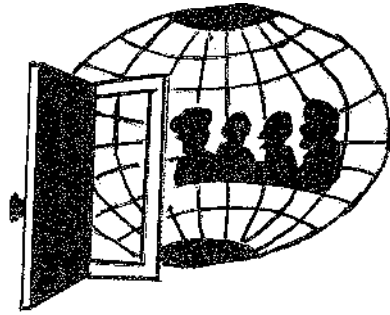


SERVAS



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

*Every man has a right to a decent
life before any has a surplus
above his needs*

Julius Nyerere (Tanzania)

No. 4

July 1975

WHOM AND WHAT DO WE SERVE?

Titles being so frequently composed of initials nowadays, I sometimes have to explain to travellers that it is not S.E.R.V.A.S. (standing perhaps for Some Entertain Rogues Vagabonds and Strangers?), but that in Esperanto, 'ni servas' means 'we serve', and that our 'system' is one of 'work, study and travel' the work being anything useful to the family visited, and the study being a serious encounter with a different way of life. One Branch Secretary says that host lists 'give travellers a better chance to select the hosts they would be more in tune with, and there would be more exchange of ideas and good feelings both ways.' But, as Jesus once remarked, "If you love them that love you, and talk to your friends only, what is there special about that?" Other religions also preach kindness to strangers - an strangers: And last year, a disgruntled would-be traveller who "wanted to go to Paris next week and could I have the list of addresses by ret4arn, please," on being told he required references and an interview, commented "This procedure may be de rigueur in vetting a person's suitability for a job, but in this context it seems absolutely wrong. If we are not to offer hospitality to anyone that knocks on our door, perhaps at most with the understanding of do unto others as you would have them do unto you, then we are no better than a travel club, and the grandiose words of Gandhi on your magazine are pious humbug, for we shall be a closed -ircle, entrance to which is gained only through your vetting procedures. Is it so wrong to expect something for nothing?" - Well, *it may not* be wrong, but from the administrative viewpoint, and with the postage increasing by leaps and bounds, it seems rather impractical. So, I k those who want to be on our mailing list to send 30p. (the same as the sub to our local Arts Association) and charge enough for host lists to cover costs. Servas in Europe has always tried to keep its charges down to a minimum. But in America, the subscription to Servas is twenty or thirty times that amount. Does this debar the poorer members of society whom we want to enable to travel?

And what of the hosts who never see a visitor from abroad? Is it even numerically possible for the other continents to send travellers enough to *visit 1500 hosts in USA? And ought they to be allowed to flock to places they have heard of - New York, Chicago, California, Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls - leaving unvisited countless innocent small towns, whose local mass media often foster an irrational fear of all foreigners?*

Personally, I should like to see Servas develop into a sort of world community of diverse but kindred spirits, forming something like an intelligence service for peace - as Peter Maurin put it, revolutionaries who build the new society within the shell of the old. To achieve this, it will need more than just members and money. More hosts in unexplored regions (but how to get the idea across in countries where travel is a luxury only indulged in on occasions such as family funerals?) More travellers willing to visit obscure and unattractive places where, nevertheless, people live, (but in limited holiday time, this would sometimes mean leaving the historic monuments unviewedi) And more conversations between them and reports about them, so that a wider world could enjoy and learn from them vicariously in talks and articles. And, of course, more readers for Servas International News, willing and able to cover the cost of producing it!

B.A.

* Please see Assistant Editor's note on page 14

I PREFER TO REMAIN UNCOMMITTED!

It wasn't until Ronald Golding from Australia paid a visit to Copenhagen last summer and we spent some very pleasant hours together that I realized that I had shown gross negligence in not forming a Danish Servas Committee. Ronald told me firmly that I couldn't run Servas Denmark as a one-woman show. At the moment I felt rather crushed, though I presume his main consideration was to deliver me from a burden of responsibility of which I had been unaware and have someone to take over in case of my sickness or departure; not so much that this kind of pocket-dictatorship could not be tolerated. Hitherto I had suffered from the delusion that everybody would be grateful and appreciate that I was willing to do everything myself.

When I shared my concern with my old friend Ulf Ldwhagen, another loner in Servas, he reassured me somewhat, pointing to the fact that both of us had achieved spectacular success in our respective countries within a relatively short period of Servas work.

However, Ronald speaks with authority, and his arguments seemed convincing enough, so in my next circular to my ninety hosts last autumn I told them of my predicament, and asked would anyone step forward and volunteer as a committee member? Not unexpectedly there was no response, except from Kirsten Johansen, but we agreed that since she lived in another town, she wouldn't be suitable. As I write this, I wonder why not? A committee must not convene regularly or must it? and who decided how often?? Maybe I should appoint her anyway? I will continue to do the work, and before I make decisions I can give her a ring if it occurs to me. However, I do always try to keep my phone bill down...

But look, two brand new hosts, Jens Christian and Anni offered help if needed. I appointed Jens Christian a co-ordinator right away. Fortunately he accepted, and at the same time he 'took the liberty' to appoint his wife as a co-coordinator which I gracefully accepted. Since they live far from Copenhagen, by Danish standards at least, it didn't occur to me that I could just as well appoint them Committee members. Well, I will now, by Jove. And I will ask Anni, my second co-ordinator, to join too. My I herewith present my Committee, after five years absolutism. Preliminary though since I suppose I had better ask them first, for the sake of order.

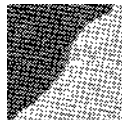
This settled and done, it occurs to me that Reva King is now trying to ram another committee down my throat: according to the dealings at the International Conference 197k, I have offered to take over, as one of the Executive Committee, Communication with contacts in new countries, i.e. the Chair of the Committee for Establishment of Servas in New Countries, and Reva has called out for volunteers to gather round. I was again prepared and willing to do the job myself, and not overly concerned that, again, no volunteers surfaced. I have been wondering how such a committee, whose members might be parted not by miles but by continents, might work together. Maybe I am dumb, but I have never had the pleasure (?) of working in committees before. I probably missed a lot. I am willing to learn. When I was doing some research into the past of Servas Denmark, I discovered that in the old days, in the '50s and '60s, there were committees of five or six people, who gathered occasionally and obviously enjoyed it, regardless of the sad state of Servas Denmark towards its final dissolution. I feel that

people are much too busy these days, and I have always been reluctant to ask people to do things I was able to do myself. If I were in doubt, or t, trouble, I could ask persons who, I felt, would Maybe know an answer and look for them ad hoc, among members travellers or hosts anywhere.

I remmber receiving a lettert from a host, in 1971, when Servas Denmark had become big, warming it against becoming "too organised" - by which i am sure he was thinking of commitees and sub committees with

assemblies, which one would feel obliged to attend. For Pete's sake, let's keep it informal! I heartily agreed, and told him not to be worried I wasn't thinking of any formalization of this kind; agendas should be, and have been, banned at Servas gatherings. The word alienation pops up, much A la mode in recent years. Us plain folks feel alienated by the Agendaese of our International Conferences. MUST IT BE?

Birgitte Damsgaard (Denmark)



Birgitte Damsgaard, Secretary of Servas Denmark, talking with Helge Christopher-son, representative of United Farm Workers in Scandinavia, and Cesar Chavez (on the right) when he visited Copenhagen in 1974 to organize a boycott of non-UFW grapes imported to Scandinavia from USE. Cesar Chavez is undoubtedly one of the great non-violent leaders of this century, and has done much to secure better conditions for the grape-pickers employed in California.

LETTER RECEIVED FROM A PAIR OF AMERICANS GETTING TO KNOW EUROPE.

Our visit to France has been tremendously interesting. We have met people of all ages, many interests, many personality types, with many income and cultural divergences. We now have friends in a crescent from Calais through Eastern France and on the Pau not just addresses of hotels, picture postcards and photographs. There are people we surely will write to later, some of whom we hope will visit us in the States. And when we speak now of Nancy, we think not only of Place Stanislas, but of the Halle's equally old if less glittering home two blocks away...

Madame Retel, who lives in Bonningues, near Calais, is a most charming hostess. She took us to a lecture given by Gisele Halimi, apparently one of the foremost figures in the French Women's Liberation Movement. She spoke on the subject of abortion, which is both a volatile and a primary issue of the M.L.F. movement here. Her speech was cool and dispassionate, but the discussion afterward raged and boiled. The auditorium was packed, and many people spoke, young and old, men and women, one a doctor, another a middle-aged heckler. A very young woman got up and said gently, that it was precisely because her own generation did not face the same situation that her mother's generation had faced, that new laws and new attitudes must be formulated... It was a fascinating evening, and even though our French is not the best, we could follow the gist of the arguments.

The whole experience was obviously one we would not have had with-out the aid of Serves. It is very valuable to stay in people's homes, to eat with them their daily meals, to feed their domestic and farm animals, to meet their cleaning ladies, to see photographs of their children, to visit their personal village church. We learned from all of these experiences. But the most interesting part of this visit to Madame Retel was attending Madame Halimi's lecture with her at the Calais Public Museum, sitting in the auditorium with her and her friends, and talking with her afterwards. More than any experience I have ever had, this one made me regret my lack of knowledge of French, and made me realize the very real gap a language barrier can cause - and at the same time, how close people can feel without necessarily perfectly understanding one another. Although our French was rusty, we spoke French as best we could, almost everywhere - with the exception of a couple of friends who had lived for a year or two in the States. Although it is still difficult for us to communicate complicated ideas (or simple ones, for that matter, end in bad French, to boot!) we find that our comprehension has improved markedly. Many of the people we stayed with knew no English at all - or perhaps one person in the family had studied English at school, while the rest only recognized a few words such as "night-club" and "week-end" - and we found it quite exhilarating to be able to communicate solely in a language other than our own.

The communication was more than worth the effort, however, and on many occasions helped us to appreciate the background and history of the people we met. In Alsace, Mr. Kaufmann, who knew no English, told us about having been forced to learn German in school by the Nazi government; how he was later conscripted into the German Army; and then forced to march into Russia, where he was eventually taken prisoner by the Russians. The terrible and tragic complexity of human affairs was brought vividly home to us, for it seems that despite all of the sufferings of Alsace at the hands of Germany, some French people still tend to consider the Alsatians German, since their language is a dialect of German.

One must learn to see through other eyes, to look clearly and without prejudice, in order to see a culture as its own people see it. One must learn to be open to people in order to see them as they see themselves, and, even more difficult, to see ourselves as others see us. The ability to do this is not an unimportant part of the search for peace and understanding. By travelling through Serves, we learn to drop our preconceptions about other cultures and about our own; to see other people in their own context, rather than through the filter of advertising, propaganda or stereotype. We hope that Serves visits may become, for everyone, reciprocal experiences of learning and communication. After all, the traveller in another country is as strange and potentially interesting to the citizens of that country, as they are to him. Such differences in perspective can be barriers; *our understanding of the aims of Serves is that through personal relationships one can learn of the barriers which exist between peoples, and by understanding what and where they are, bridge them.*

-Jeffrey and Jocelyn Steele

IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM REVA KING, PRESIDENT, SERVAS
INTERNATIONAL

For the 1976 S RYAS-INTERNATIONAL Conference in Los Angeles, California, some of us are working eery hard to raise funds for transportation. A few of our Secretaries can afford to travel but most of them lack such financial resources and hesitate asking for help. We worry about all but are specially concerned about our SERVAS Representatives in Africa, **some** Asian or South Pacific territories and other developing countries who give all in receiving our travelers but lack funds for their own transportation. If you are in a *position to offer a little help with transportation costs for your own SERUAS Secretary and/or for any of our Representatives from the developing countries, we would be very grateful if you could notify your National Secretary as soon as possible.*

LETTER FROM A TRANS-SIBERIAN SERVAS TRAVELLER

First about the journey to Russia; arrival there was only achieved after a series of midnight encounters with the many customs parties at the various borders. However, the Russian border was the only place where the baggage was searched. Weather in Moscow wasn't the best, but I appreciated the two tours there; the first on foot around the Kremlin, and the second by bus around the sights of Moscow. The scale of the buildings is enormous, and although they are never high, people should be twice as tall to fit in properly. I was approached on a number of occasions by people wishing to buy my clothes, watch, hard currency, etc. The prices offered were quite high, but I didn't bother, as Russian money is not worth carrying around. Alcoholism appeared to be a problem, and coupled with the fact that "bars" are almost non-existent, it indicates a far deeper problem. Another thing I noticed was the lack of 'hustle and bustle'. Although there were crowds, very few people communicated beyond those directly accompanying them.

The Trans-siberian to Novosibirsk was the next step, and I visited the 'academic city', where 50,000 people live, study and carry out research.

It was snowing and quite picturesque... The state store in the academic city seemed to offer far more than the ordinary state stores, however.

By train again to Irkutsk, where we drove 70 kilometres to visit Lake Baikal, the world's largest fresh water lake, purporting to hold a sixth of the world's fresh water. A plastic 3-D model on show gives some idea of the vast depths of the lake, and 'rarities' captured from the lake were also on display.

The last 24-hour stop was in Khabarovsk; not really much to see in this rapidly expanding Siberian city. The overnight run down the Sino-Soviet border followed, then two days on the boat to Yokohama.

In Japan, I was immediately struck by the honesty of the Japanese, and their desire to help. A letter from Masuo Amano was waiting for me in the Youth Hostel, and after two days in Yokohama, I moved to Tokyo to stay with the Amano family. They made me most welcome, and Masuo Amano's English is excellent. I was able to discuss my itinerary with him, and talk about a number of topics. I spent five days there, sightseeing around Tokyo by day and being with the family in the evenings. The Ginza shopping area I found really fantastic, and on the whole, apart from the basic air pollution, I found Tokyo much cleaner than I expected. The people were most helpful, and although the street names are rarely marked, I had no difficulty in finding my way around. I also stayed two nights with Kazumasa Takeshima, a Buddhist priest in Tokyo. This was most enjoyable, and I was able to ask him many questions about Buddhism. From Tokyo, I also visited Nikko, and found it most beautiful in the autumn weather, but as it was a public holiday, it was also fairly crowded.

To Nagoya, I travelled by the 'fastest train in the world', and here I stayed with Akia Mizutani for one night, and Mr Matsumoto for one night. Both were most hospitable, and I was able to help Mr Matsumoto with some business letters he had to write in English. We were able to visit the Novitake factory, to see the famous chinaware being made, and the whole operation reflected modern Japanese efficiency. I made a side trip to Toyota, and stayed on a dairy farm with Takemitsu Hondo. The four acres that this family owned was a lot by Japanese standards, but the style of farming was

very different from that of the 90 cows on 90 acres that I am used to. From here, it was the 'bullet' train again, to Kyoto, to stay with Toshi Yoshii in his student hostel. He made me tremendously welcome, and we were able to discuss student problems. He took me to a flamenco guitar concert

put on by the club at his university, and I found this most entertaining.

However, it was in Kyoto that problems arose; I developed an intestinal sickness, and rather than be a burden to further hosts, I headed for Osaka, where I visited the hospital, obtained some medicine, and recuperated in the Osaka Youth Hostel. By the time I had fully recovered, my time in Japan was growing short. I was able to make an overnight trip to Hiroshima and visit the Peace Pavilion there. A worthwhile visit for anyone, I thought. Then I returned to Osaka, and flew to Hong Kong the next day.

All in all, I found the Japanese episode one of the most memorable, and it served to reinforce my thoughts that it is only by staying with families, meeting them and their friends, and sharing discussions, that a much clearer picture of the 'whys and wherefores' of their culture can emerge. In three and a half weeks I had gained a host of impressions of Japan, and remain much indebted to my host families and Servas Japan for making me so welcome.

The contrast I saw in Hong Kong was considerable. Although sharing in some respects a common ancestry and root of knowledge, the difference between Hong Kong and Japan is as vast as Asia itself. Hong Kong suffers already, with greater intensity, the problems most countries will suffer in the not too distant future. A growing population in a fixed area; the sheer restriction of not being able to 'get away from it all' impose immediate social pressures. The cross section of society is broad, from the ultra-rich to the boat people, some of whom spend all their lives on their sampans. Although the social welfare seems adequate, beggars persist. One must be wary of their motives. Only two weeks before, one beggar arrested had on his person \$968 (Z75) and an amount of valuable jewellery. He was listening to the stockmarket on a tiny transistor, and lived in a flat in a resettlement estate. Traffic is of course a marked problem.

(At this point the editor is also faced with a problem, in that the last page of this letter is missing, possibly gone for recycling the war against waste also has its dangers! so the conclusion, and the author's name and country, must remain unknown. It may have been Bryan Brooking, from England; in any case, we are grateful to him for sending such a full and interesting report.)

Articles, songs and poems for the 'News' should be sent to the Editor, Barbara Acquah, 194 Moor Lane, Crosby, Liverpool L25 2UH, England; but subscriptions and orders for future copies should be sent to the Assistant Editor, Martha Simon, 5 Myrtle Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. USA 11021, (through your Branch Secretary if you have one, as orders will be sent out to National Branches wherever possible, and must be paid for in advance at the rate of 15 or equivalent per copy, as decided at the International Confermnce. Contributions will be accepted in any language, but will then be translated, if suitable, and published in English.

A JOURNEY IN THE NETHERLANDS IN 1974

I cycled from Hook of Holland, via Delft, to arrive at my first Servas hosts, the Eisendorns in Moerkapelle, at about two o'clock. After a welcoming cup of coffee, Mr Eisendorn wanted to return to work, so I spent most of the afternoon catching up on sleep! Mrs Eisendorn returned in the evening, and we all had a meal together. Although I had only asked to stay one night, when it became clear through repeated unanswered phone calls that the host I was planning to visit in Weesp was away, both the Eisendorns pressed me to stay another night. I was very glad of their quiet insistence, and of the relaxed way in which they let me integrate myself into the household by their carrying on as usual; I found it much easier then to adjust to the Servas kind of relationship of easy sharing and openness, and began to understand the grace of such free give-and-take.

I left Moerkapelle early on the Sunday morning, hoping to arrive at the Lijftogts in Utrecht in time to go to quaker Meeting, but I was half an hour too late. Here I felt completely at home almost immediately; I expect the similar background and ages of our families, and the discovery of mutual friends and interests helped a lot. Again I had only planned to spend one night, again my next hosts were away, and again I was pressed to stay another night. Although Linde spent a lot of her time showing me Harlemermeer, Amersfoort, the Vecht, and the general region, I felt she was doing it for her own pleasure as much as for mine, and I will remember for a long time the great joy she had in sharing her own favourite parts of the country. Also she was completely frank about when she wanted to be alone. I felt warmed through by my stay in Utrecht.

Linde Lijftogt drove me and my bicycle as far as Nijkert, which was a good third of the distance to my next hosts, the Dijkstras of Dronten on the Oosterlijk Flevoland polder. I knew I was expected, so was not worried when I arrived just after four, to find them out (although the Breenhaars next door, also Servas hosts, reproached me for not having gone to see them!) Dijkstras returned about six, after an excursion with their eight year old daughter and her friend. I was glad to learn some Dutch through their chatter! (both my other hosts had spoken excellent English most of the time,)

Warned that I'd like to learn something about polderland farming (both Dronten hosts being farmers), it Dijkstra took me on a tour of the island, talking about the different crops, the new methods, and about his old farm in Friesland. We also saw the southern polder, now nearly drained, a dairy farm, and the new town of Lelystad, interesting for me to compare with Stevenage. While there, I also went shopping with Mrs Dijkstra, who showed me the unique combined community building (market hall, sports hall, theatre, cinema and concert hall. Next day I was taken to Flevohof, a permanent exhibition including two model farms illustrating Dutch farming and food processing. The two girls spent the day in the children's village. I found Flevohof a little depressing in its emphasis on the most modern and spiritless aspects of factory farming. Mr Dijkstra wanted to hear my conclusions, and in a way agreed, but said that as a farmer he preferred to go without the old ties with the land and joy of the old slow systems, in order to have the easier life the possibility of a fortnight's holiday away from the farm, and the independence (he employed no labourers except to drive the combines at harvest time.)

I moved next door to the Breenhaars for another two nights. This family consisted of a boy of 16 and a girl of 14, and temporarily a cousin of 16. I learnt a lot more Dutch while here-! We cycled together to a nearby museum of ships and 'treasure' dug up from the drained land, and later drove to the edge



"He leadeth me beside the still waters..."

photo: A.J Sietsra
Netherlands, Servas

of Friesland over the older Northeast polder. Again Mr Broomhaar took the trouble to show me an old Friesian farm (inside and out) an added attraction being a pair of Vietnamese pigs!

Next day dawned wet and dreary, and there seemed to be no break in the clouds, Finally I was lent a pair of waterproof trousers (a boon, and something I must buy for my next trip!) and driven to Elburg, which again cut off a good part of my journey to the Tjallingii's of Wageningen-Hoog. It rained all day, and I arrived there very wet! Measures were quickly taken to be sure my anorak would be dry by the next day, and a meal was ready almost as soon as I arrived! I felt at home here in this lovely family house in the midst of the Veluwe forest and heath-land, and both the Tjallingii's were eager to tell me about their work and their studies of mushrooms. I was surprised to find, on our evening walk, (the clouds had suddenly cleared and we had a lovely clear fresh sunset!) *that suddenly I was* noticing mushrooms everywhere! I had told them I was hoping to visit next day the Hoge Veluwe National Park and the KrBlier-Muller museum, and we *decided to go together in the car as they* had not yet seen the 1974 exhibitions and additions. Again it was good to share their pleasure, the paintings and sculptures that they remembered from numerous earlier visits.

I cycled down the hill that evening to *Miss Zwemle, who had just returned from a week's music course. I was very pleased to discover she played the* alto recorder, as I'd just started learning the descant after supper we played some duets! We talked about the field centres in England and Wales (we had visited several in common) and then she showed me some beautiful slides of the Rhineland (*Betuwe*) through which I would travel the next day, and of the Friesian island of Terschelling where she had lived as a child.

Mr Tallingii came down early in the evening to advise me on my route for the *following day!*

I found the route excellent! first going west to visit *the* old town of Rhenen and then east along the northern dike of the Waal, winding along the edge of the floodplain, to Nijmegen. Here I found a festival in full swing, apparently dominated by British forces, so I retreated to my last hosts, the Werniks. Again it was good to sit round the table with a large family a daughter of 15, and two sets of twins, all boys and all about 11 or 12 (very confusing but certainly entertaining their English seemed already good enough to enable them to make jokes).

I feel really refreshed by my tour, physically and spiritually, and quite inspired to go further afield (with less luggage!) before too long. Travelling in this way seemed to me the perfect combination: to be alone every other day, cycling hard but unrushed (average distance 48 km. a day, longest day 95 km.) and at leisure to see the countryside and the towns; then in the evening the security of being welcomed into a home as an equal but new member; the pleasure of being able to introduce myself and talk about my background and my hopes and dreams for the future; and the great excitement of finding common ground, mutual friends and interests, and above all a new link and contact. I found it best when I could stay two nights with each host; this enabled us to get to know each other much better, and I could see something of the country in which I was staying (I could also get to know the kitchen cupboards!) I think the greatest value of Servas probably lies in both hosts and travellers becoming more and more aware of, and involved in, such a world-wide network of sharing...

Elisabeth A. Moore (England)

SERVAS ON SAFARI

Last summer, my colleague Dr Julia Brayshaw and I were invited to visit the Gombe Stream Research Centre in Kigoma, Tanzania. Dr Jane Goodall's work on chimpanzees and baboons at Gombe has received much publicity, so she is inundated with requests to visit the Centre, and guests have to be strictly limited in order not to disturb the natural life of the animals or interfere with the research work. I also took my daughter Mitzi, aged 13, because she loves all animals, is very concerned about preservation of wild life, and has read all Jane's books!

We took the opportunity to see as much of East Africa as possible - not only to see the animals and scenery, but also to learn about the way of life of the people. Our first Servas hosts were an African family, Rev. & Mrs Wanjau, with their four young sons. Here we had our first taste of African food some unusual dishes made with bananas, maize and goat meat, followed by various tropical fruits pawpaws, mangoes, passion fruit. We also learned that middle class Africans white, black or Asian - all have one or more servants, who are glad of the opportunity for work in view of massive unemployment, particularly in the cities. They do the cleaning and laundry, and may cook (not usually in Indian families, where the women prefer to do their own cooking) and also look after the children. They may be of either sex most of the ones we met were male, and they live and eat in their own quarters supplied by the employers.

We had reserved a hired car through the London office of a Nairobi travel agency and found a white Volkswagen saloon with baggage rack duly waiting for us. The firm was run by Indians, as are most businesses, and they were very efficient and helpful. We also hired camping equipment for about Z15 a week. This was good value as it included a tent, camp beds, table, calor gas cooker and lamp, pots and pans and a freezer box. This was found to be essential; as there is no food for sale in the game reserves, we filled the freezer box half full with dry ice and the other half with meat, butter, bread, etc. Mrs Wanjau escorted us to the local market, where we got first quality topside beef for 20p a lb. Needless to say, we gorged ourselves on steak. Fruit and vegetables were also cheap, but tea, doffee, tinned goods and all imported items were expensive. We had a jerrycan which we filled with drinking water at suitable intervals. Contrary to expectations, this proved to be no problem, as safe tap water was available at most camp sites.

We set off gaily on a good tarmac road which came to an abrupt end after fifty miles. This was as far as the new road had been built, and as there were plans for it to be continued, the old road was allowed to fall into total disrepair. We jogged along on a corrugated road, trying to avoid the larger potholes and boulders, and were engulfed in a cloud of dust every time we met an oncoming vehicle {which was rare). Incidentally this was the dry season; in the wet season, many roads are impassable. We soon found out why most of the knobs on our hired vehicles were missing, as the remaining knobs, door handles etc. soon proceeded to rattle and drop off. Most of the roads on which we travelled for the next 1000 miles were unpaved, the surface ranging from bad to very bad, but we soon got used to them and quite enjoyed the challenge. We never got bored, as on a motorway. We suspect that the roads in the game reserve are left unpaved in order to keep vehicle speed down to the prescribed 25 m.p.h. (to avoid hitting or frightening the animals), since in Nairobi National Park where the road is paved,

they were obliged to instal speed bumps. To our surprise, we never had a puncture, but developed a rather severe oil leak when the oil pan was hit by a rock; this was bunged up with soap by a local garage. We got stuck in the sand once, and had to be rescued by a passing landrover.

Entrance fees to the National Parks and Game Reserves, as well as camping fees, are quite high, especially for non-residents. This is understandable as it is one of the main sources of revenue for the country, and it is expensive to administer and control the enormous areas which the Parks encompass. The wild life is just as spectacular as the tourist folder says: vast herds of wildebeest, zebras and gazelles surround the car, and if you drive slowly and keep your eyes open, you can see just about every animal described. As you must not leave the car, it is more difficult to obtain good photos and films than you would think. Camping is only allowed on recognised sites, which are 50 to 70 miles apart. The facilities usually consist of a water tap and an outhouse, and you are encouraged to build a fire to keep the animals at bay. One night we were visited by hyenas, and another night surrounded by elephants. Lions also frequently visit the camp sites, but we did not hear of any accidents. On the Equator, the sun sets rather abruptly at 7 p.m. and rises at 7 a.m. there is no twilight so an early start is advisable. The weather is very pleasant, hot sun at noon, but cool evenings because of the altitude. We met few people at the camp sites; most were young and idealistic Europeans working in Africa as teachers, missionaries, doctors etc. and were on holiday. No Africans or Asians used the camp sites.

We were hoping to cross Lake Victoria from Kisumu to Mwanza by steamer, and here we found out for the first time that you must never count on anything. Having been assured by East African Rail (who operate the boats) that the steamer would sail, we found on arrival at the port that it had been in dry dock for three months and was not expected to leave for at least four weeks! As there was no train, we had to travel by local bus. The buses all look as if they are about to fall apart and they often do which is not too surprising considering the condition of the roads. The buses are invariably full; we never understood why Africans, particularly women with babies on their backs, and bundles of cassavas, bananas etc. wrapped in kitenges, are always on the move. There are no scheduled stops, but plenty of unscheduled ones. In every village there is a market and people offer various items of food for sale to the passengers bananas, pineapple, mangoes, peanuts, millet cakes, barbecued meat on skewers. Each village has its speciality and we tried and liked just about everything. Most people live in mud huts with thatch, although unfortunately some of these are being replaced by corrugated metal ones. Children are seen herding hump-backed cattle and goats, but we did not see any game animals outside the Reserves. There was no evidence of gross malnutrition or disease in the country although there were many crippled beggars in the cities. After twelve hours of bumping along, we were dropped at the border, because this was as far as the bus was going. As there was no hotel, the immigration officer kindly let us sleep on the floor in his office, and we continued our journey the next day. Twenty-four hours and 250 miles after leaving Kisumu, we finally coasted into Mwanza as the bus had run out of petrol! Again we were grateful for Servas hospitality. An Indian doctor with whom we stayed in Moshi, Dr N. Vibhakar, gave us the name of his brother,

Or. Y. Uibhakar, in Mwanza, and we literally collapsed on his doorstep. Later he recommended us to a friend in Mombasa, Or. N. Mandalia. All our Indian hosts treated us like members of the family and took us around to visit their friends in the Indian community. They served Indian food, including several delicious vegetarian dishes, which they eat with their fingers, washing their hands before and after each meal. While we were in Mwanza, they celebrated the festival of lights, and floated lighted candles, representing their sine, on the lake.

After another 24-hour train journey we arrived in Kigoma, where we had the experience of riding in a water taxi to the Gombe Stream Research Centre on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. This unique mode of transport is a large, brightly painted open wooden boat with a metal roof. It is driven by an outboard motor. There are no quays, you simply step in the water to climb on board, and then make your way over women, children, chickens, etc. until you find a perch on which to sit. When the lake is rough, this procedure can be quite hazardous! The incredible beauty of Lake Tanganyika made the long journey worthwhile. The water is crystal clear, warm, deep and quite safe for swimming as it is free of bilharzie. The shores are hilly and the view of a tropical sunset seen through the palm trees on the beach is an incredibly lovely experience. We were welcomed by our friend at Gombe and learned about the methods of studying chimpanzee and baboon behavior. All the animals are habituated to people and you can sit right in their midst; they are all known by name. Many students from Britain and the USA spend a period of study at this unique research centre.

After ten days at Gombe, we retraced our journey, finally ending up in Mombasa for a few days of relaxation in a beach hotel on the Indian Ocean. This city has a strong Arab influence and we found it the best place to bargain for the many souvenirs we had promised to our family and friends. Laden with drum, shield, masks and axes, we finally returned to Nairobi, ready for our flight back to London. On the whole, we found this trip a fascinating, unusual and exciting, although somewhat exhausting experience.

Heidi Swanson (Canada and England)

*Assistant Editor's Note (See Page 2)

To the best of our knowledge, no prospective U.S. Serves Traveller has ever been denied approval due to inability to pay the U.S. Travel Fee.

It has always been the policy of U.S. Serves to instruct their travel interviewers to use their discretion to reduce the travel fee and even waive it entirely, when necessary.

Atmartack Cate *h* ~

1
War begets Po-ver-ty, Po-ver-ty Peace,

2
Peace maketh Riches flow; Fate ne'er doth cease.

3
Riches produce Pride, Pride is War's ground—

Catches were sung in alehouses in 17th century England, so they belong amongst our folk music, and testify to the fact that our ancestors were rather more skilful in the art of music than most of those who frequent alehouses today. The words of such catches were mostly bawdy and unedifying; but this one, composed by a Mr R. Brown for four 17th century voices, seems to contain a truth which is equally applicable to the 20th century. Whether Servas will ever be able to break this vicious circle, is a question for the future.
