impressed with it. Due

to an unbelievable amount of difficulties we were delayed in leaving until today. . . . Even the boxing match in Zaire prevented us from getting off as early as we wanted.

Charley.

November 1975, from Bong, Liberia:

Thank you very much for your letter and the information, which I received on 29 Jan. upon arrival in Accra more than a month after you sent it. I especially appreciated the "Notes on the Black Middle Class" put out by the Alicia Patterson Foundation. During my years in Germany I did not keep up too well with Black American or even American affairs. Also I read little about Africa. Now I am interested in getting back to both interests.

Bong is located about 100 km from Monrovia. It is a mining town owned by a German mining company. Here we have met a number of interesting Africans, Afro-Americans and Germans. That is why we have decided to stay a while. From here we will push on to Monrovia and then go back to Accra, after visiting Abidjan, Kumasi, and Cape Coast. In Accra we will spend a couple of weeks. Except for my good friend Solomon Manson and a traditional doctor, who was a good acquaintance of my uncle's during his stay at the university in Legon, we have visited no one in Accra. We will drop in on your friends then, probably late in April.

I suspect we won't hit Lagos until May. The way things are looking now we will spend the first half of the year in West Africa and the second half in East and Southern Africa. Now, I cannot imagine this trip taking less than a year assuming we have no accident and don't get sick.

To me Africa is an amazing and fascinating place. I was surprised to hear that you were in Tamanrasset. So I don't have to describe what the desert was like. [Tamanrasset lies halfway across the Sahara.] It suffices to say that we only got stuck twice in our Land-Rover, getting out of the sand both times by using sand ladders. The desert really interests me. Many things I did not see - like the cave paintings of the

prehistoric peoples. So I must go again, but the next time with a good friend of mine a geologist, who studied with me at Caltech. I want to study all the interesting facets of the desert, which are so beautiful and mysterious to me.

Even though African culture is so completely different from ours I feel very much at home because the people are so friendly and willing to accept one. The major problem is, of course, communication. I have had some interesting experiences trying to talk to people who understand no English or French. Who don't even understand no.

The first African village I stopped off to take a good look at is located not far from Tahoua in Niger. After walking around awhile I ran into a group of women, young and old, as I reached the end of the village. After conversing with hand motions and smiles for awhile I really began to feel that they liked me. Even though I was so dirty that my father would not have let me into the house, to them I must have appeared rich, since the bulge in my pocket obviously indicated I had a wallet, I wore sunglasses, was carrying a small camera and came with a vehicle.

Soon one of the older women started pointing to me and a young girl of about 15 and the direction we were travelling. After a while it became clear to me that I was to take the girl as my wife with me. I protested and protested to no avail. They showed me how good the girl could hammer the grain, using what looks like a double baseball bat, which seems to be the main occupation of women here. I replied that I had a wife in America. [Not true.]

I don't think they had even heard of America and even if I did have a wife it was no argument to them because their men have of course many wives, if they are rich. As my "bride-to-be" walked into her house I took the opportunity to leave, waving good-bye with all the necessary gesticulations in order not to be misunderstood. I left the village and started to walk to the Land-Rover. A minute later I looked over my shoulder to see all of the women following me including my bride-to-be, who now was carrying her things wrapped in cloth attached to a stick which she had on her shoulder.

I went to the Land-Rover and jumped in saying good-bye to the people surrounding it as quickly as possible. When we stop at an African village our car is surrounded with people before we can bat an eye. I then drove the 100 yards to my bride-to-be and the other women. I reached out my hand and shook hers saying good-bye. Finally she understood that I wasn't taking her. She stepped back, obviously very hurt. The others still didn't understand. By putting my foot on the gas pedal the Land-Rover started moving and to everyone it finally become clear that I just wasn't ready to get married now. Charley.

1976, from Legon, Ghana:

Dear Ned,

It is hard to believe, but my brother and I are still in Ghana. We don't intend to leave until March at the earliest. By April we will definitely move on, because I want to spend all of third term visiting the six Nigerian universities. Initially we planned only to spend about 6 weeks in Accra, but because we were meeting so many interesting people we extended our stay. And then shortly before we wanted to leave they closed the Togo-Benin border, which prevented our departure.

Before the border was reopened (not long ago they closed it again) my brother's wallet was stolen. The wallet contained many valuable papers, some of which are irreplaceable, so he has been tracking down the thief. After working for a few weeks with some underworld characters he was able to learn who took his wallet. Of late he has given chase to Togo, Kumasi, Sekondi, etc. without catching up with the culprit yet. So until we find the wallet we will not move on before the beginning of April.

One of my favorite spots in Africa is Legon. I am staying with a Ghanaian friend in a student flat in Mensah Sarbah Hall. I spend my time reading, mornings physics and afternoons African Studies, and relating to various people on campus. I enjoy it so much around here I could live here for years.

I have talked with a number of American Field Service students, who have spent a year in the USA in high school. Many of them describe very high racial tensions in high schools where the Black population is high. How are things at Caltech, now that apparently the Black student numbers have been increased? How many Black students are there including Africans?

I have not heard from you for almost a year. Hoping to hear from you soon. Charley.

April 1977, from West Germany:

Dear Ned

When you were in Ghana last July I had already left. In fact it was in July that my brother and I crossed the continent and during that month we were mostly in Central Africa. Sorry I missed you. I never had the opportunity to meet [Ambassador] Shirley Temple, even though I spent about 10 months in Ghana, my favorite spot in Africa.

After leaving Ghana we went straight on to Nigeria, where we stayed three months, travelling throughout the country. I visited all of the universities from Lagos to Calabar and all the way up to Maiduguri. In a little more than a year's time Nigeria is doubling their universities from 6 to 13. By far my favorite university was the University of Nigeria in Nsukka and after an interview I was offered a three-year contract, which I accepted from Nairobi after seeing the East African universities first. I chose Nigeria, because of its stable economic situation and because of its prospects for growth.

People in Africa are just not interested in physics and mathematics, if there is no money in it, and people with such abilities go into other fields offering them financial success, like medicine. For example, I would have taught applied mathematics at the University of Ghana, but there were no mathematics majors for the above reasons. It does not make sense for me to teach where there are no majors. Also for intellectual and personal reasons it is im-

portant to me to spend my summers in Europe. Due to the foreign exchange problems in most countries I would not be able to do this. I chose Nsukka for two main reasons. Firstly, they already have one astrophysicist, Dr. Okoye, and I feel I will be able to work well with him. We want to start an astrophysics sub-department as part of physics. We will offer undergraduate degrees in astrophysics and perhaps we will introduce a Master's program too. Secondly, I really like the beauty (wonderful green hills) and climate of Nsukka. It is more than 1300 feet high and does not have the excesses of heat and humidity of the coastal towns.

We spent six weeks crossing Central Africa, from Maiduguri to Nairobi. The Trans-African-Highway is probably the worst major road in the world. In northern Zaire it was so bad that only four-wheel-drive vehicles could get through. We drove hundreds of kilometers without seeing a single car. While in eastern Zaire we climbed to the very top of the volcano which erupted a few months later. We bypassed Uganda preferring to go to Nairobi via Ruanda. We spent July Four 1976 in the capital of the Central African Republic at the home of the American ambassador, the only American ambassador we met during the trip.

Quite frankly I did not like East Africa as much as West Africa, which is another major reason I decided I will return to the West Coast. The people are different and just not as friendly as the West Africans. In many ways I felt more at home there since both my brother and I look so East African, whereas in Nigeria we were always easily recognized as foreigners due to our lack of blackness and different clothes. In East Africa on the other hand many of the people have our same color, and particularly in Nairobi the clothes are so western that one cannot tell the difference.

Our original plan was to go on to Botswana and Zambia. However, in Dar-es-Salaam we decided not to go on since I had only 19 dollars left.

After spending a number of weeks in the US I am now back in Germany and I intend to stay here until September, at which time I hope to go by ship from Hamburg to Lagos.

Most of my time I spend on research in astrophysics.

My cousin, Nell Irvin Painter, has recently written a book *Exodusters*. It received very good reviews including *Newsweek*, *New Republic*, *History Book Club Review*, *New York Times*, and the *New York Times Book Review*. Perhaps the book would interest you, it is about Black Migration to Kansas after Reconstruction. Nell's mother and my father are sister and brother. She plans to come and stay with me in Nigeria for a while, where she feels she can work in peace.

Charley.

This sample of Charley's letters reflect his candor, his curiosity, and some of his convictions. Meeting him for a long lunch twenty years after he first came to Caltech and sixteen years after we had met physically, I was impressed with his maturity, seriousness of purpose, and sense of humor.

In Nsukka, Nigeria, Charley found that his arrival energized Professor Okoye, who had been alone in his field for thirteen years. Now there are three Ph.D.s teaching astronomy and three Ph.D. candidates. A longtime friend of mine and fellow Africana collector, former Nigerian President Nnamdi Azikwe, has contributed \$150,000 to the Institute of Astrophysics. They have \$45,000 from the Nigerian government and a radio telescope donated by the University of California which will serve to provide an equatorial "fix" on emissions from outer space when coordinated with existing radio telescopes in Europe.

It seems ironic to me that Charley's doctoral thesis concerned the constellation Centaurus, which required observation from the Southern Hemisphere. The only place in Africa for him to have done his observing was at the observatory in Bloemfontein in South Africa. If he had asked me at the time, I am convinced I could have arranged with academics in the Orange Free State capital for a place to stay and for good research relationships. However, Charley's advisor at Heidelberg appears to my mind to have been overly apprehensive about "what might happen" if Charley should go to South

Africa, so the option was closed without an attempt to exercise it.

Charley says that he has almost no problems adapting to a Nigerian life style. He likes Nigerian food and rarely has a yearning for American fare. The only area where he doesn't blend in revolves around his remaining a bachelor. This greatly puzzles many of his Nigerian friends. They are prepared to understand that his background may have conditioned him against having several wives, but not to have even one mystifies them.

I haven't really concluded the saga of the McGruder African travels. Charley spent three months at the University of Ghana immersed in reading African history. One of the students shared a room with him and he ate in the student residence halls using coupons given him by Ghanaian students - mostly women who didn't want all the meals that were provided.

The whole African survey was carried out much as planned except for the last part, which would have meant selling the Land Rover in Botswana. The "pula" had just been established as a currency in Botswana and it would have been difficult to sell the vehicle for dollars. It was sold for convertible currency in East Africa for a handsome price. When the profit was deducted from costs, the McGruder living expenses in Africa from November 1974 to October 1976 came to about \$1000 apiece.

Dr. Charles McGruder III is a young man with his academic career ahead of him. So far he has been among that small band of people who are able to define their own goals and pursue them without major distraction. I do believe, for example, that if Charley had played football at Caltech he might well not have graduated. If he had not surveyed Africa with such care, he might have taken the niche offered him in Kenya but would now be searching for a new post.

If Charley has taken life's football in the end zone, he has shaken off all tacklers and has crossed midfield at full speed. I'm sure he will score a touchdown.

## KAMUZU

*(President Banda of Malawi, 1951-present)*

I FIRST HEARD OF HASTINGS K. BANDA in 1941 when I was an undergraduate at The University of Chicago. A decade previously Banda had become, according to the alumni office, the first African graduate of the University. He had been attracted to Chicago by a linguistics professor as an informant on the Chichewa language. Mark Hanna Watkins drew upon Banda's knowledge to write a dissertation on Chewa, which I stumbled on in the stacks when doing my first paper on Africa. Turning its dusty pages, I little imagined I would ever visit Africa or become a friend of Banda.

In 1951, while in London, I was invited by a distant cousin, Thomas Hodgkin, to come for dinner in Oxford. In conveying instructions as to what train to take "up" to Oxford, Thomas said I might meet another guest, one Hastings Banda. He said I would recognize him by his tightly rolled "brolly" and hom-burg, and added that Banda was keenly interested that I was living in Ghana.

So it was no surprise to meet up on the platform with a formally dressed and reserved man. He had a somewhat grayish dark brown complexion, and introduced himself as "Dr. Banda." We chatted amiably on the train journey and shared a taxi to the Hodgkins' small flat that befitted a junior lecturer in extramural studies. We discussed African politics through dinner and were all pessimistic at the prospect that any African state would gain independence from colonial domination in the next two decades.

Let me digress here to say that five years later Tommy was

revered in left-wing British academe for his pioneering study of nationalism in colonial Africa. He was considered a staunch Communist and was branded a black sheep by my relatives in Oxford, where a great-uncle had been Master of Balliol College. I remember another cousin, Sir Reader Bullard, former Ambassador to Iran, speaking with blimpish contempt of Thomas as standing against all that made Britain great. However, the family attitude shifted when Tommy's wife, Dorothy, became a famous crystallographer and was awarded the Nobel Prize in chemistry in 1964.

What was significant in the Banda-Hodgkin conversation that evening were the large areas of agreement as to who were the villains and what should be done about a continent on which only Ethiopia and Liberia were independent black states. Almost all Africans abroad were nationalists, and they were almost universally accepted and admired in liberal and left-wing academic circles.

Shortly after that dinner the views personified by Thomas Hodgkin and Hastings K. Banda began to diverge sharply. In later years when I would see Thomas at Northwestern University, where he sometimes asked me to take a seminar for him, or at Caltech, where Dorothy would be in the limelight, he felt strong anathema for Banda as a black man who had sold out to conservatism and, worse, who was conciliatory toward the slow pace of change in South Africa.

Banda, on the other hand, would refer to Thomas in pejorative terms, particularly after Thomas was teaching at the University of Ghana. Once, in Malawi, I described to Banda the fascinating guests who had attended a party that Thomas gave when I was in Legon. They included the physicist Alan Nunn May, who had been convicted for selling atomic secrets; the head of the Communist Party in the Cameroons; and several members of the left fringe of the Convention People's Party in Ghana. Banda was disapproving of my even having attended such a gathering of those he detested.

At the time of the Hodgkin dinner, Banda was a dignified

fifty-two. When he eventually returned to Nyasaland and became the “life” President of Malawi, he evoked, continues to evoke – strong reactions. To many he is a hero who has kept his country on an even keel. British M.P. Sir Godfrey Nicholson described him as “possibly the most remarkable living African.” A Ghanaian doctor was less adulatory in describing him as “the greatest rogue who ever went unhung.” And that was kind compared with Nyerere’s newspaper’s description of Banda as a “rotting cancer.”

1

I have written elsewhere of Banda as a political figure. There is also an excellent biography by a Reuter’s correspondent, Philip Short, published by Kegan Paul in 1974. Short makes reference to my work some thirty times in three hundred pages. Many authors borrow freely and acknowledge sparsely; Short, though he drew heavily, was generous in his attributions. Nevertheless, it has kept me from expanding my articles on Banda into a full-fledged political biography. In this memoir I am including personal details about Banda that have never before been printed.

2

Banda left his home near Kasungu in Nyasaland in 1913 without telling his parents. For some time they thought that their sixteen-year-old son was dead. The story is told that he walked barefoot to South Africa, but the first part of his trek, across Mozambique and into Southern Rhodesia, actually ended at Hartley, near Salisbury. Banda’s ultimate destination was the famous Lovedale School in South Africa, but it was too far to go in one jump. In Hartley, Banda was employed as a hospital orderly. Dissatisfied with the salary, he went on to South Africa in 1918 with an uncle he had met in Hartley. His first work was at the Dundee coal mine in Natal. Later he moved to the Witwatersrand, where he worked as a *mabalane*

(in Zulu, "one who does writing," a clerk) at the Witwatersrand Deep Mine near Boksburg. Banda was encouraged by an old Nyasaland Englishman to apply himself to further study, which he did at night school. In 1922 he joined the African Methodist Episcopal Church and later taught Sunday School.

Banda's active political interest began with the 1924 general election when he became fascinated by General Hertzog. Most politics in South Africa those days were white politics, and Banda was well aware of this. "I remember when no European would shake hands with an African," he once recalled for me. His political curiosity had been kindled when Banda had an opportunity on the Witwatersrand to listen to one of the great speakers of his time, J.E. Kwegyir Aggrey, the famous American-educated Ghanaian, who visited Johannesburg from March 19 to June 16, 1921 as part of the Phelps Stokes Commission. There he addressed a meeting of Europeans and Africans.

"There were about 150 whites and 400 blacks," Dr. C.T. Loram related in a letter to Dr. Jesse Jones.

Aggrey was great. He screamed, he yelled, he argued, he almost wept. It was fine to see the effect on the people. . . . Aggrey's "you'll catch more flies with molasses than vinegar" failed to move . . . a running fire of black criticism Aggrey would not let me check. "All right, my black brothers, you just wait until after this meeting. I've got something to tell you about Marcus Garvey that I don't want these white folks to hear." And after the meeting Aggrey spoke of corruption in the Garvey movement.

Banda told me that Aggrey inspired him to visit America. He may have done more than that, because Banda's later oratorical skill in turning on strong emotions followed the Aggrey style, as it did Aggrey's generally compromising approach to problems. On another brief visit to Johannesburg in 1924, Aggrey counseled his African audience to "conquer your ene-

mies with love.” It could well be the text for President Banda’s foreign policy. Certainly the most famous Aggrey saying – now pictured on the badge of the Achimota School he made famous – namely, that you need to play on both the white and the black keys if you want to produce harmony – is one of Banda’s philosophical principles.

In 1926, with the help of African Methodist Episcopal Bishop L.T. Vernon (an American Negro), Banda left South Africa to enroll in the high school section of what is now Central States College in Xenia, Ohio. Banda has said that he had only \$5 when he arrived in New York, and not many friends. It was at Xenia that he first became conscious of gradations of color among people. He has commented scathingly that the darkest girls at Xenia were almost never invited out. Later, when he was living in Kokomo, Indiana, he associated with an American Negro family who kept an apartment in Chicago where only the lighter-hued members of the family who could pass for white would go.

### 3

It is usually invidious to mention a person’s color. But I have heard associates of Banda in Malawi speculate that the President’s somewhat grayish complexion could be the result of an Arab ancestor, of which Banda may be secretly resentful. He has been vehement in talking with me about the Arab slavers in nineteenth-century Malawi. This could be related to his great antipathy for Arab-Africa and his close ties with the Israelis.

Banda’s first choice of a university was Indiana, and he studied there for five terms, starting a premedical course. For a time he lived in a room over a garage. His landlady recalled for me that Banda was “very smart,” but that “he didn’t have much personality.” After Indiana, Banda enrolled at Chicago, where he studied history and political science for his degree in 1931. He started a postgraduate course in chemistry, but

switched to medical school at Meharry in Tennessee. His grades there were good, especially in his last year, when he earned 99 percent in surgery. Despite the rigorous demands of his medical training, however, Banda's interest in Africa remained strong throughout this period. In 1935 he wrote a long paper denouncing the Italian invasion of Ethiopia.

While he was at Meharry there was a lynching nearby, about which Banda was reported to have commented occasionally. Banda has never pulled any punches in describing the humiliating status of Negroes in the South at that period in American history. On the other hand, he has been critical of American Negroes and has not particularly identified with them, despite some personal friendships. At the time of Martin Luther King's funeral, for instance, President Banda refused to make public recognition of the event. He held that Malawi does not specially honor private citizens of another country. I found bitter feelings among some black Peace Corps volunteers in Malawi at the time, but Banda was adamant. An aide said that the President did write a warm personal message of condolence to Mrs. King without letting the fact become public.

On leaving Meharry, Banda went to spend a few days in New York City. At the Harlem Y.M.C.A. he met Dr. A. B. Xuma, with whom he formed a firm friendship. Xuma had been a student at the University of Minnesota with Roy Wilkins, and was heading for London to study tropical medicine before returning to South Africa, where he was to become famous as the President of the African National Congress.

4

It was the depression year of 1937 and, despite his medical degree, Banda was unable to practice in Nyasaland because virtually no American degrees were recognized by the British government. The solution to this problem was to enroll again in medicine at Edinburgh University. To finance this latter

phase of his medical career, members of the Presbyterian Kirk have claimed that Banda received a stipend of £300 a year from them as a future mission doctor, while at the same time receiving £300 a year from the Nyasaland government as a future government doctor. Although £600 was a generous annual sum for a single medical school student at that time, £300 was rather meager. Perhaps Banda was being clever? Neither of the donors of the scholarship knew the other was giving. Rightly or wrongly, the matter has long rankled some members of the Kirk. Banda had become an elder in the Kirk (following on his part-time employment as a Sunday School teacher back in his Transvaal days), and needed a fairly good income to maintain his new station in life.

Hastings K. Banda obtained his new medical degree in 1941 in the midst of the blitz. Either because he liked working in the United Kingdom or because the choice of a submarine-threatened voyage around the Cape was not appealing at the time, the new doctor enrolled for postgraduate courses in tropical medicine at Liverpool. This irritated the Nyasaland government and they cut off his stipend. Also, Banda reportedly commented to a friend that now that he had a little money, he was not anxious to return to Nyasaland and spread his first financial flush among the many relatives in an extended family system. In 1935, however, Banda had written to a friend, "All along my aim has been to obtain a liberal and professional education and return to Nyasaland in the service of my people." This may have been said to placate those who said he had taken money from the colonial government and the church and planned to serve neither, but it seems more likely that it was a deeply felt goal.

Banda began to practice in the north of England at Tyneside in a wartime hospital for "coloured seamen." He later moved to London where he settled in the lower middle-class suburb of Harlesden. In that community he stood out as a leader, somewhat bourgeois in his formal suits (always with a waistcoat), and achieved a higher income from his predomi-

nantly white patients. Dr. Banda's reputation was that of an extremely hard-working doctor who established close relations with his 4,000 patients.

5

I have visited Banda's suburban home in London with its small garden and found it easy to picture the urbane Dr. Banda living there. His companion was Merene French. In 1966, the Malawi Attorney General wrote to the British publishers, John Murray, successfully requesting deletion from a book on Malawi, then in proof form, of material alleging that Dr. Banda had been named as correspondent in a divorce action by a Major French.

I know of no one else who has talked with the three Scots-women whom Banda asked to marry him, though none of them became his wife. One was in Edinburgh. Another, the daughter of a famous Presbyterian minister, much younger than Banda, was deeply in love with him. When the marriage didn't go through, she had a breakdown. In order to discuss Banda with Miss McPherson, it was necessary to take a ferry and spend four days on the Isle of Lismore off the Scottish coast, where she was living as a spinster with her brother, who had the small local church. It was clear that Banda was the love of her life, though I gathered that family pressures were what kept them from betrothal.

The third was Mrs. French. After considerable difficulty, I located her in seedy digs in the port city of Greenock, just outside Glasgow. She was a vital part of Banda's life for most of his years in Britain, and obviously was a stabilizing influence. Merene French was charming, a person of intellectual gifts. She is said to have drafted a good part of the original Malawi Constitution. Mrs. French was intensely loyal to Banda. I don't know whether he helped to support her, or whether she would have accepted support. Nor do I know if he secretly visited her in the 1970s. She was shocked by the position he

took in favor of the death penalty in Malawi, but not to the point of disturbing her loyalty. I have been trying for some years to obtain the French-Banda letters, which her son has now agreed to send.

6

But I have gotten ahead of my story. After our first meeting at Oxford, it did not appear that Dr. Banda would ever abandon his pattern of comfortable living in London for the vicissitudes of African politics. However, a wind of change was blowing with the end of World War II and the founding of the United Nations, and Banda was by no means entirely cut off from Africa. In 1939, Chief Mwase Kasungu of Nyasaland visited Britain, and Banda helped to see that the visit went well; at the same time, he heard firsthand about developments in his homeland. In the 1940s, James Sangala emerged as an African leader in Nyasaland, and was encouraged both by letter and by financial help by Dr. Banda from London. In 1944, Banda sent suggestions for the inaugural meeting of the Nyasaland African Congress. In 1946, in another of his many communications, he advised the Congress to employ a full-time organizer. The financial burden would not have been arduous – only £63 a year – but despite a recommendation from the committee appointed to look into Banda's suggestion, the conservative Congress hesitated and finally refused such a political step. In 1948, the Congress sent two delegates to London to join with Banda to complain to the British government about poor educational opportunities in Nyasaland.

Banda's role changed significantly with his ferocious opposition to the Central African Federation embracing Nyasaland, Northern Rhodesia, and Southern Rhodesia. It is curious that the concept of the federation came from the British Labour Party with a view to "saving" Southern Rhodesia from falling into the political orbit of the "Afrikaner Nationalists" in South Africa. But federation was actually implemented by a Tory government.

At the time of the historic battle, I was living in Salisbury. When I visited Malawi and talked with the African opposition, it was clear that they were relatively junior in experience and were looking to Banda as their eventual leader.

7

It was a shock to me in Accra, at the first All African People's Congress in December 1958, to observe that Banda was being ignored. He was respected as an elder statesman, but not as "Kamuzu the Lion," as the Nyasas acclaimed him. Banda had dropped the "Hastings" for his African middle name. His position on the platform was to the side. Banda was not even on the steering committee, although both Nkrumah and Ghana's Minister of State, Kojo Botsio, entertained him, and together they recalled London days. Nkrumah held the center of all attention when he attended a session, and Tom Mboya ran second in adulation. While Mboya was preparing his speech in which he wished to mark the significance of the occasion by changing the saying, "Scramble for Africa" to "Scram from Africa," I urged him to speak to Banda. Mboya dismissed the suggestion and made a pejorative remark about Banda's fighting qualities. In the huge gathering no leader was quite as ignored as Banda, unless it was Patrice Lumumba, who had quietly slipped across the Congo to Brazzaville to catch a KLM flight to Accra. And Lumumba at least had the attention of the KGB, which supplied him with funds for his campaigning in the Congo. But Banda was not an ex-salesman of Polar Beer in Stanleyville. Nor was he like Kanyama Chiume an unknown Nyasalander at his first major conference. Banda was a distinguished leader who had proved his messianic qualities to his people, if not to the minds of the African leaders.

When the anti-federation campaign spearheaded by Banda in London failed, he accepted an invitation from Kwame Nkrumah to live in Ghana. I saw Kamuzu, and found him

somewhat of a fish out of water. He did not get along with the ruling party and established his medical practice in Kumasi, the Ashanti heartland of the African opposition to Nkrumah. Serious charges were brought before the Ghana Medical Council about an abortion ring masterminded by Banda. It is accepted by many of his friends that he had regularly "helped out" pregnant women in his British practice, but there was never any criticism of this. It is likely that the charges against Banda, even if true, were politically malicious.

The question arises: What did Banda have that led to his being President of Malawi? Why didn't his political sojourn end in Ghana? The long answer involves the intricacies of Nyasaland politics before and during the independence struggle about which I have written ad nauseum elsewhere. Suffice it to say that Banda had been a colorful personality in London. He was a respected elder statesman. The Kenyattas and Nkrumahs and Mboyas had come to him for counsel. Not only did he have stature in the eyes of the Nyasalanders – although far less so when the younger nationalists met in Accra, as I have said – but he was a unifying force.

The younger nationalists in Malawi had been given little chance to develop under the patronizing British rule. Malawi was rural and there were no burning centers of urban ferment. Also, there were personal rivalries, some based on ethnicity. Because Banda was *persona non grata* in Malawi, he did not get caught up in factionalism. He was the old man, the respected nationalist, who stood above the fray. But he had implemented the aspirations of thousands of educated Nyasalanders in fighting the British tooth and nail in London over Federation.

## 8

The move to Ghana did not end Banda's close association with Merene French. She was kept undercover, so to speak, and nothing about her surfaced in the British or Ghanaian press.

As independence for Malawi approached, there were several strategy councils on Merene French's role. I was present at one with Nkrumah, without Banda, that was held at Christianborg Castle. It was felt that given the racial feelings – of both blacks and whites – in Malawi, Banda's projected marriage to a "European" would impact negatively on Malawi's struggle and early independence. The example of Seretse Khama and Ruth Williams in what was then Bechuanaland was cited as an example. Actually, if one had known then what one knows now, I personally do not think that an interracial marriage would have created major problems.

When I discussed the Khama marriage with Seretse, he commented on how correct and even friendly the South Africans had been to his wife, offering special facilities when he had to be hospitalized in Johannesburg. The Botswana people certainly made no serious objections to the marriage. But the racial tensions in the Central African Federation were something else again. I do not know what personal position Banda took. The idea that Mrs. French might discreetly move to Malawi was a nonstarter. There would be no way to prevent the facts leaking out and it was thought that Banda would be seriously damaged in a political sense. I never discussed it with Mrs. French, but from what others say, her primary goal was to be an asset and not a hindrance to Kamuzu Banda.

In the end, Banda returned in triumph to Malawi without her. The friendship was kept quiet and only a few highly placed people in the Malawi Party and, of course, in the British government, knew about it. In the next few years there was some comment in the African press that Malawi and Ghana were forging especially close ties. This is untrue. Nkrumah and Banda had quite different fish to fry. Banda made visits to Ghana to see Mrs. French, and did not see Nkrumah or Ghanaian leaders at all on several occasions, from what I learned in Accra.

During this period, Merene French was under the wing of Foreign Minister Kojo Botsio and his wife. In fact, they named

a daughter Merene, who subsequently attended Rodean, the exclusive girls' school in Britain, where Mrs. French followed her progress after moving to Scotland.

9

Mrs. French returned to Britain during the period Banda was imprisoned following riots after his triumphal return to Malawi. He had told me more than once that he needed a prison period to be like Nehru, Nkrumah and others. But to tell the truth, I don't think he looked forward to it. I always found him more interested in inflaming the passions of others than in storming the barricades – a trait that he certainly shared with Kwame Nkrumah.

President Banda consistently adhered to his principles, but he was opportunistic in reaching his goals. When, after the Accra Conference, the situation called for demagogic statements, Banda played the demagogue. But when he arrived at Gwelo Prison in Southern Rhodesia, he immediately dropped any histrionics and settled down to be a quiet model prisoner. Kit Robertson, then the government medical officer in Gwelo, told me that he visited Banda once or twice a week. During his visits, Banda would take out a handkerchief and dust off the lone chair for Robertson to sit on, while Banda sat on the bed. This was done as one doctor to another, with none of the servility and fawning which such a gesture by a prisoner might represent. Robertson recalled to me that Banda was "very much a gentleman and thoroughly civil, charming, and even erudite." The young medical officer was puzzled that the Rhodesian press at the time called Banda "an extremist," "a rabblouser," and "an evil and dangerous man." "Dr. Banda and his fellow Malawians were almost ideal detainees," Dr. Robertson reported. In a sense, Banda knew he was in precisely the right place for the time. Being in prison put the onus for maintaining order in Nyasaland on the British government; no one could ask him to restrain violence in the

countryside. Quite practically, Banda turned his energies toward what he would do when the prison period was over.

At Gwelo, Banda and his fellow detainees were put into the so-called "European" part of the prison. He had a large room and was permitted to visit other cells along the corridor. This he did not often do, nor did he encourage frequent visits from his compatriots. Neither did he join them in playing table tennis outside. His room was sparsely furnished with a bed, table, chair, and a number of books. Despite ample time, Banda did not read medical journals or books in prison, and, although he and Dr. Robertson discussed many subjects, they did not discuss medicine.

Banda did adopt an avuncular attitude toward what he called "his boys." If he had a cold or, as he feared at one time, cancer, he would ask Dr. Robertson to please reassure the other Malawians that their leader was all right. This period in detention made it possible to lay at rest old rumors circulating in the United Kingdom and Malawi that Dr. Banda suffered from diabetes and a social disease which affected his eyesight. Dr. Robertson categorically denied that Banda had any such medical problems, and being in charge of a man's health over a long period of time would seem adequate support for such a denial.

Banda developed what he later told me were his "three Gwelo dreams" during his confinement: (1) the construction of the lakeshore road; (2) moving the capital from Zomba to Lilongwe; and (3) establishing the University of Malawi. It was also during his detainment that Banda picked the name of Malawi (a variant of Maravi, the name of the dominant people prior to British discovery), as the new name for the banned Congress Party. Thus when I saw him back in Malawi, after his release in April 1960, he was raring to go.

One of the appealing qualities about Kamuzu is his independence, almost truculence. This comes out in a letter he wrote me in May 1969:

I have read your article in *Foreign Affairs*. It is very kind of you to say what you say about me. I am doing what I think is right and not to please anyone, friend or foe. That is why I have earned for myself the title of the Odd Man Out in Africa.

As you know, I am not at all popular with my fellow African leaders, but this does not worry me. There are times when it is better to be a lone wolf than a member of the popular pack.

Kamuzu Banda was certainly that, although not always to be admired. I never much minded his peccadillos, such as forcing women who arrived at Blantyre Airport in miniskirts to buy lengths of cloth to wrap around themselves in the interest of modesty. His persecution of the Jehovah's Witnesses hasn't been admirable. I understand his antipathy for my late friend Henry Chipembere, one of the Malawians who battled British colonialism and invited Banda to be President. Chipembere later took part in an attempted coup. Banda was infuriated when Henry escaped the police, and announced that if Chipembere were ever caught in Malawi, Banda would personally see to it that he was fed to the crocodiles. Chip spent the last decade of his life teaching African history at California State College in Los Angeles, and obviously never realized his dream of becoming President of Malawi. Chip often spoke to my Caltech students about Malawi and African politics. I'm almost sure that Banda's many spies got wind of my association with Chipembere, and that may have cooled our friendship.

On the other hand, the last time I visited Banda in Malawi, he was extremely friendly. One scene I remember vividly was of both of us on the floor of his office looking over a map of

Central Africa that he had spread out. Kamuzu was talking at a great rate, telling me the extent of the old Maravi empire. Banda's hands spread wide as an emperor's might as he claimed on the map large sections of Mozambique, Zambia, and Tanzania as "rightly belonging to a greater Malawi." He was more relaxed and informal than I have ever seen this essentially reserved and formal man.

Our conversation went on to other historical topics, as I handed him his tea from the desk to the floor. Somewhat abruptly, I asked, "Do you remember just where you were during the Chilembwe uprising?"

The Chilembwe uprising in January 1911 was the most dramatic incident that took place in the whole colonial history of Nyasaland. Chilembwe had, like Banda, completed part of his education in the United States. His protest and eventual death have been written about in detail. But I wanted to know Banda's feelings and how they contributed to his own nationalism. My question was not taken that way.

Banda turned his head to look at me warily. Something had flashed through his mind. I am sure that he thought I was trying to pin down his age by relating it to the Chilembwe shooting. I knew that he had been in Standard Two in 1913, but there are so many accounts of his birth date that the difference is as much as seven years. Banda was not about to be tripped up, even by a friend asking an innocent question. He stood up, straightened the shoulders of his coat, pulled down his vest, and said in a slightly hurt and slightly hostile tone, "I was too young to remember that."

I knew he was lying. But I also knew better than to pursue the subject. We talked for another hour that Saturday morning about Malawi and its development. He told me of sitting with President Johnson in the Oval Office, giving him support for the American war in Vietnam. According to Banda, he had no sooner mentioned an interest in having some mineral deposits surveyed, especially a uranium find, than LBJ picked up the phone and told the White House operator to get him Brown and Root in Houston.

Banda chuckled at the memory. I don't know whether or not he was dissimulating in his enthusiastic support for Johnson on Vietnam, but if not, he must have been almost alone among Third World leaders. Banda did get his survey, although the deposit has not yet proved commercially valuable. The \$7 million lakeside road that Banda sought in Washington has been constructed.

From the moment I asked about Chilembwe there was a coolness, and later a dinner invitation was cancelled. I give a man such as Kamuzu a lot of rope for vanity. He has come a long way from the boy who ran away to South Africa, and he can take credit for most of his success, although he needed the Chipembere to free Malawi.

11

Curiously, the next time I saw Banda was at Stellenbosch University, in the Cape Province of South Africa. One of the keys to dating the change in racial policy in South Africa was the visit of President Banda to the land of apartheid. He was graciously received, as was his retinue, and diplomatic ties have flourished. But it was at Stellenbosch that Banda made a public relations coup. In a crowd that had come out to greet him in this delightful seventeenth-century setting where I had been living for a year, Banda spotted two attractive towheaded youngsters of nine or ten. They were clapping for him, when suddenly he went up to them, swept them up one in each arm and began to joke with the Afrikaner children. This charmed the curious crowd, and photographs of Banda with the youngsters made the front pages across South Africa. It was many years later that black students were admitted to Stellenbosch, but Banda certainly did a lot to break down white prejudice.

That day he spotted me at the reception and showed his remarkable memory by whispering to me, "I told you that I'd be able to make friends with South Africa. Don't you

remember our conversation?" Well, we had had many conversations about Malawi's policy of cooperation with South Africa, and also the political dynamics of South Africa, which Banda knows historically far better than any other Organization of African Unity leader. None of the leaders who excel in rhetoric about South Africa would ever listen to Banda, but he has a rare appreciation of what makes the Afrikaner tick, and he anticipated the current social and cultural changes better than any black leader I know.

The last years of her life, Merene French lived with Madge Leckie in the Greenock digs. After Merene French died in 1976, Ms. Leckie, then eighty-five, wrote me this footnote to African history.

Dear Professor Munger – You will have heard from Peter French of Merene's sudden death. The pain of her death all alone (I was away from home) will always be with me. It will be a very comforting thought that she left her mark, however small, on African history, but my word she paid dearly for it and suffered much. She tried to leave the past behind her but in the end she got rather bitter. Dr. B. may be all right as the man of power who looks after his own people. But his conduct all along as far as Merene was concerned was despicable. He took her money, her unstinted and unpaid and what's worse, uninsured help . . . sold up the London house with quite a few of her personal and irreplaceable family belongings and left her stranded. His promise of marriage as corespondent at the time of M's divorce which was broken can perhaps be explained by the objections of his people to such a happening. But the rest of his conduct cannot be condoned. He made fullest use of anyone he could use and then promptly forgot them completely. He even did it to my dear husband and me. That is all old history now. But I'll never forgive him for his treatment of Merene. I know. I realize that African standards differ from ours but Dr. B. lived a long time in the West. Merene said very little to me but I knew how she felt.

I never judged her. Her life was lived as she wanted it to be and I loved her. . . . Sincerely yours, Madge Leckie.

President Banda will go down in history as the "Bridgebuilder of Africa" if South Africa finds a reconciliation with Black Africa. In any event, Kamuzu Banda is an amazing man, whether one judges him as a Machiavellian collaborator with the devil or as the great African pragmatist of his time. No one can gainsay that he has come a long way from his first job as a student teacher (which, he once remarked to me, paid him 4 cents per month) to being Life President of Malawi.

12

Banda's life is a metaphor for African politics in the first eighty-two years of this century. A small boy walking barefoot to South Africa. A "curio" character at the University of Chicago. Parading as a proper Englishman at Oxford, so deracinated that Nyasalanders visiting London snickered that he had forgotten Chichewa. Then the storms of independence. Jail. And finally, the George Washington of Malawi.

Thirty-one years after I had first met Kamuzu Banda at the Hodgkin's Oxford flat, Dorothy and I discussed him. We were both in Warsaw attending a Pugwash meeting of scientists from thirty countries concerned with the dangers of nuclear war. Dorothy is the president.

We observed that the anti-colonialism issue in Africa had been largely resolved with independence. But as we talked on August 31, 1982, the Polish militia outside our hotel were using tear gas and water cannons to disperse Solidarity workers protesting in the Warsaw streets against a new type of "colonialism."

Dorothy confirmed the support that she and Thomas, who died last year, had given to Banda in the 1950s when we were all politically aligned. "Dorothy," I asked, "while I personally support Banda, Thomas must have been disappointed in him?"

“Yes, yes, he was,” she replied with a resigned shrug that seemed to reflect her seventy-three years of observing human failure, “but Thomas was disappointed with many African leaders.”

If he reads this memoir, Kamuzu might welcome me with open arms. But then again I might “accidentally” fall into crocodilian waters. He has a great warmth of friendship, but is acutely conscious of his image. My friend Professor Bob Rotberg of M.I.T. delved too deeply into the Malawian archives for Banda’s liking, and was expelled under false charges. When Bob was up for full professor at M.I.T., I was fortunately able to testify as to Banda’s persecution of him.

Banda will be eighty-five when this book is published. In writing so personally about him, I know that I’ll never be able to return to Malawi while he is alive. But this doesn’t lessen the affection I feel for him and the respect in which I hold him as being truly the “odd man out in Africa.”

HENRY, DORIS,  
AND ANN  
(1960-1972-1981)

IN MANY WAYS THEY WERE OPPOSITES. But I never knew a couple that complemented each other more perfectly, or were happier, than Henry and Doris Dreyfuss. Henry was 26 when they married in 1930 and Doris may have been older.

Doris Marks came from one of the old-line, wealthy, established families that Stephen Birmingham wrote about so well in *Our Crowd*. Our only mutual New York friends were the Hochschilds, whom she knew both in the winters in New York and in the summers in the Adirondacks, where the Hochschilds had hundreds of acres and a family complex of homes recently written up in a national magazine. Doris Marks went to Vassar, was a smart and precise business woman, and shunned the limelight. She bore a certain resemblance to Eleanor Roosevelt and was devoted to similar causes, although far more pragmatic.

In contrast, Henry was a strikingly handsome man who, despite his shy nature, made a strong impression in public and walked with all manner of world leaders. He made a particular hit with Queen Elizabeth when he was given the honored medal of the Royal Society of Arts, and that pleased him. Later, he arranged for me to be elected a Fellow of the Society, an association I have enjoyed.

Henry never finished high school. He had an artistic bent and joined with a young set designer named Norman Bel Geddes for a Broadway show. He never looked back until he

was, in the judgment of many people, the leading industrial designer in the world. It might be invidious to name one success over another. I recall his pleasure in describing the first interior designs for the Constellation when the plane came out, and also, before its demise, the redesign of the Twentieth Century Limited. The modern telephone has no single parent, but Henry Dreyfuss made many original contributions to the design of the touch dialing phone. He also treasured his association with the Hallmark greeting card company in Kansas City.

I particularly remember, too, Henry's enthusiasm for a design he did for the Bank of America building in Los Angeles. The colors, traffic flow, and other interior designs were fine, but one thing bothered Henry. It was the decrepit newsstand on the corner. Somehow in Henry's eye it ruined the whole appearance of the building. But he respected the old man who had made his living selling papers on that corner for many years. Finally, Henry had a typical inspiration. He persuaded the Bank of America to pay something like \$10,000 for Henry to design and have built an appropriate newsstand for the old man. When Henry drove me down to see it, I liked the newsstand better than the bank.

Doris was a most private person and as I have said, Henry, for all his world fame, was essentially a shy man. The idea of failure always seemed to gnaw at him. He rarely failed but he worked hard to avoid it. Later in life, when his eyesight was failing and he lost some of his perceptual vision, he almost always had Doris drive him at night. One exception was a night he came over for dinner – I think Doris was away. In leaving, he backed into my wooden garage door. The next day he sent someone to fix it. But my point here is that Henry didn't want anyone to know of his slight misjudgment.

Henry's concern not to try something unless he could do it the best ever, was evident in the long gestation period of his book on symbols as they are used around the world. He discussed it with friends for years and years. I remember particu-

larly a dinner at the Plaza Hotel in New York, where the Dreyfusses kept a suite, to which he had invited several New York friends, including Margaret Mead, to brainstorm the book.

I must have written to Henry on the symbols I encountered from half a dozen countries, but my one contribution, which ended up in several of his articles and in the final book, was a series of pictograms of African workers in the gold mines of South Africa. The pictures were designed to encourage African workers to take rocks off the underground tracks. But because the workers read the panel from right to left, they followed the instructions by putting rocks on the track!

When Henry showed a slide of that at a dinner of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Detroit in 1970, he got a big laugh from it, and a bigger one with a slide of the symbol of the broken goblet, which didn't look like a symbol for "fragile" to a dockworker in a Third World country but rather as a symbol of broken glass. So the worker used his forklift to drop the labeled crate heavily in the back of a truck – with a crash!

As I recall, Henry got into the work through a contract to design symbols on tractors for the John Deere Company. For a while, Henry had an old-time steel tractor seat mounted in his backyard, and he would watch how people got on it and how comfortable they were.

The Deere work brings up the names of Bill and Betty Purcell. For years, Bill was Henry's right-hand man and partner and succeeded him as head of the firm in New York. Bill was born in Cape Town, which led to a strong interest in South Africa by Betty Purcell and, in turn, to our role as founding trustees of the United States-South African Leader Exchange Program. But that story is for another memoir.

One might ask what good is it for a faculty member to have acquaintance with distinguished trustees if he can put their knowledge to good advantage. For many years, I collected antique chess sets from various countries in which I traveled – finding out odds and ends about Africa, collecting books on

Africa, and broadening my education. I had put together a rather valuable collection of sets, including a seventeenth century walrus ivory set from Russia that I bought in Istanbul, a Tokugawa set that a friend gave me in Tokyo, and sets from Austria, Madagascar, Israel, Upper Volta, the Congo, Burma, India, Ecuador, and many other countries. The problem was how to display them so that their small size would not be dwarfed in a room, so that they could be seen plainly, and so that they could be protected from dust and handling.

Why not ask the foremost industrial designer in the world? I put the problem jokingly to Henry after a particularly relaxing evening, hoping he would see it as a challenge. He did. Nothing happened for about eight months. I later heard that one of the leading designers in the firm today, then a junior, had been trying out different materials and techniques for the display of small objects. My thought was that if Henry solved my problem, his solution might well have other applications. They tried glass and other materials, but after testing for some time they always seemed to come upon a fault. Finally, Henry called up and said that for \$800 worth of materials, they could produce a narrow cabinet with double reflecting light that would look strong, would not overwhelm the pieces, and would amount to a sandwich of light dividing the living room from the dining room. "Splendid," I said, knowing that there must have been \$5000 worth of time and materials expended to come up with the solution. True to his word, the cabinet was built in the Dreyfuss workshop. Many people have come to admire it. One of the first was a tall, bearish man who rang the doorbell late one afternoon. He spoke in deep muffled tones with a strong accent: "I'm Gregoire. I want to see your chess set cabinet."\*

It took me a minute to connect the request with a comment

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The noted musician and Caltech colleague Elma Schoenbach is sure that Piatigorsky told me his name was "Griesha" because that is the name he used with the Dreyfuss' and her. My surprise at seeing the giant cellist may have flawed my memory.

a doctoral student in biology had made about his chess-set-collecting father, who was also known as a musician. Finally, my slow mind came up with the answer as I stepped aside, and with a slight motion of my hand said, "Please, Mr. Piatigorsky, do come in."

When Henry became a trustee of Caltech, he was the second trustee of Jewish origins. He was proud to serve the Institute and was a great asset. But he hated the idea that someone might think of him as a token. When I first moved to Pasadena, my wife and I were invited to become members of the Valley Hunt Club. I soon found out that it had a "Gentlemen's Agreement" bar in its membership. But I was assured that for people like the Dreyfusses an exception would soon be made. I refused to join, and not just because it was too expensive. To his credit, or perhaps more to Doris's credit because she felt more strongly about it, the Dreyfusses refused to become token members.

Which leads in a way to my driving in Henry's Mercedes down to a Caltech Board of Trustees two-day meeting at Smoke Tree Ranch in Palm Springs. Henry was to "trustee" and I was to be one of the faculty speakers. Henry had asked me to drive with him because Doris refused to accompany him to Smoke Tree. So he told me the story.

About fifteen years before, when the Dreyfusses were driving back to Pasadena from the Southwest, a friend suggested that they stay overnight at Smoke Tree Ranch as his guests. They accepted the offer and were particularly glad they had because as they finished the evening's drive – less than three hours from Pasadena – Doris had a bad sore throat and went immediately to bed. Henry was still up about ten o'clock when the manager knocked on the door of their bungalow. After much shifting of weight from one foot to the other, he asked Henry if he were Jewish. Henry said yes, and the manager said that the ranch was restricted. Henry wanted to pack up and leave. But because Doris was ill, they waited until early the next morning, swearing never to return. It was quite a

concession to Caltech for Henry to agree to attend a meeting there, even though the Institute had rented the facilities for a period before the season opened and would never, of course, have imposed any bars. Henry tried to ease my discomfort, but several of us among the gentiles on the faculty began to make noises, though perhaps not the kind that trustees like to hear. Another year, Frieda Huttenback, wife of my buddy Bob Huttenback, then Chairman of the Humanities Division and now Chancellor at UC Santa Barbara, also refused to go. One year Bob Bergman, a Jewish faculty member, declined to attend to accept an award given by students for excellence in teaching. I had been fortunate to be given a similar award the year before, but had not been able to attend because of a speaking engagement for Caltech in San Francisco. Although I wanted to protest, I didn't say that I wouldn't attend or make a point of it because it would have been hypocritical inasmuch as I couldn't attend anyway. As things happened, the situation has now been resolved more or less. But Henry and Doris hated to be in the middle of the controversy.

Someone may be asking, "Who was the first trustee of Jewish origins at Caltech" or, in a contrary spirit, ask "Why count?" Ben Myers, the head of Union Bank, was the first. Hallett Smith, a Shakespearean scholar and Chairman of the Humanities Division (who I am proud to say brought me to Caltech), tells a good story on the subject that Henry would have liked:

At Ben Myers' death somebody approached a leading Jewish philanthropist in Los Angeles asking for support for Caltech. The philanthropist said he didn't know how Caltech felt about the Jews. "How many Jews are on the faculty, for instance?" he asked. So Earnest Watson, then Dean of the Faculty, asked the Division Chairmen to count the Jews in their respective divisions. To a man we refused to do so, claiming we didn't know and didn't want to know, that the question was irrelevant, immaterial, and inconsequential.

Henry and Doris rarely talked about being Jewish or about any slights they received. Once Henry invited me to go with the family to a speech by Rabbi Magnin and said that Ann, their daughter, didn't have enough exposure to people of Jewish background. The speech was awful and Henry apologized all the way home.

Another time he discussed at home with President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence whether Ann should be a student there and just how many Jewish students there were.

Neither of the Dreyfusses spoke often in such a vein, and by mentioning the odd incident I may be giving too much evidence. But Libby Herrick, former Headmistress of Westridge School, where the Dreyfuss girls went and where Doris headed the board of trustees for a while, is a mutual friend who spent a lot of time alone with the Dreyfusses. She recalls vividly that at the time Henry was serving on the South Pasadena Planning Commission an emotional issue arose as to whether a home for what were then termed "wayward girls" could be established. Neighbors on the block of the proposed site objected vehemently. Henry voted to allow Rosemary Cottage to open. But when he came out of the meeting someone had written in the dust on the hood of his car, "dirty Jew." Libby recalls how shaken he was by that.

Early in his career, Henry was given a design assignment by Bell Telephone, for whom he did a great deal of brilliant work throughout his career. But in 1931, Bell had a reputation of being "Waspish." Henry was miffed by what he felt was an unusually limited contract, and for one of the rare times in his life, he attributed it to his being Jewish.

This rankled, so when Henry's work was finished and a Senior Vice President asked him to come to his office and heaped praise on him, Henry made a most uncharacteristically semisarcastic remark to the effect that he was glad that Bell thought it was pretty good for a Jewish designer. The Senior Vice President leaned over to Henry and said softly, "Henry, you don't know it but I'm also Jewish," and added that he

wasn't the only such person in the closet at Bell.

The markedly different circumstances of Doris's wealthy background and Henry's really poor Lower East Side background rarely surfaced. But once it did when they were discussing an invitation to dine at the White House. What kind of car should they rent or borrow in Washington? Doris was adamant, "It doesn't make any difference what kind of a car we drive up in." "No," Henry countered, "it makes a lot of difference to me because I grew up too poor to arrive now in anything less than the most expensive car."

An odd remark I made one evening at dinner to Ed Essertier, editor of the *Pasadena Star News*, led to a million dollar lawsuit that included Doris. Ed was describing how a local developer was not, in Ed's estimation, acting in the best interests of the community. I said facetiously that Ed should nominate the man for Pasadena Hideous.

That expression is a direct takeoff of the estimable local organization Pasadena Beautiful, which gives awards each year in various categories for the most attractive buildings, grounds, and general esthetic contributions to Pasadena. Devoted volunteers make it tick. But one night two mutual friends got to wondering why if there were awards for making Pasadena beautiful there shouldn't be negative awards for making Pasadena hideous. Hallett Smith and Doris Marks Dreyfuss created this fictitious organization in their fertile minds, and would have mock meetings at which the President and Vice President would bandy about their ideas on what structures or developers had most besmirched our sylvan city in the past year.

But Ed Essertier went a step farther in giving recognition to the name "Pasadena Hideous" in a column, suggesting that a local developer ought to win the current award hands down. Ed was off in Washington serving in a high public relations post when I got a frantic call from him. Did I remember our dinner table conversation some years before? Where could his attorneys, defending him in a lawsuit brought by the maligned

developer, find out about the organization? I explained to Ed, to the lawyers, and later in a deposition that neither Doris nor Hallett had an "organization" and the lawsuit thereafter dropped from sight.

There is an organization that gives awards to civic-minded citizens. One year Henry got the top award and he asked me to receive it on his behalf, after he had spoken to the banquet by telephone from New York. So the Dreyfusses were on the side of the angels!

Henry didn't know a thing about sports but occasionally, if he had out-of-town guests, he would take them to the Rose Bowl and invite me to go along. One year his principal guest was Stanley Marcus of Nieman-Marcus in Dallas. Mr. Marcus was an extremely nice and witty man, but he claimed ignorance of football. He and Henry combined forces to bet against me, with a view to making the somewhat unintelligible game one of personal interest. But they didn't want to discuss the merits of the teams or what points might be given or taken to make it a fair bet. Stanley Marcus just said, with Henry's approval, "We'll take that goal line and we get all the points there, and," he pointed to the north end of the field up against the San Gabriel Mountains, "you take the points at that end." Well, I don't recall exactly, but it was a fairly close game. It was just that every touchdown, whether by Ohio State or Southern California, was scored at the end Stanley and Henry had picked, so that the combined score against me was something like 40-0. I paid off my ten dollars apiece and congratulated Henry on his sports savvy.

For many years, it became our custom to spend Thanksgiving and often Christmas with the Dreyfuss family. Especially at Thanksgiving, we would gather at their lovely home on a knoll in South Pasadena, just above their workshops, or we would go to the home of Vincent and Mary Price. Vincent Price does horror films for cash. He prepares gourmet dinners for fun. The two couples were fast friends over several decades and the ambiance, at either home, was always warm.

Looking back, I realize that Henry and I didn't have much in common. Certainly I had none of his many artistic talents. And he had little real interest in most of my passions. But letters and memories over the years testify to a bond.

Henry had a stock character he drew named "Gladys," with exaggerated voluptuousness. It seemed a little out of character because both Henry and Doris winced at risqué stories. But I have a treasured collection of a dozen special "Gladys" drawings with which Henry decorated personal letters.

Actually, I think it was my wife Elisabeth's superb taste and a closeness to Doris that lay behind so many pleasant holiday dinners. One reason for including this memoir in the Africa volume was the closeness that Doris and Elisabeth felt for each other, as will be evident in the penultimate memoir. We often talked of the four of us traveling together in southern Africa. Doris took a close personal interest in Elisabeth's views on the process of change in South Africa.

The Dreyfusses' daughter Ann and I were devoted friends for many years. We just seemed to have a rapport of the kind that takes no work but is always there.

Ann was a psychologist, and had been working with Carl Rogers. I had known Carl slightly when we were colleagues at the University of Chicago, but the fame of the Rogerian methods grew after he moved to La Jolla.

Ann and Henry both had a role in bringing Carl to Caltech to lead a series of faculty discussions in the late 1960s, which led to some dramatic changes at the Institute, including the pass-fail grade system for freshmen and the admission of women. Ann and I agreed that what made the "Honker" group successful was evident in the first session, when a young assistant professor named Huttenback suggested that having a nearby women's college might be a good idea. President Lee DuBridge, mindful of his financial responsibilities, asked with uncharacteristic sarcasm: "And who is going to pay for it?"

Carl Rogers held up his hand, turned to the President, and

said quietly but firmly, "In this group we are interested in discussing original ideas; not how to pay for them." DuBridge never came to a meeting again, but ideas flowered.

My modest contribution was to organize a Political Military Exercise at Caltech for the purpose of stimulating interest in international affairs and, even more, of breaking down some of the stiffness between faculty and students.

The political exercises would take place over a whole weekend and would often cast faculty in roles subordinate to students. Ann and another psychologist would sit in with each isolated team and report to me on the small group dynamics and what could be done to improve the exercise. We had some brilliant role-playing. I especially remember Harold Brown as Tito, Murray Gell-Mann as Nasser, and an undergraduate named Roger Noll, later Chairman of the Humanities Division, as President Johnson.

Henry and Doris were delighted to have two of their children happily married. But they worried about Ann, although she was contentedly teaching at Sonoma State and owned a home in San Francisco. Henry once passed on to me a surprising compliment. Apparently, in a moment of some frustration in discussing her life when Ann was about 29, Henry asked her what kind of a man she would like to marry. Henry said that Ann's reply was "Someone like Ned Munger," which was nice, coming from the person who in the 1960s was as close to a sister as I've known.

Ann married happily later in life. She called me not long ago to say that she had a rare and incurable cancer of the lining of the lung cavity. After exhausting all that Western medicine could offer, she turned, with her physician's encouragement, to an Indian mystic to gain peace of mind. Recently, the swami was in Santa Monica and Ann invited me to be her guest at one of his evenings.

Henry and Doris were always considerate people. It would take pages to recall all of their thoughtful gestures. When Doris became ill from cancer, and did not want to go through

the indignities that many endure in hospitals, she wanted another way out. Henry was then just past his prime. A proud man, both physically and mentally, he was at the age that General de Gaulle described complainingly as being a "shipwreck."

So our mutual physician Ed Evans knew just what to expect when a new maid at the Dreyfusses' said one morning that she couldn't find them but had found a note to call Ed. He came right over and spared her the shock of finding Henry and Doris, in their dressing gowns, in their car in the garage.

It was a shock. But it was what they wanted. Wisely, three months were allowed to lapse before their memorial service was held at Beckman Auditorium. They had indicated whom they wanted to speak and what music was to be played. Vincent Price read Robert Browning's poem "Prospice" that begins "Fear death? - to feel the fog in my throat . . ." and includes the most apt line, "For the journey is done and the summit attained. . . ." Hallett Smith had prepared a quietly moving printed tribute to them and what they had meant to Caltech and to their friends. Enough time had passed so that joyful memories had seeped back into stunned minds. Thus Hallett was able to draw silent chuckles from the six hundred people there when they read in his tribute about Doris and Pasadena Hideous.

The Caltech Trustees had tried to draw up a suitable statement and had given up. Thus when Norman Chandler, the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, read Hallett's moving words he commented to a neighbor, "That's a masterpiece."

The three children were in relatively good spirits and greeted friends with a smile. I said something to Ann which made her laugh at a happy memory. Long before their passing, Henry and Doris had made all their financial provisions for their children, so that they would know for sure that the closeness of their offspring to them in their last years was entirely due to their being such a warm, loving family.

All of those who, in varied ways, were part of Henry and Doris's extended family are more grateful for the love

and fellowship that were given than they are lugubrious over the loss. I used to remember their birthdays each year, March 2nd and 3rd, and I will always think of them when the first week of March comes around.

*Postscript:* Ann Dreyfuss spent the summer of 1981 at an Ashram in New York State where she read this manuscript. Feeling too weak to continue there she went to stay with her sister Gail in the Bay area. Breathing was difficult and she several times said that she felt an inner tranquility and was ready to go. She died peacefully on September 24, 1981. May her spirit rest with Doris and Henry.

## JON

(1961-1979)

LATE ON MOST FRIDAY AFTERNOONS in the 1970s, I played tennis doubles in company with Jon Matthews on the faculty club courts. Jon was a better athlete, which made it a pleasure to compete against him as well as to partner him.

Jon had an unusually questing mind. I don't know much about his research as a physicist, except that he was more of a generalist than our other two physicist partners, Leverett Davis and Dave Goodstein. Jon came to Caltech as an undergraduate in 1953, and after joining the faculty in 1957, he displayed a keen interest in teaching freshmen.

During the annual Freshman Orientation weekend, Jon would gather some faculty and sail over to the camp on Catalina Island, where he would energetically join in the touch football and baseball games and in the other "mixing" activities. Occasionally he would invite friends to dine on the boat with him and his second wife, Jean.

Jon frequently attended my weekly Africa seminar. One year, to my surprise, he took a college course in Kiswahili and was quickly the best A student in the class.

Jon Matthews' mathematical talents were only exceeded by his modesty. He loved to work out problems in his head. Although highly competitive at tennis, he said after one point, "I've got it!" "Yes," his partner affirmed - I think it was Dave Goodstein - "It is 40-15." "No" said Jon, "I've got the answer."

Jon often went on long hikes in the San Gabriel Mountains, on whose alluvial fan Caltech is built. My colleague, Ted Scudder, told me once of how Jon practically made Ted give Jon a

graduate course on Zambian anthropology during a long hike. When he was first at Caltech, Jon used to team up with another graduate student, Ken Wilson, on numerous expeditions into the mountains. They were both keen on mathematical conundrums. But Jon later confessed that Ken solved all of Jon's problems, while Jon would often fail on Ken's. Perhaps it takes a near genius to recognize a genius, but Jon never showed the slightest envy in praising his hiking friend. Two decades later, in 1982, Kenneth Wilson received the Nobel Prize in physics.

One day at tennis in 1979, Jon was a little late. We knew he had made a sail with Jean to Hawaii, and was now planning to take a year off and sail around the world in their 34-foot sloop *Drambuie II* with only Jean as crew. Jon's slight tardiness, he explained, was because he had been at the Health Center getting special medicines for the perilous voyage. He had included a catheter among the emergency supplies. I can still hear Jon saying, "The nurse who gave me the catheter said that she would have to show me how it worked. I felt very embarrassed, blushed red, and stammered that I was late for tennis and she could explain it another day." As he told the story, laughing, he blushed again and explained, "You see how Victorian I am."

Jon sent a card from Tahiti. He sounded ebullient. On August 1, 1979, I wrote back to Pago Pago, Samoa:

"Dear Jon and Jean - We had a smashup going away party for Anthony and Emma Pearson (a visiting professor from Cambridge who had played tennis in our Friday group). I'll be in Cape Town in September but that is too early for you. Enclosed is something different for the long days and nights (a book about racial change in South Africa). Best wishes. You remind me of brief stops I made at Rapa and Pitcairn."

Jon wrote a long letter from Adelaide, where they had been almost too hospitably received because they had tarried ominously long. In the interim, I had been to Africa, where I had dined with Chris Engelbrecht. Chris had just left the South

African Atomic Energy Commission to become Professor of Physics at Stellenbosch. It had been 19 years since Chris was a student at Caltech but he had kept in touch with Jon and me, and had spent a sabbatical at the Institute only two years before. Jon had said that the most dangerous part of the voyage would be from Durban to Cape Town because of the thick traffic of supertankers and other ships passing around the Cape. Anticipating this, Jon had installed an unusually large screen to reflect radar signals. He felt relieved when Chris agreed to join them in Durban so that they could have three eight-hour shifts to Cape Town.

Jon's second worry was typhoons in the South Indian Ocean. The Matthewses were late leaving Perth, and radioed to ham operators in South Africa that they were in a huge storm some 500 miles south of Mauritius. When they were not heard from in the next few days, we all became alarmed. Chris kept in constant touch with local operators who were trying to raise them. I called the South African Ambassador in Washington, who called back to say that South African Air Force Shackletons would make the 2000-mile flight out and back looking for the little ship in the huge ocean so far from normal shipping lanes.

One day led to the next. Each morning many in the Caltech community would awake with the hope that news would come before nightfall. As the days went on, I was painfully reminded of my father being listed Missing in Action in World War II until a year later the marines said he was no longer MIA and his file was closed. Hope starves slowly.

The sailors at Caltech had a plethora of ideas. Was it wise to risk such a journey in a fiberglass boat with such large windows? No, others argued, Jon had planned to deck them all over with two-by-fours before leaving Australia. The Phoenix image was of Jon and Jean in a dismasted boat drifting in heavy swells. If Jon weren't injured, he would have rigged a jury sail of some sort. They had enough food - if none had been spoiled or lost in the typhoon - for several months. I

looked up the rainfall in the South Indian Ocean at that time of year. Chances were good for fresh water if their supplies ran low.

A few questioned their wisdom or their moral right to attempt such a hazardous trip because Jon had children from his first marriage. On the other hand, the siblings were both in their middle twenties and were on their own. The prevailing sentiment was that the Matthews were right in doing what they wanted to do.

Everyone realized that Jon could have waited until the September-to-December typhoon season had ended. But he had a teaching commitment at Caltech in January and there was still the South Atlantic to sail across, the Panama Canal to transit, and the voyage up the coast of Central America.

We heard that the only other sailing boat to attempt the crossing from Australia to South Africa so late in the season had been heavily battered by an earlier typhoon, but had managed to limp into Reunion. Being dismasted became the best hope. Chris Englebrecht kept in close touch with the ham operators who listened night after night in vain for some spark that would tell us Jon and Jean were alive.

We never heard anything more. No wreckage. No reports of other ships. The vast expanse of the South Indian Ocean was like some distant galaxy from which astronomers ache to hear some sign of life. When I thought of Jon I always seemed to hear wind rushing in my ears. Hope burned lower like a guttering candle. Finally it flickered out.

After a year, a memorial service was held at the Institute. By chance Chris Engelbrecht and I were having dinner together in Cape Town that night. Professor Leverett Davis concluded what I am told was a moving service as follows:

In conclusion, I want to read a cablegram from two people who would certainly have attended this memorial service if they were not far away in South Africa:

In Kiswahili, which Jon learned at Pasadena City College,

there is a saying that the wealth of a country is in its people. Jon exemplified that. The more of a man is shining spirit, the more of him lives beyond the grave. From the shore of the Indian Ocean which claimed him, we salute him. (Signed) Chris Engelbrecht, Jon's first Ph.D., and Ned Munger, tennis buddy.)

## ELISABETH

(1956-1969)

SHE WAS AN EXCEPTIONAL PERSON with a lambent spirit and a sunny nature. Somewhere deep within her was a drive for excellence that few people are fortunate enough to possess.

She was a South African but her parents were German. Her father, from Windsheim, was a merchant in Tsingtao when the Japanese captured the German colony in World War I. After prison camp, he emigrated to South Africa and ran a modest wholesale business.

Her mother came from Nuremburg and was one of the first women executives at Siemens, the large German electrical manufacturer. She took an active part in the wholesale business and was a hardworking, good-hearted woman who stretched the family income.

Elisabeth was born in Cape Town and had a happy childhood, though she grew up in the depression of the 1930s and the whole family counted their pennies. Her family, which included a younger brother, spoke German at home and had traditional German characteristics such as a love for classical music, frugality, and the strong Protestant ethic of the value of hard work.

Elisabeth, although a Protestant, went to a predominately Jewish kindergarten in which the language was German and there were many refugee children. This circumstance played a role when World War II came and many Germans in South Africa were interned. Her father faced that likelihood. But several Jewish business associates, with whose children Elisabeth had gone to kindergarten, intervened with the Smuts government and he was not interned.

However, he was forbidden to be in the Cape Town dock area for security reasons. Mr. Meyer had just started a promising export business in rock lobsters. He lost his position in the new field, where after the war several fortunes were made in exporting lobster to the United States. Elisabeth felt his loss of a business fortune keenly. Her father was only a middling good businessman and some element in her drive was for a success that would wipe out the memory of her father's missed opportunity. She was also troubled by the discrimination against her father as a German by the country in which she had been born and to which she was always devoted. In this she shared some of the commendable loyalty of a first-generation child.

## 1

Elisabeth attended a Lutheran Church primary school in which German was the medium of instruction but in which both English and Afrikaans were taught. Years later, I was to know many who had graduated from this German primary school. One of them, Sarah Goldblatt, a colorful friend during my days in Cape Town, had been the mistress of Langenhoven, who wrote the South African national anthem, *Die Stem* (The Call). Sarkie was his literary executrix, most unusually, and she held the copyright to the national anthem, which she eventually turned over to the South African government. Another graduate of the German school was Sarkie's brother Israel, a noted attorney in South West Africa, author of various books, and one of my first guides to that vast territory. He still lives today, approaching ninety, in Israel, though I occasionally see him in South Africa.

Entering high school, Elisabeth switched to the Afrikaans language at the prestigious Jan van Riebeeck school in Cape Town. She was a happy, popular student, who didn't need to be told by her parents to do her homework. She knew that top grades were expected. She got them, and in the matriculation

examination she made one of the highest scores in the Cape Province, which naturally gave her a First Class.

When it came time for University, her mother felt she needed to continue to live at home for financial reasons, and her father thought she needed a thorough command of English for the business world and for the wider world outside of South Africa. Although English was her third medium of instruction, and although she naturally continued to speak German at home, she excelled in her studies. She was particularly attracted to the fine arts and formed lifelong friendships with leading professors and artists in Cape Town.

While at the University, she had been teased by friends for being the Queen of a Homecoming Dance, and for being so intellectual, but lacking athletic ability. She promptly went out for field hockey, and at the end of the first season was elected Captain of the Hockey Team.

Elisabeth Meyer was an unusually beautiful young woman, with long blonde hair, lively green eyes, and a modestly buxom figure. Her most marked feature was her radiant smile and her most notable characteristic her penchant for making friends with all kinds of people of all ages, all races, and both sexes.

## 2

Elisabeth's first job was doing social work among delinquent Coloured girls (that is, of mixed ancestry) in the Cape Flats. Soon she became the chief organizer for an association that sought to fill the needs of blind Coloured women. Elisabeth became a familiar sight in the Coloured townships, Coloured men and women have told me, driving up in a swirl of dust on the unpaved roads, alighting with her hair tucked under a favorite hat, and quickly organizing whatever needed to be done. Some of this was routine, such as picking up young Coloured women regularly to take them to the hospital for treatment, or visiting those just out of prison. She became a

good friend of many of the less fortunate blind girls. When family friends would ask if she were not repelled by working so closely among the lower class, in the Coloured community, she would give them a wide-eyed look as though to doubt the sanity of the questioner. There was criticism to and by the authorities about this lovely young blonde woman working all alone in some rough Coloured neighborhoods, but she laughed at the criticism, although later she was ordered to have a companion with her.

That was one reason she resigned after several years and moved to Pretoria, where she organized the first national chamber music society with her friend Peta Fischer. Music had always been a delight for her and she never looked at a flat or home without deciding where the piano would go.

I don't know much about her few years in Pretoria. For a short while, she was engaged to the Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany. And she had great difficulty coping with Transvaal storms.

Cape Town has a lot of stormy weather during the winter. On one June visit we stayed at the Mount Nelson and it rained 24 out of 27 days. But the rain is nothing like the summer storms that build up into huge thunderheads and break over the Transvaal with gigantic flashes of lightening and great claps of thunder.

Elisabeth was not alone in being scared by the thunder and not the only woman to hide inside a tall wardrobe until the thunder abated. But it was curiously out of character with her general resolute and confident manner.

When it was announced in 1956 that she was being appointed the first woman diplomat in the history of South Africa, it caused quite a stir. Foreign Minister Eric Louw had his doubts about women in the foreign service and only grudgingly agreed that she could be Cultural Attaché at the South African Embassy in Washington.

The first I saw of her was in a story in *Charm* magazine which features her in black-and-white outfits with her ele-

gant hats. At the time I was a trustee of the African American Institute and was responsible for overseeing a then fledgling but now well-established magazine named *Africa Report*. I had written the lead article for one of the monthly issues, and felt it needed a sidebar on the South African national anthems. So I called up the South African embassy and made a luncheon appointment with Elisabeth.

We found that we had a wide area of agreement about South Africa. She was quite critical of some aspects of American society. For example, she had been shocked when friends of hers named Epstein (he was City Editor of the *Washington Post*), commented that her apartment at 3400 Connecticut Avenue was in an area that didn't rent to Jews. Elisabeth couldn't understand such discrimination because she didn't know of any such "Gentlemen's Agreement" in South Africa.

We got on famously and found that we had many mutual friends. She agreed to write the article about *Die Stem* and also about the African national anthem *Nkosi Sikeleli*. The Ambassador wasn't too keen to have her include the African anthem, but she got around him easily.

The next time I had to edit *Africa Report* in Washington, I invited her for dinner. She had just seen *My Fair Lady* in New York and was entranced by the tunes. For a modest tip, the orchestra leader played the score several times that evening while we danced in a deepening bliss.

Christmas was coming and I found a heavy bracelet at Marshall Field that featured a large Ethiopian Maria Theresa thaler. It was all heavily gilded in 14-karat gold and looked both imposing and handsome.

### 3

I was soon off to spend a year in southern Africa, but first we went for a week's vacation in the Bahamas. We spent the mornings on the beach. As we looked across the pink sand our eyes met the emerald green where the breakers started and,

far out, the intense cobalt of the deep water. Afternoons we would rent a boat and sail up or down the coast from Frenchman's Cove. When it came time to part, we couldn't leave each other, so she flew with me for another long weekend in Kingston, Jamaica. We parted in a torrent of happy tears as I caught a flight south to intercept a ship sailing from Curaçao through the Panama Canal to Auckland. Although the all-first-class ship was full of interesting New Zealanders and some rowdy Australians, and I love ocean voyages, it was the most miserable voyage I ever made, only brightened by going ashore at Pitcairn Island where I met Fletcher Christian VI. I couldn't wait to get to the post office in Auckland. The shipboard was made bearable by a cable: MUNGER PASSENGER CORINTHIC DARLING MAIL WON'T REACH PANAMA POSTING AUCKLAND THANK YOU HAPPIEST DAYS MY LOVE WITH YOU ALL JOURNEYS.

The months passed with agonizing slowness in Johannesburg and on the various trips I made around Southern Africa. Although we were both tremendously busy, we lived for letters. Midway in the year, we arranged to meet in Zurich in June to spend a fortnight together. We drove into the fore Alps and spent most of the time at St. Anton, a famous ski resort. We walked the ski runs, now deep in pine needles, admired the edelweiss, enjoyed Austrian cooking, and floated high on the arms of love. One day, with a picnic lunch, we climbed for two hours into a montane meadow. There we lay back on the green grass, gazed down at the "Sound of Music" valleys below us, had a delicious lunch washed down by schnapps, and made love. When I told her of an embarrassing contretemps in the village shop, we laughed until the tears ran dry at the image of my discomfiture. It is all a happy blend of memory now.

The last week, we drove through some of the historic parts of Austria and eventually back across Lichtenstein to a sad parting in Zurich: she back to her post in Washington and me to my observing and writing in Johannesburg.

The months passed too slowly in Johannesburg and our correspondence was daily. Finally, in September, after months apart, I flew back to Washington to discuss matters. She needed the technical permission of her Ambassador to marry me and that was difficult to obtain. He liked me but was adamantly opposed to her marrying an American. What the Foreign Minister said when asked for his comment is unprintable. But just before I had to return to Africa, we were married and spent a week's honeymoon on Cape Cod.

4

International as well as interracial marriages can create their own pressures. In the end the flower of Cape Town did not truly take root in the alien soil of Pasadena. Its withering was the greatest tragedy of my life. But it was not without a mutual effort. I think I recognized the situation in the following letter from Accra, Ghana, December 2, 1958:

Dearly Beloved: Two thousand one hundred and six hours ago the most wonderful moment of my life took place when you became my precious wife. Dearly beloved Elisabeth, don't ever for a moment think that I don't realize how great a change you have made – however gladly in a final adding up – to spend your life as my beloved wife. The greatest burden has, inevitably, fallen on you, as it has been on you in some ways from the first night we danced all night. I was surer in the result. You have had the greater faith. Now you must also have the courage and the faith to make the changes – I hope always with my understanding and perception – to a new way of life. But never forget that it is a way of life that you must mold to our mutual wishes. It will be our life as gradually as you adjust to the pattern of my life – of our new life. You say that the prospect makes you happy. It makes me blissful.

Dearly beloved, I do give thanks for the miracle which has brought our loves to mingle in a common, yet, I feel, a

unique spiritual love and understanding. There are too many happy tears in my heart to put the words straight. But you know how incredibly happy you have made each day with you. Love to you for sunny days and stormy ones. For happy days and days when the burdens are heavy. Beloved wife for all time to come on this earth. Your loving husband, Ned.

Elisabeth had to finish up her work, sell her possessions, and pack. By the time I had passed through Dakar, Freetown, and Abidjan, I got a bad fever, and by the time I reached the hotel in Accra I was really ill. It dragged on for two desultory weeks. A visiting American Public Health Service Major told me that she thought it was paratyphoid but she advised against going into the hospital in Ghana. I had been treated for a bout of malaria in Ghana hospital seven years before, and agreed with her advice that if I couldn't get better in the hotel, I should fly to London.

Elisabeth became worried, wound up her business hurriedly, and flew out to meet me. That brightened me up. Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, had invited us for dinner and to a party at Christianborg Castle. I dragged myself up to go. I have a marvelous picture of Kwame Nkrumah absolutely beaming as he is dancing with Elisabeth, his black skin standing out prominently against the fair complexion and blonde waves. She thought Nkrumah was one of the most charming and exciting men she had ever met. As she came back to the table, she remarked, "See all the nice people I can meet now that I'm married to you and am not the South African Cultural Attaché!"

But she never quite got over the stigma that many people insisted on fastening on her for being a South African. In college, when I would organize picketing for the Committee on Racial Equality, I had never really understood how someone could have a prejudice against, let alone a hatred for, someone they had never met, simply because of their ethnic origin.

This prejudice was not something encountered in West Africa, possibly because West Africans are so gregarious, and they evaluated her as a person as they found her. I remember one night when we had a small dinner for the grand old man of Ghana nationalism, Dr. J. B. Danquah, and he philosophized about how the West Africans could best understand how the Afrikaners felt about British domination.

It was later, primarily in America, that the prejudice against her and, she felt acutely, prejudice against me because I was married to her, became almost an obsession. Little did I think in those halcyon days in Ghana that this feeling of prejudice would be a major factor in her sudden death.

From Ghana, we went to Cape Town, where I met her family. They had always been somewhat anti-American, a feeling that had both cultural and political roots, but they always made me feel welcome. She was 29 and I think her parents felt it was time she married.

5

Elisabeth plunged into her new life in Pasadena with enthusiasm. Within a couple of years she became a trustee of the Los Angeles Zoo, worked with the Coleman Chamber Music concerts, and became President of the Caltech Women's Club. But she was also homesick. The Western Cape is certainly one of the most beautiful places on earth. It has a greater abundance of indigenous flowers than any other part of the world because of its long isolation in a Mediterranean climate. Even the city flower of Los Angeles, the *Strelitzia*, is native to Cape Town.

Fortunately, she liked the Mediterranean climate of Pasadena, so much more like the Cape, and without the Transvaal thunder. She loved to work in the garden even though her academic-type garden boy lacked her green thumb.

Her taste in art and furnishing was superb. I had a good many pieces of African sculpture, paintings, and furniture to

which we added by mutual choice in which her better taste predominated. After the riots in the Congo, we purchased some exquisite Persian carpets for a song.

Elisabeth's longing for the Cape is something that *Kaape-naars* feel, regardless of ethnicity. In recent years, a number of Coloured exiles in Canada have been drawn back to their homeland despite the degree of racial discrimination that still exists. Among white South Africans who have voluntarily gone into exile, very few are from the Cape. The salaries there are rarely as high as those in Johannesburg or abroad, but the ambience and the lifestyle are worth more than money to many people.

Elisabeth's solution to her longing was to suggest that we buy a wine farm in the Cape and she would manage it, as I'm sure she could have done well, while I would devote myself to writing.

Together, we organized the first overseas tour of the Los Angeles Zoo Associates. She soon expanded this to tours of Australia which she arranged. On one trip to Africa we stopped in Fiji for a vacation and personally inspected all the places the tour would visit. Another time we vacationed at the Aga Kahn's resort in Sardinia. We spent a summer at Montreux where I had been asked to lecture by the American Friends Service Committee. Sailing on Lake Geneva was a daily treat. The abstemious Friends served a glass of red wine at each dinner, I recall, and only one person could obtain more. He was the First Secretary of the Russian Embassy in London. When Novikoff got red in the face and pounded the table shouting "More wine," it soon came.

On the domestic side, one of Elisabeth's fortes was dinner parties. We developed a practice of asking twenty people and then separating wives and husbands in different rooms. It often had surprising results. For example, a door to the study might open and those at the regular dinner table would hear gales of laughter. When someone passed by and was asked the cause of the hilarity, the answer would be that Mrs. So and So

was telling stories. The spouse in the dining room would sometimes say, "But she doesn't know any stories," or "That can't be my wife making people laugh."

Elisabeth's sense of perfection made her extremely tense just before such parties and her strong nerves would regularly give way to tears or a sharp temper. I was not very perceptive in seeing cause and effect. But after several years of this I sat down with her the morning of a party and said that surely she had the ability to discharge this tension without getting angry at me or without tears. She listened. It never happened again.

My aging mother came and stayed in the guest room for a year while we tried to make her happy. Finally, she had to go into a home. Then Elisabeth's mother came for six months while she was dying of leukemia, and we tried to make her comfortable.

Although I had modest success in my career, Elisabeth always felt she was holding me back. There was a lot of prejudice against me for being married to a South African. I was one of eighteen founding Fellows of the African Studies Association of the United States in 1958. In the early 1960s when it was growing to more than 2000 members, I served on the national board for three years. Like many close friends on the board, my name eventually came up at a nominating committee meeting to be President for a year. A member of the Committee told Elisabeth that while I deserved to be President, she would understand that it just wouldn't look right to have the head of the American African Studies Association married to a white South African. Strangely, he wasn't deliberately trying to hurt her – merely to assure her that I really deserved the post. A misguided friend.

But surprisingly, the prejudice was mostly limited to non-South Africans. When people such as management consultant Gray Mbau, a Xhosa-speaking South African, or a Coloured leader such as Dr. Dick van der Ross would come, it was always an occasion for stimulating and fun dinner parties.

At an annual meeting of the African Studies Association in

Philadelphia, former Senator Rubin of South Africa and then of Howard University, and I debated before a large, packed crowd, in favor of giving black South Africans visas to visit the states. My paper was a history of such visits over the last fifty years and concluded that many positive changes in South Africa had come out of such visits to America. The criticism of me by a handful of militants led by a white South African in exile, became vehement. Elisabeth's position was dragged into it. A tape of the meeting ends in a blare of yelling, and the Chairman, Absolom Vilikazi, a friend of Elisabeth's and mine, abandoning the meeting. Violence was in the air. A gun was reported to have been seen. At a similarly stormy meeting in Montreal the year before, a man with a shotgun forced the Ambassador of Senegal to abandon the podium. Memories of this traumatic incident were in many minds, including my own. Finally a tall African Ambassador, who had known Elisabeth, wrapped me in his overcoat and hustled me safely out a back door.

I can smile now at the memory because one of my principal opponents – Rubin and I were always friendly – was Sonny Leon, the then head of the South African Labor Party. Sonny said that only fascists were allowed out of South Africa. I remarked that I had never seen him as a fascist, whereupon he said that he would be arrested on his return and never be allowed to leave the country again. About six months later, he took a trip to Europe, and later still became a cooperator with the government until ousted from the Labor Party. Elisabeth felt all this keenly. In 1968, when the *Daily Telegraph* in London pointed to me as the most likely new Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, I turned down an invitation to visit Washington to discuss the position simply because it might increase the tensions on both of us.

On a flight that Elisabeth and I made from Johannesburg to London, I encountered a totally unexpected vignette. The scene was the steamy waiting room at the airport in Brazzaville. The passengers had gotten off for a 2:00 a.m. refueling stop. Coming off near the end of the tourist section, I did a double take when I saw the Foreign Minister of South Africa, Eric Louw, already sitting on one of those spindly wire chairs at a small marble-topped table of the kind that you find only in former French Africa.

Eric Louw had opposed Elisabeth's appointment and had been angered by her resignation – at first refusing to give his legally required authorization. Furthermore, he had expressed himself critically about an article of mine in *Foreign Affairs*. It was entitled "South Africa: Are There Silver Linings?" and forecast a gradual liberalization of race relations in South Africa. If I do say so, it was remarkably prescient. I cannot recall any other major article in those years that forecast the birth of the whole "verlig" or enlightened movement that has made so many sweeping cosmetic changes and some more substantive ones in race relations. Ambassador "Wennie" du Plessis in Washington had told me frankly that the changes I foresaw as coming were "just not on." Wennie was irritated by our marriage and his previous cordiality had changed so much that he had said I was "n bietjie deur mekaar" or a little mixed up.

So there was the Foreign Minister sitting at a table in a black-ruled country that hated everything he stood for. The irony was inescapable when a really pretty tawny-skinned young woman approached the table in the crowded waiting room and asked if she could sit on the vacant seat. She wasn't trying to pick him up, but she was being democratic in seeking a place to sit down. Eric Louw stiffly acknowledged her presence and drew back, even more aloof, until the flight was called for reboarding. Although he had seen us nearby, he

hadn't given a flicker of recognition.

However, never wanting to miss a chance for some better understanding of Africa, I overrode Elisabeth's objection after the plane was in the air and made my way to the front of the first class where Eric Louw had both of the seats on the right side. I spoke to him in Afrikaans and asked if we could have little conversation. He was still in a bad mood, but he nodded for me to sit down. He switched the language to English in which he was completely bilingual. After a few minutes he launched into an excoriating denunciation of me, of all Americans, and of the sickness of the West in general. His voice, always somewhat high pitched, rose in a crescendo until he was addressing not only me but the entire first class cabin. I could see that his Private Secretary, sitting opposite him on the left-hand side, was becoming alarmed. Louw's identity was not known to the other passengers and we were by then flying over the heart of black Africa.

To Eric Louw I was worse than a Communist because, he ranted, as a pinko I deceived innocent people into following the Communist line. He insisted with great authority that the changes I had predicted in my article were impossible. "Never, never, never," he said vehemently.

I didn't argue, and eventually I extricated myself and returned to my seat, steaming from more than the humidity. To my astonishment, Louw's Private Secretary soon appeared with a taut worried look on his face. He asked me to forgive the Foreign Minister for his tirade. "You may be critical of us, Professor, but you have always been fair. I am ashamed at the way my Minister has spoken to you."

That was a helluva nice apology. It was also a courageous act for the young man. I've forgotten his name, though he must have risen to the rank of Ambassador by now. But if Eric Louw had heard his apology, "as a South African for my country," I'm sure that he would have been dismissed out of hand. It has been men like that who have sparked the changes.

Elisabeth was so good in blending people together that I thought she should try to do just this where it might count for much more. I meant in South Africa. So I wrote a proposal to David Rockefeller, who had some interests in South Africa through the Chase Bank. He was intrigued and wanted to see me personally, so I made an appointment, and told him face to face that I thought that we could encourage Coloured-Afrikaner dialogue. He took it under consideration.

Elisabeth was a good friend of one of South Africa's leading artists, Irma Stern, who had had numerous triumphs at the Venice and São Paulo Biennales. Irma planned to go to Europe for a year and we rented her old house. She was hesitant to rent it because it was crammed with all manner of valuable artifacts and paintings. At present prices the contents of the house would be worth well over a million dollars. But she trusted Elisabeth and felt that the collections would be safer with someone in the house. The moment you drove in the driveway and stopped opposite the door you knew it was an unusual house. Irma had installed magnificent intricately carved massive wooden doors from Zanzibar – their export is now forbidden.

Along with the possessions, we inherited Charley, Irma's cook from Zanzibar, who when he wasn't drunk made marvelous cannelloni. The fourteenth-century dining room table she had acquired from a monastery in Spain. It was long but narrow. This made conversation across the table easy and I have formed a bias in favor of narrow tables so that you can talk not only to left and right, but across the table.

This was important, because one of our purposes in taking the house was conversation. We began to invite carefully selected Coloured and Afrikaner leaders to dinner. It was fortunate that guests could drive in and park inside the grounds. White neighbors seeing a succession of Coloured people outside the house might have raised problems. As it was in those

days, Prime Minister Verwoerd had made a rule that his Cabinet Ministers were not allowed to attend mixed gatherings. But the Minister of Transport, Paul Sauer, was a particular friend as was Dr. Dick van der Ross, then editor of a "Coloured" newspaper. Neither ever failed to respond to an invitation. None of the guests ever, to my knowledge, leaked information about the other guests. I like to think that they trusted us, on the one hand, but also that they were sufficiently intrigued by the conversations that they didn't want to risk being disinvited.

This effort on our part to improve dialogue in South Africa was expensive on our income. On a hunch, I wrote to David Rockefeller repeating my proposal that \$4,000 was too small an amount to apply for a foundation grant, but if he trusted our judgment and wanted to make a positive contribution he might like to help us with our weekly gatherings. In due course a check for \$4,000 arrived.

We had a lot of poets and artists to mix with the politicians and academics. One specific party celebrated Peter Philander's winning the Hertzog Prize for poetry – the first time a Coloured writer had ever won the most coveted prize in Afrikaans literature.

Irma Stern has since died and the home we lived in for a year, just below the Cape Town University cricket field, is now a museum. I have visited it several times with friends. It never fails to give me an eerie feeling to enter each of the rooms and to hear, in my mind, conversations that had gone on and to imagine the familiar faces.

Of course, racially mixed parties, at first chic, have now become somewhat commonplace in intellectual circles. I like the fact that when I have brought black friends with me to South Africa, Dick van der Ross, now head of the Coloured University, makes a special effort to include at least one black couple in the white and Coloured party. If Elisabeth were alive today, she would delight in all the liberalization in race relations, but she would think change was coming too slowly.

One bonus of Elisabeth's wide circle of friends in South Africa's intellectual and artistic circles, which added to my own friendships over many years, was the number of visitors we were privileged to entertain. Jan Rabie, the Afrikaans writer, and his artist wife Marjorie Wallace, who paints such delightful pictures of clowns, were among many welcome guests. These also included politicians such as Japie Basson, Connie Mulder, and Owen Horwood, and a raft of African leaders.

Perhaps the biggest party we had for a visiting South African was for Sydney Kumalo. He is enormously gifted, often laconic, and was a particular favorite of Elisabeth's. The following conversation behind my back gave us much amusement. One of our guests was a famous Southern California artist, whom I introduced to our guest of honor and then turned away.

"What did Ned say your name is?"

"Sydney Kumalo."

"Do you have anything to do with art?"

"Yes."

"I don't recognize your accent. Where do you come from?"

"South Africa."

"Oh, do you make wood carvings?"

"No."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a sculptor."

"That's nice. Have you ever exhibited your work in Soweto?"

"Yes, in Johannesburg and at the Venice Biennale and this year at the São Paulo Biennale."

"Oh," said the famous artist taken aback by the modest African in the open shirt and leather jacket. "That's nice. Maybe some day you'll have an American agent?"

"I have."

"Who?"

“Gainsborough Galleries in New York.”

“Well, what are your prices?”

“Most of my works sell for about \$5,000.”

Having so obviously underrated Kumalo, the famous artist tried patronizing in another vein, “It must be wonderful to be out of South Africa. Don’t you feel free?”

“Yes, but I’m going back next week.”

“Do you have to go back?”

“No, but I’m building a new two-story house in Soweto and my architect says I must be there for some changes in the plans.”

As the famous artist slunk away, I turned and winked at Sydney. A faint smile creased his normally passive face. A year later, we were at his new home in Dube, an exclusive suburb of Soweto, and when the story of the famous artist came up, he threw his head back and just roared.

Elisabeth was never as active in cultural matters in California as she had been in South Africa, where she and Peta Fischer organized the chamber music association. Elisabeth did join the board of the Coleman Chamber Music Association and we rarely missed the famous artists who appeared in Pasadena. It was my hope that Elisabeth’s greater knowledge of music, art and languages would somehow rub off my ignorance of the former and ineptitude at the latter. Although I listened to many concerts, I have yet to gain a real appreciation.

One musical person with whom Elisabeth formed a strong bond was Maria Cole, the widow of Nat King Cole. Once I was pleasantly surprised to arrive home in time to share a scrumptious high tea with Maria and her daughter Natalie, then just about to follow in her famous father’s musical footsteps.

Over the years, I have kept in touch with a number of Elisabeth's fellow Jan van Riebeeckers. One comes from a prominent Afrikaans family that, like one-third of the Cape Afrikaners, has some Coloured ancestry. I say "Coloured" because most such Afrikaners do not have genetic genes of Africans in South Africa. The genetic contribution, according to a paper by Professor Marius Barnard published in the *Munger Africana Library Notes*, is more from the "Malays" who came from Indonesia, the San or "Bushmen," and the Hottentots. This particular friend has recently become a Judge. Time will tell if he will reach the highest court in South Africa, as his father did.

Speaking of judges, I'll never forget Elisabeth's reaction when we attended a Poqo trial in Cape Town. This offshoot of the Pan African Congress had a plan to murder a number of key Afrikaners in the Cape. Many of them, such as Finance Minister Eben Donges, lived in a luxurious apartment building in Sea Point. One day during the trial, we had lunch with the Judge President of the Cape, crusty old Andy Beyers. He was incensed that even though he lived in the same flats as a number of the intended victims, he was not considered sufficiently important to be marked down on their maps for execution. Elisabeth had a great pride in the quality of the judiciary, one of the bulwarks of civilization in South Africa.

One classmate she also admired was Jan Steyn. While on the bench, Jan became, along with Helen Suzman, the conscience of the prisons. They would both make unannounced visits, as their positions entitled them to do, in order to try to cure some of the worst abuses, especially after passage of an iniquitous law that imposed heavy penalties for reporting ills in prisons.

Jan and Audrey Steyn visited us on their first trip to the United States, and it was in their reaction to American society that their own values were evidenced. This was in the

early 1960s, but one could see the qualities of character that qualified Jan to head the Urban Foundation, which is private industry's effort to improve the quality of life for black and brown South Africans.

Shortly after Jan took a leave from the bench, a rare procedure in South Africa, to head the Foundation, I went with him to a cricket match at Newlands between Western Province and Natal. For three hours, he leisurely adumbrated his philosophy toward change in South Africa.

Therefore it wasn't surprising that when I was on another visit two years ago, he volunteered to drive me to the world-famous "Crossroads" settlement outside Cape Town. It has been featured in films and has often been cited as one of the worst evils in the Republic. Jan drove all around and through Crossroads, explaining how he had supported the decision not to use the threatened bulldozers to demolish it, but to allow the Africans to live there while a new, sanitary, and modern settlement was being built for them nearby. At one point, near the center of Crossroads, we got stuck in a sandy patch so characteristic of the Cape Flats. When our wheels kept spinning us in deeper, about ten African men appeared from nearby shacks, put their shoulders to the car, and pushed us out. I asked one young man why he was so enthusiastic about helping my Afrikaans friend – after all, they could have eliminated us on the spot. I asked if they knew he was Judge Steyn. "No," came the reply. "The Judge is a fine man. Is that him?" With that, he went around the car to shake Jan's hand. Elisabeth would have liked that.

While she deepened my knowledge of South Africa and South Africans, my general views had been well fixed by the time I met Elisabeth after a decade of visiting in her country. Our views were both basically set in a certain direction, which is one reason we were instantly compatible. The truth is, although superficial observation might not suggest it, that my views have been quite constant since before I knew her, during a decade together, and up to the present.

Elisabeth was not a perfect human being and would be the first to acknowledge that. In fact, she used to criticize me for not pointing out her faults and taking a firm stand about some of them. There were two that I never tried to change that she felt badly about. She hated the idea of being my second wife. I remember a dinner in New Orleans when the President of Tulane University made a gracious toast to her saying that she was “as charming a queen as Elizabeth II?” She was incensed and did not behave well. A second flaw grew out of the first. She could not stand the mention of my daughter Betsy. She didn’t want her to visit and resented my contact with her. But Elisabeth always said she was being wrong. Finally, when Betsy was considering enrolling at Pitzer College in Claremont, Elisabeth invited her for a long visit. They got on well, with Elisabeth making an obvious effort – obvious at least to me. Once she said to me in an offhand way, as she was walking away, “If I should go before you do, I want Betsy to have my pearls.” It was a tacit acknowledgement of having been unfair and a genuine desire to make amends.

When the foregoing was read for discussion at a writing group in which I participate, there was general surprise at Elisabeth’s feeling that there was discrimination against her and me. The one person in the twenty who immediately grasped the nettle was one of only two black people present. Carole Long said she understood, because as a dark black person, with excellent qualifications, she felt she should have obtained a post in African Studies at Riverside College. But until she had tenure, she had to conceal the fact that she had an Irish husband lest her devotion to the black cause be questioned by the black caucus. It was typical of Elisabeth that the surest understanding would come from someone whose roots were in the continent she loved.

Elisabeth took great pride in being elected a trustee of the Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association. She launched a series of successful tours of Africa, Australia and other places. It was when she was in Sydney on her second visit for GLAZA that I found an alarming note in her manner. When we had parted in Cape Town there was something I couldn't put my finger on. My telephone call from Nairobi to Sydney lasted more than hour and at the end I felt much better.

Elisabeth was one of the last people you would expect to take her own life. She was too vibrant, too happy, at least outwardly, and too strong a personality to be overcome by a minor depression. She came home extremely exhausted from her journey and had a bad cold. We differed over a minor matter that evening but nothing that seemed serious then or now. There was no immediate inkling. Women are supposed to talk about suicide in most instances. But Elisabeth was never ordinary.

That night, after I was sound asleep, she got up, went to the garage, carefully led the garden hose from the exhaust to inside the car. She loved that maroon "T" Bird that she drove daily, since I could walk to campus. She poured herself a full glass of bourbon, set it on the ledge next to the driver's seat, but apparently never touched it.

Then she began to write the following note and continued until the fumes overcame her:

Dearest Ned —

Nov. 16th  
or 17th after  
midnight.

- ① I have always loved you more than anything <sup>point</sup> that motivated me throughout life, except my father.
- ② The tragedy is that I did not communicate this to you — though I often <sup>thought</sup> ~~thought~~ you knew. It was much more difficult to live (with you) when we went & attended

mean you probably can realize  
the (allied) community was there  
for me. I know this is difficult to  
understand for many people & this  
is not (there isn't) time to explain

- (3) I never meant to ~~disturb~~ <sup>disturb</sup> you,  
seriously, but I hates <sup>hate</sup> to  
do that.
- (4) I do. never expected your death  
time of last night - & maybe my  
fight should have been longer - I mean

Nov 17 wed

Jewellery - <sup>+ Namai!</sup> should be wanted by  
Mornica Meyer, of Hammond Bay.

EXCEPT, My diamond pin has  
you bought <sup>me</sup> in London & the  
pin with the 3<sup>rd</sup> gold coins. Also  
to you the Fabra ring - probably  
my most loved piece of jewelry  
bought in Amsterdam remember?

If you don't want the three items,  
I will keep them for Betty or  
if not, for Monica.

Please be sure to ask Fred to buy  
that piano.

I feel I am going so writing  
may not be me.

(5) Susie or Michael should have  
something - for so much friendship

underrated. Maybe my diamond  
rings for resetting? You decide?  
The rest of my jewelry, most  
little stones should go to friends for  
thrift.

I hope that you will write to  
tell my brother that I have  
loved and admired him so very  
much. I seem to have been  
a person that doesn't convey  
the positive reactions. Though his  
relationship took me + you -  
should never be compared!

The little ~~that~~ remainder  
I pray will answer to you darling  
I have never loved anyone ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
way I love you & I know  
- by anything but a telephone  
- I understand I did feel wedded to you

It isn't important my  
dear

I do love you - & so do

Thomas

In the morning when I found her she was looking straight ahead with the pen in her hand. Rigor mortis had set in and the paramedics could do nothing. Just then Max Delbrück came by. I cannot describe the pain.

Why did she do it? I will never know. I went straight to Henry and Doris Dreyfuss. Elisabeth and Doris were very close and Doris may have known some reasons. But Doris died without our ever discussing the question. Henry quietly helped me in many ways.

So many hundreds of people wrote such beautiful letters. I sent copies to Elisabeth's family. Now I regret deeply that I lacked the courage to suffer the pain of answering them. She now rests by her beloved father in Cape Town. The Cape Peninsula has the greatest profusion of flowering species in the whole world and Elisabeth knew them and loved them all. Sir Francis Drake called it the "fairest Cape in all the world." Elisabeth was its most beautiful flower and human being.

## MARTIN

(1949-present)

DR. ALIKER is a sophisticated, highly intelligent, compassionate, financially prescient, and hard-working Ugandan. He has succeeded in such diverse fields as dental surgery, diplomacy (Ambassador to both the United States and the Soviet Union), business (including directorships in German and Japanese companies as well as East African enterprises and newspaper publishing), and is currently in politics. Many observers of the Uganda scene have predicted that he will become President of that lovely and fertile country, described by Winston Churchill as "the pearl of Africa."

His American wife, Camille, is equally intelligent and attractive, with wide experience in running educational exchange programs. The Alikers have five children, the eldest of whom, Julie, spent her first college year at Bryn Mawr in 1979-80.

Aliker was the Ugandan, living in Nairobi, who did the most to succor Uganda refugees from his own pocket and with assistance he gained from others. He was a member of the post-Amin ruling executive council.

His successes are as unlikely as they were difficult to achieve. At birth his one major asset was being a middle son of the chief of the West Acholi. However, the Acholi people in northern Uganda, near the Sudan border, had only a handful of educated people when Aliker was born, and were considered "bush" people – a pejorative expression – by the much better educated and more prosperous Baganda in the south. The Baganda, a Bantu-speaking people, looked down on the

Nilotic peoples, such as the Acholi.

Aliker grew up in Gulu, the principal town of the north. The children in the family, as is the Acholi custom, do not have the same surname. They are, in order of age: Daudi Ocheng, Janet Arac (Odonga), Martin Aliker, Merida Lucy Apiyo and Anne Marjorie Acen (twins), Edward Okello, Naomi Adong, and Michael Okema.

The name "Aliker" is formed from the word Ali (problem or trouble) and Ker (kingdom). The Acholi language is exceptionally rich – far richer than, say, English – in words that connotate particular interpersonal relationships. Some of the words for intergroup relationships have no counterparts in European languages.

The Aliker family has always been exceptionally closely knit. Aliker's sister Lucy Apiyo recalls how responsibly her brother always acted toward her and her twin, and how he would prepare millet for them to eat when their mother was out working in the fields. His attitude was always that the children should help one another.

Aliker's father was a stern taskmaster who seemed to prefer the girls to the boys. He was hard on all the boys, and perhaps Aliker's strength of character came in part from surviving his father's harshness. However, the father did encourage the children's schooling. All the boys went to university. The oldest sister, Janet, went to Gayaza High School in southern Uganda, probably the best girl's school in the country. Two of the girls completed university, another finished a teacher training course, and the fourth took a secretarial course. Ocheng and Aliker were among the first Acholi to attend the secondary school at Kings College in Budo. This excellent Anglican boarding school was for many years the source of the best Uganda students going on to Makerere or to universities abroad. Although the school drew its students from the whole country, it was heavily dominated by the Baganda. To this day many say that Aliker is one of the few northerners who is truly fluent in Luganda, a major political asset.

Going away to school at the onset of puberty and living among a people who tended to look down on Acholis was not easy. But Martin succeeded admirably. Budo gave him intellectual competition he would not have found elsewhere in Uganda. It also gave him the opportunity to make many valuable friendships among persons who were later to hold responsible, even distinguished, positions in the ruling oligarchy of Uganda.

At home when he was growing up, Martin was considered to be somewhat more of a handful than most young boys are. He didn't always want to go to school, though he liked games and was good at them. One time he played hookey from school and got the whipping of his life from his father. Martin often fought with his older sister. But when his mother disciplined any of the children, Martin was the first to cry that a brother or sister was being whipped.

Martin was much liked by girls, and his sisters were pestered by their friends to get Martin to invite them out. One sister remembers him as "being born responsible," the person who would take action if their parents were away. Years later, at the time of Ocheng's death, Martin stepped in and bore the family responsibility.

As a boy Martin did disagree with his mother quite often, but she seemed to have a special soft spot for him. Even his siblings recall him as being difficult at times. The family tradition was for the mother to prepare the evening meal and serve her husband. When he had eaten as much as he wanted, she would take what was left, add more to it and divide it among the children. But Martin as a small boy refused to eat from a plate someone else had eaten from. And if the meat was smoked too much, he refused it. With eight children, separate menus are not practical, but Martin's mother often found something extra that Martin would eat. Although the other children frequently stayed overnight with neighbors, Martin would not eat at someone else's house.

There is still a highly formal side to Martin Alier.

He does not like to have people drop in on him – his family and siblings excepted – and he can be quite frosty with someone he doesn't know well who comes by without an appointment.

From an early age Martin was extremely neat and never lost anything. He always washed his own clothes, whereas his older brother Ocheng tended to drop his clothes wherever convenient and expected one of his sisters to pick them up and wash them.

Even as a young boy Aliker was unusually hardworking. He would go out with his hoe about six in the morning before the sun was hot and would make more potato heaps than anyone else. He also hoed the sesame seeds that were then a cash crop of the Acholi. Later, when he was home from college for the holidays, he would go to the fields to help his mother carry in the millet. None of his educated peers in Gulu would at that stage have given such help with manual labor.

The evenings at home, when Martin was growing up, were sometimes musical. Martin plays a traditional Acholi instrument called the "nanga," which is plucked. More often the family sat around the fire and everyone was asked to tell a tale, even the youngest children. Most of the tales were traditional and were told over and over again, but the teller was expected to improve the story by better delivery. This may be one reason that Martin is such a good public speaker.

The father was strong and self-confident and the children just didn't talk back. But once, before he went to America, Aliker did talk back. The father exploded that this was his house and if Aliker didn't like it he could leave. As punishment Martin was ordered to go ten miles to get a cow and bring it home – ten difficult miles each way through the bush.

The daughters agree that they all physically feared their father, and those who have children of their own today have entirely different, warmer, and unforbidding family relationships. Love was there in the Gulu home but Martin's

father did not express it in the conventional "western" pattern.

After finishing at Budo, Alikor entered Makerere College (now University), which, in 1947, had changed from a post-secondary school for the sons of chiefs, to a respectable institution for undergraduates. In fact, it was the only such institution between the Sudan and South Africa and drew students from an area much larger than the United States.

1

My first meeting with Alikor was in 1949, when I was doing my doctoral research at Makerere as the first Fulbright Scholar to the British Commonwealth. It was a Sunday morning and I was eating scrambled eggs on the porch of my staff house. When I looked up I could see the lovely green hills march away in the distance, their identical heights marking them as survivors of an ancient peneplain. The landscape was atypical of Africa, whose colors are more characteristically the deep red of the laterite soils and the sere yellow of the savannahs. When Hemingway wrote the *Green Hills of Africa*, he was thinking of Uganda, which is lush, though not jungle.

A tall, good-looking young student came up the path as I sipped my fresh pineapple juice. I took him for an Acholi, or perhaps a Langi, certainly from one of the Nilotic peoples of the north.

He was wearing khaki shorts and a clean white singlet, and I seem to recall that he was barefoot, as many students were in those days. He climbed the steps, his shoulders back confidently, but he spoke deferentially as Makerere students then spoke to the almost entirely white staff.

The handsome young man spoke first. "My name is Martin Alikor. I would like to ask you for some help."

"Of course, Martin. Sit down. What can I do?"

"I want to go to America."

"Why?"

“Uganda needs trained people. I like science. We don’t have one African dentist for the whole country. Perhaps I’d like to be a dental surgeon.”

As I considered his ambition I asked, “Would you like to have some tea?”

“Thank you, sir.”

I winced at the “sir.” I was too young and too inexperienced to be called “sir” by anyone. Thinking back, it is hard to recapture the great deference Africans showed to “Europeans” in 1949. I remember telling the cook, Festo, that I was not a “muzungu” (European) but an American. He replied that if I was not a “Hindi” or an African, I must be a “muzungu,” by which he meant white.

Being a dentist didn’t strike me as the greatest ambition for an obviously bright student. But one had to consider the times and recognize that dentistry would perhaps provide an economic base for other ventures.

Suddenly, as I poured him a second cup of tea, a possible answer to his earnest appeal flashed into my mind and I replied:

“Fine, the best dental school in the world is at Northwestern University. And Northwestern also has the best African Studies program in the United States. No Acholi has ever studied in America?” My voice had a questioning tone. He nodded as I went on, “So you must write a letter, and I’ll help you, to the Director of African Studies, Professor Melville J. Herskovits, appealing for a scholarship. But don’t ever mention that you know me. Give Mel the pride of discovery. He will find a way.”

After the letter was composed and sent, I wanted to know Martin better and I invited him and a Muganda student, Senteza Kajubi, to visit a rural teacher-training college. Kajubi also came to Chicago for a graduate degree in geography. He later became the Vice-Chancellor of Makerere University, but is even better known in Uganda as being the father of three sets of twins – girl twins, boy twins, and mixed twins (the boy my godson).

On that day in 1950, as we drove out of Kampala on the red laterite road, I was having great difficulty in breaking through the barrier between teacher and students, and perhaps between white and black and different age groups (29 versus 19). They were both extremely polite – though not obsequious – and were anxious to please. But the invisible barrier was there. How to break through it to a more relaxed and personal level of communication? I tried asking them about their families. The replies were friendly but distant.

I asked about sports. It was all so deferential. I wasn't making real contact. As we drove along we passed groups of Baganda girls carrying plantains on their heads. They had colorful cloths wrapped around as skirts and their bosoms were bare. Perhaps here was my opening. Both young men spoke excellent English but perhaps Swahili would be more informal.

So I said in Swahili, "Uko" (There). They looked everywhere but at the young women.

I tried again, "Mzuri" (good, nice). They nodded as though the green coffee *shamba* we were passing was attractive.

Finally, I stretched my Swahili a little farther and put it all together: "Uko, mzuri matiti."

Both Martin and Senteza broke into embarrassed giggles and turned their heads away. But it worked. I had found a level, albeit perhaps a male chauvinist one, where we had a commonalty. In later years they were both to tell me that from that instant our friendship as equals really began to grow.

On another occasion, I took Aliker and Kajubi for their first flight to see Kampala and the countryside from the air at Entebbe airport, and Kajubi and I took the first sightseeing in the small plane. Then Aliker and my wife went up. I had forgotten all this, although they had both been excited about their first flight at the time, until Aliker reminded me of it recently.

I was amazed that what stood out in his memory was my lack of concern in allowing my wife to sit next to him in

the small plane. He said that white women didn't come into that kind of contact with African men at that stage of colonialism. It never occurred to me to even think about it in a racial sense, but thirty years later it still stood out in Alier's mind. It is hard to recapture the extent of racialism in those days and how it was accepted – not necessarily liked – by most Africans.

A few months later, Professor Herskovits wound up an address to a wealthy crowd by reading part of Martin's letter. A couple named Nuelsen came forward after the meeting and agreed to pay Martin's university expenses.

In June 1951, Martin wrote to the Nuelsens from Nabumali High School in Mbale where he was teaching. ("Mbale" means "far" in Swahili, and he felt very far from his dream of going to America until he heard from them.)

"The good news that you have been so kind as to offer me a scholarship to Northwestern has just reached me. Indeed it is most difficult to write and thank you for this kind action to me. Words fail to express my gratitude. This has been most kind of you, to extend your kindness to a person you have never seen before. . . ."

In a later letter to the Nuelsens, Alier thoughtfully enclosed some snapshots he had taken in Acholi country to give them a feel for his roots. His selections and his captions were direct and accurate for that time:

Typical remote village where very little of western culture has entered. This was taken during the dry season when it is very hot and the children just go around naked. The little child crying in front of the camera is standing in front of a granary. We keep finger-millet, simsim, groundnuts (peanuts), and beans and peas in the granaries. The huts are round and thatched. The walls are dried mud "beaten" between wooden poles.

Two Acholi warriors. They are wearing ostrich feathers and holding shields and spears. [How true of 1951. Alier's

younger brother could have been a warrior, but when he came of age in the 1970s he did not use a spear but instead became a skilled pilot at the controls of a MIG fighter.]

Scenery of the old hills of north Acholi just below the Uganda-Sudanese border. A village in the foreground.

Aliker told the Nuelsens, "There are very few books written about my tribe. The only good one I know is just going to press, written by an anthropologist I worked for in 1949. My father has written and said they were very pleased to have your photograph." The book he referred to, *The Acholi of Uganda*, was written by Dr. F. K. Girling and was published in London in 1960. In his preface the author notes: "John Abe and Martin Aliker guided my first attempts to learn their language and find my way around their country. . . ."

When Martin was accepted at Northwestern his older brother, Daudi Ocheng, wrote to Professor Herskovits:

"In Uganda, where University education is very difficult to get, the few who are lucky enough to get it overseas are highly valued by the community. At the present moment they are so few that the number of University degrees [for the whole of Uganda Africans] is actually less than ten. . . . On behalf of my father, mother, brothers, and sisters, I would like to thank you most sincerely for all that you have done for a member of my family, and pray that the trust you have placed in Aliker will be most abundantly rewarded by his successes both in the United States and when he eventually returns to serve his country."

When the time came for Martin to leave Gulu for Nairobi and Northwestern, his father killed a bull and there was feasting and dancing far into the night. The whole village celebrated the great event. It was as though Martin represented hopes and aspirations of thousands of Acholis.

Then tragedy struck. A testing of the soul. Martin's letter to Mr. Nuelsen tells about it:

Dear Mr. Nuelson..

This news may come as a shock to you, just as it did to me. Today I would be flying to London enroute to Evanston, but I have not. I came down to Nairobi to complete the last arrangements for my journey at the American Consulate. According to the U.S. Immigration regulations, I had to undergo some medical examinations.

To my greatest surprise, the X-ray showed that my lungs show signs of tuberculosis! This Sir, completely upset me and I could not believe it. You have been so kind to me and I must here tell you the truth. I have never before known that I suffered or am suffering from T.B. However, being not satisfied, I went for blood examination. The blood examination showed that I was not suffering from T.B. at all. This greatly puzzled the Consulate Doctor. According to the X-ray plate, the Doctors say that I should in fact be lying on bed very sick. But here I am feeling very healthy-

I have told my story of how, you who have never seen me, have offered to pay my fees as long as I am doing my course, and <sup>some</sup> people have listened with tears that there should be a white man who can do such a thing to an African. Many verbal messages were given to me by people who never knew me before, but who had just heard the conditions under which I was coming coming to the U.S.A. Apart from lifting me from the depths, by so helping me, it gave hope.

*to many young people of this country that there  
are in fact white people willing to help the  
Africans, and that I would not be the last*

*Yours Very Sincerely,*

*J. A. Alier. (MARTIN ALIKER).*

The letter may sound a trifle naive and overimpressed with "white" generosity, but it is essential to recall both the atmosphere of the times in East Africa, and Martin's youth and then lack of sophistication.

Martin returned to Uganda disconsolate. He did not go home to Gulu in the long months of painful waiting. He had been given such a tremendous send-off and an anticlimactic return would have been hard to face. However, after eleven months and further tests, the consulate doctor passed him as fit and Martin was free to leave for the United States.

Thirty years after Alier was refused his visa to the United States I raised the question with him as to whether the supposedly tuberculous spot found in Nairobi, but which the excellent British medical staff at Makerere University could not find, really existed or whether it existed only in the mind of someone who didn't like the idea of an Acholi from East Africa doing graduate work in America. At the time such a possibility would have been beyond his and my suspicions. But today we both have a lingering doubt.

Although the Nuelsens had promised to provide room, board and tuition, there remained the problem of getting Alier to America. Since I had been in Uganda on a Fulbright myself, that program seemed a logical place to start. Martin applied and in due course the grant was made.

Alan Pifer, a member of the Fulbright staff in London at the time, has been for some years the distinguished President

of the Carnegie Corporation and a recognized leader in American philanthropic circles. He recalls:

I believe that Martin was the first African to win a travel grant, at least under the United Kingdom program.

He arrived in London very thinly dressed, perhaps only with a shirt and shorts (although that may be an exaggeration) and clearly needed at least a warm overcoat. It was already quite chilly in London. There were, however, absolutely no funds available to us in the Fulbright office to buy Martin a coat. Geoffrey Watt, our Scottish finance officer (who subsequently emigrated to Rhodesia and, alas, died there) said he would find a way to solve the problem somehow. I said: "Fine, as long as I don't know where you take the money from."

So Geoffrey did take the money out of something and then went out and bought Martin a coat. As I recall, Martin stayed several days in London and became quite popular with our staff, who felt a strong protective interest in him. I'm afraid that is all I remember – but it is after all nearly thirty years ago!

A few years later Martin told me that on his first evening in New York, he went to Times Square. He was overwhelmed by all the cars he saw parked along Broadway and curiosity started him walking uptown. He counted more cars than there were in all of East Africa. One hundred blocks later, the line of parked cars continued as far as he could see and he returned, a trifle weary, to his hotel.

At the time, Martin wrote the Nuelsens that:

New York is such a big place that I am completely lost, not knowing my bearings. . . . It is too early to say anything about the country – the most I can say is that it is a strange wonderland. I'm convinced I did not make a wrong choice to come to this land and am looking forward to seeing you – you who have made it possible for me to see man at his best and what civilization means.

Martin Alier and the Nuelsens hit it off right away. This rapport even survived what could have been an embarrassing incident. Mr. Nuelsen remembers that soon after Martin arrived in Evanston, Nuelsen told him as a friend that he didn't bathe often enough and that if he were going to be a dentist and work closely with people, he must be meticulous about his personal hygiene. Nuelsen recalls that from that day on the problem – not uncommon among people who grow up in dry areas where there is no plumbing – simply ceased to exist. It is only a generation in America from the time of *the Saturday night bath*. Years later, when Martin was living in a rooming house in Birmingham, England, he complained to the landlady that there were only two taps in a basin for a dozen men to use to keep clean. She replied that she, herself, did have a bathtub on the first floor and used it once a week. Martin made arrangements to use it daily.

Although Martin adjusted rapidly to American society, it took a while for a certain naiveté to disappear. On his first Thanksgiving he asked, "How much does this turkey weigh?" When told it was about twenty pounds, Martin was mystified because a classmate had told him he was going home to Mississippi and was planning to eat a whole turkey. But Martin soon saw through such leg-pulling.

Martin was most precise in his financial dealings with the Nuelsens, whom he soon came to call "Mama" and "Papa." His natural charm and straightforward way of meeting people made him popular everywhere. He worked hard on his studies and took a job washing dishes and waiting on tables in a sorority house for the extra money he needed. At first he didn't tell me about it because he thought I would be critical of his menial work. On the contrary, I told him, it was very much in the American tradition.

Alier attracted considerable attention around Chicago and usually impressed the people he met. One such person was the Reverend Robert Edgar of the Glenview Community Church in Glenview, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. In a sermon that

was broadcast on December 14, 1952, he referred to his meeting with Aliker.

His coming is a thrilling story. A little over a year ago a businessman and his wife were taking a seminar course at Northwestern, an evening course on African culture. . . . They turned to each other and at the same time said "Let's bring over one of these African lads and educate him."

Aliker told me once that the only thing he had read about America in Uganda was the Jim Crow law. He said, "You have no idea what one man has been able to do all over Africa by saying -- just on a hunch -- wouldn't it be nice if we could bring a student to America?"

While Martin was in dental school at Northwestern, he and Professor Mel Herskovits and I did a University of Chicago Roundtable broadcast over NBC on the end of colonialism in Africa. But we did not tell Mel then -- or ever -- of how we had planned for him to "discover" Martin.\*

Martin was excellent on the radio. He had a deep, confident voice even then. He was always critical of colonial rule and impressed his hearers with his careful logic and the absence of any ranting and raving. His accent was still English, though it had begun to have elements of American speech.

When he came to America, Aliker was not particularly politically oriented. But he was then such a rarity as a Ugandan, or even as an East African, that those involved in the nascent concern for Africa sought him out. From this time onward, Aliker's professional career was spiced with political involvement. At Northwestern this was usually between terms or in the summer vacation. But on his eventual return to

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\* Others who joined in these broadcasts on Africa were Senteza Kajubi, then at the University of Chicago, and Eduardo Mondlane, who was also at Northwestern. Eduardo later became the charismatic leader of Frelimo, fighting for the independence of Mozambique. I traveled in Mozambique with him in April 1961, the last time he visited his homeland before he was blown up by a bomb disguised in the mail as a book. Martin and I felt his loss keenly.

East Africa, the pattern was to continue until finally, in 1979, the whole thrust of his life would become political with the liberation of Uganda from the tyranny of Amin.

A white American woman a few years older than Martin, who was a valuable friend during his years at Northwestern, now recalls:

I remember Martin's vulnerability, working so hard under the difficult conditions of a way of life, a language, so different from his childhood – so far away from the support of family and friends – so much expectation that others had of him, which was a heavy burden, but also a driving force, perhaps. I think he would come to see me on the South Side when he needed to let down the public image a bit – when he was feeling discouraged. I doubt that I was much help to him. But maybe just the fact that I was within reach of Evanston helped – mainly because I guess I was the only person nearby who had some understanding of what were the two poles of his life – Uganda and Chicago.

At first Aliker took some undergraduate courses to fill in subjects he had not taken at Makerere and then he pursued his professional work intensely. In 1953 he was elected president of the Foreign Students Association at Northwestern, and from 1955-1957 he was president of the East African Students Association in the United States.

One of Aliker's closest friends at Northwestern was Howie Newman, an engineering student. Howie now lives in the San Fernando Valley, where he designs and manufactures intravenous feeding equipment. He recalls:

From the moment we met we formed a close friendship. Martin was warm, lovable, entertaining and entirely sympathetic. We had one pair of black shoes between us – they were his – but I remember graduating in them and also being married in them even though they never quite fit me. We shared a great many good times. He would come to my house – he really liked my wife Natalie, for which I can't

blame him – and she introduced him to several girls he took out. He was always great fun for our kids.

I recall one evening we were talking with Marshall Segal, now head of psychology at Syracuse University, but then wanting to do his doctoral dissertation in East Africa. Martin wrote to a friend in Mbarara to inquire whether some of Segal's needs would be met by that town in southwest Uganda. The answer came back yes, and Segal did his research there.

My current knowledge of Uganda is tangential but I will always have a tremendously warm feeling for Martin and if in my field I could ever help him or Uganda, he would only have to ask. The country needs leadership of Alikier's quality. It is surprising, considering how close we were at Northwestern, that more incidents don't stand out but our ties were built out of many happy little times together.

Alikier's academic work remained excellent and he moved ahead steadily at Northwestern. He wrote regularly to the Nuelsens who had moved to California. A typical letter is dated December 19, 1955:

Dear Papa,

I did not wait for Christmas Day to open my present, so I am writing to thank you very much for the check. We are still in school. This time the school cheated us by adding a week more of school. We close in two days. Unfortunately with you gone, this won't be the same Christmas that I have known the last three years. To make matters worse, I may have to spend it at Wesley Memorial Hospital. I have a small glandular swelling in my pelvis, which has been there as long as I can remember, and it does not hurt. During our routine physical checkup the surgeon suggested that it should be removed. The reason is that in one of perhaps ten thousand cases, it develops into cancer at a later date. The only time this can be done without interfering with my school work is during the Xmas vacation. Also, the school pays for half the cost and I foot the rest of the bill. The

operation should not keep me in the hospital for more than a week at the latest. I am going in immediately after the exams – December 21.

The quarter has almost ended. Time seems to fly by so fast. In six months time we will begin working in the clinic. On the whole the studies are much more interesting than last year. The only sore point at this time is the cost of equipment which we buy every quarter. Please tell Mama that I will miss her turkey. Wishing you all a Very Merry Xmas – and may the New Year bring more happiness.

Martin

The operation went well, though Martin wrote from the hospital: “The surgeon told me he found a hernia also where the glandular swelling was, which he removed [obviously, Aliker meant repaired]. The pain now is great, but the worst is perhaps over.”

In the spring of 1956, the Nuelsens were living in Pasadena, and Aliker made an interesting professional comment:

It is not surprising to hear that you have been charged an exorbitant sum of money for your dental work. California is notorious for that matter. The practitioners over there are so jealous about their practice that they try to keep the number of dentists small. They do not recognize the National Boards exams; consequently all the California students in our school have to pass the California State Boards which, it is said, is purposefully made hard.

Aliker was moving steadily toward a secondary career in politics. He told the Nuelsens:

Last weekend I flew over to Baltimore, Maryland to a conference which was arranged by the Koinonio Foundation. . . . There were twelve different students from twelve different countries in Africa. Each of us read a paper on “The problem of my country.” The paper I read on Uganda dealt mainly with the relationships between Kenya and Uganda (Uganda people are afraid of the European settlers

in Kenya), and the relationship with Egypt through the river Nile which is the lifeblood of Egypt. It was quite revealing to hear all the different views from other parts of Africa.

In June he wrote:

We make our debut in the clinic on June 25. I hope to fill the interim period by going to New York to attend the All African Students Union Conference which will be held at Columbia University. Since the Union is footing the bill of the fare, this is no loss to me.

But his professional work had priority. In July 1956, he explained to the Nuelsens:

We are "practicing" dentistry. The clinics were opened to the juniors last week. Last week eight of us were assigned to surgery. We worked with eight senior students. It was quite a thing to actually begin to apply the theory. Before the week was over I had discovered the sad fact that in spite of all the media of communication in this country, there are still some people who do not pay much attention to oral hygiene. It makes me wonder how bad things must be in Uganda where practically nothing is said to the public on how it should look after its mouth.

During the summer break Alikier went to New York for three weeks as a research assistant, looking up material for a project that concerned tropical Africa and its interpretation.

The mixture of professional work and politics continued in the same vein in 1956. In February of that year Alikier wrote three papers on "Current Politics in East Africa" for a group in Dallas, Texas, and received \$3300 for them.

All the time he was at Northwestern, Alikier kept his focus on his return to Uganda. In March 1956, he commented to the Nuelsens:

In Uganda, the dental problems are rather different from what they are in the U.S. Over there, there is less tooth decay, but more of what is often called pyorrhea. Also

there is a lot of surgical work. I have talked to Dr. Orion Stutterville – the head of the Department of Oral Surgery – about the possibilities of being given a chance to do extra work in surgery.

In the same letter he mentions plans of African students to celebrate the independence of the Gold Coast.

That summer Martin took a bus trip to California to see the West Coast and to visit the Nuelsens. On his return, in writing to them of his experiences, he commented:

It was in Amarillo, Texas where I met the colour bar, in the rest rooms and restaurants of the bus stops. This was rather disappointing especially when I had built up Texas in my mind. Oklahoma City was similar – but Tulsa was different. On the whole the journey was very pleasant. The Grand Canyon is the most spectacular work of nature I ever saw.

In the middle of his final year, 1957-58, Martin wrote of the growing pressure of school work and observed, “If I do not have bad luck with patients coming late or not showing up, I should be able to get everything completed. . . .”

In the Christmas vacation of that year, Aliker went to Washington for another meeting of the All African Students Union and was elected its President – in part, he recalls, because of a split between the Nigerians and the Ghanaians. On this Washington visit, he led a demonstration of African students against apartheid in front of the South African Embassy.

During all of his time in the United States, Martin kept in close touch with his family back in Gulu and elsewhere in Uganda. And as always, he was particularly thoughtful of his brothers and sisters. From what he earned or could save, he managed to pay the full fees of the two youngest children, Naomi and Michael, and often sent small sums of money to his mother to be spent on what the younger children might need. He also sent Lucy \$5.00 each term for pocket money at Gayaza.

When a letter would arrive in Gulu from Alier in America, his father would be beside himself. He would immediately call in the whole family and then, carefully and slowly, would read the letter. Martin's mother, Auma, was illiterate, and the younger children would sometimes laugh at her behind her back because she needed someone to write to Martin for her or to reread his letters. Finally, determined to communicate directly with Martin herself, Auma began to study every night by the light of the kerosene lamp, taught by the twin sisters. She was then about 38 years old. She persevered until she could exchange letters with her son in America, and their bond has remained a very close one. As for his sisters, they say that even now he makes a point of seeking their advice and acknowledges that they have "good intuition."

## 2

While Alier's professional and political careers were unfolding, his personal life was never at a standstill. Howard Newman has related what good times they had together in Evans-ton pubs and at the Newmans' home. Although Alier can be deadly serious of mien, he has a quick wit and laughs easily.

When he was at Northwestern, Martin fell deeply in love with a beautiful black American girl from Indiana. They were virtually engaged, but there was one problem. She could never have children. In American society this might not seem an important impediment to lovers. But Martin was determined to go back to Uganda and to work for its independence and the welfare of its people. He knew the scorn that his Acholi people would heap on his sweetheart. He thought of his father the chief and of his mother. He thought of the pressure that would be brought to bear on him to take another, and fertile, wife. He was too much in love and cared too deeply for his American sweetheart to subject her to the prejudices of African society in Uganda at that period in time.

She tried to understand this. In fact, she got an uncle in

Brooklyn to offer Aliker a partnership in his practice that looked to be quite lucrative. He considered it seriously. But the inner urge to return to Uganda ran deep. In the end the relationship was broken off with tears.

But Martin Aliker was still destined to return home to Uganda with a wife. A talented and lovely one, in fact.

Jefferson Davis – the tall, stern-visaged President of the Confederate States of America with deep-set blue-gray eyes could scarcely have envisioned that a century after the war between the states, a black-haired great-granddaughter of his, with the same deep-set blue-gray eyes and a lovely warm brown complexion, would marry into the traditional aristocracy of West Acholi. [Indeed, he had in his lifetime forbidden his eldest daughter, Margaret, to marry the man she loved because he was a hated Yankee.]

Jefferson Davis was a slave owner, and as Camille Moore Aliker's brother, Phillip Moore, of New Rochelle, New York, describes it today: "We all know what happened on plantations at that time. Our grandmother, Martha Lee Davis Ateman, was the daughter of Davis and one of his slaves, known as Martha Lee."

A friend of mine, Phyllis Moore Sanders, who followed up her Phi Beta Kappa with a Ph.D. at UCLA, chose an unlikely dissertation topic for a black American: The political philosophy of Jefferson Davis. Phyllis says that gray eyes are well known in her branch of the Moore family, which has its roots in Louisiana.

The President of the Confederacy had six legitimate children, only one of which lived to the age of 34, but Camille Moore's grandfather lived until the age of 97. In talking with Camille her grandmother always referred to her black husband, Camille's grandfather, as "Mr. Ateman" or "your grandfather." Camille's grandmother had been a housekeeper for "Mr. Ateman" in New Orleans when Mr. Ateman's wife died, and she then became his second wife.

Camille's Grandfather Ateman had been fairly well-to-do

but had lost his money and had come north to Chicago to recoup his fortune, as have so many southern whites and blacks in the last century. He did well and invested wisely in such companies as Argo Corn Products Refining Co. (listed on the stock exchange today as C.P.C.).

On one of his many business trips the grandfather met a bright Pullman porter named Moore from Tennessee, who was working his way through college. In those days Pullman porters were among the elite of black men because the pay was good, the tips were better, and job security was high. Mr. Ateman invited the young man to his home. There the college student/porter met three beautiful daughters. He eventually married Camille's mother, for whom she was named.

Camille Moore grew up in the middle class of Waukegan, just north of Chicago on the shores of Lake Michigan. Camille went to predominantly white schools and did not encounter the more extreme forms of racial discrimination in the American north. In her sister's words: "We had a proper education for young ladies of that day – art, music, elocution, and embroidery, along with more academic subjects."

Camille does recall that when the YMCA began to give swimming lessons the whites who signed up were invited for daily classes at 1:00 p.m., and the blacks were invited for 8:30 a.m. Camille's father was on the board of the black YMCA. For some reason Camille's invitation was for 1:00 p.m. When she and her sister, Mary Lou, appeared, they were the only black girls. They were told, "You have the wrong time." "No," Camille answered, "here is my card – it says 1:00 p.m." "Are you the daughter of Phillip Bliss Moore?" the clerk asked. When she replied that she was indeed Mr. Moore's daughter, the YMCA official said, "You may stay today, but tomorrow come at 8:30 a.m." Although Camille was upset, her father was more so. Today she recalls with a laugh that at the swimming lesson, "I discovered for the first time that white girls have pink nipples and not purple ones like black girls."

When the subjects of Africa and slavery would come up in primary school, Camille remembers that many of the whites would snicker and look pointedly at her and at several other black classmates.

Camille Moore's marrying someone from Uganda must be seen against the background of the times in which she grew up. Africa was Tarzan, jungles and cannibals and most people got their images of Africa from exotic peoples in the *National Geographic*. To use a personal example, I was just back from a long tour of West Africa in 1948 when Claude Barnett, publisher of the Associated Negro Press, asked me to speak to an entirely black audience at the South Side Community Art Center. Although I was warmly introduced, I encountered hostility at any suggestion that black Americans were associated with "those Africans." When I cited many of the African contributions to world culture – what greater influence has there been on Western art in this century than that of African art as reflected in the work of such painters as Picasso and Modigliani, for example? – there was disbelief. Black Americans shared the myths and prejudices of white Americans and the textbooks of that period were of little help.

Camille Moore was more fortunate than most black children of her generation, who thought of Africans as "savages in the jungle." Her godmother was a Liberian who was married to a West Indian. When prominent Liberians, including President Tubman, came to Chicago, they came to her godparents' household, and Camille knew from an early age that there were well-educated, sophisticated Africans. It is speculation on my part, but this early conditioning to the fact that Africa had produced highly able and intelligent people, quite against the denigration and bigotry of the times, may well have been an essential ingredient in Camille Moore's willingness to attempt to spend her adult life in East Africa. She herself is inclined to think so.

Camille's brother Phillip says that both his mother and his father were free of the prevailing black prejudice against Afri-

cans and recalls, in particular, a Liberian named Billy Jones who impressed the family with his knowledge. Thus it was no surprise to Phillip to find later that “Martin was always a perfect gentleman, well groomed, obviously raised in the British tradition, and with fine personal qualities. Although I couldn’t attend the wedding, once I got to know Martin – we would go for long walks together in New Rochelle – I came to admire his perceptive views on American society and his grasp of world affairs.”

Mary Lou Moore Campbell credits their parents with always teaching them that “just because someone dressed or talked differently, or was of a different complexion, it was no reason not to like them. Camille’s daughter Julie and my daughter, who went to Yale, were also brought up in this family tradition.”

A college friend recalls their days at the University of Illinois:\*

Blessed with ready wit and a sparkling personality, Camille lent spirit to the activities of the Alpha Kappa Alpha House, the sorority house in which she resided during her years at the U of I in Champaign-Urbana. I lived next door to the AKA House and her sister (now Mary Lou Moore Campbell of Chicago) had long looked forward to joining the oldest social sorority for Black women. So, when they both attended Illinois and were able to live in the AKA House, they spent a lot of time during those college years participating actively in its social, educational, and charitable activities.

Camille, always a very friendly person who enjoyed people, made many, many friends at the university – in her classes, in the Union Building (our favorite hangout), walking along the Broadwalk and in the Library, where all of us spent much of our time doing a lot of studying and a bit of socializing.

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\*Donald L. Duster, an economist with Commonwealth Edison in Chicago, formerly head of Foreign Trade for the State of Illinois, and a longtime friend of Camille Alier and of mine.

Growing up in Waukegan, the two sisters had been inseparable. They were “best friends” to each other and unusually close in their relationship – perhaps because they followed four older brothers. As Camille stepped from the shadow of older siblings, her own personality blossomed and she was even more expansive and fun-loving. Early on at the University, Camille chose occupational therapy as her field and set about preparing for a career. Her studies ranged from courses in anatomy to basket weaving and she pursued them with the same spirit with which she approached her everyday life. When she graduated in 1953 she was one of the first Black persons to receive a degree in Occupational Therapy from the University of Illinois.

Camille got her first job in Occupational Therapy at Cook County Hospital in Chicago. Her career was cut short, however, when she and Martin met.

Camille Moore grew up expecting to be part of the black elite of Chicago with no thought that she would ever live in Africa. She had a fine singing voice and played the violin. She and her sister became locally well known for their musical performances and their stunning good looks, and appeared on many public occasions along the north shore of Chicago. In fact, the “Moore Sisters” might well have gone on to a concert career.

The future Mrs. Alier met her husband in Chicago through mutual friends. She read up about Uganda before she met him. He soon asked her for a date for the next weekend. She recalls, “He invited me to an African students’ gathering. That was on February 19, 1958, and he asked me to marry him in April. The fact that he was a foreigner from Uganda did bother me somewhat at first. My mother liked Martin but she was not happy that I might be living so very far away.”

Camille had enjoyed a quantity of suitors as a young single woman, which led me to ask her, “What was it that first attracted you to Martin?”

She replied: “I think it was his quiet sense of dignity. Then

there was his physique. I wouldn't look twice at a man who wasn't handsome. He had a nice sense of humor and mixed well. His consideration to me and to others, combined with his neatness, punctuality, fine manners, self reliance as a foreign student in the United States impressed me. Of course, he was good on the bongo drums, and later, in Acholi, I came to know his skill at Bwola drumming."

Did she worry about life in Africa? "Yes, naturally, to a certain extent, but I trusted Martin and I felt that he would go all the way to try to make my life a happy one. Martin has always been less suspicious of people – white people – than I have, although I didn't have the numerous racial experiences that many blacks have had. I knew a lot of successful blacks when I was growing up – Whitney Young, Martin Luther King, and Claude and Etta Moten Barnett, to name a few. Two of my brothers were sent to school in Orangeburg, in South Carolina, out of respect for an uncle who was president of Claflin College at that time, but I myself never lived in the South."

She says, "Of course, I'm strong for black rights and for women's rights, but I personally have not had a great battle over the latter."

Because Martin Alier was so close to his Acholi family roots, the principle burden of adjustment fell on Camille. To her credit, or to the mutual credit of all, she fitted into a culture which, at least when she visits Gulu, is quite different from her own upbringing. Camille is particularly proud of her loving relationship with her mother-in-law, especially since they have to communicate in Kiswahili, a language foreign to both.

Camille was formerly the director for East Africa of the Institute of International Education, with headquarters in Nairobi, until its closure in 1979. In this capacity she often traveled to the United States to update her knowledge of universities and colleges, to keep abreast of scholarship opportunities for East Africans, and to maintain contacts with Foreign Student Advisors at their annual meetings.

Before returning to Alikers story, it is worth noting that today, Camille Alikers is a highly efficient, strikingly attractive, and well-adjusted member of the East African community. While I was lunching with her recently beside the pool of the Hilton Hotel in Nairobi, a succession of important people stopped to say hello, among them several cabinet ministers, a European ambassador, and the wife of a member of Uganda's governing council.

She is an outstanding example of how a person can become truly at home in a new society without losing her American roots.

Alikers first long sojourn in America was coming to an end in June 1958, when he moved out of his room and came to spend a few days in my apartment. His most immediate problem had been solved – finding a box big enough for all the books he wanted to ship. He obtained one from the Underwood Typewriter Company on Wabash Avenue and delivered it, along with the books, to the Northwestern Bookstore for packing and shipping. After spending a day with Camille's mother in Waukegan, he took the New York Central to New York, from where he sailed. He attended his brother David's graduation from the University of Wales in Aberystwyth, and then made a flying trip home to Uganda even though he would have to return to England to obtain British credentials.

His father had been on the tarmac at Gulu airport all the day long, sitting tall in a large chair like the great chief he was, when the small mail plane from Entebbe landed. Lucy recalls that when Martin stepped out of the plane she and her sisters were stunned by how much he had changed, and then they all ran to embrace him.

He had asked all his brothers and sisters except one what they wanted him to bring them as presents. Lucy still wears the watch he brought for her. The one sibling who was not given a choice was Jerda. This sister had been left severely deaf after an attack of measles when she was four years old. The brothers tried to help her, and one operation restored enough

hearing so that she could get a teaching certificate. Martin had decided to bring Jerda a new type of hearing aid, with the hope that it would further help her deafness. Martin gave it to her and showed her how to use it. It improved her hearing marvelously, though she broke down and cried somewhat bitterly at the thought that if she had had such an aid in her earlier years, she could have gone as far in education as her brothers and sisters.

Martin's return brought joy, pride, and happiness to the village and, as when he had departed, a bull was killed. At the feast he had to tell stories of America far into the night. A week later he summed it up for the Nuelsens:

The excitement to all concerned is just dying down. But when distant relatives arrive to see me the emotions rise every so often. At the airport my parents were the first to come forward to greet me and they were the only people who did not weep. But everybody else cried and it was more like a funeral than a return. When the caravan of cars arrived at home more relatives were waiting. I was asked to wear the academic gown and cap for the benefit of those present. The diplomas (B.S. and D.D.S.) were inspected closely by all including the illiterate. My father then told them about the wonderful Europeans called Nuelsen (all whites are called *myno* — European).

Martin went on to note that his mother had aged badly for 53 and had had asthmatic attacks, but these improved with his arrival because "I guess she never thought she would see me again." He described a large meeting organized by his brothers at which he told of his experiences in America, and he went on to complain that "Rock and roll has pervaded this part of the world very badly." He closed on an ironic note: "I love home — but at the moment I am battling with the food."

This was still at a period when many African students coming to America had to battle to adjust to a different diet.

Two weeks after his homecoming, Aliker was off for

Birmingham to study for his British qualifications. He had long been unhappy and resentful over the fact that despite having graduated from what was generally recognized as being the best dental school in the world, he would have to attend a dental school in the United Kingdom and pass examinations there if he were to be able to practice in colonial Uganda.

The British Council found him a rooming house with a landlady whom he described as "very kind and motherly." In fact, she was the one who allowed Martin to use her own bathtub daily. However, she "warned me that too many baths are bad for my health."

Martin's concern about food from childhood on surfaced again, and he complained that "quantitywise there is enough to fill the stomach but it is mostly potatoes and I am not fond of potatoes." The landlady worried that a man of his size ate so little, but as he wrote: "The truth is that I haven't quite yet got used to the cooking."

He also found the conditions for accepting a Uganda government scholarship to be "unpalatable." Although the number of dentists in Uganda had increased from six to eleven while he had been away, they were scarcely enough to serve a population of six million. With such a need it was no wonder that Martin found the hoops he was asked to jump through to be in some cases "silly." He determined to decline a scholarship for as long as possible. He also bridled when his instructor told him that all the British textbooks were better than the American ones and so he had to purchase a new clinical library. He quickly discovered "how unpopular Americans are in this country" and found that some of the stigma was rubbing off on him.

In January 1959, he wrote from Birmingham:

Using the psychologists' language, it could be said that I am getting readjusted to my environment fairly well. I have met more people and have attended a few parties given by the students in their apartments, and two parties organized

by the hospital. The material comfort aspect of life has never been a problem for me. In other words whether or not there is central heating is not important. But what I find difficult to accept in British culture is hypocrisy. As a foreigner when one deals with the Americans, he soon finds out that people will say what they feel, even if it hurts. But here one never knows who is a friend or foe. There is so much pretence in the day-to-day relationships of people that it becomes difficult to trust those you deal with. This is not a condemnation of the British – but rather a statement of discovery resulting from my previous experiences in the U.S. I am quite happy here and time is passing very quickly.

On the whole the British professors of dentistry at Birmingham treated Alikor very well. They could see the quality of his training, exempted him from many of the tedious studies he had already been through, and let him develop his surgical skills.

Martin and Camille found the long separation difficult. estate. But in May 1959, Camille was eventually able to sail on the *Liberté* and Martin met her at Plymouth on May 20. After two days in London they went to Birmingham, where, as Martin described it, he had to “park her in a hotel near where I lived” for a week until they could return to London for their wedding. They were married by Reverend Fred Welbourn, with whom Martin and I used to play tennis in the Makerere days a decade before.

Three days after the wedding Martin started his final ten days of examinations at the Royal College of Surgeons. Once these were successfully passed, he began to bargain with the Uganda government for an appointment. But he felt that the salary was far too low. He wrote candidly:

Secretly, I feel that I am a better qualified dentist than any they have ever had out there. My profs at Northwestern would love to hear this! My stay in the U.K. has in no way

helped to make me think otherwise – if anything it only makes me thank the Lord that I went to Northwestern.

Before returning to Africa, the Alikers traveled briefly on the continent. As they were leaving Birmingham for Paris, Paul Robeson was appearing twenty miles away at Stratford, but they did not go to see him. Martin was normally keen on the classics, especially music. He commented in a letter that “as far as the classics go I am a staunch disciple and have all my records here – this has made a difference to my stay in Birmingham.” Martin expressed a keen desire to visit Yugoslavia, but wrote that Camille would want to spend as much time as possible in Paris. They agreed on the value of opera in Milan.

Back in Britain for a brief time, Martin summed up his stay in Birmingham in a letter: “I have learnt quite a bit about England, and saw many good things. But I cannot truly say that I respect their dentistry or like their food.”

The Alikers sailed for Africa on the SS *Uganda* of the British India line, through the Mediterranean, down the Suez Canal, to land in Mombasa. On arrival in Kampala, Aliker accepted a 30-month contract to work in Mulago Hospital. They were given a government house in one of the better parts of Kampala with two bedrooms, a living/dining room, kitchen, pantry, and bath, but as he lamented, only one small closet. Camille liked the house and set about making curtains. One of the few drawbacks, she recalls, is that it was built on an old airstrip and about the only way to grow flowers was in pots.

On their third weekend in Uganda, Martin took Camille to meet his family in Gulu. They all appeared to like one another, though Martin’s mother wished that Camille could speak Acholi.

The first three months in Kampala were trying because Camille was in the hospital repeatedly and finally lost her baby after an eighteen-week pregnancy. Martin wrote the Nuel-sens:

We were sad to lose our first child but looking at it from a medical point of view, it was just as well, because there might have been some deformities in the child. Camille took it very well and I was very proud of her. However, we have been told not to try for another child right away.

The Nuelsens continued to send an occasional check and Martin explained that when one of them arrived he wanted to spend it on classical records but was overruled by Camille, who spent it on crystal from Denmark.

The Alikers joined various clubs and enlarged their circle of friends. One weekend they went to Mbale, where Camille spoke at a conference. She was questioned particularly about the place of Negroes in American life, and there were always questions about Little Rock, which was then in the news. This was the period in which Kennedy and Nixon competed over who was going to help bring the most students from East Africa. Anti-Americanism was rife among the British rulers in Africa, and the Uganda government officially protested in Washington against a policy which would, the government claimed, denude Makerere University of its best students. Martin and Camille sympathized with this attitude to some extent, but also felt that there were important fields of study not offered at Makerere University and that British officials exaggerated the low standards at some American institutions to try to discourage students from accepting scholarships. Later, a committee was formed to advise students going to the United States and Martin was elected as its chairman.

Aliker was discouraged with his dental practice because basically he was permitted only to pull teeth and do fillings. Dentistry was free but the funds were very limited. He felt that he was using only some 20 percent of his training. So he went to the government to negotiate establishment of a dental clinic where Makerere students could be fully treated for free and the faculty for reasonable fees. Even though Aliker would have to finance the clinic himself, he was deter-

mined to practice medicine and to help people in the way he thought best.

Life began to improve. Martin moved to Nakasero Hospital, where the working conditions were better. However, he recalls his displeasure that British civil servants could have almost all their dental work done at no charge whereas African civil servants holding equivalent posts could have only the bare minimum free.

In June 1960, Camille was sixteen weeks pregnant and was so ill that it was thought at first she had malaria. Martin was deeply worried but was satisfied with the medical care and wrote: "The baby is safe and we are both praying hard that God should spare this one for us." Later, a consulting physician advised terminating the pregnancy but Martin adamantly opposed this. Camille had lost nearly 30 pounds, but then began to feel better and put on some weight. Julie Ann, a healthy child, was finally born, with Martin in the delivery room, which meant a lot both to him and to Camille.

Life also looked up professionally. One of the leading English dentists in town decided to move to Nairobi, and Martin, with the aid of a £4,000 loan from Barclays Bank, was able to buy the practice for £5,000 (then \$14,000). He was also offered a contract to take care of Makerere students and to lecture part-time in the medical school. This meant looking for a new – nongovernment – house. They moved into a larger, three-bedroom home (with adequate closets!) in early 1961.

His attention also came to be focused more on political matters. In a letter to the Nuelsens he commented on the chaos in the Congo/Zaire, and added:

Our political problems in Uganda are quite different. Our difficulty in attaining independence is due to our inability to get together among ourselves – Africans. The reason for this is that Uganda is too happy a country with no really pressing painful problems that unite a country. Consequently, we have not been able to produce a first rate

politician like Kenya has had to produce because of their racial problems.

Aliker was thinking of Uganda's problems in a broader context as well. When a delegation of American businessmen came, headed by a Northwestern University graduate, Martin put forth the view that tariffs on American goods should be lowered, especially because most of Uganda's coffee crop was being sold in America. He also saw a bright future for tourism, already predominately American, despite his annoyance that reports of trouble in Zaire kept some Americans away from Uganda.

Family ties remained strong as ever. In November 1960, his eldest brother, Daudi Ocheng, already an M.P., was made Deputy Minister of Finance and visited Washington to seek loans from the World Bank. Their sister Lucy went to Bristol to train as a physiotherapist. When Camille and Martin visited Gulu with their first child, the grandparents were enormously pleased. As Martin had told me long ago in Chicago, marriage among the Acholi was not complete without children. He felt that having the child made Camille "loved ten times as much" by the family.

3

Without going into a detailed account of Uganda politics of this period, it is important to note that Milton Obote had come to power because of an unusual juxtaposition of circumstances. We tend now to forget that General Amin was very popular when he overthrew the Obote dictatorship. Before Obote had shown his worst side, he took a bride and asked Martin Aliker to be his best man. Obote had not been too successful as a student and had gone off to Nairobi to work for an American company. He did not have many close friends in Kampala when he was elected. The antagonism between Obote, the Langi people of the north, and the Baganda in the south was exacerbated by Obote's relations with the revered Kabaka (or King) of the Baganda.

Obote asked Alikér to be his best man because he wanted someone from the north – a fellow Nilotic – and Alikér was the most respected and admired northerner in Kampala. This would boost Obote's image. But there was never a bond between the two men.

In 1966 Obote became engaged in the political struggle in northwestern Zaire. He ordered Amin, then Deputy Commander of the Army, to the West Nile District, where Amin comes from, with instructions to give as much aid as possible to the rebel forces in Zaire, who were fighting the African government in Kinshasha. Amin soon became involved in giving supplies to the rebels and personally receiving gold and ivory in return. At one stage, Uganda troops raided the Kilomoto gold mine across the border. On their return march to Uganda they were heavily strafed by exile Cuban pilots, allegedly employed by the CIA. To explain the number of Uganda soldiers killed and wounded, Obote accused the United States of assisting an invasion of Uganda.

Amin kept no records, but he would often go to the bank and make deposits as large as \$40,000. He also kept gold and cash in his home. I have heard the story that on one occasion Amin took a gold bar to the Standard Bank and asked its value. Presumably, Amin did not receive all of the loot, but certainly he was the least cautious in the way he handled it.

Alikér's family has a tradition of leadership and the time had come for Daudi Ocheng to show great courage. Ocheng was the most fluent orator of all the Members of Parliament – and it mattered not whether he spoke English, Luganda, or Acholi. He was also a close friend of the Kabaka, certainly the closest of any non-Baganda. Ocheng was given a photographic copy of Amin's account at the Ottoman Bank. With damning evidence in hand, Ocheng rose in Parliament and demanded an inquiry. Following a heated debate, the inquiry was authorized. Ocheng certainly knew that an inquiry would lead to high places, including Obote himself and that he was risking his life despite technical parliamentary immunity.

In fact, Obote acted before the inquiry could begin. He seized power through the army, arrested five of his ministers, suspended the constitution, usurped the Kabaka, and assumed the title of President. He also produced some rebels from Zaire to say that Amin was innocent and absolved him from any wrongdoing.

The next events in the life of Daudi Ocheng and in Uganda politics were described by Alier in a letter of June 7, 1966:

My brother David (Daudi) died aged 41 years. He got sick in October last year. I sent him to London where he was operated on at Guy's Hospital. The surgeon performed an heroic surgery and took out his entire stomach. However, the cancer had spread to other parts of his body. . . . It is now up to me to try and help his children to grow up and get good educations. David was a big-hearted man who helped a lot of people and as a result never saved any money.

The role of the eldest son is of more importance in Uganda societies than in, say, the United States. Alier was doing more than assuming responsibility for his brother's eight young children. He was assuming a mantle of leadership.

Turning to politics, Alier described the outcome of the long feud between Kabaka Mutesa, the 37th King of Buganda, and Obote that ended in the Kabaka fleeing the country in disguise. He died in London from the effects of a dissipated life while still relatively young. Kabaka Mutesa had always preferred wine, women, and song over his kingly duties. I remember a sundowner in 1949 to which the cast of MGM's film *King Solomon's Mines* had been invited. I was standing next to the Kabaka as he kept staring at a stunning English lady with red hair and a freckled creamy skin. His Highness asked me her name. "Deborah Kerr," I replied, and then, noting what I took to be a carnal glint in the royal eye, added, "and that is her husband, Lt. Colonel Barkley, over there."

Alier's letter continued:

The whole thing came to a head three weeks ago when it was reported that arms were being supplied to the Kabaka's supporters from the palace [known as the Lubiri in Luganda]. The Uganda Army went to investigate this and fighting started. What was once a proud palace of the Kabaka of Buganda is now flattened bricks and stones. Most of the buildings were destroyed. Eight Rolls Royces in the garages have bullet holes in them. There was also fighting between the Kabaka's supporters and the Uganda Army in the rural areas. The whole thing lasted two days. The rest of Kampala was not affected by this sad affair. The palace is only two miles from the centre of Kampala. I, for one, went to work normally. . . . Uganda is not the same happy place where people lived and enjoyed themselves. There is a terrible feeling of insecurity among certain people and business people who would like to invest their money are looking elsewhere.

Clearly, Aliko had little fear that the letter would be read by the authorities – a stage soon to be reached. Also, the letter suggests that Aliko himself felt relatively safe under the Obote regime, though he personally had dissociated himself from Obote, disliked the trend toward state socialism, and regretted the loss of constitutional government.

On a brighter note, with a touch of humor, he concluded:

Our last – and the last – baby Paul is now nine months old. Julie is five and very bright. The twins are a menace in all ways. They are four and in kindergarten. We are in our new house and enjoying it very much. We have a guest wing and have not given up hope that you will come and visit us. The practice is going on well and would continue to grow if we do not have political upsets as we have now.

Aliko's business interests expanded throughout the 1960s, and he also undertook a number of short-term diplomatic missions, leaving the running of his clinic to colleagues. Before Amin came to power, Martin was the publisher of the best

newspaper in Uganda, a major shareholder in the local brewery, and owner of a number of buildings. But he always kept up his practice so that no matter how many political assignments he took, he always had the option of resigning on principle; something public servants often feel forced to compromise on.

For a short while Martin was Ambassador to the United States, where he met President John F. Kennedy and renegotiated an AID loan for secondary school building in Uganda. Later he was Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and did a superb job of visiting all the Uganda students behind the Iron Curtain. Each one he counseled as to the best academic path. Some needed Uganda passports because they had been enticed to leave their country without documents. Once the official papers had been provided, these young people were no longer at the mercy of the host government. Martin helped other students to transfer to stronger institutions in Europe. Basically, he regularized their lives before he returned to Uganda and his professional career.

From 1961 to 1969, Alikier was Chairman of the Central Scholarship Committee, with full responsibility for all government-sponsored students going abroad. From 1962-1969 he was also a member of the governing council of the University of East Africa. His philosophy of education has always been: "If the country can identify the people who are creative and give them enough of the support and facilities they need, then that is a worthwhile investment."

Some of Alikier's greatest contributions came from his service as chairman of the Public Service Commission from 1961 to 1969. Before Obote and Amin, Uganda had a well-deserved reputation for the quality and honesty of its civil servants. Although Uganda has a smaller population than either Kenya or Tanzania, at the time of independence it had more college graduates than both of these countries combined.

One example of his integrity on public commissions was when he chaired a committee to select forty Uganda cadets

for flight training for East African Airways. An airways official said at the time that Alikers's committee had picked the best forty candidates regardless of ethnic background. By contrast, in Kenya there were allegations of bribery to obtain cadet status and some nepotism. In Tanzania it was said that screening was used to ensure politically reliable supporters of the government's socialist program. The result of all this was that almost three-fourths of the African pilots flying for East African Airways when it was dissolved were from Uganda.

It is not just Martin's integrity that his friends admire. It is also his consideration. A mutual friend, Dr. Sandy Huntley, president of the National Association for Foreign Student Advisers, recalls an interviewing trip in 1967:

In Kampala, we were hosted for cocktails by Martin and Camille in their beautiful home. The day before, in the Amboseli Game Reserve, I had drunk too much ice cold – and possibly not clean – water, and arriving at the Alikers I was suffering from severe stomach cramps and more. A martini made it worse rather than better and I was in trouble.

Camille and Martin were both very solicitous, got me to a hotel, and contacted a doctor to see me. The competent British doctor treated me with antibiotics. I slept and perspired for perhaps 32 hours and had only chicken soup for another day.

As we were leaving for Addis Ababa, the doctor's messenger came with a bill, something like £2, which I gladly paid. Later, I heard from Camille that Martin was incensed that as his friend, I had been charged. My interpretation at the time was that Martin felt the professional courtesy would have been extended to a British colleague but was denied to an African one.

Of this incident, Roberta Huntley recalls: "While Sandy was out of it, Martin kept coming round to see how my husband was feeling and to ask after my needs."

An insight into Alikers's ethics came unexpectedly one day

in 1968 when he was in Los Angeles and asked me to take him to see a classmate from Northwestern days. I was in effect the chauffeur, and the two professional men got into shoptalk as we sat by the friend's pool in an expensive suburban home.

The friend remarked that he practiced only three days a week so that the government would not get too much tax revenue. Martin, who worked long hard hours when he was practicing, and then took charity cases at the end of the day, was disturbed by the idea of a trained man only working 20 some hours a week.

The man explained:

It is easy. I could have a mother bring in a child and do half a dozen fillings in an hour. But if I charge her so much for each filling she will complain that the cost is too high. So I have her come in six times for the six fillings. By the time she gets a babysitter for her other children, picks up her child at school, drives him to my office, finds a parking place, then waits for up to an hour in the waiting room, then another fifteen minutes in the other chair, I have only a few minutes of work to do on the filling, after which she has to return the child to school, and get back to the babysitter. Then there is no complaint about my charges for the six fillings spread out over six visits.

The man went on in a similar vein about how to work less and make more. As we drove away, Alikor said he was absolutely disgusted with his former friend, adding, "I never want to see that man again."

Martin has always had an extremely high regard for the training he received at Northwestern, though today he is far more of a businessman and a politician than a dentist. His office in Nairobi is beautifully organized and his staff carries on now that he is in Kampala.

Those who know Martin Alikor generally agree that he is a tremendously charismatic person with great self-confidence

but without conceit. The Associate Dean of Admissions at Northwestern Dental School, Dr. Julianna Blueitt, worked with Alikier in 1968 when he came to seek help for a program for dental hygienists in Uganda. She recalls:

Martin went to one of his old professors who immediately told him, "We now have a black person on our faculty who is head of dental hygiene and she will help you." So then he came over to see me and we sent him material and tried to help him.

It is extraordinary how he only has to walk into a cocktail lounge and he attracts people like a magnet. I've seen it so often here in Chicago and my mother likes to tease him about how he mesmerizes some people. My office staff always buzzes when there is word that Martin has called or is coming to town. My husband and I noticed the same thing when we visited Camille and Martin in Nairobi and he took us around town.

I must say, I wouldn't like to be on the other side of a bargaining table from Martin in a business deal. He would be courteous, fair, and you could count on his word, but he would be exceptionally shrewd.

But he is not perfect! We often play tennis when he is in town and when I beat him – the last two times it took tie-breakers – I like to tell him, "Martin, a statesman you may be but a tennis player you are not!" He will grumble and chuckle at the same time, saying that he was just out of practice or had jet lag. But he is a good loser.

A few years ago I had a 63-year-old Jewish lady secretary, who was quite well off but preferred working for pay rather than doing charitable work. I remember so well one time when Martin had been in our office, and she exclaimed: "That is the most strikingly sexy man I've ever met in my whole life."

In 1979, on the 75th anniversary of the Northwestern Dental School, Alikier was one of three graduates invited to Chicago to speak.

Our close friendship underwent a severe strain in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Almost every year I would stop in Kampala (or, after Amin, in Nairobi) to see Martin, usually after I had been in South Africa. My predictions were consistently that South Africa was not on the brink of a bloody civil war, that there were encouraging signs that the Nationalist government's apartheid program begun in 1948 was peaking, and that racial discrimination would begin to fall away with increasing speed. These were my considered views, but they were in a distinct minority among academics and journalists who observed South Africa. After one rather strained evening when this topic had arisen, Martin took a deep breath after dinner at the fine restaurant to which he had invited me, and said, "Ned, old buddy, what you say about Afrikaners and what I read almost everywhere else and what people tell me are at such variance that I really cannot believe you. If we cannot drop the subject of South Africa from our discussions, I'm afraid the friendship we both cherish will not survive our differences." And so from about 1973 on we did not discuss South Africa when we would meet in Nairobi, Chicago, or Pasadena. By pure coincidence we met twice on the street in London, in Grosvenor Square and on Regent Street, when neither of us knew the other was in Europe for only a couple of days.

The Alikers were always most generous hosts when I visited them in Kampala. Martin would make a point of including a number of my friends at a dinner party, even though he personally was not on good terms with some of them from opposition parties. The Alikers' home near the top of Kololo Hill commands a lovely view of the green hills of Uganda by day and of the twinkling lights of the city by night.

On December 19, 1969, an attempt was made on the life of President A. Milton Obote by a gunman. He was shot in the mouth as he left a political rally at about 10:30 p.m. and was rushed to Mulago teaching hospital. Martin wrote: "The surgeon who was called to operate, Professor Sir Ian McAdam,

called me in turn. Together we operated from 1 a.m. to 4 a.m. At the end of the operation Sir Ian told me that he was very impressed by the absolute calm and steady hand with which I did my part. All the rigorous teaching at Northwestern paid off that night.”

Aliker wrote the Nuelsens at the end of 1969:

The year was a mixed one for us. The death of our friend Tom Mboya of Kenya shook us. I had known Tom for twenty years. For the last five years we had spent our New Year's together at the Mount Kenya Safari Club – which is owned by Bill Holden and Ray Ryan. As the end of the year draws near we cannot help thinking what it would have been like if Tom were alive.

My own practice continues to grow and although I have two assistants, both of them English, we still have too much work for all three. We have moved into new premises which were designed specifically to suit us. There are four surgeries, laboratory, library, reception and waiting room. We have the kind of space the best practice in Hollywood [he must have meant Beverly Hills] would envy. I have spent a lot of money on equipment, and know that we have the best equipment available on the market.

At the beginning of 1972, following a long trip around the states with Camille and all the children and a happy reunion with the Nuelsens and with me, Aliker was engaged in building yet another home, though he did not know his days in Uganda were numbered.

As General Amin became more tyrannical it was evident that his greatest fears were the Acholi and Langi people and he began a process that can only be called genocide towards them. Prominent Acholi or Langi were either murdered or fled the country. Amin was to go on to be implicated in the deaths of perhaps 300,000 Ugandans.

The Alikers left Kampala for Nairobi in October 1972 because, as he wrote in 1976:

We realized that as long as Amin remains President of Uganda, the country could not be safe to bring up children in. At the time we decided to move, I had doubts as to whether it was the right thing to do. Time has proved us very right. If I had stayed in Uganda, I doubt very much if I would be alive. The thinking in Amin's head is to get rid of all outstanding Ugandans so that he can feel there is no challenge to his office. The vast majority of the people who have been killed or have left the country would have gladly stayed to help Amin to develop Uganda. Uneducated and a murderer as he is, he cannot see that. Now he has a country which is completely bankrupt and without hope. The people have been reduced to nothing. They have no basic requirements like salt, soap and sugar. The once proud Mulago Hospital, the best in Africa, has no drugs. The best doctors have gone.

From the time I arrived in Kenya, God has been more than kind to the family. I started with nothing and now three and a half years later, I can feel that I have achieved the dream of most men, in this part of the world, of a lifetime. My practice is big and busy. We have bought a house in a very lovely part of Nairobi and extended it to suit us. The man across the road is an American millionaire who made his money selling chewing gum to the GIs during World War II. . . . Camille is Director of the Institute of International Education for East and Central Africa. . . . My father is 83 and my mother is 73. She was here to visit us last week. We had not seen her since we left Uganda. My brothers and sisters are all well. One of the twins – Anne – is a widow. Her husband was murdered by Amin's soldiers because he was a successful businessman. . . . I would like you to know that Uganda is only temporarily defeated but NOT vanquished – and I want to be there to rebuild it. That I shall do.

Julie Ann Auma Aliker, in applying for a Ugandan refugee scholarship in 1979 gave the following account of why she left Uganda:

I left Uganda on the 1st October 1972 when I was eleven years old and in Primary 7. At that time my father was the Chairman of the Uganda Argus Newspaper. It became obvious that President Amin wanted to take over the newspaper to insure that the "right propaganda" was printed. He saw my father as a stumbling-block in the take over of the paper. Information reached us that my father was to be killed. Fortunately, he was warned and left Uganda the very day before he was to be arrested. Another factor was that as a prominent Acholi he could not remain alive and was in constant danger of being eliminated – even without the added danger over the newspaper.

One day in Nairobi in 1976 the archaeologist Richard Leakey, after drinks at his home, was driving me to the Alikers with whom we were to go out to dinner. I was amused at Richard's reactions as he followed my directions into the most exclusive suburb of Nairobi. "You must have the wrong address," he said, "I don't think any Africans live here."

"No," I replied, "it is just around the next corner." As we turned the corner there was a gate with pillars, and a Kenyan soldier guarded the entrance. "You see," Richard said, "this is the old British High Commissioner's house."

"Yes," I said again. "Drive in." The soldier opened the gate and we drove in. At the sound of the car Martin and Camille came out to greet me. Richard's usual silky smooth demeanor was a bit ruffled, and as he shook hands he asked Martin about the soldier. Martin explained that the Kenya government had placed the sentry there because of threats that had been made by Amin's secret agents in Nairobi. As they chatted, I thought of the barefoot young student approaching the verandah at Makerere and my heart was warmed by the evidence of material success at no sacrifice of integrity.

One night at the Muthiaga Club outside Nairobi – I was glad he took me there as his guest because it had been the best and most exclusive club in the heyday of British colonialism in Kenya, with an absolute color bar – Martin said, "You know,

Ned, a couple of other people have said that some of the things you say about South Africa may be right. A neighbor of mine, a Kikuyu, was in South Africa recently and I was surprised at what he said about it."

I was pleased but did not push the discussion. Besides, we had only a few minutes left to complete plans for Alier to act as the Nairobi representative for the Leakey Foundation in a small program of aid to Uganda refugees. But as he dropped me in his Mercedes at Embakasi Airport, I said, "I'm glad you said what you did about South Africa. Maybe we should visit there together someday?" He shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal way, and we said our farewells. His expression as I left kept coming back to me for several months. Something was brewing in his mind. But in the meantime, what can only be described as Martin's "good works" continued.

He had told me about an outstanding student named William Kalema, who he said deserved to be at Caltech. He explained that Kalema – a Muganda, not an Acholi – had been the best science student in the history of the crack Budo secondary school. But just before his final exams at Cambridge, where he was expected to take first class honors, Kalema got word that his father, a retired cabinet minister, had been arrested by Amin and had had his head crushed with a sledgehammer. Not surprisingly, Willie Kalema didn't do as well as expected in his exams; he did not receive a scholarship, and went off to work as a chemical engineer in a copper mine in Zambia. But Martin kept trying to find ways to help his fellow countryman. After two years we managed to find the \$8000 for the first year at Caltech, which Willie has just completed. He is now on a doctoral program and is on his way to a successful career.

Willie remembers coming up from Zambia and meeting Martin at the Nairobi Hilton to discuss ways of reentering the academic stream. Willie says the thrust of the discussion was Martin's dedication to the view that "When we are all back in Uganda, we will need trained people."

In a more serious vein, Martin Aliko can be described as a meritocrat. He certainly does not think of people first in tribal terms. In Uganda, as in many if not most African countries ethnic rivalries are a curse. They played a major role in the Amin tragedy.

In the chemistry of tribal feelings, superiority is easily transmuted to contempt or arrogance; jealousy too often into hatred. My Baganda people are by no means the least sinners in this regard. Martin Aliko deserves great credit for rising above ethnicity. If Uganda is to escape another ordeal by fire, we will need many Ugandans whose first loyalty is to their country.

Martin helped literally hundreds of Uganda exiles in Nairobi. A pair of glasses for one man, a ticket to London for a young girl, a week's lodging for another. He gave freely of his means and of his time and energy.

Another example of his desire to help his fellow countrymen is reflected in a letter to me in 1977:

Our problem with refugees in Kenya has, to a degree, been alleviated since August this year. First of all, most of the teachers have been absorbed into the Kenya educational system. Secondly, Zambia has recruited a lot of professional people including doctors, nurses, teachers and engineers. The only educational group that nobody seems to want is the lawyers. Incidentally, Ugandans going to Zambia are on "Africa's Curse," i.e. expatriate terms, which creates friction with the Zambians. The people we have to look after now in Kenya are ex-soldiers, administrators and businessmen. The pressure, therefore, for assistance such as I sought from you earlier in the year no longer arises although assistance in whatever form is always welcome. Academically, we have been able to place at the University of Nairobi 24 students, University of Dar-es-Salaam 10, University of Lusaka 24, University of Blantyre 2, United Kingdom universities 58, and we are hoping to send over 100 to the USA beginning January. We hope to send

twenty-six students to Australia. This is purely on my personal efforts through ex-Makerere professors now in Australia.

But Martin wrote in a different vein five months later as follows:

Our problems have got worse since writing that letter in February. We are now getting refugees from the secondary schools, 13-18 years old, especially the Acholi. We have received other help but it is not enough. Every day we have refugees crossing the border into Kenya, many of them with nothing but what they stand up in. We desperately need money to supply food, clothing and accommodation to these people. Of course we help as many as we can but there are still others who require assistance. As you may appreciate, the situation regarding employment is difficult here and many of the refugees have no hope of finding a job so that they have to rely on any financial assistance we are able to give them.

We have a fund here called the St. Francis Fund which operates through the Archbishops's Emergency Fund. Our Committee select and approve the refugees who receive money and we give between 200 and 300 shillings (\$30 to \$35) per person. As there are many of Amin's spies in Nairobi, we have to be very selective. From this you may realise that we are looking for further monetary assistance and if there is any further help you are able to give, it would be very much appreciated.

4

Just before Easter, 1978, I got a call from Martin from Nairobi. His conversation was cryptic.

"Ned, you have mentioned a vacation in the south together."

"Yes."

"Could we take it now?"

"Yes. Today is Tuesday, could you meet me at the Savoy in London on Saturday?"

"No, but I can be there on Sunday."

"Fine, I'll see you there."

"Goodbye, Ned."

After I hung up, I realized I didn't know precisely what was on his mind. But I knew he wouldn't ask without a good reason. That I could trust. And the sense of urgency.

Two days later the South African Consul General in London was friendly when I said that I had an African friend from Uganda, traveling on a Kenya passport, who would be wanting a South African visa but that I had none of his papers and could supply only his name, age, and occupation.

"That is all right, Professor," he said, "it normally takes eight to ten weeks, but I know you and I think we may get it in five or six weeks."

"I appreciate that, but my problem is that my friend arrives Sunday night and we are booked on South African Airways on Monday."

Actually, I wasn't being entirely fair, because the minute Martin had hung up from Nairobi I had called an old friend who was the South African Ambassador in London and I had also called the South African Ambassador in Washington, so I knew that, despite the Easter weekend, the wheels were turning at top speed in Pretoria. The only catch was to get the required authorization from the Minister of the Interior, who was away on an Easter weekend fishing trip far from a telephone.

It all worked out, and on Monday evening, as the South African Airways 747 flew over the Bay of Biscay, and the white stewardess was adjusting Martin's pillow, Martin turned to me and said, "You know, Ned, I feel just like an American astronaut taking off for the moon. I almost wonder what I'm doing here on this plane flying to Johannesburg?"

Immigration and customs went smoothly and we arrived at the Landrost Hotel at 11:30 the next morning. My friends who had met us thought that we would probably sleep most of the day and get over the jet lag. But we were too keyed up

and anxious to make every minute count. A quick telephone call and we were having lunch with the white personnel director of the Carlton Hotel and her black deputy. Martin plied both women with questions on racial problems of all kinds involved in employing staff for a five star hotel. He seemed most surprised when the two personnel officers agreed that most of the racial problems from the staff came from Europeans who had been brought out on contracts.

We talked into the afternoon and no sooner had they left than two editors of Afrikaans newspapers joined us in the booth. They kept plying Martin with questions about East African politics; their isolation from most of black Africa had created a thirst for first-hand observations. A decade before there would not have been this intense interest in the politics of black Africa.

Again, they had no longer left than our dinner guests arrived, a pattern of the tour. They were all strong liberals – one of them actually a founding member of the now banned Liberal party organized by Alan Paton. We talked late and as we got off on our floor Martin asked, “Are we going to meet so many interesting people like this all the time?”

The next morning in Johannesburg we left the Landrost Hotel and walked up the street. There was tension. Martin didn't know what to expect in South Africa. Perhaps I was even more tense. All my talk about changing attitudes in South Africa was being put to the test. Martin suddenly spotted a chemist's shop and said, “I need some nail clippers.” I stood near the door as he purchased them from a blonde Afrikaner girl I later learned was from the Orange Free State. I will never forget her parting words to Martin:

“Thank you for coming in. Have a nice day, sir.”

White attitudes were changing fast in South Africa. Three years earlier I would not have risked our friendship by going with Martin to South Africa. You never know when you will encounter a bigot.

We made several other stops along the street and all the

tradespeople were cordial. Suddenly Martin turned to me saying, half seriously:

"C'mon, Ned, you haven't been up and down this street telling people in every store that I might be coming in, have you? Everyone is so polite to me."

The answer was no. And moreover, although it is easy for me to tell a Nilotic person from the Bantu-speaking peoples in South Africa, I don't think that the Johannesburgers were picking him out as a foreigner.

In any event, the next morning while I was still asleep, Martin got up early and went for a walk on his own. People were still polite. At breakfast he commented that he had noticed that the blacks had suffered a lot of traumatic head wounds. He said it in a clinical sense. The scars were not necessarily from police batons; they could have been from faction fights between different ethnic groups. He was just observing. And then he added, objectively:

"Of course, it is much easier to spot head wounds among Africans because of the short hair. And furthermore black skin frequently forms keloid scars that remain for life, whereas a head wound on a white person may heal up with no visible sign that it was ever there."

That day when we were going down in the elevator to meet some editors for dinner, I was wearing a blue suit. Something prompted Martin to ask me, "Do you remember the suit you bought me for graduation?"

"No," I replied, "I don't remember any suit."

"Well," he said, "I still have it, although it is rather tight. But I have never forgotten that you felt I needed a new blue suit for graduation and you bought me a better one than you could afford for yourself as a new Ph.D. I felt at the time that you didn't think what you wore was too important but that an African student would be judged by different standards and you wanted the best for me."

We had a marvelous two weeks. Every door I knocked on for Martin opened. Harry Oppenheimer, the number one

industrialist, cancelled a lunch with French journalists to receive us. The chief black editor, Percy Qoboza, who had been a Nieman Fellow at Harvard the year before, arranged a luncheon in Soweto with the popular political leaders. One of these, Dr. Jimmy Motlana, had been in detention with Percy for five months, and they had only been out of jail for a few weeks. When we went to Qoboza's office, one of Alikier's first question was: "How strong are the young militants in Soweto?" The editor replied: "Even though I've just been in detention for five months, I'm considered a moderate. If the young militants were as strong as they are reported to be overseas, I wouldn't be sitting behind this desk editing the *Post*."

Another evening in Cape Town we were having drinks with some M.P.s when Martin mentioned to Jan Marais that he would like to hear some jazz while in Cape Town. Jan, a pioneer in introducing American banking techniques to South Africa in his Trust Bank, before he went to Parliament, immediately took him up.

"There is a new Coloured nightclub in Athlone run by friends of mine. You need permits, although I took a group of Nationalist M.P.s the other night, but I'll fix you up for tomorrow night.

Later, in the office of a mutual friend who was helping with our arrangements, Martin mentioned that he was going to the night club. Pine immediately said, "But not you and Ned alone?" Martin wasn't sure. Pine said, "Look, Martin, I would like to go, and I'm sure my secretary or receptionist would be thrilled to help make up a party."

The next afternoon I got a call by the pool where we were drinking some of the excellent white wine of the Cape and discussing politics with Fleur de Villiers and Madelaine van Biljon, two of the top columnists in South Africa, and with Dr. Pieter van Biljon – all Afrikaans-speaking. The voice at the other end of the line gave her name in a strong, confident, womanly tone, and said she was to be our guide. We were also joined that evening by a German-speaking graduate student at

Stellenbosch, who lived in Cape Town and whose research on South West Africa was of special interest to me. Our rather brassy, bosomy guide (proud to have been a showgirl in Las Vegas), sat in front to tell the driver the way as we started along the magnificent drive cut into the side of Table Mountain. Martin exclaimed at the panoramic view of the harbor and asked as we passed Groote Schuur Hospital if we were going to meet Dr. Chris Barnard.

As we came down the mountain and entered the flat land of Athlone, we stopped at a "robot," or stop sign. Three older Coloured women were talking animatedly. Martin's professional curiosity was aroused and he asked, rhetorically, "Have you noticed the number of older Coloured women we have seen who have lost their two center front teeth?" He used their technical name but I've forgotten it. He then added, "They must have terrible dental care."

There was dead silence. The South Africans appeared not to be breathing as the light changed and the car surged ahead.

"That's not the reason," I said quietly, "I'll tell you later."

The South Africans in the front seat seemed to draw breath and began talking animatedly.

"What do you mean?" Martin whispered.

"Fortunately, the custom is dying out," I whispered back, "but twenty years ago many Coloured women knocked out their two front teeth because Coloured men liked fellatio better that way."

I don't think I had ever seen Martin so shocked. I don't know whether it was his Acholi values, his Anglican upbringing, or his horror as a dental surgeon.

"I don't believe it," he said out loud, as though he meant, "I don't want to believe it."

The driver looked back over his shoulder and nodded. Martin shook his head slowly in disbelief and/or disgust.

We went farther and farther into the poorer section of Athlone, the largest Coloured suburb, to pick up the receptionist.

The shy, beautiful young woman came out from a modest

home, her stylish pumps kicking up the sandy dirt of the Cape Flats as she walked, while her mother and a number of siblings stared from the door at the strange entourage of people with long blonde hair and short, curly black hair in the Chrysler.

At the club, it turned out that we were unfashionably early. The pneumatic blonde had planned this so that she could show us the offices and the general layout of the club. The offices were fine but quite ordinary, and she was obviously trying too hard to impress an American and a distinguished visitor from Kenya with how successful Coloured people had become. Condescension has an offensive odor. I smelled a further confrontation.

It came as we walked onto the nightclub floor. The Las Vegas attraction led us to the most prominent front table. Immediately, I had the *déjà vu* feeling that I was back in a black nightclub on the south side of Chicago in the 1940s when whites were so much a prestige factor that at least one table was always kept free at the front so that whites could be shown off.

My discomfort approached nausea.

I suggested to our guide that we would all be more comfortable at a back table far from the limelight. I turned to Martin, who immediately intuited what was on my mind and strongly supported me. Our instinctive likes and dislikes are very similar.

"I'm sorry," she said, "all the rest of the tables are reserved."

"Excuse me" was my reply, and I motioned to Martin, who went with me to the office of the general manager. We explained our ill ease, and were gratified with his reply, "Take any back-row table you wish."

Because we were so early, there was a lot of time for conversation before dinner and the jazz. I could see and hear that Martin was really struggling to converse with the receptionist. One serious topic after another seemed to founder.

Martin was not aware that Pine's receptionist was light skinned "Coloured" and the graduate student was "white."

Race had not entered into his thinking – but education and sophistication are important, and conversation with the Coloured receptionist with a limited education was a load he gamely carried.

Part of Martin's discomfiture was removed when an Indian woman – a highly talented doctor and co-owner with her medical husband of the nightclub – joined us and we had some thoughtful general conversation on birth control problems in South Africa, both generally and within the Coloured community.

With some four hundred well-dressed Coloured people in attendance, the show finally began. Sociologically, it was fascinating. There were three Xhosa singers. Five years earlier a Coloured audience in Cape Town would have scorned African singers. After all, for generations Coloured mothers have frightened naughty children in the Cape with the threat that "a big black man will get you." The pernicious white emphasis on color – even though 27 percent of Cape Town Afrikaners have genetic African ties – has led to a fearful Coloured prejudice against Africans.

So much for sociology. The audience loved the singing, which, for fear of a stereotype, I will not say was rhythmic. Looking over the audience, I could not but reflect on the recent and rapid rise of a real Coloured middle and upper class from the miserable existence most Coloured people in Cape Town had when I was doing research there in the 1950s. Of course, they were only a bare generation behind the Afrikaners in their economic improvement. In the 1930s more than a quarter of the Afrikaners were poor whites and there was almost no Afrikaner participation in the professions or in business.

In front of us the present leader of the Coloured Labour Party, which is fighting the South African government tooth and nail, was enjoying himself at a large table with friends, possibly spending as much on hosting his table that evening as his father had earned in a year in the 1940s.

Despite the warm support for the African singers, one of whom even sang some numbers in Xhosa, the dichotomy of attitudes within the Coloured community was evident in the remarks of the standup comedian. One example will suffice: "A couple has moved into a new house in Mitchell's Plain [a new Coloured suburb for 20,000 people] and finds the mirror in the bathroom has magical properties. One evening the woman of the household stood in front of it and pronounced the magic words: 'Mirror, mirror on the wall, give me the biggest bosoms of all.' She went to bed and woke up with her wishes amply fulfilled. The next night her husband stood in front of the mirror and said, 'Mirror, mirror on the wall, give me the biggest dingaling of all.' He went to bed and when he woke up Jimmy Carter was sleeping next to him."

There were other jokes directed against Ambassador Young and the American administration. The audience roared. No Afrikaner Nationalists could have laughed harder. Martin noted the audience reaction and asked me to explain it. I could only surmise that there was still an inner dichotomy in many educated Coloured people. On the one hand they felt antagonistic toward the Afrikaners and a unity with other "blacks," but there was still an inner desire to be accepted as brown Afrikaners and to blend into the so-called European society of the Cape.

Driving back Martin said he was surprised at this, because some of the more militant Coloured leaders we had visited went out of their way to define their antagonism for the government and their unity with, to quote them, "other blacks" — meaning Africans and Asians in South Africa.

In Cape Town, our meeting with Prime Minister Vorster was scheduled for twenty minutes and lasted for more than an hour. The visit to the Prime Minister's office in Parliament was unusual for me. All the times I had interviewed him before in that office or in the Union Building in Pretoria, I had had an agenda of mild to difficult questions. My role was to ask the tough questions, and more than once "Jolly John's" face

would redden as resentment rose at my questioning. I never left him without a certain coolness on his part.

This visit was different because I was there only to introduce my friend to the Afrikaner leader and Martin was much more diplomatic than my previous roles had allowed.

The Prime Minister got up, crossed the room and offered a cordial handshake. "Welcome to our country, Dr. Alier."

After a few pleasantries, the P. M. asked: "Tell me, doctor, what is different about South Africa from what you expected?"

"Well, Mr. Prime Minister," Martin replied, "I was certainly wrong about one expectation. I had heard that if a black person met a white person on the sidewalk, the black person had to step into the gutter."

The P. M. laughed and declared, "I'm sure that never happened. Tell me more."

Martin said he was surprised that when he was dancing with the wife of a well-known white editor who was giving a party for him in a so-called white supper club no one seemed to take any notice of the interracial dancing. The Prime Minister wasn't too charmed at the picture Martin painted but asked again for more examples.

Martin recounted several other instances where he had expected to find racial discrimination but had not found it. As John Vorster beamed, Martin quickly added, "But, Mr. Prime Minister, I must say that I find it insulting and ridiculous that a black person like myself can use the toilets on an airplane but when we land at the domestic terminals at Jan Smuts or D.F. Malan, I see separate toilets."

The Prime Minister nodded and added with a certain candor, "Yes, that is true and you will find a lot more separate toilets, especially around railway stations."

I thought of the one instance when Martin had wanted to use the restroom at a domestic terminal and had gone into the "Non White" one with me just behind him. I had been surprised to see that it was kept as clean as the white ones are.

The Prime Minister then asked, "Do you have other observations as a visitor?"

Martin said, "Yes, I've had some experience with the operation of police forces when I was Chairman of the Uganda Public Service Commission. I don't find Soweto physically worse than the lower-class areas of most African cities, but I simply do not believe from experience that you can have good police work when the senior officers do not live right in the communities they are in charge of policing.

"And furthermore, it is absolutely unacceptable and strange to me that in Soweto you find a successful businessman in a nice two-story house that may cost \$50,000 and then right next to it there is a shanty. Why can't you let successful blacks live where other successful people live?"

The Prime Minister didn't want to pursue that one. He told a long joke on himself concerning his meeting with Kenneth Kaunda, and then the two men, frankly warming to each other, exchanged golf stories and gave each other hints on how to lower one's score.

The Prime Minister said, "I think I've told more golf stories than political stories in my life and several of them were funnier ones."

I first knew how impressed John Vorster was with Martin the next day in the office of the Foreign Minister. At one point in the conversation, the Minister got up from the easy chair, walked the length of his office – perhaps 50 feet – and dialed a number on one of several phones. He spoke rapidly in Afrikaans but apparently the party he was speaking to was being reluctant because Pik Botha suddenly raised his voice and said, "Nie, nie, nie. Hy praat met die Groot Baas en hy gese dit die man is eerste klaas." I wasn't supposed to hear, but when the Secretary of Foreign Affairs went out of the room for a minute and the Foreign Minister was still on the phone in a lower voice, I explained to Martin that what he had said meant that the Great Boss – the Prime Minister – had talked with him, Martin, and said he was first class.

This was confirmed when we had drinks with the head of an international oil company who had just played golf with the Prime Minister; he reported the P. M.'s comment that "the man from Uganda was someone you could really trust."

Curiously, the places where I had expected to run into possible discrimination caused no problems. In a hotel sauna, where we went because of too much fancy dining and because my friend's shoulder was throbbing from an old injury, I thought there might be a problem with the masseuse, but everything was friendly and professional.

There were only two incidents. The first was in a Greek-owned small cafe in the western Transvaal where a ten-year-old boy told Martin he could not sit down at a table but could stand and drink his Coke. He only told me about that some time later. The other incident was in the home of a liberal Jewish family in Johannesburg. We had been playing tennis on a Saturday afternoon when there was a light rain shower and we went indoors. As we were having tea, the African cook for the family was serving through an opening in the wall, and, very curious about the black guest, asked him a few discreet questions. The hostess, I learned later, asked Martin if he didn't want to go into the kitchen to talk with her.

Martin said later that he was annoyed—if she wanted him to talk with her cook, the cook should be invited into the living room, not the guest into the kitchen. I'm sure the host and hostess would be most embarrassed to know how their actions were perceived.

On one occasion in Cape Town, a Coloured leader who had met Martin at my invitation called him at our hotel and tried to persuade him to move to a Coloured hotel as a gesture against apartheid. Martin declined and commented to me, "This hotel is integrated, including black South Africans. Why should I move to a second-rate hotel only for Coloured people?"

We met with six other ministers at length, and Piet Koornhof, the present Minister of African Affairs, gave a luncheon

for Martin in Parliament to which he had had the foresight to invite three Coloured leaders, none of whom had ever eaten in the parliamentary dining room.

In a long and personally searching letter from Martin after he returned to Nairobi, he wrote, among other things:

I have waited for three months to write this letter, not because of laziness but because I wanted to be able to tell you something important arising out of our holiday together in March/April this year.

First of all, I would like to remind you that in the thirty years of our friendship I never called on you with an SOS voice until this year. You responded in a manner which far exceeded what I expected. I want you to know that our holiday together has cemented our friendship for the rest of our lives. This is because we both did a thing out of the ordinary. We knew the dangers and we took our chances and it worked.

Secondly, although we have known one another for all these years we have not been at close quarters as we were. I believe we know each other better and from my point of view, not only do I know you better but I also respect you more. You see Ned, often we try to give our friends an image of ourselves which we feel will enhance our status to our friends. This is how we are judged. On this holiday we both exposed ourselves to one another and we are better friends for doing so.

Our holiday has a very deep meaning to me. The depth of this is, in some ways, an apology to you insofar as I really did not believe what you were telling me for the last ten years. Indeed, after your last visit to Kampala, I really did not want to hear any more about your travels to that part of the world. This reaction is normal, for I felt that because of who you are, you could not experience the humiliation which I, perhaps, would experience. Yes, there were moments of humiliation but they were far surpassed by the positive experiences I had. The highlight of our holiday was the luncheon given for us by our editor friend [Qoboza]. Our

hostess was perfect and if she wears the scars of her predicament, she wears them very well. At the same time, I say to you that she should not wear those scars for too long, for in her and the likes of her being able to live where she deserves, lies the salvation of her country.

As I reflect on the holiday, I only see the people we met. Our conversation with the number one and subsequent talks all represent people and their views. I doubt whether there has ever been anybody as lucky as I was to have all the doors thrown open to him. I knew at the time that that was a unique opportunity. Now I even wonder why the doors were thrown open.

The future always remains a mystery to us. I am sure though that you and I will do other things together. Until such unique or outstanding act is accomplished by us, our holiday remains as the greatest thing we ever did together and for that I say, Thank you very much my dearest friend. Were I able to, I would do more for you – and I hope to be able to do so – with God's help.

Aliker kept in touch with his new South African friends of all races and entertained Africans, Afrikaners and English-speaking whites in Nairobi. He encouraged me to keep him in close touch with events as I saw them in southern Africa. Our visit together had given my judgments an element of credibility for him which they had not had before. Just as many Afrikaners were rethinking years of dogmatic opinions, such as no changes in apartheid and never independence for Namibia, so Aliker was rethinking. This led me to write him a letter from Namibia when I was there in December 1979, observing the first national election. The letter which follows further stimulated Aliker's interest in political change in southern Africa:

North of Oshikati on the Angolan border

I'm sitting here on a hot sticky day 30 degrees centigrade – almost 90°F – watching Ovambo women and some men voting in the polling station nearest the Angolan border.

Regiments of white cumulus clouds are marching across an azure sky.

I keep asking voters returning from the polling station in a one-room schoolhouse how far they have come and would they mind telling me which party they support? One old woman (here 60 is really old) just said, “Ek loop vyf myle Meneer . . . Dit is baie warm.” And it is hot to be walking five miles to vote in the first one-woman, one-vote national election in the history of this part of the world.

She and other voters walk in a single file and do not want to walk over to where I am writing under an acacia tree for legitimate fear of land mines. At the next polling station, which I visited by helicopter, two voters had been blown up by a mine laid in the sandy soil and smoothed over.

A good many of these Ovambo voters say, and I believe them, that they are Swapo supporters. Yet Swapo is boycotting the election, as you know, and trying to make it a low poll. Several years ago, only 3% voted here in a local election and there was much intimidation, including killing the Minister of Education. But voters who are for Swapo say that they are sick of violence and so they vote. Thus I think that Swapo will do better than the roughly 20% non-voters another time around.

All day I have been flying in a helicopter with the “Walter Cronkite” of Australian TV news, a correspondent at the UN for *Die Welt* – a very gutsy middle-age woman – and a man from the BBC. The only armed protection is a 30 caliber machine gun mounted in the mid-section that can fire out either side if you swivel it around. But one feels quite safe flying 160 mph just 20 feet over the trees because you are onto and past any guerrillas before they even hear you. They would have to have a hand-held, ground-to-air missile aimed in the right direction to cause any problems. While there are Cuban Migs which fly up to the border, the army here has six Mirage jets flying cover at about 1,800 mph all day. Costs a fortune.

I have investigated election complaints in Swakopmund where an overly zealous police captain took in the members

of a small party from their electoral desk by the polls because one sign said there was "intimidasië" (intimidation). Captain Mostert didn't like this California questioner in his domain but after 30 minutes of strenuous discussion he released all seven people and restored their signs. Imagine in California if someone said fraud and the police then took you in to force you to make a formal charge. I reported it at the press conference last night to the chief electoral officer and the captain was reprimanded. He had said it was only a small party - I felt a little theatrical reminding him that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance and as an observer I, too, was doing my job.

As I was writing that last paragraph, I heard the crump crump of 80 mm mortars and now I can see the white smoke curling up into this azure sky about four miles away. It looks as though the rounds are coming from Angola in support of a Swapo group - I was told about 30 of them - who had been surrounded by the Army within Namibia.

Of course, in many ways, it seems safer here than in Windhoek. In one department store a bomb was put under pantyhose, which is the best way to catch shrapnel. It wounded 14 people but if the bomb had been three feet away in the hardware department perhaps 20 people would have died.

A couple of days ago Moscow radio said there was a riot at Tsumeb mine. But a short 1-hour flight there and interviews with the workers quickly revealed that no one had been killed or that there had even been a strike.

In Keetsmanshoop in the far south I looked up an old friend who had visited me at Caltech last year. In fact, Charley Hartung's daughter was applying for a Baldwin grant until she decided to get married. Charley is the local leader of the Coloured and Hottentot community. To his office came five men who made affidavits that their employer threatened to fire them if they didn't vote. I reported it and the man is being fined. The advantage of a four-day-long election is that you can observe so much more in so many places. I also found in Katatura that the DTA party was

offering dops – slugs of cheap wine – to voters near the polling place. This, too, was stopped. But I must say that overall this is a superb technical election and the fairest of some forty that I have observed all over Africa.

The shelling has stopped now and I just hope that none of the poor bastards under it – black or white – got killed or maimed. War is always so exhilarating in that your adrenalin is stimulated – but always horrible . . . especially civil war. I hate it.

Tomorrow I'm interviewing a young Kavango man who comes from a remote area east of here. He wants above all to study archaeology. He finished high school and one year of teacher training. He is too young to qualify for a regular Baldwin-Leakey Fellowship but I'd like to find some way to help him. He comes highly recommended by Dr. Sandelowsky here, who has a Berkeley doctorate in archaeology.

I had a long private session with the new Prime in Cape Town. He really tried to make up – and did – for being so rude to me the last time.

A [Leakey Foundation] check is being sent made out to you for the benefit of a Ugandan refugee. One of the young man's sponsors said that he was rather inexperienced in financial matters but that it was, truly, an emergency. May we rely upon you to make a judgment on the urgency and also to pay out such funds as you feel justified in paying. Obviously, you may not want to give the money in one lump sum of \$800. You can also put the funds through your St. Francis fund or otherwise as long as the accounting is clear and you can control any unspent portion.

Aliker later wrote me of his urgent need to have help in preparing for the reconstruction of Uganda. I talked with various companies such as Bechtel in San Francisco on his behalf, but there was a general reluctance to become involved until Amin had been deposed and there was political peace. In writing to congratulate Martin on what an effective presentation he had made on Walter Cronkite's CBS Evening News, I told him of visiting a friend in Pennsylvania who was prepared to help. I

told Martin that Bob Stanaway was a great entrepreneur, a man of real integrity, who combined a technical degree from Caltech with a law degree from Stanford. It was a year before the two could begin conversations but they really hit it off.

5

At the historic 1979 meeting of all Uganda exile groups in Moshi, in Tanzania, Martin nominated Dr. Josef Lule, a Muganda, as acting President and Chairman of the eleven-man governing council. Lule asked Martin not to take a cabinet post but to be Lule's Number Two to carry out special missions.

Actually, the meeting was long overdue because the Tanzanian army had been forced to pause some thirty miles from Kampala because there was no civilian government ready to assume responsibility. Alier was on the first flight into liberated Uganda on April 11, 1979. He describes it as a moment of great joy and of getting down to kiss the soil. The great euphoria did not last long and the great hopes for reconstruction began to curdle.

Five months after liberation, in September 1979, I crossed paths with Martin in Nairobi as he was returning from a brief holiday with Camille on the Kenya coast. He suggested that I accompany him to Kampala if I could catch the Uganda Airways propeller Fokker in eighty minutes; that is, if I could get dressed, pack, check out, buy a ticket, get a visa at the Uganda consulate, and make the 25-minute drive to the airport. I skipped the packing and the checking out. The visa office was not open, but I made the airport in time for Martin to convince the immigration authorities that I would be under his personal responsibility.

On the flight to Kampala, Martin told me he had spent a day in Nairobi in touch with coffee merchants in London who had received coffee from Uganda but had refused to pay the Amin ministers when they showed up with the papers. Martin said,

with satisfaction, "By the time I finished they had given us credit for \$17,000,000 and I'm returning to State House in Entebbe thinking it wasn't a bad day."

For the next few days, I shared Martin's digs in the hotel Obote had built for an OAU meeting, where all the ministers were staying, guarded by Tanzanian soldiers with machine guns. It was an oasis of sanity in a city where Tanzanian soldiers – who had changed from the warmly welcomed army of liberation into the distrusted army of occupation – would stop a man on the street and ask to "borrow" his watch. Mine stayed in Martin's flat. Although supplies of *matoke* (plantain) were coming in from the countryside, imported goods were extremely expensive. Beer was \$5 a can and whiskey \$100 a bottle.

Martin had many titles: Member of the National Executive Committee of Ten; Member of the National Consultative Council (or Parliament); Member of the Three-Man Diplomatic and Political Commission; Personal Advisor to the President; Chairman of the Libyan Arab Uganda Bank; and Chairman of the Libyan Arab Uganda Holding Company, with a share capital of U.S. \$50,000,000.

I spent a morning at the Libyan Arab Bank talking with customers – all I saw were Muslims – and with the staff. Except for Martin, the Chairman, and one Christian accountant, the staff consisted entirely of Ugandan Muslims. The Muslims admitted freely that after the fall of Amin they had feared for their lives – not because they had been personally involved in any wrongdoing, but because of Amin's promotion of Muslims and his close ties with Colonel Quaddafi and Libya.

They were surprised when Chairman Alier told them that they were to carry on with their jobs, that he trusted them and would see that they were not discriminated against. The bank was buzzing with activity, but on all levels one heard only genuine praise for their Acholi Christian superior. Several hoped that he would run for President if there were an election and said that he would have the support of most Muslims.

One afternoon, Martin took me to see President Geoffrey Binaisa at the State House in Entebbe. While we were waiting to see the President, Martin had me sit in the overstuffed chair where Amin often held court with a loaded pistol on the armrest. When someone who had been called in to account for his actions, or lack of action, and would be trembling because the tyrant didn't like the reply, Amin would take up the pistol – more trembling – and fire at the ceiling. The many bullet holes are being left in the ceiling as a reminder of the way in which Amin terrified those whom he did not have tortured or killed.

When the civilian government first arrived in Entebbe, in April 1979, Martin Aliko was assigned to a modest-sized bedroom which Amin had used for various women friends and which had two locked doors that separated it from his wife's bedroom. The room, as Martin moved in, contained a number of grenades and pistols, but he was so exhausted from the exertions and emotions of being back on Uganda soil that he just lay down and dropped off to sleep. The next morning, he looked under the bed and found that a bomb had been rigged to blow up anyone who lay on the bed but the detonating device had failed to trigger. He called the security staff, who gingerly removed the bomb outside the walls of the State House and exploded it.

At the time of our call President Binaisa had to deal with a Tanzanian Major General who had just flown in with instructions from President Nyerere, as well as with a horde of office seekers and many distant relatives. The nugget of my conversation with him was his desire to have Caltech help Uganda to develop solar energy. I tried to explain that although my institution was deeply concerned in research on energy, we were not likely to become involved in direct applications. Five months later, after Binaisa had mentioned Caltech and solar power at least four times to Aliko, he finally cabled on behalf of the President seeking an invitation to visit Caltech to discuss cooperation. Because I knew that he knew this was not

the kind of cooperation Caltech could be concerned in, I thought at first that he might need a pretext to leave Uganda. But I cabled him an enthusiastic welcome on behalf of President Goldberger and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. At the same time I called Camille in Nairobi and reemphasized that although we could put Martin in touch with solar research in California, the kind of thing President Binaisa had in mind was a nonstarter. In the end Martin did not come on that mission.

But to return to the State House in Entebbe. We were delayed so long in waiting for the President that we had to drive the 29 miles back to Kampala after curfew. We had with us a cousin of Alikier, Francis Okello, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the EEC in Brussels. It was a scary ride – both because of the danger of a burst of fire from the Tanzanian troops, and also of the danger of being stopped by a gang of thugs, Kondos, to be robbed, even murdered. We felt particularly helpless passing through one deep cut where several buses of Libyan soldiers had been ambushed and annihilated by the Tanzanians earlier in the year when Libya was flying troops into Entebbe airport in a vain effort to bolster Amin. As usual, Alikier was cool if apprehensive, but I noticed that he perspired almost as much as Okello and I did.

During his service on the Diplomatic Commission, Alikier had an opportunity to broaden his knowledge of African states. On behalf of Uganda, he attended the Commonwealth meeting in Zambia and had long discussions with President Kaunda, Lord Carrington, and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher regarding the future of Zimbabwe. Again, he represented Uganda at the Organization of African Unity meeting in Monrovia, Liberia. It was at this meeting that pressure began to build against President Nyerere of Tanzania to prevent him from installing Milton Obote as the leader of Uganda. However, Obote did return from exile in Tanzania, more than a year after the downfall of Amin.

Alikier also attended the independence celebrations in Zimbabwe and wrote me in April 1980:

I was in Zimbabwe for the celebrations. I missed you. I expected to see you there. I saw Mugabe, Nkomo, Sithole, and Muzorewa. I walked the streets of Salisbury in the company of my wife. I went to Highfield, Harare etc. [African townships]. I went to Highlands, Gun Hill [white areas] and to the University of Zimbabwe. I wept at the hoisting of the Zimbabwe flag. I wept because the blacks were weeping and the whites were weeping for different reasons. And I wept for Uganda. It was October 9, 1962 [Uganda Independence] all over. Yet I felt that Zimbabwe has a better chance of success than any other African country between the Zambezi River and the Sahara Desert. If I were rich I would invest in Zimbabwe.

The purpose of wanting to see you in May is to seek your views on how to raise \$500,000 for my campaign [for President of Uganda]. If I did not know you as I do I would not write this paragraph. I have done it as a testimony to my faith in your friendship.

The figure was soon somewhat more realistically adjusted to \$100,000. From the American side with the help of an extremely able friend, I was able to raise \$30,000. This involved successfully navigating among the many minefields of recent legislation affecting the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Justice, and not running afoul of the strict (but necessary) laws involving American corporate support of foreign politicians. In this age of inflation \$30,000 is not too much more than what is needed to arrange the immediate acquisition of, and delivery to northern Uganda of a fully equipped landrover with a broadcasting system.

In September 1980, following a coup by Obote supporters, Dr. Aliko and three others were banned from addressing political meetings. Nevertheless, the Democratic Party rallies continued to be enthusiastically attended. At a number of them the Chairman announced that Martin Aliko was present although he could not speak, and this would set off a tremendous roar of applause, which he could stand up and

acknowledge without addressing the throng.

Elections were still scheduled for December. The situation was extremely tense.

I am worried.

When one has been a mentor and is a friend, one always worries about disaster striking.

News was scarce as the election approached. I didn't expect to hear from Martin, both because he was busy and because a letter could be so easily intercepted and misinterpreted.

In the election, Martin won his Acholi constituency, making him its member in Parliament. Crowds gathered to watch the vote-counting. The result was clear – a great landslide for Martin. As with other election headquarters, the boxes with the ballots of the Obote candidate and the ballots of Martin's group were taken to Kampala. When the results were announced, the totals were accurate except that the boxes had been switched. Thus an easy win became a crushing defeat. This happened in many constituencies. The Nyerere-Obote forces had seized power not through the ballot box, but through false accounting.

One may ask how the team of Commonwealth observers reacted to this. It is a long story, but the sad bottom line is that although they knew there had been dirty work at the crossroads, they concluded that not to accept the Obote coup would be to plunge the country into civil war.

Aliker visited the United States in behalf of the government, talking to people at the World Bank and meeting such leaders as Chuck Percy of Illinois, our mutual friend who heads the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Camille came for the funeral of her twin sister, who had died of cancer. We didn't talk on the phone, although Martin met with a man to whom I had introduced him to seek a business arrangement. I gathered secondhand that Martin was discouraged over the prospects of change in his lifetime and might be tempted with a proffered roving ambassadorship or with some bright business possibilities.

Not having a chance to talk with him face to face, I didn't want to make a premature judgment. But I confess to some disillusionment and concern.

Finally in March 1981, he wrote me, *inter alia*:

I got over 39,000 votes out of 43,000. Fourteen hours later I had lost, having been reduced to 3,590 votes. It was very amusing. As a friend of many years, and as one who helped me with my campaign, I want to say to you that I am glad I was made to lose. Equally, I am glad that the Democratic Party was made to lose. Had we been allowed to win, I would perhaps not be writing this letter. As far as I am concerned it was a great experience. I enjoyed it. The Acholi treated me very respectfully during the whole campaign. The people voted for ALIKER, the son of Chief Lacito Aliker, who is the only hope the Acholi have as a rallying point. And this proved to be my downfall. For me to be in parliament as the voice of the Acholi is more than some people can stomach.

My votes came from all the people. There was no question of parties. I would like to thank you for all you did for me. I am only temporarily defeated; not vanquished.

For the moment, I am in Kampala trying to organize myself for whatever can be done. My dental practice in Kampala was destroyed in 1975 by Amin's soldiers. I have applied for some hard currency but there is none for dental equipment. I am still in the Libyan Bank until told to leave.

Uganda is going through a more difficult time than when you visited me in 1979. As I write this letter there is no salt, soap, sugar, cooking oil or any of the usual household items in the shops. Compared with the time you were here we have actually regressed.

I have been thinking about our holiday of three years ago. One of the things I spoke about then was opening up trade between the two countries. I am interested in starting up a trading company. As you know, almost all the countries of the region trade with our holiday country. I see no reason why Uganda should not conserve her foreign

exchange by buying where it is cheapest. When you are next here we can discuss it further. Yours always, Martin.

That visit has yet to take place, although I subsequently visited South Africa to take a reading on the April 29, 1981 election, and met many people whom Martin had charmed and impressed. But Uganda is never far from my thoughts.

In July 1981, I got a call from Jusef Lule in Washington, who, as mentioned before, had been the first President of Uganda in the post-Amin period. He asked if he could fly to Los Angeles for a chat in a roundabout return to London. My answer was, of course, by all means. I met him at the airport bus, installed him in the faculty club, and we got down to brass tacks. Lule has been elected the head of the Uganda Government in Exile, with support from all the exile groups. Strangely, most of the Uganda diplomats still in place were Lule appointments.

He was in good health, I was pleased to note. After Nyerere had put him under house arrest in Dar-es-Salaam, the ruse used to free him to fly to London was that his health was deteriorating. But at 70, he has unusual recall of distant events and what happened yesterday. We talked at length in my office and then had dinner together in the faculty club. I had to leave town in the morning, but I arranged for him to use a television viewer to show BBC films to a large group of Uganda refugees the next evening.

Since the Aliket-Lule-Museveni forces lost the election, the Baganda have been increasingly disturbed. Bill Kalema's mother, a deputy minister in the Binaisa government, was imprisoned for a while on suspicion of gun-running. The Museveni forces control most of Uganda to the west of Kampala, and Obote seems to be resorting to harsher and harsher measures for security control now that most of the Tanzanian army has withdrawn.

In our talks in 1981 and again in Pasadena in 1982, Lule tried to analyze some of the reasons for his own downfall as presi-

dent. Most of the blame he places on President Nyerere and his obsession to have Uganda a socialist state. But I was impressed to learn that Lule also felt that some of the Baganda loyalists, people who may have started all the bloodshed with the Kababa Yekka's support of Kabaka Mutesa over Obote and the "superiority" of the Baganda, were responsible. Lule noted that, "My Baganda have not all learned the lesson of nationalism. No one group can be superior to any other group in Uganda." He concluded that Obote first came to power because of the century-old split in Buganda between "English Protestants" and "French Catholics." But the second coming of Obote was abetted by too much Baganda nationalism.

Lule is an excellent choice as an exile head. At his age, he clearly does not want to govern, any more than he did after Amin. But having been Vice Chancellor of the University, Deputy Secretary General of the Commonwealth, and important for five years in University affairs in Ghana and in West Africa generally, he has the seasoning and the respect to be a leader. He is also demanding a strict accounting of funds being raised to overthrow Obote. He does not want to lead a group that simply wants to throw the rascals out so that a new group can share the spoils.

Lule finds wide sympathy among the Western countries and throughout much of pro-Western Africa. But most African states are too weak, he feels, to make much difference, and he sees Nigeria as too involved in its own domestic disputes to take action. Lule sees the Nigerian president's role in foreign policy as too limited to be effective.

Where Martin Aliko will fit into this set of plans for a new Uganda, I cannot foresee. But once again, I suspect we will have other fish to fry together. In the meantime, he continues his practice in Nairobi. In June 1982, he gave the Commencement Address at the Northwestern Dental School, a signal honor for a graduate.

## ENVOI

When my feet next touch the red soil of Africa, it will be for the sixtieth visit. Once again my heart will tell me I am home again. Born in America, my ashes will rest in Africa. But home is also here at Caltech, where I have found so much happiness and satisfaction. This volume is dedicated to friends here in the San Gabriel Valley, who graciously helped me celebrate my sixtieth birthday. In appreciation of their friendship, I dedicate it to Max and Kaye Jamison, Pierce and Connie O'Donnell, Neal and Majorie Pings, Jack and Edie Roberts, John and Juanita St. John, Hallett and Betty Smith, Nic and Sophie Tschogel, and especially to Ann, who made it all possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Touched By Africa* is Volume One of "Memoirs of Friends Past and Present."

# INDEX

*Prepared by Sue McCloud*

(*Author's note:* I take particular pride in the success of my secretaries in moving up to important positions. Sue McCloud will be no exception judging by the diligence with which she prepared this index with no previous experience. She is an excellent choir director, and has an exceptional voice. In the Caltech musical *South Pacific*, I played a Frenchman with six lines. Sue McCloud was the singing, dancing and acting star of the show with a perfect Little Rock, Arkansas accent.

A great many thanks goes to Carl J Lydick for his untiring help with the computer while working on the index.)

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